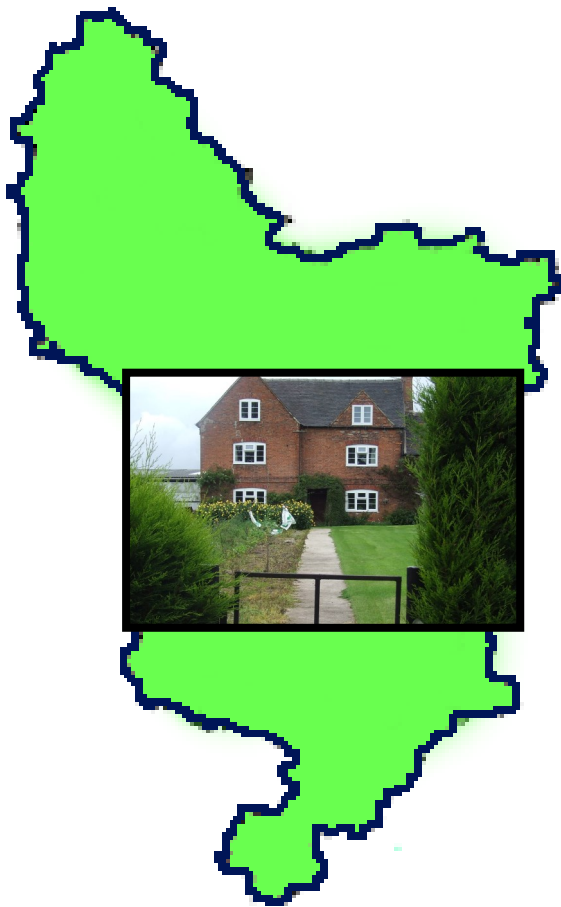


*Derbyshire Family
History Society*



Manor Farm,
Dalbury Lees,
from a
photograph in
our library

See Page 2

Mar 2022

Issue 180

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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 Bridge Chapel House, by cheque or postal order addressed to the Membership Secretary, or by using our website.

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

OVERSEAS—OTHER COUNTRIES £19 [magazines sent digitally]

For both the above payment in dollars or currency other than sterling please add the equivalent of £4 to cover the exchange charge. Alternatively payment may be made by on the website with no extra charge incurred. Standing orders are also still accepted. All cheques should be made payable to Derbyshire Family History Society in full NOT just DFHS or Derbyshire FHS as the bank will no accept cheques made out in this manner.

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 bag 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.

MEETINGS 2022

**DERBY—FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE, ST HELEN'S STREET,
DERBY—Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.**

COULD WE PLEASE HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS ON NEXT YEAR'S MEETINGS. IT SEEMS VERY FEW ARE WILLING TO ATTEND MEETINGS IN PERSON—IS IT WORTH US DOING THEM ON ZOOM. WILL ANY OF YOU ATTEND? COULD YOU PLEASE LET US HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THIS SO THAT WE CAN ARRANGE SOMETHING IF IT IS WANTED. THIS WAS ASKED LAST TIME, BUT AS WE HAD ONLY ONE REPLY WE ARE STILL UNDECIDED. WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

Front Cover Picture—Manor Farm, Dalbury Lees

The marriage was solemnised at St Peter's Parwich, on East Monday, of Miss Mary Edith Webster, third daughter of Mr and Mrs James Webster, Parwich, and Mr James Hodgkinson, youngest son of Mr John Hodgkinson, Manor Farm, Dalbury.

The bride is a member of an old and highly esteemed family, and there were many friends and parishioners present at the ceremony. The Rev H P Cole, Vicar, officiated and the bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a dress of rose crepe-de-chine, and carried a bouquet of daffodils. She was attended by her sister, Miss Thirza Webster, who was dressed in a beige coat frock, and also carried a bouquet of daffodils.

The duties of best man were discharged by Mr L. Webster, brother of the bride. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of presents, and later they left for their home at Top Farm, Dalbury.

Ashbourne Telegraph, 13 Apr 1928

FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the first issue of 2022 and we have several bits of news for you. No update on the move as yet, we are struggling to find premises that we can afford. Please if you know of anywhere, preferably close to Derby as that is where most of our volunteers are based, get in touch.

We are going ahead with our Open Day as advertised on our back page. Please come and join us, there will be plenty going on with a raffle, plenty of stalls to browse around and some special offers to attract new members. If you can let people know about it that would be great, the more visitors we have the better.

Another date for your diary is the AGM, you can find details on page 21. We are looking round for a speaker to entertain you afterwards and hopefully we can welcome some visitors from abroad as it is carried out on Zoom.

More of our data is going on our website and then onto Find My Past. As well as cemeteries we are concentrating on Non Conformist records, but it is a slow job—not so much the transcribing but the checking. My thanks to Steve Miller, who has kindly taken on the job of putting them onto the website for me. He is far more computer orientated than I am. Another load of chapel baptisms have just gone on in the last week or so, check them out if you are interested.

Finally the bad news. As you might have realised, on picking up this latest issue, we have cut down on the number of pages. I am not receiving too many contributions and without meeting reports, there isn't much to fill up the pages—and 80 pages take a lot of filling. So for this issue we have gone down to 60 pages, and even that was a bit of a struggle. I am relying on our library shelves for articles. Sorry about that, but if you would like to see it go back up to 80, get out your pens and paper, or perhaps I should say switch on your computer. Whatever floats your boat!! All contributions gratefully received.

That's your lot for this time, hope you enjoy this issue.

Helen

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SELF-HELP AGAINST CRIME

Crime waves almost invariably follow wars and other periods of social upheaval. Nowadays our police force, undermanned as it is, usually gets control of the situation and bring the majority of law breakers to judgement – or what passes as judgement these days. But what happened in earlier times, before the establishment of regular police forces, when the protection of life and property rested precariously on the shoulders of the unpaid and ill equipped parish constable?

In normal conditions the parish constable system seems to have worked surprisingly well, but in times of social unrest, such as the Industrial Revolution with its rapid rise in population and a change over to factory work, the system broke down. It was an increase in crime during the early years of the Industrial Revolution that caused the people of many towns and groups of villages to take the law into their own hands and form organisations which aimed at the suppression of crime.

The idea seems to have originated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the first Associations for the Prosecution of Felons were formed about 1750, and to have spread gradually over most of the country. Most of the Derbyshire associations sprang up in the 1780s and 90s. The majority of these were wound up about the middle of the nineteenth century, when the establishment of the police and a general improvement in conditions made their continued existence less necessary. There were exceptions, of course – Dale Abbey still had one in existence in the 1950s, Middleton had 80 members in 1938 and Hathersage still had an association as recently as the beginning of the Second World War.

The Derby Telegraph of 29 September 1950 reported on the Annual meeting of the Dale Abbey Association, held at the Carpenter's Arms, Dale Abbey when new officers were appointed and then extracts were read from the minute book from days gone by. In 1850, for example, before the County Police Force had been established, the society possessed, for the purpose of its duties, a horn for sounding alarms, two steel traps and a spring gun. In today's climate one can imagine how that would be frowned upon. A pat on the head not a bullet!!

It was probably those who had most to lose who took the initiative in forming associations. The names of the principal local landowners and farmers figure prominently in lists of members. Several associations, drawing their members exclusively from this class, had specialised aims such

as the prevention of poaching or horse stealing. Chesterfield had an Association for the Preservation of Game as early as 1776. A similar body, covering a large area from Wirksworth and Alderwasley westward to Okeover and Thorpe, was formed in 1786 *“for the Purpose of bringing to Justice without any mitigation whatever all offenders who illegally destroy fish and game in the Night Time”*. This association offered a reward of five guineas for information leading to a conviction for night poaching. The Worksop and District Association for the Prosecution of Horse Stealers, formed before 1779, and the Needwood Forest Association for the Preservation of Game, founded in 1811, operated just outside the boundaries of our county.

Most associations were less exclusive in both aims and membership. Annual subscriptions were rarely higher than five shillings. At Derby they were fixed as low as two shillings, though there was an entrance fee of three shillings in addition. Appropriately the Derby Association was probably the earliest general association to be formed in the county. It was launched at a meeting of the inhabitants called by the Mayor, Thomas Mather, in the Town Hall, on October 27th 1781 *“to take into consideration some proper means for the better securing the persons and properties of the inhabitants, and also to fix upon some sensible plan for bringing all Housebreakers, shoplifters, Pickpockets etc., to justice, and redressing all prosecutors as early as possible.....”*

Unhappily there is no record of what “sensible plan” was evolved, but there is a hint that it was not entirely successful in the bald announcement which appeared in the Derby Mercury in February 1786, over the ominous signature of George Killer, that *“there are Steel Traps and Spring guns in the garden behind my dwelling house in St Peter’s Parish”*.

That the cost of prosecution often prevented action from being taken, already suggested in the notice of the Derby meeting, is made quite clear in the announcement of the formation of the Staveley Association, a few weeks later:-

“Whereas very frequent Felonies, Burglaries and other Depredations have been committed within the parish of Staveley in the county of Derby We the inhabitants....have mutually agreed to prosecute at a joint expense....every such outrage as may be injurious to our Properties and Persons and whereas Offenders afterwards escape through the inability of the injured parties bringing them to Justice We further agree to vindicate and save the harmless in such criminal Prosecutions the other inhabitants of the Parish of Staveley whose circumstances may entitle them to support and assistance”.

This generous gesture may not have been necessary for the county magistrates had already announced that “*all prosecutions against Felons in the County would be paid for by the County*” and added that many felons had not been prosecuted for fear that the county would not stand the expense. The Staveley Association may have been unaware of this when they drew up the regulations. All associations offered rewards for information leading to convictions. Staveley went further and paid rewards “*upon the apprehension of offenders*”.

Each association drew up its own sliding scale of rewards, and there were some interesting variations. The Walton on Trent, Drakelowe, Catton and Rosliston Association paid five guineas for information leading to a conviction of horse stealing, burglary or highway robbery; three guineas for cattle theft; two guineas for poultry theft and a mere half guinea for theft of vegetables or damage to fences.

The Foremark, Stanton by Bridge, Barrow, Swarkestone and Ingleby Association had a similar scale of rewards, but made a rather interesting distinction between day and night work. Whereas a guinea was offered for information leading to a conviction for stealing coals, corn, turnips, cabbages and grass during the night, a mere five shillings was paid if the theft occurred during the day.

The rather sensational offer of £21 reward for information leading to a conviction for murder was made by the Ticknall, Calke and Foremark Association. Life was valued more lightly at Burton on Trent, where the Association offered a mere ten guineas for murder, reducing it to the level of burglary. Highway Robbery, rather surprisingly, was valued at only half that figure.

The sharp rise in crime during the later years of the war against France and the period of depression which followed are clearly illustrated in the Minute book of the Sandiacre, Stanton and Dale Abbey Association. In the early years of this Association, which was founded in 1788, the annual amounts paid out in rewards and expenses could be reckoned in shillings, but in 1819 such expenditure was only a halfpenny short of £24.10s. By the middle of the century, the crime wave was over at Dale, though vigorous action was taken against trespassers in 1857. Indeed the association’s last reward was in 1906, when a new member received 11/6 for information which led to a conviction for fruit stealing, and promptly resigned after receiving his reward.

Family Rumours

In most families there are rumours, whether these rumours are true or not usually go unverified because other members of the family do not know either or may never heard of it. Until that rumour is confirmed or refuted or at least clarified it will always remain a rumour, but there may be that grain of truth. In my family there is such a rumour.

My grandfather was born in Tibshelf in 1901 to Abel and Mary Oridge (nee Babbs).

He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards on 13 April 1921 at Caterham, 3rd Battalion. Regimental number 2607715 for a term of 3 years 9 months. He was discharged from service (termination of engagement) on the 12 April 1933 in London. (Details obtained from his army pay book)



The rumour goes on to suggest that having been caught having too much 'liquid refreshment' he was 'encouraged' to transfer to the military police.



