

Derbyshire Family History Society



St Matthews
School, Darley
Abbey built
1826

See Page 2

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The Society will give advice on the telephone [01332 363876 OPENING HOURS ONLY] and also by e-mail. Research can be carried out by post or by e-mail, both in our own library and also at Derby Local Studies and Matlock County Record Office. We ask for a donation of £5 and if more extensive research is required we will advise you before carrying out the work.

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor will accept contributions both by post and by email. Large articles covering more than 4/5 pages will possibly appear over two issues. If sending by email please remember to include your name, address and membership number. Contributions must be received at least two months before the publication of the magazine because of our printing schedule.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Society subscription is due on joining and thereafter on 1st January each year and renewal notices will be sent out at the beginning of December with that quarter's magazine. At the moment rates are as follows:-

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

Please pay either in person at Nottingham Road, by cheque or postal order addressed to the Membership Secretary, or by using our website.

OVERSEAS—EUROPE £16 [magazines sent by air mail]

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Please Note! Our website now offers the facility to renew your membership online. If you are unsure of your membership number please look at the address label on the envelope in which your magazine arrived and you will find it the top corner. It would be helpful to quote this in any correspondence with the Society.

Please renew your subscriptions promptly. Due to the steep rising rates of postage no magazines will be sent out unless your payment is with us by the start of February. Sorry for the inconvenience but, as you can appreciate, the Society cannot afford to stand the cost of posting magazines that may not be wanted.

We are now offering the option of magazine in PDF format, sent by E-mail. Let us know if you are willing to receive it this way when you renew.

Thank you for your understanding and co-operation.

PLEASE KEEP YOUR SOCIETY INFORMED!

Any changes in your postal or email address etc., please let us know so that we can keep our records up to date. Many magazines come back to us as the intended recipient has moved house without letting us have the information.

**ZOOM MEETING TO BE HELD ON WEDNESDAY
EVENINGS AT 7.30 P.M.**

14 Dec History of the Postcard—Gay Evans
 A plotted history of the humble postcard and its place in social history

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/9148138555?pwd=VGhRdUJFSjUvZlhyMlZvUFc4U0tkUT09>

Our first meeting for 2023 will not be until April. We will be using the River Room at the Museum of Making, Silk Mill Lane, Derby at 2 pm, Wednesday, 19th April. This will also incorporate the AGM.

This will also be available on Zoom

Front Cover Picture—St Matthew’s School, Darley Abbey

On Wednesday evening last Mr Coroner Whiston held an inquest in the schoolroom, Darley Abbey, on the body of Charlotte Malkin, a single woman aged 64 years, who died suddenly at that place on the previous Monday. It appeared that the deceased had suffered for many years from pain in the head and back, and on Sunday complained of pain in those parts, though she did not seem much worse than usual. On Monday deceased did not seem well and whilst having her breakfast, was taken seriously ill. She went upstairs and was helped into a chair, where she screamed for five minutes, turned quite purple and shortly afterwards died. Dr Stanley Taylor, who examined the body, was of opinion that death had resulted from syncope—a failure of the action of the heart—and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Derby Mercury, 2 May 1883

FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the last issue of 2022 and by the time you read this no doubt we will all be up to our eyes in preparing for the Christmas season. Not my favourite time of year, I try to get through it with as little pain as possible. Our Society will be closing doors for a fortnight from 4 pm on Tuesday 20th December, opening again at 10 am on Tuesday 3rd January 2023. Please be aware that emails will not be monitored during this time, so answers will have to wait until we are open again. If it is anything really urgent please email myself or Ruth, otherwise we will get back to them when we open.

I have put several articles in this magazine that I have put together from bits and pieces on our library shelves. Please think about letting me have an article or two, it is always nice to read how other people are getting on with their research and you never know someone might just solve that niggling problem or two that most of us have. Thank you to those who regularly send me articles, they are most gratefully received.

Talking of sending us stuff, perhaps you might consider letting us have a copy of your family tree. We have a lovely collection that is unique in Derbyshire as we have been collecting them since the 1970s. We have some complicated ones and some simple ones, but all are welcome and I am sure they will help someone else in the future. Should our Society come to an end then they will be donated to the Derbyshire Record Office so that they will always be accessible for people to have a look at.

Finally a request please for someone who is very computer savvy—namely able to manipulate databases ready to put on the website and also to liaise with Find my Past. I have a very capable helper in Steve Miller, who has done a sterling job, but is apparently very busy and unable to help at the moment. Any takers please. I am willing to have a go myself, but I am not brilliant at it and mistakes tend to slip through. Please contact me if you are interested. We have a brilliant webmaster who can help you at the start. Thank you in anticipation.

A very Happy Christmas to you all. Relax and enjoy yourself, I hope to see some of you in the New Year.

Helen

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The Canadian Military Grave in Darley Abbey Churchyard

Close to St Matthews Church in Darley Abbey there is a single military gravestone. It marks the resting place of Harry Allen Brown who died in 1916. Harry was my grandmother's older brother, and she talked to me about him quite a lot.

Darley Abbey, on the river Derwent, dates back to the Monastic period. In the 17th and 18th centuries a series of water powered mills was constructed to process corn, flint, leather and paper. On the East side of the Derwent, land was acquired by Thomas Evans for his cotton mills, constructed between 1782 and 1830, and there were five mills. Weirs on the river Derwent created a head of water which powered the machinery, but later steam supplied more power.

Thomas Evans provided a new village of over 130 houses for the workers. Brick Row, a terrace of three storey houses was built in 1797.



Recently, when attempting to tidy up our loft, my husband came across a big plastic box with a tight lid, labelled 'Kath's Family'. Among many other interesting things it contained a letter written by Harry Allen Brown to his family in Darley Abbey. Harry had emigrated to Canada in 1912, and this letter must have been written the following spring.

Harry was born in 1887 and was the son of Elizabeth Brown (nee Allen), a Darley Abbey girl, and Ernest Brown who was born in Lenton, Nottingham, but was sent to Darley Abbey as a foster child at an early age. Harry lived in Brick Row with his parents and three younger sisters, Elsie, Alice and Gertrude. His sisters worked at the Derwent Mills, his father was a lithographic printer, but Harry was a luggage porter, presumably in Derby.

Harry decided to emigrate to Canada, and his letter implies that he was supposed to be going with Ned but Ned had not yet arrived. My father however told me that Harry had decided to emigrate because he had got into some sort of trouble, but was not prepared to tell me what sort of trouble!

And I have never managed to find out who Ned was.

Harry departed from Liverpool on the *Victorian* and arrived in Quebec on 12th July 1912. His job was a r-roader – a railroader. . He settled in Saskatoon in Saskatchewan, a distance of 2095 miles from Quebec which today takes 39 hours to drive!

Saskatoon

In the 1890s there were fewer than a hundred people living there. A station was built in 1908.. As well as catering for passengers, it was a depot, a telegraph station and dealt with mail and freight. Back in England Harry had been a luggage porter, now he was a freight handler

Harry's letter is lacking in detail, and is concerned mainly with the dreadful weather. He thought the melting snow which flooded all the roads was worse than the snow itself. He also bitterly disliked the midges which came with the warmer weather and were continuously biting him! In fact, he does not have one good word to say about Canada and was obviously missing the English climate, and his family and friends. (His letter reminds me of the Christmas letters my mother in law received from her cousin in Lethbridge Alberta which must have had a similar climate – they too were full of complaints about the winter weather, and explained that everyone was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Chinook, a warm wind from the Pacific west which heralded the end of the winter.)

The 1913/14 winter must have been much the same as the previous one. As the 1914 summer came to an end, Harry must have been dreading the winter, but events intervened. On the 28th July 1914, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated in Sarajevo, and war was declared in August. On 21st December 1914 Harry signed his attestation papers, and pledged to serve in the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary forces. Harry now was -

Private H A Brown
A/40110 5th Btn. Canadian Infantry
Saskatchewan Regt

He went to Valcartier Camp near Quebec for his basic training. The 5th battalion was authorised in August 1914 and served with the second brigade of the first Canadian division.

Valcartier

This was hastily erected as a camp for Canadian soldiers just before the first world war, and over 425,000 Canadian soldiers passed through it as part of the Canadian expeditionary force. There were not many wooden buildings,

and most soldiers lived in tents. It had roads and mains water and showers. The weather there is similar to that of Saskatoon, so poor Harry would not have enjoyed his time there! Today Valcartier is one of the Canadian Army's major bases. In June 1915 he sailed on the SS *Scandinavia* England for his final training at Bramshott.

Bramshott

This was a training camp set up by the Canadians, one of the largest training areas for Canadian troops in the UK. It was situated in heathland between Bramshott and Liphook in East Hampshire. There were many rows of wooden huts, and the camp was provided for all its needs – there were cafes a bank a bookshops a cinema and other entertainment. There was an open air theatre and stage.

There was always the reminder of why they were there. There was a large hospital which treated the war wounded and those who had been exposed to different viruses and bacteria. Later, in 1918, many of the soldiers who had survived the war succumbed to the Spanish Flu pandemic, and were buried in the Churchyard at Bramshott.

Harry stayed there until he joined the 5th Battalion Infantry on the Somme on August 14th 1915. He must have enjoyed this late spring and early summer in the English countryside after being overseas for so long. I don't know if he was able to visit his family in Darley Abbey.



Harry had not been on the Somme for very long when he went back to England – this time for a very sad reason. He had been informed that his father was seriously ill with cancer, and Harry was granted leave of absence from the 19th October 1915 until the 6th November 1915 to visit him. His father died on the 30th October and was buried on the 2nd of November. So he was able to be with his father at the end, and to go to his funeral. His mother and sisters would have been glad of his support. Permission had been granted by Lord Kitchener.

It must have been a strange time for the family, as Harry's sister Elsie married on November 6th. She did not marry in St. Matthews but at St. Augustines

Church near to where her future husband lived.

On 15th July 1916, Harry received a gunshot wound in his back. This happened when the Canadians were shelling the German line at Hill 60 near Ypres. Shrapnel had apparently fractured his 10th and 11th vertebrae, and he was described as 'dangerously wounded'. He was taken to a clearing station at Poperinge. Two days later there was no change. My father told me that his kidneys had been damaged.

Compared with the battlefield, Poperinge was a peaceful place – it was an important railway centre behind the front line and was not occupied by the Germans, and had casualty clearance centres. Much later in the war however it was bombed by the Germans but by then Harry had gone.

Everyone, including Harry himself, realised that his time was fast running out, but Harry was determined that he wanted to die in England. But still there was no improvement, and on 10th July he was taken via Folkestone to the Woburn Military Hospital on the Duke of Bedford's estate. Usually only soldiers who were likely to recover were taken there. Harry died on the 15th July. During his few days there his mother and my grandmother Elsie visited him.



Harry was brought back to Darley Abbey and buried near his father, and was joined in 1933 by his sister Gertrude and in 1946 by his mother.

As my father put it, Harry kept himself alive by sheer force of will in order to die in England. I am immensely grateful for the Canadian Army for having made it possible for one ordinary English soldier to have his last wishes fulfilled. His name is on the memorial on Woburn Parish Church.

An organisation called the Last Post Fund obtained permission to replace Harry's original gravestone with a military one. There was apparently a ceremony, and I'm sorry I did not know about it.

***Kathleen Mary Geary [Mem 6773]
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THE PUZZLE OF DIGBY LYON

I recently read a series called ‘Midland Railway Memories’, printed in a Derby newspaper and was intrigued by one gentleman who seemed to have lived a very colourful life. For some reason I looked into his life and found an extremely lively gentleman, whose life didn’t always seem to be what it seemed. So if you like a puzzle – read on!!

“I must spare space for a vignette of Mr Digby Lyon of the Engineers Department. Nobody seemed to know exactly what his job was, but he finished up by being private clerk, really the only clerk of Mr John Underwood, the engineer for new works. He lived at Kegworth. Mr Lyon was a tall, aristocratic gentleman, polished, exceedingly polite and in every way an attractive personage”.

So far, so good. Most of this seems to state the facts. In 1871 and 1881 Digby is the assistant to the Chief Engineer. In 1891 he is down as a clerk, which could mean anything.

“He was supposed to be the son of a noble man, whose estate was within twenty miles of Derby.”

