

Derbyshire Family History Society



In This Issue

The Derby Ragged School

**The Imperial Yeomanry
leaves for the Boer War**

**Farewell to Frocks
An unusual family tale**

**War Memorial in Derby
Market Place after
Remembrance Day**

Dec 2014

Issue 151

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

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

Please pay either in person at 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

Another year has flown past and this is the last edition of our magazine for 2014. It has been a packed year and we are now starting to work on plans to have a 40th birthday party—in the form of a massive open day held in conjunction with the new Derby Local Studies Library—in May or June 2016. Watch this space for more details.

Our monthly Derby meetings have been held at the London Road Conference Centre, a venue we were forced to accept and which has really not been very successful. We have booked it for the next year, but we are looking for somewhere more suited to our needs. If anyone out there has an idea for a venue near the city centre, within easy reach of buses and with car parking space please let us know [nearly impossible I admit, but you never know!!!!]. A church hall with a kitchen we could use would be absolutely perfect. Please give it some thought.

Many thanks for continuing to send in articles for the magazine, it is much appreciated, but even so I sometimes struggle to fill the available space. Please consider an article, it sometimes brings unexpected results in either an unknown family member contacting you or new information coming to light. Certainly our members love reading other people's stories, which can be very inspirational and provide new ideas for breaking down those inevitable brick walls that spring up in our family history.

Well that is all for this time. I would like to wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and my grateful thanks for your continuing support of our Society. It is much appreciated by all of us.

See you next time.

Helen

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MEETINGS 2014/15

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

9th Dec	Christmas Party
13th Jan	Origins of Sayings Part I—Ian Higley
10th Feb	Passage of Derbyshire Canals—Derbyshire & Sandiacre Canal Trust
10th Mar	Derwent Dam & the Building Of—Keith Blood

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

5th Dec	Brabyns Park and the Iron Bridge—Judith Wilshaw
9th Jan	Longdendale Respectives—David Firth
6th Feb	Mrs Boden's Slides—Keith Holford
6th Mar	The Tragedy of Edith Thompson—Alan Hayhurst
3rd Apr	St Kilda the Islands at the Edge of the World—Donald G. Reid

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

12th Dec	Christmas Party
Jan	No meeting
20th Feb	Derbyshire in the Jacobite Rebellion 1745—Brian Stone
20th Mar	From Zeppelins to Ballistic Missiles—Jonathan Layne
17th Apr	How to Sell your Wife—Richard Stone
15th May	The Making of Last of the Summer Wine—Susan Mallinson
19th Jun	Velocipeds, Dandy Horses and Penny Farthings— Rosemary Beney

DERBY MEETINGS

Jul 2014

Poor Law of Mugginton—John Barnett

John Barnett gave a talk on a history of Mugginton through its Poor Law records.

The first Poor Law Act was passed in 1388 with first the church being responsible for looking after the poor and sick and later taxes being raised from landowners to support them. It fell to overseers and church wardens to distribute any relief being claimed. There were various changes to the Act and new ones being introduced over the years.

The records showed how world climate and economy affected the poor in villages, such as the Settlement Act, the Enclosure Act, the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars, the Little Ice Age and the year of no summer and the Corn Laws.

There were claims for help from families with lots of children. To ease the burden on the parish some of these children were sent to work on farms. There were claims for funeral fees and one from a woman whose husband was in prison. Her sons were placed in apprenticeships. There were bastardy claims and others for maintenance. There was an endless list of those in need, some genuine and others not. Not much changes does it?

Sept 2014

Reflections of the Law in Earlier Times—Stephen Woolley

Stephen Woolley used to be a solicitor and gave us a talk on his experiences.

On leaving school in 1969 he went straight to work at Bridge and Sanderson Solicitors in Doncaster. Law firms were notoriously eccentric and this one was no exception. It was still dragging itself out of the 19th century. The partners were elderly and a little quirky. One of them called everyone “laddie” and went around singing Gilbert and Sullivan or opera. He would have an afternoon nap, lying on the floor covered with newspaper to keep warm. He was still involved with the Boy Scout movement and would turn up at work dressed in his scout uniform.

They always encouraged anyone to have a go. If you were able to serve a

writ on a Sunday you received double pay. One of his first cases was a personal injuries one. Someone had been playing bingo at a Miner's Welfare when they fell off the stool they were sitting on. Stephen obtained a statement from his client at their home. The client was lying on the floor on a mattress because of injuries received in the "accident". It was suggested that there was only two screws securing the stool to the floor. Sometime later photographs of his client at a party were produced showing that there was no injury. It turned out that it was not the first attempted claim that had been made by this person. A lesson well learnt.

After sometime at Doncaster he felt a need for a change and decided that he would like to work in Nottingham but the nearest he got was Ilkeston. He was involved with criminal and civil law and gave many examples of cases he dealt with. The talk was filled with humour and everyone seemed to enjoy the more recent history of our time.

