



THE PARAGON

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JOURNAL OF ALFRED MOXON - STOCKSBRIDGE BAND
OF HOPE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY COMMITTEE MEMBER

NOTES ON THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1898.

The Month just closed has been remarkable for its mildness and absence of frost and snow. We have had a great quantity of Sunshine which has made it almost as bright as April.

There has not been much rain except what came with a strong gale on 30th. and 31st. Violets. Daises. Primroses, wild Strawberries, flowers and even Roses are reported from various parts of the country as plentiful. Honeysuckles and Rose trees in my garden are almost in full leaf.

Tuesday February 1st. Strong winds accompanied with slight showers of hail and snow. Temperature fallen much.

Friday February 4th. Meeting of Stores Committee at which each member gets a copy of the Wholesale Annual.

Saturday February 5th. With deputation of our Committee to the Barnsley British Cooperative Society to see their mode of sending goods to the Branches - paying of dividend. We had a hearty welcome and all queries, freely answered.

Monday February 28th. Special meeting of the Stores Committee to select a Butcher and buy a Horse - Charles Bradley of Shepley is selected as a Butcher and a Horse is bought of John Siddons of White Lee price £44 less 10/- . Horse not quite four years old sound in wind and limb and free from vice.

Tuesday March 1st. I am not in good health today so I do not attend the revision committee but stay at home and read Bellamy's "Equality" and as far as I have read I find him sound on 'Economies'.

Wednesday March 2nd. Committee of the Stores suddenly called together for 1 p.m. to consider character of Charles Bradley, references not being satisfactory. we wire him not to come to our Stores till he hears from us by letter. Drink! Drink! Thou Hell fiend! this is another of thy poor dupes. Again read Bellamy's "Equality" and a little better in health on this date.

Thursday March 3rd. H.Tunncliffe, Lucy Reece, Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth, Miss Alice Moxon and Eunice all give us a visit on this date during the evening. Walter plays the Violin, Connie the Piano. Lucy and the rest of us all join the songs of the evening. This is a soul stirring scene and does one good to share it. Long may such hours of joy continue. Again read a small portion of Bellamy's "Equality" but could not do much by reason of the social night we were having as a preliminary to

Connie's Birthday to-morrow.

Friday March 4th. Connie's 11 years old to-day. -Her Birthday presents include a Silver Watch, pair of Fancy Slippers, a Necklace, two small ornaments (Human Figures), one Handkerchief. Two Jaffa Oranges, ½ lb., Muscatell Raisins, 1shilling and 9 pence in money and a Fancy Cake with her name on the top, also a Needle-Case. It is this day also for her Piano lesson being exactly two years since she first took lessons. The teacher congratulates her on the progress made and wishes many happy returns of the day.

Saturday March 5th. Am measured for a new suit of clothes by Mr. E. Thickett, and I hope he will give me a little more ease about the shoulders of my coat and more room about the seat of the trousers than he did in the last suit he made for me. Selection of a Candidate for the Urban District Council by the Congregationalists is now on the move. If they do not select me the situation will be a critical one for them and for self as I had fully decided 12months to contest this election in the interests of justice and morality. I hear the voice and see the policy of the Kenworthys in the Express this week.

Sunday- March 6th Hear Mr Robertshaw preach in the morning on the guilt of sin and the stain of sin; he tried to show in his sermon how hard a task it was for God to forgive sin; but Christ's parable of the Prodigal Son shows God most ready and willing, and easily forgives his wayward son.

After dinner have my usual walk with-Peace and brother Walter and Thomas as far as Midhope. Mrs Ashton takes tea with us. J.W Fawcett has an hour playing piano, with Connie, after tea. Selections are from Houldsworth, Bristol Tune Book and the Telegraph Portfolio of Music.

Monday March 28th-- Congregational Choir gave their annual concert which is a rendering of Roots Canata -entitled 'Daniel'. A heavy fall of snow tells against the attendance.

Tuesday March 29th. Do not go to "Revision Committee" this evening. Naylor tells me there were not enough members to form a quorum. This business is getting a 'bore' to all the committee as there is not the soul of reality in it.