This is where we trail into fantasy. Digby Lyon was baptised on 22 Feb 1835 at Selby, Yorkshire, the son of Matthew and Henrietta Lyon. In the 1841 Matthew is a purser in the Royal Navy and as well as Digby, he has 4 daughters, Eliza, Jane, Mary Ann and Emma, plus another son Matthew. No noble man, either within or without 20 miles of Derby. In 1851 Etty [Henrietta] is a widow and living at Wollaton Hall, Nottingham, being the housekeeper to Lord Middleton. I fancy this is where the rumour of a noble father arose.

“He was known as the matrimonialist because he himself was married four times – with disastrous results – and because it seemed almost his business in life to bring about marriages with all and sundry. He never betrayed his age, was always immaculately dressed, mostly on the ‘loud side’, but his height and build set off such clothes to the best advantage.”

Here I have to admit I can’t find four marriages. In 1866 Digby married Barbara Driver in Nottingham and went to live in Kegworth, where they employed a servant and lived in a fine property called The Chestnuts, seemingly belonging to his wife. The marriage lasted until 1884, when unfortunately Barbara died at the Chestnuts on the 19th March. This sad fact seemed to signal trouble.

3 years later, on 7 December 1887, Digby married again, this time to Emma Harvey. She was the daughter of Mr Robert Harvey, a J.P. of Hinton St

Mary. The marriage didn't seem to be a very happy one as in the 1891 census Digby is living with a young man called Arthur Goodwin and though he says he is married there is no sign of Emma. Indeed at the beginning of 1892 she dies in Bournemouth and only a couple of weeks later sees Digby resigning his position with the Midland Railway and receiving a very handsome gold English Lever stopwatch, suitably engraved, rewarding his 32 years of service. Digby was later to claim that it was at the behest of his second wife that he left the Railway Service and her fortune was going to keep them both, but unfortunately she died a week later.

“Before his fourth marriage he gazed ardently towards a well known Derby lady of wealth. The snare was set in sight of the bird in the form of a gorgeous garden party, but the result was failure. He introduced me to his fourth wife, a faded female who had accepted him with the idea of making a great catch. Since his death his widow was concerned in a remarkable police court case.”

His fourth marriage, I think, is actually his third. There seems to be no time to have another marriage in between, but if anyone knows better.....!!

The marriage on 28th August 1894 was at Kegworth and to Marianne Elizabeth Baddeley of Beoley, only daughter of the late Captain Joseph Thomas Baddeley of the 1st Royal Dragoons. Only a month later Digby was in court facing bankruptcy. The paper actually printed the whole of his examination in full, and very interesting reading it makes.

Leicester Chronicle, 21 Nov 1896

Bankruptcy Court

“A statement of affairs in connection with the failure of Mr Digby Lyon, of Kegworth, and who for many years held a responsible position in connection with the Midland Railway Company, has been issued. The liabilities amount to £3,245. 8s and the assets are estimated to realise £290. From the official Receiver's observations on the failure it appears that debtor is by occupation a civil engineer. He was for many years in the employ of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, and whilst there received a salary of £220 a year. His expenses exceeded his income and he first borrowed money at the rate of 48 per cent interest. His income had gradually diminished and his liabilities had increased. He attributed his first indebtedness to the interest he took in a young man, the son of a signalman whom he wished to advance in life. He left Derby in 1892 at the request of his second wife, who had come into a large fortune of about £1,200 a year, she wishing that they should live in retirement. His indebtedness then was about £2000 and his wife promised that she would pay off all his liabilities. Unfortunately she died a week afterwards, and as she only had a life interest in her fortune debtor received

no benefit from it. Since that time debtor has been living out of the proceeds of some house property, which brought him an income of between £170 and £180 a year. During the last four years debtor's liabilities have increased by £1200 and he has been spending £500 a year, while his income was only from £200 to £300. He could offer the Court no explanation how it was that he continued to get in debt. He had not gambled, and had no dealings with the Stock Exchange. In answer to Mr Wright [Nottingham] who represented several creditors, debtor said he had kept two maids and one man servant. He had given the young man referred to costly presents, including a gold watch, of the value of £35, a gold chain, and several gold rings, but he had not lent him any money. During the time he was living with debtor he was receiving a good income, but he did not pay a farthing for his board and lodging. He had had many transactions with money lenders and had paid very high rates of interest. In one instance he signed for £250 and received £129 and in another instance he signed a bill for £150, had paid back £100 and now owed on that bill about £180. Replying to Mr Close [Derby], who appeared for debtor, the latter said his liabilities were no doubt due to the high rates of interest charged him on borrowed money. His present wife had had to sell her jewellery and certain articles in the house, to enable them to live, and his house property was heavily mortgaged. The examination was closed."

A month later adverts appeared in various papers, advertising for sale all the furniture and articles from The Chestnuts in Kegworth, including a phaeton, prize pigeons, etc. The property itself was not put up for sale and was presumably kept in his dead wife's family.

Digby can next be found in the 1901 census, aged 50 and living on his own means in Havre des Pas, St Helier, Jersey. His wife, Marianne aged 34, is with him. Later that same year is something called a 'Separation of Property', obtained by Advocate Le Maistre on behalf of Digby and his wife. Not sure what that is, but it doesn't sound good. And that is where the trail ends. I can't find Digby in the 1911 census, so has he died?

Marianne, however, makes the headlines on her own account as reported by Reynold's Newspaper of 10 December 1922.

Guildford Assizes

"Brought up in custody from prison, where she is at present undergoing a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour passed upon her for frauds at Bournemouth, a remarkable woman, named Mary Digby Lyon, was, at the Guildford Assizes, condemned to three years' penal servitude for obtaining by false pretences from Mrs Holroyd, of Woking, jewels worth £475.

The penal servitude sentence is to begin immediately the woman's present hard labour term is completed, so that she will not enjoy a day's liberty.

Mary Lyon always dressed as a hospital nurse, and adopted the higher sounding name of Marion for the scores of criminal operations in which she has been involved for the last quarter of a century.

I understand that since the sentence was passed by Justice Bray, Superintendent Bishier, the head of the Woking police, who had the case in hand, has received letters from people in all parts of the country alleging that they were swindled by the woman who will shortly wear the drab convict garb in a different but scarcely less pleasant atmosphere than that in which her lot is at present cast.

When she embarked on her career of crime Mary Lyon was 26 years of age. Since then she has used her glib tongue and fascinating manner to victimise people all over England and Wales. Possessed of a vivid imagination and a coolness and dignity which could carry off the most difficult situation, she painted roseate pictures of the money that was coming to her in the future and on the strength of this secured money, jewels and all sorts of other property. When it was in her possession she made a quick disappearance to another sphere.

In 1918 alone she pleaded guilty to no fewer than seven offences. Once she was trapped Mary never contested a case. She invariably entered a plea of guilty and relied on her heart moving story of hardship [which, if it existed, was of her own making] to melt the judge and secure her a light sentence. Mary, whose maiden name was Baddley, was born at Birmingham 52 years ago. Despite her exciting life she is still a remarkably well preserved woman, whose powers of fascination have not diminished to any appreciable extent even with the passing of time.

I pay this tribute to her accomplishments because only a short time ago Mary deluded Mrs Holroyd into the belief that she was the widow of a naval attache, a sister of Lady Morley, and was about to be married again to a gentleman whose income was £3000 a year.

Mrs Holroyd, Mary found out, had in her possession a beautiful diamond ring worth £175. Every time she saw it the accomplished female swindler became more and more enraptured. And when she announced her engagement she expressed the desire to have the little treasure to wear as an engagement ring. It was lent to her but never returned, although the police have recovered it.

One of Mary's three husbands was the late Mr Digby Lyon of The Chestnuts, Kegworth, Leicestershire, who owned a considerable amount of property, although it was mortgaged.

In some measure because of the extravagance of his wife, Mr Lyon had to file his petition and his liabilities were just under £3,000. Under the will of his first wife [Mr Lyon, I should state, was a widower when he married Mary] the estate passed into the hands of trustees, and when Mr Lyon died Mary, to her chagrin, did not benefit to the extent of a penny.

According to information which is in the possession of the police, Mary next went to keep house for her brother, but she drank so much and proved such an accomplished liar that she could not be trusted. It was after this, apparently, that she turned her versatile talents to a life of fraud. The police can find no trace of her doing any honest work for the last twenty two years.

From town to town she went, choosing her victims carefully. In Birmingham, Rhyl, London, Taunton, Wiltshire, Hampshire and other places she obtained goods on approval, generally using a high sounding name and disappearing without paying for them. Her income from fraud during her quarter of a century of crime cannot, according to police information, have been less than £7000.

At one time there were eleven commitments out against her in one locality relating to goods she had obtained on approval and sold before paying for them. After an earnest plea to the County Court judge the commitment warrants were allowed to remain over for a time. When the day came for their execution Mary was miles away.

To a Wiltshire retired farmer who advertised for a loan of £500, she promised £1700 in order that he could buy a farm he had in view outright instead of having it on mortgage. When she first met him by appointment in London, posing as a rich American widow, she secured £5 for expenses. When she went down to the country to view the property she obtained another £26 for 'legal expenses' and that was the last the farmer saw of her.

Even while she was earning a small sum as a pianist at a picture palace in London she devoted her spare time to obtaining goods by fraud and when, in consequence of hints to the police, the place became too hot for her, she disappeared she left many tradesmen wiser but poorer men.

The police regard her capture and particularly her latest sentence, as being of the highest importance, for this woman of many misapplied gifts has for

years proved herself a pest to society.”

As you can see, the newspaper article adds to the mysteries. I can't find 3 marriages for this lady either, she was a spinster when she married Digby and doesn't seem to have married since as she is reported in court as being Mary Lyon. One wonders what happened to her after serving her prison sentence, but that is perhaps another story.

“He lived like a wealthy man, but mostly on credit, and after he left the service, not being in the superannuation fund, died in Birmingham in the direst poverty.”

That all seems to be true, but ends with the biggest puzzle of all. Digby doesn't seem to be registered dead, either in Birmingham or elsewhere. He is obviously dead by 1922, I am assuming he is dead by 1911 because I can't find him in the census [not always proof of course], there is no will – though he probably had nothing to leave – so I am assuming he died under a false name. Poor Digby – can anyone find me an ending to this story?

Helen Betteridge [Editor]

Derby Mercury

Friday 9 February 1753

Yesterday Morning Mr. Abraham Hurst, of Mickleover, late a Dyer at Darley near this Town, was found accidently drown'd in a little Brook betwixt Littleover and Mickleover. He had been a small Journey the Day before, and was on his Return Home. As his Horse was not far from him, and the Saddle, with the Mail Pillion, and some Goods, were found about a Quarter of a Mile from the Place where he was drown'd; 'tis supposed (the Girth being broke) that he was thrown from his Horse, who going forwards, in order to get before and catch him, he went through some Closes, and going over a small Wooden Bridge or Plank, leading into the Lane again, 'tis thought his Feet slipp'd, and being entangled, could not disengage himself.

FRENCH ARISTOCRATS IN DUFFIELD

Transcribing the Duffield registers an entry on 6 June 1809 stood out: Charles Ferdinand Windsor, son of the Count and Countess of Menard. French prisoners of war often crop up in registers of the period but this looked like a case of emigre French aristocracy. Who were this Count and Countess and what were they doing in Derbyshire?

Ludovicus Charles Bonaventure Pierre, Comte de Mesnard was born in France in 1769 and died there in 1842. He was a monarchist, committed to the defence of Louis XVI against the revolutionaries and lucky to escape to London. He was a follower of the Duc de Berry and remained committed to the Bourbon regime for the rest of his life. The detail of quite what he did is obscure until his marriage at Clifton, Bristol to Sarah Blundell in 1806. The Church of England ceremony on 22 April legalised their Roman Catholic rite in St Phillip's, Clifton, on 17 April. The marriage was also registered in Paris. Sarah Blundell was a widow, born Sarah Mason in Shrewsbury and married there on 6 August 1795 to Lt Col Bryan Blundell of the 45th Regiment of Infantry. Blundell served in various theatres of the war, including the West Indies, but died in England in Exeter and was buried in the cathedral there on 26 September 1799.

The newly married couple next appear in Shropshire, where their daughter, Elizabeth Aglac was baptised at Meole Brace on 27 April 1807. Evidently this child was short-lived, for another Elizabeth Aglac was born on 17 April 1808 and baptised at St Paul's Hammersmith. We then come to the notice in the Staffordshire Advertiser of 24 Jun 1809; 'At her house in Derbyshire, the Countess de Mesnard of a son.' This is Charles Ferdinand Windsor, his birth registered in Paris as 6 June 1809 and his baptism at Duffield, as we have seen. The mystery remains as to why and where Sarah, Countess de Mesnard, was living in Duffield during this pregnancy and delivery.