As part of his duties, it was to patrol London railway stations, with another military policeman, for errant military personnel. It was while on duty at a railway station that an errant member of the forces was stopped. While being escorted to the office at the railway station my grandfather and his colleague were made an offer, if they helped him to get out of this situation he would give them a good evening out.

There was one stipulation to the offer; his name was never to be divulged. The reason for this was that he was a member of the English gentry.

It would appear that both my grandfather and his colleague helped him in this situation and agreed never to divulge his name. The bargain was kept and is reputed that the following day my grandfather was well and truly hung over.

True to my grandfather's word the name was never divulged, not even to his family or anybody else.

Is the rumour true or false? I'll leave that for you to decide.

John Henstock [Mem 2558]

E-mail:

THE MUSEUM OF MAKING

In November 2021 I enjoyed my first visit to the newly opened 'Museum of Making' at the Silk Mill in Derby, which is widely regarded as the world's first modern factory, and is now part of the Derwent Valley Mills UNESCO World Heritage site. I discovered that one afternoon is not long enough, so by the time you read this it may be out of date as I'll have been back!

The Museum houses a collection of 30,000 objects charting Derby's manufacturing industries. There are three floors to explore with views of the River Derwent from every window. For family historians there is a lot to discover. Some of my ancestors in Derby were described as workers in silk mills on Census records. I don't know exactly where they worked, but I have a much better idea now about what exactly a silk doubler or thrower actually did.

On the second floor there's 'ASSEMBLAGE,' where you can explore all kinds of objects made of materials such as steel, glass or wood. There is a Trailmaker digital platform to help you discover more about the objects, and you can access this on your mobile device. I checked it out whilst writing this, and found it on my laptop. So you could search for items before your visit and create your own trail around the museum. (derbymuseumstrailmaker.com). There are drawers to open and hanging displays you can pull out with historic photographs on show. I spotted a framed certificate commemorating the individual's long service at Leys in Derby, and it triggered a memory of just such a thing hanging on a wall at my Grandmother's house. Grandad had worked all of his life at Leys, and according to family stories he was highly regarded for his work as a moulder, so much so that he was asked to come back after retirement to help train apprentices.

The second floor is also home to RAILWAYS REVEALED, an area in which I was especially interested, as many family members had worked for the Midland Railway or LMS. Many of the items in Assemblage are part of the Roy F Burrows collection of Midland Railway memorabilia. Roy's father was a MR porter at Swadlincote and he gave his son a small collection of timetables. From that small beginning he amassed tens of thousands of Midland Railway objects. All the paperwork from his collection, probably including those timetables can be viewed at the Midland Railway Study Centre here by special appointment. There is a website; www.midlandrailwaystudycentre.org.uk where you can search for items you might be interested in, or join the society.

Some years ago I contacted them about my great grandfather, a locomotive driver for the Midland Railway, and amazingly they found his MR Service record and emailed it to me, as well as cutting from a Nottingham newspaper mentioning an accident he'd suffered whilst at work. I'd remembered the story of his accident as told to me by my father, but always thought it occurred near Great Longstone. It had in reality happened at what was then Bugsworth as he was driving a goods train to Manchester. (Hassop, Great Longstone, was in fact the place of his birth, so I must have muddled those two places.)



The highlight of the visit for me was the model railway carefully being constructed by volunteers on this floor. I have vivid memories of visiting the original model at the Derby Museum in the late fifties. My Grandma used to take my sister and I sometimes. There were the steps up to the imposing entrance on The Wardwick, and once inside a flight of stairs with an

intimidating array of huge stuffed animal heads bearing fierce horns; stags, buffalo and bison. We had to go through the Egyptian gallery, and a yellowing bare foot of a mummy, with toes sticking out used to make me shudder. We stood on wooden stools or boxes to watch in fascination as the trains chugged around. I always wanted a train set, but being a girl it didn't seem to have been an option.

Museums nowadays are so much more child friendly, with well-lit displays and hands on experiences. I never took any interest in all the dark wooden cabinets crammed with objects back in those days. There is a café at the Museum, but sadly it had just closed. But there are other places to find refreshments nearby in the Cathedral quarter.

If you're a Derby resident you've probably already visited. But if you live further afield I would recommend a trip to Derby and this museum. It's worth at least a weekend, because there are other historic places to see, and you can walk from the Silk Mill up the Derwent Valley to visit the other historic mills.

*Susan Boud [Mem 3018]
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The Oldham Family in Ripley

My great-grandfather and his family lived in Ripley in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Obed Oldham and Mary Jane Ball had married in August 1883 at the Baptist Chapel in Ripley. In the 1891 census Obed and Mary Jane Oldham and their two sons Lewis James (b. 1884) and Albert Ewart (b. 1886) are recorded as living in Outram Street.



Obed and Mary Jane Oldham with their sons Lewis and Albert

The picture on the next page has been found in amongst some family photos. On the back is written “Harvest Festival, late 1890s, Ripley Chapel??” I think that this was written at a much later date. Can anyone confirm that this is where it is? I haven’t been able to find any record of a present-day Baptist Chapel in Ripley and I understand that this building no longer exists. Does anyone have a photograph of the outside of the Chapel?



Obed worked as a traveller for Bembridge and Cox (grocers and wine and spirit merchants) in Ripley. This is another picture that has been found amongst old photographs.



Albert, my grandfather, served in the First World War from 1914 to 1918; in April 1916 the Ripley & Heanor News and Ilkeston Gazette published a very scathing letter that he had written criticising those in Ripley who were conscientious objectors.

“Sir, —I have the pleasure of receiving your paper each week, but what makes me feel ashamed and disgusted with my birthplace is the fact that “conscientious objectors,” as they call themselves are in hiding there. As a matter of fact they are nothing more or less than _____ cowards, and that is using a very mild term. I only regret in a sense that they are not singled out and put without rifle in the first line of trenches to take “pot luck.” If they had only left the apron-strings and seen the awful sights as I have witnessed—and perhaps they and others more helpless might have seen had the tide of success not turned against William the Assassin of Louvain (and they certainly would if Paris had fallen—it was the nearest streak of Fortune that it didn’t). It was sight I shall never be able to forget, old men and women tottering along the roads of France covered with dust, also young women with scarcely enough clothing on to hide their shame. But what could they do, the alarm came in the dead of night. I am thankful to say that the Republic of France will not tolerate anything so low as “conscientious objectors” and surely Ripley of all places ought never to have that stain. So whoever this concerns, for Heaven’s sake wipe out that stain from your so-called religious views and come at once. The apron strings will perhaps remain.—Yours, etc., CORPL. A. E. OLDHAM. Northern France, April 7th”

Albert returned from the war in 1919 and he and my grandmother made their home in Sheffield. Obed left Ripley and made his home in Skegness in 1923.

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NORTH LEES AND RICHARD FENTON



The old road from Sheffield to the Hope Valley ran by Stanedge and here North Lees held a key position, guarding the difficult descent from Stanedge and the line of communication with Sheffield. Unsurprisingly it had close links with the latter town during much of its history.

Little is known about this old hall before 1506 when John Wykersley died possessed of large estates in South Yorkshire and three messuages in Hathersage, one of which was North Lees. He left a two year old heiress, his grand-daughter Eleanor, who later married Robert Swyft and had three daughters. The youngest, Anne, became the wife of Richard Jessop early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and brought to the Jessops North Lees, as part of her Wykersley inheritance. All of these families were rare visitors at North Lees. They usually resided at Broomhall in Sheffield and were important servants of the Earls of Shrewsbury, lords of Sheffield castle and manor.

So who actually lived in North Lees. In the early 15th century William Eyre, father of Robert Eyre of Padley, is known to have occupied it and one of the latter's sons may have done so for a time. In the 1540's Hugh Smythe, the Earl of Shrewsbury's bailiff of Sheffield, was living there, the tenant being his father Lawrence who had it on a long lease from Robert Swyft. The Smythes were members of the little group of substantial burgesses who filled positions of trust in the town and in the service of Earl Francis, who was a very great nobleman of immense wealth. Hugh's sister was the second wife of the wealthy merchant Richard Fenton senior, of Carbrook who was himself related to the Swyfts. When old Lawrence Smythe died he left his

'farm' of half the church of Sheffield to Fenton's only son, Richard Fenton the younger, and all his other leases, including North Lees, to descend to him if Hugh died without children. After his father's death Hugh inherited his house in Attercliffe and went to live there. Hugh died in the autumn of 1560, within a few days of Earl Francis.

Richard Fenton, Hugh's nephew, was at this time about 27 or 28 and the new Earl, to whom he was doubtless well known, a few years his senior. Fenton must have appeared one of the most fortunate young men in Sheffield. The only son in a family of nine girls [his sisters and half sisters], he had succeeded to his father's considerable property while still in his teens. On coming of age he became one of the original Twelve Capital Burgesses of Sheffield under Queen Mary's charter of 1554, being named third, after Robert Swyft and Hugh Smythe. Richard had several substantial houses to live in and was related to all the important people of the town. Though described from time to time as a mercer we hear nothing of his business in this capacity. He was soon buying up property, including small manors, and was frequently designated 'gentleman'.

He can have lived very little at Attercliffe or Hathersage for some years, for in the early 1560s he moved to Doncaster where two daughters were born, Anne in August 1562 [dying a year later] and Margaret in December 1564. The Earls of Shrewsbury regarded Doncaster as being within their sphere of influence so that it was probably in the new Earl's interest that Fenton moved to the borough, where he was soon an Alderman, becoming Public Collector in 1565 and Mayor three years later. Besides seeing the keeping of the first written Corporation minutes, his term of office coincided with the first rumblings of the Rebellion of the Northern Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland against Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Warwick came to Doncaster in command of the Queen's hastily levied forces and there is mention in Fenton's accounts as mayor, of payments made '*when my Lord of Warwick was here*'. The Corporation remained throughout loyal to the Queen. It would appear that the following year the old church fittings were dismantled in accordance with the Elizabethan religious settlement. Fenton bought the organ case and certain chests that the churchwardens were disposing of.

In 1576 Fenton, with another Alderman John Sylvester, was ordered by the High Commission at York to attend a private conference with learned ministers, to overcome their scruples about attending the Elizabethan church services. Such conferences were a common method of dealing with obstinate popish recusants. The discussion does not seem to have had a satisfactory outcome, for Fenton was subsequently imprisoned, but early next year, on the

receipt of letters from the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, he was released. Soon after this he found it prudent to retire to North Lees, where he was certainly living in 1580. From then on he lived there for long periods, becoming increasingly notorious for his determined recusancy. His wife Jennett remained in Doncaster, where she was reported as a recusant from time to time, living apart from her husband.

The date of the present building called North Lees is not known with certainty. The massive spiral staircase was probably constructed in the fifteenth century, but the greater part of it is of 16th century date, and the present front probably later. Its tower-like structure and outward appearance is reminiscent of the Turret House at Sheffield Manor, probably built about 1580. It seems likely that much of the plaster work was executed for Fenton, the ceiling of the first floor chamber with its semi-heraldic ornament bearing witness to this connection. Prominent features in the design are the groups of four fleurs de lis, with the tips point inwards to form a cross. The arms of the Fenton family of Nottinghamshire were argent, a cross between four fleurs de lis sable. Richard Fenton's relationship to this family is not known, but there is no doubt that he claimed the same arms, for the signet ring he used to seal his documents displayed the same coat. Though the fleur de lis was used frequently in plaster work of the period, its application in this instance appears to have been deliberate.

Several heraldic animals disport themselves among the lilies on the ceiling. The Roebuck courant is for Swyft; the greyhound may represent Shierclyff, a family related to the Smythes. The crest – a cubit arm erect, grasping an oak branch acorned – which forms a repeat pattern around the cornice of the ceiling is a mystery. It can be identified as that of the Rodes family of Barlborough, with whom neither Fenton, the Swyfts nor the Jessops had any known connection.

