Derbyshire Family History Society

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Childhood Reminiscences

Dovedale in the snow. With kind permission of Rachel Lewis

Dec 2013 Issue 147

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SOCIETY REFERENCE LIBRARY

Bridge Chapel House, St Mary's Bridge, Sowter Rd, Derby DE1 3AT
Opening Hours: 10 a.m.—4 p.m. TUESDAY and THURSDAY
SATURDAY 10 a.m.-4 p.m. BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

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

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15
Please pay either in person at Bridge Chapel House, by cheque or postal order addressed to the Membership Secretary, or by using PayPal via our website.

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

OVERSEAS—OTHER COUNTRIES £19 [magazines sent by air mail]

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 PayPal with no extra charge incurred. Standing orders are also still accepted.

Please Note! Our website now offers the facility to renew your membership online, using PayPal [an account or debit/credit card needed]. 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 end of February. Sorry for the inconvenience but, as you can appreciate, the Society cannot stand the cost of posting magazines that may not be wanted. 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.

FROM THE EDITOR

Firstly thank you for the response to my plea for articles, I now have quite a few and possibly some that will have to be carried over. Not that I am complaining, it will be a nice kick off for the March issue.

Please remember your subscription is due in January. If you pay by standing order have you been to the bank and amended the amount? Due to rising postage costs no March magazine will be sent out if the subscription hasn't been paid in full.

Those of you who attend our monthly meetings, please note the Derby meeting has had to move and meetings will now be held at the Derby Conference Centre on London Road. Please continue to support us, the attendance went up last year and it would be nice if it continued to do so.

With the end of year fast approaching, Bridge Chapel House will close for a fortnight over Christmas. If you send us an email, please be patient, we will get back to you as soon as possible when we reopen. We don't close very often so it is nice to have a break with our families and perhaps get a chance to do our own family history [Yes we do have our own brick walls that we can't break down!!!].

Finally thank you to all our volunteers who do such sterling work, both in the house and at home. Contrary to popular belief we get no funding whatsoever, so your subscriptions and donations completely fund our activities. It is heart warming to find so many of you willing to help us out by spending hours at home typing and checking data so that we can submit it to the internet and get a small income back to help with our costs. It really is most appreciated.

I wish you all a very happy Christmas and a prosperous and successful ancestor hunting New Year. May all your problems be solved!!

Helen

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MEETINGS 2013/4

DERBY—CONFERENCE CENTRE, LONDON ROAD, DERBY—Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

10th Dec Christmas Party
[NB the party will be held at our old venue of St Marys Church Hall]
14th Jan Medieval Villages
Gareth King
11th Feb Thomas Cook and His Humble Beginnings in Derbyshire
Danny Wells
11th Mar To be confirmed

GLOSSOP—BRADBURY COMMUNITY HOUSE, MARKET STREET, GLOSSOP— Friday at 7.30 p.m.

6th Dec An Edwardian Christmas
Chris Makepiece
10th Jan A Glossop Apothecary
Faye Harding
7th Feb Manchester Drunk or Sober
Anne Beswick
7th Mar The Reverend Ricketts, Vicar of Hayfield
John Crummit

SOUTH NORMANTON—POST MILL COMMUNITY CENTRE SOUTH NORMANTON—Friday at 7.30 p.m.

13th Dec Christmas Party
21st Feb Customs and Traditions of the Peak
Keith Blood
21st Mar Local Area Quiz
Mr Mumford
11th Apr Some Felons of Derbyshire
Joan Ward

DERBY MEETINGS

July 2013

Quarter Sessions—Richard Radcliffe

Richard Radcliffe gave us an insight into the history and workings of the Quarter Sessions and how they might help in Family History research.

Quarter Sessions records are the oldest public records of historic counties of England and Wales that survive and can be found in County and Local Record Offices.

As early as the reign of King Richard I peace was kept locally. He commissioned certain knights to preserve peace in unruly areas and they became known as "Keepers of the Peace". Also in medieval times, a sheriff would make a circuit, known as the "Tourn" to the hundreds of his shire. Here he would preside over the Hundred Court.

The title "Justice of the Peace" derives from 1361 in the reign of King Edward III. The peace to be guarded is the sovereign's, the maintenance of which is the duty of the crown under the royal prerogative. They had control over everything that went on in the county. Besides presiding over the courts, they also fixed wages, regulated food supplies, built and controlled roads and bridges, and undertook to provide and supervise locally those services mandated by the Crown and Parliament for the welfare of the county. This continued until the introduction of elected county councils in 1888. Quarter Sessions were replaced in 1972 with the Crown Court.

Richard gave us many examples of things that might be found in these session records, including licenses that were required for lunatic asylums, printing presses, ale and guns. Boats and barges had to be registered, Dissenters had to obtain a certificate to hold a religious service in a building and permission was required to hold markets and fairs. There might be coroner's inquests and information on debtors. Along with this information would be names of those applying and those sitting in judgement.

The amount of information that has survived will vary from county to county but it would obviously be worthwhile looking to see if your relatives are in any of these records and which side of the fence they are on.

September 2013

The Strutts of Derby—Ruth Jordan

Ruth Jordan told us about the history of the Strutt family in Belper. Jedediah Strutt was born circa 1725 in Derbyshire to William, a farmer and maltster. From these humble beginnings he went on to make his fortune in the Silk Industry. He invented the Derby Rib Machine and he and his brother-in-law/ partner, William Woollatt set out to obtain a patent for it. Samuel Need provided the financial backing and eventually it was granted. Through his association with Samuel he met Richard Arkwright, who was looking for backing for his new invention for spinning cotton. Jedediah later built his own cotton mill in Belper. He showed great concern for the welfare of his workers providing them with housing. He built the Unitarian Chapel for religious services and a Sunday School for teaching reading and writing to the mill children. His second mill was destroyed by fire.

His wealth enabled him to by large areas of land on either side of the river and was used for both agriculture and industry. Each of the farms on his land had the same gates at the entrance to identify them as his. Bridge Hill Farm was the first dairy farm to use bottles for milk and had their own bottle washing facilities. Wyver Farm had water piped from a spring directly to the cowsheds and Shottle Gate Farm, where cheese was made, the whey was piped from the house to the pig sty. Moscow Farm has been restored and is Grade II listed.

He bought Exeter House in Derby a few years before his death. His son William was responsible for the building of St Mary's Bridge and for a time lived at St Helen's House. He designed the first fire proof mill and it was built in Belper to replace the earlier one, destroyed by fire. It still stands today.

Joseph Strutt had the Arboretum constructed for the people of Derby to enjoy. It was the first of its type in the country.

George Benson Strutt managed the mills in Belper and was responsible for the building of Bridge Hill House.

William's son Edward became an MP and eventually Lord Belper.

RUTH BARBER

GLOSSOP MEETINGS

July 2013

The Manchester Martyrs or the Boys who Smashed the Van—Alan Hayhurst

William Allen, Michael Larkin and Michael O'Brien were member of the Irish republican brotherhood, whose aim it was to end British Rule in Ireland. In 1867 they were involved in an incident in Manchester when 30 to 40 Fenians planned to attack the police van that was taking two of their leaders to Belle Vue prison. The van, which was horsedrawn, was attacked on Hyde Road and Police Sergeant Brett, who was travelling with the prisoners, was shot and killed. The two main prisoners, Kelly and Deacy, were released and never recaptured. A number of men were accused of the policeman's murder. Thomas Maguire and Edward O'Meagher Condron had their sentences overturned, but Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were sentenced to hang. This took place in public at Salford Gaol on the 23rd November 1867—the last public hanging in Manchester.

Sergeant Brett was buried in Harpurhay Cemetery and a plaque to his memory can be found in St Ann's church in central Manchester. Allen, Larkin and O'Brien are also commemorated by a monument in St Joseph's cemetery, Moston.

This talk gave us an insight into the early struggles for Irish Independence from British rule and particularly the effect on events in Manchester.

September 2013

The Dinting Arches—Tony Brocklebank

The Dinting Viaduct, locally known as the Arches, was constructed to carry the railway line linking Manchester and Sheffield. There had been a proposal to join the cities by canal, but this never came to fruition. The first proposal for a railway was in 1830, but the practicalities and the finance were difficult and a through route did not open for a number of years. The contract for the work was worth just over £31,000 and the construction began early in 1842, being completed later that year. The Arches were opened on 7th August 1844 and the formal opening of the whole line was held on 22nd December 1845, complete with a brass band. Gradually traffic increased, as did the weight of trains. The original timber structures above the pillars, which were made from Eastern European pine, were replaced by wrought iron girders. Eventually, at the end of the First World War, extra brick piers were built.

The following report was written in September 1855, after a very serious accident had occurred. About nine at night a train from Manchester had to wait on the viaduct while a Liverpool train discharged its passengers at the station. It was very dark and some of the passengers on the Manchester train thought they were in the station and three of them opened the carriage door and got out. John Healey, aged 23, and Jane Hadfield, who had been to Belle Vue Gardens, stepped on to the parapet and fell over the edge into the valley, a height of seventy five feet. They were instantly killed and Thomas Priestnall, who also fell, died about an hour later. He had tried to persuade a young lady to get out with him, but fortunately she had not agreed.

Tony also showed us a presentation of photographs old and new.

BERYL SCAMMELL

SOUTH NORMANTON

July 2013

Scrapbooks etc—Averil Higginson

Due to unforeseen circumstances Mr Amos was unable to give his talk on coal mining. He was happy to agree to exchange dates with me, so will give his talk on November 15th instead, and I packed a suitcase full of scrapbooks.

When I first went abroad on holiday with my friend Nancy Hepworth in August 1958, she told me of her intention to make a scrapbook of the holiday and suggested that I also compile one. Photographs were the more prominent feature, but sugar lump wrappers, cheese labels, museum entry tickets, etc., also had their place. Since then we have both continued to compile our books. Sadly she died in January 2013 but happily I have inherited her books, so took a few of them to show to my audience.

Once started on making books I collected photographs, cast lists and articles on my favourite T.V and Radio programmes from Radio Times. An aunt gave me a pile of film magazines and a pile of Punch magazines gave me cartoons for my first humour book.

Nancy and I visited Stratford on Avon and the Theatre regularly, so we both filled books with programmes and photographs of the plays we saw. A local photographer advertised “coffee, 9p per cup”. However he had permission to

photograph the sets and players during rehearsals and then sold them in his shop. We spent pounds, but then he began to take slides, the coffee cost 1/- and we spent even more.

Commonplace books, though not scrapbooks, serve a similar purpose to collections of use or interest. Ladies exchanged recipes and remedies, students noted important facts to use as an aide memoir—I would hear something of interest on Radio or TV and scribble it down on the nearest bit of paper. This Spring I decided that one notebook would be neater than many scraps of paper so transferred them immediately.

Having indicated what the scrapbooks contained I invited my audience to inspect any that were of interest to them. One lady was soon recalling some of her TV heroes of yesteryear. From my new notebook I had read a variant of Mary Had a Little Lamb, quoted on "I'm sorry I haven't a clue". One member asked if I had heard about Mary's iron cow? He dictated it to me and I added it to my collection.

Some people add borders to their cut out articles and pictures, though I prefer them without. My only attempt at art is in placing the cuttings in a pleasing arrangement. No one way is the only way to make a scrapbook, as long as the compiler is satisfied with the way their book has been done, and more material is always appearing, providing a lifelong hobby. I am glad that I was able to share them with my friends.

September 2013

Cook's Tours—Danny Wells

Thomas Cook was born in Melbourne in November 1808. At the age of ten he left school and began to train as a cabinet maker. As he grew older he became an itinerant preacher for the Baptists. In 1832 he married and moved from Melbourne to Market Harborough. He became a total abstainer and a supporter of the Temperance Movement. When he was thirty three he walked from Market Harborough to Leicester, then on by train to Loughborough. Five hundred delegates from Derby, Harborough and Grantham attended and this may have begun Cook's interest in train travel.

He moved his family to Leicester, ran a Temperance Hotel and joined the South Midlands Temperance Association. He began to organise tours by train to Chatsworth, Burley House and Belvoir Castle. When Queen Victoria

began to visit Scotland regularly, her subjects wished to follow her example so Mr Cook provided Tartan Tours to satisfy their demands. The Great Exhibition provided another opportunity, so 165,000 people were conveyed to the Crystal Palace by Mr Cook's firm.

Ten years later the Scottish Railways refused to sell him the tickets that he required for his tours. He abandoned his Scottish Tours and went to the Swiss and Italian Alps. By 1865 he had opened an office in Fleet Street which became his main Headquarters, while his Leicester office produced mainly posters and magazines. He expanded his tours to the Middle East and the Land of the Midnight Sun, then in the 1870s added Australia, New Zealand and the United States.

He founded a scheme whereby travellers could use coupons instead of cash, which eventually evolved into traveller's cheques. In 1872 he issued 150 and in 1890 he issued 1900.

John Cook joined his father in the business and was worried about their trade in Egypt when war broke out in the Sudan. However, when a relief column was sent to rescue General Gordon, Cook's were asked to arrange the transport upriver for the Army.

Thomas Cook died in 1897 and John continued to run the business until he too died, seven years after his father. John had sons who inherited and eventually they sold it, and though other firms have run it the name of Thomas Cook still resonates in the travel industry. At his death, Thomas was described at "The Patron Saint of Travel" and "The Caesar Augustus of Travel".

At the end of his talk, Mr Wells invited us to examine the seven beautiful posters that he had brought. They advertised several tours, but were works of art in themselves.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

26TH APRIL 2014 at 10 A.M.

To be held at Derbyshire Record Office,
New Street, Matlock

Tea and Coffee available

At the conclusion of the AGM tours will be available around the premises.
With kind permission of the Record Office

Due to fire regulations only a certain number of people can be accommodated
If you wish to attend, please let us have your name and membership number.

Sorry, first come, first served

CAN ANYONE HELP?

My great uncle, David William [known, we believe, as Will] Davis, was born in Derby in 1873. He worked as a grocer with the Derby Co-operative Society, and in 1901married Ethel Maud Brown. Ethel was born in about 1881 in Manchester, but had family connections in Derbyshire.

On 10th July 1903 Will died at 28 Dexter Street, the home that he and Ethel appeared to share with his father and stepmother [Thomas William Davis and Emma Emily Barker]. Having discovered his untimely death, I automatically set about trying to trace possible offspring. But Davis is a horrendously common name and the marriage was a very brief one with Will apparently suffering from TB most of the time. I told myself that children seemed improbable and I soon gave up, rashly writing "Presumed no issue" on my Tree. And, for the time being, I left it at that.

However, recently Will's obituary has come to light [Derby Mercury], stating that he left "a widow and child to mourn their loss"! With renewed interest I sprung into action hoping to discover another family line. This time I checked the birth registrations of the Wesleyan Chapel where the couple had married, the St Peter's Church archives where many of the family were registered, and a host of other non-denomination churches. Nothing! I trawled the 1911 census, hoping to find a Mrs Davis, widow, and her child languishing somewhere. Nothing!

Still perusing 1911, I traced Ethel's aunt and three cousins who she was staying with in Derby just prior to her marriage, and her parents then living in Manchester. Nothing! I searched for a possible remarriage of Ethel and for the possible deaths of both mother and child. Nothing! I even made a list of all the Davis babies born in Derby between 1901 and 1903, then tracked them down in the 1911 census, just in case, but eleven years or so later they all seemed to be comfortably and annoyingly accounted for.

