

# Staveley & District History Society

## Journal Winter 2004/5

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### CONTENTS

- 2 From our President  
*Clare Brockbank introduces the second edition of the Journal*
- 2 Bill Bethom  
*Memories of our late committee member*
- 2 Joe Scott in memoriam  
*A tribute to the Society's founder from his eldest son, Mike*
- 5 The Boving Turbine  
*The history of the Wood Yard's recently refurbished turbine*
- 7 A Toc-H Christmas  
*J.C. Robinson's description of Christmas in Staveley in 1925-30*
- 10 George Thexton – the Staveley Convict  
*The sorry tale of the son of the landlord of the Eagle & Child in the 1830s*
- 12 More appreciations of Joe Scott  
*From a society member and the Chairman of Friends of Cumbria Archives*
- 12 Staveley School's 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
*Some excerpts from the School Register and a request for further information*
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The next issue of the Journal (the AGM issue) will be published on the 12<sup>th</sup> April 2005. Any contributions (letters, articles, etc.) should be with the Editor no later than the meeting on 8<sup>th</sup> March.

### Correction to meeting dates for February & March

Due to an editing error, the dates shown for the 2005 meetings in February and March both on the Journal and on the programme card were those from 2004. Both dates should show the 8<sup>th</sup> of the month and are correctly shown on the rear cover.

## From our President

Following a capacity first lecture meeting in October your committee was very heartened by the support received following the recent deaths of three former committee members. Here we are at the second edition of the Journal which is packed full of fascinating facts.



There are nevertheless still many activities in which you can all participate; one of these is in transcribing our Oral History tapes. The society has the tools for the job – we just need some operators! It does help though, if you can type.

Onwards and upwards is the motto for the best History Society in the district – is there a prize for that too?

**Clare Brockbank**

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## Bill Bethom

It is with a real sense of loss that we record Bill's death in August.

Clare Brockbank, our President, made mention of Bill's retirement from the Committee due to his ill health in her contribution to the first issue of the Society's Journal. Sadly his death followed soon afterwards.



A founder member of the Society, Bill Bethom was a man of few words but his knowledge of the history of Staveley and Ings proved of real value on many occasions.

Bill was a long-serving member of the Committee making a useful contribution to its discussions. He was responsible for organising local history photographic displays in the Village Hall with much of the material coming from his personal collections.

We shall certainly miss hearing his succinct comments from the back of the hall at our monthly meetings.

*David Hooson*

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## Joe Scott 30.11.1921 – 9.7.2004

Joe was born in Sheffield in 1921. His father, Joseph (Jack to friends) and mother Martha (Ma in the family) were both primary school teachers and both from a Northern Ireland Protestant background, probably descendants of settlers from Scotland in Cromwellian or Elizabethan times. Rising 5 years of age, Joe started at Nether Green Council Primary School in Sheffield, where he was born in 1921. He was at Nether Green till 1933. (This was in his words



“not so ‘rough’” as other schools.) As a boy, he was interested in bikes, Meccano, fretwork, reading, drawing. Holidays in Bellaghy were the high point of the year. This Irish background was always most important to him. At an early age he came across – and learned his place in – the British class system. The family sat in the “free” seats in church.

In 1933 he was given a scholarship to the otherwise fee-paying King Edward VII School Sheffield, which he attended from 1933 to 40. Towards the end of his school career he gained passes at the then equivalents of A Level and GCSE in English, History, French, Maths, Latin & German. He was a good pupil in a top school and benefited from an excellent education of the pre-war type. In his last school report, dated December 1940 for the subject 17<sup>th</sup> Century French History he was described thus: “He is a great help to the class, although a little inclined to be over-argumentative”. He had already learned to be a truly critical thinker. Thence to Queen’s College Oxford with a Hastings Scholarship (the value was £115 per annum) from 1941. He met Nan, who was also at Oxford, in Christmas 1941 in a YHA in Malham. They became friends but no more than that at that stage.