RUTH BARBER

GLOSSOP MEETINGS

Jul 2014

Lost Glossop—David Frith

Glossop was mentioned in the Domesday book of 1086. The manor was given to William Peverel by William I and subsequently to Basingwerk Abbey. The area now known as Glossop covers the villages that used to be known as Glossopdale. In 1433 the monks leased the land to the Talbots and in 1606 it came into the ownership of the Howard family. The Dukes of Norfolk, who were staunch Catholics, owned Glossop Hall, which was built on the site of the old Royle Hall. They rebuilt the old parish church in 1831, built All Saints Roman Catholic chapel in 1836 and also built the Town Hall. The 13th Duke paid for a spur line from the railway at Dinting to be brought into the town allowing industry to develop.

There were many influential millowners—Catholic, Anglican, Methodist and Unitarian, who built chapels and reading rooms. The Wood family built the public baths and Wood's Hospital and laid out the park. Edward Partington built the library and the cricket pavilion so the Wood family sponsored the football club. Even now one of the Wood family is on the board of Arsenal Football Club. David illustrated his talk with old and more recent photographs showing the places he mentioned. Some of the photos showed the

development of transport in the town with images of horses and carts, coaches and landaus, charabancs and trams. The talk finished with images of the new developments in Glossop which are making it into a thriving town.

Sept 2014

The Search for an Identity—Bill Watson

Bill was the youngest child of five brought up by his widowed mother. He was born in December 1939 and believed his father had died earlier that year. When he began his family research he was looking at local newspapers in Buxton library where he found his father's obituary dated August 1938. Having worked out the maths Bill realised that John Weston could not be his father and left him wondering who his dad could be.

He did nothing about it for about three years, but when his mum died a package was found in her dressing table drawer. It was handed to Bill and he discovered it contained amongst other things photos, notes and letters. The letters were addressed to William Farrelly in Buncrana, Donegal. When he discussed this with an elderly neighbour he found out that William had been a lodger with his family and that he was in fact Bill's dad. While he was staying with the family he became very close to Bill's mum and they arranged to meet in Chinley. They would then go on to the Register Office and get married. Betty, Bill's mum, turned up, but there was no sign of William. Betty went home only to discover William's room had been cleared and all that was left was the package of papers. Apparently he already had a wife and three children in Ireland. Amongst the papers was a letter from a solicitor in Wexford looking for an Ann Farrelly and another scrap of paper giving William's birthdate. This confirmed all Bill's suspicions. He decided to tell his brothers and sister that he was their half brother and was surprised to find that they all knew.

Having told his daughters the story the family set off on a trip to visit Buncrana. Farrellys were still living on Castle Avenue, so Bill arranged to meet them. He finally met his Irish brother and sister. Bill then went on to find the remains of the old homestead and also to learn the history of the family and their connections with South America. Bill is an excellent storyteller and we all thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

BERYL SCAMMELL

SOUTH NORMANTON

Jul 2014

Around the World in Souvenirs—Averil Higginson

This talk was born when I remembered holiday gifts from China, Peru and Canada and then added my own items from Europe. After a holiday in China my friend, Margery Bailey, gave me a necklace of beads covered in blue silk. Her companion, Edna Dennis, gave me a parchment fan. Later on a solo visit to Peru and Machu Pichu, Edna gave me a small picture, painted in vivid colours on milk chocolate coloured paper. Another friend visited her brother in Canada, bringing me a 6" Eskimo doll and a similar size kayak. Edna accompanied her on one visit and returned with a metal Canada Goose for me. Eventually I too crossed the Atlantic to tour Nova Scotia.

One of the highlights for me was the visit to Fortress Louisburg which our army had captured from the French. At the end of the war the Peace Treaty insisted we give it back to the French, but we were given Gibraltar instead. As our small party of tourists approached the entrance to the Fort, two French soldiers, armed with rifles, barred our way. Our party included a Frenchman and his wife who very kindly vouched for the rest of us. I spoke to a lady knitting socks whilst guarding the room from unruly visitors. Her husband was the senior sergeant in charge of the troops and as his wife she had the same authority of those wives who lived there. Before leaving Louisburg I bought a needlework kit showing the whole fort, which now adorns my wall. On a later visit to Georgia I bought a similar kit of a town house as we had begun our visit to Savannah with a local historian showing us around such a house. My first visit to France was to Aix en Provence from where I bought a small pottery figure of a musician playing his fife and drum. The next year Nancy and I went to the Rhineland and I came home with Cologne Cathedral. Sadly only a small music box version. From Moscow I brought a folder of postcard pictures of the Underground railway stations and a folder of cards showing the various Russian troops who opposed Napoleon. I resisted the appeal of the Baboushka doll until the following year when I went to St Petersburg.

In 1994 Edna invited me to accompany her to New Zealand, Australia and, since our travel agent thought we would need a rest after 6 weeks constant travelling, she booked us in a hotel in Fiji for four days. Our members saw my embroidered mats from New Zealand, the shell necklace given to me as

we came through the Fijian airport and a carved wooden parrot. The latter is a reminder of the flocks of gaudy green and red birds that we saw in New South Wales.