All the time I kept a wary eye open for Manchester registrations, particularly the Browns [another all to common name], but came across nothing that seemed relevant.

No name, no gender, no likely birth registration, no likely death. Almost cross eyed and mentally stupefied with effort, I know that I could have easily

missed a vital link somewhere. I don't want to admit defeat just yet, but where do I go from here? Any help regarding this mysterious identity would be much appreciated. Maybe someone out there even recognises a name or two above.....

Kay Borsberry [Mem 1652], 19E Glenluce Road,
Blackheath, SE3 7SD
Email: borsberK@aol.com

I am wanting to contact Susan Jennifer COX born 1941 Mansfield, Notts, daughter of Cecil COX and Dorothy DRAKES. I believe that Jennifer married Barry FRITH in 1969 at Mansfield. They could have moved to Coventry, Warwickshire (I found an electoral roll reference in 2011 to Susan J. and Barry Frith) or Jennifer may have remarried a Andrew H SIMPSON in May 1987 at Mansfield, Notts.

I am related to the Cox family through my great great grandfather George Cox 1800-1872 of Woodside, Bolsover, brother of Jennifer's great grandfather Joseph Cox 1811-1879, buried at Elmton. My great grandfather Walter Henry COX of Bolsover came to New Zealand with his family in 1884.

Janet Shaw [Mem 295], 6 Granada Place,
Glendowie, Auckland 1071, New Zealand
E-mail: djfsjaw@xtra.co.nz

I have come by two microfiche readers from an ex-member of the D.F.H.Society. One is a Micron and the other a CM Digital Magnification, Model 977.Both are in working order, but I was told by the donor that one needs a replacement bulb.

Also IGI microfiche A-Z for Lancashire [128 fiche], Cheshire [35 fiche], Derbyshire [58 fiche], Lanarkshire [100 fiche], Stirlingshire [17 fiche], Ayrshire [38 fiche], Midlothian [50 fiche]. They are free to a good home, but a donation to the Society would not be refused. Can be delivered free within a reasonable distance of Chinley or collection from Bridge Chapel House within opening hours.

Keith Holford

GLOSSOP LADIES ON THE LUSITANIA

Gloom was writ large over the town of Glossop last Friday when news was received of the dastardly sinking of the Lusitania by the German Huns. This cold blooded murder made one's gorge rise against the perpetrators of the outrage, and as the details of the terrible crime became known, feeling against the savages who had conceived and carried out such a diabolical plot for the assassination of women and children, became more and more intense. It speedily became known that a couple of Glossop young ladies – Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Hampshire and Miss Florence Whitehead – were amongst the passengers aboard the ill fated vessel, and, naturally, their relatives and friends in Glossop were very anxious as to the safety of the two ladies.

The welcome news came through on Saturday that both Miss Whitehead and Miss Hampshire were amongst the passengers who had been saved, and the additional information that they were in Queenstown and expected to reach Glossop on the Sunday morning. This glad message filled the friend of Misses Whitehead and Hampshire with great joy, and shortly before 8 o'clock on the Sunday morning they arrived at Glossop, being met by a number of relatives, who extended cordial congratulations upon their almost miraculous escape from the villainy of the Huns. They had travelled from Queenstown to Dublin, then to Holyhead, and on to Manchester and Glossop.

As was only to be expected, the young ladies were in a state of exhaustion on reaching the Glossop station, because of their terrifying experiences and loss of sleep, and on reaching the residence of Mr Albert Beard, 34 Mount Street, they speedily sought much needed repose. Mrs Beard, we understand, is Miss Whitehead's sister and, not being in good health herself, the news of the torpedoing of the Lusitania had greatly affected her, though such ill effects quickly passed when she saw the two survivors safe and sound.

Miss Whitehead

On Sunday evening there was a brief interview with Miss Whitehead and Miss Hampshire, both

Miss Hampshire

of whom looked little the worse for their terrible and ever memorable experience. When asked if they felt ill or distressed, Miss Hampshire promptly replied that they felt practically alright, and had been fortunate enough to come through it all with nothing more serious than a few bruises, which they sustained whilst being transferred from the liner to the boat, and from one boat to another.

"Where were you when the ship was struck by the torpedo?"

"We were dining", said Miss Whitehead, "We were amongst the second lot to sit down for dinner. It would be somewhere about 2 o'clock, and in a few minutes we were startled beyond measure, for there was a terrific explosion, which seemed to almost shatter the vessel, and this was followed by the smashing of glass. No one seemed to know what to make of it for a second or so, but then we were roused for the vessel seemed to be turning over. We made a rush for the deck, and even as we did so, the big ship began to list, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were able to stand. Naturally we were in a state of very great excitement, and on reaching the deck our worst fears were confirmed – the Lusitania was sinking. She had been torpedoed we were told, and even at that moment the crew were actually engaged lowering the boats."

"Was there any panic on board?"

"Practically none, after the first few moments, for the captain, crew and male passengers behaved heroically and did all in their power to calm the women and children, whilst the boats were lowered. I believe," said Miss Whitehead, "that there was a little trouble in the steerage, caused by a few foreigners, but it soon ended."

"Did you secure lifebelts, or any of your belongings?" was the next query.

Miss Hampshire replied to this question, saying they had not time to get even lifebelts, never mind their belongings, but fortunately they had their money with them. "We got away in the second boat to be lowered from the boat

decks, the first boat being smashed, and our boat contained some 63 survivors. We pulled about in the vicinity for some little time, and rescued a few from the water."

Miss Whitehead now described the terrible scenes she witnessed whilst they were waiting to pick up survivors. She said that she saw men and women struggling in the water, clutching at anything which would keep them afloat, and then, from the decks of the doomed and sinking liner, four children were thrown into the boat, two of them being twins, the parents of the latter couple being picked up later by another boat, so that the children were restored to them on arrival at Queenstown.

Miss Hampshire said she did not see the Lusitania go down, as she buried her face in her hands, the scene being altogether too horrible to behold, but Miss Whitehead said she could not help looking at the ship; her eyes seemed to be riveted upon it and she saw the beautiful vessel sink out of sight. "I was attracted", said Miss Whitehead, "by a solitary figure which I could see on the vessel, standing at the elevated end, as the other end dipped deep into the water, and just before the final plunge. This passenger, as the vessel was disappearing, calmly and deliberately dived from a great height into the sea, and then began swimming, and the incident synchronised with the final disappearance of the Lusitania."

Both young ladies explained their trying experiences during the six hours they spent in the open boat before reaching Queenstown. It was calm, fortunately, but very cold and with little clothing on, they felt the effects of the cold very severely.

Miss Whitehead's time and attention was fully occupied looking to one of the little ones which had been thrown into the boat, and she said that some stokers and the male passengers took turns at the oars.

The sailors told the survivors that it was very fortunate the vessel was not torpedoed the previous day, for had that been the case, the boats would not have been able to live in the heavy seas then running.

The two Glossop ladies and a number of other survivors were taken to the Rob Roy Hotel on landing at Queenstown, and never was warmth and shelter more welcome. Here they received every kindness and attention, and though

they had lost everything except the money they had with them, all were devoutly thankful, and paid a high tribute to the splendid heroism of the gallant crew, and the equally heroic efforts of the male passengers.

Misses Whitehead and Hampshire will never, no matter how long they may live, or whatever they may be called upon to face, forget their terrible experiences on May 7th 1915. We may state that the two young ladies had been on a visit to Miss Hampshire's brother, Mr W.A. Hampshire, of Milton, Mass. They left England on September 1st 1914 by the Laconia, Miss Hampshire's brother having been in America for a long number of years. After a spell of farming, he became head chemist at Slater's Mills, Webster, Mass.

High Peak Advertiser, 14th May 1915

LITTLEOVER CHILD FATALLY BURNED

Mr J. Close, Derby Borough Coroner, held an inquest at the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary this morning relative to the death on Friday of Alexandra Emma Annie Smith, aged four years and five months, daughter of Frederick Smith, greengrocer, residing at School Street, Littleover.

Frank Smith, a brother of deceased, said that there were five children in the kitchen at the time. He was seated at the table when his brother called him and on looking up he observed a spark on deceased's dress, which set up into flames. Witness ran to inform his mother, and deceased followed him. The flames were suppressed by wrapping the hearthrug firmly round deceased, who was later taken to the infirmary.

The mother stated that a box of matches had been left on the mantelpiece and it was evident that deceased had secured the box, though by what means was unknown.

Dr James A. Young, house surgeon, attributed death to shock following burns, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Derby Mercury, 12th Nov 1915

OLD AND NEW
NEWS FROM THE NORTH

A warning, more warfare both 'Dambusters' and 'Jambusters.' Another visit to Ireland and I learn that "The Morpeth Roll" is neither a type of Northumberland bread or a style of high jumping. An edition of "The Sunday Times." poses another quandary for all Holfords. Carrington House, Bugsworth/ Buxworth, courtesy of the B.B.C, at long last lights up the headlines, but despite some new revelations, they did not make the ten o'clock news. The Wain family, late of Carrington House, courtesy of 'the blackout and WW2 ' appear yet again in print." The High Peak Reporter" now on a war footing, is much reduced in size and scope. The solution to one conundrum and the appearance of another.

Dambusters. The 70th anniversary of ' The Ruhr Dam Raid' on the 16/17 May 1943 had a particularly poignant local Chinley connection in that local boy, Flight Sergeant John (Jack) Marriott, DFM, 23 years of age, from New Smithy, Chinley, was killed on his way home from the raid. The family grave (No 260) at Chinley Independent Chapel records that he was "Interred at Düsseldorf, Germany on the 19 May 1943." On the anniversary of the raid, a Lancaster bomber made four passes over the Chapel-en-le-Frith War Memorial, before flying to the Howden Dam, Hope Valley, just a few miles from Chinley, where the practice runs for the "Dambusters " raid were undertaken.

Jambusters. The High Peak Reporter **5 January, 1940** stated that **"Rationing begins on Monday." ---** with bacon, ham, butter and sugar and that 45 million ration books have been issued. (Rationing was not to end until the 3 July 1954.) **On 8 March 1940** under the banner **"No More Sugar"** the Ministry of Food issued instructions that no further permits will granted for the making of marmalade after the 9 March 1940. A case of jam today but no jam tomorrow. **24 January 1941.** Harry Walker, Hunter's grocery manager at Chapel-en-le-Frith, was summonsed for disposing of an amount of sugar exceeding that represented on his coupon returns. A Ministry of Food inspector stated that it had been recorded that 764 lbs of sugar had been sold and a stock of 714 lbs was left, but actually he had more stock left and had not sold 764 lbs. Walker was fined £1, an advocates fee of £2 2s, and witness expenses of 11s. **11 July 1941.** Over 100lbs of rhubarb was handed in at the

Chinley Women's Institute, this was part of a Government campaign for surplus fruit to be bottled, made into jam or pulped. Instructions had been previously issued on how to use a ration book at home, for travellers, and temporary absence away from home. So no easy-peasy life gets easy for the next 14 years.

Calendars are concealed crevasses for “us crinklies and coffin dodgers” and public holidays fall into the makeshift category of 'moveable feast or blessed nuisances.' Having being retired for 20+ years, waking up each morning is more important than knowing the correct date. “Ireland will be bound to be a bundle of fun, especially travelling at a bank holiday” was my wife's considered opinion, I couldn't agree more having omitted, before booking, to consult any of the 3 calendars distributed throughout the house. Disregarding such oracles, found us sailing on Good Friday, the world, his wife, children, dogs, plus strap-hangers-on, must have had the same “Irish Memory Moment.” On the outward journey the only spare seats appeared to be in the life rafts, I even have my doubts about that, whereas the fast ferry on the return journey was, at a guess, twinned with “The Marie Celeste.”

The first port of call in our favoured backwater, at Carrick, Donegal, was the butcher's shop which is “Closed on Sunday, to go to church and closed on a Monday, to get over going to church on the Sunday .” These were the butcher's welcome wacky words of wisdom and not mine. We were instantly recognised and were told that they still closed on the same days and asked “What would be your desire today?” Opting for either the then topical or tropical “Zebra, giraffe or okapi burgers” brought a bright rueful smile, or it could have been more of a grimace ? Home made pork sausages with leeks was highly recommended by the management, and they later positively squealed in the pan with pleasure.

After more butcher banter and blarney, I ventured to ask for his place of abode, an unpronounceable name ensued. I was baffled and lost for words, the butcher noted my reticence and offered a clue --- “You must know it, one side of the street does not speak to the other!” “Sectarianism” says think bubble, I am not going there. For 12 years, during the deadly depths of “The Irish Troubles ” our change of name son lived in Ireland, infrequent visits were made, the vibes of mutual animosity could not be disguised and have certainly not been relegated from our memories.“ Surely you must know why the people do not speak to each other ?” went on the butcher. By now I was

100% certain it must be – "Sectarianism"– stay stum or play the combined agnostic cum atheist agenda. I was eventually hauled out of my hole by the butcher – "They don't speak to each other because the other side of the street is the cemetery !"

It was in Donegal town that I first saw the pre- publicity for " The goodbye card that is 420 metres long"more correctly known as the "The Morpeth Roll." Assembled in just 5 weeks in the summer of 1841, it is a monumental goodbye. A travelling exhibition will tell the story of Lord Morpeth and why he was so popular in Ireland, it will tour the four Provinces of Ireland between March 2013 – April 2014 giving the first opportunity in 170 years for the people of Ireland to see this unique document. The gigantic farewell signed by 160,000 people, was presented to Lord Morpeth the popular Chief Secretary for Ireland, when he left Dublin in 1841. Made up of 652 sheets of paper stuck together around an enormous bobbin and measured to be 420 metres in length, Morpeth won many friends for his reforming legislation and his help in advancing Catholic politicians. Morpeth retired to his home Castle Howard, taking the testimonial with him, after his death it lay unrecognised in a basement for more than a century. Now, after research and conservation, the Roll has been digitised by ancestory.com, so for the very first time there is an opportunity for historians to search the contents for their Irish ancestors. More information can be obtained on these three websites--- www.ancestory.com/Morpeth --- www,nuim.ie --- www.castlehoward.co.uk

Nick Knowles fronts the 10 programmes in the B.B.C. produced series "Original Features" and broadcast on Sky Channels, reaching a bigger numerical audience for both "Double D Delilah"and Carrington House, Bugsworth / Buxworth than our Society magazine. A photograph of Delilah (remember you saw her first in our magazine) was located in the possession of a Wain family member now living in the Isle of Man. A framed copy was presented to the new owners together with the pencil sketch of Delilah that I was asked by the B.B.C. to recreate from my over indulgent memory, also a composite 1:2500 scale Map of Bugsworth, produced by my graphic designer daughter Helen for the first "Bygone Bugsworth 1996 Exhibition ."

Carrington House sprang some surprises. The east face of the house has a window in each corner, one of the upper windows, is a true window to the outside world but bricked up and plastered on the inner face, a sort of latter day 19C perverse window tax avoidance effort, but preserving the symmetry

to the outside world of Bugsworth / Buxworth and beyond. An architectural historian pronounced that the square stone addition on the west face, was a later stairwell, enabling both basement kitchen and house staff access to all floors, but with the avoidance of too many face to face confrontations with family members. The door facing the road, thought by all and sundry villagers, to be the front door, is in fact the rear door. Chris Beardsmore pronounced that the three flights of steps at the true front, are too steep to be practical and are pure Victorian ornamentation and ostentation. The mature "monkey puzzle" tree in the garden was first introduced into Britain in the 1850's, every home of note at the time had to have one, so more status and not statice. The B.B.C. sent me a copy DVD of the Carrington House episode and I was more than surprised to see my name moving up in the credits at the end. There is to be a follow up programme when the current restoration moves to a revisit stage. The Carricks, the present owners, are planning to host an open house in 2014.