A revealing incident occurred when Fenton was moving his goods to North Lees and passed through Sheffield on the way. "*His wain being there searched, books and other furniture for Mass*" were found, but no further examination of the case was made. In 1585 another incident connected him with Mary, Queen of Scots, who had recently been removed as a prisoner from Sheffield to Tutbury. One of Sir Francis Walsingham's spies reported to him that Ralph Elves, a servant or retainer of Fenton's and a man well known to the Scottish Queen, was making a practice of conveying letters to her.

1588, the year of the Great Armada, saw the country preparing to resist Philip of Spain's projected invasion. Known recusants were rounded up and placed

in custody. As Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire the Earl of Shrewsbury ordered John Manners of Haddon to secure the persons of John Fitzherbert at Padley Hall and Richard Fenton at North Lees. Roger Columbell was sent to perform this duty at the latter place on the very morning when Fenton's daughter Margaret, now aged 23 and married to George Anne of Frickley, had given birth to a child, perhaps in the first floor chamber just described. The search of the house, though probably not a devastating one, must have brought Manners' men into the room where the young mother lay.

“Yesterday being Candlemas daye Mr Columble went himself, early in the morning, with 16 or 20 or our men, to Padley, where he founde Thomas Fizharbert’s wife Anthony Fitzharbert, twoe of his sisters and aboute 20 persons besides....and made diligent searche for Mr John Fitzharbert, yet could not find him....From thence he went to the Northelees and took Mr Fenton, and searched his house, but found no suspicious persons. He used himself very obediently and came with him willingly to Haddon where he shewed a protection and desireth if it may stande with your Lordship’s pleasure, to have the benefit thereof for the liberty to be in his owne house, accordinge to the same...And if this cannot be granted him then his humble request is that he maye have respite to goe to his own howse for a week to take order for his things, and, chiefly, to comfort his daughter, who was brought in bed the same morning and seemed amazed with his sudden apprehension.”

It is unlikely that Fenton was allowed his week at home and by February 16th he had been placed in the custody of a Derbyshire JP, Thomas Knyveton of Mercaston. During the following summer he was imprisoned in the Counter Prison in London. He was released later the same year when the crisis was over, and in the '90s lived more frequently at Frickley with his son in law, or at the neighbouring manor of Burghwallis, which he purchased at this time, rather than at North Lees. In 1592 in a list of *'releevors and favourers of Jesuits and seminaries'* he is mentioned as Fenton of Attercliffe *'dwelling sometimes at Norles'*.

In the plaster round the window embrasures at North Lees were several Latin mottoes, one of them dated 1594. They must surely enshrine Fenton's own reflections on life under the shadow of imprisonment. They read as follows:

Vincit qui patitur 1594 [He who suffers, conquers]

Ad leviora conscius recti mendacia ridet [The man conscious of rectitude laughs at trivial lies]

Velle suum quis est nec voto vivitur uno [Everyone has his own notion of what pleases him and tastes differ]

In 1599 Fenton, now an elderly man in his sixties, was again in prison, this

time at York. He was released before his death, which occurred early in the next century.

Financially, Fenton's recusancy involved him in considerable fines, and some of the property he disposed of in the Sheffield area may have been in connection with these. In the mid 1590's the lease of North Lees reverted to, or was repurchased by, William Jessop, who subsequently lived there for some years and was a Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire. He possibly undertook extensive building operations when he acquired the property. North Lees later became the inheritance of Jessop's daughter Margaret, who married Humphrey Savage. She and her husband were living there with a young family in 1615. The Savages continued at North Lees for two generations and Fenton was forgotten in the old house where the lilies still bear silent witness to his name.

SUMMERHAYES

I have recently come across a letter among my grandfather's collection from World War I. It was signed 'Alf' and for many years I had assumed it was from a cousin of my grandfather. However I have now looked at the letter closely and researched a bit more and can now attribute it to Alfred Summerhayes, born in Derbyshire 1896.

The only reason I can think of why this letter was in the possession of my grandfather is that the two men [along with Alf's brother Fred] were in the same RAMC Field Ambulance and that the letter was brought back to England and never posted.

If any member is researching the Summerhayes family I would be more than happy to pass on a copy for them to see.

Dave Honour
E-mail: davehonour@gmail.com

CAN YOU CONTRIBUTE?

I recently received an email which made me think, but also provided me with an idea to try and fill the magazine, which doesn't get many contributions and has lost pages because of the lack of meeting reports etc. Read on and see what you think and if you can help, please, please do!! The writer has asked to remain anonymous, so we will call him 'Keg' at his suggestion.

"I made a mental division of the present DFHS membership into two parts—the readers and the writers. A writer is a member who has contributed a published article at some point during their membership—the rest are readers. The latter outnumber the writers by some way. Our readers are busy people with lots of obligations, but the biggest stumbling block is that the last time most of them wrote a three page story was for O levels. It wasn't much fun then and it would be a major imposition today. So how about lowering the bar? Very few members have the time or the inclination to write an essay, but surely any potential author could create a publishable snippet in an hour or less. Maybe we could make it a regular column and it would be a column for all DFHS members."

I have to say I thought this was a good idea, so have we got any budding writers out there who could manage a paragraph—or even two.

To start us off here are a couple of items from 'Keg', who says "My brother once told me *'don't tell me any more about our boring ancestors, but if you find a real rascal I might be interested. Even if they were only hanged for sheep stealing'*. He has a point. My ancestors are of great interest to me: if they had not been born, neither would I. But that does not mean that everyone else shares that fascination. On the other hand I believe anybody who has been doing genealogy for a decade must have encountered a few ancestors who are at least as interesting as any of the following examples:

George Knowles, the father of one of my third-cousins had a lack-lustre career, but a magnificent exit. His parents went to London sometime between the 1901 and 1911 census to make their fortune in the evolving movie business. They dumped baby George and his older brother on grandparents in Derby and Matlock, respectively. George, following in his father's footsteps, talked himself into the role of the gorilla in "*Sinbad the Sailor on Ice*" at the Empress theatre in London. His role included a rope descent to the stage from a gantry above the curtain control mechanism. George lost his grip on the rope and fell thirty foot to his death. *Exit stage left on a gurney!*

My second cousin [11 times removed], Thomas, third baron Dacre of the South, owner of Herstmonceux Castle in Sussex, was hanged at Tyburn in 1541. His offence was a hardly more serious than poaching. Thomas and some drunken friends were hunting deer on their side of the fence and the smart deer went over to Lord Pelham's estate on the other side of the fence. Thomas and friends followed. Lord Pelham's gamekeeper appeared, objected and got killed in the resulting fracas. The sentence appears particularly severe in view of the fact that King Henry owed him a favour, Thomas having assisted in the trial of Ann Boleyn only five years previously: he was on the jury. Though of nobility he was not even granted the customary privilege of being beheaded."

So writes 'Keg' and I now hope we can start a trend so that I can have a regular column. Feel free to use a pen name or not as you wish and send in as many snippets as you please, but bear in mind that more than two will be spread over several mags to give everyone a chance.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

To be held on Wednesday 6 April 2022 at 19:00 hrs

We are hoping to arrange a talk to follow. Please see website for details and updates later

The meeting will be a virtual meeting held on the Internet. The meeting will be on ZOOM and the number of places is limited to 100.

If you wish to attend the meeting please book your place by emailing

dfhs.agm@virginmedia.com

The meeting link, agenda and any other documents will be emailed to you

TWO RAF HEROES

Sergeant Pilot William Burley Higgins was born in the tiny village of Belp near Whitwell in the extreme north-east of the county, the eldest of nine children. A keen and successful sportsman, he trained for the teaching profession and was appointed to a post at his old junior school in Whitwell. He was widely known and popular in the district, excelled at football and cricket, and was a natural shot – an essential attribute for an intending fighter pilot.

Burley Higgins joined the RAFVR in 1937, learning to fly at Tollerton airfield near Nottingham. He soloed before the war began, and in the winter of 1939-40 completed his training at Sealand in Cheshire, converting to the Hawker Hurricane fighter, a rugged reliable machine, the first of the modern eight-gun RAF interceptors, and the mainstay of Fighter Command throughout 1940. By June of that year, as a raw 26 year old, he was posted to 32 Fighter squadron based at Biggin Hill, 'The Bump' in Kent. The 32nd Pursuit as they called themselves were in the thick of the aerial action when the Battle of Britain began in July and by the end of August had literally fought themselves to a standstill. From the forward airfield at Hawkinge they flew patrols over Channel convoys proceeding through the Straits of Dover.

Higgins first tasted blood early in the Battle on 3rd July when Dornier 17 bombers of 11KG77 launched a surprise late afternoon raid on the East Kent airstrip at Manston. Higgins was one of a flight of three patrolling Hurricanes who intercepted one of the raiders, attacking it in turn until it crashed near Wateringbury. Under the peculiar RAF claims system of the time he was awarded half a Dornier, despite the fact that three pilots had shared in its destruction.

Sergeant Higgins first full victory occurred on 20th July when the squadron went into action around 6pm in defence of a convoy boasting the unusual code name BOSOM, which was under attack ten miles off Dover. With two other squadrons in support, 32 waded into a whole *Stukageschwader* protected by over 50 Messerschmitt 109s and 110s. Flying Hurricane P3679 Higgins shot down a twin-engined 110 escort fighter, but his machine was then hit and damaged and himself slightly wounded by gunfire from an attacking 109. It is believed that Higgins' assailant was Hauptmann Tietzen of 11JG51. If so the Derbyshire man had a fortuitous escape, as Tietzen was at that time the fourth highest scoring German ace with 20 victories to his credit. Ironically Tietzen himself was shot down a month later off the Thames Estuary.

Higgins' revenge came on 12th August when he claimed an Me 109 off the South Coast. Nearly a fortnight later, on the 24th, in the middle of the Battle proper, 32's Hurricanes became mixed up in a dogfight with 109s of JG51 over Folkestone around 4.25pm. The more manoeuvrable RAF machines held the advantage in this sort of melee and Higgins, latching on to an enemy fighter's tail, sent it crashing into the sea. By this time the tired survivors of 32, who had been fighting almost non-stop since before Dunkirk, had just about reached their limit, a crisis exacerbated by the second phase of the Luftwaffe battle tactics, which concentrated on the Kentish fighter airfields of 11 Group, subjecting the fighter pilots to increasing pressures both in the air and on the ground. Consequently 32 was withdrawn north to Acklington for a much deserved rest. A call for volunteers, however, resulted in Higgins' return to Kent where he joined 253 squadron, another Hurricane unit, at Kentley. From this time until his death a fortnight later, he was in almost continuous action against the enemy, opposing German attacks as a daily routine.



By September Higgins was obviously a veteran, albeit a strained and tired one. He gained his final victory on 11th September when he despatched a 109E-4, which crashed at Houndean Bottom near Lewes at 3.30pm. The enemy pilot, Staffeln Kapitän Hauptmann Wiggers, died in his cockpit. In 1978 the Wealden Aviation Archaeological Group investigated the crash site and a local resident presented them with a swastika decorated tail panel, doubtless purloined from the wreckage at the time of the crash.

Sergeant Pilot W.B. Higgins met his end battling with the enemy over Sheppey in the late afternoon of Saturday 14th September. He and Sergeant J.A. Anderson, outnumbered by a swarm of 109s, fought to the death. The latter baled out over Faversham, severely wounded, and Higgins' Hurricane went down on fire to crash land on Swanton Farm, Bredgar, near Sittingbourne. An onlooker drove three miles to the downed fighter, guided by the smoke from his burning tail section. He pulled the young pilot from the cockpit, but he was already dead from wounds sustained in his last action. He died ironically on the eve of 15th September, the day before Fighter Command's most telling victory, when it repulsed and decimated large Luftwaffe formations attacking London.

