



## SHOPS AND BUSINESSES **1**

The entries are arranged in the form of a tour round the village, starting at the end of Main Street nearest Wensley. Go along the left side of Main Street, up and down West Bank, back along the other side of Main Street (taking in Pump Lane), up East Bank (branching right at the fork on to the Flat), and back via the other branch of East Bank. The memories cover a wide span of years, during which shops closed or changed hands. First, though, two general descriptions of Winster's thriving commercial past...



Main Street, outside the shop of Josiah Greatorex, Grocer, c. 1907.



## *Shops and Businesses*

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### *When blacksmiths made their own nails.*

When my mother was a child there was everything in the village. There was the blacksmith's, and the blacksmith made his own nails and everything. There were two saddlers. If you come down West Bank, there's Mrs Adams at the corner. She had sweets - this is while I've been a child. You come down to where Roland Corfield lives, and that was the Co-op. Opposite there, where Stan Heathcote lives, that was a shop, and when my mother was young they baked bread every day there. You come down to the corner and there was the butcher's, but before it was the butcher's it used to be a draper's shop. I can remember my mother buying my clothes from there. Opposite was a saddler's and shoe shop. He didn't make the shoes, he sold shoes. He made saddles, horse collars, and repaired them and all that. Then there was another butcher's, and you got down to where Brian Long lives, and that was Hodgkinson's when I was a child. She had a sweet shop and she sold bread and cakes at the far end, and, joined to it, was the bigger shop with cycles. Then they got into selling radios, and when televisions came Vinny Hodgkinson sold them, too. And they had two petrol pumps outside, two petrol pumps on the footpath. Then you went where Macdonald's garage is now, where Mrs Ball lives now. Tom Edward Gregory lived there, and he run the garage at the back there. He had a petrol pump at the bottom of the yard on the street. Where Pam Lamb lives, that was another saddler's, that was John Rowland's. I can see John Rowland now! He used to come out and sit on the windowsill, and we used to go and talk to him when we were children. He always told us funny tales. There was Boden's bakehouse in Pump Lane, and Robert Thorpe's shop where Glyn Yates is. Then there'd be the Angel. Market Cottage, Printer Marshall lived there. He had a printer's shop. Then, next door to his printer's shop, Mavis Corker's was the joiner and undertaker's, and that was Fred Wilson. Next to the joiner's shop was a sweet shop that Mrs Wilson ran. We used to call there on our way to school for aniseed balls and all sorts of stuff. Of course, there was Gilding's shop. When my mother's uncle lived where Skinner now lives, he had a tailor's shop. He was a tailor. He used to make the riding habits for people at Oddo and all round, the farmers. [Mildred Witham]

### *Winster's many shops.*

Starting at West Bank, Betty Brandon's was a sweet shop, and she sold papers. 'Richfield' was the Co-op. Then on Main Street, where Sandra's Hairdressing shop is, there was a shoe shop called Hawksworth's Saddlery, which afterwards became Roland Marshall's wallpaper shop. Opposite that, on the corner, was George Will Stone. That was a butcher's shop for a long time. He did his own slaughtering somewhere. Another butcher's, Blackwell's, was a few doors on, and then where the Grays live was the chip shop. Where Longs live is where Vinny Hodgkinson had his shop. He sold radios, TVs, bicycles at one side, and sweets, confectionery, bread at the other side. Then you have the Bank House. That was the Royal Bank of Scotland, but before that it was Williams Deacons and William's and Glyn's. You have the Post Office after the Bank. On the opposite side, 'Beech View' was Mrs Denham's haberdashery - cottons, embroidery



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*Winster: A Peak District Village Remembers*

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silks, like a draper's. 'Moot House', where the bus stop is, Stan Boam had a butcher's shop there. After Stan Boam gave up, Fletcher from Matlock butchered there. Where Gillian Fearn's house is now, that used to be a butcher's shop owned by George Walker. Where Tomlinsons live, that was the bakery. Then there was Harold Mosley's, where I worked. It used to be Thorpe's before that, and now Glyn has it. Where Laurie Warren lives used to be Evelyn Webster's little shop. She sold everything - silks, pots, dishes, books, boots, shoes, clothes, everything, and the dairy at the side. Where Mavis Corker lives there used to be a little sweet shop. Then Gilding's, which was hardware, ironmongers, paraffin, fireworks, everything. I got a lot of my wedding presents there. We were married in 1961, and people said, 'Pop down to Mrs Gilding and her sister Dorothy and pick whatever you want.' Mr Gilding used to go round with a van selling things. Going up East Bank there was Mrs Hodgkinson, who sold fancy goods, small amounts of groceries, paraffin, buttons, elastic, cottons, potatoes, carrots and sweets. Salt of the earth she was. Just nip down to the bottom and you could get it, quick. Where Peter Bateman lives Toby Thorpe always used to charge batteries on that Bank, at Ephraim House. And Mrs Scriven used to sell crisps, biscuits and sweets from the house, like a little shop. [Anne Walters]