The evening ended back in Europe. A former mobile library customer gave me a small black wooden box with flowers painted on the lid, that she had bought me from the Ukraine. On the 50th Anniversary of the Dambusters raid, I attended a ceremony at the Mohne Dam, then from a nearby stall bought a Teddy Bear, dressed in flying jacket and helmet, his shirt saying Die Bruch Pilot. Lastly I showed a pottery plate with a picture of the castle, bought from a neighbouring shop when I went on my day trip to Colditz.

Sep 2014

A Blue Guide Tour of Derbyshire—Norma Consterdine

Norma opened her talk by showing us a street sign—Sadlergate Bridge—and explaining that the brook formerly running under the bridge had now been culverted. She drew our attention to a pink coloured building, originally a malt house, then a paper manufactory, a library, a courthouse and a restaurant. Another slide showed two green roofs, one was the Market Hall and the other was part of the Co-op building.

From Derby we visited Ashbourne, with recognising the sign of The Green Man and the Blackamoor. She showed us the memorial to Mr Wright, part owner of the Butterley Company. He fell out with the members of St Oswald's Church because of their policy of charging fees for pews. So he built St John's, and all pews were free. We saw a slide of St Oswald's surrounded by masses of daffodils. In 1745 Bonnie Prince Charlie proclaimed his father as the rightful king in Ashbourne. We realised that next year will be the three hundredth anniversary of the Old Pretender's invasion in 1715.

A quick look at Carsington Water was followed by several views of Dove-dale, including the stepping stones, a glimpse of Mill Dale, then on to Hartington Youth Hostel. The Duke of Norfolk owned property in Glossop so this was possibly the reason for the inn sign The Norfolk Arms. From Glossop we followed the Snake River, saw Edale in the distance and the first view of Mam Tor. We looked at the Surprise View above Hathersage, then paused at Little John's grave. At Castleton, Norma had climbed up to Peveril Castle showing the panoramic view, again including Mam Tor. She reminded us that Emily Bronte had stayed at Hathersage Vicarage and used some local

names—Mr Eyre, Innkeeper—while Thornbridge Hall was modelled on Northlee Hall.

From the bridge above Padley Gorge, on to Monsal Dale, then to Hassop, Ashford int he Water, and to very busy scenes in Bakewell Market. At Wirksworth and Youlgreave we saw the well dressings, followed by a view of Chatsworth from the Cascade. Returning to the Matlock area we saw the Bandstand and Conservatory, viewed Riber Castle, and saw the cable cars at Matlock Bath, Willersley Castle, Leigh Rhododendron Gardens and ended at Osmaston, admiring a seat made of horseshoes.

Much of the tour was very familiar, but we all enjoyed revisiting the area.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I was interested to read on page 55 of the June 2014 issue, an article on the Barber family. I am a great great niece of Samuel Fox of umbrella fame [Paragon]. A few years ago I sent for Samuel Fox's will to see where my mum [Florence Martha Hine, nee Griffiths] came into his life and I found she was his great niece, his sister Ann Jeffery nee Fox being my mum's great grandmother and my great great grandmother. The article was called "A Terrifying Experience" and was about John Barber. Now he is mentioned in Sammy's will so I'm surmising he is a relative of mine—Sam's nephew I think? Sammy and Ann came from a very big family of William and Mary Fox, nee Palfreyman, - I believe 15 children.

It was lovely to read the name of Bradwell, which isn't mentioned very often so I thought I would write you a letter.

Audrey Henderson [Mem 4559]

!!ATTENTION!!

2015 RENEWALS

A message from your hard working

Membership Secretary and Committee

If you are renewing by Standing Order, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE ensure your subscription is at the correct rate., which currently stands at £15 UK, £16 Europe, £19 Rest of the World

**Your subscription doesn't cover the cost of printing AND postage for four issues of the magazine and it is still rising. Your Society does not want to increase subscription rates, but it may become necessary if those of you who are still paying at old rates do not alter your
STANDING ORDER**

Consequently, to be fair to all our members who have correctly amended their standing orders [very many thanks], if the subscription rate is NOT PAID IN FULL BY FEBRUARY 1ST 2015, no magazine will be dispatched AT ALL until payment is received.

OLD AND NEW NEWS FROM THE NORTH

There is still a vein of WW1 running through my latest offering to the population at large and members in particular. The Chinley and Buxworth WW1 Weekend Exhibition in the WI Hall fed information to a steady flow of visitors, despite free admission, £200 was donated to both the British Legion Poppy Appeal and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

I have now been informed by staff member Catherine Bolton, that there is Bugsworth soldier who emigrated to Stockport, 12 miles away, who's name is not on the Chinley and Bugsworth War Memorials, so shades of William Kidd and the Longnor War Memorial are now on the horizon, but much closer to home.

The display at Hayfield Village Memorial Hall was on an altogether different plain, man and woman(ed) for a whole week, it was slicker than a barbers strop, with just the right amount of blood on display. Weapons, dissected shells, uniforms, trench art and artefacts, periscopes, personal stories and possessions, unknown facts. For instance, despite the nationwide blanket coverage in the local, national press and TV channels, how many of you are aware that 140,000 Chinese labourers were employed digging WW1 trenches. 100,000 digging for the British Army and 40,000 for the French, they were known as the "Chinese Labour Corps. So far the response to this query has not yet found a single person who was aware of this factor. Also on display were refreshments to write home about, certainly not available in front line France in WW1.