April 9th. Easter Saturday. Go to Derby Cooperative Society along with several of our Committee to see the Bakery Department there. Arrive at Derby at 5 p.m. and return at 7.10 p.m. which makes it a hurried visit indeed.

Monday April 10th. Fore part of the day very wet. Afternoon go to Wesleyan Chapel. Piano opening - Mother. Connie and Leonard are there as well.

Monday April 18th. Mr. B. J. Manknell tied to a lamp post opposite to the Friendship Inn by Public House mob.

Wednesday April 20th. John Thickett of Midhope dies age 65 years. Another victim of drink - Doctors say "Pneumonia".

Sunday April 24th. Go to Mr. B.J. Manknell's house and try to persuade him to give up drinking and sign the pledge. He is deeply impressed with what I say and promises to amend his ways. He sheds tears when I tell him of the grief he is causing his parents.

Wednesday April 27th. Manknell goes to work and promises to reform. Leonard takes the Pledge Book for him to sign.

Thursday April 28th. Mr. B.J. Manknell signs the Pledge and goes to work again and his home is bright once more - Age 36 years.

Saturday April 30th. Go to Sheffield to F. Thomhills. After tea we visit Brother Joshua - was glad to find him looking well and his wife also. Buy book on Gardening at Cadman's, it will be of good service to me now that I have took to cottage gardening as a hobby instead of Poetry and Politics.

Sunday May 1st. Spanish Squadron of 11 ships destroyed by Americans under Commodore Duvey in Manila Bay. Spanish losses 618 killed and wounded - Americans 6 slightly injured. From the commencement of April to May 21st. I have occupied my time with gardening when my health and the weather have permitted. I have done this to gain lost health and strength but I find it a hard job to sever myself from that which has been so near and dear to me all my life and I feel inclined to go back to Poetry, Politics and God.

Saturday August 13th. Go to Sheffield take Connie with me - buy a copy of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems - drop them on the Railway between the carriage wheels at Oughtybridge Station - cannot get them before the train leaves so Station Master promises to send them on by next train which he does.

Sunday August 14th. Fetch the Book which I dropped on the line on previous day from Deepcar Station. My thanks are due to Mr. G. Booth for his promptitude in sending it after me. Shall thank him for his kindness on first opportunity. Have been occupied by reading Mrs. Browning's poems most of the day as they have been a source of fresh poetic joy to me. Some of her ideas in "the Vision of Poets" are well worked out but too wordy and too dreamy. Peace pays me his Sunday afternoon visit along with Brother Walter.

Monday August 15th. Deposit £8 in our Store - good. Go with Committee of our Stores to see what progress the Langsett Branch is making. We find it not satisfactory.

Saturday October 1st. We open our Branch Stores at Langsett on this date. It is a beautiful day the sun shining like a midsummer day - consequently a great number of people go to the opening ceremony for the pleasure of the walk. 400 take Tea in the Navvies Mission Room. The evening is a pleasant one of singing and speech making. Our President made a sorry bungle of his speech as usual. Wheelhouse and Llewellyn both make a good speech. The first named is a natural orator.

Sunday October 4th. We light the Gas for the first time this dark season from 5.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Wednesday October 5th. Go from my work to Croft House and have my Tea with Mr. Joseph Hayward. This evening's conversation is about the pleasantest of chats we have had - subjects discussed being Religion, Science, Politics, Stocksbridge Works and workers friendships old and young.

Urban District Council re Sharp (last election) and Butterworth. He informs me of the invention of a new gas into which I must enquire.

Tuesday SPECIAL November 1st. My Son Leonard is working at the 'Coach' today and while there the Stocksbridge Sergeant of Police comes in and gets several glasses of beer. I wish I had seen him instead of my Son then I would have laid a charge against him.

Thursday November 3rd. Have to leave my work at 4 p.m. today as my head is racked with pain. This is my old complaint with all its hell horrors. After Tea I watch Leonard work at home and I am pleased to see the progress he is making.

Friday November 4th. My head is better again to-day. Go to Committee at Stores at 7.30 p.m. I find a change has come over Kenworthy, his attitude with regard to new rules having undergone a complete change. Must see to the cause of this. Connie lets off her fireworks to night as she will have no time tomorrow night on account of the "Cake and Apron" sale at Congregational School where she will be quite busy.

