

HOME MADE

An evening of
Art, Words and Music
by Local Artists, Writers & Music Composers

July 7th 2005

Bolsterstone Village Hall



Supported by
Workers Educational Association,
Stocksbridge Arts Society,
Steel Valley Beacon.

Welcome to **Homemade!** This is our second presentation to share some of the original art, music and writing of people from our area. The word "home" is a powerful one for all of us. Whatever our thoughts and feelings about where we live and those with whom we live, we are to some extent "made" by our homes and our voices and expression are enriched by them.

Copyright for all of the art-work in the booklet, on display and in performance is owned and retained individually by the artist, writer or composer. We have received more writing than we will have time to perform this evening, but we have included most of it in the booklet for your private pleasure.

**Programme at time of going to press
there may be changes!**

Introduction: Wendy Goodchild

Compere: Ian Enters

Old King Coal: Two Songs from a new musical written by Peter Fearnley and performed by members of Steel Valley Beacon.

Stocksbridge Tim Haley

Our Village Emma Guite

Our Local Dam David Robinson

Music composed and performed by Adam Barlow

Living on the Row Glenice Crossland Reader: Mike Enters

That's My Desire Jennifer M. Hudson

Music composed by Helena Fearnley

Pub Life- is it still as it was? Margaret Morley

Stocksbridge High School Swing Band : Two original pieces of music

Interval and opportunity to talk with the artists about their art-work on display.

Extracts from Bolsterstone Village Book to be published in September Sally Ashton, Ray Hulatt, Dorothy Kirbyshaw, Nan Rawlin

For Ever Doris Stubbs

Snowdrop A Song Composed by Doris Stubbs and sung by Helena Fearnley

Music composed and played by Jack's Group

Valerie Ralph Senior

Powerplus Original Compositions by students from Stocksbridge High School

Spit and Polish Ian Enters

Tatie Pickin Julia Gibson

Toy Shop Ian Enters

Music composed by Adam Barlow

A Sense of Place Joan Firth

1. Stocksbridge

Tim Haley

While out having my daily stroll
 In Stocksbridge by the sea,
 Digging in the sand just like a mole,
 In Heaven I have been.
 While out on my daily stroll,
 Chucking it down with rain,
 The Stocksbridge flyer
 Wings it down the road.

2. Our Village

Emma Guite

On my travels
 Where I go
 Into Stocksbridge
 Out with Jo.

The factory shop
 Is best for me.
 It's nice and cheap
 And warm you see.

The Co-op café's
 Where I'm at.
 A toasted tea-cake
 So I don't get fat.

I like Stocksbridge
 Nice and clean.
 It makes me smile,
 A big wide beam.

3. Our Local Dam

David James Robinson

I love to sit down Ewden Dam
 And walk along the wall,
 Especially in the autumn
 When leaves begin to fall.

I watch the ducks swim round and round
 And snap at bits of bread,
 Or sit down by the boat-house
 Watching fishing men instead.

I walk around the reservoir
 And look at all the trees,
 Admiring changing colours
 Of the branches and the leaves.

I like it when the boats are out
 And move round in the breeze.
 I don't know how they do it,
 But they float around with ease.

I watch the fishes jumping
 And catching all the flies.
 It really is a sight to see,
 And some deserve a prize.

I talk to lots of people
 When they're walking with their dogs
 And sometimes in the springtime,
 It's covered in green frogs.

It's peaceful and it's tranquil
 And it gives me a chance to write.
 So come on down to Ewden.
 Enjoy it! You just might.

4. Living on the Row

Glenice Crossland

Mushrooms on the skirting board, damp patches on the wall.
 Draught from the old sashed windows made the curtains rise and fall.
 The rain would form a puddle through the gap beneath the door.
 No warm duvets or carpets, just lino on the floor.

Not a single car in all our street, just a rusty bike or two.
 They might have come in handy for a trip to the outside loo.
 We only had a single tap, no electric light or phone,
 But still, it was a happy house that worn, old terraced home.

We had a garden at the front where dad grew all things green.
 We had a yard where we could play, kept swept and swilled and clean.
 There were washing lines on Mondays, no fancy drying machines.
 There were kids in all the houses, mostly Johns or Joans or Jeans.