I was particularly taken by the story of a Hayfield resident. His stepfather, Kenelm Ireland, that name alone oozes research me, served as a medical orderly on an ambulance train, the family were pacifists and he had refused to fight. An unknown wounded soldier from "No Man's Land" given that name because neither side could in reality claim the land between their front lines. Having reached the safe haven of a British field station, the wounded man found that a halfpenny piece in his breast pocket had taken the full force of a German bullet, saving his life. The halfpenny piece, now decidedly domed, was thankfully presented to the Hayfield medic. Photographs of the coin had a visual impact on both the body and mind.

Another item that impressed was a panoramic photograph taken of the Vicar of Hayfield dedicating the Hayfield War Memorial on Dec 2 1926. It was at least two feet long, the clarity was 2014 rather than 1914, the milling crowd, more football than cannonball, taken (at a guess) from an upper floor of the Royal Hotel. Those of you who watched the B.B.C. Autumn production "The Village" largely based in and around Hayfield, Top Chapel Charlesworth and Hayfield St Matthews Church featured regularly, should playback the series to get in the mood.

Two musical stories, a violin and a cello taken from NIB's in "The Times." The first starts in Buxton, and concerns a violin owned by Ernest Johnson of North Shields, Tyneside, who etched the names and dates of all the places he served on the back. The first entry reads " Left Buxton for France, 8/8/1915." It is followed by 20 place names in France, Belgium and Italy. The last note reads, "Finished with Army 18/2/1919. After Mr Johnson's death in 1948 the violin went missing until 2012 when his granddaughter, Jan Evans, discovered it in a plastic bag in her cousin's loft. There is also a note of meeting King George on the front line at Messines, Belgium. The full story is told in "World War One in a 100 Family Treasures" by Paul Atterbury, and not to be confused with a similar book by John Hughes - Wilson --- "A history of the First World War in 100 Objects."

This story was followed up by Robert Montgomery of Stowmarket, Suffolk, who also owned an instrument with an interesting history scratched on the back. His cello, French, 19th C belonged to Sapper Eric G Webb of the Australian Expeditionary Forces. Sapper Webb worked in signals (cello, cello cello) and would play to entertain the top brass. 23 locations are listed, the first being Morlancourt, where the ace German flyer the red Baron was shot down. Webb's girlfriend's name had been obscured by the heavy use of the vibrato --- no comment. It was bought in 1951 for £10 from a dance band leader in Croydon who, with the publicity, is now either tuning or turning in his grave.

Adversity, and particularly war, often brings new thoughts to a dimension not previously encountered, McIndoe and his pioneering skin transplants for burns in WW2 springs to mind, and WW1 was not without its innovations. Extracting bullets by magnets – In 1914 an experiment of extracting German bullets by electro-magnets was tried with success at Lyons. An electro-magnet was installed at a military hospital and permitted the extraction of a

bullet embedded four and a half inches in the flesh of a patient.

If you cast your mind back to the September magazine, you may recall the mention of Fabian Ware, founder of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the recent spat with English Heritage over the commissioning of "Blue Plaques." The dead for 20 years criteria being breached by allegedly less deserving nominees. More on the man, says that he was too old to accepted for army duty and that he arrived in France in command of a British Red Cross mobile unit. He detected that proper care of war graves would boost the morale of troops at the front and comfort relatives at home. In 1916 he was helped by distinguished horticulturists from Kew, and famous architects of the day on how cemeteries and memorials should be designed to commemorate the sacrifice of Commonwealth Forces. On May 21, 1917 his work was recognised by the formation of the International War Graves Commission, later becoming the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, established by Royal Charter. He was "Mentioned in Dispatches " twice and ended the war as a Major-General, being knighted in 1920. Being mentioned twice in the Derbyshire Family History Society magazine must also count for something.

A report claims that a third of all Britons are estimated to have researched their ancestors on line. One in six has discovered something that a previous generation had sought to hide. One librarian commented if you cannot find a celebrity in your family past, you might be just as happy with a skeleton in the cupboard. Discovering long-forgotten miscreants lurking in a family's past is no longer a dreaded embarrassment, it is the reward at the end of a determined search. Research work undertaken by Family History Societies, the digitisation of records and the advent of a genealogical data bases, launched by ancestry.co.uk in 1999 and Ancestry vastly expanded the opportunity for family historians to cater for family failings and foibles.

I have a few favourite foibles that regularly receive resuscitation --- Bugsworth / Buxworth --- Canadian Black Holes --- Carrington House --- Chief Constable Charles Buck --- Chinley and Dore Railway --- Delilah minus Samson --- High Peak Isolation Hospital --- William Kidd. After the mention of the Angel of the North and his larger than life neighbour Slag Alice, I have a further delectation in the something completely different category, thus making up a trio in the same area. Partly cunningly concealed by vegetation, hardly advertised, plausibly publicised, a travesty to traffic, more

British Rail than British Museum, motorists travelling innocently along the A66 towards Redcar must be surprised, as I recently was, by the sudden ap-



pearance, on a mound adjacent to a layby, of "The Darlington Train." Built in 1997, designed by David Mach, 130 feet long, 23 feet high, containing 185,000 bricks, it took 34 bricklayers, labourers and apprentices 21 weeks to build. Included are 20 bat friendly bricks to encourage these creatures of the night to use

the hollow structure as a roost, thus creating the most expensive Travelodge for bats in the U.K. I recommend Googling --- "Darlington. The Brick Train" --- to reveal the cost and more enlightening information.

