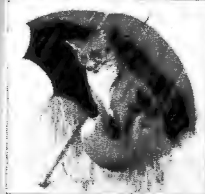


THE PARAGON



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A.G.M. Report Inside

OUR NEW LOGO

William Hoyland was, according to the 1861 Census, born in Sheffield Parish and living on Hunshelf Bank, working for Samuel Fox as a clerk, and 27 years old when his employer was 45. By 1875 he was Works' Secretary, and approached Mr. Fox with an idea which had been developed by engineer Joseph Hayward, inventor of the PARAGON umbrella rib, to improve their patented curved rib. When he decided against this, Hoyland and Hayward took out a patent themselves, jointly registering it under the name FLEXUS under the Company name WILLIAM HOYLAND & Co.

They set up their business at the Ecland Bridge Works, Penistone. The two firms developed amicably side by side, but incorporating separately the various refinements and developments made necessary by continental competition, until the outbreak of World War I, when production was halted for a decade. Then a new generation of Umbrella Girls were trained to perform the many skills necessary to produce and assemble the frames.

The new standard Fox Cub frame is made by fitting hardened, tempered, carbon spring steel, solid ribs and stretchers to a springless, wooden shaft to produce a strong, wind-resistant frame. They have always been sent away to be covered.

In 1987 William Hoyland & Co. was taken over by the Readicut Group, and a year later Hoyland and Fox were reunited as Hoyland Fox. The combined firm has twice won the Queen's Award for Export Achievement, and in 1992 the company was presented with the Master Cutler Award by the Duke of Edinburgh.

In the 21st. century Hoyland Fox continues to make frames for sun canopies, golf- and fishing-umbrellas. Eighty per-cent of these are exported, mainly to France. The largest growth in demand is currently for promotional umbrellas, and Hoyland

Fox has invested heavily in computer-aided design and modern technology, which enables them to compete in the world market. Today the company slogan is "Hoyland Fox - Where Quality is the name of the frame".

We are grateful to Managing Director, Richard Fletcher, for granting us permission to use the featured Trademark as a logo in our newsletter heading.

THE HANCE STORY

PART TWO

In the 21st century Hoyland Fox continues to make frames for sun canopies, golf- and fishing-umbrellas.

Census April 1871 Westlington Green, Dinton

ROBERT HANCE (4) 29 Farm labourer Dinton

MARYANN wife 28 Lace maker

Leighton
WILLIAM son 5 Dinton
JOSEPH son 7 months Dinton

Next door:
ROBERT HANCE (3) 51 Ag. Lab. Dinton
SARAH wife 50 Dinton
JAMES son 11 Scholar Dinton
HARRIET daughter 8 Scholar Dinton

I need the 1861 Census to find any children born between ELIZABETH, who would now be 22, and

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JAMES, 11.

1872 August 25th. birth of ROBERT and MARY ANN's third son, GEORGE in Dinton. Then something then made them make the journey to Stocksbridge with three small children . Why Stocksbridge? There seems to have been no other person from this area living there, who might have told them of an opportunity for work near Sheffield. How did they travel? The train would be too expensive; maybe they just hitched a ride on a cart that just happened to be coming to Fox's !

They had arrived on Farmer's Terrace (how appropriate!), which now overlooks The Friendship bowling green, before November 8th. 1874, because their last child, JESSE, was born there. Alas, no ROBERT in this generation.

One year later, on December 9th. 1875, ROBERT (4) labourer, aged 33, dies of natural causes. The death was registered by John Sanderson, a neighbour. How ever did MARYANN cope – a stranger to the district with sons aged 8, 5, 3 and 1? She would speak differently, be used to rural life and have no income. Did little WILLIAM have to find a job at once?

By 1881 WILLIAM is a coal miner, aged 13, JOSEPH 10, GEORGE 8, JESSE 6, all Scholars, with MARY ANN 38, widow Head of Household, plus boarders Martha Roebuck, 39 and her son Amos, 4. There were only 2 bedrooms, so we can only guess at the sleeping arrangements.