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*Main Street from the East*

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*Ivy Cottage. Dentist.*

Dentist came to Winster once a week on a Thursday afternoon – Mr Blythe. He had a room in next house past the Manor [Ivy Cottage], and there were a board outside with his name on. I remember my mother having her teeth out there. [Ernest Hope]

*The Manor. Private Hotel.*

At one time Harry Fengel owned the Manor, which was called 'The Rendezvous.' The villagers called it 'The Den' [of Iniquity]. It was a private hotel, used mainly by Sheffield businessmen, who brought their wives (or someone else's). Village people didn't use the place. In those days gambling was illegal, but they used to play cards there. My dad used to take meat on a Saturday, and sometimes he would stop and join in. My mother used to play hell! The police raided it once. People ran in all different directions. My mum said to dad, 'George, it's a good job you've got your slops [apron] on!' He was able to say he was delivering the meat. There were tennis courts there, too, and they charged 2d an hour to play. My teacher at Winster, Frances Williams, used to pay for the court, and I played there with her. [Dot Fearn]

*Winster Wisdom: 'Big bills you canna pay,  
little bills you dunna bother with.'*



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### *Newholme. Milk.*

John Isaac Greatorex lived there. He kept a few cows down Leacroft and sold milk round the village. He used to hook the churn on a dandy – that was a round steel contraption with two wheels with rubber tyres. That's how he used to do it. [Bert Boam]

### *Market House. Pot sales.*

I don't remember ever hearing the Curfew Bell in Winster. Only bell as I know was when they used to bring brown potware to Market House on a Saturday night, because people used to make their own bread in them days, and they used to have what they called 'pancheons'. It were a big brown thing, like, and there were such a lot of brownware, stewpots, and everything. It were all brown then. They used to come with a covered wagon. They used to bring this brownware and then set it out, and then they used to ring bell for people to go down on a Saturday night. They used to sell it like auction. [Bert Boam]

### *Moot House. Butcher.*

That's where Butcher Boam had his meat shop. Butcher Boam didn't sell any pork at all, only beef, but Dorothy Walker's dad he only had pork. Blackwell, he sold pork and beef. So there were three butchers in Winster when I were a lad. [Bert Boam]

### *The Old Brewhouse. Village Stores.*

First it belonged to 'Siah Greatorex, then Jess Burton started working for him, and then eventually Mr Greatorex retired and Burton took over, so that's how it got to Burton's shop, through him starting working there. So he took it over finally. Jess Burton his name was. [Bert Boam]

### *Denver House. Butcher.*

Where I'm living now, it used to be a pork butcher's shop. Up in the attic you've got all the hooks in the beams where they used to hang all the bacon, hams and what have you. If you look over the top of the front window you can see where there's been the board with the shop name, little wooden plugs where they plugged it in to the wall. When George Will Stone lived across at the Crown he said he used to hear a little engine going in this building here, and it was the owner of the butcher's shop making his sausage meat. It was a little engine - pump, pump, pump - you could hear it going. [Bill Slaney]

### *Back of Denver House. Cobbler.*

Old Mr Denham was up the Crown Yard. If you notice, where Bill Slaney lives there's some little sheds, and he used to do his cobbling in there. That was Mr Denham. [Dot Fearn]



## *Winster: A Peak District Village Remembers*

### *Post Office. Post Office and Chemist.*

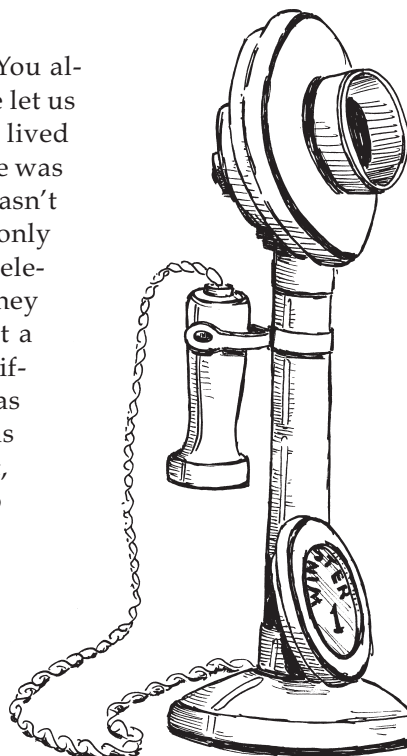
The Post Office was owned by Ernest Heathcote. You always had to raise your hat to him in those days. He let us rent the Post Office for accommodation, because he lived at Mooresfold. But all the business of the Post Office was run by Ernest Heathcote. When I were a boy there wasn't a telephone in none of the villages round about, only Winster - that was the only place that had got a telephone. The message used to come to Winster, and they used to write it out on a sheet of paper and call it a telegram. We lived in the Post Office House, so different ones in the family - it all depended who was available - used to have to take a telegram as far as Pikehall, and sometimes at seven o'clock at night, and walk it to Pikehall, and sometimes go to Gratton, and take all the telegrams round the villages - Birchover, Elton and Wensley. You had to walk with all those, and in winter time. [Bert Boam]