University education was interrupted by war service from 1942 to 45. He started as a private and became a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant; he landed in Arromanches about a month after D-Day. He drove armoured cars – the job involved seeking out the enemy. It turned the hair of one of his comrades white in a matter of days; in Joe’s case the danger was very real and the courage he always showed was really needed. He was hit by a bullet in his chest coming out through the neck and which very nearly killed him. He was sent to Yorkshire to recover and his relationship with Nan blossomed during that phase. They were married on March 9<sup>th</sup> 1945; Bill (*Nan’s brother*) and Mary (*Joe’s sister*) met on that day at Nan and Joe’s wedding. After their honeymoon in Devon, he was sent to North Germany with the occupying forces & allocated for duties in the Far East but was fortunately allowed to return to Oxford to finish his studies.

In October 1946 his first son, Mike, was born. In July 1947, Joe got his degree in History and qualified as a teacher a year later. Their second son, Rich, was born in September 1948, just as Joe became a history teacher in Newcastle under Lyme, Staffordshire. In 1951 they moved to Glossop, near Manchester, where Joe took up a post as Head of History at Glossop Grammar School and remained until the mid 70s. Joe and Nan’s third son, Noll (Oliver) was born in March 1953.

Conventional history teaching from the late 40s was heavily dominated by exams; Joe was very aware of the limits of this in educational terms. It was essentially the recitation of a series of poorly-digested facts for exam success. Joe’s teaching, even so, was appreciated by his pupils, and shown in cards and other tributes including even a tea-pot made for him by pupils at Newcastle, but he felt frustrated with the syllabus and the existing methods. He wanted to discover alternative ways of teaching. When he got the chance, therefore, he got Glossop School to join the Schools Council History Project in 1973. In his fifties, Joe took the courageous step

of moving over to a Project coordinator job based in Trinity and All Saints College, Horsforth, near Leeds. The job took him to schools up and down the country and even abroad, where his experience as a teacher since the late 40s, coupled with his enthusiasm for the Project ideas about the importance of history as evidence and empathy complemented the expertise and different experience of his other Schools Council Project colleagues. He was also much involved in writing textbooks incorporating these visions of history: *Medicine Through Time*, *The World Since 1914*, *Energy Through Time*, *The Making of the UK*.

Joe retired in 1983 and moved from Glossop to Staveley in 1987, where Joe and Nan and Mary and Bill set up the ideal shared retirement-home-cum-clan-meeting-point-cum-car-port-party-centre. The local history interest Joe had had for years continued in Staveley. He had already written a *History of Glossop* and some pamphlets on aspects of local history in Derbyshire; this continued in Cumbria involving the Staveley and District History Society and its publications such as *A Lakeland Valley Through Time*; all this can be better described by others.

Joe's school reports and my own knowledge of him as his son, lead me to see Joe Scott as a man of contradictions. He was notoriously impatient as dinner time grew nearer or with Latin and Greek grammar or indeed the vagaries of his computer, but at the same time enormously patient with children and pupils (he seemed to take a real interest in watching the penny drop as they got the point); he was careful with the pence – and generous with the hundreds of pounds; he had no time for fools but was generous with his time; he believed in plain speaking and disliked fuss and frivolity but loved a flight of fantasy as in the Goons. He rallied against “foreign muck” but dug into the *feijoada* and the occasional *cairpirinha*; he was against the Bertie Wooster class but loved the Jeeves stories; he wasn't musical but loved music and musicians; he loved seeing political enemies getting their come-uppance but at the same time was a kind man who loved nothing better than helping Nan help those as he put it “in a mess”. All his sympathies were with the oppressed and under-privileged, but he retired to a large house with acres of land. He was a partner to Nan. They shared everything – but they had a clear division of labour. He looked after repairs, in particular, and lived with a Swiss army knife in his pocket – it was with him in hospital when he died.

But above all these contradictions and characteristics, Joe was a man who knew things because he was able to think them through. He knew a lot. He was interested in everything. Science, technology, history, anthropology, language, literature. He could answer any crossword clue except Q-blank-S-blank. He wrote poetry at the drop of a hat. He knew lots of it by heart.

Happy the man who has been able to discern the cause of things, said Virgil. That was the Dad – my Dad.