On November 26th. 1890 my grandfather, WILLIAM HANCE, marries the eldest girl from next door, SARAH ANN BARRATT, 21. Witnesses are GEORGE HANCE, CLARA and BEATRICE BARRATT and Alfred Botsford 17 from Leighton Buzzard. Was he a relative of MARYANN's? The 1891 Census shows SARAH ANN still at home with her own family, plus her baby son GEORGE HANCE. GEORGE lived with his grandmother BARRATT all his young life. What would the sleeping arrangements be for JOE and ANN BARRATT, with six daughters, 2 sons and baby grandson, while next door MARY ANN HANCE lived with 4 sons and a lodger, Alfred Bottsford. (Joe's grand daughter-in-law still occupies the Barratt house.)

In 1896 JOSEPH HANCE dies, aged 25. It is said that he had an accident down the pit when younger and never worked again. I must get his Death Certificate!

April 12th. 1898 GEORGE HANCE (No. 1), 26, marries ELIZABETH SANDERSON, the daughter of another neighbour. Their youngest child, NORA, still lives in their house on Farmers' Terrace.

The other children born to WILLIAM and SARAH HANCE after they went to live in Hope Cottages, Johnson St., were:

1892 FRANCES

1896 ETHEL

1897 ROBERT (5) WILLIAM, my father

1898 HERBERT

1902 BERTRAM

1906 ERNEST, who emigrated to Australia

1912 MINNIE, their last child, who died 6 years later of meningitis

1924 WILLIAM dies of pneumoconiosis, miners' disease, aged 56.

Finally, in 1948, SARAH ANN joins him in the family grave, aged 79.

One of our sons is Anthony ROBERT McKay, and cousin Marjorie has a grandson ROBERT William Sykes.

P.S. While working on the BODSWORTH family tree, we found that they came from near the village where MARY ANN SMITH married ROBERT HANCE (4). Her father was born in that same village, as was ANN BODSWORTH, who was known to speak with a different accent! The BODSWORTHS were carriers, and it is said that my Uncle GEORGE was taken by his father, WILLIAM, in a horse and cart, to visit relatives in Leighton Buzzard, the nearest town. I am now convinced that the BODSWORTHS persuaded the HANCES to leave rural Buckinghamshire, and transported them in their cart. No one can prove me wrong, can they!

[Frances Barratt, Daughter-in-law of Dora Barden, died in February 2000]

Betty C. McKay

WARTIME MEMORIES

BY MEMBERS OF D.A.S.H.

ALICE BROOMHEAD

I remember the night when the Spring Mill was bombed. I was recently married, and the commotion wakened my husband and me. These were the first bombs Stocksbridge had known, and the next day many people went to look at the craters and the damage. Windows as far away as Woolley Road were broken. The general opinion was that a plane returning from a raid elsewhere had got lost and failed to find its target, so the crew just unloaded their bombs at random.

AUDREY COOKE

My brother-in-law was called up and I went with my sister to see him at Pontefract, where he was stationed. When we were leaving, I told him that if there was a lonely soldier who would like someone to correspond with, I would volunteer. A couple of months later I received a letter from a man who eventually became my husband. We wrote to each other for two years before we met. Eventually he was home on leave and I visited his home in Stocksbridge. When it was time to leave he came with me on the Sheffield bus to make sure I got home safely. I was glad he had come with me because, when we got to the paper mill, the bus could go no further because Sheffield was being blitzed. We had to walk back to the Blue Ball, where we took refuge until the All Clear sounded. As we left the Blue Ball to walk back to Stocksbridge, because we could not get into Sheffield, we could see the sign of a swastika in the sky, made by the smoke from the German planes as they left.

AUDREY MOXON

Early in the war Hull was bombed quite heavily. My parents decided it was not a safe place for their daughter, so they arranged for me to move to Stocksbridge, which was out in the countryside and had had no bombing. I came to stay with my uncle, Mr. Smith, who was the steward at the Victory Club. It must have seemed as though I had brought the bombs with me, because not long after my arrival, the Spring Mill was bombed. There was no warning, no air-raid siren, just the sound of the plane - one of theirs - followed by explosions and the sound of breaking glass, as five Molotov Cocktails landed. One dropped on the doorstep of

Mrs. Lee's house in Spring Mill Terrace. Thankfully this did not explode. Bungalows opposite the bottom of Park Drive were destroyed and the Spring Mill received a direct hit. The last one landed on the hillside with the biggest explosion of all. My parents must have wondered whether it was really safer in Stocksbridge after all, but they left me here and I have lived here ever since.