### *Post Office. Post Office and Chemist.*

Ernest Heathcote kept the Post Office and he was a chemist. He just failed to be a doctor, so he was a chemist. When I was a child you could get all sorts from Heathcote there at the Post Office, all kinds of medicines. He used to make his own remedies up. He kept all kinds of things like that. I can remember having toothache and my mother saying, 'Go down to the Post Office and get some tincture of myrrh and put that on it.' And it used to numb it. [Mildred Witham]

### *Post Office. Post Office and Chemist.*

I remember the Post Office when I was a little girl. I used to go and do errands for the two Miss Browns, and on Saturday morning I would either clean the silver or top-and-tail the gooseberries. Then I used to go each night from school to see if there were any errands or any telegrams. I used to get a shilling a week for doing that. As you walked in, the Post Office side was to the left and to the right was the drapery side. In front, as you walked in, was a chemistry counter with all the aspirins and things like that on. Miss Brown - Lily this was - she used to sit on a chair, and when there was no-one in the shop she would put her leg on the counter. They had their specific jobs. One was the postmistress and the other used to do the housekeeping. Joan Wild, in very first memories, answered the phone. She eventually became a switchboard operator elsewhere. [Marion Drinkall]



*'the only place that had got a telephone'*



## *Shops and Businesses*

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### *The Old Bank House. Bank.*

Newtons used to live there, and the bank used to open about once a week. The bank were part of the house. It was the front part of the house, and Newtons used to come out into Woolley's Yard, and they had to go up Woolley's Yard to get into theirs, because the bank was separate. Now it's joined into one. You can go in off the street where the railings are and you can come out at Woolley's Yard, because it's all one now. But Newtons lived there then. [Bert Boam]

### *Tor House. Bicycles, electrical goods, etc.*

The business was in the Main Street. At first my father was manufacturing his own bicycles and selling them. He used to have all us kids cleaning the frames, making them shine like silver. Then he used to enamel them - dip them in an enamel trough, hang them up and let them drain, and then they used to put them into this big gas stove about eight feet or ten feet square. They used to be stove enamelled, and they used to have to be dipped again and go through it again. Then he used to line the tubes with a line, and he used to put his transfer on the front. He used to make his own bicycles. Then these 'ere big firms come on, like Raleigh - well, Hercules more than anything. They were selling them at about £5 19s 6d. Well, he couldn't make 'em for that price, you see, so he packed up and bought them from wholesalers. Everybody in Winster, presumably, rode bikes to work. There were hundreds of bikes in Winster, must have been. We used to have greengrocery and wet fish and sold bicycles and motorbikes. Then my father used to have a bit of a garage where he used to repair Ford cars and motorbikes and that. I was decarbonising motorbikes at nine years old. We got burnt out in 1933, burnt down. All the lot went up. After we were burnt out we went and lived down with my Uncle Jack Rouse at Ivy Cottage across here, on the main road, where the builder lives now. He's a builder, isn't he? We were there twelve months, until the house was done. It was rebuilt. The fire was on the 20th December. It was £400 under-insured, because my father hadn't had time to insure his Christmas stuff. A lot of people lost some Christmas presents then, you know! It took the fire engine between an hour and two hours to come. It were burnt out, practically, by the time they got here. All they could do was save next door's property. They were lucky they could put it out. We had one petrol pump there and one oil cabinet. All they could do was spray it with water to stop it catching fire. [Vin Hodgkinson]

### *Farriers. Butcher.*

I think once it had something to do with Arthur Heathcote with his glass. It was like a store place for quite a long while, and as time went on Frank Blackwell, that kept the Bowling Green, he turned it into a butcher's shop, and he used to sell his meat from there as time went by. [Bert Boam]

### *Smithy House. Fish and Chips.*

Ernest Heathcote were a very careful sort of man, and he'd got all this money. You know that I was bred and born at the Post Office House, but we didn't keep