*Mike Scott*

*(more appreciations of Joe on page 12)*

## The Boving Turbine

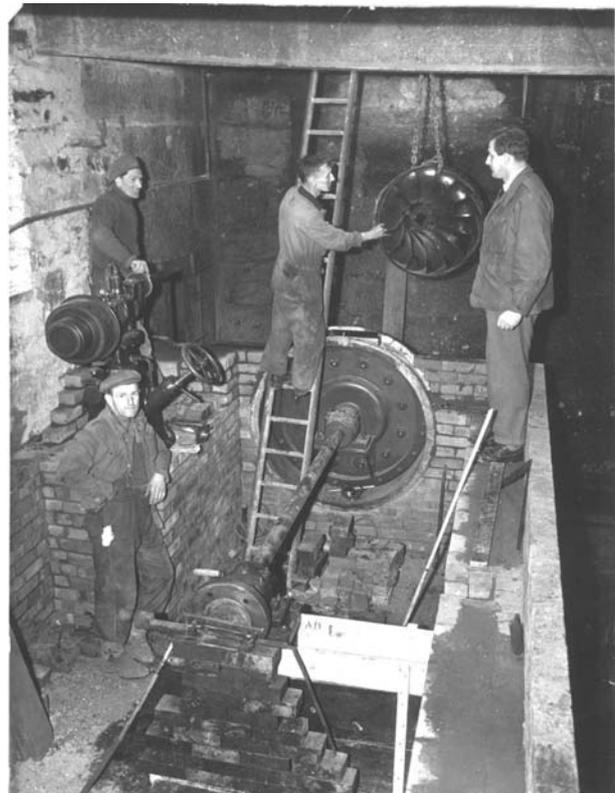
Some 50 years ago, Roger Brockbank, owner and manager of Staveley Wood Turning Company, was on business in Edinburgh when he spotted an advert for a second hand turbine from Great Almond School, which had recently converted to mains electricity. The agent for the sale was in Glasgow and Roger decided to pay him a visit. Roger describes the agent as *dressed in black rather like an undertaker, and drinking his own special brand of whisky from a private distillery!*

Roger arranged to visit the school, together with Tom Robinson, the works engineer. Tom formerly worked for Gilkes of Kendal and took up occupation at the mill just prior to the Second World War; his job was a protected occupation as the mill made handles for picks and shovels for the Army, involving 24 hour working.

At the school, £350 was the asking price and Roger agreed to buy. It was a Boving (Swedish) turbine with horizontal shaft installed by Merrall & O'Grady, engineers of Edinburgh in 1925. The agent organised 'people to help' with the removal from the school prior to transporting to Staveley.

At Staveley, a small brick room was constructed to house the turbine, which was capable of some 80 hp of power. It had a smaller water consumption than the Gilkes machine already in the works. There was a mechanical governor which controlled the vanes directly, and the Staveley engineers managed to 'piggy back' an alternator on top of the generator to provide 440V AC supplies. This was directly driven by a belt drive from the turbine shaft. The 'new' turbine was commissioned in 1954.

During the fuel crisis of the early 70s (the Heath government) a 3-day week was forced on the mill, and it was decided to run the turbine continuously for 72 hours, and for 3-shift working (as in Naval practice) to be introduced to keep up production. Roger comments that the night shift appeared to be more productive than the day ones!



**Installing the turbine in 1954**

Not long after this marathon effort, the turbine stopped working. The guide blades had slipped, and the mechanical governor no longer worked properly. For the next 25 years the turbine lay unused in its chamber beneath the Wood Mill.

In 2001, Roger's son David decided to investigate the possibility of refurbishing and repairing the turbine and to generate electricity for use on the Wood Yard site. Advice was sought from 'experts' in the field including Charles Rowntree, mechanical engineer from the North West Mills Group, and Harold Gibson, retired electrical engineer in Kendal. Not without some difficulties, after many years of disuse, the turbine was dismantled and repairs commenced.

To bring the turbine back into use also required a great deal of civil engineering work to repair the turbine chamber and the tail race where time had taken its toll in crumbling brickwork, rotten timbers and leaking walls. The sluice gates on the weir had to be repaired, and the mill pond dredged, requiring some 4,500 crayfish to be temporarily re-located to Barley Bridge. The dredging operation had to be carefully controlled in conjunction with Croppers at Burneside to ensure that no white papers were being produced when the inevitable stirring of river bottom mud occurred.