BRENDA RICHARDS

I remember standing with some friends at a bus-stop at Halfway, where I lived, waiting for the school bus, when we heard the sound of a low-flying plane approaching. The bus was just coming over the hill, but we didn't wait for it. We ran in panic and hammered on the door of a local shop, which was not yet open. The shop-keeper opened the door and we tumbled in to safety as the plane strafed the upper deck of the bus with bullets. Fortunately no one was sitting upstairs. When things calmed down and it was safe to come out, we found bullet-holes in the metal Rowntrees' Cocoa advert that was fastened to the door of the shop. No school that day!

BETTY TAYLOR

Early in the war my family had a problem. My father was ill with a weak heart, my sister had died of leukaemia, her husband was in the Army, and their three children needed looking after. Because my father was unwell and needed care himself, the authorities wanted to take the children away. The family decided that the solution would be for me to marry my brother-in-law, so I could become the children's step-mother and then I would be allowed to look after them. I was only seventeen and it was a marriage of convenience, but it worked. My husband was a gentle, caring man and we had a happy marriage.

One day towards the end of the war, I held two telegrams in my hand. They had been delivered together - one for my mother and one for me. Mine said that my husband had been seriously wounded. My mother's informed her that my brother had been killed. Only seven miles separated them when they both became victims of war. Fortunately for me, my husband recovered, and although he was never really well and could not walk far, he lived until 1969.

Submitted by Joan Banks

FROM WALDERSHELF TO STOCKSBRIDGE

THE HISTORIANS : JACQUELINE STAFFORD

LOCAL INDUSTRIES OF THE PAST

Jackie, now Mrs. Bland and living in Chester, is a member of our Society and has been following this series of articles with interest.

In 1958 Jackie wrote a thesis for her College course in Geography, for which she chose to do a study on the extinct industries of her home town. This study covered in great detail the geological formation of the area, the drainage and water supply, communication routes, place-names, settlement pattern, occupations and early industry. This last section was published in the Fox Magazine in instalments between Winter 1960 and Autumn 1962 by Editor J.A. Atkinson, complete with the photographs contributed by

David Pears.

The preface to the articles emphasises the author's fascination with "ruins" of all kinds, and there is no doubt that this interest made her choice of subject an easy one. The industries covered were those dealing with Glass, Lead, Gannister and Firestone, Clay, Corn and Wool.

Jackie acknowledges her debt to Joseph Kenworthy, particularly in her study of the Bolsterstone Glassworks at Bate Green, but it is evident that she examined the evidence on the ground as closely as possible at the time, and many of her conclusions were drawn from her own observations.

An Editor's note accompanying the second instalment says that the *Glass Industry* article had prompted several letters to the South Yorkshire Times. It is likely that this public interest led to the archaeological excavation in 1985, which uncovered the original furnace under the present floor level.

In her article on the *Lead Industry*, Jackie examined what little written evidence survives, from the Diary of Parliamentary Captain Adam Eyre of Hazelhead Hall, who obtained lead for ammunition from the Bitholmes in the 1640s, to Kenworthy's 1912 work on the subject. She noted local place-names which seem to indicate some relationship with the industry, like Cooper Carr, and identified the various sites, in the Bitholmes and Ewden, where remains of lead workings are to be found.

The lead industry seems to have been contemporary with the activities at Bate Green, and it is certain that lead was used in the production of lead glass.

GANNISTER AND FIRESTONE

Firestone, sometimes called fire-clay, was mined on Townend Common during the 18th and 19th centuries and was used to line furnaces and crucibles and anywhere that resistance to high temperatures was needed.

It was superseded in the second half of the 19th Century, when it was discovered by Henry Bessemer that gannister, widely used as road-mending material, was actually more heat-resistant because of its high silica content. After analysis, gannister was classified as a mineral, rather than a stone.

Fortunately for our local producers, gannister was also present in vast quantities, underlying the layers of the hard coal seams, found under Hunshelf and Wharncliffe on the north side of the valley, and outcropping on the south.

It is probable that this mineral had been used for its silica content in the manufacture of glass.

Jackie states that gannister was first used as a furnace lining by Joseph Bramall of Oughtibridge, and sold by him for that purpose under the name of "pulverised sand". She also quotes from a paper on the subject by Charles Brown, of Stocksbridge, published in "The Science and Art of Mining" in 1905. This described in detail the processes employed in mining gannister, and raised the problem of the occupational hazard **silicosis**.