Now one for the ladies and a boost in the further cause of female emancipation. It has been announced by the powers that be that marriage certificates are to be updated to include the names of the newly weds' mother and not just the father. One correspondent likened the current practice of only the father's name being shown on a marriage certificate to be the equivalent of crediting the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel solely to the man who supplied the paint.

You may think that you have problems with a family name but spare a thought for the researchers of one individual who allegedly used the following alternative names. Evidence was given in a recent bankruptcy case that -- - Courtney Anthony Bernard --- Courtney Anthony Bernard Hooper --- Anthony Courtney Hooper --- Anthony Hooper --- Courtney Antony Hooper --- Antony Hooper --- Antony Courtney Hooper --- Courtney Hooper was one and the same man. Think of the cost, eight Christmas cards to post ! Merry Christmas !

KEITH HOLFORD

THE GODDARDS OF STONEY MIDDLETON

The first record we may have of a Goddard in Stoney is in the eleventh century Domesday book where someone named Goded (or Godgyth in some translations) had four *bovates* of land, but we have to skip several hundred years to find Benjamin Goddard, born in Stoney in 1753, marrying Dorothy **Thornhill** in 1782. We know nothing else about them, except that Benjamin was a lead miner and that Dorothy gave birth to at least five children.

As far as we know three sons survived into adulthood; George born in 1786, Benjamin two years later and James, in 1790. All three married: in 1788 Benjamin married Rachael **Heginbottom** and James married Jane **Swift** two years later. George married Rosamund **Hinch**. All three were lead miners and all had surviving children; Benjamin and Rachael having ten children, James and Jane having at least six, and George and Rosamund having at least six sons.

Seven Goddard men are listed as lead miners in the census of 1841, and in the 1851 census there are fourteen Goddard men listed, all but one being lead miners. The lead mine where some of them probably worked on was owned by George's widow, Rosamund Goddard aged 66. Her son Thomas is listed as a lime burner and his wife Ann (formerly **Sellars**) a cotton spinner.

By 1861 only eight of the adult males were now lead miners, or some just miners unspecified. John, aged 26 is a publican as well as a miner. William, 48, is a grocer and miner. Thomas Goddard, still listed as a lime burner and labourer was living in Eaton Fold with his wife Ann and their daughter Emaly, in the property owned by his mother-in-law, Ann Sellars.

Ten years later in 1871 only four adult males were listed solely as leadminers. One of them, John, the son of John and Ann Goddard was 16, and as his father may have been in prison, he seems to have been supporting his mother, listed as a dress maker, in the raising of his six siblings. John's 11 year old brother Walter is recorded as 'employed' at a lead mine along with his two cousins, both aged 13 and both called James.

Other men doubling up with lead mining in 1871 were Joseph Goddard listed as a miner in lead and a grocer, living alone with his wife Caroline in the Dale; William is still a grocer and miner in Town Street along with four other

Goddard families. Jane, now widowed and eighty years old lives in the Dial and is noted as being a farmer of five acres; her 25 year old grandson Thomas, a leadminer, lives with her, as does her six year old granddaughter Mary **Andrews**. At Eaton Fold lived Thomas (still labouring) with his wife Ann; their daughter Emily, (note the difference in spelling) and their three grandchildren: Mary Ann, William and Sarah **Oldfield**.

A dramatic change occurs in the next ten years: of the five Goddard households listed none of them are lead miners by 1881. Henry, the son of James and Jane, previously listed as a lead miner with his two sons James and Charles (then only 13 and 12) is now a farmer, auctioneer, and lime burner employing four men. James and Charles, like many others, seem to have left the village, but his other sons, George and Arthur also burn lime. Jane, now 90 years old, is still living but only with her two granddaughters, Maria and Amanda Andrews. There is no mention of their father, Thomas. John Goddard, 64, is a brewer whilst his son James, 15, is a shoemaker's finisher. Another Henry is employed at the lime kilns.

The change is even more profound by 1891. Henry, still a lime burner, now has a lodging house with his wife Ellen, his four children, and twenty-five lodgers! His son, Ebenezer, is a butcher. Another Goddard, William, also keeps a lodging house but is also listed as a quarryman. James, a labourer, lives in the High Street with his wife Maria and their six children. Another William keeps a grocer's shop though he is now doubling up as a farmer. At the age of 78 he lives with his daughter Elizabeth and his four year old granddaughter Martha **Hancock** also in the High Street.