My research into the former occupants / owners is constantly expanding in its content and variety, thanks in no small part to the back issues of the High Peak Reporter. **8 December 1939.** John Wain (No, not the roughneck cowboy), son of Mr.& Mrs. W. Wain of Carrington House, Buxworth was riding a bicycle in the blackout at Bridgemont on Friday evening when he was accidentally knocked down by a motor car. **2 January 1942.** Wedding of Miss Mary Wain, the elder daughter of Mr and Mrs William Wain of Carrington House, Buxworth at White Knowle Chapel, Chinley. Jessie Wain, her younger sister was a bridesmaid, subsequently it has been found that Jessie was the owner of the "Delilah" photograph, the only visible proof that she ever existed in Bugsworth / Buxworth, other than in fast fading fanciful memories. **23 July 1943.** Mr. & Mrs. W. Wain of Carrington House, have received a telegram, followed by a letter, stating that LA/C William, their son, is a Japanese prisoner of war in Java. Nothing had been heard of William for 18 months, he joined the R.A.F. before the war to make it his career.

Now the answer to one conundrum and the imposition of another. The answer to the message on the rear of a postcard, which appeared in the 2012 September magazine – the first letter of each individual word was removed and placed at the end of that same word. For your delectation and amusement I suggest that society members send all their acrimonious correspondence to H. M. Revenue and Customs in this form and test their logical powers of deduction.

The new conundrum, relatively speaking, is personal. There was a long report in a June 2013 edition of "The Sunday Times."it was headed **"Let's bury the march of the mega-pylons."** Planned new power lines will mutilate our countryside writes Liam Fox. Gases contributing to global warming --- protection of the green spaces --- part of the national heritage --- new 150 feet high pylons rather than the present 90 feet --- another 1,000 pylons to add to the 22,000 in existence --- 300 miles of new lines across England --- focus on green energy, it was all there. *"The legislation covering the issues is complex and in effect gives rise to something known as the* ***'Holford Rules.'*** *The National Grid, in effect chooses to interpret these (rules) in the way it chooses."* Can anyone enlighten my darkness, preferably not with a 150 foot pylon..

Next time. In 1938, out of the blue, under the 1893 & 1901 Isolation Hospital Acts, Derbyshire County Council spring a new management system and a new name on the constituent authorities of the High Peak Isolation Hospital. Glossop and Buxton are now both excluded . In 1940, the war torn 'High Peak Reporter ' slims down to 8 pages, the entire page width can now be viewed across the New Mills Library microfilm reader screen. This makes for easier reading but the scope and variety of the news content is drastically curtailed.

Since the BBC made their TV programme on Carrington House, some of the family history of the previous owners makes compulsive reading, including the Mayor of Stalybridge, an emigration to America, an arrested in New Zealand for ' breaking and entering' I could go on and usually do !

In the meantime, why not try out the West Yorkshire Archive Service who are making public for the first time, the notes made 1864—1900, by Thomas Taylor, a county coroner in West Yorkshire on his inquests into 17,500 recorded unnatural deaths. There must be a bit of a giggle somewhere in there !!!

KEITH HOLFORD.

LONGEVITY IN DERBYSHIRE

I read with interest the note about longevity in Bakewell, Derbyshire, (page 74), Sept Qtr – as sent in by Ernie Drabble, MBE, as it made me remember what I found when I looked into 'general mortality' in Derbyshire.

I was very fortunate in starting FHR at the age of just 12 years (set as a class homework task, not through any innate brilliance of mine!) and had many "older relatives" who lived for many years into my research, priceless living history – there is an apropos African proverb, 'when an old man dies, a library burns'.

One relative, who remained sharp as a tack and in her own home at 96, came from a Methodist childhood and would say, 'Oh, I feel every inch of Psalm Ninety today' whenever she was feeling her aches and pains, or if her arthritis were particularly bad would complain, 'I'm far beyond a barfly!' Discreetly checking the reference, I found it related to Psalm Ninety Verse Ten:

> In themselves the days of our years are seventy years;
> And if because of special mightiness they are eighty years,
> Yet their insistence is on trouble and hurtful things;
> For it must quickly pass by and away we fly.

As a 'youth' at the time, this made me think – if people were living to 70 and 80 four thousand years ago, why did typical school history books portray people in the past as keeling over at 60 as ancient – William Shakespeare's 'John of Gaunt' dodders across the stage as a stooped, white-hair octogenarian trembling like he's been at the spiked Christmas Punch, yet his age in Shakespeare's play is 56 years old. Which was the more accurate position – 80-not-out or barely scraping in past a half-century, or somewhere in between?

Eventually I had to ask her directly about barfly, at which, indignant after a lifetime's support of the temperance movement, she directed me to 2nd Samuel 19:31-32: *And Barzillai the Gileadite himself came down from Rogelim that he might pass on to the Jordan with the King so as to escort him to the Jordan. And Barzillai was very old, being eighty years of age; and he himself supplied the King with food whilst he was dwelling in Mahanaim, for he was*

a very great man. As Ernie Drabble's piece alluded to, walking and hill country do a great deal for your cardio, and that area of ancient Israel (nowadays part of the modern State of Israel forming the Left Bank of the Jordan) was very much like the North Dales of Derbyshire in climate and topography. For an eighty year old man to be able to make such a journey on donkey back (horses were restricted largely to warfare) down such steep terrain with King David then back home again bespoke considerable fitness and certainly no doddery 56 year old a la Lancaster.

So I wondered some more...Were my ancestors in pipe and slippers mode at 45, or were they still flirting saucily at tea dances in their 80s? Admittedly, death ages in burial registers were not routinely recorded until the mid to late 1700s; it was necessary to know both the baptism and the burial date to calculate age and remember that the individual could have been christened (baby) or baptised (child/adult). Following the Restoration of Charles II in England in 1660, a lot of families had older and teenage children baptised. If you lacked the christening or baptism date before a certain time period there was little you could go on as sometimes all you had was '*Lydia McGarrett, sepulchre*' with no further information unless there was some peculiarity about it; for example the burial of my two-year-old lineal ancestral cousin Shady Colton simply reads: *Shady Colton, aqua suffocata* in 1704. The last word was faux Latin invented by the incumbent vicar – Shady drowned. I found her christening two years earlier, fixing her age as (probably) a toddler – I presume her parents were aiming for Sadie and the vicar couldn't spell it.

But there did seem to be a definite point that an early shuffling off the mortal coil seems to have been, at least in some cases, a family history trope invented by the Victorians that evolved into family history 'orthodoxy', rather than a researched fact. It struck me as similar to the 'Peasantry Fallacy' where traditional genealogy advised that 99.99% percent of family history was a long line of farm labouring peasants who were too timid to move more than a mile away from where they were born, when in fact, you feel an overwhelming urge to travel back in time and superglue their feet to the floor to get them to stay in one place and an abundance of younger sons and illegitimate scions of aristocracy and royalty abound.

Finally I got my research head in gear, after reading a very learned, clearly extensively researched palaeoanthropology textbook which made a glaring contradiction only two paragraphs apart on the same page: in the first para-

graph the author explained how Neanderthals died of old age at 25 'human years'. In the paragraph below it recounted the travails of the discovery of the first complete Neanderthal skeleton ever found, the dating and research into which was complicated by the fact that he had suffered from rheumatism, and scoliosis (curvature of the spine); he had actually been killed at age 45 by shock and blood loss from a terrible facial injury that broke his jaw and cheekbone. I read these two paragraphs with growing astonishment that such an error had got past the editing; that man had clearly never got the memo that he should have died of old age 20 years before he died of…not old age but an accident. If Neanderthals lived as long as we did (further research indicates Neanderthals and 'modern' humans do indeed have an analogous lifespan) long before Moses wrote his pithy ode to the issue of old age, then surely I needed to take a closer look at my ancestors' deaths.

So I did. The basic situation I found whichever location I looked suggested that it was always an 'Either Or' situation. Either the people lived into their 70s, 80s and 90s, or else they died young in their 20s. 30s and 40s, with, funnily enough, a minority in the early 50s and late 60s. For example:

John Lucas, 1625-1701 = 76, father of (mother of Matthew lived to be 77)
Matthew Lucas 1682 -1756 = 74, uncle of (mother of John lived to be 70)
John Lucas, 1700 – 1775 = 75 (average lifespan of each person = 74.4 years)

All of which were very respectable ages and equivalent to what people were achieving in the 70s, 80s and 90s of our era in the UK. Then I checked my Cuttell/Cuttle/Cottell relatives of Nottinghamshire and found a roughly three-generation cycle of longevity, longevity, brevity, longevity, longevity, brevity.

For example, Richard Cuttell of Babworth/Hayton died aged 70 in 1703. Of his 11 children: Richard, d. age 11 yrs, John, 14 months, Thomas aged 40 yrs, Mary aged 8 yrs, John, aged 2, Hannah aged 8mnths, Richard aged 3 yrs. Only four made it past forty, John, b.1689, Hannah and Mary (twins) born 1692 and Richard born 1694. Of Thomas (aged 40) seven children, five lived to adulthood and all lived past 50 years of age. The second of those five children was Thomas (junior). He had ten children – Thomas died aged 43 years, Elizabeth died aged 22 yrs, Mary aged 1 year, George died aged 72, the twins John and Mary died aged 3 yrs and 6 mnths old respectively, and Ann, Richard, Samuel and John all lived past 50.

These checks made me realise that environment must have a huge impact on longevity. My former English teacher, conversing about genealogy, explained that her younger brother was a highly strung, 'nervous wreck' type of personality and then recounted how when her Polish mother was pregnant with him, she had to inch her way across a minefield to flee the approaching German army – one can only imagine how much of the stress hormone Cortisol was flooding through her body at that point. A nervy disposition is understandable.

I noted that in each case, the children who survived were all the youngest four or five, and that George, the 72 year old anomaly, had left the area of West Notts where his siblings stayed and moved to Derbyshire, as did the son of his brother Thomas (d. aged 43) named Richard, who died aged 86 in Bolsover, the same Derbyshire town George moved to from Babworth in 1759.

Further investigation of Bolsover burials showed a steady average of longevity, even in times of crisis. When the Black Death wiped out Glapwell Griff amongst many other places in the 1320s, Bolsover didn't seem to experience the same problem although admittedly documents are scarce about that period. Likewise when the English Sweating Sickness hit Chesterfield, merely seven miles away and ravaged Clowne, a mere four miles away, in the Mediaeval period, Bolsover again didn't seem to notice. The received wisdom was that this was due to water – Bolsover's wells came from much deeper underground than was typical and filtered up through limestone, a naturally antibacterial mineral. In addition, Bolsover enjoyed some of the most fertile land and lush pasturage around – the timber of Shuttlewood, the orchards of Carr Vale, and an abundance of rivers and streams such as the Doe Lea that was so packed with freshwater salmon, bream, brown trout, freshwater oysters and white-clawed crayfish that there was barely room for the water. For a town of its size and regular trade/commerce contacts via Sheffield, Shirebrook, Mansfield, Chesterfield, Temple Normanton, Corbriggs and Clowne, where import of pathogens was also an issue, Bolsover residents displayed a nonetheless general longevity of 70s-90 – a graphic line of average age at death was a straightforward horizontal line: _____, until something odd happened.

From 1784-1786, gradually tapering back down to the former stability by 1790, there was a significant spike in Bolsover deaths, like someone had in-

serted a triangle in the middle of the graph line:

I was baffled. I could find nothing of note in the area that would account for this sudden increase in lifespan decrease, nor why there seemed to be more males than females affected. Then, in 1797, my 5x-grand-aunt Elizabeth Cuttle had an illegitimate son, whom she named George after her father, as she and her sister Anne were his only surviving children. Elizabeth was 33 years old at the time and the whole thing struck me as a woman who had given up on finding a husband in time to have children. Yet the Cuttell sisters were eminently eligible Bolsoverites, with affluent parents. George and Sarah had punched above their weight despite coming from working (George) and middle (Sarah) class backgrounds; being financially shrewd and, although to them it was very distressing, enjoying a life free of relative stress and unprecedented disposable income due to their very small family. I went back to the spike from 1784, when Elizabeth would have been 20 years old, exactly the age young women were gathering their trousseau and marriage banns were being read. Was one of those suddenly dead 20-something farmhand workers her fiancé?

Eventually I found it: in 1783, in Iceland, the Laki volcano erupted – but instead of lava and ash, for months it belched out vast cubic tonnes of poisonous gases that killed four fifths of Iceland's livestock and two thirds of the human population and came within a whisker of forcing the country to be abandoned altogether. By late 1784, this deadly super-cloud had drifted across the ocean, and down the West Coast of Scotland, and the West of the Pennines down to the Midlands. Around 20,000 Britons died from the effects over a five-year period, and since even amongst the rich, much daily life was conducted outdoors and that was considered to be the male purview, the vast majority of the victims were male. Ironically, the wealthier a person was, the more likely they were to be able to afford the fish, rabbit, and soft fruits that absorbed the toxins through rain and river and were thus causing them to ingest lethal doses.

This also led me to the Cuttells, where again, a tendency for males to be affected baffled me, until I noted that the Cuttells of that period lived near rivers. On 'feast' days many people ate beaver because the tail (scaled) meant it could be classified as a fish. As the 'men' of the house, the father and oldest

sons received the choice, tender 'rare' cuts first – and beaver carries certain diseases that are fatal, so by the time mother and daughters and younger sons got the 'burnt' bits that had been cooked enough to kill bacteria, the deadly doses had been scoffed.

The environment theory also seems to hold up in other areas. My ancestor William Bladen, Alderman (and Sheriff) of Dublin, King's Printer for Ireland, was born in Eggington, Derbyshire, in 1585 and died in 1663 aged 78 years in Dublin after a lengthy adult sojourn in London; his wife Katherine Young, a native Londoner, died in a plague outbreak there in 1625 aged only 40 years – and the average age at death of a native Londoner for the Mediaeval and Stewart periods was 25 years old – only the endless arrival of global immigrants kept the population at a seemingly 'stable' level. Their firstborn son Thomas, b.1613 on Paternoster Row, adjacent to St. Paul's Cathedral, was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, in his mid-teens and spent his life living in less urban areas of Kent and Ireland; he died aged 81 years. Katharine's native London relatives, including her brothers John and Richard Young, all died between their 20s to 50s.

I eventually circled back round to the 19th Century. The Victorians, of course, had a passion for order and symmetry; whilst their achievements are immense, including the "invention" of modern archaeology (Sir Austen Henry Layard) and anthropology (Sir Richard Burton), their belief in a neat linear chronology of world history where primitive, short-lived cavemen gave way to sophisticated, long-lived civilisations fostered the erroneous notion that the working-class/blue collar 'peasantry' who suffered much early death had always been the 'norm' due to evolutionary inferiority – the idea (popularised by Darwin and Wallace but around long before) that the upper classes were descended from the 'great ape' species whilst the lower orders were descended from the 'lesser primates' of monkeys.