She describes the evidence at Townend of the effect of the "ochre water" which drains from the gannister mine onto farmland.

The article is illustrated by photographs of the skyline of Townend Common, the face of a quarry, and an entrance to a gannister mine.

CLAY MINING

Another type of clay was found at various sites in the valley, at the Stank (or Stang) Pits on Stone Moor, at Henholmes,

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Meetings Are Normally Held On The Second
Thursday Of Each Month, At The Library, Man-
chester Road, Stocksbridge At 7.00 pm.

THE PARAGON

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PROGRAMME 2001

APRIL 12TH.

MR. R. WILKINSON: THE U-BOAT WAR OF
WORLD WAR I

MAY 10TH.

MR. K. LOXLEY: FOR VALOUR — THE STORY OF
THE VICTORIA CROSS

JUNE 14TH

MR I BROWN: THE HISTORY OF ANTIQUES

JULY 12TH

MR F COUPLAND: ROMAN BRITAIN

AUGUST

NO MEETING

SEPTEMBER 13TH

MRS E HOLLOWAY: THE HISTORY OF THE
BRITISH RED CROSS

OCTOBER 11TH

MR P H PROCTOR: AUCTIONEERING

NOVEMBER 8TH

MR A YORK: NELSON & HIS WOMEN

DECEMBER 8TH

SATURDAY

CAROL SUPPER

Designed & printed by Mike's DTP 014 246 4200 mike@pick.co.uk

in the Deepcar Clough, at Bracken Moor and in the Clough at Bate Green. These seams were also found alongside other mineral layers and were exploited for use in pottery, pipes and bricks by Barracloughs at Smithy Moor, Turners at Stocks Bridge and Henholmes, then by John Armitage at Henholmes, Thomas Brooke at Bracken Moor, William Brooke at Pot House and John Gregory at Deepcar. Some of these firms were eventually taken over by General Refractories, Ltd.

Photographs illustrating this article depict John Armitage's Wharncliffe Villa, the entrance to his drift mine, the pot-holes in Bitholmes Wood, a brick-works with chimney, a quarry and the pulley and winch at the Royd - an air-shaft for Gregory's mine.

Brenda Duffield

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

FROM THE DIARY OF WILLIS BURGIN:

I had been working full time for six months, when a new starter was placed with me, a lad named Tommy from my old school. I was told to show him around, and show him the work he was expected to do. It wasn't long before I discovered that Tommy liked playing tricks - just mischievous ones.

A bankman was filling a wagon with dirt when, unknown to him, Tommy put wooden lockers under both wheels of his wagon. It was when the man tried to move his wagon, once it was full, that Tommy got his fun.

Tom never tried his tricks on the same victim twice. Now a train of full wagons had arrived at the pit-top from the mine, and the bankman, Tommy and I were kept busy. I went to uncouple the third full wagon from the train, and got hold of the string attached to the wagon, the number "motty". But this time my hands touched something furry, fastened to the motty, and when I saw what it was it made me feel sick. It was a dead, brown rat, nine inches long.

The pit-bank was on a slope and the full wagons ran away downhill. Tommy was coming to fetch another full wagon. "Take this tub, Tom, while I fetch another!", I called, saying nothing about the passenger. I watched as Tommy's hand closed on the motty and the rat. He just yelled and swore at me. Then he took the rat from the wagon, saying to me, "I haven't finished with this joker yet", and he hid it in the snap cabin. When the pit-top had been cleared of full wagons and the empty train was away, we went into the snap cabin for lunch. Twenty minutes was allowed. After only ten minutes, Tommy touched me on the leg, saying "Are ta comin'?" He had the rat under his jacket, and I had no idea what his next trick would be, but I had to keep my eye on him.

At the pit top the wagons had to go over an old wooden floor. This was pitted with small holes. We got on our knees and could see men working about fifteen feet below, shovelling ganister into crushing machines. Tommy held the dead rat by the tail, squinting through one of the holes, looking for a suitable target., saying to himself "I think I'll let Tubby have it!". Tubby weighed eighteen to twenty stone. Tommy's aim was good, hitting him on his belly and dropping to the ground in front of him.. Tubby looked up at the ceiling, his face red with anger, and swore, then picked up the rat and threw it into the crushing machine.