The family returned to France after the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty and the Count continued his association with the Duc de Berry and, after the Duke's assassination, with the Duchess. The 1830 revolution brought Louis Philippe to the French throne and the de Mesnards went into exile once more. They arrived in Cheltenham in September 1830. From 1833 the Count accompanied the exiled Duchess de Berry around Europe. He died in Paris, leaving Charles Ferdinand to succeed to the title. However, he was the end of the direct line, Members of the wider family migrated to Canada after the Revolution and flourished there.

Stephen Orchard

RICHARD PALFREYMAN

Richard was born at Smithy Houses, Denby in 1850, the fifth child of Hannah Palfreyman who eventually emigrated to Utah.

1866

Young Richard was on his way to Utah to help his mother. He travelled on the John Bright on the 30th April 1866 to New York arriving on the 6th June. He was listed as a 16 year old labourer.

The John Bright left with 764 Saint aboard, under the direction of Elder C M Gillet. Captain W L Dawson was the Ship's Master. They landed in New York on the 6th June and in Nebraska, Wyoming June 19th, travelling by way of New Haven, Connecticut, Montreal, Canada, Detroit, Chicago, Quincy, Illinois and St. Joseph, Missouri. Apart from Richard listed as a labourer there is no mention as to which company he travelled with after leaving New York.

Below are some stories of those aboard the John Bright which gives you a feel as to Richard's journey.

When the ship was just off the coast of West-Ireland they were hit by three days of severe storms with high seas. Due to the storms they had to sail with the hatches down and the sails reefed (reducing the area of the sail) with the poor passengers all below deck. During the storm, many of those on board were sick. Food could not be served so they ended up having to break up hard sea biscuits and wash them down with water. When the hatches were finally opened it was hectic with people climbing the steps to get some fresh air after being incarcerated below for three days. Progress became slow making some of the passengers thinking they were being driven backwards.

Thankfully in six weeks and two days the John Bright had made it to New York Harbour. But not before they had to deal with another storm which put them a day behind in landing at New York.

The John Bright anchored in Upper New York Bay, the passengers were temporarily lodged in Castle Garden whilst waiting to be loaded on to low lying steamboats which would take them up Long Island Sound to New Haven to connect with the rail and riverboats.

The course taken by the company was extremely zig-zag and indirect. From New Haven they then travelled to Montreal, Canada, up the river to Fort Laurence and then on to Niagara by train. On one leg of their journey, they travelled in cars which were no more than cattle wagons – they were guarded

for their own safety and locked in. This did not go down well with the travellers.

I wonder if Richard witnessed the woman who had apparently gone insane and escaped from her car with the intention of leaping from a bridge into the Niagara below. She was saved but there is no mention of what happened to her.

Memories of Richard's arrival taken from his sister Annie telling, to Vera Penrod Patten in 1940

He brought some money and supplies. We were anxious to give him a good welcome, mother fixed the best dinner possible, which consisted mostly of soup. I don't remember if we were living in a tent or a little shack back then, but remember the blocks of wood stacked together for a table and blocks of wood for chairs. As we sat down to eat it started to rain. The roof leaked and rain ran right through. This made Richard cry and he asked mother "Oh why did you leave your good home with peace and plenty to come to this?" After a time Richard also rejoiced he had "come to Zion"

I Yr

1874

Richard 23 married Nanny- Henrika-Dahlsrtom 14 on the 6th April at Bingham Canyon, Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake. Nanny arrived from Sweden in 1869 when she was 9. She became known as Nanna-Henrietta. Richard was spending quite a bit of time in Bingham hauling ore from the mines to Murray. He met Nanna and they fell in love. Knowing their folks would not approve of their marriage they decided to go ahead without asking them and were secretly married when she was fourteen. This was very upsetting for Nanna's parents.

The young couple moved to Springville and lived in a little log house on Grandmother Palfreyman's lot. In about 1882 Richard took his wife and three small boys, Harry, Charles and Raphael up into Pleasant Valley or Schofield where he and Henry Sumsion herded cattle for a while for the church. There were quite a few Indians around where they were. Richard seemed to get along with them, but Nanna was afraid of them.

One day when Richard was out with the cattle some Indians came to the cabin and asked for water. Nanna was very frightened but didn't want them to know so she said, "There's the spring and the cup. Get your own water". The leader shrugged his shoulders as he walked away and said, "Dick's squaw no good" Nanna was happy when they got their drink and rode away.

After this Richard bought the ground where the old home was built in

Springville. At first, they lived in a three- room adobe house and built a brick granary. Later the adobe house was torn down and the two-story brick home built, three rooms on the first floor and three on the second. The whole family lived in this home.

In the summer of 1905 the kitchen, pantry and bathroom were built on. Nanna was an excellent cook, her tarts, currant jelly, mustard pickle and catsup was always extra good and enjoyed by all. Her son Rafe was especially fond of the Roly Poly pudding she made with black currants. Served hot with a clear dip.

Caring for the meat was necessary to feed twelve hungry children. When a beef was killed it was hung out in the winter to freeze – some put in big barrels of brine for preservation. From pork she made unusually good sausages and always enjoyed having beautiful white lard, rendered from the fat scrape. This was the time when the children enjoyed helping make candles, pouring the tallows of meat fat that had been rendered out into a mold with a string inserted for the wick. For the Palfreyman family it was a must if they were to have light for the winter.

She was also an excellent seamstress in order to make shirts, pants, dresses and knit socks for twelve. Richard needed to haul wood to pay for the material that they had to buy to make the trousers. Nanna would knit two pairs of socks for each child for the winter. She made beautiful hair pin lace, and also worked a lot of crochet.

During summer the family would go on a railroad construction job with their father. Mother Nanna would often cook for a large group of men besides taking care of her family.

When Christmas time came round again Rafe remembered the fine extras that were made at that time. Mince, pumpkin and apple pies. They made butter from 10 cows and sold to people, they even shipped some into Salt Lake. They also had cakes, chicken, pork and Swedish holiday breads, popcorn balls etc. Many good things were on hand to treat the carol singers that would come around Christmas Eve. A group of English people when carolling collected the donations and sent the money back to England so more emigrants could come over.

Having much to do for her own family did not stop Nanna finding time to visit people, help care for the sick, etc. In the latter part of her life she developed a heart condition and had to be careful not to overdo it. Luckily her children stepped up to the mark and helped her more and gave her special care.

1914

Nanny died in Springville December 16. (1 week before Christmas). Death caused by Brights Disease—disease of the kidneys which also causes heart problems.

1920

Father Richard died age 69 15th Sept. of Chronic Endocarditis (apparently you suffer flu like symptoms) so was it connected to the flu epidemic- or possibly a broken heart, so many deaths and no Nanna to help him through the heartbreak. He was a farmer and a stockman. What a blessing Nanna died in 1914 not knowing what heartbreak her family was going to face. The Spanish Flu epidemic hit the Palfreyman family hard.

Listed below are her children and grandchildren who died early.

Nanna gave birth to six daughters and six sons. She did suffer the loss of two daughters in her life- time. Her 6th child Annie-Ione died in 1899 aged 13, having dropped dead at her home apparently from heart failure. The 7th child Hannah-Augusta died in 1888 aged only 7 months. There is a photo of Hannah in her coffin on familysearch.org

The following died after their mother.

5th Edward-Thomas a Book-Keeper, died in 1918 due to Spanish Flu age 35.

2nd Charles-Dahlstrom a Farmer, died in 1920 due to Pneumonia contracted during flu epidemic age 42. Charles married Sarah Ann Masters and their first born daughter, Dorothy, died of a haemorrhage at only 4 days old. His sons Lorus and Warwick lived long lives. Warwick's memories of the Yukon and building of the Alaskan Hwy can be read on familysearch.org Warwick Palfreyman, back in 1942, was the 28 year old adjutant to commanding General William Hoge charged with the administration of the Whitehorse headquarters of the Alaska Highway—officially known as the Canada-Alaska Military Highway and unofficially known as Alcan. He also wrote the official army history of the project. Warwick Palfreyman, a young Springville native who had worked in Southern Utah, Nevada and Wyoming building roads and bridges for W.W. Clyde Construction Co. while pursuing an agronomy degree at BYU was caught in the middle. He enlisted in an engineer's unit of the National Guard in Springville in May 1939, not realizing that he would do any more than attend Monday night guard drills and two week summer camps.

He was one of 11,500 troops working on 11,000 pieces of equipment in a massive effort to overcome nearly insurmountable logistical problems. The command was divided into two sectors. The Fort St. Johns sector on the south included 600 miles, and the Whitehorse sector on the north, 1,000 miles. Communications and supply were difficult because of the absence of a

railroad and an airport. Although building a road in this rugged country was not pleasant, Palfreyman, who received a Legion of Merit for his contribution, today remembers it fondly. He even preferred it as a way to fulfill his military service. "I never shot at anyone, and no one ever shot at me." Sadly, neither their father nor grandfather knew what both boys achieved.

8th Henrietta, died 1922 age 33 from breast cancer. Henrietta married Wilford W Clyde on the 23 September 1913 in Utah, they were both 24 years old. At least her mother was alive when Henrietta married. She gave birth to three sons and 1 daughter

Wilford Cornell Clyde 1914-1997

Blaine Palfreyman Clyde 1916-1987

William Russells Clyde 1918-2002

Ila-Nan Clyde 1921-2004, a longed for daughter. Sadly Henrietta did not have long with Ila.

10th Jennie-Aileen died 3rd Feb 1976. Jennie helped Wilford Woodruff Clyde care for his children after the death of their mother. She had told her sister Henrietta she would take care of the children for a year then she would return to her teaching job. However, come 23rd Sept. 1923 Jennie married widower Wilford W Clyde and produced two daughters. Louise 1924-2005 and Carol 1927-2002.

Wilford Woodruff Clyde started his construction business W W Clyde in Springville in 1926. The company is still going strong in 2022 employing 450 people. The business is now run from Orem in Utah. His death 1st Aug. 1976 in Provo, Utah. Jennie's 3rd Feb 1976.

Richard-Henry Palfreyman the first born of Nanna and Richard on 27th Nov 1875 suffered unbelievable heartache. His wife Roxie gave birth to 11 children in total.

2nd, Richard-Leroy 1900, died 26th Nov. 1918 Spanish Flu.

5th, Annie 11th Dec 1907 - 5th Jan 1908 24 days bronchitis.

6th, Henrietta 20th Oct 1908 premature birth died same day.

8th, Hannah 1912, died 23rd Nov 1918 6yrs. Spanish Flu

10th, Geneva, 1916, died 28th Nov 1918 2 yrs. Spanish Flu -Bronchitis

11th, Palfreyman 24th Nov - same day premature.

Mother Roxie died 25th Nov 1918.

The Salt Lake Tribunal published an article re Richard-Leroy Palfreyman 17yrs, stating he was to be returned to Springville from Salt Lake City along with the bodies of his two sisters and his mother Roxie for burial in Springville.

The surviving children all lived to adulthood, the earliest death being Donna in 1966 (birth certificate shows her as Dora).

1919

Richard H widower married Clara Richens widow on the 26th April. She is shown on the 1910 census with Richards' surviving children. Donna 11, Richard 9, Nellie 7 Catherine 4 and Annena 6 months plus her two Richens sons.

The 1920 census shows Clara is still Richard's wife. However, he married Maria-Van-Smaalen in 1921. He spent the rest of his life with Maria until his death due to cancer in 1943. He started his working life in the Palfreyman Meat and Grocery Store and ended up as a driver of a streetcar.

Raphel-Benton Palfreyman the 3rd born married Prudence Chevington they had 3 sons and 2 daughters. His 4th born son Bernell-Edward died in 1920 aged 1yr 3 months from meningitis following him having taken ill with the Spanish Flu. The others all had long lives.

Nellie-Selina 4th born married Stanley-Livingston Staten they had 5 sons and 2 daughters. Albert-Creed died age 8 month in 1914 from septicaemia and multiple abscesses. Cause unknown. Son Richard-Staten died aged 29 of heart problem. The last- born son Charles-Edward died age 5 from Croop and Diphtheria. Their siblings survived to adulthood.