This skewed view also developed due to the fact that the 18th and 19th Century slums and coalmines increased lower life expectancy in some areas, again leading to the modern fallacy that the Industrial Revolution was an ecological and social disaster (in fact it saved millions of lives and continues to do so). In actual fact, the problems of squalor and disease-caused early death were not caused by the Industrial Revolution, albeit exacerbated by it, but had existed since the Tudor period - prior to the Dissolution of the Monasteries, there were no Poor Law Unions because they were unnecessary, and your

peasant ancestor born in 1400 had a far higher likelihood of living quite comfortably to their 90s than did the post-Dissolution ancestor born in 1700. In short, I learned not to assume that all my pre-20th Century ancestors had been deceased by the time they were 65, because a reassuringly high number of them were still skipping along the highways and byways of Derbyshire, and working that cardio up Slack Hill and down Darley Dale into their eighties and nineties!

Catherine D. Stewart [Mem 6165]
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DO YOU RECOGNISE?

This photo was given to me, but it is not recognisable as any of my relatives.

I am assuming they are people from around Heanor and I would like to know who they are. The original photo is at Bridge Chapel House if anyone would like to claim it.

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Gertrude S Eppehimer – where are you?

About 35 years ago I visited my mother's oldest brother, then living in sheltered accommodation in Stapleford. Amongst the things he showed me was a family tree for his mother's family. My grandmother was born Annie Tatham, in Nottingham, one of an extensive clan.

Just how extensive was evident on this family tree, which included her uncle, Thomas Henry Naylor Tatham, and his thirteen children. Amongst these were a whole lot of unfamiliar names, of which Gertrude S Tatham, born c1878, who married an Eppehimer, stood out as particularly exotic.

Time passed, and when the 1881 census became available on disc I did my diligent research for all my families. No Eppehimers appeared but Thomas and his first few children were in Nottingham, the eldest child being born in the USA. Once the online census research became possible I found no trace of Thomas and his family in England. It seemed a return to the USA must have happened but there were no obvious leads to follow.

Recently I returned to the search, using the yet more sophisticated tools that are available on line. Gertrude S Eppehimer, born in Nottingham, wife of Edmund Eppehimer, surfaced in Spring City, Chester County, Pennsylvania. None of the other sisters' marriages have yet surfaced, for Guthrie, Toland and Carr, but give it time.

I think they are all out there in the USA somewhere, along with Tathams from this particular line. I never suspected my grandmother had a cousin so exotically named and she never mentioned her American relatives, but then, neither did she talk about her Somerset connections. We are left to find these things out for ourselves. Hang on to those scraps of family information you collected years ago. They may yet make sense.

Stephen Orchard, Chairman DFHS

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE

John Porter
1848-1906

John and Elizabeth Porter were married at St Peter's Church in Derby in 1868. They had six children Emily, Mary Elizabeth (known as Lizzie), John, Alice, Thomas William (known as Will), and Kate. Unfortunately John died at the age of five after contracting croup.

During their early married life they lived in Derby where they became the licensees of the 'Sir Walter Scott' in 1885 and remained in the licensing trade for the rest of their lives. Elizabeth dealt with the day to day running of the pubs and John owned and ran a cab business.

Elizabeth Porter
1850-1928

In 1888 John and Elizabeth took over the licence of the 'Black Swan' on Siddals Road Derby. They stayed here until 1893 when the licence was transferred to their daughter Lizzie and her husband John Mansfield Camp.

In the summer of 1893 John and Elizabeth moved to the 'Nags Head' in Cross Street, Sawley and settled down to run a village pub. By the time John and Elizabeth moved to Sawley their two eldest daughters Emily and Lizzie were married and running their own pubs in Derby. This left three children Alice, Will and Kate living with their parents to help out with the chores. John continued to run a cab business which his son Will helped with, and as he got older, took over the running of.

While John was running his cab business Elizabeth took on the responsibility for the day, to day, running of the pub. She was known to greet her customers with a 'Good Morning', afternoon or evening followed by 'Mr eeeeer', and

not mention their surname. This was to avoid their wives hearing their husband was having a drink without their knowledge. The houses backed on to each other with shared yards, particularly houses in Gaol Yard which also backed onto the pub, so it was easy for the women of the house to be within earshot of the pub.

The Nags Head

The idea of not using a surname could have been brought about by an event reported in 'The Derby Evening Telegraph ' 4th January 1894. The circumstances of the incident no doubt caused great interest and hilarity with all the regular customers. Just the title of the article was enough to stimulate the curiosity of any Sawley resident. The article was entitled '**RUMPUS AT PUBLIC HOUSE'. "All on account of Annie".**

A case had been brought at Long Eaton Petty Sessions accusing John Porter of allowing drunkenness on his premises and accusing a William Shaw of being drunk on licensed premises. The court heard how Elizabeth had gone to Derby to visit Mrs Gutteridge, who was her neighbour and friend when Elizabeth and John kept 'The Black Swan'. Mrs Gutteridge and Elizabeth travelled back to Sawley by train on 4th December 1894. A local Sawley man, William Shaw, travelled back on the same train. The station master told the police man who was investigating the case that Shaw had got off the Derby train with a woman whom he was kissing and cuddling. This caused a round of laughter in the court when it was read out. From the station they returned to

the ‘Nags Head’ where his wife, after hearing of his escapades, arrived and promptly threw a bucket of water all over him. The police were called and the constable said that when he arrived the place was in total uproar, with Mr Shaw in such a helpless state that he identified a stranger as his wife. Mrs Gutteridge denied that Shaw had kissed her, and was backed up by Elizabeth. She did however admit that she and Shaw were amusing themselves. So you can draw your own conclusions as to what that entailed. In the end John Porter was acquitted and William Shaw was found 10s for being drunk and disorderly.

In 1906 at the age of 57yrs John Porter died . The cause of his early death was from cirrhosis of the liver, brought about by his heavy drinking over many years. The funeral was held on 6th June 1906 at All Saints Parish Church, Sawley.

Sawley All Saints Churchyard

After John’s death Elizabeth took over the licence of the ‘Nags Head’. She was helped by her son Will, who combined helping out in the pub with running the cab business that he had inherited from his father. The cab was put to good use by Elizabeth and Will, particularly on Sundays. Pubs were only allowed to serve beer on Sundays to travellers. To get round this law Will would go in his cab to fetch all the regulars and then take them home again, because they arrived and left by cab they were classed as travellers. This little trick ensured that the profits were maintained seven days a week.

In 1908 Will married Kate Brentnall from Breaston. After their marriage they lived nearby at East End, Sawley. The year before Lizzie’s husband had de-

Elizabeth Porter with her son Will outside the Nags Head

serted her so she and her children moved into the Nag's Head to help with the day to day running. Having both of them near to hand meant that Elizabeth had plenty of help.

Six years after John's death a widower called William Dore who was a lace maker from Draycott became enamoured with the 'wealthy' Mrs Porter from the 'Nags Head'. She also understood that he had money. On 25th November 1912 they were married at All Saints Church, Sawley. They were both disap pointed as there was no money. The marriage didn't last as William moved out after a few years and went to live with his sister.

One event, which must have sent the Nags Head profits soaring, was when Peace was declared heralding the end of World War 1 and the atrocious waste of life.

In the Sawley Notes and News printed in the Long Eaton Advertiser on Friday 15th November 1918 it gives some insight in to how the village celebrated. It tells how only hours after the peace news was announced the Sawley people gathered in the Parish Church where the rector 'delivered an appropriate address'. During the afternoon the bells rang out all over England. Apparently, in the village there was keen rivalry in bedecking the houses and a huge banner with 'Welcome Home' was strung across the road in Chantry Place. The lace factories, workshops, and schools closed down but you can

guarantee that one place which stayed open and did a roaring trade was the 'Nags Head'.

In 1923 at the age of 73yrs and after thirty years as landlady Elizabeth retired from the 'Nags Head' .She spent her retirement visiting her children who also kept pubs. Towards the end of her life she lived with her eldest daughter Emily, who for many years kept the 'Victoria Inn', Cowley St, Derby and this is where Elizabeth died on 2nd August 1928.

Sue Sharpe and Mal Smith (mem 7558)
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RIPLEY MINER'S FATAL INJURIES

An inquest was held at Ripley on Saturday regarding the death of Francis Beighton, labourer, aged 51 years, of Heath Road, Ripley, who was killed at the Butterley Park workshops of the Butterley Colliery Company on the previous day.

Joseph Hopkinson, of Swanwick, foreman, said deceased was unloading timber poles from a truck and it was the last one, some 32 ft long, which killed him. Apparently he was lifting the heavy end, being astride it at the time, when the other end rolled off, tilted the heavy end and jerked deceased off his feet, throwing him to the ground. The timber fell on him and death was instantaneous.

In answer to the inspector of mines, witness said it was not a good method to adopt to be astride timber when unloading, and having now seen the danger he would stop the practice for the future.

Dr Feroze said death was due to fracture of the base of the skull.

A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

Derby Mercury, 30 Jul 1915

POLICE CONTINUE HUNT FOR REPTON BANK RAIDER

Police are today still hunting for the daring armed bandit who yesterday afternoon walked into Lloyds Bank at Repton, bound the cashier and guard together and left with £500.

After the hold up, which took place at 12.30 p.m., as the bank was closing, the police net spread to all parts of Derbyshire, Staffordshire and the surrounding counties. Police are hunting for a man described as 6ft, tall, dark hair, in his early thirties, of athletic build, and wearing a dark coat.

As the cashier, Mr Gordon Grant, aged 23, of Bretby Lane, Burton, was about to close the doors of the bank for the day, the man walked in with a cosh in one hand and a gun in the other and said "This is a hold up". He forced Mr Grant to fill a bag with money and then made him and the 68 year old guard, Mr William Hatton of 6 Laurel Grove, Edge Hill, Stapenhill, lie on the floor while he bound them together with a new clothes line. He afterwards gagged Mr Grant.

The whole operation took fifteen minutes. Afterwards the raider walked out and locked the door behind him, and made off towards Burton on foot. The police threw up a road block where the Repton road runs into Burton, when it was reported the bandit had escaped in a car.

After the man left the bank, some schoolboys followed him up the road. They noticed that a duster was placed across the rear number plate of the car in which the man escaped, but one boy saw that one of the registration numbers was 5. It seems certain that the man drove through the village in a white or cream Ford Consul and parked it several hundred yards from the bank, pointing towards B urton. One of the schoolboys has said that he saw the man put a bag into the boot of the car and noticed a stick protruding. He also said that the man had some difficulty in starting the car.

Mr Grant and Mr Hatton were tied together in the bank – one man's feet to the other's hands. Mr Hatton managed to work a knife out of his pocket and the men were able to cut themselves free. Mr Grant ran across the road to a shop to telephone the police. The bank itself – a one room building – has no

phone. The owner of the shop, Miss Dorothy Perry, had watched the man go into the bank and come out again, without realising what had happened.

The bank is open only three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 10.30 a.m to 12.30 p.m, police are working on the assumption that the raid was well planned to coincide with closing time. One witness reported that she had seen the man in the village in previous weeks, although she was sure he was not local.

Mr Grant told the Burton Daily Mail after the raid. *"The man walked in as I was about to close, put a bag on to the counter, pointed a gun at Mr Hatton and myself, and completely took charge. He had a cosh in his other hand. He made Mr Hatton and myself lie down while he tied us up. Then he put sticking plaster across my mouth and walked out. He was as cool as a cucumber."*

After Mr Grant had freed himself, he ran across to Miss Perry's shop. She told a reporter *"I watched the man walk in very calmly. I noticed he seemed to be in a long time, in view of the fact that it was closing time, but I naturally thought nothing of it. Then as he came out, he stopped at the door, as if he had caught his hand or glove in it. But after a few seconds he straightened up and walked away towards the bus stop. I realise now he was locking the door. Some time afterwards, Mr Grant came across and told me that there had been a hold-up. I just couldn't believe it. I was furious. If I had realised I could have thrown something at the man or give chase. Everything happened so naturally and calmly that nothing appeared untoward."*

The bank is a sub-branch of Lloyds Bank, Burton, and stands in Burton Road, a few yards from Repton's famous cross. A single storey brick building with a corrugated asbestos roof, it stands parallel with the roadway, about two yards inside a low wooden fence. Access to the one door which the building possesses is gained through a small green gate in the fence, and the distance between the gate and the bank door is only two or three yards. In the side wall of the building are two windows, the lower panes of which are of frosted glass. In the gable end of the bank, near the door, is a third and smaller window.

Sixty eight year old Mr Hatton, although badly shaken by his experience, afterwards described the intrusion which shattered the calm of a peaceful

Repton afternoon. Mr Hatton is employed as a sub-guard by Messrs Lloyds bank. The duties of the sub-guard, so far as the Repton branch are concerned, are to remain on the customer's side of the counter at all times and to give the clerk in charge such help as he might need. He said *"I was on the customers' side of the premises at the time. The man just walked in quietly and I turned round. He held a revolver in his left hand and a cosh in his right hand. He ordered me to go behind the counter and made me lie down on my stomach on the floor. He brought a stout cord with him and he tied us both up."*

Mr Hatton remembers very little of the events which followed. Rudely shaken by the unexpected intrusion, he lay unable to utter a sound, while the bandit turned his attentions to the 23 year old clerk. The intruder did not gag the guard, but fastened adhesive tape across the clerk's mouth. *"He did not need to in my case"* explained Mr Hatton, *"I was beyond shouting. I'm an old man."* Mr Hatton added that the raider was *"quite rough"* in tying them up and Mr Grant, agreeing, ruefully recalled *"He wasn't exactly gentle – he certainly knew how to do it!"*

The bandit told the two men that he had been watching them for weeks, but apart from this one concession to their curiosity his conversation was brief and to the point. The £500 which the man got away with was the majority of the money in the bank at the time, but not all of it. There was a smaller amount in another part of the premises, which the raider failed to notice.

Immediately across the road from the bank stands the Red Lion Inn, whose licensee, Miss Dora Bird, was looking through the bar window as the man approached the bank. She watched him walk through the little wooden gate and, according to her version of the raid, knock on the bank door. *"I watched him knock on the door and go in. He was wearing a dark coat, but had on no hat. I think the door was locked, and they opened it to let him in, and I thought to myself, you saucy fellow it's gone closing time. I was not watching when he came out again."* Miss Bird said the man was no stranger to her, she had seen him walking about the streets for a week, and she had believed that he was a commercial traveller. Miss Bird did not realise, nor did anyone else, that the stranger who quietly walked the streets of Repton was meticulously 'casing' the bank and keeping a careful observation on the movements and habits of the staff and of the people who use Burton Road. *"I met him too"* she went on, *"One day last week he came into the Red Lion for a drink.*

We talked about all sorts of things – mostly about the Test match – but the bank was never mentioned. I wondered who he was travelling for."

Having broken free, Mr Grant dashed across to the Red Lion to phone for the police, for the bank is not on the telephone. But neither is the Red Lion. So Mr Grant hurried next door to Miss Perry's and used her phone.

For several hours after the hold up the bank and the surrounding area were the scene of much activity and not the least interested among the many spectators were boys of Repton School, who craned their heads from the windows of a nearby school building to catch a glimpse of the scene of the brief excitement which had come to the exclusive little village.

Burton Daily Mail, 3rd Feb 1959

CLAY FAMILY OF DERBYSHIRE

The surname of Clay is documented in the County of Derbyshire from the time when surnames were first given to ordinary people back in the 1200s. The name is most likely occupational and was probably first given to a man who made his living excavating clay and supplying the various trades.