Another grocer/farmer is Ellen **Unwin**, a widow living in a shop on Town End with her son William, two servants, a lodger and her nephew Albert Goddard, aged fifteen and listed as an assistant horse carter. The only other Goddard family listed is John's in Town End. Now 72, and retired from yeast dealing, he lives with his sister-in-law Sarah, his son John, (a shoe maker), and his two year old niece, Sarah **Heginbottom**.

In 1901 James Goddard (the grandson of James and Jane) and his wife Maria have added to their family with another two children, and he is working as a limestone quarryman. His four oldest children are all working in the shoe making industry. It is possible that they were working in the boot factory owned by James Goddard, son of John the brewer (now deceased) who lives

with his wife Sarah and their four daughters.

Henry and Ellen seem to have given up their crowded lodging house and only their son Ebenezer remains. He is still a butcher. William at the grocer's shop has now deceased and his widow Elizabeth heads a family of ten, her daughter Ellen and her husband Edmund Hancock and their eight children including Martha (14) who is now a boot machinist and a son, George (13), a boot riveter.

Ellen Unwin still has a shop, here named Balcony Cottage, and her son William is not mentioned- she does however, have a brother-in-law, James **Jack-son**; a contractor's clerk living with her and a nephew named William Goddard who is listed as a farm labourer. His father, William, is now a widower but is still a lodging house keeper with seven lodgers.

It would seem then, that by the dawn of the twentieth century, lead mining was already becoming part of the history of this village and many of the descendants of those men and women who had mined in and around Stoney perhaps for more than a thousand years, were now finding work quarrying the local limestone and making boots and shoes.

Of the direct male descendants of Benjamin and Dorothy Goddard, it seems that only Ebenezer the butcher, their great grandson, remained in the village. He died in 1904, with no known descendants.

*Mary Obodo [Mem 7889]
3 Orchard Road, Kirkby in Ashfield
Nottingham NG17 8JX*

BURGOYNE

Private Alfred Burgoyne, who was generally known to his friends as Fred, No 12195 66th [Yorkshire Imperial Yeomanry, killed in action on the 1st November at Turi River, was the son of Mr George Burgoyne, late highway superintendent of Derby. He tried to enlist in the Derbyshires and failed, and then enlisted in the Yorkshires. He worked with Messrs Burgoyne and Co., stone and monumental masons, Malthouse Lane, Babington Lane, Derby.

Derby Mercury, 14 Nov 1900

BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS

SANITARY SURVEY SESSIONS

Ilkeston Borough

Inspector—Dr S.W. Wheaton

Date of Inspection—September 22nd, 1893

Population [1891] - 19,744

Inhabited houses [1891] - 3,776

Industries—Coal mining, iron smelting, lace making, brick making and boiler making

Sanitary Circumstances

Dwellings of the Poor—Chiefly consist of older houses which have been allowed to go out of repair and which are without eaves-spouting, are very damp, dirty and dilapidated; not much crowding of houses upon area; overcrowding of persons considerable at date of inspection.

Water Supply—Public supply obtained from four sources: [a] Nutbrook; [b] A coal pit at Kirk Hallam; [c] Spring near reservoir; [d] Queen Street well; water filtered through sand and gravel; supply constant; quality of water very doubtful. Nutbrook is much polluted with drainage, etc., and water from sources [b] and [d] liable to dangerous pollution.

Sewerage and Drainage—Sewered throughout; ventilation of sewers by surface gratings very imperfect; arrangements for flushing absent; outfall of main sewer at sewage farm, but sewage of houses, situate at lower level than main sewer, passed directly into River Erewash. House drainage very defective except in houses built within last two or three years.

Excrement Disposal and Removal—About half houses provided with midden privies and half with pail closets; pails emptied by Sanitary Authority at weekly intervals, but middens only when application made by tenants. Privy

middens at date of inspection generally contained enormous accumulations of filth and were source of dangerous nuisance.

Refuse Removal—House refuse removed by Sanitary Authority in some cases, but scavenging very much neglected, and accumulations of refuse a marked feature. Excrement and refuse carted to two tips situate within Borough and source of considerable nuisance..

Registered Buildings and Trades—

Common lodging houses—5—Very bad

Houses let in lodgings—None registered

Slaughter houses—24—Fair

Dairies and Cowsheds—40—Fair

Milkshops—12—Fair

Bakehouses—14—Very bad

Offensive trades—None

Sanitary Administration

Administration by Sanitary Authority—Very defective

Date of Approval of Byelaws as to—Scavenging, Nuisances, Common lodging houses, New streets and buildings, Slaughter houses—all 1875

Voluntary Adoption of Acts—

[a] Infectious Disease [Notification] Act 1889—adopted 1893

[b] Infectious Diseases [Prevention] Act 1890—Not adopted

[c] Public Health Acts Amendment Act 1890—Adopted 1893

[d] Housing of the Working Classes Act 1890—No action taken

Medical Officer of Health—Joseph Carroll, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Salary, £50 [with repayment].

Performance of Duties—Energetic, but hampered by want of support from the Sanitary Authority.

Inspector of Nuisances—Thomas Evans

Salary—£110 [with repayment]

Performance of Duties—Fair, but most of his time taken up with supervision of scavenging.