On the turbine itself, parts of the flume pipe itself had become porous, and repairs involved wrapping the pipe in several layers of glass fibre re-enforcement. The guide blades needed replacing, and the cast iron retaining ring required specialist repairs from Mortimers at Kirby Lonsdale. Local firm PB Engineering within the Wood Yard provided the new blades and repaired the brass securing pins.

On Harold Gibson's advice, a new electrical system was proposed, very necessary if approval was to be sought for connection to the National Grid. The old generator and alternator arrangements were scrapped, requiring a new bearing support to be provided on the end of the flywheel shaft previously supported by the generator. A new gearbox was ordered, to step up the output speed to that of modern alternators (from 300 rpm to 1500 rpm), and a brand new alternator supplied. Once again local firm PB Engineering stepped in to provide the bearings and coupling shafts.

The old mechanical governor had to be abandoned, as it was incapable of meeting the stringent control requirements for coupling to the grid. A new electrically operated actuator was designed to open and shut the guide blades, and to bring in a further input from a water level detector to avoid draining the mill pond when water supplies were low.

The old control panel in the turbine room, still bearing the labels for 'Office', 'Works' and 'Craggy' on its three circuits, was scrapped, and a new modern control panel provided. The most visible change however, was the construction of what has become known as the 'lion's cage' in the Wood Yard adjacent to the cycle showroom. It is in here that the main supply from the grid meets with the new supply from the alternator.

Finally, in September 2002, the Boving turbine started to provide power for the Wood Yard once again.

*John Berry*

## A Toc-H Christmas – somewhere between 1925 and 1930

“Seven-thirty, sharp at the War Memorial on Sunday night, and bring your best voices, as well as your best girls!”

Cheerily thus we were bidden to join the Woodleigh Toc-H Carol Party on the Sunday night before Christmas one year between the wars. In the same cheery frame of mind we find ourselves at the rendezvous five minutes before time. For Army discipline and Army ways die hard, and good soldiers are on parade inevitably five minutes before the hour!

A Dickensian picture this! All the red noses; all the stamping of feet; the woollen comforters; the hurricane lanterns help to make it so. But more than that, “The North Wind doth Blow” and we were standing facing it, watching the advance-guard snowflakes hurrying on their way, sighing as they pass, “There’s more of us yet to come!” Well may the hill in front of us be called “Starvation Hill”.

*“Let’s be moving, lads! we’ll give them two or three here in Church View for more than likely they’ll be abed afore we get back.”* So speaks Gary our conductor, about whom more anon. There’s a spontaneous move forward. Scarlet-capped schoolboys and their little sweethearts run ahead (who cares, it’s Christmas time!). The lantern-bearers turn up their incandescent petrol storm-lamps before hoisting them on six-foot poles. Wives snuggle up to their husbands; those who haven’t wives or husbands do the best they can! (And some seem to be doing very well!) Out come the carol books. *“We’ll try, ‘O Come all ye faithful’ for a start”* says Gary, as tuning fork in hand he makes ready to get the pitch. A clearing of throats, a gentle humming here and there to make sure we have got our notes; a one-two and away we go. Was there ever such a full-throated richness as we arrive at “O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord”. Gary’s approving smile tells us we are giving satisfaction and off we go into the second and third verses!

In the meantime Dobby is busy. Now Dobby is no Chorister. Nor does he make any pretence to be. He has seen more summers, aye and colder winters than this one, than any of us youngsters. But Dobby will be there to lend a hand where help is needed. So to Dobby falls the lot of knocking at doors, acquainting the folks that we are there “for their delight”; and after a discreet interval presenting the collecting-box for whatever may be forthcoming. He has a keen sense of hearing has Dobby, and some judgement of values. He knows exactly how much goes into the box and is willing to make a forecast at any given moment as to the total. If it’s a good donation, he sidles up to Gary, and in an audible whisper says, *“Give them another; it’s been worth it.”* But if he is disappointed, disgust is written all over him as he says, *“Nea good wastin yer time here, cut it short! Yans plenty.”* He’s a good soul is Dobby. In years gone by he was a Rugby Stalwart - in the days when the village played Rugger, Dobby too was a fisherman, as keen as mustard. Knowledgeable in the way of trout and perch and wily as a salmon himself! But the beck proved too much for him and pneumonia