With at least four and a half victories to his credit, Higgins was within a mathematical fraction of becoming an RAF ace, and it is interesting to note that apart from the shared Dornier 17, his four single victories were all German fighters, an Me 110 and three of the much-vaunted 109s, which on paper outclassed the slower Hurricanes on most counts. The news of their local hero's death cast a gloom over Whitwell where his exploits had been well publicised; the local children especially venerated him both as their daring ex-teacher and as an RAF stalwart, one of a glamorous breed whose exploits were making daily front page news. His body was brought home to Derbyshire, and was borne to St Lawrence's Church, Whitwell, on an army lorry, followed by a lengthy procession which included a whole host of representatives from local military and civil associations. Blinds were drawn throughout the village and flags flew at half mast. Hundreds of people lined the pavements to pay their last respects as the cortege passed by; the churchyard was crowded, and the church itself packed to capacity with mourners, who included his fiancée and numbers of children who had gathered to give their popular schoolmaster a last farewell. Sergeant Higgins thus lies buried in his native earth, in a quiet corner of Whitwell churchyard.



The two brothers lie side by side in Whitwell Churchyard

His brother, Michael, another RAF pilot who flew Dakota transports in Burma, took part in the Berlin Airlift, and died in a Pyrenean crash whilst flying for British Midland Airways in 1961, is interred in the same plot. Another brother, James Stewart, also flew with the RAF, piloting obsolete Fairey Battle bombers in France, bombing German invasion columns in the spring of 1940 – one sure way of not achieving longevity at that time! James, however, happily survived to fly in the Berlin Airlift, reach the rank of Wing Commander, and receive the DFC.

The service career of Cyril Hassall was a complete contrast to that of Burley Higgins. Born in Derby in 1913, he commenced a career in banking in 1929. Ten years later he joined the RAFVR as an observer, being just above the upper age limit for acceptance as a pilot. He spent the winter of 1939-40 training in the skills of navigation, bombing and gunnery, and in March was posted, as a sergeant, to 35 squadron for familiarisation with the Bristol Blenheim light bomber. Within a few months he had moved, first to 101,

then to 18 Squadron, with whom he carried out 37 operations, including a number of raids on enemy barge concentrations massed in the Channel ports in readiness for the invasion of England. These operations, undertaken both by day and night in the outmoded Blenheims established Cyril Hassall as a survivor and he was granted a well earned rest in May 1941, serving as a Navigation Instructor in No 13 OUT. Whilst still officially resting he nevertheless flew in 1942 on the 1000 bomber raids on Bremen and Dusseldorf, operating in obsolescent Whitleys.

In September 1942 Hassall passed his Navigation Instructor's course and was shortly afterwards commissioned Pilot Officer, having progressed through the NCO ranks as Flight Sergeant and Warrant Officer. He teamed up with Squadron Leader Steven Watts RNZAF in October 1943, a successful combination which lasted until the New Zealander's untimely death in July 1944. They trained on the superb De Havilland Mosquito light bomber, the 'wooden wonder', a private venture aeroplane which outpaced most German fighters and was one of the great success stories of RAF aviation in World War II.

Watts, who became a great friend of Hassall's, was eventually promoted Wing Commander early in 1944 to lead 692 squadron, based at Graveley, a unit in which both officers were already serving. In February the pair had the distinction of dropping the first 4000lb 'cookie' ever carried by a Mosquito, a specially modified machine with a bulged bomb-bay, which speedily earned it the nickname of 'pregnant duck'. In early April they returned from a raid on Hamburg to a fog bound base, landing safely by courtesy of the newly installed FIDO, fog dispersal equipment which cleared the atmosphere by the burning of prodigious amounts of petrol.

On the evening of 12th May 1944, the squadron was briefed for a most dangerous and important mission, the laying of aerial mines in the Kiel Canal to deny the Germans the use of this vital waterway link for bringing up supplies to counter the impending Normandy landings. The squadron practised on a stretch of the Old Bedford river and studied large scale photographs and detailed models, which marked the formidable anti-aircraft and balloon defences which protected this significant target. The operation was to be carried out exclusively by 692, whose brief was to mine a three mile stretch of the canal reputed to be undefended though surrounded by balloons and ack-ack. Zero hour was scheduled for 0340 hours on Friday the 13th and the attack force totalled 13 aircraft; definitely not a mission for the superstitious!

Watts' aircraft led the squadron and Hassall's expert navigation enabled them

to achieve a precise landfall, exactly on schedule. The bright moonlight picked out the canal and the aircraft swung in on their attack runs at such a low level that it seemed the Mosquitoes were flying through the gardens of the houses backing onto the waterway. All the mines went down accurately, with the exception of one which hit the bank. The flak, which was expected to cause up to 60% casualties, shot down only one aeroplane, almost inevitably the 13th, a late addition to the mission. The special part magnetic and part acoustic mines, with delayed action fuses set to operate at a variety of times, closed the canal for many days and at a critical time held up a million metric tons of essential cargo. It was, incidentally, the first time that Mosquitoes had ever carried mines.

On 22nd May Hassall was awarded a well deserved, if belated, DFC, and a bare three days later a bar to this decoration was announced in the London Gazette. His pilot, Steve Watts, received the DSO. Air Chief Marshal Bomber Harris, Commander in Chief of Bomber Command, sent Hassall a personally signed telegram expressing his warmest congratulations on the awards.



Hassall [with moustache] and Watts standing alongside their Mosquito

By this time Flight Lieutenant Hassall had completed 42 out of the 50 missions required to fill the quota for his second tour of operations. By late June he and Watts had reached their half century. Hassall was immediately posted to 1655 Mosquito Training Unit as an instructor and Watts was grounded to await repatriation. Tragically he flew a last sortie with 692 in early July, from which he and his navigator, a fellow New Zealander, failed to return. In the autumn of 1944 Hassall volunteered for a third tour of operations as a Squadron Leader and Navigation Officer with the newly formed 142 Mosquito Squadron. By 22nd March 1945 he had completed exactly 100 operations, and it was forcibly put to him that he should now gracefully call it a day. He stubbornly rejected this advice, and on a mission to

Berlin on 14th April, one of his aircraft's engines cut out on the return trip. The Mosquito gradually lost height and they gingerly headed for the emergency airfield at Manston.

Whilst coming in to land, the pilot saw an aircraft still on the runway and elected to go round for a second attempt. This, on one engine, was a horrendous experience for both pilot and navigator, and the overburdened and abused Merlin, revving at full throttle, took ages to lift the bomber to a safe height, but eventually they came down safely. By this time word was passing rapidly round Group that Hassall had 'bought it' at last. However, not only had he survived, but he had the temerity to tempt fate yet again by flying to Berlin on the night of 20th April – his 26th flight to that much blitzed city, and incidentally his last operation of the war.

Just before Christmas 1945, and shortly after demobilisation, this gallant, tenacious, stubborn and long serving veteran, whose operational service had lasted just under five years, learned that he had deservedly been awarded the DSO. The citation described him as 'an excellent navigation leader' who had '*consistently displayed a high degree of courage, skill and devotion to duty*'. He was invested with the DSO, DFC and bar by King George VI at Buckingham Palace on 11th November 1947.

After the war Hassall returned to banking and ended his career as Manager of the Friar Gate branch of the Derby Trustee Savings Bank. He retired to live quietly at Darley Abbey and one wonders how many of his neighbours knew him as a highly decorated veteran of over one hundred operational flights, who served in the Royal Air Force virtually throughout the Second World War.

The Derby Swimming Baths in Full Street reopened in 1886 from 6 am to 8pm, with ladies 8am to 10am and 4pm to 6pm every day. A season ticket was 10s 6d for first class and 6s for second class. All were valid for one swimming season. A single visit would cost 6d for a first class bath and 2d for a second class bath while if you fancied a warm slipper bath, fifty tickets would cost £1 and twenty five tickets 10s. All tickets could be purchased at the baths from the first day of opening.

Just look at the hours and now in 2022 Derby will be without a swimming baths at all unless you fancy a long and weary bus ride to get to Moorways, and even then a proper swim will be unlikely as Moorways has been turned into a fun pool. I think its called progress, but I don't think much to it!!

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

66. Dalbury All Saints

About six miles west of Derby, there is a deep country village virtually unchanged since the 18th century enclosure caused it to be surrounded by hedgerows. Known as Dalbury Lees, it is in fact made up of three parts according to early Ordnance Surveys, namely Lees Green in the north [that runs onto Long Lane], Lees in the middle grouped around what looks like a village green, and Dalbury, where the lane peters out into a mud track and the church.



Dalbury, meaning the burgh of Dealla's people, is the mother settlement and an ancient one being mentioned twice in the Domesday book. All but a little of it belonged to Henry de Ferrers and already had a church and a priest, six villains and one smallholder. The remaining 30 acres or so came under the jurisdiction of the manor of Mickleover, which had been a Royal manor before 1066.

The list of rectors going back to 1299, includes plenty of Cottons who were lords of the manor as well as patrons of the living at the time, and as their main seat was Etwall Hall the old manor house next to the church became the rectory. The Rev Charles Evelyn Cotton, rector for half a century, made extensive alterations and set his garden out as the willow pattern, exact in every detail down to the bridge and a boat on the water. Nowadays there is no rectory and the present incumbency, responsible for Longford, Long Lane, Radbourne and Dalbury Lees, has his vicarage at Long Lane.

Dalbury is a village of farms and still laid out much in the medieval manner. There is a strong tradition that there was once many more houses and the population was greater, being wiped out by the Black Death. This, of course, accounted for much rural depopulation and a change in farming methods resulting from the shortage of labour.

Lees is a much later settlement and dates from enclosure time, sitting attractively around its recreation ground that looks more like a village green. The Black Cow, the charming village pub, dominates the green and could be

of Georgian vintage but has been altered so much it is difficult to be sure. There are many visitors from miles around in the summer months. There was once a rival pub called The Easy Chair, long gone but remembered by Easy Chair Lane. By the side of the Black Cow there are many new houses where once farm workers cottages stood and this street runs on to connect with Long Lane.

All Saints is far off the beaten track. It is approached down a narrow lane far from most of the Dalbury residents, who live a good miles away, but it still has a fairly good congregation. The village has always had a church, but this one has no trace of the original building. It would seem that the church was rebuilt somewhere in the first half of the thirteenth century and some features remain. The tower is of this date though the battlements were added later and the arch supporting it is ornamented with tooth moulding. There are one or two early lancet windows in the nave, one of which contains a representation of St Michael dating from the early twelfth or early thirteenth century, and it is the oldest piece of stained glass in the county. The church itself is quite small, consisting of nave, chancel and vestry, until the addition of a north aisle in 1844. This included the provision of new timbers for the roof, which are elaborately carved.

The seating is in box pews which could possibly have been inserted during the 1629 alterations, but are more likely to date from 1844, although there are two or three pews under the turret which look as though they might have survived from the earlier date. There is no sign of a rood loft and screen, but there is a really magnificent pulpit. The organ was transferred from the rectory during the last century and the chancel contains two carved arm chairs of high quality, dated 1698 and 1895. There are several memorial tablets, one of which is to Francis Harris who died in 1807 and was tutor to the family of Pole of Radbourne, was curate of Dalbury and also rector of the parish of Brobury in Gloucestershire. Another is to Charles Evelyn Cotton who died in 1857 and was rector for 50 years, although the list of incumbents states that between 1807 and 1831 Charles Evelyn Green held the living. The explanation for this is that Mr Green changed his name as a condition of receiving an inheritance.

One wonders how long this small isolated church can continue to be of service to its parish. One hopes for a long time yet as it has a special beauty all of its own.

HEANOR WAKES

Heanor Observer, 17 Aug 1916

“The holding of the Wakes in wartime does not meet with everybody’s approval, but that it is appreciated by a large section of the public appeared evident from the large crowds which have thronged its avenues during the early part of the week. The second week in August is Heanor’s holiday, and, though owing to the exceptional conditions under which we are living, necessary work at collieries and munition works had to be done, there has been a spirit of holiday reigning and many have taken the opportunity of enjoying a brief rest from the ordinary routine of labour.