The Clay family is listed in the town of Derby in the early 1200s and further north in the 1300s at North Wingfield, Brampton and Wingerworth. David Clay has researched all the Derbyshire parishes where the early Clays were located and has created a website containing all the information gathered by him over the last 30 years https://sites.google.com/site/clayofderbyshire

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The Mercer's Story

by Judy Bradwell [cont]

The Children of Robert and Mary Middleton

The dates are drawn from the records of St Thomas a Becket Church at Chapel en le Frith.

Hellin/Ellen, who seems to be the eldest, was baptised 2 Aug 1677. She married John Warwick on 28 October 1695, both being 'of this parish'. The church register also records that Ellin 'the daughter of Robert Middleton' was buried in the Chancel at St Thomas on 28 October 1700/1. From this it would seem that Robert's mother might have been an Ellen, or Helen, if a family tradition of naming a daughter after her father's mother was followed, and that his father was a John Middleton. It should be noted that her husband's name is not mentioned at the time of her burial.

Mary was baptised 24 October 1678 'daughter of Robert and Mary Middleton of this town', and married John Walker on 17 October 1699. When John died Mary married a second time to John Barker. It was Mary Barker and her son Matthew Walker, and if he died without issue, his half brother Richard Barker, who would inherit Robert's shop.

Anne baptised in May 1680 married James Pickford, the parish clerk, on 12 December 1701.

John, 21 March 1681/2, married Ellin Hudson. The register notes she is from the parish of Osfield, Staffordshire, and that they were married by Mr Mills of Longnor. John was a mercer in Wirksworth, where Robert's will indicates there were family business interests. There were two children; Mary and Robert, who is mentioned in his grandfather's will. After John's death Ellin married John Bocking [parish register for Wirksworth Hellena Middleton and Johannes Bocking, December 1729].

Richard, 30 September 1684, apprenticed to James Feild [sic], a needlemaker of London on 17 Dec 1698. Richard married three times.
Richard Middleton to Grace Ward of Glossop, 10 April 1710 at St Thomas.
Richard Middleton to Ann Cowper of Chapel en le Frith, 12 Jan 1731/32 at St Thomas.

Manchester Cathedral records show there was a second wife before Ann Cowper.

Richard and Grace's son, another Richard, a glazier, would elope in 1740 with Leak Kirk, a grand daughter of Henry Kirk of Martinside and the youngest daughter of Thomas Kirk of Spire Hollins. They would call their second daughter Grace and their second son would be another Richard. The Kirks were a long established family in the Chapel en le Frith area. The first name, Grace, however, surely establishes the Richard and Robert of Manchester as Robert the mercer's family.

Wirksworth churchwarden accounts show money payable to Richard Middleton, glazier, in 1715 and 1717 for work on the church's windows. A grave inscription in Manchester in the Owen Manuscripts lists Richard Middleton, plumber, buried on 16 November 1733. Plumbers and glaziers were both, of course, workers in lead, and plumbing didn't take on its specific connection with drainage until much later.

Robert, 16 May 1687, married and is mentioned in his father's will, lived and worked in Manchester. He also had a daughter christened Grace.

Edward about 1690. He took a degree at Cambridge, became curate of Longstone Anglican Church and was buried in the St Thomas a Becket chancel. "Buried 25 December 1725 Mr Edward Middleton, minister of Longstone in the parish of Bakewell".
"Edward Middleton, son of Robert, Chapel ELF. Wadham College, Oxford. Pleb. Matriculated 27 March 1708 aged 18. BA 1711" [Oxford Alumni]

It is interesting, in passing, that Edward was the successor of a Samuel Mills, who died in 1713. This is in view of the marriage of John Middleton and Ellin Hudson in 1706 by Mr Mills of Longnor. Samuel Mills died on 30 December 1713 at Longstone.

Ebenezer, 17 April 1692, married Ann Kyrke. Ebenezer was buried 5 May 1723 'of this town". Ann is thought to be the daughter of George Kirk and baptised 6 August 1694 at Chapel en le Frith. Ebenezer died before his father and neither Ann nor any children are mentioned in Robert's will.

William, 26 Aug 1694, married Arminal Hegginbottom from Mottram in

Longdendale, Cheshire, 8 April 1716. It was their son, Thomas, who married Betsy/Elizabeth, the daughter of Rev James Clegg, 27 Jul 1744.

Thomas, like his grandfather, ran a shop that sold tobacco. Th match seems to have delighted James Clegg. *"May the divine blessing remain upon them, I am now left in a Solitary State"* he writes on their wedding day. However there was to be no honeymoon for the couple. The next day the *"young pair breakfasted"* with James who "*endeavord humbly to recommend them all* [son Benjamin had remained after the wedding] *to the Divine favour by earnest prayer"*. The couple had four children baptised at St Thomas a Becket, Ann 24 Jun 1745, Thomas 8 Jul 1747, Robert 2 Dec 1751, James 7 Mar 1755. Arminal is such an unusual name it is worth noting that an Armanuel Middleton was christened 23 Jul 1749 at Manchester Cathedral; her father a William Middleton.

Septimus, 17 November 1698—the seventh son—who died the next day.

Robert's life

Robert's first wife, Mary, died 16 December 1709. Her husband's name is shown on the 1709 map of those in the parish who had bought grave plots within the parish church. The map also bears the name of James Pickford, the parish clerk and Robert's son in law, the husband of daughter Anne. The burial plot of "Robert Middleton, of this town" is close to that chosen by James Pickford clark [sic] and to Matthew Walker, Robert's grandson.

Robert's plot is next to that of William Bagshawe of Ford Hall "taken in 1702"says the note on the map [I will return to this Bagshawe link]. Unfortunately the stone floor with its gravestones is no longer visible, as the floor is now wood. The map is printed in the book William Braylesford Bunting wrote on the church of St Thomas a Becket.

Caleb Cook is named on the map as the curate. In a Settlement made in 1716 by John Middleton of Wirksworth, mercer, the eldest son of Robert Middleton, there is mention of a dwelling house in Chapel wherein Caleb Cooke, clerk, then dwelt. The house contained a "fore-room or dwelling house, the buttery then in two parts, with a washhouse and chamber over it and the little shop in the town street and a garden", to quote the Braylesford Bunting book on St Thomas's. Bunting adds that the Middletons owned several houses adjoining Church Lane and some land below.

There are mentions of Robert Middleton in another Braylesford Bunting book *'Chapel en le Frith, its History and its People"*. He places the Middleton family at Rushop Edge, and certainly a Middleton family lived there, but research has shown this is likely to be that of John Middleton, the hatter's line. A John Middleton kept the Hat and Feathers in Chapel en le Frith in 1783, research on both lines of Chapel Middletons has as yet indicated no immediate connection between them.

Braylesford Bunting, looking at properties in Chapel points to a house bearing the inscription R m 1690 M, and suggests these are 'evidently' Robert Middleton's initials. The M may, of course, represent Mary's initial; the date 1690 with the smaller –m which is over the date does not link into any major family event. Mary I was still alive, and Mary 2 had still to be married by widower Robert. Perhaps it was simply the year the couple, if it is them, took possession of the property. There is no trace that Robert Middleton had a wife between Mary 1 and Mary 2.

Interesting, too, are Robert Middleton's property deals of 1709 and reported by Braylesford Bunting in his book on Chapel en le Frith. These show Robert purchasing property that included a house near New Hall belonging to Peter Kenyon "described in a contemporary deed as a Goldsmith". The Hall itself had earlier become the property of John Shallcross. The name of Shallcross crops up again in the following document.

<u>Lease/Release Bar[ker] D/368 dated 4 September 1711 [Sheffield Archives]</u>
Robert Middleton, Chapel en le Frith, Mercer, Mary his wife late widow and relict of William Brock of Shallcrosse, Gentleman, deceased of the first part, William Bagshawe of Ford Gentleman and Arnold Kyrke of Martinside, Yeoman of the second part and John Shallcrosse Esquire of the third part. The said Robert Middleton in right to the said Mary his wife now is and standeth seized for the term of the natural life of the said Mary of and in the messuages cottages lands tenements and hereditaments hereinafter mentioned chargeable nevertheless in manner as is hereinafter expressed the Revertion and inheritance whereof doth belong and appertain to the said Mary [This is followed by a list of closes, enclosures, parcels of land meadow and pasture etc., which were left to Mary by Robert Naylor and James Naylor, who were her father and brother/uncle.

This "original document" is between William Brock and Mary his wife of the

one part and John Shallcrosse of the other part re lands in Moniash and Flagg in Derbyshire. Given to the use of John Shallcrosse on payment of £627.

Robert's first wife had died in December 1709. Two years later he was marrying his second Mary, widow of William Brock. Robert was at least by now in his late fifties.

Trade and other Matters

What sort of man then was Robert Middleton? William Bagshawe felt able to thank him for help in the vexed matter of silver clipping, then sharp eyed, honest and faithful are adjectives that would apply. He would have been busy with both business and family. Perhaps he travelled regularly to Liverpool to obtain his supplies from the ships berthing there with tobacco from Virginia. He would surely have smoked a pipe, and that would not have been unusual. An account in his handwriting for Mr Waterhouse's funeral on 10 April 1704 lists several items of tobacco and more surprisingly gloves, valued at 11 shillings. With so many children he must have been a family man; his children would have been able to read, write and grow up to run their own businesses. This would include his daughters. Mary, his second daughter, is left his shop in his will and had presumably been running the business when Robert was so very ill in the last year of his life.

Robert would have been deeply religious. If he was born in Sheffield and grew up there he would have probably met with the Rev William Bagshawe. The Apostle of the Peak was born in Litton, Derbyshire, in 1628, so was a generation older than Robert. Bagshawe studied for the ministry at Cambridge and on his twenty first birthday was invited to become assistant presbyter at Sheffield. Under the supervision of James Fisher, the incumbent of St Peter's [and St Paul's] he was allotted responsibility for the care of the church at Attercliffe. [*William Bagshawe, the Apostle of the Peak* by John M. Brentnall]. Bagshawe is sometimes spelt without the final e, but I have kept to the Brentnall spelling.

Unlike today, Attercliffe was then a small and attractive country village. Sheffield, too, would have been small enough for those who lived there to know those who moved in similar circles, such as the church. The children of the Sheffield Middletons were baptized at St Peter's. Rev Bagshawe would stay in Sheffield until June 1651 when he became vicar of Glossop, a post he held until 1662 when, like so many ministers in the area, he refused

to accept the Act of Uniformity which reinstated, among other Anglican traditions, bishops and the Church of England prayer book.

After 1662 William Bagshawe retired to a family home of Ford Hall, near Chapel en le Frith, and established prayer meetings in areas such as Bradwell, Chinley, and Charlesworth, away from the confines of the Anglican Church. However those not attending the local parish church faced for some years heavy fines, so it is recorded that Wm Bagshawe attended St Thomas a Becket's on Sundays. It was thanks to him that the dissenting movement began to thrive in the district. Robert Middleton would have worshipped at St Thomas a Becket's at much the same time and must have been among the dissenting movement's supporters. His links to both St Thomas a Becket's and to Chinley Chapel were strong. William Bagshawe [as did James Clegg] kept a diary. In this he lists in 1698 the homes of the close friends he visited at the beginning of the New Year in order to offer thanksgiving for the year past and God's blessing for the year to come. On 7 January he is with the Kirke [sic] family at Martinside, ont he 11th at W. Carrington's [Bugsworth Hall] and on the 14th at R.M.'s that is Robert Middletons.

To quote John Brentnall again—in a manuscript book Bagshawe keeps at the end of his life he writes of his "very dear, endeared friends, and children in the Lord", Henry Kirk and Robert Middleton.

To be continued in the March issue

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UNHAPPILY MARRIED

George Jepson, 57, Dashwood Street, Derby, was summoned by his wife, Betsy Jepson, for desertion. Complainant stated that they were married last December. Her husband would not provide her with a home. Defendant denied the offence. Witnesses were called for both sides. The Bench granted a maintenance order, defendant to pay 11s a week, and the wife to have custody of the child.

Derby Mercury, 30 Oct 1914

THE BATHING BEAUTIES

I have named this photograph "The Bathing Beauties" for obvious reasons. It came into my possession quite recently, when my cousin Patricia Walker nee Connor gave me a bag of old family photographs she had inherited from her late mother and my aunt Violet Connor nee Ratford. This was in support of my research into our Family History.

The only person I recognise in the photograph is my maternal Grandmother, Rose Ethel Scaife nee Ratford formerly Wild, who is standing far right. In 1906 she married Thomas Ratford in Derby at the age of 18. The first of her five children was born the same year. I would suggest that she looks older than 18 years of age and would guess the photograph was taken some years later. Her mother, Clara Scaife nee Wild, who she was very close to is not featured. An explanation could be that Clara was back in Derby looking after one or more of Rose's children or they were playing on the beach.

Could this be a family day out or a day trip from Alvaston British Legion? The latter being a favoured watering hole for Tom and Rose on a Saturday night. I have assumed that it cannot be a works outing as Rose never worked for anyone else. To the best of my knowledge she only ever worked from

home as a self employed laundress.

To my mind a number of the woman have similar facial features to Rose but I don't recognise any of them. Also, I have no idea when or where the photograph was taken, Skegness would be my guess but who knows.

If any DFHS readers can provide information regarding this photograph it would be very much appreciated.

You may wish to know that Rose Ethel was Sydney Scaife's eldest sister and was born on 5th September 1887 in Derby as Rose Ethel Wild. Sydney was Company Sergeant Major of the Sherwood Foresters (Serial No. 14481). In 1918 he was awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field.

The next born was Lily Wild in June 1891, also in Derby. Rumour has it that she was actually born in the Shardlow workhouse, never got married and died in Belper but I have been unable to find any documentation that verifies any of this. Perhaps DFHS readers may know something that would help with my research regarding Lily.

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ACCIDENT AT KNIVETON

A serious accident occurred on Monday to Mr William Adams, of Pothills, Kniveton, one of the best known farmers in the Ashbourne district. Mr Adams was driving along Compton, with his horse and trap, and in company with a friend when the animal took fright at a motor wagon, and rearing violently threw his owner on to the roadway. Mr Adams was badly cut about the head and after being surgically attended to was conveyed home. The accident is the more regrettable inasmuch as Mr Adams wedding was fixed for Tuesday, and the event was being looked forward to with much local interest.

Derby Mercury, 9 Apr 1915

THE 'SCUM OF THE EARTH' WERE HONOURED

All the books on the 1808-1814 Peninsular War, when Napoleon tried to conquer Spain and Portugal to isolate Britain, record that Sir Arthur Wellesly, later the Duke of Wellington, referred to his army as the 'scum of the earth'. His Peninsular army might well have been formed from the 'scum of the earth', for why should anyone at that time have joined the Army as a private soldier? However, by contrast, after the carnage of Waterloo in 1815 with up to 50,000 dead and many more wounded Wellington claimed that 'if he had been able to field his elite Peninsular Army, as opposed to the hastily convened Allied force, he would have attacked Napoleon first, sweeping him off the face of the earth'. It is also recorded that not long before Wellington died when someone asked him if there was anything in his long career that he could have done better, he said, 'Yes, I could have given more praise.'