All the neighbours were named Auntie and always there when needed.
 There was a shop upon the corner and a policeman to be heeded.
 There were fields to run around in and trees in which to hide.
 A view across the purple moor and the vast, green countryside.

And then a miracle occurred. Oh! What a joyous day.
 We were given a brand new council house on an estate Deepcar way.
 It was the lap of luxury, like nothing seen before!
 Radiators, bathroom, carpets on the floor.

Little garden front and back, a lawn all square and neat.
 Yet nothing much to look at except a tarmaced street.
 Just modern red-bricked houses fulfilling the parents' dreams,
 But what about the children, the Johns, the Joans, the Jeans?

Our days all turned to boredom, no grassy fields or trees,
 No Auntie standing in the yard to bandage bleeding knees.
 The game of Happy Families was scattered to and fro,
 And left us only memories of our childhood on the Row.

Many years have passed now but the Row still stands with pride.
 Brand new doors and windows, all spick and span inside.
 The outside loo has vanished but they've left the kind old tree.
 The yard is newly tarmaced and decked with greenery.

The corner shop has closed now, just one of many changes.
 The local policeman's long since gone; the new ones seem like strangers.
 But nothing really changes though families come and go,
 All creating memories of their childhood on the Row.

5. That's My Desire

Jennifer M.Hudson (Jenny Wren)

When a teenager fancying myself
 As a crooner,
 Husband-to-be bought
 Me a schooner.
 A gang of us at the Flouch Inn
 Asked me to sing above all the din.

I had only ever memorised
 One song.
 Praying silently not to
 Go wrong,
 Lowering the voice box
 At least an octave,
 Imitating French girls, who sound
 Rather seductive.

Being allergic to cigs, symptoms akin
 To hay fever,
 Knowing at heart I would never
 Be a diva,
 I thought here goes: the next best thing,
 A night club hostess
 With the mostest to sing

On this occasion I received
 Quite an ovation.
 'Twas nice to be admired
 Without accusation.
 All were much surprised
 Having never heard it before.
 But my song will long be remembered
 I implore.

6. Pub Life... is it still as it was?

Margaret Morley

The King's Head...the Queen's Head (and working men's clubs)
 The classy... the noisy the infamous pubs

The old country inns with blazing log fire
 The clean and the polished the mucky and dire

I remember the tables...with Formica tops
 A miserable red...and sticky with hops

Curling and blue...the cigarette smoke
 Coal hewing miners...sharing a joke

Women with glasses...floating a cherry
 Lipstick stained glasses of sweet sickly sherry

Men playing cards...and talking of sport
 The making of steel...and the fishes they caught

Cigarette burns...on plush velvet seating
 Pensioners poor...enjoying the heating

The drunk in the corner...noisily singing
 His undying love...to prostitute...clinging

And held in position (lest it fell down)
 Was the bar of the pub...by the men of the town

They leaned and they rested...on elbows and hands
 And solved all the problems...of far distant lands

Doors with brass handles...polished with use
 Kids...waiting outside...parental abuse?

Old soldiers talking...of Germans...and Yanks
 Their cigarette packets...made into tanks

The barmaids attentive...efficient and kind
 The listening ear...to the worried of mind

Beautiful windows...with engravings so fine
 The words being enhanced...with grapes on the vine

The cellophane crackle...of crisps bought in bags
 "Bottle blonde" women...puffing on fags

The colour of beer...such a beautiful shade
 Like a bracelet of amber...and as carefully made

The hooks...with their tankards...of pewter and glass
 The landlady's nightmare the cleaning of brass!

The lonely...the sad...the parties of four
 Reluctant pub leavers...that stayed for "one more"

Those starting fights...over spilling of beer
 At times of goodwill...when Christmas was here

Romeo...with haircream...Juliet...with lacquer
 Plumber's apprentice and cutlery packer

Yet...true love I've witnessed...that started in pubs
 Declared over ashtrays...of cigarette stubs

And tied to a table...and friendly to all
 Lay the chasers of cats...and chasers of bal

Greyhounds relaxed...in tobacco's cruel fog
Gentle and patient. "The Hare of the Dog"

Pub life . observed...the timid...the base
The gentle the cruel the whole...human race

7. Spit and Polish

Ian Enters

Each unshaven Sunday, after butterfly cakes and tea,
He swaggers to the kitchen, keeping it Mother free
For serious business. The broadsheet daily or,
Less useful, tabloid Star is unfolded from the store
And laid across the extended table carefully.