As to the Wakes itself, it was of the usual type, being mainly composed of roundabouts, swings, hoop-la’s and shies and stalls of various descriptions. Now that the permanent establishments have knocked out the travelling shows, much of the attraction of these outdoor celebrations has vanished and except that they mark a certain epoch of the year, it is doubtful whether they serve any really useful purpose. Man is a gregarious animal, however, and the excuse of the Wakes is that it permits much social enjoyment and the gathering of those long sundered and warm our hearts one toward the other. The proprietors of the various establishments have been somewhat handicapped this year by the order of the Urban council that they should close down at nine o’clock, but this was only right and proper in view of the new lighting regulations and the way they are enforced upon others. The light nights have allowed some extension without the necessity of illumination and the authorities have not been too hard upon our visitors in conformity with safety.

The tradespeople of the town were largely loyal to the recommendation of the Tradesmen’s Association to carry on business as usual. On Saturday the Wakes was very crowded, the town being full of visitors, but the pleasure of Monday was largely spoiled by the evening’s downpour, which, however, was a good thing for the picture houses. Now that the turmoil is almost over, we are hoping for a settling down to the more serious business of ending the war and bringing about once more the happy days of peace.”

The Ripley and Heanor News of 18 August also had a couple of mentions about the Wakes, though they didn’t seem to register the disapproval of the public.

“Saturday saw the opening of Heanor’s annual wakes. They were largely attended. The market square was packed with amusements of various descriptions, though all the proprietors were under strict orders from the

Urban Council that their establishments must close down at nine o'clock in the evening in conformity with the Lighting Regulations.

All the local factories and works made holiday. The collieries, however, were working.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Tradesmen's Association, most of the shopkeepers were open during the usual hours."

"The annual churchyard service in connection with the Wakes was held on Sunday afternoon.

The Rector [Rev Ashley T. Corfield], assisted by the Revs Eyles and Rogerson, conducted the service. The Rector addressed the gathering on the meaning of Wakes Sunday, claiming it to be the anniversary of the founding of the ancient church of St Laurence, which had stood on that site for 1000 years. The present church tower was built in 1450 and the churchyard was formerly the burial ground of the whole parish, the next nearest being in Selston parish.

After the evening service in church the Rector presided over a service from one of the roundabouts, and Mr Eyles gave the address."

"Late on Monday night Police-sergeant Cosgrove made a smart capture at the Heanor Wakes, apprehending John Walvin, who has been wanted for some time for an alleged assault on a young girl at Alfreton.

The officer saw the man loitering about the wakes ground, and, recognising him from the official description, promptly took him in charge. Walvin was handed over to the Alfreton police on Tuesday and the day following, at Clay Cross Sessions, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment."

WHITWORTH PHOTOGRAPHS

Readers may remember the picture of a procession shown in our June 2020 edition. A banner showing the Good Shepherd was being carried and the general view was that it was a church or Sunday School procession from the early twentieth century. It was one of a group of loose pictures and two albums found in a house clearance. Now, work by your Secretary and Chairman has uncovered a little more about the family involved.

The key figure is Henry Whitworth, born in Pinxton in 1855. As an adult he ran a butcher's business from various addresses in the Boyer Street Area of Derby. He had five brothers and four sisters, so there was plenty of scope for family photographs. One of the albums appears to have belonged to him. He married his first wife, Eva Ellen Neale in 1884 in Lincoln, but she died a year later.

His second wife, Alice Ward Kington, who he married in 1900, brought the other album with her, having been presented with it by Miss Janet Ford on her 21st birthday, 13 January 1879.. She was, therefore, a woman 42 marrying a man who was already 45. The couple had a son, William Henry, who lived a brief life from 1906 to 1910 and they adopted Reginald Booth Whitworth, born 1901, who married twice but left no descendants. This may account for the albums ending up in limbo.

Eva Neale was the daughter of John Thomas Neale, 1844-88, a Primitive Methodist minister in Lincoln at the time of her marriage. One photograph may be of his chapel in Lincoln. Another, more modest village chapel, is noted as being in Thame. There are a few more portraits from Lincoln and several throughout the albums which seem to be of ministers. Alice Kington married Henry Whitworth at Trinity Baptist Chapel, Green Lane, Derby. One of her brothers also married there but another brother and sister married at Christ Church.

Other clues to the families involved are the Second World War Identity cards for Henry and Alice, then living at 98 Wood Lane and two cards, probably sent with wedding cake, from Mr & Mrs W Hardy (Florence Green), 110 Dairy House Road, Derby, 16 Sep 1916, and from Mr and Mrs Thomas Holland (Beatrice Butterworth), 87 Radbourne St, 15 Sep 1900.

An analysis of the photographers used shows 19 in Derby, 9 in Sheffield, 4 in Nottingham and Lincoln, 2 in both Ripley and Belper, and 1 in each of Chesterfield, Burton, Southampton, Harrogate, Yarmouth, Uxbridge,

Loughborough and Peterborough. If you have Whitworth or Kington lines in your family tree you may be able to match up with some of the people involved.

Stephen Orchard

HELP WANTED !!

We have been chasing a red herring for over forty years and now find that the chap we have been searching for is not his real name! The name was ALFRED JOHN TAYLOR born about 1838.

We were unable to find a birth or marriage for him to Rebecca HEBDITCH. Rebecca's ancestry goes way back but for AJT nothing. He died in London in 1882 and Rebecca went back to York where she was born, with her four children.

Someone has now contacted us and states that AJT had been married to her great grandmother and his name was ALFRED JOHN TAYLOR ELLIOTT, and she knew all about the other women. On the census he gave a fictitious name as to where he was born.

If anyone can help with the above we would be extremely grateful, or if anyone would like a large Taylor file I will willingly forward this on.

*Beryl Cheeseman
33 Beacon Hill
Dormansland
Lingfield RH7 6RQ*

HALTER DEVIL CHAPEL

Not far from Derby and very close to Mugginton, is a Grade II chapel attached to a farmhouse. It has a spooky tale attached to it and is one of the smallest and strangest chapels to be found—yet many people have never heard of it.



Standing well back from the lane and measuring around 13 feet square, it is built of stone with a rear wall of brick. The door is positioned neatly in the middle, a bit like a child's drawing with a window either side. The inside is mainly wood, plain but beautiful with a wooden pulpit a small altar and even a harmonium. It holds fifteen or twenty people at a time.



What is known about the chapel? Well the facts are few, but the story has gone into legend with several variations. It is accepted that the chapel was built in 1723 by an 18th century yeoman farmer called Francis Brown. Why he did so is not so certain. The following story is one explanation.

Francis Brown was a heavy drinker and to fund his extravagant lifestyle he had appropriated some public funds. Accordingly he was a very disturbed man one dark and stormy night when he decided to ride into Derby—probably to get even drunker. His wife tried to dissuade him, but Francis went out to the field to get his horse. That animal was rushing around,

frightened by the storm and refused to stand still to be haltered. Furious Francis shouted out “If I can’t halter thee, I’ll halter the devil”, at which point the horse vanished in a flash of lightening and poor Francis found himself staring at a black face with horns.

Terrified Francis ran back inside the farmhouse and at that point declared he was going to give up the drink and no longer use public money. As a final act of repentance he would build a chapel and endow it with land.

A wonderful tale and certainly the little Chapel is simple, but beautiful and indeed still used on special occasions. At one time you could call in and look around, but it is now no longer open to anyone just passing by, which is a shame. As for the story, one would assume that the lightening flashed, spooked the horse, who ran off, and Francis was left staring at one of his own cows which evidently, in his panic, he didn’t realise. The horns would add to the image of the devil suddenly appearing.

Certain it is that Mr Brown came to his senses and became a reformed man. It is said that the chapel once had a stone tablet attached to it that read:

*“Francis Brown in his old age
did build him here an hermitage 1723
Who being old and full of evil
Once on a time haltered the devil”.*

The tablet has long since disappeared, but it was terrible poetry anyway. If you are near Mugginton anytime, go and take a look. Its well worth it.

MEMBERS INTERESTS

A new member has asked us to put her research interests into the magazine and I am delighted to oblige.

She is researching WHITMORE, LOVATT, JEPSON, BEASTALL, JACKSON, TAYLOR AND WALLER. All, I assume, of Derbyshire.

If you are interested please contact her at
heloisebeastall@gmail.com

THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS

Armistice Day 1918 was obviously a day of jubilation. Crowds in Derby danced in the streets, singing and waving flags and drinking much watered down beer, called 'Lloyd George's Ale'. Early in February 1919 the demobbed battalions started to return, starting with those who had been held as Prisoners of War. Over several weeks the Sherwood Foresters and Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry came home and locals cheered them as they stood in Derby Market Place.

Derby's own regiment, the 1/5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters arrived on the 27th June and received a rapturous welcome all the way from the railway station to the Market Place. In Parliament the Prime Minister announced that Saturday 19th July 1919 would be 'Peace Day' and a Bank Holiday so that the end of the Great War could be celebrated nationwide. A peace committee was immediately formed by Alderman Blews-Robotham, which raised £5,434.16s.7d from local companies, employees and individuals including £100 from the Duke of Devonshire. This fund enabled many activities and events to be held across the town and surrounding areas.

The programme for the celebrations was outlined in the Derbyshire Advertiser of 11 July 1919. The children were to be entertained on the Friday, assembling on the various recreation grounds where bands will play for the entertainment of the general public. *"on the Saturday the programme will include a morning procession of decorated motor cars and a battle of flowers. In the afternoon there will be a carnival and sports on the Normanton Recreation Ground, as well as a regatta and aquatic sports in Darley Park. Of course the chief feature will be the Victory March of some 10,000 returned soldiers, including a large proportion of men who have been in the thick of the fighting...."*

So on Thursday 17th July the Mayor visited 32 schools in the Borough of Derby, where he presented specially struck medals to 25,000 school children for 'Endurance of the War on the Home Front'. The following day was the designated Children's Day and street parties were held across town and country, where each child was presented with an inscribed cup or mug as a keepsake of the day.

On the Friday evening officers and men of the Sherwood Foresters and a number of civilian friends held a victory dance and social at the Barracks. A preliminary programme of dances was followed by a splendid variety entertainment and accompanied by plentiful refreshments.

On Peace Day itself, Saturday 19th July, all public buildings had been lavishly festooned with decorations and proceedings began at 8am with a combined peal of bells from five town churches. Two hours later a muffled peal was rung '*in memory of those who had made the supreme sacrifice*'.

The fancy dress competitions provided great merriment and winners were presented with their prizes by the Lord Mayor in the Market Place. Decorated motor cars were won by Trent Motor Traction and Mrs Preston Jones, while the ladies and gents prizes went to Lily Shrimpton as a bride's cake and Mr Hulse as Mephistopheles. Another Mephistopheles was Oscar Bewley, who won the decorated cycles competition. The Decorated Perambulators was won by J.H. Collins, but the second prize, awarded to C.H. Abrahart, was won by a child that was born without legs after a Zeppelin raid.

A maroon rocket was then fired into the air to give the signal to the whole town that '*The Battle of Flowers*' was about to begin. Tricorn hatted officials carrying large banners preceded the Lord Mayor's car as it headed down the Corn Market towards St Peters Street. The first shots came from the car as the Mayoress and her daughters opened up with a volley of roses aimed at the excited crowds, who immediately fired back with confetti provided to the crowd for free. The battle went on as long as the ammunition lasted, leaving the streets of Derby one carpet of flowers and confetti.