Our interest in the Peninsular War started after we obtained a copy of my 2 x grandfather Walter's will, where he bequeathed his Peninsular War medal to his grandson Louis, my grandfather. Walter (1828-1899) was a silk throwster and became the owner of the City Road Mill just north of DFHS's Bridge Chapel House. But Walter was not alive during the Peninsular War! Then, we recalled that amongst my parents artefacts we had found the General Service Medal with Peninsular War clasps of a Luke Smith of the 40th Foot from Darshill, Shepton Mallet. This gave us the clue to finding Walter's parents, Betsy (1804-1896), Luke's eldest child had married a Stephen Butt. So Walter, their eldest son, must have been given his grandfather Luke's medal.

On a visit to Shepton Mallet we called at the information office to inquire about Darshill, giving as a reason that an ancestor had lived there in the 1800's. We were looked straight in the eye, there was a pregnant pause, 'the pits', was how the then hamlet of Darshill was described! So Luke (1772-1849), as far as Wellington was concerned would very well have justified being called, 'the scum of the earth', especially as Wellington had hardly any confidence in the majority of his own officers, he discounted anyone of a lower social class than himself, and later for example was one of the foremost opponents of the 1832 so called Great Reform Act.

The National Archives at Kew confirmed in the muster books of the 40th Foot

that Luke had served with them from 1808 until 1814 and when the General Service Medal was instigated retrospectively in 1848, Luke had applied for 5 clasps, Talavera (1809), Ciudad Rodrigo (1812), Badajoz (1812), Salamanca (1812) and Vitoria (1813).

In 2011 we chanced upon the travel company 'The Cultural Experience' who organise battlefield tours, one of which was 'Wellington in Spain' that included Luke's first four battles: Talavera to Salamanca. We just had to go even though we knew nothing of 'battlefields'. At Badajos, for the sake of the completness of our family history we were stunned when one of the other members of the tour commented, 'had you thought that you may have Spanish cousins'? Well, 'the siege of Badajos was the most violent and horrific episode of the war and following its fall the victorious British soldiers, driven to the point of madness by the fury and violence of the assaults, embarked on a three day orgy of rape, drunkenness and pillage'. Luke had had two children before 1808 and another five after 1814!

In 2012 with the related tour 'Wellington in Portugal', we covered the earlier period of Luke's time in the Peninsular, from their landing at Mondego Bay in August 1808 to the army's retreat behind the 'Lines of Torres Vedras' in 1810. In 2013, we covered the period after Salamanca, from the abortive siege of Burgos (Sept-Oct 1812), part of the subsequent retreat back to Salamanca, then the advance culminating in the battle of Vitoria to coincide with its 200th anniversary on the 21st June. The Spanish claim that it was 'the Battle that turned the tide in Europe for on June 21st 1813 Vitoria played a role in the history of Europe. With the defeat of Joseph I, the city attained unheard of significance in Europe. The events of the Battle of Vitoria became known in all of Europe and Lugwig Van Beethoven dedicated a symphony to the city.' ["The Battle Symphony" or "The Battle of Vitoria", Op. 91 (Wellingtons Sieg oder die Schlacht bei Vittoria) is a minor 15-minute long orchestral work, the music simulates approaching opposing armies and contains extended passages depicting scenes of battle. It incorporates 'Rule Britannia' and "God Save the King" to represent the British and was dedicated to the Prince Regent. Composition stretched through August and September and was completed in the first week of October 1813, and it proved to be a substantial moneymaker for Beethoven. - Wikipedia]

Vitoria was to be a set piece battle between the French under the command of king Joseph I, and Marshal Jourdan and the allied army, commanded by the

Duke of Wellington and General Álava, from Vitoria. The French were lined up in three rows across the ten square miles of the rectangular valley floor having assumed that all of Wellington's army would advance down the valley into them. The French had not even placed guards on any of the bridges across the river that winds along two sides of the valley. However, Wellington divided his army into five brigades, four of which came over the hills around and behind Vitoria. The French were overrun, and if it were not for the allied soldiers understandably disobeying orders and stopping to loot the French baggage train with its seven years worth of booty and current French army pay, it would have been the end of the war in the Peninsular. What remained of the French army escaped, but minus their baggage train and booty.

We arrived on Friday 21st June, above the valley floor as had Hill's brigade. On the following morning we visited the sites where the other brigades had fought. Then we ascended the Knoll of Arinez, a conical hill overlooking the flat battlefield, where the French wives etc. went to witness the battle, apparently even stands had been erected so that they would get a better view! As we started to descend, an official group was coming up and we were invited to go back to the top of the Knoll with them for a memorial ceremony. The 'Mayor of Vitoria' and other celebraties were to add the plaque: 'In memoriam eorum qui pugnaverunt passi sunt et mortui sunt' - 'In memory of those who have fought, suffered and died', to the already existing wooden cross overlooking the battlefield. Three of us went back with them.

In typical Aussie fashion, one of the other two, mentioned that I was a descendant of an English soldier who had been at the battle. After two speeches, the 3 x grandson of the Spanish General Álava, was invited to place a screw to fix the plaque to the cross, then to my utter amazement, as another descendant, I was bundled forward. In English, I blurted out the name of Luke Smith of the 40th Foot and pointed to the bridge which they had crossed to get onto the battlefield, then with a hand power drill I inserted the second

screw and thanked them for this honour. An emotional few moments, I had tears in my eyes. Lord Douro, the 8th Duke of Wellington's eldest son, fitted the third screw.

After this I was approached by a reporter, who could not speak English, I wrote Luke's name down and he made some notes with the help of one of the group's organisers. Then Lord Douro came to speak to speak me, I explained, not mincing my words, that Luke was one his ancestor's 'scum of the earth'. He understood what I meant. I then told him where Luke had come from, and of our travels in his footsteps. The three of us had then to hurry down to catch up with the rest of our tour party with it beginning to sink in that Luke, as a representative of one of the 'scum of the earth' had been honoured after 200 years. But were any of the Spaniards on the Knoll that day, unbeknown descendants, possibly even a 'cousin'? Stranger things have happen in family history.

The following day in the newspaper 'El Correo', which was on sale in Vitoria and at Bilboa airport, Luke Smith was named in the headline of a half page article about the anniversary celebrations: 'El soldado inglés Luke Smith era uno de los nuestros' - 'English soldier Luke Smith was one of us'. 'One of us', so Luke really was a representative of the thousands of British, Portuguese, Spanish soldiers and guerrillas, and British sailors, who had fought, suffered and died.

[Do any of our members have an ancestor who fought in the Peninsular. Peter would love to hear from you if so—Ed]

Peter J Butt
E-mail: peterjbutt@hotmail.com

ILKESTON BURNING FATALITY

An inquest was held at Ilkeston on Friday on Minnie Kirk, of Florence Square, Ilkeston, who the previous afternoon was found in flames by her mother after a short absence from the kitchen of the latter. It was stated that there was a fireguard, but it was not fastened at one end. The child died within a few minutes. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental burning".

Derby Mercury, 25 Feb 1916

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE
32. Boulton St Mary the Virgin

Boulton St Mary is situated about four miles south of Derby. At the time of the Doomsday Survey in 1085 Boletune was regarded as a town and was the proud possessor of a manor bearing the same name, the Lord being Ralph Fitzherbert. There is no mention of a church at this time, but it is certain that there would be a chapel of sorts attached to the manor. In the eleventh century the manor passed into the Sacheverell family and Robert de Sacheverall paid the rents of twelve shillings per annum to the chapel.

At this time manor and chapel were in the parish of St Peter's Derby, and this church was dominated by the Abbot of Darley. In 1271 Sir Robert de Sacheverall contended Boulton was an independent church and claimed the right to appoint his own chaplain, a fact that was vigorously contested by Sir Hugh de Babington, who was then Sheriff of Derby and Nottingham. A panel of twelve freemen were appointed to hear the case and it was agreed that Sir Robert should recognise the chapel of Boulton as in the parish of St Peter and therefore pertaining to the abbey of Darley, for which consideration the abbot was to pay twenty marks to Sir Robert, who would nominate a suitable priest and the abbot would admit him to the chaplaincy.

In 1550 Boulton was released from the control of the abbot of Darley Abbey, who by that time had probably lost all his powers, and the living and endowments were handed by the crown to Thomas Reeve and George Cotton of Derby. From that time onwards it seems that the chapels of Boulton and Alvaston were served by one minister, a state that existed until the Revd Edward Poole who succeeded to the living in 1843.

No mention is made in early history of the size of the church or any details of its construction. In 1840 the growing population demanded a larger church

and the fabric was extended, a gallery was built and a North vestry was added. Stone slabs were laid in the aisle and the nave was fitted with enclosed pews. Before that time there would probably be seats for the Freemen and Owners of Estates, but the rest of the congregation would have to be content with mats on the floor. The total cost of all this work was £483, of which £50 was given by Sir George Crewe, Lord of the Manor of Boulton.

Thirty one years later the north aisle was added and the old plaster ceiling replaced by the present open timbered roof, the gallery removed and a new floor laid in the chancel. The stones removed at this time were rebuilt into a Norman arch over the doorway in the choir vestry. So though this looks Norman and the stones are certainly Norman the arch is comparatively modern.

Further extensions were made in 1908 when a south aisle was added. The south door was rebuilt stone for stone as the original and so may truly claim to be of Norman origin. The original Norman font was placed in the Mission church at Newtown when that was built in 1892 and the font used today was installed in 1871.

The lychgate, which forms the main entrance to the churchyard on Boulton Lane, is a war memorial to those of the parish who gave their lives in the Great War of 1914-1919.

The original registers for Boulton are held by the Derbyshire Record Office, but it is not as simple as that. As mentioned above Boulton and Alvaston tended to share a minister and it is quite common to find Boulton entries in the Alvaston register and vice versa. Indeed for quite a while, there is only one register that shows both lots of entries. For that reason when looking for an ancestor it would be wise to check both parishes.

Copies of the registers up to 1910 are held by the Derbyshire Family History Society and can be consulted whenever we are open. We have also transcribed the memorial inscriptions, which are extremely large and run to two volumes, and there are several books on the village which are worth browsing through.

A Resource and a Question

As many of the articles in this magazine testify, those of us tracing our family histories soon want to comprehend much more about the background of our ancestors beyond the raw census returns, parish registers and BMD records. We want to understand the realities of the world in which these people lived their lives. What did the towns, villages and countryside look like in their time? And what about their domestic daily existence; the interiors of their cottages and houses, their workplaces and schools, their fairs and celebrations? It is possible to see all these things in colour, on line and going back to times before photography.

There is a now resource that goes a considerable way towards allowing us to study many details of the homes, clothes, work and way of life of those ever-present agricultural labourers, stocking knitters and domestic servants populating so many of our family trees. The resource is the vast collection of oil paintings in public ownership in this country which is now available to see on line.

Since 2009 the BBC and the Public Catalogue Foundation have been working to photograph and put on line all the oil paintings in public ownership in the United Kingdom. This task was completed in February 2013 and now some 211,861 paintings are available to view digitally. The collection of pictures is about one hundred times the size of the National Gallery's collection. These paintings can all be seen by visiting
http://www.bbc.co.uk/arts/yourpaintings/ .

It is estimated that some 80% of these works are not normally on public view because they are hung in buildings without public access or they are in storage. The Your Paintings website aims to show the entire UK national collection of oil paintings, the stories behind them, and where they can be seen if they are on display. The collection comprises paintings from thousands of museums and other public institutions around the country.

In order to make this enormous catalogue of pictures fully searchable a "crowdsourcing" project began in 2011 to tag the whole collection. The term "crowdsourcing" refers to large bodies of non-specialist work carried out by volunteers typically using the facilities of personal computer and the internet. This approach means that a great deal of basic work can be done by very

many people each completing only a small part of it. The work done by DFHS volunteers in transcribing records is a similar but smaller crowdsourcing project. Currently, tagging has been completed for some 10% of the paintings, whilst the rest remain in progress . Tagging involves noting for each painting the items depicted in it. The procedure, undertaken by volunteers, does not involve any judgement about the artistic merit of a picture but aims to assist researchers by identifying the contents of the picture: buildings, people, events, tools, natural features, clothing and hairstyles, indeed everything contained in each painting. This process is explained fully on the PCF's web site which is at http://www.thepcf.org.uk The collection as a whole provides a wonderful insight into the history, culture and landscape of the United Kingdom

The PCF is also publishing a series of illustrated county catalogues of the paintings in public ownership in each county. However, for the family history researcher on-line access is, I believe, a preferable means of accessing the information because for example, pictures relating to a particular county are not all held in that county and an on line search is relatively quick, wide ranging and free of charge.

There are 47 Derbyshire sources of paintings including Kedleston Hall with195 paintings and Strutt's North Mill Belper with just one and with places such as Chesterfield Town Hall and Eyam Museum in between. Just as all paintings held in these Derbyshire collections do not relate to Derbyshire subjects, many Derbyshire related pictures are held elsewhere. For example, the Potteries Museum and Art Galleries have pictures of Earlsterndale and Hindlow, there is a picture of a Derbyshire Farm held by the Manchester Art Galleries and of Youlgreave in the Cheltenham Galleries.

The search tool on the Your Paintings site is straightforward to operate and allow users to set their own criteria to investigate the paintings collection. Pictures of special interest can be saved on each user's My Paintings site for easy future reference.

The project always welcomes input from people with specialist knowledge about any aspect of the things depicted in the paintings, for example items of costume, work or buildings, locations, local customs or even identifying unknown people in portraits.

As is so common with researches, questions are answered and yet more are posed by the data. I have recently been looking at pictures of Buxton where my maternal ancestors lived, my Great Grandfather at one time keeping the Eagle Hotel which figures prominently in paintings of the Market Place. Then, following other ancestral tracks I found a painting by Robert Brunt (a good Buxton surname) entitled "Knock's Rock West Road". There is a similar one called "Joseph Noel's Shop" that also shows Knock's Rock in the background. The rock was clearly a site to attract visitors nearer the town centre but on a more modest scale than Poole's Cavern a mile or so away. The rock presumably still exists behind one of the houses on West Road. I can discover nothing about Knock's Rock beyond the fact that some 150 years ago it was felt to be sufficiently important to merit a portrait. It must play some part in the development of Buxton as a resort. Was the painting to be used for publicity for Knock's Rock and were there other, now forgotten, similar attractions for the nineteenth century visitor to Buxton? Can any of the DFHS community provide more information?

Meanwhile, I commend to all DFHS members the Your Paintings site and indeed some of you might enjoy tagging a few pictures, it is fascinating, most worthwhile and requires no formal commitment of time.

Jeremy Foster
E-mail: jeremygfoster@icloud.com

SUDDEN DEATH

The Deputy Borough Coroner held an inquest at the Town Hall, Derby, this morning [Tuesday] on the body of Elizabeth Cole, aged 74, widow of the late Robert Cole, a farm labourer. Mrs Fanny Etheridge said the deceased was her mother and resided with her and her husband at 118 Rutland-street. For some years deceased had suffered from severe headache and biliousness and was taken suddenly ill on Saturday afternoon. She went to lie down and they sent for Dr Pate, but death took place before his arrival. The medical evidence was that death was due to heart failure, following old standing heart disease, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Derby Daily Telegraph, 15 Sep 1914

CAN ELECTORAL REGISTERS HELP YOUR RESEARCH?

Electoral registers have been a legal requirement since 1832 and they list everyone who was eligible to vote in national and local elections, being published annually. To make the most of these registers when doing family history it is important to understand how the right to vote came about.