Repression of Nuisances—Very defective

Isolation Hospital - Temporary wooden building with 18 beds, provided in 1888 in consequence of epidemic of small pox; arrangements defective.

Disinfecting Apparatus—None

Special Preparation for Cholera—None

Final Conference and Recommendations

Final conference with Sanitary Authority held by Dr Wheaton on October 31st 1893, when formal recommendations were made as regards the following matters:-

- Water Supply
- Sewerage
- House Drainage
- Excrement disposal
- Inspection of Nuisances
- Byelaws

Copies of these Parliamentary Papers on all sorts of matters can be found at the National Archives and can be a wonderful supply of background knowledge when compiling your family history. With thanks to Maureen Newton for supplying the above.

An Unwelcome Christmas Present for my Grandparents

It is exactly 100 years ago this month (21st December 1914) that my father enlisted in the army at the beginning of World War1. He was born in April 1895 so he would be 19 years old when he responded to the call to arms. There was enormous social pressures on young men at the time to volunteer for military service but by all accounts it was an unwelcome Christmas present for his parents when he went to Sheffield and enlisted in the Coldstream Guards. My father's family was living in Bradway. This was then a village in North Derbyshire but now it is a suburb of Sheffield.



*Cpl J.H. Fox in 1916 on convalescent
leave in Sheffield recovering from
wounds received on the Somme*

My father was one of two million young men who volunteered in response to the likes of Kitchener (Your country needs YOU). The authorities had expected about 100,000 to enlist, but when twenty times that number turned up they had not enough uniforms and equipment for them. This meant that my father spent more time than was usual at the Guards depot at Caterham. However when training was completed and by that time fully equipped, my father was posted to the Western Front.

In May of 1915 he joined the second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards which was in the first Brigade of the newly formed Guards Division. The Guards Division contained four battalions each of Grenadiers and Coldstreams, two battalions each of Irish Guards and Scots Guards and one bat-

talion of Welsh Guards. The first engagement of the newly formed Guards Division was the battle of Loos which ended in deadlock in the middle of October 1915. During the following two years my father saw action at Ypres (including Passchendaele), on the Somme and at Cambrai. He was wounded

in the later stages of the battle of the Somme but was treated in a Field Hospital and returned to his battalion.

The last battle that my father was involved in was at Cambrai (November 1917) where tanks were used for the first time in significant numbers. On the last day of November he was shot through the shoulder. This was the “Blighty Wound” - which all soldiers hoped for – not bad enough to be life threatening but serious enough to be repatriated to a V.A.D near Manchester. Whilst he was recovering he wrote a poem about his experiences at Cambrai which he clearly thought was something to be joyful about. It included the following lines:

*A lucky shot I said as a bullet through my shoulder sped,
I dumped my kit and said farewell to the Hun across the way
Of shot and shell I truly tell, I'd had enough for many a day*

During his service he had received successive promotions to sergeant. When he had recovered from his wound, he was posted to the Guards' training depot at Windsor where he was involved in training another influx of recruits who were needed to stem the German counter attacks all the way along the Western Front. The war (to end all wars?) finished in November 1918 and he was finally demobbed in March 1919.

He didn't return to being a joiner and builder but got a job as a clerical officer with the Civil Service in Sheffield. In 1925 he married the granddaughter of the first stationmaster in nearby Dronfield (It's still in Derbyshire!) Their first child was born in 1929 but failed to thrive and died after a few weeks. Their second child (me) was born in 1933.

Dennis Fox
Membership no: 3839

MOVING ON

Hope Valley in the 18th Century

One of the earliest entries in the parish register of Hope is that for the marriage of Adam Burdekin (my great grandfather x 8) and Jane Buccock in 1600. They had four sons, two of whom went on to live in Hope and the other two in nearby Edale, and three daughters. By the early 18th century and four generations later there were fifteen male and thirteen female Burdekins in Hope and Edale. There clearly wasn't room for them all to live in the same houses so some, if not most, must have moved on as their own families developed.

We do not know whether Adam was a farmer (a likely occupation) but at least one of his great grandsons Robert of Hope certainly was. His inventory included 8 bullocks, 1 cow, 3 calves, 1 horse and 13 sheep, with a net estate value of £53. We know from his mother's will it was rented from Sir Phillip Gell, Baronet but its exact whereabouts are not known. There is a record held at Matlock of the fields on the farms of Robert Burdekin, John Bocking and Thomas Hall in the 18th century. They were all relatively small farms, that of Robert Burdekin covering 27 roods and 24 perches (about 7 acres). Amongst the fields on Robert's farm was a 'water acre' suggesting that he had a field close to the river in Hope. Whatever the location of the farm, the evidence suggests that it was a small farm which would be unable to support large families. It is not surprising therefore that some of the family moved out of Hope.

There was a fast growing industrial revolution in Sheffield in the mid 18th century and many people from outlying areas moved there. But the first move (that is on record) was that of John Burdekin (Robert's cousin), 'the Hatter', to Ughill near Bradfield. His will shows that he established a thriving business, giving 100 guineas to each of his three sons as well as leaving his hating business and shop to his first son. His hats would have been made of felt in turn from wool. Judging from his apparent wealth, hats must have been a popular product at the time.