This ended the central Derby celebrations, but the day continued elsewhere. The ex-servicemen marched off to the county cricket ground where a carnival and events were being held. Each man had been given his ticket plus coupons to the value of ten shillings with which to enjoy himself and not surprisingly a lot of this went into the refreshment tents. A huge tea tent big enough to feed an army was provided, but even so it was not equal to the calls of the attacking force. The mineral water tent literally fell beneath the strain at an early hour, but the supply of England's national beverage survived the supreme test, even though eventually every consumer had to provide his own drinking vessel, the stock of glasses having given out. Uniquely Derby pubs had been granted a licence and with the strength of beer now back at near pre-war levels, the outcome was perhaps obvious causing the Derby temperance movement to loudly condemn the celebrations as bringing disappointment and disgrace to the town.

The coupons were spent in great numbers, the coconut shy reaping a rare harvest and the merry go rounds put up the price of a ride to sixpence. A concert comedy company warbled for the benefit of the crowd and three bands added to the merriment with joyful selections. Meanwhile an open air

boxing tournament and athletic sports were held. The boxing had a six rounds contest between Harry Carson, twice middleweight and heavyweight champion of India, and Jim Mannering of Gillingham, the former eventually proving the winner. The chief events in the athletic sports programme were a mile flat handicap and a half mile cycle handicap, with varying flat races for children and soldiers. All good fun.

A grand firework display brought the cricket ground celebrations to a most successful end.

The celebrations were also carried on elsewhere. At Markeaton there was a full day's golf on the links featuring a normal competition, mixed foursome, driving contest and putting competition. Specially designed medals were awarded to the winners.

On the Arboretum Ground a progressive tennis tournament was played by 86 players. Play commenced at 11 a.m. and carried on all day. The winners all received a certificate, which could be exchanged for a peace medal when these were ready. Also on the Arboretum Ground was a Crown Green Tournament for bowls with the Arboretum team taking three of the first four prizes.

Finally there were a range of attractions in Darley Park, placed at the committee's disposal by Mrs Walter Evans. These included athletic sports, a swimming gala and aquatic carnival regatta. There was a large crowd of spectators and the Derby Town Brass Band contributed a particularly pleasing programme. There were thirteen events in the sports programme, with specially designed medals as prizes.

The swimming events comprised a large range of events for both swimming and diving, as well as life saving, again with special medals as prizes. In the afternoon Mr J. H. Watson of the Derby Swimming Club gave a very fine diving exhibition. The rowing provided excellent sport and some close finishes, one race resulting in a dead heat. Owing to the late hour at which the rowing commenced, several humorous aquatic events had to be abandoned, no doubt to the spectators' disappointment.

So ended the Peace Day in Derby. No doubt many who took part and even more who watched it would remember this day for long enough. Do any of the special medals or children's cups still exist to commemorate this day I wonder?

THE WILMOT CARDS

The Wilmots of Chaddesden were one of the county's leading families. In her studies of Derbyshire soldiers in the 1st World War Helen Betteridge acquired a packet of picture postcards which included some Wilmots who served then. Closer examination found that the cards were probably collected by Audrey Wilmot, who died in 1966. She was the fourth child of Francis Edward Wilson Wilmot (1849-1911) and Katherine Norbury. Francis was a grandson of the 3rd baronet, Sir Robert Wilmot and held the family living as vicar of Chaddesden from 1878 to 1895, when he moved to Burbage, Buxton. In 1902 he became Rector of Monnington-on-Wye, Herefordshire, until his death on 12 January 1911. His brother Richard (1864-1941) was Rector of Bishopstone, Herefordshire, and conducted his funeral. In all Francis and Katherine, known as Kitty, had eleven children, five boys and six girls. The older children grew up in Chaddesden and Buxton; the younger ones in Buxton and Herefordshire. The boys were sent to school in either Hereford or Worcester.

The 30th July 1904 was probably the happiest day in the lives of the Wilmot family. The second daughter, Mary Sacheverel Wilmot, was married at Monnington by her father to George Robins Joyce, a Housemaster from Reading School. The reception was held on the lawn of the Rectory and the *Derbyshire Advertiser*



Monnington Rectory

devotes a long column to the ceremony and the list of presents. There was everything a fashionable Edwardian couple might expect, from Sir Ralph Wilmot's antique silver pepper caster and Miss Wilmot's Brussell's lace (and cheque) for the bride, to the umbrella from the Monnington servants. The presents to the bridegroom tell us that he was in charge of West Wing House at the school and the football team. He was a man of culture, as well as sport, and received various pictures and the Works of Jane Austen. The guests included minor aristocracy and neighbouring gentry as well as relatives. The happy couple set off on honeymoon to the Lake District, leaving Francis Wilmot to supervise the clearing of his lawn and foot the bill.

The end of the Edwardian idyll is reckoned to be the First World War, but it came a little earlier for the Wilmots. On a summer day, 21 August 1909 the family went swimming in the Wye near Monnington. None of them were strong swimmers but the point at which they entered the water was where they could touch the bottom. The eldest daughter, Winifred, known as Faith, was then 29. She fell into difficulties, either with cramp or by coming upon a deep part of the river. By the time the others realised it was too late to save her. Her mother almost pulled her out but it was left to eldest brother Robert to recover the body and identify his sister at the inquest. The Edwardian pleasures which feature in most of the postcards give no hint of this sombre shadow. So far as the cards are concerned it is world of visits to family and friends, railway journeys, cricket matches, shopping in Harrods, country sports and Oxbridge.



Robert Coningsby Wilmot (1886-1917), the eldest son, was an articled clerk after leaving school and by 1911 was practising as a solicitor, living in the Connaught Club, Seymour Street, in London. He volunteered for the army on the outbreak of the 1st World War and the postcards he sends come from Epsom and show him in the RC 4th Army School. At the beginning of 1915 he was anticipating his commission in the 10th Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, in which he served until his death, killed at Poelcappelle in Belgium 29th October 1917, a grim period of the war.

Robert Wilmot

His next brother, Cecil (1891-1917) predeceased him in July 1917, having been invalided home with a lung disease and dying in Lewisham Hospital. He had been a Private in the Worcestershire Regiment. He had been farming in Canada at the beginning of the war and came home to enlist in 1916. Edward Wilmot (1893-1965) served as a Lieutenant in the Herefordshire Territorial 1st Brigade, fighting in Gallipoli. He survived the war. Thomas Norbury Wilmot (1896-1916) was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment and won a Military Cross in the battle of the Somme. He was killed on 25 Aug 1916 and buried in France. The fifth, and remaining, son, Laurence Mead Wilmot (1898-1971) was wounded at the

Somme but recovered. He had lied about his age to join up. His experiences of war blighted the rest of his life. His mother had to bear the loss of three of her sons as a widow herself and apparently was stoical through it all. Some of the postcards show a war grave, a funeral and ceremonies marking the deaths and the end of the war. The death of Faith was a tragedy which Kitty bore with her husband. The loss of three of her five sons was something she had to bear alone.

TEXT OF THE CARDS

Postmark Weodley 23 July 1903, Picture of Hereford Cathedral

Miss Audrey Wilmot, The Rectory, Monnington, Hereford

I met Dr Chapman yesterday Morning & told him of your card. He writes Rowley C. did not know Monnington was in our neighbourhood. So will you please ask Tommy which side he will play? & is Ned still under 16? E M Reather

(Tommy, aged 8, and Ned, aged 11, were Audrey's younger brothers.)

To Mrs Wilmot, Monnington-on-Wye, Hereford. Postmark Nuneaton, 24 September 1904

Picture of Madresfield Court, Malvern

Arrived safely. Pocca met me at the Link but did not come on. I had the same old porter at B'ham where I had to wait over an hour. Love to all. Joyce (Joyce was 15 and probably returning to school. She changed trains at Malvern Link.)

To Miss K.J. Wilmot, Monnington-on-Wye, Hereford. Postmark Exeter, 16 June 1908

Picture of boats, probably at Exeter or Topsham.

Many thanks for letter which I found here. I am sure Uncle Teddy's address is "Box + a long number" Send it me as soon as you can or the Wards will think I have forgotten. We travelled down with two old ladies who wished both windows shut – consequently I arrived with a frantic headache which is annoying. It has turned into a lovely eve after a wet morning – country looking lovely. Keep this p.c. For me if you don't want it. You can have it if you do. Love from Audrey.

(Sent to her younger sister, Katherine Joyce, known as Joyce.)

Postmark Maidenhead 5 Oct 1908

Mrs K.J. Wilmot, Monnington on Wye, Hereford Picture of Maidenhead, Cliveden Wood & House

Maidenhead 4th Oct 1904

(No clue as to the sender)

Postmark West Kensington 28 Nov 1908
Miss Wilmot, 187 Bermondsey Street, S.E. Picture of Oxford, Christchurch
10 Melrose Terrace. Aunt S. will be in next Monday. I couldn't quite understand if you meant to come here that day or not. The Foll. Mon. will do for Harrods for me but not for Aunt E. RCW
(Robert was living in London)

Postmark Staunton on Wye 17 July 1909 Picture The King of Spain & son
Miss A Wilmot, Sherridge, Malvern
Many happy returns of today. Mother, Harry & I are going to the Pennefather's today. H. has been teaching Rufus to Jump which he has never done before. I told Chewton I thought I cd go about Sep 9th for a week. Gertrude.
(Gertrude was aged 26)

Postmark Banchory, Kincardineshire 29 Dec 1910 Picture River Feuch in flood, Banchory
Miss Audrey Wilmot, The Rectory, Monnington-on-Wye, Herefordshire
Scolty Cottage, Banchory N.B.
So many thanks for yours – I send you my love & very best wishes for 1911 – I am here with H.H. who has been ill - & I had to come up just before Xmas – How are you? You didn't say. So sad to miss A.M. at Milford – let me know when you are there. Yours, E.M.W.
(Possibly from Edward)

Postmark Eaton Bishop, April xx 1911 Picture St John's College, Cambridge
Miss Audrey Wilmot, Monnington on Wye Rectory, Hereford
Thank you for your letter. I am hoping to come over soon, perhaps Thursday as I believe K. & I are going to call on the Buckworths that day – but don't wait in for us. We will come on the chance of seeing you as after all we may not come so don't wait in. I only came home last week Yours,
(not signed)

Eardisley Jy.16.12
To Miss Wilmot at Moccas Court, Hereford. Picture Rhayader View
All best wishes for tomorrow! I though you might like this in mem. of our very narrow escape. Shall I see you at the Pageant on Friday? Hope you are not dead after last week; my brain is recovering slowly. B.E.B.
(to either Gertrude or Audrey)

unposted card
Love to all at Northfield from Robert. Xmas 1914. 103 Hook Rd, Epsom
[picture of civvy work party with picks and spades]

Unposted card

To Mrs Wilton, Northfields Rectory, Birmingham Picture of army group
My 'Syndicate at RC 4th Army School. RCW.

(The Rector of Northfield was Charles Henry James Wilton, a Herefordshire man.)

To Mrs Wilton, Northfields Rectory, Birmingham Picture of Robert?
from 103 Hook Road, Epsom. 6 January 1915

*Many thanks for your letter which came several days late as it was addressed
1st instead of 2nd Batt. The pack of cards was most useful as we often play
Bridge here. Thank you very much for it. I am hoping now to get a
Commission in the 10th Batt Sherwood Foresters.*

Robert.

Unposted card

Picture of group outdoors

GA/H.P.

Reserve Lazarete III Johannesthal Stettin

Lt Ivens

Dr Lubetski

Dr Goldenberg

Lt Fronkman?

Unposted card

Gerry wearing his 'Good German Slippers' Sept 1917

(Possibly a flyer)

To Miss A. Wilmot, Monnington-on-Wye, Hereford Picture of a large villa
December 24th Tendring

*With every good wish for Christmas & the New Year from G.M.H. This is our
house*

Postmark Farnham, 31 Dec Picture of Farnham Castle

Miss Audrey Wilmot, Perrystone Towers, Ross-on-Wye, Hereford.