Ivan-Gibson 9th born married Olive Fullmer they had 7 sons and 3 daughters. The family were living in Idaho. Lucille 2nd born died from burns to her neck, arms and body in June 1918 aged 1 yr 3 months. Edward Louis 6th born died age 2 yrs in 1927 of a basal skull fracture caused by an auto accident. Dan the last born son in 1939, I presume he was premature.

Lydia-Myrtle 11th born, married George Foster Bowen 1 daughter and 4 sons. Their first to die was John-Richard who died of a heart attack at the age of 39. The others all survived to adulthood.

Earl-Nephi 12th the last born, married Eleanor Rees. They had 3 daughters and 1 son. 2nd born daughter Earlene was the first to die aged 40 after she rolled her car off Parleys Canyon when her brakes failed in 1968. Their 3rd daughter Bonnie-Mell married Richard Dow Jorgenson. Their daughter Patricia-Ann born in 1954 married Samuel Frustaci in Los Angeles in 1981. She became the first person in the USA to give birth to septuplets in 1985 after receiving fertility treatment. Of the 7 born 3 survived but with health issues.

Richard Palfreyman – Hannah Butler
Richard Palfreyman - Nanny Dahlstrom
Son Earl Nephi Palfreyman 1900 -1992 married Eleanor Rees 1900 -1999
Granddaughter Bonnie Mell Palfreyman - married Richard Dow Jorgenson
Grt-Granddaughter Patricia Ann Jorgenson 1954 – married Samuel Frustaci
in 1981.

The Frustaci septuplets born 21 May 1985, in Orange, California.
Patricia-Anne died 10th Feb 2018 in San Diego aged 63
Her mother Bonnie died 8th Sept 2018



Richard's house is listed as a 'Historic Home' of Springville

Valerie Mason
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NOTTINGHAM ROAD CEMETERY, DERBY

This municipal cemetery in Derby was established in 1855 as a burial ground for five parishes.



*From Andrew J Bailey, Archivist, Chaddesden Historical Group. August 2011:
www.chaddesdenhistoricalgroup.co.uk/2011/08/the-cemetery/*

"The need for a cemetery on the site was due to overcrowding in the municipal cemetery on Uttoxeter New Road and the surrounding churchyards. By 1880 the cemetery had acquired a further 18 acres and spanned both sides of the road. It now covers over 100 acres with over 250,000 people buried there as well as a herd of cows that are buried under the car park opposite the vets on Nottingham Road. They were victims of a foot and mouth outbreak." The above website is no longer accessible, but information about the cemetery can now be found at <https://www.chaddesdenhistorygroup.co.uk>.

Microfilms for burials in this cemetery are held at the Derbyshire Family History Society library in Derby. Some burial records can be found on the dfhs.org.uk website under Data & Downloads. It appears that burials after about 1893 have not been added yet, as well as some earlier ones. If you are able to visit the library in person, the procedure to locate a burial location is as follows:

Before your visit, make a list of the names of the people you hope to find and the year they died. Leave space for a grave number beside each name. The burials are filmed by year with about two or three years on one microfilm.

Use the finding aid binder that shows the film numbers for each year. The films have an index of names sorted by letter of the alphabet, but they are not alphabetical within the letter (Axworthy might be before Adams). Beside each name is an index number. Make a note of the index number for your person.

The index numbers appear in order after the name index. Each number has the person's name, occupation, age, address, burial date and a grave number. This is the same information that can be found by searching the name on the DFHS website. Once you have a grave number, either from the website or the microfilm, you can go to the cemetery.

However, you can find further information on microfilm at the library. Go back to the same finding aid binder to find the list of grave numbers and corresponding microfilms. Look up the grave number on this film to find who is buried in the grave, ages, burial dates, and the grave owner. Usually several people are in the same grave, who may or may not be relatives. Also, the owner might be important to your research.

If the grave number is preceded by "F" the grave is located on the opposite side of Nottingham Road to the main cemetery. The DFHS film gives only grave numbers, not the plot numbers. A plot is a group of graves.

Now you can visit the Nottingham Road Cemetery office and ask for a map showing locations of your grave numbers. The cemetery is divided into many plots, and each plot has a map of the grave numbers in it. I went away with a fist full of pages, so be sure to take a clipboard or folder with you. A highlighter to identify the grave on the map is useful, too.

The plots are not well defined in the cemetery, you need to try to find the general area and then look for numbers on the graves to determine whether you are in the right plot. The numbers are at the bottom of the monument. Only about one in twenty of the headstones has a number, newer ones more likely have them but not all do. Find at least two numbered stones to orient yourself to the location of the site you are looking for. Graves are about one pace wide and three paces long. If the grave you want does not have a marker, the best way to get the general location is by measuring the paces.

If you make note of the inscription on a headstone near the one you want, you can go back to the library microfilm (or website) to get the grave number for that person. This way you can narrow down the location of an unmarked grave.

In 2016, we visited my husband's four grandparents, five great grandparents and four great great grandparents in Nottingham Road Cemetery. These were in eight separate graves, four having headstones. Only one of these people is indexed on the website. This is not surprising, given that hundreds of thousands of people are buried there and the work is being done by volunteers! I heartily thank them for this work.

Be aware that this is not a simple process. I spent a day in the DFHS office, where the volunteers are most helpful in explaining the finding aids and use of the microfilms. It took several hours to locate the graves in the cemetery. Again, both the office staff and grounds workers provided invaluable assistance. The gentleman who showed us how to find the graves shortened our search by hours. Coincidentally, although my husband has lived in Canada over 40 years, in chatting with our helper, we discovered that his brother and my husband are great grandparents of the same child!

Paying respects to these ancestors all in one day was a marvel to me. It took years to visit all twelve of my grandparents and great grandparents who rest in Lincolnshire, Cumbria, Scotland, Washington State, British Columbia, Ontario, and two cemeteries in Saskatchewan.

Ivy Trumpour

Churches of Derbyshire, David Paul,
Amberley Publishing, 2022: £15.99, 96pp.
ISBN 9781398104204

Twenty-two Grade 1 listed churches in Derbyshire, and one now in Leicestershire, are described in this illustrated book. It is not a technical publication but a commentary on the churches visited such as you might hear from a local guide. Notable architectural features are described, the history of the bells, if there are any, and the organs. Of most interest to family historians are the notes about local patrons and their monuments. Few of the interiors remain as your seventeenth century ancestors would have recognised them but their Victorian successors would see most of their restoration work intact. No churches north of Buxton are described, nor any in the city of Derby. However, this book would be a good companion for a visit to any of the churches it describes.

Stephen Orchard

WINTERS PAST IN DERBYSHIRE

The weather is the commonest topic of conversation and at Christmas time we dream of a 'White Christmas', even though, of late, these have been few and far between. However in 1879 William Hill of Horsley wrote in his diary that there was snow on Christmas Day and the frosty weather both before and after the festive day had stopped him working his horses except to deliver the milk. That winter turned out to be a long one resulting in many workmen being out of work, the setting up of soup kitchens two and three times a week and the welcome free distribution of coal.

100 years before that the weather was much milder, so much so that a nest of young sparrows, almost ready to fly, was recorded in a house adjoining Mr Rew's Infirmary for the Sick and Lamé Horses in St Peter's Gate Parish, and a small branch of the Glastonbury thorn in blossom was on display in the printer's office. It was mild enough for a large body of the townspeople to assemble on the Holmes to watch the local Militia hold their Field Day. The men performed different manoeuvres including the firing of their two pieces of artillery. This exhibition so inspired the correspondent of the time that he wrote "*If men can be brought to such military perfection from such short practice, Great Britain can have nothing to fear from her natural enemies.*"

Two days after Christmas 1778 a duel was fought with pistols near Sheffield. The upshot of this encounter was that on the second discharge, one of the duellists received his antagonist's ball in his right shoulder. And all over a dispute at the billiard table!! But whilst Christmas was mild the New Year was heralded by a storm which took the roofs off houses, including one near the church at Duffield, blew down chimneys and trees, and caused damage to a hothouse and fruit trees. But the damage was worse in Lincolnshire where a windmill was blown down and where the incoming tide engulfed newly enclosed land at Spalding, killing many sheep.

In 1776, when the country was eagerly awaiting news of the war in North America, it was reported on 12th January that "*the great quantity of snow which fell on Sunday last being attended with a high wind occasioned the roads to be drifted, that it rendered them impassable for some days and our Express, having been to Leicester as usual, returned without the News, which obliged us to wait the arrival of the ordinary Post and then compelled us to put off publication of the Paper till this morning*". [Derby Mercury]

The bad weather continued into March and prompted a correspondent to remind readers of the great frost of 1740 when lads played football on the River Derwent.

A great snowfall in March 1786 caused the mail to be delayed 24 hours and these cold winters probably accounted for the Derbyshire custom of warming the ale for horsemen, carters and wagoners. In wayside inns there would hang 'the Devil' or copper. This the landlord would fill with ale and dig deep into the fire. When it was on the boil, he would add a teaspoonful of sugar and a good grating of ginger, and then pour it into a pewter pot when a good froth would come on the drink, this being considered the best part of the liquor. A better sort of mulled ale was made by breaking an egg into the devil and adding a dash of sweet pepper, as well as ginger, and for either of these an extra penny was charged for a mug made in the devil – called so because it had to be plunged into a hot fire.

On Christmas Day 1796 the thermometer recorded 34 degrees of frost and the weather was cold for more than a month. But it was not always only frost and snow. In 1813 the weather was said "to have closed in Darkness" for scarcely was any part of the country free from dense fogs, which were followed by a succession of snowstorms, and the severe frost continued from 27th December to 5th February. Six years later the snows lasted until March, killing many small birds. The paper went on to comment "in these days we have learned how to protect the ladies against cold by enveloping them in furs, but Englishmen are afraid of the imputation of effeminacy and go abroad, as a rule insufficiently clad."

The intense cold of 1822-3 lasted into the spring months. The Derbyshire hills were covered with deep snow and travellers passed between two walls of snow which reached higher than their head as they sat on horseback. Ducks, fieldfares and other shy visitants were driven into town in search of food, and the landlord of the Bell Hotel in Sadler Gate reported seeing a mallard and two wild ducks feeding with the pigs in the stable-yard.

This hard winter can in no way have compared with that of 1614-15. The description in the parish records of Youlgreave states: "It covered the earth five quarters deep....and the heapes or drifts of snow, they were very deep so that passengers both on horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls". The snow appears to have continued daily from 16th January to 12th March "upon which day being the Lord's day it began to decrease, and so little by little, consumed and wasted away till the 8th day of May...except upon Kinder Scout which lay till Whitsun week and after".

So what can we expect this winter – let us hope for the sake of our pockets that it is a fairly mild one. We shall see!

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

69. Darley Abbey St Matthew

The original religious establishment at Darley was the Augustinian Monastery, built on land donated by Hugh, the rural dean of Derby, in around 1160. Darley Abbey was a daughter establishment to St Helen's Priory in Derby, but shortly after it was established many of the canons of the Priory transferred to Darley, which was serving as a hospital. They received numerous donations from all over Derbyshire.



By the early 14th century the Abbey had fallen into poverty and although it struggled on it eventually surrendered for dissolution in 1538.

After the Dissolution Darley Abbey had no church, villagers having to travel to St Alkmund's Church in Derby until 1819. Then Walter Evans, one of the family who owned the mills in Darley, paid for the

building of St Matthew's Church at a great personal expense, with a small contribution from Queen Anne's Bounty, which made money available for the construction of churches in newly built industrial districts. Walter received £400 towards the building costs.

The church was designed and built by Henry Moses Wood in the Gothic style. Most of the craftsmen were local and some of the stone used in its construction was quarried locally from King's Croft Allestree, Pentrich and Wirksworth. Much of the stone was cut against the grain, and this is the cause of some of the severe weathering.

The Church of St Matthew was consecrated on June 24th 1819, which also happened to be Walter Evans' birthday. It was then a Chapelry of St Alkmund's Church in Derby and as such was unlicensed for marriages. The first baptism took place on August 15th 1819 and the first burial on September 21st the same year. A licence was obtained in 1847 and the first wedding held on February 3rd that year.

Alterations have since been made to the original building. In 1886 the second Walter Evans installed a new organ at the East End of the Church, a new Sanctuary and new Vestries, one of which was later named the Walter Evans room. The Fellowship Room was added to the West End in 1965. Then in 2000 the East end was substantially altered to open up the Chancel and relocate the Choir and Organ in the Nave.