came his way. And, when the crisis was at its height he saw a Vision, and heard a voice! “Dobby”, it said, “*thoo’s nut gaan ta dee; I hey some mair jobs for thee to du!*” And from that moment Dobby began to get stronger, and Dobby is still doing jobs for other people as the Vision had foretold.

Now we move over Starvation Hill. Incessant chatter from the women; quieter talk from the men; shrill bursts of laughter from the red-caps as they weave their way in and out of the grown-up carollers in a game of “tig”. Was there ever such energy? Next stand, Sally Cottage. Which door, lads, front or back? “*Ga ta t’ back; ther’s mair room; an’ they’ll be in t’ kitchen any way*” says Dobby; and Dobby, like the customer is always right. So we get into formation. Lads and sopranos in front; basses to the right rear, tenors and altos to the left rear, lamps where all can see their music. Where’s Gary? We can’t do without a conductor! Surely he hasn’t dropped in somewhere to have a “quick-one”. No, it’s too early in the evening; besides there’s no place to call between here and the War Memorial. Ah! Here he is just getting out of Teddy’s car, limping along towards the waiting choir. You see, Gary was in the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War. A pilot he was too! He is proud of the fact that though he engaged that Prince of enemy pilots Reichtofen, the German Ace, and came off second best, he only lost a leg below the knee, when he jumped clear of his own burning plane. Music to the fingertips, he exudes enthusiasm wherever he goes. A born leader of men - and boys - his choir thinks the world of him. Game for anything he is; so let’s get to it!

On we go, climbing to a cottage here, slithering down the fellside slope there. Now on the road, now across fields and over shaky footbridges. Everywhere a welcome. Everywhere something for the collector, and as we go, becoming wiser as the sheep and cattle become wise. If there’s a sheltered nook we take it; if there’s high garden wall we get under it. Nor are we ashamed to use (after due investigation) a covered midden stead. And so on to the farthest limit of our tonight’s district, Browfoot Farm, where the family awaits us. We sing to them from the lawn across the noisy waters of a beck. Curtains are drawn aside, and a cosy interior presents itself. The Parlour, only used on Sundays and some holidays maybe, bedecked with holly, two hams, a shoulder and a flitch newly hung to dry after the November killing; a comfortable group drawn up round the fire to listen; the round table with remnants of a recent meal, pushed back into a corner, All this we see, and think, if we do not say it, “Now this is England.” So we gave them our very best; some of t’auld uns like, “Hark the Herald Angels sing” and “Nowell”, with a leavening of the new and less familiar tunes. “*I hope they wont mind if we sing ‘While Shepherds watched’ to the tune we all associate with Ilkley Moor*” says Gary, “*It will, at least be a change!*” Our voices are just a little rusty, and it’s getting on to bed-time for most of us. “*Give them anudder*” says Dobby, with a smile of satisfaction, half way down his back as he comes away from the cheerful doorway. Tired and weary though we are, we pipe up “See amid the winter’s snow”, then glad it’s all over for tonight, we retrace our weary steps homeward.

But not all of us; for it is known that the folks who live at this cottage, where the old bobbin mill used to stand, are famous makers of home-brewed wines, and one or two would pay a call, Now “Sugary”, their friend the householder, is ready for them. A famous brew this, they assure him. He knows it is. He knows too its potency, and its allies the fresh air and an empty stomach! But he doesn’t say much about that. Perhaps a discreet veil drawn over subsequent happenings would be best. The home brewed elderberry has a marvellous stimulating effect at first. But half a mile further on “Sugary’s” legs began to fail, though heads are clear. Three carol-singers wish they had resisted that extra one; that “one for the road”, which had been pressed on them by their kindly host. And still more do they wish it when their wives get hold of them about midnight, and most of all, at break of morning light when throbbing temples and coated tongues bid them beware in future of the apparently innocuous “home-brewed”.