Thank you very much for your nice Christmas present. A.M.J. [child]

To Mrs Wilmot, Perrystone Towers, Ross-on-Wye post mark Oxford 26 Sep

Picture of Keble College

*Beastly Greek Grammar paper, and worse algebra, in fact I shall not be
surprised if it wasn't algebra that played me false for the second time. Still if
they are very lenient there may be just a chance they will let me through. I
hope for some luck. I am going to try to catch a train at 1.0 tomorrow.*

(A Wilmot son taking an entrance examination)

Stamp cancelled by hand.

To Miss Audrey Wilmot, The Rectory, Monnington on Wye, Hereford
Picture of Dripsey Castle, on the Dripsey River, Co. Cork

*To Audrey. My New Year wishes – go to you from HERE where I am. To
THERE (where you are) & they are as good as I can think them for you.*
[initials not clear]

Postcards unwritten

Boy in surplice

Officer in uniform

Officer in studio portrait

Young man

Army group

Woman, child and dog

Woman, child and dog



Boy with girl in push chair

Welcome parade of troops in town

Moccas church

Four generations of women

Four generations of women, different pose

Monnington-on-Wye

Army ceremony, officers with mayor and clergyman

Officer and woman

Two men and three women with army in the distance

family group in the country

Officer, head and shoulders

Coffin on wagon accompanied by scouts
Yacht on lake
People on a dock
Three people by the sea, the woman throwing something in
Monnington-on-Wye Court and Church
Monnington-on-Wye rectory
Monnington-on-Wye Church
A House [faded]
A garden path [faded]
A garden path, two distant figures [faded]
Anglers [faded]
Family group in garden
Small boy by door [faded]
Garden [faded]
Above picture cropped to oval [faded]
House with woman at gate
Church
Monnington Court
Woman with child on donkey
Group of Scots soldiers
Woman in hat with dog, portrait
Funeral procession
T.N.Wilmot field grave

If anyone would like a copy of any of the above, please let us know and we will scan it in and send it to you [donation would be much appreciated]. Alternatively if you would like to look at the whole collection, please call in and see us while we are still available for visits. Even better if you could put names or dates to any of the people featured so that we can make a proper archive of it!!

Stephen Orchard

In 1532 a licence was issued to Katherine Bate, wife of Nathaniel Bate of Little Chester in the parish of St Alkmund, Derby. She was heavily pregnant, infirm and weak due to ill health, as she was unable "*to feed upon fish meats without apparent damage*", so she was to feed upon flesh meats until she was better. The minister of the church, H. Coke, signed the licence.

From Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire by John Cox

THE RECRUITMENT OF SERVANTS

In the middle ages servants often came from the same social groups as their masters. By the nineteenth century this was no longer the case, possibly with the exception of a governess who filled a most unenviable position in the household, being neither servant nor member of the family, but falling somewhere inbetween.

In the nineteenth century most domestic servants had a humble origin and were often from a rural background for country boys and girls were considered more tractable and industrious than their urban counterparts. In 1878 Cassell's Family Magazine wrote "*We cannot but regard the agricultural class as the best from which to draw the average servant and we have hopes of the continuity of the supply, if we can only impress upon this class the value of domestic service in contrast with that of many other competing occupations.*" Supply did indeed continue for a while, but only because most of the employment opportunities were in the towns and cities while the range of jobs in the country continued to be limited.

In 1851 there had been over a million servants in Britain, making domestic service the second largest occupation after agricultural work. Not only were a vast number of people thus employed, but the range of households in which servants were to be found was very wide indeed. At one end were the aristocrats such as the Duke of Bedford who employed 300 servants or the Duke of Portland who employed 320. At the other end were thousands of clerks and other lower middle class families who employed a single maid of all work who acted as child minders, washed clothes or 'did the rough'. Some may even have lived in.

The first step towards domestic service might well be a place in a local household and personal recommendation or at least knowledge of the applicant's family was crucial. Some employers were suspicious of taking on local girls, fearing they might run back home or convey gossip back to the community. The parish clergyman, local squire or tradesman was often a point of contact for both local and more distant jobs.

A traditional place for domestic servants or agricultural labourers to find employment was the hiring fair, or 'mop' fair. The shepherd would carry his crook, the cook a basting spoon and the housemaid a broom, distinction between the two kinds of domestic servant also being reinforced by the wearing of a red or blue ribbon. Hiring fairs—surely akin to a slave

market—were in decline by 1850 although some remained and were still in evidence up to the First World War.

By the end of the nineteenth century most large towns had one or more servant registries. Many were run as private businesses by women, maybe a widow who needed a means of maintaining themselves, and a few of these became very large establishments. One or two, indeed, even had servant girls sleeping in the attics waiting to be placed in a suitable position. Some registries were run by charitable agencies such as the Girls' Friendly Society and the Association for Befriending Young Servants. This latter charity had 25 branch offices and claimed to place five thousand pauper girls in employment every year.

The workhouse was obviously a major source of domestic servants. Workhouse girls were well trained and accustomed to hard work. However they had no experience of handling delicate or costly items and it was among artisans and those at the bottom end of the spectrum that they were most likely to find work.

No one was likely to employ a servant without an interview, although it did not necessarily take place with the employers themselves. In larger houses it would usually be the housekeeper who had the responsibility of appointing and dismissing female staff, while the butler did the same for the indoor male staff. There tended to be a high turnover. In 1876 it was estimated that ten per cent of female domestic servants were looking for a new situation, while a study of the 1841 census in Ashford, Kent, found that of 312 servants only seven were with the same family by the time of the 1851 census.

Sometimes servants moved because of disagreements with their employer, in other instances it was to secure a promotion. Either way the servant would need to have a good 'character' and reference. This gave the employer considerable power for not only was there no obligation to provide a reference at all, but a false or defamatory one was only actionable at law, which no servant could ever undertake.

So what might a servant have earned in the Victorian period. There is no easy answer. Perusing the advertisements in papers and household accounts if you can find them all help but it is a complex subject. It can be seen by comparing the ages of butler and housekeeper [the two senior servants] and male and female cooks, that men's wages tended to be higher than women's. The wage also depended on other allowances made. A male servant's livery was usually provided, again women were disadvantaged by having to provide their own. A servant in London would expect to earn more than elsewhere in

the country, but even there the average wage in the West End was higher than in the East End, no doubt reflecting on the size of the establishment. It was generally held that the larger the establishment the higher the average wage.

In 1857 *'A Manual of Domestic Economy'* advised that “*an income of £1000, clear of all other expenditure, and devoted solely to housekeeping and rental, will afford a butler or manservants out of livery, a coachman or groom, one or two housemaids, a cook, a lady's maid and a nursery maid.*” On the other hand if the income was only £500 a year it would be only possible to afford three servants, a general manservant, a housemaid and a cook. This would also allow for the keeping of a single horse or pony and carriage unless the family was a large one, in which case a lady's maid must be kept for the purpose of making their dresses and home and in that case a horse cannot be afforded. All very tricky!

Physique was also a factor in determining pay, especially in the case of footmen. A good pair of calves was important and extra inches in height meant higher pay. At the end of the Victoria era £20-22 was the going rate in London for a footman measuring 5 feet 6 inches. At 6 feet he could have expected another £10-15. Just as a reference an advert in the Derby papers required a general servant, wages £18 a year, while the Wirksworth Hospital required a cook at £20 a year “all found”.

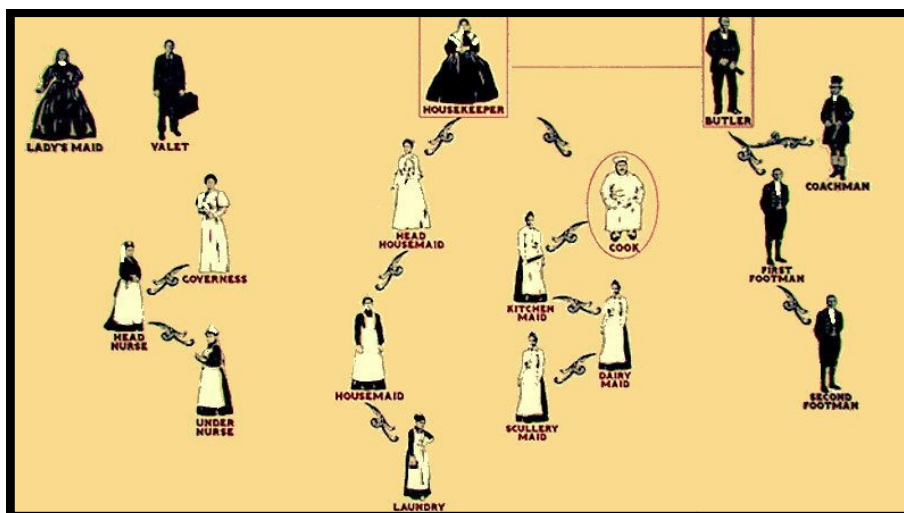
Monetary wages alone were not the only consideration. Food and accommodation for those who lived in was a prime asset. The cook had a right to any dripping or bones, both of which could be sold to dealers. There was also a trade for candle ends and old bottles, and the benefits of this fell to the butler. It was usual for a lady's maid to be given her mistress's cast-off clothing and at her death she might expect to inherit the whole wardrobe—with the exception of anything lace, fur, velvet or satin [presumably so that she didn't rise above her station]. Even the coachman had his 'perks', which included any old wheels, the proviso being that he had been in service with the family as long as the wheels had been!

Servants might legitimately expect to dine on some of the leftover food that had been prepared for consumption 'upstairs', although more expensive items were reserved for the family to eat the following day, either cold or as the basis of another dish. Generally servants would eat as well as most members of the working class and enjoyed more meat than others of a similar station. A downside was that many cooks did not see the preparation of servants' meals as part of their job, so it was often left to the tender mercies of the kitchen maid, resulting in a badly cooked joint. This kind of household

usually resulted in servants helping themselves to tit-bits returning from their employer's table.

Servants were never allowed to forget their dependence. The attitude of many Victorians towards their servants was the same as that towards animals. A manual of the 1880s told their readers 'You are mistress absolutely' and although advising her to be kind and just with her servants, she was also warned to hold the reins fast in her own hands. Servants were weighed down with petty rules, especially in the case of girls and young women. Followers were actively discouraged on grounds of morality and also in order to avoid the spread of gossip about the activities of the household.

There was also a hierarchy amongst the world of servants. The major divide below stairs was between 'upper' servants, who had most personal contact with their employers, and 'lower' servants, who were kept strictly below stairs and out of sight. On large country estates the upper servants were headed by the steward, whose role was similar to that of a manager. In smaller establishments it was the butler who reigned supreme. Other upper servants included the housekeeper, the children's nurse, the lady's maid and the cook. Lower servants would be the footmen, parlourmaids, housemaids, kitchen maids and laundry maids. The butler was addressed as 'Sir' and the housekeeper as 'Madam' and young servants were expected to use these titles when addressing their seniors. Whether married or not cooks and housekeepers were always referred to as 'Mrs', while ladies maids and governesses were given the title 'Miss' by those beneath them.



Servant Duties

The Butler: Usually a distinguished figure of a man who demanded respect. He hired and dismissed the lower male staff and was personally responsible for their conduct. He passed out the pieces of plate that needed to be cleaned and himself cleaned the household's ornamental items of silver. He was responsible for the arrangement of the dining table and announcing of dinner. Together with the footman he waited at table, carved the joint of meat and removed covers from other dishes. He served wine and set out each course. While dessert was being enjoyed the butler made sure that the drawing room was in order ready for coffee or tea, with lamps in order and the fire warmly glowing. His final task was to see that all doors and windows were locked, that the plate was safe and all fires in the house were out.

The Footman: Directly below the butler and often called James or John, no matter what his real name was. He cleaned shoes, waited at table, cleaned knives and cutlery and other duties. He would accompany the mistress in her carriage as she paid calls, paid small expenses such as toll gates and if she owned a dog, take it for a walk. He accompanied her on a carriage, sitting on the box with the coachman. Because of their public exposure footmen were expected to be the most presentable of the male servants.