The pinnacle tower is over 70 feet high and contains just one bell, whose origin is unknown as it pre-dates the church, being cast in 1787. The stained glass windows contain dedications to Walter Evans and his first wife Susan and son Arthur who died aged 15. Amongst the many others is one to May Brittan, daughter of a former vicar, who fell from the scaffolding for a new vicarage under construction in 1881 and died of her injuries aged just 16.

In the baptistry stands a font presented in 1886 by the children of the village, which now incorporates the original font and there are many memorial plaques on the wall, including one to Catherine Wardle who died 18 months before the church was consecrated so presumably not buried here. Another is to Colonel John Evans who saw action in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. There is a reredos of Chellaston alabaster, ornately carved, and a lectern given by the villagers to commemorate the marriage of Walter Evans and Ada Roscow in 1896.

Outside in the churchyard is a special feature. About 1500 of the burials are marked with a Welsh slate stone, mainly mill workers whose funeral and memorial was paid for jointly by their weekly subscriptions to the Friendly Society and by the Evans family. The Evans graves are to the west of the main churchyard—those that aren't interred in the crypt below the chancel—and include Walter and his two wives.

Two memorials are the War Memorial commemorating the men of Darley Abbey who fell in two World Wars and other conflicts. This was dedicated on Armistice Day 1921 and paid for by subscriptions from the residents of Darley Abbey. Three war graves are tended to by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

An interesting memorial is dedicated to Walter, Jessie and Ivy Bailey who died when the Lusitania was sunk in 1915. Jessie's sister lived in Darley Abbey, which is presumably why the memorial is here.

Derby Daily Telegraph
Scraps from the Paper, 13 Sep 1944

87TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

The last public execution at Derby and the days when boats used to make daily journeys through the floods to St Mary's Bridge, were recalled by Mr Ellis Stevenson of 41 Alexandra Street, Derby, who celebrated his 87th birthday yesterday. He celebrated the day quietly with a pipe of twist and a jar of beer, and when a reporter called on him he was reading his morning newspaper without the aid of glasses.

Mr Stevenson is still very active, and has an excellent memory. Recalling some of the incidents which have crowded a long and industrious life, he related how he started work at eight years of age in Goodwin's silk mill in Parliament Street. From there he went to Russell's foundry and finally settled at the L.M.S. Loco Works as a spring tester, where he stayed until he retired at the age of 70, after nearly 40 years' service. He recalled how he used to go to the mill without shoes or stockings on his feet.

Mr Stevenson was born in Leather Bottle Yard, which, in those days, was at the back of where the Neptune now stands on the Spot and was approached by a narrow alleyway to a bottleneck at the back of the Grand Theatre.

"When I was five years old" he said, "I remember being lifted on to my Uncle George's shoulders at the bottom of Vernon Street to see the crowds at the last public execution at Derby in 1862, at which Richard Thorley, who murdered his sweetheart in Agard Street, was hanged."

He also remembers St James's Lane, the present St James's Street, when the pavements were only a foot wide and two coaches could not pass each other; the wild 'riots' that used to take place between the Liberals and Tories at election times; and the floods when boats made daily journeys to St Mary's Bridge to carry coal and provisions to stranded households.

What schooling he did receive was at St Michael's School, but he did not learn to read until he was 15.

He was married at St Michael's Church and his wife died in 1902. He has three married daughters, two married sons, 22 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren. One grandson is a prisoner of war in Germany.

Mr Stevenson still like a game of crib and can still tot up his 15-2s with

remarkable agility, but his favourite form of recreation is to watch a boxing match.

MISSING PILOT

Pilot Officer John Frost, of the Royal Australian Air Force, and formerly of Mowbray-street, Derby, is reported missing following an operational flight. Born in Derby 22 years ago he went to Nightingale road and Derby Central Schools, and was later employed for a short while in the laboratory at Rolls Royce Ltd.

At the outbreak of war he was living in Australia where he joined the R.A.A.F. and returned to England in 1942 with the rank of Sgt Pilot. He was commissioned early this year.

HIT BY A WAGON

Ernest Arthur Murfin [64], of 52 Hollis Street, Derby, a painter employed at the Derby L.M.S. Carriage and Wagon Department, was fatally injured when he was hit by a railway wagon yesterday afternoon.

He was severely injured about the legs and was taken to Derbyshire Royal Infirmary where he died early this morning.

The Borough Coroner will hold an inquest at the Police Buildings at 2.45 tomorrow afternoon.

CIRCUS FOR CHILDREN

The miniature circus which was one of the attractions of the Red Cross carnival at Derby in July is to pay a return visit next Monday for the benefit of Derby children and London evacuees billeted in the borough and the shows are to be given free.

There will be two performances, afternoon and evening, at Rowditch Recreation Ground.

ISOLATION HOSPITAL REPORT

This week:-

Scarlet Fever: Ill, but improving, 316

Diphtheria: Very ill, 71; Ill, 78; Ill, but improving, 72

All over patients going on well.

The Life and Times of Anne Topham – Governess to the Kaiser’s Daughter 1902-1909 by Anita Hayes

Spondon Archive has just published a new book. It is longer than the other books we have produced and took a couple of years of research to bring it to fruition.



Anne Topham was born in Derby. She was the daughter of Thomas Topham, a farmer and butcher; her mother was Mary Anne Cooke from Spondon. Together they had seven children, two girls and five boys. The book contains some information on the Topham family.

There is also a chapter on William Thurston Topham, Anne’s nephew, who was born in Spondon and emigrated to Canada. He made his name as a painter both during the First World War and throughout the rest of his life in Canada. Two of his paintings from the Canadian War Museum can be seen in the book.

From the age of seven Anne lived with her aunt, Sarah Ann Cooke, on Church Hill in Spondon. She spent most of the rest of her life living on Church Hill, except for the seven years, from 1902 to 1909, which she spent as English Governess to Princess Victoria Louise, the daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. You may wonder how she achieved this position. All will be revealed when you read our new book.

On her return to England, she wrote a book about her experiences of living with the German Royal family. The book, ‘Memories of the Kaiser’s Court’, was published in August 1914. It was an instant success, not just here in England but across the world. Anne wrote three books about her time at Court and seven novels. There is a synopsis of each of her books in one of the chapters.

She was an amusing and entertaining writer; her slightly irreverent manner in dealing with the Kaiser and his family probably comes from her roots in a Derbyshire farming community. Her forthright attitude led to the Kaiser giving Anne the name of ‘The British Dreadnought’.

Our book, 'The Life and Times of Anne Topham', contains extracts from many of her books and information on her early life. It also covers the politics of the day and life at Court. Anne was interested in the clothes people wore and the fashions of the day and there are some lovely descriptions in the book.

She met and dined with famous people and European Royal families. She saw Orville Wright fly his plane for the Emperor and the first Zeppelin flight over Berlin from the roof of Royal palace.

Anne visited many of the Royal palaces with the family. There is a map of Germany which shows some of the places she visited, along with pictures of the palaces and her thoughts on the buildings she saw and the people she met.

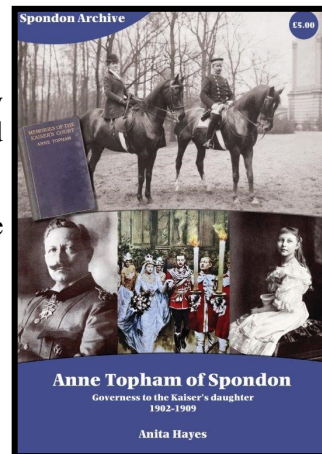
After she left Germany in 1909 she went back for the Princess's wedding in 1913. By that time the storm clouds were gathering over Europe. Her words, after seeing the Zeppelin fly over the Palace in Berlin in 1909, were strangely prophetic.

'It strikes me now with a strange half-comic ruefulness, that I, an alien and a foreigner in the land, should have felt something of the same thrill of enthusiasm as the people around me, even though the regretful thought forced itself into my mind that this triumph of human ingenuity and skill would inevitably be used for military purposes – in other words, the object of destroying human life and happiness.'

The book is on sale at Spondon News, Housley pharmacy, Cherry Tree Picture Framers and Simnetts in Sitwell Street.

Books cost £5.00 plus postage where appropriate.

You can see a list of other books in the series at www.spondononline.co.uk/sca/spondon-archive and spondonhistory.org.uk



Continuing with the history of CARNFIELD HALL, I found this obituary for Vaughan Hobbs Radford and thought how interesting it was, in that it gave an in depth view as to his character, something that you do not get from parish registers and census records. From these records he appeared to be a gentleman of wealth who split his time between the Hall, Bath and London, presumably to take “The Waters” and for “The Season”, but he was much more.—Ruth Barber

Taken from The Derbyshire Times 10th June 1911

SQUIRE OF CARNFIELD HALL

DEATH OF MR V. H. RADFORD

The Squire of Carnfield Hall, Mr Vaughan Hobbs Radford, passed peacefully away about 3am on Tuesday, after a protracted illness.

The death of Mr Radford was not expected. But for a remarkably strong constitution the end must have arrived sooner. The deceased had been afflicted with rheumatism for some time, but he pulled round at intervals, and was able to take his favourite drives. The fatal illness really began last September, since when he had not ventured beyond the Hall gates. A few weeks ago he was able to get out into the grounds and enjoy the sunshine, but there was a perceptible weakening, and his medical attendants, Dr. Corkery and Dr Johnson, held out no hopes of his ever pulling round again. He leaves a widow, but no family. His two brothers Thos. Lawrence and Raymond, predeceased him, but two of his sisters are still at Bridlington.

A HISTORIC FAMILY

The deceased's family had historic associations. The Vaughans of Hengwrt Court are descendants of one of the oldest families in Wales, and have Royal connections through the marriage of Watkin Vaughan, of Hengwrt Court, with Sibilla, daughter of Sir James Baskerville, of Eardsley, and also by the marriage of James Vaughan, eldest son of Watkin Vaughan, with a daughter of Edward Croft, of Croft Castle. The fortunes of this fine old house were united with the Radfords of Smalley Hall, in this county, also of ancient lineage, when Jno Radford, J.P., D.L., High Sheriff for Derby in 1784, was married in 1776 to Theophila, daughter and heiress of Alexander Vaughan of Kingston, in the county of Hereford, a direct descendant of the Vaughans of Hengwrt Court.

The Radfords of Smalley Hall have been seated in Derbyshire for a considerable period, and are a younger branch of the Radfords of Radford,

Notts. Thos. Radford of Stanley, Derbyshire, was one of the early members of the family resident in this county. He died on June 15th 1755, and was succeeded by his son, John, who married Rachel, daughter and co-heiress of John Heiron, of Little Eaton, and a great-grand-daughter of the Rev. Jno. Heiron of Christchurch College, Cambridge, and rector of Breadsall near Derby. The next John Radford was, as already mentioned, the husband of Theophila Vaughan, and he was succeeded by a son of the same name. Other sons were Alexander William Radford, and Norcop Radford, of Betton Hall, Salop, born in 1800, and married in 1832 to Miss Mary Beresford, who had the following sons- Alexander William Radford, born 1835, formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and late Captain of the Staffordshires; William Radford, late lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who married Ann Weaver, of Hereford; and Thomas Radford, J.P. Of Carnfield Hall, Derbyshire, who was born on August 16th 1783, and married on September 16th 1829 Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of Joseph Wilson, who had family connections with Chesterfield. Their eldest son was the deceased.



Carnfield Hall, home of the deceased

The deceased was born at the family seat, Carnfield Hall, Alfreton, on December 2nd 1831. The Radford's have been a notable county family, for in the course of the century, six of its sons were Justice of the Peace, and in three cases Deputy-Lieutenants of the county. The deceased, however, never became a magistrate.

The deceased married in 1880 Sabina, third daughter of thr Rev W.S. Cursham, B.A. And grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cursham, for fifty years

vicar of Mansfield, and an eminent cleric of his day. There is no issue of this marriage.

A TYPICAL COUNTRY SQUIRE

The deceased was a typical old-fashioned country squire. He was born on his estate, he lived on it, and died on it, and his life has been spent among his tenants. He was a man of great modesty, and never sought public honour and position. He was a fine sportsman, and took a delight in all the old healthy English sports and amusements, and was especially fond of hunting and shooting. He rode with the hounds until physically incapable, and Lord Harrington's Hounds, and latter Mr Hurt's have hunted on the Carnfield estate. He officiated as the starter at Heath races for some years. He knew as much about agricultural affairs, horses and cattle, as any man in the district and dearly loved a well-bred horse.