He pulls a wooden slatted tray from beneath the sink
And places it at right angles to his right, removes his links
And pops them in a pot beside the hot water tap.
He folds his baggy sleeves above the elbow, smooths the nap
Of the cloth, then checks there's water in the kettle for his drink.

"Bring on the dancing girls!" He calls and in they come:
Five children bearing fourteen shoes, the weekly sum:
A pair for each, a black and brown for him, and Mother's
Blue and black for best, all placed upon the paper cover
In size order. He pours a fingernail of water on a slug of rum.

With thin-bladed knife, he picks and scrapes the excess sludge,
Disappointed when a sole is clear of pickled mud,
And brushes all the dustings to a pan. He checks the heels
And roughened inners. He wonders if his older lad feels
That nail. He bangs it back. It'll do for another trudge

Up Nanny Hill. He sups a snifter, checks the Kiwi tins
And places black and tanning brushes by their rims.
It's an old rag for the blue. He rummages in the tray
And finds it, smears baby boots and Mother's day by day
First before the larger battle of the boot begins.

All laces are removed, checked for fraying and laid
On the kitchen side. Scuffs on toecaps are made
Whole before an equal brush of polish covers all.
Then working down the line, he buffs caps to balls
Of glass and leather uppers to an inlaid

Gloss. His elbow blurs and then he stops to spit
On a tiny mark. These boots are old and hardly fit
As they pass down the family, but they'll be clean
And shining. You'll not know where they've been
From looking. It's all that's left from doing army kit.

Once in a while, forty odd years on, when the mist's down
And Sunday crowds me in, I imitate my father's frown,
Gather the household footwear in the hall, exclude
The Nike trainers, the plastic slip slops and crude
Imitation leather. I brush to silver all my black and brown,
Seeking my father's face within each shining half a crown.

8. For Ever

Doris Stubbs

Trapped beneath the cold, dark,dank earth
Stripped to the waist
The ragged cloth little protection against the chaffing chain
She laboriously drags the weighty corves over the rusty rails.

Dreaming of freedom to roam the hills
Heart uplifted by the tremulous beauty of the skylark's song
As its creator climbs heavenwards;
Remembering the plaintive call of the curlew as it swiftly soars
Then slowly glides to land gently on the wild moorland.

Below ground ancient timbers creak and groan
As they struggle to support the weighty earth above
Trap doors, guarded by whimpering, childier

Abandoned to the darkness, rattle and clank.
The ever present water repeatedly drips,
Beating out its steady rhythm.

She dreams of dancing amongst the flowers in the meadows,
Of singing as she paddles and splashes in the cleansing beck,
Of laughing joyfully as the wind reddens her cheeks,
Of running through fresh, cool, green woodland.
The rhythm quickens; steady drips swell to a rushing raging torrent
Sweeping her pitiful body to break it against solid wood,
Freeing her spirit to dream, to remember, to roam, to run, to dance,
to laugh, to sing
For ever.

9. Extracts from Bolsterstone Memoirs, a book to be published shortly celebrating the memories of Bolsterstone residents over many years.

Sally Ashton Village Life 1930s/40s

Bolsterstone then

At that time, in the village, there were no new houses or extensions on the old ones: none on the approach to the village, nor at the top of the fields, nor on Heads Lane. Bolsterstone was very different in those days from what it is like today. We had no electricity, no telephones, no buses and no cars. People didn't have indoor toilets or bathrooms and quite a lot of us had earth closets. Ours was an outhouse at the top of the garden. Inside was a bench with a hole cut into it. Some had two holes so that you could sit side by side. We cut newspaper into squares – no toilet paper – and we did everything we had to do through those holes. There was a midden at the side of the outhouse. When it got full – it was a horrible thing – the midden men came along with a lorry and emptied it. At Nook Farm there was a two holer and as little girls we used to go and sit together, hand in hand. The waste was spread round the fields.