And so we go on over five nights. A terrific sacrifice to many; but full of heartening memories as the years go past. The visits to the big house on the outskirts; the genial hosts and hostesses, dispensing lavishly their Christmas fare.

Cigars all round to the men! Plenty of cigarettes for the women (if they want them; for the cigarette habit is as yet still in its infancy hereabouts) sweets for the boys and girls; and, maybe, a drop of “short” for the leaders!

Christmas Eve comes. Where to-night, lads? Oh, just t’Main Streets, T’pubs and finish off at Priory. The pubs are full and right lustily we sing, catching a glimpse round the open door at Dobby as he passes the box round the crowded tap-room and snugs, We always do well at the pubs. Folks are generous on Christmas Eve and hearts and hands are open.

Then the grand finale; perhaps the most moving experience of all, as we sing in the dormitories of the Priory Home for Children, where holly and mistletoe, paper shams and hung-up stockings remind us that this is, after all, the Children’s Festival. Shrill piping voices from the pillows join us in some of the “Old- uns”. Many little ones are sound asleep and never hear us; dreaming no doubt of to-morrow’s festivities.

So we part, feeling the job’s been well done; some to pie-making; some to “nap”, and some to writ the call of the church bells as they ring out their invitation to a mid-night service. Though, maybe our feet ache, and. our voices are non too clear, we feel that something has been attempted, something done really earned whatever good things the season has in store for us.

*J.C. Robinson*

## George Thexton, the Staveley Convict

Present information suggests that George was the son of John Thexton and his wife Betty (née Dickinson). Although George was born in Witherslack, both his father, John, and his grandfather, William, came from Crook. Sadly, on 15 March 1830, Betty, George's mother died and was buried at Hugill. She was only 31 and George would have been 10 at the time. He was old enough to be deeply affected by this event and may well have resented his father's second marriage so soon after his mother's death. It was on 13 July that same year that John married Ann Cornthwaite at Heversham.

We know that John Thexton was a husbandman and an innkeeper. He ran 'The Eagle and Child' at Staveley and later the 'New Inn' in Kendal. John died in December 1851, aged 60, his second wife, Ann having died in 1842, aged 53.

George's first serious crime took place on 2 September 1838, when he stole *3 pounds weight of narrow lead of the value of 1 penny, 22 pieces of glass of the value of 1 penny each, one steel clipping knife of the value of 1 penny and one diamond of the value of 1 penny* from the shop of Thomas Walne in Kendal. He was caught and charged the following day.

On 19 October George appeared at the Quarter Sessions in Kendal and pleaded guilty. His age was recorded as 19 and he could read and write. He was found guilty and sentenced to 9 months hard labour, the first and last weeks to be spent in solitary confinement. The Westmorland Gazette of October 27 reveals that he was sent to Appleby Jail. Unfortunately, no records for this period have survived from Appleby.

George cannot have been out of prison long before he was in trouble again. This time, on 16 September 1839, he stole a shirt and money to the value of 5 shillings, from the house of John Long of Scalthwaite-rigg, near Kendal. He was arrested the same evening and the shirt was found in his pocket. It was on 19 October that George appeared again at the Quarter Sessions. This time he pleaded 'not guilty'.

The evidence given by the arresting police constable, John Armstrong, is of interest: *In consequence of some information, I sought the prisoner; I found him at Unsworth's in the evening; he asked me to have a glass of ale; I told him he was the man I wanted; he tried to get out of the window; he kept running round the table; I collared him; I demanded a man to help me to handcuff him; I searched him at the Police-Office, and found a shirt in his pocket; I took the prisoner's shoes off in the cell, and took them to Mr. Kendrick; I saw them compared with the marks upon the window bottom of John Long's house; the shoes fitted the marks.* (Source - Westmorland Gazette 26 October 1839). Mrs. Long identified the shirt, saying that she had made and marked it.

Not surprisingly, the jury found George guilty and the Westmorland Gazette states that he was sentenced to be *transported beyond the seas for the term of ten years*. He embarked on the *Asia 5* on 17 April 1840 and arrived in Tasmania on 6 August.