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the Post Office. Now, Ernest Heathcote kept the Post Office. So my mother was going to have this chip shop up the Main Street in the place that had been Gregory's second-hand clothes shop before - that's why the big window was in - and they do say that once upon a time it used to be a smithy - this is how things have been all altered. Well, my mother bought it off Ernest Heathcote, and he lent her the money without any interest, to help her, because we'd come out of the Post Office House. I couldn't say for sure how much, but it wouldn't be ever so much, perhaps £150 or £200. Might not be as much as that, I don't know for sure, but they wouldn't be ever so dear then. So that's how my mother and dad got that chip shop. Then dad, he was working at the quarry, and mum always wanted him to have a business and pack the quarrying up, and she persuaded him to buy a little pony and trap and go out with wet fish. He used to go to Elton, Youlgreave and different places with wet fish. He used to go to Darley Station every morning and meet the 7.45 milk train, because all the farmers then, same as Winster, these bigger farmers, used to have to take their milk to Darley Station and catch train and send it all off in churns. Dad used to meet the 7.45 train, and sometimes we had fish from Grimsby and sometimes we had it from Fleetwood, because they quoted you different prices in those days. If it was cheaper at Fleetwood we'd have it from there. Dad always met that train at Darley Dale, and it used to come in great big wooden boxes, and there used to be a layer of fish and a layer of ice, and none of it was frozen. Today it's frozen out at sea, so you don't get it fresh like we got it. And it was beautiful! I always say that with it being frozen there's so much of the taste goes out of it. [Bert Boam]

#### *Smithy House. Fish and Chips.*

Hedley Boam 'ad fish an chip shop. We use go in theer on a Sat'day night - fish, chips, eggs an bread an butter an coffee. An y'd be in theer 'til one o'clock in a mornin'. Ah use bring 'im potatoes, ah did. Mosleys, up theer up Pikehall, we use go fer um. We use say, 'Way gooin fer a load a 'tatoes tonight. Are yer fit?' [Stan Heathcote]

#### *The Old Butcher's. Draper and Butcher.*

There were a draper's shop, Sam Hodgkinson, right on the corner, but if you wanted a suit you had to go to Matlock for made to measure. But old draper's shop, it was a big window. These clothes used to be hung up in window and they seemed to be there for years. I dunna think he had a lot o' trade. Then he left, and it would be George Will Stone, he had a butcher's shop there. [Tom Wigley]

*Winster Wisdom: 'Eaten bread is soon forgotten.'*



## *Shops and Businesses*

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### *West Bank*

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#### *Ashton House. Bread and Ice Cream.*

Where Stanley Heathcote lives, that was a shop, a lovely shop. They used to bake their own bread, make their own ice cream, and they sold sweets and groceries. A Mrs Lomas it was. I think she had a niece, a Miss Durden, and this Miss Durden had a son. His name was Billy, and I remember going as a child and they were making this ice cream. [Betty Dexter]

#### *Richfield. Co-op.*

Hedley Bacon was the manager, as I recall. You remember the 'divi' days? [Marion Drinkall]

#### *West Bank House. Smithy.*

Where your garage is [West Bank House], Mr Vincent used to be there. He had that as a smithy. This was when I was a little girl. And sometimes the horses would be queuing down West Bank waiting to be shod. [Betty Dexter]

#### *Heaton House. Blacksmith and Wheelwright.*

That was the blacksmith's, just down below Dexter's. In that jitty there, that's where you used to go. He was a wheelwright – Jess Wild - and that's where he had his shop. [Bert Boam]

#### *Mia Casa. Sweets and Newspapers.*

First of all it was Betty Greatorex's grandma, Mrs Adams. Then Betty took over the shop, and it was known as Betty Brandon's. And then later it was known as Dexter's. She used to have newspapers, sweets, crisps, biscuits and all things like that. [Anne Walters]

#### *Shed opposite Wayside. Fish and Chips.*

My mother bought that house where the chip shop was in Winster Street [Smithy House]. But before my mum had that, we had that little place like a shed on Chip Shop Hill. That's where we began. We started doing fish and chips in Winster in that little place. There was only one copper, and you had to get your heat with the coal. There wasn't any gas. We had a storm lantern hung up for a light. We did chips as well as fish. There was, like, proper little chip bags, like a boat thing, and they used to be piled up for one pennyworth of chips. Fish was seven for a shilling or 2d each. People used to be queuing for a long way, because it was so small we couldn't do the fish very quickly. [Bert Boam]