Nell Rawlin -1940's/80's Incomer's Tale First Impressions

I first saw Bolsterstone described as a "remote moorland village" when a tragedy was reported in the local press. In 1937 or '38 a party of young folk, two boys and two girls, went into the Castle one day before walking over to Bradfield. It was snowing and they were warned not to go. Anyway they set off but went in the wrong direction. There was a heavy snowfall and the girl in the party died. On another occasion, I saw Bolsterstone described as "an isolated moorland village", when they were having problems getting a school teacher.

A walk with the pram

In 1944 we moved into a cottage at Wharnccliffe Side. One lovely October day I decided to walk up with the pram to see this village. Over each rise on Morehall Lane I expected the village to appear but the lane seemed to go on and on. Eventually I arrived in Bolsterstone. It was deserted, not even a cat or dog to be seen. I walked a little way up Heads Lane, then back to look down Stone Moor and then onto Folderings to look towards Cockshutts but still no sign of life. It was so peaceful, so clean and tidy – no sound even from the Castle.

I'll have to describe our pram. When we first knew we would need one I had my name down at all the shops in Sheffield. Then a friend knew of someone who had a pre-war Silver Fox pram for sale. It was a beauty with a sling body and very strongly built. It was, however, very heavy and, after one near mishap, I was very apprehensive about walking down-hill with it. When I was ready to return home from my first visit to Bolsterstone I was very reluctant to go down the steep road I had walked up. Then I saw the postman and asked if there was an easier way back to Wharnccliffe Side. He advised me to go down Yew Trees Lane into Ewden, and then by the dams. When I got to the steepest bit down I wasn't very happy. Fortunately, three young children appeared out of nowhere, and asked what was wrong. I explained how I felt and they offered to help me. That sounds ridiculous now, but the pram was so heavy, it took the four of us to hold it. I've never forgotten

my first view of Bolsterstone village and I really knew then what "remote" and "isolated" meant. I never imagined I would spend 41 years family life there.

Ray Hulatt Wartime Bombing Raids

As a small boy, living at Hunger Hill, the war seemed far off. It came closer one night when we were all sitting having supper. Suddenly a terrific bang blew the curtains out across the table, the crockery rattled and the oil lamps swung. The house just shook. The following day dad told us the Germans had dropped a parachute mine across at White Lee. We had a deep cellar in the house which, dad said, would be good for an air-raid shelter.

Soldiers were deployed on the edge of the moors, with searchlights and anti-aircraft guns. When the Germans bombed Sheffield, the planes would fly up the valley and turn around over the moors, then fly back down the valley again for another bombing run on the city.

One particular night we could hear the distinctive drone which the German bombers made, a funny noise, different from our aircraft. Mum wrapped me in a blanket and we all went outside along with the Dyson's from next door. By now the German aircraft were overhead, making their turn for going back down the valley again. All of a sudden, a searchlight picked out this bomber, the light was so bright on the aircraft that I could see the distinctive black and white swastika on the side of the plane and the aircrew with their dark helmets and light brown flying suits. Suddenly, the pilot cut back his engine speed and the plane dropped out of the searchlight beam, then revved up his engines, and was away. I was about four at the time but this was something that I will never forget.

Whit Michael Rawlins 1950s

On Whit Sunday morning all the chairs and forms were fetched out of the hearse house and put in rows along the front of the smithy and

Webster's shop, facing the grave yard. After dinner everybody who went to Church regularly, and a lot more who only came at Whit, would gather in the square. When the Parson, Rev. Surtees, as it was then, and the silver band arrived, we would all sing a hymn or two and listen to the Parson preaching under the Lych gate. It always seemed to be a nice day; at least I can never remember it raining.

The next morning was a 'real big do'. We had to get up early and togged up by about 8.30 when we all went out into the square. It was like a fashion parade – all the women finding fault with everybody else's clothes like they always do, and mothers telling the little ones to be good and not wander off – it was time for the Whit Walk!

The silver band would come up on a lorry and get off outside the Castle Inn. I reckon they'd want to 'wet their whistles' before they set off. They had a lot of blowing to do before they got their dinners! A couple of the biggest choir lads would carry out the banner with a couple more at the front and back to hold the cords which kept it upright. It was a grand sight, all red with 'St. Mary's Church, Bolsterstone' printed in gold letters, and gold tassels around the edges. The band always struck up with "Hail Smiling Morn" as they marched up the village from the pub and some of us young scamps would chip in with "Hail smiling morn, my britches backside is torn, I scratched it on a thorn" until someone's mum fetched us a clout round the ear.