Before electoral registers were introduced, poll books were printed. The earliest ones are from around 1700 and they continued until 1872, when the secret ballot was introduced. Before that date all votes were open – leading to corruption – and so all poll books record the name of the voter, their residence and who they voted for, one column for each candidate. Some poll books also list the profession of the voter. The qualification is also noted, e.g. F [freehold], L [leasehold], C [copyhold] and O [occupier].

The Representation of the People Act of 1832, usually known as the Reform Act, was a major change. It attempted to make the electoral system fairer, for example by getting rid of the 'rotten borough', a parliamentary borough that had a very small electorate and could be used by a patron to gain undue and unrepresentative influence with the House of Commons. For example Old Sarum had once been a busy cathedral city, but was abandoned when Salisbury was founded nearby. Despite this, Old Sarum returned two members to Parliament. Many boroughs such as this were controlled by peers who would give the seats to their sons, relations or friends, giving them additional influence because they had a seat themselves in the House of Lords. Another cause of corruption was the pocket borough, controlled by a single person who owned most of the land in the borough. With no secret ballot at the time, the landowner could evict residents who did not vote for the person he wanted.

Under this new Act electoral registers were introduced and the rule was that only people on the register were eligible to vote in parliamentary and local elections. It also introduced standard rules as to what made someone eligible to vote. In the case of Borough voters men were eligible to vote if they were owners of property worth £10 a year. In the case of County voters men were eligible if they either owned freehold property worth 40 shillings a year, were £10 copyholders [holding land from a manor], £10 leaseholders [provided the

lease was for 60 years or more] or were £50 tenants.

The act was specific in that the vote was restricted to men by adding the word 'male' in front of 'person'. There was an attempt in 1868 to argue that the term man must be held to include women, as it did in the taxation laws, but the attempt failed and women were still not allowed the vote. Nevertheless the act more than doubled the number of voters to just under 1 million men.

In 1867 the Representation of the People Act extended the right to vote for borough voters to include all men who were owners or tenants of any dwelling house or were lodgers paying £10 for unfurnished rooms, as long as they had been within the borough during the whole of the preceding twelve months. This extended the vote to about 1.5 million men.

In 1869 women appeared on electoral registers for the first time, but it is very rare to find them. Unmarried women were given the right to vote in local government elections, although not in Government Elections. These were women who were also ratepayers, but it is unusual to find one until the reform of the married women's property law in 1882.

Originally women were held to have no rights once they had married. All their property and possessions would go to their husband and often could leave them destitute on the death of their spouse. After years of political lobbying, the Married Women's Property Act altered the common law doctrine of coverture to include the wife's right to own, buy and sell her separate property. They also had their legal identity restored, as the courts were forced to recognize a husband and wife as two legal entities. Married women's legal rights included the right to sue and be sued and any damages a wife might pay would be her own responsibility, instead of that of her husband. Married women were then also liable for their own debts and any outside trade they owned was subject to bankruptcy laws. They could also hold stock in their own names. This Act applied in England, Wales and Northern Ireland, but did not extend to Scotland. So from 1882 women could appear on an Electoral Register, but it was still not a common occurrence.

In 1872 secret balloting was introduced and poll books were abandoned. For the first time a voter's preference was known only by himself and he was no longer a puppet of his master. Four years later the registers for parliamentary elections and for municipal elections were merged. The registers for

municipal elections [sometimes called Burgess Rolls] were essentially lists of ratepayers.

In 1884 came yet another extension of the Representation of the People Act which abolished the distinction between County and Borough and every male householder over the age of 21 had the right to vote, as well as occupiers of lands and tenements worth at least £10 and lodgers paying at least £10 a year. Those who occupied a dwelling house by virtue of any office, service or employment were also given the vote. Note, however, that this right was restricted to one voter per householder so excluded adult sons living at home or heads of shared households. By this measure another 6 million men were added to the electoral registers.

With women fighting for the vote, being imprisoned for their cause and giving Parliament much grief, it always seemed likely than women would win their case. The First World War brought the fight to a close for the present and in 1918, at last women were given the right to vote in Government Elections as long as they were over 30 and occupied as owners or tenants any land or premises in a constituency which, with the exception of dwelling houses, had to be of £5 yearly value. The franchise was also extended to wives of all husbands who were entitled to vote in local government elections, provided they were over 30, and also to those who were university graduates. All men over the age of 21 were given the right to vote.

The 1918 Act caused much debate over the exact qualification required for women to vote, but, at the time, had it been extended to all women over 21 then the women voters would have outnumbered the men which was just a step too far – it took another 10 years for this to happen. In the 1918 December parliamentary elections there were 8,479,156 women electors on the register out of a total of 21,392,322, which was considerably more than the 6 million estimated when the act was being debated in parliament. One exclusion brought in by the 1918 act was to disqualify from voting – for five years – anyone who was exempted from military service during the first world war as a conscientious objector.

Other dates to be noted are:
1928 – women over 21 were now eligible to vote, giving the vote to all adults at the age of 21.
1946 – The Business Premise qualification and the university qualification

was abolished so now no person had more than one vote [although they could appear on more than one register]

1951 – Those reaching the voting age within the lifetime of the register start to be recorded.

1971 – The voting age was lowered to 18 and also the electoral register now consistently includes all those who were not 18, but would reach 18 during the period of the register so that they could then vote on elections held on or after their 18th birthday.

So how can electoral registers help trace your family? Over the past few years as more and more people have become interesting in genealogy, most have concentrated on the core records of church and parish records and census. In the first half of the 20th century, however, there is a particular problem in tracking ancestors. The 1911 census has been released, but the next one will not be released until 2022. Unfortunately the 1931 census was lost in a fire and none was taken in 1941 because of the second world war, so from the 1920 until the 1950s there is a very big gap indeed.

Electoral registers can help fill the gap. For Derbyshire most areas are available in the County Record Office [for the city of Derby, these are available at the Local Studies Library], but the problem is that they are not generally indexed so they are only of use if first, you can get to the record office or get someone to go for you, and secondly you know the rough address you are looking for. And, let's face it, that's probably what you want to know.

Assuming you can get at what you want, what will they tell you? From 1885 there is usually a description of what entitles the person to be on the electoral register. This may include extra information such as for lodgers the landlord's name, the weekly rent and how many rooms were rented. Where someone had moved house during the last 12 months the word 'successive' often appears, followed by their previous address to show that each was of a sufficient rateable value to qualify its occupier to vote.

From 1918 against each person are two codes, the first giving the qualification for Parliamentary Elections and the second for Local Elections. Where there is a dash the voter could not vote in that election. The codes are:-

R – Residence qualification
BP – Business premises qualification
O – Occupation qualification [NB this means occupation of a property, not employment]
HO – Qualification through husband's occupation
NM – Naval or military voter

From 1928 there are again two codes as previously, but expanded a bit:
R – Residence qualification [man]
Rw – Residence qualification [woman]
B – Business premises qualification [man]
Bw – Business premises qualification [woman
O – Occupational qualification [man]
Ow – Occupational qualification [woman]
D – Qualification through wife's occupation
Dw – Qualification through husband's occupation
NM – Naval or military voter

Against names the following extra codes can sometimes be seen:-
J – Eligible to serve as juror
SJ – Eligible to serve as special juror
A – Absent voter

In general one register was produced each year, although none were produced during the war years. Also bear in mind that information held in one register was probably gathered the year before.

Today the UK Electoral Roll is a database containing 44 million names and addresses of those who are eligible to vote. British, Commonwealth, Irish or European Union citizens living in the UK are required by law to provide their name and address for inclusion. Since 2003 two versions of the register of electors have been produced. The full version contains the names of every voter, but public access to it is strictly controlled. The edited version is available for commercial sale, can be bought by anyone who asks for a copy and can be used for any purpose. It is this roll that can be searched online through companies like 192.com [you can get some information for free, but there is a fee involved to get all the details]. Electors can choose whether or not they are included on the edited version. It is a crime to pass on any information from the full version.

National Archives, Kew

Many of you are aware that the society runs trips to the National Archives at Kew, usually one trip a year. In the past these have been twice a year and we even had waiting lists for seats as the coach was oversubscribed! Recently the coach has only just broken even, this last trip there were 35 of us.

So what is at Kew?

Everything! From forces records, court records, railway records, emigration and immigration, taxation.

Documents which have been digitised – PCC wills, ships lists, medal cards, forces records, non conformist records, railway employment records etc are available to download for FREE at Kew these records are usually on subscription sites or on TNA web site which are then chargeable you can view all these for free at Kew.

There is no charge to take photos and no forms to fill in to do this unlike some record offices. I know of one person who took over 300 photos on our last visit – well worth paying the bus fare!

The National Archives also has a wonderful library of books on all subjects from Army and Navy lists, directories, school directories, local books and pedigrees. The London family history centre is at Kew until sometime in 2014. This means you can view microfilms of parish records from anywhere whilst visiting Kew – something I'd hoped to do on our last visit but ran out of time.

So what happens on the trips?

The coach picks up at 7.30 prompt from Full street in Derby. There is an earlier pick up at Hilton at 7.00 ONLY because the coach company routes

into Derby this way. These are the only 2 pickup points. We have a stop on the way down and arrive at Kew 10.30-11.00. The rest of the day is free to do as you wish – some people have visited Kew gardens in the past.

There is a cafe and coffee shop in the Archives and very nice it is too, but many of us take our own sandwiches, which are cheaper and can be eaten either in the Archives of on the coach if you can't bear to stop for a break.

We leave at 4.00 and again a brief stop on the way home, arriving back in Derby some 12 hours after we left, tired but happy.

So maybe next time we run at trip to Kew you will think there is something for you there to research, after all for £15 return it's the cheapest form of transport there and a very enjoyable (but long!) day out. After all who knows what you will find – try searching The NA catalogue 'Discovery' you may get a surprise!

Wirksworth Petty Sessions - Tuesday 29th March 1870

This being the day for the annual swearing in of overseers and constables appointed by the different vestrys.

A rather amusing incident occurred during the swearing in of overseers for Bonsall. A man named Bunting had been elected by that parish for the post of overseer. He now asked to be excused as he was not but a working man, and could scarcely write his own name. He also pleaded that he had no property. The parish however, persisted in his being appointed, proving that he had substantial property, and could afford to depute the accounts and writing part to another , for the sum of £10. He, however pleaded inability saying he, "could na dow it in no fashion," which brought one of his neighbours forward, saying, "well a'rl dow it fan thee for naut." He was sworn in.

Derbyshire Times and Chesterfield Herald, 2nd April 1870.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS & IN LIVING MEMORY

Peak Forest, that isolated White Peak village split in half by the main A623 Manchester to Chesterfield road, may be better known as the "Gretna Green" of England *[because of that quirk in the law of 1665 which allowed the vicar to marry couples without banns, parental consent or delay]*. But it also had the distinction of being the only village to have had one telephone, to which villages were alerted by a large fire type bell. Oh, and there was a time when schoolchildren walked to and from school without their heads held down with fingers and thumbs tapping away on invisible keyboards – as this article from the Derby Evening Telegraph, of Monday, 7th August 1939 illustrates:

IT'S A CALL TO ALL
TELEPHONE WITH A FIRE BELL

"Peak Forest 1" is a telephone number which has made rural history.
It is the only telephone on this tiny Derbyshire hamlet, high upon the moors between Tideswell and Castleton, yet it gives every inhabitant the advantage of a private subscriber. A call-box and a fire-bell have put all Peak Forest in the telephone directory.
If you ask for this number, and an average of six people do it daily, it may be several minutes before there is any answer. But you may rest assured that a farm labourer, a housewife, or a child is racing to answer the telephone.

P.B.G. PUT IT RIGHT

The history of "Peak Forest 1" makes an entertaining story which is an eloquent answer to those petulant people who declare the G.P.O. to be entangled in red tape.
Not long ago Peak Forest was six miles from the nearest telephone, and when a doctor or midwife or veterinary surgeon was needed there was an anxious wait while a volunteer drove over the lonely roads, often blocked with snow or fog-bound, for professional help.
So the G.P.O. decided to install a kiosk in the centre of the hamlet. The villagers were pleased, but not altogether satisfied. If it was to be really useful, they said, in-going calls ought to be possible.
The G.P.O. had never heard of such a thing. But letters were exchanged, and eventually the Postmaster-General intervened. As a result a big fire-bell was

fixed to the kiosk so that all Peak Forest would know when it was wanted on the telephone.

VOICE FROM SCHOOL

Every villager has been taught to use the telephone. So has every child in the tiny school. And it works very well indeed.

I put in a call to Peak Forest the other afternoon. For five minutes there was stoney silence, then:

"Hallo, Hallo! This is Peak Forest calling," shrilled a voice

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Leonard Fletcher." Said the voice. "I've just come out of school. What do you want please? I can fetch anybody to the 'phone."

The voice of Leonard Fletcher is the voice of Peak Forest the village the P.M.G. refused to forget. H.P.C.

Ernie Drabble MBE
ern26guard-dfhs@yahoo.co.uk

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

On longevity and activity - My grandmother, Jessie Cramond (later Hadfield), was the granddaughter of James Allon Cramond the tailor in Bradwell. She was originally in service in Bradwell and during her late teens in service in Washington Road in Sheffield. I remember her telling me that after a week's work she would set off on Saturday afternoon to walk the 15 miles to Bradwell – for the dance! She was still very active until a month before her death at 90.

John Unsworth (member 1775)
Email: jbu1@blueyonder.co.uk

BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE

RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY

NEW ACQUISITIONS AS AT 1ST Oct 2013

Parish Registers		Riddings St James: Baptisms 1931-1967
Certificates—Birth		William Horsley, 1839, Holbrook Joseph Wheeldon, 1839, Derby St Alkmund Joseph Wheeldon, 1841, Monyash William Clarke, 1846, Brampton Theodore Horsley, 1850, Swanwick Joseph Clarke, 1884, Allestree Mabel Ford, 1889, Belper Walter Pearson Gerrard, 1959, Brassington
	Marriage	Isaiah Allen/Emma Horsley 1854 Heanor
	Deaths	William Heath, 1854, Chesterfield, aged 34 Thomas Wheeldon, 1857, Bakewell, aged 13 mths William Clarke, 1859, Calow, aged 87
Family Trees/Histories		Jack Valentine of Derby 1895-1986
Famous People		Sir Henry Wilmot, Bar, V.C., K.C.B.
Memorials:		Taxal and Whaley Bridge Memorial Cards Memorials of Friar Gate Chapel [1893]

Military:	Barrow on Trent Parish Magazines from the Great War 1914-1916
	Nominal Roll of Wounded Soldiers admitted to Blackwell Red Cross Hospital
Military [cont]:	Sherwood Foresters Casualty Lists 1914
Towns & Villages:	Bakewell and The Wye Valley Through Time - Alan Roberts
	Agricultural diaries 1860s and 1890s— Appertaining to Heathcote of Mickleover
Miscellaneous:	Highways and Byways in Derbyshire—J.B. Firth

BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE

CHRISTMAS OPENING

As you may know our volunteers work at the centre all year round and we never shut, even at Bank Holiday. At Christmas therefore we like to take a deep breath and spend some time with our families.

This year therefore we will be closing at 12 noon on Tuesday, 17th December 2013 and re-open on Thursday, 2nd January 2014 at 10 a.m.

Bridge Chapel House and all its volunteers would like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a successful and prosperous New Year.