***Main Street going East, including Pump Lane  
[now Woodhouse Lane]***

***Holmlea. Saddler.***

The old craftsmen have died off and gone. Same as where my sister lived [Beech View], there was John Rowland, the saddler there. He could make saddles, lay silver in them, same as Theophilus and his shop up here [Holmlea]. He made shoes for you. He specialised in shoes and saddleware, crops and whips, and anything like that. They all died out, you see, and now it's mainly holiday cottages. [John Millward]

***Holmlea. Saddler.***

That were Theophilus Hawksworth, and he were saddler, and he used to make horses' collars. That was his living. He used to get this straw and just mull it round, and get the leather and put round and stitch it. It was all hand-stitched - he hadn't got a machine. He even used to make footballs, even for same as Matlock Town. They were all leather footballs. There weren't any of these

plastic footballs in them days. He

used to cut the leather in sections

and then hand-stitch it all

together. He used to make

footballs galore like that.

When it was a wet day and

you had one of them, oh,

it was just like kicking

a piece of lead! Today

they can keep heading

these balls from one to

another, but you couldn't

in them days, not when

it was wet. He used

to make anything for

horses, and he used to

get ever such big sheets



*'on a wet day it was like  
kicking a piece of lead'*

of leather come to his place, and cut them out. He made reins for horses and all things in leather. [Bert Boam]

***The Courtyard. Paint etc.***

Old Arthur Heathcote had a general store there. He used to mix his own paint and all that. Roland Marshall took it over when he died. Arthur sold treacle, putty, glass, wallpaper, tackle, nails, wire, and all sorts of things he sold in there. Had a right good little business. And at one time there was these two hooks in Mrs Gregory's house down the yard where he hung a banner advertising his things, and it's still there what he hung his things on. And it advertised what he



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was selling. We used to go for treacle. It were 6d for 2lb. We always put 6d in bottom of jar, and he always filled jar up. And he'd say, 'Where's your 6d?' 'It's int' bottom of jar. You'll have to eat treacle for it.' [John Millward]

### *The Courtyard. Paint etc.*

Arthur Heathcote used to sell putty and treacle and soap. You could buy your bars of soap, big bars, and big bars of salt, and everything of that description. As you come down this jitty there, that's where he had his shop, and you used to go for your treacle. He'd cut your glass or anything of that sort. Them were buildings belonging to him. The one they call The Cottage were a shop of his, and then it got turned into a house somehow, and Marshalls lived at it, Ewart Marshall. [Bert Boam]

### *Old Hall Cottage. Cycle shop.*

Tom Edward Gregory had it, and he had a cycle shop. He had petrol pump on the footpath. And they used to sell bicycles and repair them and let them out. They used to let their bicycles out for people to learn on in them days. So he was the bicycle man. [Bert Boam]

### *Beech View. Saddler.*

Where my brother lived, the next one were John Rowland's boot and shoe shop. Yes, and there's still the big window there, I think, isn't there? He had a lovely boot and shoe shop, he did, there, and they were, like, a better class. He used to sell heavy shoes, and in them days there used to be such a lot of nails in, like studs for heavy work. He used to sell all sorts of things like that, John Rowland. A high class boot shop. [Bert Boam]

### *Glendare. Fish and Chips.*

My Granny Holmes was the first person ever to have a chip shop in Winsters. Door opened off Main Street, off causeway, and you went up this passage, about a yard wide, and turned left into the back yard. When you landed in the back yard there was a building whitewashed. She had an ordinary copper, the sort what you wash clothes in, and that's how she did her fish and chips. [Bert Boam]

### *Gable House. Milk.*

The Dales were the main suppliers of milk. They delivered from their shop, almost opposite Greatorex's, as it was in those days. It's now Burton's Stores [now The Old Brewhouse], opposite the Hall. Matthew Dale used to bring the milk down in the early days, and then later Ted used to help, on a yoke from the Horsecrofts - bring it down with buckets. And then there used to be the massive filters which it went through and sterilised the buckets - all the ladles, half-pint, pints. There were the milk cans, which were scrupulously clean and all sterilised. Kathleen and I used to take it round at night, round the villagers. We used to knock at the door and people would empty it into their milk jugs. Then you'd



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take it back and go and get some more. It was always very fresh milk - not pasteurised or anything like that, just fresh milk. [Marion Drinkall]

***GB Stores. General Shop.***

Thorpes used to keep that shop in my day. It was a general shop, groceries, and they always had someone - Dan Ingham - he worked for Thorpes many, many years, he did, because most of these village shops used to have someone helping them in the shop. [Bert Boam]