We'd set off, with the band leading, down Cockshutts. As we went, all Arnold's cows and Bonny and Blossom, the two shires, would dance along with us until we got past the field. Once we were out of earshot of the village the band would stop for a bit and get their wind back. They had a fair way to walk – it must have been the best part of six miles before we got home!

As we walked down Carr Road, Deepcar Church joined us. Their banner was blue and gold and not half as big as ours. We'd stop at the bottom and on the triangle by the public toilets in front of Joe Mill's slaughter-house and shop we would have a bit of a sing before we set off up the main road to Stocksbridge. At the bottom of old Heywoods all the churches from the area joined us. I reckon

the Catholics and Methodists must have been amongst them, because as we looked up old Heywoods there were middling of banners stuck up above the crowd – it seemed like half the world was there. We kids had not seen as many folks since the year before. Anyhow, we all walked together - those who hadn't got tired and dropped out - up Hole House Lane and into the school field at Spink Hall. We had a bit of a sing there before coming back to Bolsterstone for a bun-fight in the school. "A Procession of Witnesses" was the proper name for it, but we always called it "The Whit Walk".

In the afternoon there were sports and games on the cricket field but I never went in for them so much. I was generally over the wall in the mires looking for pewits' nests, or at home, laikin in the smithy in my old clothes.

New rig outs that we had for Whit had to do for best for the rest of the year and the best clothes from the year before were used for school, although by that time, they had had to be let down and altered a bit to fit. Grandad always reckoned that my mum had put horse muck in our shoes, we were growing so fast.

School

Dorothy Kirbyshaw 1970s-80s

The Free School is the first house on the left hand side down More Hall Lane. It was the first school built here 300 years ago but it was still part of the village school until closure 12 years ago and was my classroom. One of the best parts about it for me was that I lived just across the road so it was easy to pop home then go into school at night to do extra work when I wanted. The children used to gather at the main school in the morning at 8.50 a.m. and we would worship all together in the hall at 9.00a.m. Then I would walk my class down the road and back up again at dinner time. After dinner we would walk back down to our classroom and up again at home time. Now, because we did all this walking backwards and forwards, I used to often miss play times or keep them very, very short, because I used to think we'd wasted enough time just trekking down and back. It was the most beautiful classroom in the whole wide world with our own little playground. We could open the door on spring days and hear the curkoo calling from the valley.

We built a pond in the garden attached to the school yard with John Walton's help. Young men from the Peak National Park erected a good fence. The pond attracted frogs and we had toads underneath a rotting log. We grew wild flowers and herbs attracting many insects and butterflies.

The first Free School wasn't very well built so it was rebuilt at a later date but the stone that was once above the original main door bearing the date 1686 is just round the corner of the building. There is also an inscription on the front wall which refers to the replacement building and is easily visible from the road.

Shops

Ray Hulatt – Hunger Hill - 1930's/40

I didn't actually live in the village. We lived out at Hunger Hill so shopping in Bolsterstone with Mum proved quite a trek for a youngster. Mum would go to the Co-op which was a green painted building, for the weekly groceries. The groceries were marked off the ration books and would be delivered to our house later by the Co-op lorry.

Next we would call at Minnie Webster's who ran the shop opposite the church. A bell would tinkle as we opened the door and just inside was a large brown metal bin which contained flour. Minnie was a plump lady with white hair, glasses and a high-pitched squeaky voice. "Now what can we get you today Gladys?" she would squeak, which always made me chuckle. Mum would buy some yeast for baking her bread. Minnie sold all odds and ends, wicks for oil lamps, cotton buttons, along with groceries. It was one of those shops, if Minnie didn't have it, it wasn't made.

There was a blacksmith's shop next door to Minnie's and we would stop to watch the big farm shire horses having new shoes fitted. We were deafened by the clanging of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil and watched with fascination as he shaped the red hot shoes for the horses. Then it was the long walk back home, which seemed to take ages. Sometimes we had a lollipop to suck on our way back but even sweets were on ration then.