Sunday November 20th. I am not in good health to-day so I take a walk to Midhope for the sole benefit of my health. My old friend Clixby will not let me pass without calling and having one of our familiar chats. I am troubled with Piles and the loss of blood I feel very weak all the day so I do not go to Chapel on this Sabbath day, neither do I read much at home. Miss Lucy Reece and Harry Tunnacliffe take tea with us and after tea we have singing of Hymns and playing on the piano. Meet Evans in my morning walk with head bandaged and wrapped in a shawl as the result of an accident. He is a most unlucky fellow.

Monday November 21st. Suffer much from dizziness and headache of the old kind from which I have suffered much before.

Tuesday November 22nd. Head better. Read Matthew Arnold's Poems during the evening. I like both his style and his philosophy as my thoughts and sympathies much in the same as he. Weather has now turned from comparative warmth to intense cold, the sudden change of which makes me feel it much so that I dread the operation of getting in and out of bed.

1899 Thursday February 2nd. The "Bums" take possession of Mr. B.J. Manknell's house and workshop.

Wednesday February 8th. Mr. B.J. Manknell's Furniture and Stock in Trade is sold by virtue of Her Majesty's Sheriff.

Thursday February 9th. New firm of Moxon and Wright commence business to-day. Their first job is at the Cooperative Stores, doing the joinery work in connection with the fixing of the new Gas Engine.

Friday February 10th. My poem "War on War" appears in the Express of this date - this is the longest contribution I have yet sent to the Press. To some of my acquaintances this will be hailed with joy. There are others who will be envious and would rather not have seen it from my pen. Brother Walter was so pleased with it that he sent it off to Sheffield at once to John. I am in poor health at present and as dull and prosy as an elephant.

February 15th. Fog almost as thick as a November day is the chief feature of this date. Make preparations for white-washing cages and aviary tonight. Green crest Cook is in high fettle and longing to pair with some of the ladies in the large flight before him.

February 17th. The sun is very warm to-day therefore I do not light the stove in the aviary until night. Thermometer at 52 degrees when I light the fire. Walk to Damstakes tonight for a mouthful of fresh air as I have been confined indoor much of late thro' inflammation of my eyes. Joseph Charlesworth has a canary with eggs I am told. If the race is to go to those who get a good start, he is sure to win.

Editor Note - *The verbatim transcript of this journal recently came into our possession and having read them I felt compelled to share them with our readers. The late 19th Century language and phrases and the 'nuggets' regarding 'The Pledge', 'Charles Bradley of Shepley', 'Mr Thickett of Midhope' and 'Mr B J Manknell', should be a salutary lesson to us all. Unfortunately early in 1899, it did not seem to be of much help to Mr Manknell. (local Undertaker)*

JOHN HOLLING MEMOIRS

Part 5 - Local Businesses

It was as a school-boy, and still in the "horse" days, I remember some of the shops and people living on the Main Turnpike. Starting at Station road, across from Armitage Works, was an end House Shop (Mrs. Russell) an old lady who sold pies and custards to my father on a Saturday morning, to eat on his coal rounds. Two doors farther on was "Jenny Johnsons" House Shop (Cobblers)

Two doors farther along was "Watkinson's" House Barber Shop. His business was not always open, because he had a fetish, or dislike of paying his rates. He always preferred to go down the line (Debtors Prison). The corner site was a Beer Off License and Butchery Grocer as now, (Mr. D. Trueman). He was a Deepcar Church adherent and always attended Church on Sunday prior to opening his shop.

The next I remember in my school-days, with riding on the coal-cart, was "Sadler Dysons". This House Shop was a saddler and still stands on the corner at the bottom of Vaughton Hill. This was the only saddlers in the district. He used to make to measure all the harness for my father's horses, and all the other ones round the district. He was a good shot with the Rifle and Sports Gun, as also was Jimmy Johnson and his son Charlie Johnson. They were some of the best shots in the district (Lowood's Rifle Club). Then half way up Vaughton Hill was the "Travelers Rest" (now used as a Butchers Shop by "Joe Mills, a son of Mr. Mills who famed the "Hen Holmes" when I was a boy). This farm extended from the back of the Wesleyan Chapel to Com Mill Cottages. When I joined the Boys Brigade in 1913, we had our Annual Gala and Gymnastic Display on this site which was a lovely grass field.