***Pump Lane. The Old Bakehouse. Baker.***

Down Pump Lane was the Bakery. They used to call him Baker Boden. You'd go and get a bag of buns from Baker Boden's. I think they were ha'penny or penny buns. They used to take papers for us up on to the farms, same as the weekly papers, Derbyshire Times and all that. Mum used to pack them up, roll them up and put names on, and Harry Boden, his son, used to take them up on to the farms, because they couldn't get down regular. [Betty Dexter]

***Pump Lane. The Old Bakehouse. Baker.***

Just below the bakehouse there was a stable, and they kept their horse there, because they used to take the bread to Elton, Wensley and Darley Dale. They had to use the horse every day. And they'd be working - same as Saturday - sometimes until nine o'clock at night, happen, at Darley Bridge with horse and trap in them days. They used to be marvellous at Christmas time. You couldn't believe it! Us lads, you couldn't afford anything, but when you went there, and it come Christmas time, and they'd got all the Christmas cakes in the window, it were lovely! It were all decorated up everywhere, the window, and people used to go on purpose, two or three days before Christmas, to have a look how nice the shops were decorated up in them days. [Bert Boam]

***Pump Lane.***

***Workshop at back of GB Stores. Fish and Chips.***

There was another chip shop down Pump Lane, downside of Yates' shop. It were an old cowshed before it were a chip shop, 'cause there used to be a little farm down there. Oh yes, a cowshed there. When you look around there's been a cowshed and a pigsty and all sorts of farm buildings, all where you wouldn't think they'd be. They've all done a little bit with a cow or two, yer know, time back, years back. They've all done a little bit of mining and a little bit of farming. I've heard old uns say they used to do about six hours - a six-hour shift down underground - and then back home o'er top, you know. [Tom Wigley]

***The Old Angel. Ice cream.***

The Wayne family lived where the Bradburys live now, at the Angel. They were farmers, and Mrs Wayne used to make ice-cream. It was lovely. You used to get a great big one for a penny, and if you took a basin you got more. [Dot Fearn]



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### *Market Cottage. Printer.*

Then there were a printer's shop - Marshall's the printer - and he had his printing shop there, and then his house a bit farther joined on to it. The shop was right against The Angel, and they used to sell stationery, ribbons, and all sorts of things then. The wife run that sort of shop, and mister run the printing thing, Marshall's Printers. They use to print magazines and everything like that. Then later on it was Webster's, and they sold all sorts of bits and bobs, such as bobbins of cotton, pencils, envelopes and birthday cards. [Bert Boam]

### *Market Cottage. Printer.*

The family printing business was passed on to my father from his father, who sadly died when my father was in the Great War, 1914. He was presumed missing, presumed killed. Actually he was wounded through his cheeks that shattered all his teeth, and then there was the German surgeon who, he said, was very, very good to him. And he came back again. I was only about a year old. My father took over the business and he was a printer and a photographer. We used to sell toys, all stationery and equipment, Christmas cards, birthday cards, pens, lots of toys, whips and tops, marbles, and meccano. We used to go to Manchester to John Lewis' to get our stock, and a traveller used to come from Derby. The printing business used to do business all over Derbyshire, miles around, everything. [Phyllis Taylor]

### *Carpenter's Cottage. Sweets and Undertaker.*

That was Wilson's shop. Mavis [now Corker], she was born there, and they had this sweet shop. They had marvellous sweets in them days - all these here fancy



*'sweet shop and undertaker'*



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things as you never see today, like aniseed balls. I think you got about perhaps twenty for a ha'penny, and they were all things like that. They did so well because all schoolchildren used to have to go past the house, and they used to get all these here fresh things come in - these great big humbugs and all sorts of things like that. And they were ever so cheap - ha'penny and that - because they were for the schoolchildren - that were reason why. Joining on to it were Mr Freddy Wilson's joiner's shop. That was on the edge of it. It joined on to the toffee shop, really. Mavis Corker's family name was Wilson. Mr Wilson was the joiner, and he made coffins an' all. [Bert Boam]

*Carpenter's Cottage. Sweets and Undertaker.*

Mr Wilson was the undertaker. They had a little shop, just opposite Frank Sumner's, where Mavis Corker lives. Her mum had this sweet shop and Mr Wilson had joiner's shop next to the sweets, where he made the coffins. [Dot Fearn]

*Carpenter's Cottage. Sweets and Undertaker.*

There was the sweet shop of Mrs Wilson's next door to Vernon House. It was really two shops, a sweet shop one side and the undertaker's and joinery on the other side. I always find that very peculiar - sweets on one side for the children and a burial parlour for the elderly on the way out. I can remember seeing a baby in its coffin. [Marion Drinkall]