Groceries would be delivered by the Co-op wrapped in a brown paper parcel. The butcher would call once a week and the coal was delivered by the Co-op. Mum used to give the coalmen black oval tokens, which she had bought at the Co-op, one bag of coal per token. The greengrocer would also call once a week mainly, with fruit. To me these were the highlights of the week as we were very isolated living out on the edge of the moors. Milk came from the farm, in a small hand held metal chum – no bottles then. With a half-pint metal measure, the milk would be poured out into a jug, covered by a cloth and put down the cellar to keep cool.

10. Toy Shop

Ian Enters

Door bell pings: a groove in the floorboards,
Counter of wood polished by hands
And countless goods exchanged for hard-won
Pennies not pounds:
A pennorth of liquorice, a quarter of chews,
A twist of sherbet and the Star for the news.

But back on the left on the farthest wall
Lie shelves of treasures that will not fall
For pocket-money's tiny measures.
Here is the rainbow ball,
Whips, tops and shuttlecocks,
Marbles and skipping ropes
With ball-bearing grips,
The train-set Dad wants
And the dolls with red cheeks,
Latest fashion clothing on miniature scale
And a pram with silver struts hooded from hail.
And there in the corner, a halo for hair,
Her cheeks of dimples and pink like a rose
Sits the queen of my hopes, the start of my dream:
Unattainable beauty of peaches and cream.

"Say Vera sent you
And can she lay it by?"

I'll pay sixpence on the weekly.
I can only try
To find the money
To stitch a smile
On the girl without a Mother
Who walks a lonely mile.
Say Vera sent you
And can she lay it by?
I'll pay sixpence on the weekly.
It's a lot but I can try."

I had no Mother to nurse my heart.
I lived in a home that set me apart.
The love I received was second-hand.
New things were gold dust lost in the sand,
But Vera with a rough-hewn grace
Gave me a doll with a beautiful face.

11. Valerie

Ralph Senior

Oh Valerie, Valerie, you use up my salary
On all your needs and your wants.

You shop for antiques and bring home those old
Things that make me sneeze and cough,
Then they sit there waiting for restoration while you
Search for the missing pair or location
Or an offer to sell at a loss.

Then you shop for those kitchen implements
That you hope will save you work.
The kitchen is full of mechanical devices
As well as thousands of exotic spices.
But we go to restaurants most days of the week
Or else you'd go berserk.

Then you buy new rugs from China and Persia
 And roll up the old ones hardly used
 Give them to your mother and sometimes my mother.
 Their houses are mostly furnished by you.

You bring home your parcels of elegant clothing
 And displace mine from the overstuffed closet
 Then you wear your jeans and casual clothes.
 I won't deny you're superb in T-shirts and my shirts
 And minis and jeans with large holes,
 But why buy such threads for the Salvation Army
 Which at spring-time is where they eventually go.

Then you buy all the food we can't possibly eat,
 Enough booze for an army to forget a defeat.
 We always have plenty if anyone comes
 But what does it matter we're seldom at home.

The cat has a collar of diamonds and pearls
 And won't touch the normal catfood.
 Instead, you say, he insists on best steak
 So you feed him the best
 And when I come in he leaves the room.
 He was my cat but cats can be bought it seems.

You fly to exotic retreats for vacation
 And mix with the international set.
 You come home broke, nursing your ego,
 And won't talk to me, only your therapist
 Who must be gloating as he thinks of his fee.
 Oh Valerie, Valerie you use up my salary
 On all your wants and your needs.
 You're such a real woman with a very big heart
 And I get so anxious when we are apart.
 But the main attraction, you give satisfaction.
 So take my whole salary, my stocks and my shares,
 My future and savings and pension and cares,
 To hell where the future may lead.