His hospitality was proverbial, and destitute and deserving parishioners always met with help at Carnfield Hall. His generosity was dispensed without ostentation, and in this respect he has been worthily supported by Mrs Radford. Many even now have the most agreeable recollections of their open-handedness during the long and memorable coal strike of 1893. The late squire and Mrs Radford generously aided relief committees for the benefit of the miners and their families, and they opened a soup kitchen at Carnfield, which relieved many suffering and needy cases. When stocks of the miners' coal became exhausted, and the fuel was at famine prices owing to the prolonged stoppage, the squire granted permits to parishioners to search for coal on the Old Carnfield Pit Hills, where coal had been mined many years previously. In that way hundreds of tons of coal were dug out by the inhabitants, and the fuel came as an absolute God-send with the advent of the cold weather. The poor and the needy of South Normanton always had a sympathetic friend in the late squire.

The deceased was an ardent Conservative, but for many years he never took a practical part in the political life of the district. He held the office of president of the local Association. For over forty years he had been the rector's warden at South Normanton, having served three rectors. The present rector (the Rev. J.H. Lewis), who has been away from the parish for some weeks, afflicted with a serious illness, returned home last Friday, although far from well, in order to see the last of a close friend.

The deceased had been a life-long collector of genuine old oak, antique china and other relics.

An old custom of Carnfield Hall continued through many generations, is still

observed. On December 21st St. Thomas's Day, rice is distributed to the people of South Normanton. Apparently the gifts were made to the needy parishioners in the early days, but for many years no distinction has been made. All comers are served with a quart of rice. Last December, no less than 6cwts of rice were distributed in this manner.

THE INTERMENT

The Interment takes place today (Saturday), at 2pm at the South Normanton Parish Church. The body will be deposited in the family vault on the west side of the Church. This will be the first interment in that vault, which was constructed some years ago. The old family vault is situated on the north side under the Radford Chapel, but the use of this was discontinued many years ago. The late squire gave up his rights of burial thereupon the construction of the present family vault. In the vault under the Radford Chapel many notable interments took place. Several of the members of the Revell family are buried there, including Tristram Revell, who was a lieut.-colonel of the Militia and a magistrate for a the country. The late squire's father and mother were also buried in the same vault. The members of this family were noted for their longevity, as the tablets in the Radford Chapel clearly show. The deceased's father was in in his 90th year when he died in September 1872. His brother (Thomas Lawrence), whose death is recorded on a brass plate in the same chapel, lived to be 69 years of age, while the late squire would be 80 if he had lived until the 2nd December next.

The oldest workmen on the estate will act as bearers. It is expected that Canon Massey, of Risley, a former rector of South Normanton, and a very old friend of the deceased, will assist at the obsequies.



*The rather neglected
grave of Vaughan
Hobbs Radford*

DERBYSHIRE'S ROYAL DUCHESS

Perhaps not strictly Derbyshire all through, but we can lay a claim to her and I have to say the story is fascinating.

Anne Luttrell was born on 24 January 1743, the daughter of Simon Luttrell and his wife, Judith Maria Lawes. Anne was born in Marylebone, London, and her early life was one of privilege and wealth, even though her family were already considered a little notorious thanks to a political scandal, involving Anne's brother, Henry [that's another story!]. Simon Luttrell had been born in Ireland and was an ambitious politician in need of a country house so he settled at Four Oaks Hall in Warwickshire with his wife and eight children. He was a courtier, created Baron Irnham in 1768 and Earl of Carhampton in 1785. He was a member of Parliament from 1755 and spent most of his time at court, where his rakish behaviour earned him the title 'King of Hell'.



Catton Hall, South Derbyshire

Considered a beauty and something of a catch, Society was taken by surprise when in 1765 Anne married a commoner and squire, Christopher Horton. She was aged just 22 and he was the squire of Catton Hall in south Derbyshire. Unfortunately just four years after their marriage, Anne became a widow and rumours flew that she was somewhat free with her

favours. She graced the Royal Court, where she caught the eye of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and Strathearn and the fourth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, himself the son of George II.

The name of Duke of Cumberland, of course, causes many unpleasant emotions, mainly due to 'Butcher' Cumberland, the unpleasant son of George II who massacred the Jacobites after the retreat from Derby in 1745. Henry Frederick, his nephew, was not quite as bad as his namesake. He was a bit of a ruffian, but he evidently had good taste and was, like his father Frederick, very musical. He had a good library and a fine collection of musical instruments. He had some naval experience and was Admiral of the White. In 1765, on the death of his uncle, "the Butcher", George III made him

Ranger of Windsor Great Park and in 1766 created him Duke of Cumberland. He was also a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. He was made an Admiral in 1778, but forbidden to take a command.

At the age of 25 Cumberland was involved in a bit of trouble, inevitably being a Hanoverian it was a sex scandal. He had to pay out £10,000 for engaging in ‘criminal conversation’ with Henrietta, wife of Earl Grosvenor and daughter of Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park in Derbyshire/Staffordshire. This was the quaint term for adultery and the sum he had to pay out to Earl Grosvenor was absolutely enormous for that time. More trouble followed when Cumberland quarrelled twice with his brother the King. In 1770 it was said that the Duke had made a morganatic marriage with one Olive Wilmot, the daughter of a parson of a Derbyshire family, the Reverend James Wilmot. Some evidence does exist as to the truth of this and thus when on the 2nd October 1771 the Duke married Anne Horton, it was probably a bigamous marriage. Luckily they had no children to muddle up the succession.

This second quarrel, caused by a marriage of prince and commoner, led directly to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, which forbade any descendant of George II to marry without the monarch’s permission. The king was furious that his brother had chosen to marry into a family that was tainted by scandal, despite the fact that George himself, when still Prince of Wales, was alleged to have contracted a perfectly legal marriage with one Hannah Lightfoot, daughter of a Wapping cobbler. Again documents exist which seem to prove this, but they have been suppressed. Ironically the parson who officiated at this union was the above mentioned James Wilmot, obviously a fan of clandestine marriages.

Cumberland is said to have fallen in love with the widow Horton at first sight and perhaps not surprisingly. She was described by Horace Walpole as *“Extremely pretty and well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long, coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra and completely mistress of all her passions and projects. Indeed eyelashes three quarters of a yard shorter would have served to conquer such a head as she has turned.”* The King only heard of it a month after the event by a letter which he received from his brother, saying that he was married to Mrs Horton and had gone off with her to Calais.

King George III refused to permit Anne to use the title of Duchess of Cumberland, though nearly everyone addressed her as such. He refused to see Anne or his brother, while courtiers who visited Cumberland House were no longer welcome at St James’s Palace. When Cumberland refused to turn his back on his bride, Anne pushed for official recognition as a princess.

Following a continental tour they established a salon at Cumberland House that became the talk of the town, with Anne exuding charm to all who came into her circle. Indeed this unofficial court attracted a number of followers and the Duke and Duchess lived in luxury, until Cumberland's ill health forced them to quit London for Brighton in 1779.

Their finances still dwindling, the couple once more travelled to the continent and spent most of their time living there, trying to dodge their creditors. They were partly reconciled to the King in 1780, but on 18 September 1790 the Duke of Cumberland dropped dead in Pall Mall as he alighted from his coach, just outside Cumberland House. An autopsy confirmed that his right lung was universally diseased. Anne was granted an annuity of £4,000, which she did not think was enough. She began to sell off her husband's collection of manuscripts and instruments, and soon became a leading society hostess at her own house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, and a favourite of Queen Charlotte.

In 1799 news reached her of the death of her elder sister, Elizabeth, at the age of 62. Lady Elizabeth Luttrell had been a constant companion to Lady Ann, but not being such a beauty, was not so popular. Gambling brought about her downfall in 1797 when she only escaped prison by paying fifty pounds to get married to a baker; she then went abroad to escape the disgrace. A scandalous report circulated that she was convicted of picking pockets and condemned to clean the streets of Augsburg chained to a wheelbarrow, and then poisoned herself.



Anne also left for the continent, being heavily in debt and nothing available to sell off. She died in the small town of Gorizia, near Trieste, on 28 December 1808. Ironically she bequeathed all she had, in the form of fabulous jewels worth around £40,000, to Sir John Stepney and one wonders why she didn't sell those! She is buried in Trieste, a sad end for Derbyshire's royal duchess.

Henry and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with Anne's sister Elizabeth Luttrell. Painted by Gainsborough

THE STORY OF THE MINCE PIE

“Little Jack Horner, Sat in his corner, Eating his Christmas Pie”

And Jack was no doubt consuming, in its original form, what we now call a mince pie, but it would be very different from the pie we know. Sometimes it was called a mutton pie [a link with the shepherds at Bethlehem] and did, in fact, contain minced meat. Often the filling was much more elaborate than simple mutton and the size of the pie enormous.

There is a record of such a pie made in the 18th century for Sir Hugh Grey, the crust of which was made of two bushels of flour and 20 pounds of butter. For filling there were four geese, two turkeys, and four ducks, in addition to blackbirds, partridges, pigeons, snipe, woodcocks and neats' tongues.

The pies were richly spiced – reminiscent of the spices which the Wise Men from the East brought for the Christ Child. Another link between the Biblical account of the birth of Jesus and mince pies is that the crust was often made in an oval shape to represent the manger in which Christ was born, and pastry was criss-crossed on top to give the impression of straw in the manger.

During the Commonwealth period all Christmas festivities were forbidden and mince pies in particular were regarded as a grave sins. Even the more generally tolerant Quakers denounced the mince pie as “a hodge podge of popery, superstition and the devil and all his works”.

It is said that on one occasion when John Bunyan was almost starving in prison he nonetheless refused a mince pie offered to him and true to his Puritan convictions affirmed “mince pie, oh, that was flat idolatry”. As late as the 18th century it was considered unseemly for a clergyman to eat a mince pie.

If, at one time, mince pies were frowned upon by the pious, later superstition regarded it as being luck to eat them. To ensure the luck, however, it was often held that the pies must be made in batches of 12 and offered by a friend. To eat a mince pie on each of the Twelve Days of Christmas was regarded as a guarantee of happiness and prosperity in the 12 months that followed. In some places still the invitation to have a mince pie is framed in the words, “Have a happy month!” Nothing, however, seems to be said about the unhappy consequences of trying to secure the whole New Year's blessing by eating 12 pies all at once!

Happy Christmas, enjoy your pies!!

13 EVACUEES ON FARM AND EVERYBODY'S STILL HAPPY

While looking for bits to put in the 'scraps from the paper' pages, I came across the following article. It's a heartwarming story that reminds all of us just what sacrifices the ordinary people made during wartime.

If there are to be any medals struck for people who have willingly faced the evacuee problem then one each should go to Mr and Mrs Alex Hartshorne of Hill Farm, Denby Village, and another to Mr Hartshorne's 80 year old father. Hill Farm has accommodated no fewer than 13 evacuees from Croydon for the past ten weeks—and everybody's still happy.

It was not to be expected that when a 'Telegraph' representative called at the farm unexpectedly yesterday afternoon he would find the whole of the flock in the fold. Mrs Hartshorne and her father in law were in the main living room; Mrs Stenning, one of the two mothers evacuated, was in the kitchen; two babies belonging to the other mother [Mrs Barker] were asleep in their prams in the close; four children were at school; Mrs Barker was in Derby; and the remainder were 'helping' with the harvest.

The first task was to sort them out. There is one mother with five children, a second mother and four children, a girl of 17 who came away from Croydon unofficially and is working, and a boy who came unaccompanied. To give the outsize household a start, Mr and Mrs Hartshorne already had their own two children, both girls, aged 13 and 11 respectively.

"I have never had any evacuees before" Mrs Hartshorne told a Telegraph representative in the cosy room where the Hartshornes have their meals, *"because I would never give in to having them. But one of my daughters came home from school one Friday morning about half past eleven, saying that they had a holiday and that the billeting people were nearly off their heads. And so I took 13 evacuees."* Mrs Hartshorne added that there were 14 rooms in the house, but some of them were shut up and had some of the family's furniture in them. The evacuees had the full use of the big kitchen, where they could prepare all their meals, and of three bedrooms.