*The Old Forge. Tinsmith.*

There was also an ironmongers. It were a handy place to go to. It didn't matter what you wanted, you could get it. That went in name o' John Gilding. A very good place, that were. Anything you wanted, and if they 'adna gorrit, they'd gerrit tomorrow. [Tom Wigley]

*The Old Forge. Tinsmith.*

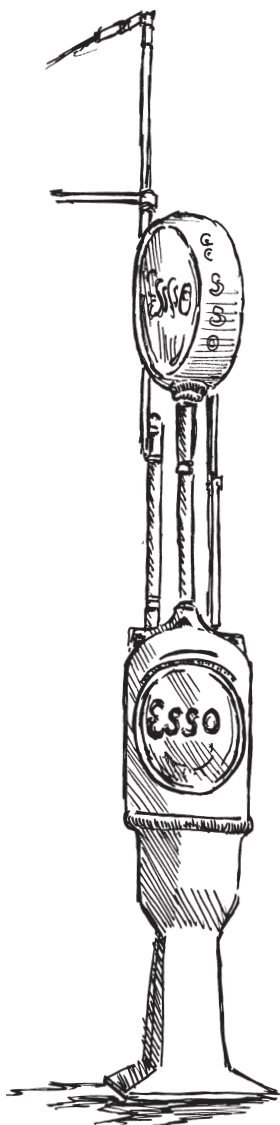
Gildings had a shop there and they used to sell all sorts, pots, pans, gas mantles, and everything of that sort. At the back of Gilding's he had a workshop. He used to make buckets and even kettles, he did, himself. He were a proper tinsmith, and he used to have great sheets, monstrous sheets, of tin come, like that, and he could make anything - buckets and anything out of tin. He was a proper tinsmith. As time went on they set up a Ford and went to Elton and round these farms with paraffin and everything of that description. [Bert Boam]

*The Old Forge. Tinsmith.*

John Gilding sold nails, chisels, screwdrivers, hammers, bolts, anything you wanted. Wire netting, barbed wire, chamber pots, cartridges, guns - he was a gunsmith as well. He was a right good un, and he's int' churchyard now. He'd put your guttering up [at Heathcote House]. He'd do your roof up himself. He'd do all the work himself. He was an odd job man, like, gardening, anything. He put paths round the garden, you know, those concrete paths round the garden -



## *Shops and Businesses*



that would be int' early 40s - and he buttressed that wall. I remember him doing it, put buttresses up. [John Millward]

### *The Old Forge. Tinsmith.*

Gildings had the shop, the ironmongers. We used to play in their backyard, where they had a sandpit. With Nancy's father doing all kinds of plumbing work and things like that, they used to have all sand at the top, and Nancy and I used to have our buckets and spades and really enjoy it. I remember that you went in at the door and turned immediately right into the shop. There was the counter there. The living room was at the back. It was absolutely beautiful - pots, pans, all kinds of things, really. I can just remember pots and pans and cleaning things, dolly pegs, dolly tubs, and all the things that were used during that time. They used to go out twice a week and load the lorry up with all the things on. During the week it had to be all done each time and taken away, because the lorry was used for the other work that John Gilding did. There's like a barn or a house in the garden at the back. I believe he used that as his workshop. [Marion Drinkall]

### *Leacroft Garage. Petrol.*

This was bought by Harry Fengel, who also owned the Manor. Tommy Todd (Toddy) used to serve petrol there, and he lived for a time in the flat above. So there were three places you could buy petrol in Winster - Hodgkinson's, Putty Gregory's and Fengel's. [Dot Fearn]

## *East Bank*

### *Market House. Butcher.*

*'there were three places you could buy petrol'*

Gill's kitchen [Market House] was the butcher's shop. I only said to Gill the other day, at Christmas it was, when she was peeling potatoes, 'Where you're standing, when we lived here, there'd be about 10 pigs' heads hanging up with oranges in.' There used to be a Miss Walker (no relation), who lived opposite the Burton Institute, and it used to upset her to see these pigs' heads with oranges in. She used to call my dad a very cruel man. My dad used to rear the pigs where the ladies toilets are. We had a little bit of ground up there with pigsties. He used to rear them and kill them and do all the making up, and my mum did too. In the back kitchen there was a sausage machine, another mixing