Childhood Reminiscences

The memories I printed last time proved extremely popular so over the next few issues I will print those of Agnes Hilda Shepherd [nee Worthy]. I had the privilege of actually typing out those memories from a tape recording she had done and they were so fascinating, I enjoyed every minute. Agnes was born in Crich in 1892, the eldest child of Frederick and Rebecca. [nee Sellers], who had married at the Baptist Chapel in Crich in 1891. She lived on Buxton Terrace in Holloway from 1895 to 1901, when the family moved to Stables Street in Derby—Ed.

EARLY DAYS IN UPPER HOLLOWAY

Oh when I think of the days I was at Holloway School, it seems a thousand times sometimes. I was born in 1892 and I went to school in 1895, the Holloway register says 'Hilda Worthy, age 3'.

I am in my 90th year, and I can go back to when I was a child of two. It was some years ago now that I asked my mother about several things I could remember and she told me what age I was at the time. I remember saying to her 'Mother, I can remember the old gentleman with the long beard lifting me up so often and putting me on his knee' and she said, 'Fancy you remembering that because that was your grandfather and he passed away when you were two'. I used to say to mother, I can remember so and so, and she said she had clean forgotten.

One memory that stands out so well in that childhood, and mother says I wouldn't be above four when this happened and at our Sunday School, it was the harvest festival and we children were all given a small sheaf to carry into the church. I am not sure if it was corn or barley, and as we walked into the church with the sheaves the choir was singing the old-fashioned Sankey Hymn *'We shall come rejoicing, bring in the sheaves'* and I can remember we all gave our sheaves to the minister as he stood by the fruit and vegetables which were all laid out.

We lived in what they called Upper Holloway that was at the top of a hill, but when we lived on Buxton Terrace and we looked out, it was a panorama of loveliness, all we could see was miles of moors. We could see the way to Matlock, we could see the Derwent, see the railway, it was one of the most

lovely scenes you could see in Derbyshire from where we lived then on Buxton Terrace. I was born at Crich in the Market Place, but when I was three we moved back to Holloway because father was working at Lea Mills, but they had to wait three years before they could get a cottage and, of course, the rent of the cottages was only half a crown a week then [or two shillings and sixpence, i.e. twelve new pence]. So twenty eight shillings used to go rather a long way. We used to live very comfortably.

EARLY DAYS IN HOLLOWAY

We were just a four-roomed cottage, stone cottage, but they were rather large sitting rooms, not ever such a big kitchen, old-fashioned you know, with a pump on the sink and we used to pump the water and you used to have to pour a drop of water down before it started to pump out. You could only cook in the oven at side of the fire, but you know you could light the fire, put your bacon in the oven and it would cook in a few minutes when you had got the fire lit. There was a free bar and you could let that down or you could put a saucepan on, you see, to boil your potatoes and things like that. Of course there was no gas anywhere and no electricity, everybody had an oil lamp on the table and every day they used to trim the wick and fill up with fresh paraffin for the evening and some of the lamps were beautiful and you could see all over the room from a paraffin lamp to read. We had two different kinds of candlesticks. Of course there were outside toilets then, we had never heard of a bathroom or hot and cold or anything like that, so we used to have either a tin candle stick outside for the night for the coal house or the toilet, but to go upstairs with it at night we had a nice china one—well if you were well off it was a china one, but ordinary folk, we had a pot candlestick, prettily flowered, but we always had a much nicer candlestick to go to bed with.

And I remember one day [my mother said I was only four] and my father came home one lunch time and he said we had got a new young lady come to the mill today and she wants lodgings and she can't get them. 'Is there anything we can do for her?' Mother said, 'There is only Hilda in the other bedroom, but it's a large bed, a double bed, and I don't like to think the lady can't get in anywhere'. So father said, 'Well you see she comes from Heage' and her name was Aggie Lamb. It's remarkable how these names stick in your memory after all these years. And when I tell you why I remember you will understand. Mother said, 'If Aggie will sleep with Hilda in the big bed, she can come.'

Well she came, so my mother moved the bed from the middle of the bedroom up to the wall so I wouldn't fall out and she put me by the wall side. Well at night I knew that this lady was coming to sleep in my bed, but I don't know what she did to wake me, whether coming up the stairs and the light from the candle, but I watched her get undressed and after she had put her night-dress on she sat on the edge of the bed and what do you think she did? She unscrewed a wooden leg and I can see her now putting that leg under the bed and I screamed. My mother had never told me she had got a wooden leg and they must have known for she had come all the way up from Lea Mills up to our house which must be twenty minutes. Father must have known she had got a wooden leg, but no one told me, so did I scream. I can see it all now, mother came in with her candle, in her night dress, and said 'Whatever is the matter?' and I said 'Ooh she has screwed her leg off and she has put it under the bed', and poor old Aggie was hopping outside the bed on one leg waiting to get into bed.

My father worked at Lea Mills when we lived in Holloway; well he took me into the mill and showed me what he was doing. He had a very long machine and he used to make lengths of fabric that was cut out later into men's woollen shirts and underpants. Of course, they had to go for 6 o'clock int he morning and the first six years of father's married life they lived at Crich, they were waiting for a cottage at Holloway and he had to walk several miles there. It was all open county, there were no buses running, men didn't even have a bicycle and they had all that way to walk. Even when it was snowing or raining they had to be at the mill for six. They had a drying room and there was one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen, and they used to ahve to go and dry all their clothes before they could go into the mill and start their work because the distance they had to walk from Crich. It was such a long way and they used to often be snowdrifts they had to go through. He told me several times that at a place they called Windy Gap, halfway between Holloway and Crich, where the snow drifts used to be nearly as deep as them, but they had to go through to get to work because wages were very small in those days and they couldn't afford not to get to work for 6 o'clock.

My father, he was in the band at Lea Mills Prize Ban and he played the cornet. When father came home from the mill in the evening he used to bring a boy with him, about fourteen, and I can see father putting the music stand up now and I was sitting on a little stool in the corner. He learned that boy how to play the cornet and he became a famous conductor. He lived at Crich

when he was home, his name was Sam Hollingsworth and he went all over the world conducting Besses o'the Barn and the Black Dyke band and all the bands we hear of today, the old ones, he went all over the world with them. Then I read in the Telegraph that he retired and come back to Crich to live with his daughter.

In those days now I don't remember even seeing a bicycle. I can remember penny farthings. Oh they were queer. I used to wonder how they could ride on them. You know, big wheels. I used to wonder how they could sit on them and go over the rough roads.

You see in Holloway it isn't a very large place and of course it was much smaller then and we had to walk to Matlock if we wanted a new pair of boots or a coat or anything like that. Sometimes it would be deep snow, but if we wanted anything like that we'd got to go either on the tram to Derby or to Matlock, because there was perhaps just three small shops just to keep you going with groceries and paraffin and things like that. Father, as I said was in Lea Mills Prize Band and used to play the cornet and the piccolo and he often used to take me with him. They used to give concerts on the Saturday evening in Matlock at the Pavilion and I used to carry his piccolo case and he carried his cornet case and we thought nothing of walking to Matlock and back again. It's quite a long way to walk to Matlock, you wouldn't do it in an hour, because you walked to Cromford and then to Matlock to the Pavilion. You know, there was no gas in the lanes then, but you could go out dark nights and back again with no trouble at all. You would go out all day and never think to lock your door, never.

We never went away for a holiday. I'd spend it with my cousin in the fields gathering flowers. We used to make that our holiday, unless we went to stop with Grandma at Crich for a few days, and of course that was a walk into the next village. The countryside was so beautiful, there were such lovely walks everywhere and I recall many times when my cousin, who was six years older than I, would take me for a walk through the park and we would walk past the home of Miss Nightingale, she was the dear friend of my great grandmother. Then we would go down to the side of the River Derwent. According to the seasons we would gather huge bunches of cowslips, bluebells and forget me nots, wild daffodils, primroses, giant kingcups and amongst them all we would be able to play with the maidenhair and trembling grasses and beautiful buttercups and daisies would stretch for miles.

We used to play in the street, you see there was no traffic, you could play in the middle of the road, you could have a skipping rope right across the road. We used to go miles skipping of an evening, because there was no cars, no bicycles then. Skipping [from Derby] to Little Eaton and back.

On the pavements, hopscotch, all the pavements used to be covered with hopscotch squares, nobody used to bother. Shuttlecocks and battledore, well we used to get a ha'penny shuttlecock and a ha'penny wooden bat, play in the streets with them and the boys used to have whip and tops on the pavement, and we used to have long hoops, wooden hoop with sticks, and we used to go round the streets with them. Those were the days my friends.

We always had salesmen coming to the door. The rag-man used to come Saturdays and the organ-grinder came Saturdays, and they only came Saturdays because they knew the children would be there. If they came in a weekday the mothers wouldn't bother to go out to them, but they knew it was an attraction for the children. The organ grinder, he had a stick almost like a broom stick and a little square box on the top and his little monkey sat on the top and his little monkey sat on the top with a red coat on and do you know, that monkey knew where it was coming to each Saturday. I used to go out, the children went out, what few there was of us, with biscuits for the monkey and the organ grinder. He was an Italian, he was turning the little handle and there was the same music each Saturday.

Soon after that the rag and bone man would come and if you took a jam jar you would get a windmill. Well it was a stick about a foot long and old fashioned wall paper was the windmill made out of, but if you could get a few 'orums'?*, which was not very often, you'd get a fish in a bowl. One Saturday my little sister came running in with no pinafore on, she'd taken it off and as she had nothing to give him for a windmill she'd given him that. My mother was soon after the rag-man, she wanted that pinafore back, it was more value than the windmill.

You see we all went to school in pinafores those days, right up to when I left school. Sometimes Gypsies would come round with a basket of lace like that. Very often my mother was very grateful for these people coming round. I remember Mr Hawkins used to bring the milk and he used to have a yoke with milk hanging on each side and then we used to take the jug to the door.

I remember when we was on Buxton Terrace at Holloway a man came round the doors one morning sharpening scissors. Well it was one thing my mother wanted so she gave him the scissors. He came back a few minutes later and I forget what he charged, but when he'd gone she tried those scissors and they was worse than they was before, she couldn't get them to cut anything. So she went in to Mrs Limb and says 'Have you given that man any scissors?' and she said, 'No I haven't', so mother said 'I let him take mine and they are worse than they were before. When I asked him how he was going to sharpen them he said he had got a treadle machine in the lane'. She said, 'I've seen him, he's been sharpening them on the bricks. He's only been rubbing them down on the bricks on the house wall, but that's all he has done'. Mother said, 'He won't come here again, don't you worry. Once bit, twice shy.'

As we went to school over the Lea to Lea School there used to be a blacksmith. Oh we used to love to stop by the forge. We used to love to see the blacksmith, he used to make all kinds of things besides shoe the horses. Of course there was a lot of shoeing horses then. The only transport you saw in those days was the harness cart. Gates and wrought articles he used to make. We used to see him there with the fire and the leather apron; I used to love the smell of it I did. We had to go to school when I was three, and we used to love to stand, the children, and see him hammering the horses, the horse shoes. Then when he'd no horse he would do iron work, people would take him iron work, kettles, anything they wanted repairing, to the forge.

Eventually when I was between eight and nine, we had to move from Holloway to Derby because Lea Mills had no work and several of the men that worked there had come into Derby and it was those that got my father work in Derby. Well, you see, there was no work at the mill, but I cried and cried that Saturday. I can remember it to this day because I had never seen streets and streets of houses. Do you know I was twenty six before I saw the sea? Never been away from Holloway, only to Matlock. And you see Holloway is only a small place and it's three times as big as it was then. There was so few in Holloway that nearly everyone was nearly related and oh, I begged and begged, 'Do let us go back'. I went to the front of the house crying and crying because there was just streets and streets, houses and houses, all on top of one another and I'd never seen anything like it. And I went in home and said to my mother, 'Where is the fields, where's the woods and the moors and trees, oh let's go back to Holloway'.

ROUND AND ABOUT

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE RECORD OFFICE have changed their Saturday opening hours from 9am-1pm each Saturday to 9am—4pm on the first Saturday of the month only. The change took effect from October so the next openings will be 2 November and 7 December. The free family history help desks provided by the Northamptonshire Family History Society on the first Saturday will continue from 9am-1pm.

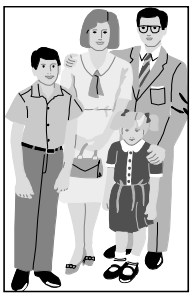
THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL is transferring its archive collections to London Metropolitan Archives. The reading room at the Royal Free Archive Centre closed on 13 September and their collections are due to become available at the LMA in early 2014. They will continue to answer as many remote enquires as possible, obviously subject to staff and document availability.

GREATOREX. The Society is sorry to learn that Brian Greatorex, member 6018, has sadly passed away. On a personal note I shall greatly miss him as he gave me a large amount of articles for the magazine, all of which were carefully researched and very interesting. He also transcribed the Carsington parish registers, which he allowed us to place on our website for everybody to use. Our sympathy goes out to his family, especially his wife Christine who has offered to help with any information on the Greatorex family history if anyone has a query. Contact Christine on cmgreatorex@btinternet.com

WANTED

Can anyone help in providing a picture of the original Wirksworth Grammar School founded in 1576? The school was demolished about 1827 and another school was built on the same site. It is the earlier building of which a picture is required. Any assistance will be greatly appreciated. Please reply to Grahame Ransome, Little Ayleswade, Biddenden, Ashford, Kent TN27 8LE. Phone 01580 291304

We welcome new members who have joined the Society by 10th October 2013



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7799 Mr D Eayre, 39 High Bluff Road, Weaverville, North Carolina, 28787, USA, Email: sredce@charter.net

7800 Mr J K M Calvert, 1 Condor Drive, The Plateau, Pyes Pa, Tauranga, 3112, New Zealand, Email: jkc@xtra.co.nz

7801 The New York Public Library, Local History & Genealogy Division, 11 West 40th Street, New York, NY10018, USA

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Searching

Name	Parish	Cty	Dates	No.
BANKS	All		1700-2000	7809
BYER	Markeaton		All	7821
ELEY	Sudbury	DBY	1750-1850	6909
GOODWIN	Hazelwood		All	7821
GOODWIN	Kedleston		All	7821
GOODWIN	Kirk Langley		All	7821
GOODWIN	Tissington		All	7821
GOODWIN	Trusley		All	7821
HALL	All		1700-2000	7809
HENSHAW	Weston upon Trent	DBY	1500-1800	7700
HENSTOCK	Derbyshire	DBY	1500-1900	2558
NIGHTINGALE	Belper		after 1760	5381
NIGHTINGALE	Eckington		1780-1900	5381
OLDHAM	Mellor		1800-1880	7730
RATFORD	All		1700-2000	7809
SCAIFE	All		1700-2000	7809
SIDAWAY	All	DBY	after 1700	7813
WHYSALL	Pentrich	DBY	1750-1850	7700
WOODIWISS	Derby	DBY	1700-1900	7803

WHERE NO COUNTY IS STATED IT IS ASSUMED TO BE DERBYSHIRE

All changes of address to be sent to to
The Membership Secretary at Bridge Chapel House

Please note that you can now update your interests online by logging in to the website and going to the Members Interests section.

New/Updated interests may be sent by email to membersinterests@dfhs.org.uk

Derbyshire Family History Society

December Quarter 2013

Another from the collection at Bridge Chapel House.
This is an old postcard and is purported to be staff at the Asylum [presumably Pastures] celebrating Christmas