Sitting in the corner, grandfather Hartshorne pulled at his pipe and tucked in a few memories of his 45 years' tenancy of Hill Farm's 54 acres. He seemed quite as fond of the little evacuees as did Mrs Hartshorne—and that is saying a lot, for she appeared to think the world of the babies Bernard and Rosemary. *"I tell you what"*, said Mrs Hartshorne, *"It's a bit of a duet when*

they all get going”, and grandad chimed in good humouredly “*Ee, if ever a man suffered.*” Mrs Hartshorne, senior, said the mothers were very good. They never went off and left the children. If one wanted to go out, then the other stayed in.

With a Telegraph photographer also having helped in tracking down this unique billet, the job of carrying the harvest had to be suspended temporarily and the great round-up began.

Four of the children were already knocking around the stack yard; Mrs Stenning gathered them in and straightened their hair. Then she took Mrs Barker’s two babies and one of the elder children was sent along to hurry home the younger ones from the village school. On to the load of corn they all clambered, Mrs Stenning included, and a happier bunch it would be difficult to find. Mrs and Mrs Hartshorne were there, and granddad came along too, for this memorable picture of wartime in Denby Village.

Neither were the pets forgotten. Fourteen year old Daisy, the mare, whose mother is reputed to have committed suicide by drowning herself at 32, was in the shafts. Rover, the dog, had to be in the group, and two of seven kittens, Tiger and Tassy, were hoisted up to have their pictures taken.

Mrs Stenning, whose husband lost his life while serving with the Home Guard during the flying bomb raids on their town, said that the change had certainly done them all good. “It’s been a real birthday”, she added.

The unaccompanied boy, Raymond Ballard, had two visitors a few days ago, and failed to recognise one of them—his father, who had been a prisoner of war for three years and has escaped. The other was his mother.

Derby Daily Telegraph
13 September 1944



Buckland where?

It all started with the will of German Wheatcroft of 1842. He was a very successful businessman, living in South Wingfield but with his main interests on the Cromford canal. With his sons he ran a firm which transported goods throughout Britain, from the wharves at Cromford on the canal and the High Peak railway. With his Wheatcroft cousins in Wirksworth the family had a virtual monopoly as local canal carriers and this showed in the large sums German Wheatcroft portioned out in his will, drawn up by a firm of solicitors in Matlock. There are the usual 'notwithstanding' and 'aforesaid' clauses as he provides for his children and grandchildren. He has a large property portfolio, shares in the Cromford canal and Trent Navigation, and cash in Arkwright's bank in Wirksworth. As a young man he had learned his business as a wharfinger at Bugsworth Basin, where there is a plaque commemorating him. After that he had developed his own business very successfully. All this was as I expected when looking out the will.



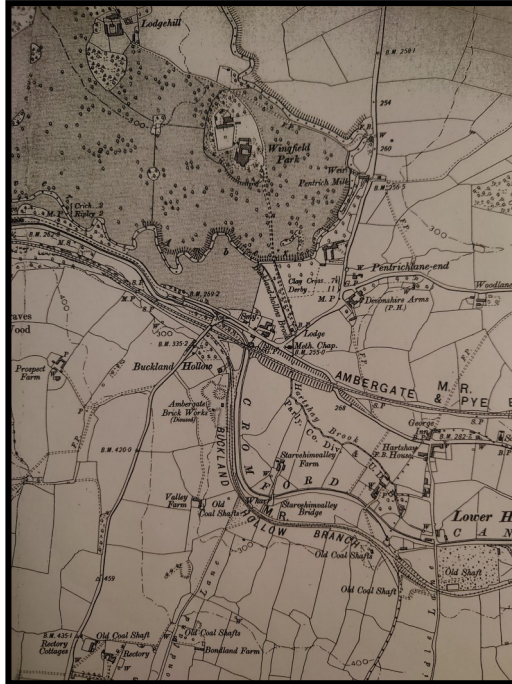
Watercolour of Buckland Hollow Chapel, artist Norman Webster and now at the Victoria & Albert Museum

One clause brought me up with a start. Wheatcroft made provision for the disposal of his property and a seat in the chapel at Buckland Hollow. This made some sense, for Buckland Hollow is on the line of the Cromford canal, as the present-day pub, The Excavator, bears witness. There are very few houses, even today, and no sign of a chapel. I turned to Helen, who is working through the registers of chapels, to see if she had entries for it. After drawing a blank there she turned to the all-knowing Google and discovered a

Methodist chapel at Buckland Hollow, now gone. After more searching we located the site on the north-west corner of the Higham road. So far we have turned up no records for it, least of all German Wheatcroft's ownership of a seat in it.

Once started we could not stop. Google also threw up a reference to the signal

box at Buckland Hollow, on the Ambergate to Pye Bridge railway. This was long after Wheatcroft's era but another puzzle for us, since there is little evidence now of a railway at Buckland Hollow. Here the old maps came to our assistance again. This branch railway ran roughly parallel with the A610 road and the Cromford canal. From Buckland Hollow the track bed has disappeared under the A610 improvement to the A38. If you have taken a ride on the Midland Railway trains at Butterley you may have travelled as far as the A38 before being turned back. In imagination you may carry on the join the line to Ambergate. This was basically a mineral line, taking over from the canal the carriage of coal and limestone.



As if to reinforce this traffic we found on the old maps a Buckland Hollow tramway bringing up coal from the pits to the south. Suddenly Buckland Hollow was transformed from a traffic-light controlled junction on the road from Ambergate to Ripley into a throbbing commercial hub, with spiritual provision provided by the Methodists.

All this research was carried out without stirring from the DFHS library. We have a wonderful resource for filling out the details of how your ancestors lived. Once the checking of the library contents after the move is completed an updated version of the catalogue will appear on the website. Even with the present one you may be able to spot the resource you need to explore your family history further. If you cannot make it to Derby ask the library volunteers to send you information at a minimal cost, certainly less than the price of travel. There may be a Buckland Hollow moment in your family tree.

Stephen Orchard

HAYE LEIGH VAD HOSPITAL

In common with other parts of the country, many large houses were turned into temporary hospitals for the benefit of wounded soldiers, those men who returned home disabled by shot or shell. One such was Haye Leigh Red Cross Hospital in Duffield Road, Derby, the commandant of which was Mrs E.J. Hulse, wife of Councillor Hulse. The quartermaster was Mrs Barnett and there was a competent staff of nurses.



Haye Leigh today

Haye Leigh was an auxiliary hospital to the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary. The accommodation, all for the other ranks rather than officers, comprised seven wards [containing 23 beds] with a day room, mess room and surgery, in addition to other rooms used for cooking and storage purposes. All the rooms were light, cheerful and airy and in the surgery could be seen a small electric hot air bath which was used in connection with one of the latest methods of curing wounds. The hon. physician was Dr Parry-Jones, the hon. surgeon Dr R.N. Porter, and the hon. ophthalmic surgeon Mr E. Collier Green. Mr W.R. Searle, London Road, was the hon. dental surgeon, and the nurses worked under Sister Walker Wilson. Only minor operations were performed on the premises, so most of the men in hospital could sit up and get about in a fashion.

The patients were from a range of regiments and soldier-like they did all kinds of things to add to the attractive and useful character of the hospital. Upon one side of the large lawn at the rear, they erected a commodious

poultry house. The attempt at poultry farming was the idea of Mrs Hulse, and it proved very successful besides finding something for those men to do who were able to perform light work.

In July 1916 there was a garden party held in the grounds of North Lees, on the opposite side of the road, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr W.G. Haslam, J.P. The adjacent grounds were spacious and well laid out and the extensive lawn was decorated with flags and festoons of bunting, which had been kindly lent by Alderman R.B. Chambers, J.P., Mr T. Banks [Tenant Street] and Mr T. Ann. A programme of sports was arranged for both soldiers and nurses, prizes being given by Mr Haslam and Councillor Hulse. Patients and nurses from the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, Egginton Hall, Aston Hall and Temple House Red Cross Hospitals, also Military Hospital, Derby, were invited to attend, and arrived in motor cars, lent for the occasion.

The weather was dull and threatening until the evening, when the rain clouds cleared and the sun came out and put a more cheerful aspect on the surroundings. The men, in fact all present, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Games were provided, including croquet, Aunt Sally, quoits, etc., while a rifle range was extensively patronised, the men firing from shooting mats. A large cabinet gramophone discoursed popular music, and everything possible was done to ensure the success of the gathering.

Some of the men had interesting reminiscences of the big battles through which they had passed, and H. Boyle, a veteran private of the Army Service Corps, had seen service in Gallipoli, France, Egypt and Greece, despite the fact that he had attained his 69th birthday. One of his sons in the Royal Fusiliers had given his life for his country while another had been wounded four times. Another patient was Pte P. Shelley, also of the Army Service Corps, who was amongst the last to leave at the evacuation of Suvla Bay. Another inmate was the well known cartoonist, Corporal Henderson. The sports went off with great zest, the hat trimming competition creating great amusement and Private Denton displaying remarkable ability as an amateur milliner.

The results of the sports were:

Shooting: 1, Pte Hatfield; 2, Pte Adams; 3, Pte Pilkington; 4, Lance-Cpl O'Neill; 5, Lance-Cpl Wimmers.

Darts: 1, Corpl Lean; 2, Gnr Clarington; 3, Pte Stowell.

Hat Trimming: 1, Pte Denton; 2, Pte Hatfield; 3, Pte Dean.

Clock Golf: 1, Pte Blott; 2, Corpl Ramsey; 3, Pte Pilkington.

Aunt Sally: 1, Driver White; 2, Pte Booth.

Christmas 1916 brought an enjoyable time. Festivities started early in the day and music could be heard from all over the house – produced by various instruments supplied by Santa Claus, who had kept the soldiers' Christmas stockings well filled with gifts both useful and humorous.

After an early breakfast, those who could manage it were marshalled together by Mrs Hulse and attended the church service at Darley Abbey. On their return a traditional Christmas dinner was served, consisting of turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, then at half past two Father Christmas, accompanied by a little fairy, appeared laden with sacks of presents, each man receiving no less than four presents. Among the gifts were razors, shaving brushes, pipes, tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, fountain pens and flash lights, all of which were greatly appreciated by the men. A festive tea was followed by an excellent concert.

On Boxing Day a whist drive and supper were arranged by the staff, at which many visitors were present. The thanks of the men for the splendid time provided having been accorded, the commandant, Mrs Hulse, stated that the thanks were due to the sister and nurses at the hospital, who had all entered so heartily into the spirit of Christmas in arranging the festivities, and also to the numerous friends who had so kindly provided the many charming and useful presents. Sundry other amusements took place during the week, and the festivities were to close with another whist drive and supper on New Year's Day.

Excellent though this hospital appeared to be, it closed before Autumn 1918. Alderman Hulse became mayor of Derby and Mrs Hulse received the Order of the British Empire in recognition of her service during the war. Haye Leigh itself was sold in April 1919, by which time Mrs Hulse appeared to be living at Oakdene in the same road. The property was later divided into two, but still stands today.

OLAVE BADEN POWELL

When Lady Baden-Powell accepted the position of World Chief Guide, she promised to do her best to help everybody, everywhere. It was a big promise, but not one which was made lightly. A combination of tireless vitality and an indomitable wish to serve, instinctively prompted this remarkable woman to offer the hand of help and friendship around the world. The Baden-Powell name is synonymous with the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements. The distinguished general and war hero, Robert Baden-Powell founded these organisations before he met his wife Olave, but it was she who was to have a profound influence upon the movement and upon the Girl Guides in particular.

Born Olave Soames at Stubbing Court near Chesterfield in 1889, the curious spelling of her name was a result of her father's choice of 'Olaf' if she had been the son he would have preferred. Baptised in Buxted, Sussex [although giving her address as Stubbing Court, Chesterfield], her father Harold was a wealthy brewery owner and the family spent her early years living in Derbyshire. She was educated by her parents and by a number of governesses at home. She lived in 17 homes for the first 23 years of her life.

Olave was brought up somewhat unconventionally by her parents, who always encouraged her participation in healthy outdoor pursuits and she became proficient at riding, sailing and tennis. It was not until she reached her early twenties that she gave much thought to a future beyond the undoubted pleasures which occupied her very comfortable daily life. She accompanied her parents on a number of trips abroad and it was while travelling with her father on board the *Arcadia* during a Caribbean cruise that she met her future husband and the course of her life changed.