On the left of the road, now the Main Turnpike to Stocksbridge was W. Dimmock (fruiterer), and Royal Oak. I remember there was a Joiners shop, across from Deepcar Co-operative Buildings, and the little end house kept two donkeys in a coal place at the side.

Across by the Police Station was the Deepcar Post Office (Mrs. Brearley - now occupied in 1959 by Mr. A. Coultas retired Electrical Engineer) This house was the only building in St. John's Road.

A place of interest to me in those days was the Mortar Mill of D. Brearley and Sons, House Builders and Monumental Masons, at the bottom of Back Lane, now known as "Frank Hillock Field" site. (No houses of course except "Ivy Yard", where a little Industry was engaged in by a File Cutter Mr. Jackson, underneath the top little Cottage).

Mr. Brearley's mortar mill worked all day then, to supply his craftsmen with the mortar. The mortar was also sold to other builders in the district as well. It was made of ashes and clinker carted from nearby brick works, and along with quick lime in proportionate quantity, was mixed by the heavy revolving rollers in the Mill. All the householders in the district went to Brearley's to buy their buckets of lime to lime wash their kitchens, cellars, ceilings, earth closets and farm buildings. Across by the Mortar Mill was a trough at the junction of Back Lane with the Turnpike, against "Blacking Mill Row". My father, as councillor and guardian was instrumental in having this put there, for the needs of the horses of the district and horse traffic passing on journeys.

A vivid memory was old Mrs. Spivey's house, grocer and sweet shop, where, on a Friday night, Mother sent me with a basket for the groceries. There was always a bag full of sweets given with the order, and I can remember sampling them on my way home. Mrs. Spivey was a dear old lady attending our Chapel, and I remember her son Cyril was one of the many killed in the First World War.

The next I remember is Jack Revill's house and shop (fruit - sweets - wet fish and ice cream). I remember their son and daughter hawking door to door by baskets before they had a pony cart to hawk with. They also, for a while, had Hen Holmes Farm. I remember them borrowing a pony for a shilling a day from my father, to use in their ice cream selling. They attended all the galas in the fields, and at Whitsuntide with their ice cream cart, and also had a stall for sweets, fruit and pop, along with Dimmocks - Jacksons - Knowles and others.

The next business was W. Machon's (Outfitters). It is singular that old Mr. Machon (82) died last week (1959). He was the calmest spoken man ever to converse with, and greatly respected by me.

The next shop was a Beer Off and Grocer, "Moorhouse", and across was the Old Haywoods branch of the Co-op and Butchers' department. The Manager was Mr. C. England. I can remember he used to take his very small white Terrier, late at night, to kill the rats in the corn chamber above the shops.

Next was Wm. Hanwells house and shop premises, across from the "Sportsmans Arms" already mentioned. This shop and premises were known to me in every detail with living in the next property. The sons and daughters, some being of my age, were in daily contact at school and play. Mr Hanwell, was a man who, as a boy, I could not fully understand. He was a tall man, pale, with hair blown, rolled shirt sleeves, open shirt front, about 15 stone, and, although I lived next door, I could not remember his actual trade.

There was a large tiered oven in the kitchen basement I remember, where they baked all the bread and fancies for the shop upstairs, and for hawking by baskets round the village. Jack and Tom were about my age, and I remember going round with them and a basket on Good Friday, or Thursday it may have been, because Mother and Father I know, were very strict about keeping their religious faith. As we went from row to row in New Haywoods, I remember us singing our wares (ONE A PENNY - TWO A PENNY - HOT CROSS BUNS).

Mrs Hanwell was a nice lady. I used to get up early before going to school and gather blackberries for her up the hills. They were made into blackberry and apple pies before dinner - time and sold in the shop. I remember them taking the oven out of the kitchen, and building a wooden hut in the back yard to cope with an expanding trade.