The Valet: His main duty was to wait upon his master. He attends to the warming of the bedroom, cleans his boots and shoes and brushes his clothing. He helps him to dress and is sometimes expected to shave his master. He probably had a room set aside for the valet to press, brush and care for his master's clothes. He would accompany his master in all his journeys and above all would be most discreet as he was privy to his master's secrets. In a smaller household valeting would be done by either the butler or footman.

The Groom: Obviously his first duty was to the horses and to ride out with his master when required. He would clean out all the stables every day, groom all the horses and saddle up those animals that would be required for the day. He was in charge of all the ordering and storing of feedstuffs, keeping an eye on the tack and making sure that all was going smoothly.

The Housekeeper: This was the most senior female member of staff and in charge of all the female servants except for the lady's maid and head nurse. She would oversee everything that happened in the daily running of the home, keep weekly accounts of expenditure and pay the bills. Depending on the size of staff she might have been responsible for the linen closet and report on any wear and tear.

The Cook: The cook would have complete control of the kitchen. In smaller residences with no housekeeper her duties could also include other areas of the house. As well as cooking all the meals, the cook would supervise the larder, bake cakes and bread and make preserves. The scullery maid was under her direction and would carry out all the menial jobs.

The Housemaid: She was meant to be invisible. Before the family rose, the breakfast room, boudoir and drawing room needed to be cleaned and arranged. While the family ate breakfast the bedrooms were set in order, windows opened, beds shaken, slop emptied, floors wiped and woodwork dusted. Rugs were taken out, mirrors polished, the grate and irons cleaned and then the beds remade. Weekly duties involved cleaning paintwork and windows, washing ornaments and polishing furniture. Depending on the size of the staff, other duties could include answering the hall door.

The Ladies Maid: Many came from the ranks of dressmakers' assistants since dressmaking and hairdressing was an essential skill. She would prepare and bring a tray with tea and toast and lay out the clothing needed for the morning, then assist with the dressing and style the hair. She would make any toiletries needed and be able to repair or alter clothing as needed. She kept accounts of any expenses and prepare in advance any items needed for an outing and be proficient in folding and packing for trips.

The Nursemaid: Duties would include complete knowledge of all common ailments of babies and children and the ability to treat symptoms. Her domain was the nursery where she ate, slept and worked only leaving when her charges were asleep. She was responsible for taking the children out in the carriage and making and mending their clothes. Often there was an under nurse who helped with making beds, cleaning the grate and preparing and bringing up water and meals.

Very few of us have not got a servant or two somewhere in their family tree. I have very, very many and thoroughly enjoyed looking into what life was like for them. As we always say, family history is not just about name and dates, but also the social history which can be totally fascinating.

Helen Betteridge

SOLDIER'S ATTACK ON WIFE

Charged with the attempted murder of his wife at Newbold Moore, David Gregory [28], a private in the K.O.Y.L.I., was found guilty of the lesser charge of inflicting grievous bodily harm with intent and sentenced to twelve months hard labour.

The wife, Sarah Gregory, declared that on hearing, while in the Swan Hotel, St Mary's Gate, Chesterfield, that her husband was on leave, she hurried home and about 9.30 p.m., on opening the door, her husband was there. Without a word being spoken he struck her a violent blow on the nose, which rendered her unconscious, and on her recovery he attacked her with a strap, using the buckle end upon her head until she again lost her senses. Taking her boots off and cutting the tops away, prisoner declared he would do the same with her clothes to keep her indoors. He threatened her with a razor and the result was she did not go to bed until six o'clock next morning. Before she got up he beat her about the head and face, seized her by the throat and threatened to throttle her, saying "*he had come home to do it and was going to do her in.*" Downstairs he commenced breaking ornaments and pictures. When he further attacked her she screamed "*murder*" and he thereupon put a gag in her mouth, and also a towel over her head. Several times she tried to escape, but prisoner prevented her, and once, when near the back door, he stuck the points of a pair of scissors into her head and she lapsed into unconsciousness, just as a crowd, which had collected outside the house, broke the door down. Witness added that she was unconscious 5½ hours and remained in hospital for nearly a week.

Corroborative evidence as to prisoner's conduct during the Sunday afternoon was given by several women neighbours, who were among the crowd and who all declared that they saw Gregory belabour his wife with both fists.

Police-sergeant Storr, who arrived on the scene just as the crowd broke the front room window and were proceeding to burst in the door, said that owing to the hostility of several men, who attacked prisoner, he had difficulty in keeping him out of harm's way. Prisoner said, "*When I came home last night, she was drunk*".

Prisoner declared that he had heard his wife had been drinking and neglecting the four children, and allegations which he had previously heard were repeated on his return home. As to the brutal treatment alleged, prisoner denied in toto that he had ever used the strap, made threats with the razor, gagged his wife, or ever saw the scissors. It was only when he found a lot of

pawn tickets that he had a quarrel and struck her with his hand. When she threatened to smash the furniture he had to restrain her. He said the wound on her head was caused by her being knocked down, when the crowd rushed in.

In passing sentence Mr Justice Horridge said the jury had rightly taken the merciful view that the prisoner did not intend to murder. At the same time it was conclusive that he abused his wife in a most shameful way.

Mr H. Wright prosecuted and Mr Finnemore, who undertook the defence, was, at the close of the case, complimented by the Judge on the manner in which he had conducted the case.

Derby Mercury, 18 Feb 1916

Having been surprised by the above case in that I would have thought David Gregory would have been sent to prison for longer than that. He had appeared at court facing three counts, 1] Intent of murder; 2] Grievous bodily harm; 3] Wounding with intent. He was only convicted on the second count, which seems very lenient to me. Did fighting for his country make it less likely that he would be found guilty?

I looked into it further and found that he certainly was not the upright model of a soldier. He deserted from the army three times and on the 25th September 1915 appeared at the Chesterfield Petty Sessions charged with assault. He had threatened a police constable and when asked to go to the police station he ran away, became very violent and hit the policeman. His brother, Percy, was also arrested for obstructing the police officer and fined £2. David served one month for that escapade.

Although in the KOYLI when the above assault took place he obviously returned to the army when let out of prison and this time joined the Royal Field Artillery. Whether he had the choice or the KOYLI no longer wanted him, I have no idea..

David was discharged from the Army on 9 June 1918, due to a disability.

SHOTTLE BAPTIST CHURCH



The Baptist cause was first introduced to Shottle by Mr Barrow of Quarndon on 2nd August 1813. After preaching in a private house belonging to Sarah Jackson for a few Sundays, the little band moved to the schoolroom.

In the year 1877 considerable anxiety was caused by the decision of the Duke of Devonshire to pull down the barn which had served as a chapel at Shottle for nearly sixty years. It was a two storied building, the upper part being used as a meeting place and the lower part of a cowshed, but as it was in such a dilapidated condition it was no longer fit to serve its purpose. Often when the service was in progress the lowing of cattle could be heard below.

A petition was sent to his Grace on December 18th 1877 asking for a site on which a chapel could be built. This was generously given as a sixty year lease at a nominal rent of 5s per annum, together with a donation of fifty pounds and the building stone. The building of the chapel cost three hundred pounds, and most of this was realised by collections and donations.

The foundation stones were laid on the afternoon of May 2nd 1882 by members and friends. Six stones were laid by Mrs Richardson of Calow, Mrs Statham of Riber, Mrs Tomlinson of Wirksworth, Mr Slack of Derby, Miss

Waterfield and the last by Joseph and William Malin. Joseph Malin placed a golden sovereign under the stone he laid, but unfortunately it was stolen and the thief never traced. After the ceremony an excellent tea was provided and partaken by over 200.

The little chapel flourished and the Redfern family played a big part in the running of it namely John Redfern and his wife, of Lammas Farm, and George Redfern and his family of Handley Farm. George's daughter, Mary, ran a Sunday School in the chapel every Sunday and each year she organised an event called the Sermons, when the children received a book for attendance and each child recited a piece of poetry or sang a song. The Sermons were a very dressed up affair. The adults had new outfits, the ladies bought new hats, and the children were dressed in their Sunday best clothes. The event took place once in the afternoon and then again in the evening. The Redferns entertained the preachers in their houses and the following Wednesday a tea was laid on by chapel goers for the children.

Mary Redfern also organised an outing each year, mostly to the seaside for the children and their families. She also entertained the children at Christmas to a tea in her home, Handley Farm, and gave each child a present. She carried this on after her marriage to Percy Harrison and entertained them at her new home at Blackbrook. Percy often played the organ for the chapel services. Their value to the chapel can be seen in the fact that after Mary's death, the chapel closed.

**EXTRACT FROM THE BOOKE OF REMARKES
BY JAMES HARRISON, GENTLEMAN OF BELPER**

April 1741 Died Eliz Smith of Cross-of-th-hands, aged 105 years. She could work till near her death and enjoied pritty well all her Natural Faculties.

Last year 11 was born

James Wild died at David Blood's Feb 27th at 3 in the morn, aged about 88—stoppage of breath.

RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



**BRIDGE CHAPEL
HOUSE
DERBY**

Acquisitions at 1 Nov 2021

Aston on Trent:	A Conservation Area
Bakewell:	St Anselm's School
Barlow:	The Church of St Lawrence
Chapel e-l-Frith:	St Thomas Becket Church
Dronfield:	Around the Village
Duffield:	Duffield Hall
Hathersage:	Around the Village
Hognaston:	St Bartholomew
Kirk Ireton:	A Conservation Area
Mackworth:	The Church of All Saints
Matlock:	College of Education
Ockbrook:	Around the Village
Over Haddon:	Around the Village
Rolleston:	Rolleston Hall
Whaley Bridge:	Shallcross Hall

Derbyshire People: Edward Blore, Architect; Edward Foster, Silhouettist;
William Henry St John Hope
Family Histories: Eyre; Sitwell;
Military: Sergeant Pilot Alan Feary—Battle of Britain hero
Transport: The Ashby-Ticknall Tramway

DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

OPEN DAY

**WEDNESDAY JUNE 8TH 2022
AT THE MUSEUM OF MAKING, ITALIAN MILL,
DERBY, FROM 10 AM TO 4.30 PM**

**LARGE NUMBER OF STALLS INCLUDING THE
DERBYSHIRE RECORD OFFICE, MIDLAND RAILWAY
SOCIETY, ALAN GODFREY MAPS, ROYAL CROWN
DERBY, REDFERNS COTTAGE MUSEUM OF LIFE,
NATIONAL BREWERY CENTRE, DERBY
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, THE MAGIC ATTIC,
DERBY MUSEUM, DERBY & SANDIACRE CANAL TRUST,
SPONDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WINTERS
PHOTOGRAPHY. RECENTLY CONFIRMED, THE
DERBYSHIRE RECORD SOCIETY**

**TALKS IN THE RIVER ROOM FROM STEPHEN FLINDERS
AND LUCY BAMFORD**

**EXPERIENCED VOLUNTEERS WILL HELP THOSE WHO
WANT TO MAKE A START ON TRACING THEIR FAMILY
TREE, AND ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO NEED HELP. WE
WILL HAVE COMPUTER ACCESS TO ALL GENEALOGY
SITES. SPECIAL OFFERS AVAILABLE TO THOSE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO JOIN OUR SOCIETY ON THE DAY**

**RAFFLE, REFRESHMENTS AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO
HAVE A LOOK ROUND THE MUSEUM. COME AND SEE
US AND PERHAPS WE CAN HELP YOU TO KNOCK DOWN
THAT BRICK WALL.**

**MORE DETAILS WILL BE APPEARING ON OUR WEBSITE
IN DUE COURSE**

Derbyshire Family History Society

Mar Quarter 2022



Your help is needed once again. We have three lovely photograph albums, no idea where they are from and nothing is labelled. They seem to be of one family covering their wedding, children and holidays. One photograph names a Somercotes photographer on the back, but for starters we would like to identify the church—does anyone recognise it? Let us know if you do and we will publish a couple of the photographs next time.