Lt General Robert Baden-Powell was sophisticated and worldly, also more than thirty years her senior, yet he found Olave's combination of wholesomeness and lack of cynicism a breath of fresh air. Still a bachelor at 53, he had given up hope of finding a compatible partner, but as the voyage progressed he found himself increasingly captivated by this energetic young woman. For her part Olave found him interesting and not in the least stuffy despite their age difference. It was a whirlwind romance and by the time the ship reached Jamaica they had become secretly engaged.

Despite having reservations about the age difference, Olave's parents eventually agreed to the marriage. Seeking to test his new bride's resilience, the general took her on a camping honeymoon to the deserts of Algeria. He

was happy to record in a letter to his mother that Olave was “*a perfect wonder in camp....a splendid walker, good scout and never loses her way. She looks after me like a mother, absolutely spoils me. You were so right, my dear Ma, when you said one ought to marry a young woman.*”



When her husband had first envisaged the Scouts he thought of it primarily as an outlet for young boys and was somewhat perplexed by the fact that a number of girls expressed a wish to join. Opposed to the idea of co-educational Scout Patrols, the concept of a separate though complementary movement for girls became a reality in 1909 with the formation of the Girl Guides. Although she now had three children to raise, Olave always found time to support her husband’s work, particularly with the Guides. Initially she was considered too young and inexperienced to play a major role in the movement, but through her hard work and dedication she became inextricably part of it and made it her life’s work.

The onset of the First World War plunged the fledgling Girl Guides into the forefront of the war effort, raising funds to set up recreation huts for soldiers recuperating behind the lines. Leaving her young family behind in England, Olave spent the winter of 1914-15 working in France and sharing some of the soldiers’ privations. Although it is recorded that her cooking left something to be desired, her efforts along with the other volunteers were clearly appreciated by the men and this made the leaving of home and her babies seem worthwhile. She recorded in her diary: “*The soldiers are so well behaved and jolly and so grateful for the little we can do to make their life here more bearable*”

The hitherto undiscovered qualities of resourcefulness and stoicism of this privileged young woman began to show through. She was as undaunted by the discomforts of life in wartime France as she had been on honeymoon in the desert. Returning to England the following spring, she worked throughout the wartime years to build up the Girl Guide organisation, endlessly recruiting leaders and commissioners. In 1917 she was appointed

Chief Guide for the whole of the British Empire. Not content with merely being a figurehead, however, she insisted on learning the basic skills which were taught to young Guides, such as knots and signalling.

The Baden-Powells continued to travel the world meeting the members of a movement which had spread across the globe. In 1932 Olave was made Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire for her selfless devotion, but the years were beginning to take their toll upon her husband who was in his eighty-first year at the outbreak of the Second World War. A near fatal illness had persuaded them that continued survival would be enhanced in a warmer climate and they took up residence in 'Paxtu', a modest bungalow in the grounds of the Outspan Lodge near Nyeri in Kenya. It was only intended as a temporary move, but it would be her husband's final journey.

The outbreak of war ruled out any return to England and it was in the tranquility of 'Paxtu' with its idyllic view of Mt Kenya, that they spent the last months of their married life. Lord Baden-Powell died on 8th January 1941 and was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard in Nyeri beneath his beloved red African soil. His headstone was engraved with a small circle, a dot at its centre – the Scout sign for 'Gone Home'.

For a while Olave seemed to lose her courage and it was with a monumental effort that she eventually picked up the pieces of her life. The great leader may have gone, but his work had to continue. Eventually managing to obtain a passage back to England in 1942, she threw herself into her work once more. As the war drew to a conclusion, she became impatient to visit those countries which had been under Nazi occupation and her travels resumed the moment armistice was declared. There was so much to catch up on, as she later noted in her diary. *"I wonder how many people hear me 'talk' in a year, how many letters I write, and how many miles I travel. I certainly have been on the move a good deal and can be thankful that I keep so fit and can go on like this, trying to fulfil the task that my Beloved left to me."*

Olave continued to devote her life to the cause, her relentless drive a testimony to her commitment to the organisation and to the memory of her husband. At the Baden-Powell centenary celebrations in 1957 she made a speech to an assembly of Girl Guides gathered at Windsor, in which she explained her philosophy: *"Each of us has within herself fortifications to resist evil, to keep out the invading enemies of fear and distrust, to overcome what is bad and to strengthen and develop what is good. It is no use shutting out evil unless we put goodness and happiness in its place, and that is where we in this Movement are so fortunate."*

Affectionately regarded as ‘mother of millions’, it was only when she was eighty that she professed herself to be in semi-retirement. She had led a life of great fulfilment, yet she had also known great personal loss – her husband, her only son, a grandson and many of her closest friends had all died before her. The end finally came in 1977 when she was aged 88. Her ashes were buried in her husband’s grave in the tranquil churchyard at Nyeri.



Olave Baden-Powell’s contribution to the Girl Guide movement was enormous and her humour and compassion will always be remembered by those who came in contact with her, but her greatest legacy is the continued worldwide success of a movement which she did so much to shape.

MEMORIAL INSCRIPTIONS

Someone [sorry no name enclosed] sent me the following M.I.s with a connection to Derbyshire, that had been picked up in Herefordshire. We are very grateful and hope someone finds them useful. I have tried to fill in a bit of background information where I can.

FREDA NELLIE LORRAINE WILLIAMS

Born 15 Sep 1915 in Bedwellty, Monmouthshire son of Alfred & Ellen [nee Green] Williams

Working in Greenwich, London as a parlourmaid in 1939

Died 20 Aug 1997 at the Butterfly House Nursing Home, Ripley, Derbyshire and her ashes buried on 7 September 1997 at Storrige, Herefordshire

JOHN HANDLEY GREAVES

Baptised 8 July 1849 at Hathersage, Derbyshire son of Ralph Handley Greaves and Eliza

Married Lydia Smith on 9 July 1890 at Christ Church, Gloucester. Died 1901

Married Fanny Harding on 20 Oct 1904 at Lyncombe St Luke, Somerset

Had two children, Dorothy 1905 and Margaret 1906

Lived at Llangarren, Herefordshire where he died 2 December 1927 and is buried at Marston Herefordshire. His wife Fanny was later buried alongside him on 19 September 1940.

WILLIAM GISBORNE

Born 23 August 1825, St Petersburg, Russia son of Thomas John & Sarah [nee Krehmer] Gisborne

Emigrated to Australia in 1842 and then to New Zealand in 1847

Married Caroline Gertrude Bridgen in 1861 in Auckland, New Zealand.

Appointed to New Zealand Legislative Council in 1869

Had 3 daughters and a son in New Zealand

Returned to England and lived at Lingen in Herefordshire, where he was a magistrate

Died on 7 Jan 1898 at Allestree Hall, Derbyshire on 7 January 1898 and buried at Lingen, Herefordshire.

ALICE AGNES WOOD

Born 28 Feb 1856 at Charlesworth, daughter of John & Emma Wood

Never married, seems to have lived off an income from dividends

Lived London, Hampshire, etc. Eventually bought and lived at Ryelands, Leominster for around 40 years.

Died 12 Nov 1929 in Tours, France of a chill and buried at Flempton Church in Suffolk, near to Hengrave Hall at Bury St Edmunds, the home of her brother, Sir John Wood, Bart.

HENRY WEBSTER

Born Ballington Derbyshire [??] – could be Bollington, Cheshire or Ballidon, Derbyshire

Died 24 December 1802 aged 49, buried at Colwall, Herefordshire

Can't tie this one down, if anyone knows any more please let us know. Might not be Derbyshire at all of course

FRANCIS EDWARD BEARD

Born 1 Feb 1881 at The Manor, Linton, Derbyshire son of John Beard & Mary Jane [nee Finlay]. Father was a brewer and farmer.

Worked as a land agent for a family in Neath, Wales and boarded there before moving to Fernhill, Cradley in Herefordshire

Died 10 November 1910 at Fernhill, Cradley and is buried at Brinsop, Herefordshire

FRANCIS HAMP ADAMS

Born 1822 Stapenhill, Derbyshire, son of Francis Hamp and Amy Adams. Possibly illegitimate, Francis was from Upton Bishop, Amy from Burton on Trent

Married 1865 at Upton Bishop, Herefordshire, Sarah Elizabeth Jones. Worked as a solicitor

Had 7 sons, 3 daughters all born Upton Bishop

Died 7 Feb 1899 and buried at Upton Bishop

CASSANDRA EMMA HURT

Born 12 Dec 1784 at Alderwasley, Derbyshire, daughter of Francis Hurt Jnr & Elizabeth [nee Shuttleworth]

Married Revd John Fleming St John on 5 Jun 1828 at St Werburgh, Derby

Had issue 1 son

Her husband died on 3 August 1848 at Dinmore, Herefordshire and Cassandra followed him on 7 August 1848. They are both buried at Dinmore

HERBERT A WHEELDON

Born 6 Jun 1864, 3rd son of Charles and Matilda Wheeldon of Derby

Studied at Cambridge, became an organist at Ripon, Eastbourne, London and then Toronto before moving to New York where he lived for some years

Returned to England in 1922, giving his future address as Kington, Hereford

Died 1923 aged 59, maybe buried at Lyonshall, Herefordshire

JAMES J SMITH

Died 1967 aged 92, of Barton Park, Ashbourne, Derbyshire

Buried Michaelchurch on Arrow, Herefordshire

Any further information welcome

MARIA ELIZA GRESLEY [DAME]

Born Maria Elizabeth Garway in 1771

Married Sir Nigel Bowyer Gresley, 7th Baronet, of Drakelow Hall, Derbyshire

Had three children, Almeria, Roger [8th Baronet] and Nigel

Sir Nigel died in 1808 and buried in Bath Abbey

Maria died 9 Nov 1840 at Cheltenham, aged 69, buried Ledbury Church

HOME FROM HOME

When we were stationed at Bridge Chapel House, we used to enjoy the different vehicles that would suddenly realise they couldn't get under the low bridge. We would hear the rattle of chains and look out of the window to either find something trying to do a U turn with a load of traffic in the way or it would be creeping under the bridge in the hopes of getting through. We certainly saw plenty of damaged vehicles, even an ambulance once. We thought those days had gone, but arriving at our new home one Monday we saw a van had hit the bridge outside, obviously with some force. Just like the old days. Made us feel right at home!!!!



D.F.H.S. RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



**95 Nottingham Road,
Derby**

New Information Available as at 1 December 2022

Catton:	Catton Hall
Chesterfield:	St Mary & All Saints Church
Darley Abbey:	End of the Mill
Derby:	St Mary's Catholic Church
Etwall:	Etwall Lodge
Glossop:	Derbyshire Town
Hathersage:	Offerton Hall Highlow Hall
Hilton:	Wakelyn Old Hall
Ilkeston:	Portrait of a Town [1969]
Makeney:	Makeney Lodge
Marston Montgomery:	The Village of
Mayfield:	Mayfield Hall
Melbourne:	The Old Mill
Pinxton:	Brookhill Hall
Repton:	St Wystan's Church
Sandiacre:	St Giles Church
South Wingfield:	The Parks
Spondon:	Anne Topham, Governess to the Kaiser's Daughter
Sutton Scarsdale:	The Vanished Splendours of the Hall
Swarkestone:	The Restoration of Balcony Field 1972
Tissington:	St Mary's Church

Whaley Bridge: The Posting House
Wilne: St Chad's Church
Wormhill: Wormhill Hall

Education:

Darley Dale: Churchtown School
Derby: St Philomena's Convent School
Harpur Hill: High Peak College of Further Education
Shirland: Hallfield Gate Old School

Derbyshire People:

Sir William Bagshawe
Sir Francis Burdett of Foremark

Derbyshire Religion:

Churches of Derbyshire: David Paul

Trades & Occupations:

Richardsons—Tanners of Derby

Transport:

The Ashover Light Railway
The Cromford & High Peak Railway

Our usual policy of putting things on the website every 3 months or so has met a bit of a snag, the gentleman who does it for me being extremely busy and unable to manage it at the moment. So I am going to tackle it myself—not sure how that will pan out, but you never know. So please keep an eye on the website, things will be added, just not sure when. Then I will give an update in the next magazine. Several registers are also going to Find My Past, which will go on when they are ready no doubt. Thank you for your patience—Ed

Derbyshire Family History Society

Dec Quarter 2022



A photograph of what looks like a cricket team from Chesterfield Grammar School in 1908. The headmaster in the middle is James Mansell with Mr Osborne seated on his left [right as you look at it], and Charlie Newcome on his right, who was killed in the First World War. We have a few odd names for the others, but if anyone can add to our knowledge we would be most grateful.