They were now taking their baking to other people's shops their baking to be sold, this necessitated wooden hand carts.

Newton Hanwell and Arthur Hanwell were apprenticed to Joinery. They were the eldest sons and Billy, Dick, Jack and Tom started to work in the bakery business, as now they were past school age, until the time came between the two wars, when they built the Haywood Bakery of necessity because of an expanding call for their products of the bakery. The wooden shop behind the Old Haywoods premises became a Joiners and Undertakers shop for Mr. Arthur Hanwell, who was now the main undertaker. Mr. Newton Hanwell also commenced his own Joinery business and the Hanwell's joinery is of a very high standard in all the best built houses of private property and other structural edifices.

Mr Robert (Bob) Glenn's shop was straight opposite my father's shop. It was a Grocery and Corn Chandler, and my father bought some of his corn from him, for his horses, cows and pigs at "Ellenciffe". Bob Glenn kept that shop until I was in my teens, and then built the very fine house and shop (stone) at Wood Willows. This shop was the best designed and equipped of any shop in the district (including the Co-op), but was a white elephant, because he built too soon for the trade which did not come until after Wood Willows houses were built, and by that time he was too old to take the initiative, and died, I should imagine, a poor man.

At the back of Bob Glenn's shop, in the back yard up New Street, was some stabling of Sam Herbert's, who had an assortment of different carriages for hire. The houses in between my father's shop and what is now Revill's shop, was where our horseman lived, and succeeding horsemen. Mrs. W. Burkinshaw had Revill's shop and house when I was a boy. It was drapery and fents. Mr. Burkinshaw used to keep the Sportsmans until he took over this shop. Their daughter Lena married a Ted Hall, a collier from Lowoods, and I remember him volunteering when the 1914 war was declared. He fought all through and was terribly gassed at the end. He never worked again, his lungs were gone. He lived many many years after, but always short of breath at the least exertion.

The next shop was Bill Race's (Barbers). He was one of the old style curiosities in the district. I dreaded to go for my hair cut as a lad.

He had a long leg and a short leg through an accident, and wore clogs. The short clog had two pieces of iron screwed underneath, about 5 inches long to try to make his walk even. You knew when Bill Race was about, either in the street or his home, by the 'clippety clop', and his belch, which was almost as regular as his breathing.

He was merciless when you were on the stool, yanking your head back when he was at the back of you, by the tuft, and, in between his belching and spitting in the spittoon, would say "owd thi eard still mon" and pull away his clippers with your hair still in the clippers and in the roots of your head. It used to sting and no mistake about it. The clippers were almost like what we trimmed our horses with at that time.

Bill Race was a noted gardener, and the street on Main Tumpike was kept free from horse manure because, he had a kind of "beat", in so far that, in between his shaving and hair cutting customers, when the shop was empty, he would pick up a bucket and small pot hole shovel from round the shop door, and hop clop up the road as far as New Road End and back, gathering his horse muck. Anyone could go down the road, but no-one seemed to gather from his "beat". People waiting back at the barbers could judge the distance he was away by the sound of his 'clippety clop', and how much of the daily paper they could read before he entered and threw some little faggots on the fire, which heated a pint sized iron saucepan containing hot water, into which he dipped his shaving brush prior to jabbing it into common soap, and then lathering and rubbing the face of the man in the chair.

It is perhaps interesting to note here that I have never used a lather brush for shaving during my life. I believe it is because, during my early life I saw Mr. D. Devonport with what I assume was "Barbers Rash". This I determined would not occur to me, to disfigure me for life, so I found other means of "lathering".

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS FOR 2016

March 10th	Children At Work	Dennis Findar
April 14th	Model Villages For Model Workers	Susan Deal
May 12th	Annual General Meeting	
June 9th	A Street Detective In Sheffield	Mike Spick
July 7th	Members Annual Outing this year to Saltaire.	
July 14th	A History Society Presentation	

Meetings take place in the Christ Church Meeting Room (Under Croft) starting at 7.00pm Prompt

Why not visit our Website at - www.stocksbridgehs.co.uk

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