12. Blackheads

Margaret Morley

You're **compelled** to squeeze a Blackhead...by forces yet unknown
Millions of us do it...so you know you're not alone

They're a **blot** upon the landscape. that you feel you **cannot** leave
 They're **ugly** and **repulsive**...like a **stain** upon your **sleeve**

I've **squeezed** out fine and wriggly...like **worms** upon a hook
 Like **squirring** eels...with **tiny** head.. and **straggly**...**stringy** . look

Sometimes they're **fat** like **maggots**. sometimes they're long and **thin**
 Sometimes they leave like **bullets**...**machine-gunned** from your chin
 I hate the little **b*****s** ..such **deformities** are they
 And I **know** that others **stare** at them...as on your face they lay

The **soaps** I've tried...the **costly** creams,..but each to **no avail**
Suggestions heard...from friend and nurse...but **all advice** did **fall**

They often live...in **crevasses**...quite **difficult** to reach
 Some days...they form **an army** like **pebbles** on the beach!
 Oh! The **pain** endured...whilst **squeezing** it...and **trying** to get it out
 Like **coaxing coin** from **miser's** purse...or **kindness**...from a fool
 I found one in my **tummy** once **much** to my disgust
 And **puzzled** how it got there...but get it **out** .I **must!**

Its chosen home was **cunning** in rather **awkward** place
 I cannot **bear** to tell you **where** lest **blush** should **shame** my face

Suffice to say ..that now it's gone.. **successfully** expelled
Cornered . **trapped** and **captured** ..in paper hanky **held**

The **trouble** is ..their **kids return**...and **move in** once again
 But . I **cannot** cease **evicting** them . for I'm really . **far too vain!**

13. Tatie Pickin

Julia Gibson

We fair looked to t'Autumn days cum tatie pickin time.
 I' dull November cowl 'n raw, few days on it wor fine.

We cud ehn o bit o reight good brass. Two 'n six mi Dad h'd pay,
 Fo' pickin taties in a bucket, up 'n daahn yon fild all day.

So wi' t'tatie pickin 'olid'ys, school kids h'd all turn aaht
 I' thi wellies wi' thi buckets t'ot 'Unshelf 'all t'staeht.

Then we'd all tralipse off to t'tatie fild. We'd staaht all daahn a row.
 Me father ehd gerr on t'tractor, 'n t' spinner 'e'd staaht t' go.
 Spinnin' aaht these taties, wun row at a time.
 There we war all agate, bent backs all in a line.

Chuckin' taties in a bucket, then fillin' up a sack.
 Befoor t'end on yon bloommin' day tha'd be achin' daahn thi back!

We'd be ravenous cum dinner taahm, frozen 'ands, nooas, feet an'all.
 We'd be gaggin' fo' sum snap, then we'd 'ear mi father call.

It wor reight grand fo 'us t'rest us frozen, achin' feet,
 Gobelin' up us snap on t'upturn'd bucket as a seat.
 Fo' this job we'd all be fair togged up I' jumpers n owd waahm coats
 Three pairs o' socks stuffed daahn in t'wellies, gloves n'ats we'd look
 like poahts.

But the' wor cowl 'n raw them owd tatie pickin days,
 Wit'frozen wind 'n t'spinner flyin' muck up I' thi' face.

Tha seeams t' be pickin' foriver, end's niver gooin' t' cum'
 Wi' no feealin' I' thi fingers 'n thi nooas 'n tooas all numb.

T' grey misty sky gets daaker, though all day there's bin no sun.
 Then we 'ear mi father callin'- "Tha can gu 'ooam nah. Tha's dun."

"We'll just fill up these 'eer sacks. It'll be last row today."
 So we gets agate reight throng like, lookin' forrad to us pay.

Then we run up to mi father, janglin' t'empty buckets abaaht.
 N' ang abaaht reight eeager like, as he gets 'is silveer aaht.

T'other kids are first in t'que, sooin run off back oom t't'own.
 But eeh—it feels reight grand owdin' that well 'aard earned haalf
 crown!

14 A Sense of Place

Joan Firth

Age is when memory unfolds
 Letting hindsight mould our thoughts
 Revealing unasked for joys, the good times;
 Revealing unwanted pain, the hard times,
 The needing to be close times.
 For we were born together, brought up together,
 Each house known, even each name known.

Names read out from a register for us to answer.
 "Yes Miss" It was my name you called,
 For all the names are called, as we grow together,
 And are bound together in the making of steel.
 A harvest of near seven thousand, from
 Skilled first-hand to first-year apprentice,
 From office girl to Managing Director.
 Producing fine steel was our work,
 Our play and our living.