George's convict record records that he was 5' 5½" tall, aged 21, a plumber and

glazier, from Kendall, Westmorland. It also reveals a string of petty offences committed while being detained in Tasmania: On 2 December 1840, he was charged with being "Absent without leave". Then on 4 January 1841 he was found guilty of misconduct for changing his clothing. On 10 August 1841, he was given 14 days solitary confinement for being asleep while on duty as a watchman.

It was on 13 February 1842 that his period of probation expired, but on 28 March he was found guilty of having in his possession a blue cloth coat for which offence he was given 6 months hard labour on the roads.

On 28 September 1842 he was charged with misconduct for breaking out of his hut to break into the Store of the Station, for which he was given 1 year's hard labour in chains and it was recommended that he should be removed to a penitentiary. He was also charged with using improper language on receiving sentence and was punished with 36 lashes.

The following year, 1843, George was in more trouble, being charged with misconduct on 28 August, for having a piece of damper in his possession, for which he was sentenced to 36 lashes.

It is recorded on 26 May 1846, that he was granted a ticket of leave; then on 27 September 1847, he was charged again with misconduct for *being in a disorderly house*. However, this time the record shows that he was reprieved.

On 19 January 1848 an application for marriage was sent to the Muster Master and the Secretary, for prisoner 10454 Thexton, George, of the *Asia 5* and prisoner 691 Catherine Woods, of the *Sea Queen*. The application was approved and George and Catherine were married on 21 June 1848 in St Peter's, Hamilton.

Catherine was from Liverpool, where she was a housemaid. On 29 October 1845, at the age of 18, she had been tried in Kirkdale and found guilty of stealing 2 coats, having been imprisoned on 5 previous occasions. Catherine had arrived in Tasmania on the *Sea Queen*, on 29 August 1846.

It looks as if the marriage did not last long as on 24 August, Catherine was *Removed to the Factory, her husband having been committed as an Idle disorderly person*.

On 26 October 1849, Catherine absconded from the 'Factory', but was caught. Then on 26 October 1849, George was cashiered. This is the last entry on George's convict record, so presumably it means that he was released. At this point we have no further records relating to him.

On 24 June 1851, Catherine *absconding [was] apprehended on board the Shamrock Steamer with intent to escape from the Colony*. She was punished by having her sentence extended by 18 months. On 27 June, she was sentenced to serve 9 months on probation. On 23 January 1852, Catherine was delivered of an illegitimate child and she died on 16 February. The child, who was named John, died the following year, 1853, on 15 January.

*Susan M Cawthorne*

## More appreciations of Joe Scott

One of the nicest things about Joe was his friendliness; of himself, but also his ability to make people friendly to each other. His great achievement with the Staveley & District History Society was in welding newcomers and local people and getting all of them contributing, and also respecting each other's contributions. A rare and splendid success.

*Mary Atkin*

His personal research in connection with Staveley gained him tremendous respect amid the archival and local history community in the county. He was also a good and kind man, and I enjoyed every chance I had to talk to him. It helped that our careers had both been connected with education but it went further than that. He was immensely wise, fair and kind-hearted, and in the relatively short time that I knew him I learnt much from what he had to say.

*David Bishop, Chairman, Friends of Cumbria Archives*

## Staveley School's 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary

May 2005 sees the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Staveley School. One of our members, Zoë Atkinson, is preparing a book containing photos, personal memories, and extracts from the School register. If you have anything to contribute, and have not already spoken to Zoë, please give her a ring on 822677.

Here are a few winter excerpts from the School register which Zoë has provided for us.

### **1873**

Jan 31<sup>st</sup> – On Tuesday last let the children go on to the Scar to slide on the tarn.

### **1909**

Dec 21<sup>st</sup> – Ink in inkwells froze so that the children could not write.

### **1932**

Nov 28<sup>th</sup> – Thomas Taylor (5) got his knee stuck between the spindles of a kindergarten chair. It was necessary to saw away the spindle before he could be released.

### **1936**

Jan 27<sup>th</sup> - All children present at school were taken to hear the proclamation made at Abbey Square of the accession of King Edward the Eighth.