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machine and a big copper. They used to boil the brawn and make all sorts. They used to boil all the pigs' feet and heads and pull all the pork off, away from the skin and gristle, and put it in big pots, and my mum used to put a plate on top with a weight and let it set. When my dad used to kill the pigs he used a humane killer. He'd shoot the pig and then cut the throat, and he'd have me holding a bucket with a big spoon, stirring all the time so that it wouldn't congeal, so as he could make his black puddings. He had the shop, also a horse and cart, and he used to cart it round Elton and Birchover. Sometimes I went with him on his rounds. This particular day he'd taken his meat to this farm and left me sat in the cart. All at once this man set off blowing his trumpet, and the horse didn't like it, so it took off with me right up Birchover and up to Stanton. Then there was Mr Marsden, the road man. He grabbed the horse's reins, jumped in the cart and drove me back down to Eagle Tor. So my dad wasn't very pleased with this man on the trumpet. He gave him tuppence to let him deliver his meat and not strike up with the cornet, and that was the end of that. He didn't like music at all, the horse. He didn't like mouth organs - they used to upset him - and he didn't like donkeys! [Dot Fearn]

*East Hill. Butcher.*

This is where Blackwells first had their butcher's shop. Then they moved down near Main Street, opposite the Market House, underneath that archway. Then they moved on to Main Street, where Heathcote had a paint shop once upon a



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Frank Blackwell's Butcher's Shop, East Bank.

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## *Shops and Businesses*

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time [Farriers]. Then Blackwell got hold of it and made it into a butcher's shop. Then for a while he kept the Bowling Green as well as run the shop. [Bert Boam]

### *Outbuilding next to Edge Cottage. Cobbler.*

Then there was Mr Kemp, who lived up East Bank, in Edge Cottage, where the Burton girls were born. He was quite a high-class cobbler. He was very good. He used to tickle me. I used to go and watch him. I was fascinated. He'd get these tacks and throw a handful into his mouth, so that he wouldn't have to keep picking them up out of the tin. He'd just pick one out of his mouth and banged it into the shoe. [Dot Fearn]

### *Kingsfield Cottage. General Shop.*

Miss Winfield had a lovely little shop. She used to sell all sorts there – sweets, ribbons. And at Christmas time she used to really decorate it up - such as sugar pigs, sweet watches, and chocolate Santa Clauses. [Bert Boam]

### *Hunstone House. General Shop.*

And then Hunstone House - that was Mrs Joseph Newton. No relation to us [i.e. Dolly Brassington, née Newton] at all. The little shop at the corner, that was. If you didn't want to go down in the village shopping, she sold all sorts of things - groceries, haberdashery, towels, cotton, wool, everything. [Dolly Brassington]

### *No 1 the Flat. Sweets.*

It were just a little room belonging to the house. Mrs Allen sold all sorts of sweets there, fancy things, like sherbet – two or three different colours – and a piece of liquorice so you could suck it. [Bert Boam]

### *Bank Cottage. Greengrocer.*

And then just on the road from there was Mr Rains, and he had a little greengrocer's shop there, on the Flat. But mostly he took it round the villages with a pony and a little flat cart. And he was known as 'Joe Pea'. It's his son that's there now, John Rains. [Betty Dexter]

### *Chimney Cottage. Sweets.*

You know where you go up on to the Flat? My grandma had a little shop there at Hillcrest [now Chimney Cottage], and, of course, when my dad died I was only a year old. We came to live down here, my mam and grandma, in this house here [now Mia Casa, West Bank]. Grandma and my mum started the shop up. Eventually, then, my mum got the chance to have papers, so she became a newsagents. When she died I took over, in 1955, and it was about thirty years or more before I retired. There was all sorts - sweets, cigarettes, tobacco. [Betty Dexter]

*Wyn Tor Cottage. Sweets.*

Mrs Scriven used to have a little shop in her house, and she used to sell sweets, crisps. She had a sideboard, and she used to sell crisps, biscuits and sweets from the house, like a little shop. [Anne Walters]

*Forge Cottage. Blacksmith.*

There was a smithy nearly at top of East Bank, Ben White. I've taken horses up there myself, up to Ben White. I used to meet him when I was going to school. He used to live down at Darley Dale, poor old chap. Before he moved to Winster, to live on the Flat, he used to come from Darley Dale on a push bike and do his smithy work all day - all shoeing and all iron work. He were a good fellow, he were. There were none of this 'come tomorrow' in that day. He'd get it done straight away. He'd do anything as we wanted. [Tom Wigley]

*Forge Cottage. Blacksmith.*

Ben White lived in part of your house [Orchard Mine Cottage], but he had his forge up at Lorna's [Forge Cottage]. He mainly worked with horses. He was one of the last blacksmiths. Everybody used to make appointments and come. When I worked at Ogston Reservoir, Frank Wibberley, who lived down the road, used to bring picks for sharpening every night. He'd drop off one load and pick the others up. I came out of the army in 1956, so it would be 1956 to 1960. He did all those sort of things. [Roy Walters]