One of John the hatter's sons, Benjamin, took up another trade, that of filesmith, in Sheffield. To do this he registered as an apprentice in the cutlery trade. A very large book, both in size and in content, is held in Sheffield Ar-

chives and at the Cutler's Hall in Sheffield of all those (thousands) who signed on as apprentice cutlers. The entries are cryptic:

Benjamin Burdekin son of John, Ughill, Hatter, to Jos. Wolstenholme Bghs (=Bridgehouses), fi (=filesmith), 1736, f (=finished) 1747.

A filesmith is one who makes files, clearly an important tool in sharpening knives and scissors in the cutlery trade.

Benjamin Burdekin married Sarah Corker in 1754 but they had no children of their own. However in 1757 John Burdekin of Hope, aged only eleven and Benjamin's great nephew, lost his father. Benjamin took the young John as his servant for three years until he was 14 and eligible to be an apprentice. Benjamin signed an agreement that he would instruct him in the trade or occupation of a filesmith and give him 3 guineas at the end of his apprenticeship. He also agreed to deliver the said apprentice with one suit fit for working days and another suit for Sundays and holy days.

The same Benjamin also took on his nephew Joseph, son of Joseph, innkeeper as an apprentice filesmith in 1779, finishing in 1789. Innkeeping was a new trade for the family and although we don't know the name of the inn, Joseph's hometown was Sheffield. It is perhaps worth pointing out that he wasn't the only innkeeper in the family. John Roberts Burdekin kept the Church Hotel in Edale (now the Ramblers Country Hotel) during the 19th century and wetted many a dry throat at the foot of the Pennine Way.

There was a total of 10 Burdekin cutler apprentices during the 18th century indicating a movement, directly or indirectly, out of Hope. There was a similar exodus from Edale but the pedigree is less sure owing to the loss of parish records.

Joseph Burdekin (son of the innkeeper) married Elizabeth Hancock in Sheffield in 1791 and took over the Old Park Silver Mill built by Joseph Hancock in 1761. Old Park was the first mill to 'roll' Sheffield Plate. This is initially produced by putting a thin sheet of silver over a copper ingot and heating them together. The copper thus coated with silver could then be rolled into sheets of Sheffield Plate, retaining a thin layer of silver on the outside. Joseph's business and family were highly successful and his son Thomas emigrated to Australia. His son Sydney duly became mayor of Sydney!

Many parts of the Old Park Silver Mill were destroyed by the Great Flood of Sheffield in 1864 when the Dale Dyke Dam burst and the river Loxley brought a torrent of water into the middle of Sheffield.

And finally, there is a record of James Burdekin marrying Patty Jackson in Boston, Massachusetts, USA in 1791. This was a year before George Washington became the first President of the USA and 18 years after the Boston Tea Party. There are only two James Burdekins with births recorded between 1750 and 1770 (likely date range for the marriage). One of them was happily married in the UK and the other was born in 1765 in Hope, and no further records have been found in this country.

Many of the Burdekin family clearly moved on during the 18th century - sometimes afar!

D.A. Burdekin

DIED THIS DAY

4 May 1885

RALPH SLEIGH

Policeman born in Bradburne, Derbyshire, on July 14 1858.

A former farmer he is thought to have arrived in Canada around 1880. He joined the North West Mounted Police—probably for want of a job—in 1881. Promoted to corporal and put in charge of the Frog Lake detachment in what is now Manitoba, he was among troopers during the Northwest Rebellion who confronted Cree forces at the battle of Cut Knife Hill. Part of a vanguard sent out in advance of the army, he was shot in the mouth while fighting off a frontal attack and died instantly. As he was unmarried, his Northwest Campaign medal was never claimed and an auction of his personal belongings by his peers, then a tradition in the service, raised just \$31.25. Little else is known about him. A parade ground at RCMP headquarters in Regina is named Sleigh Square.

Taken from a selection of cuttings from Canadian newspapers sent in by a very helpful member—thank you very much

AN INTRIGUING INSCRIPTION

While retyping the memorial inscriptions for Bonsall, the following headstone caught the eye.

“Sacred to the memory of Moses Fearn, late of Whitelom in the township of Ible, who departed this life November 29th 1868 aged 53 years, who died from injury by a carriage accident two days previous on Clatterway Hill being the election for the Northern Division.”

Being naturally noseey I had a trawl through the newspapers and found the following in the Manchester Courier of the 30th November 1868:-

ALARMING ACCIDENT TO VOTERS

On Friday a very shocking accident happened in the division of North Derbyshire to five Liberal voters, near Bonsall. They were proceeding from the latter place to Matlock Bridge for the purpose of recording their votes in favour of Cavendish and Jackson, and when they had reached Latterway Hill the driver got off the box to put the slipper on the carriage wheels. The horse immediately ran away and the hill being very steep the carriage was overturned. Some of the passengers jumped out, and Moses Fearn was very seriously injured, and was removed in a very precarious state to the Pig of Lead public house near Cromford. George Kinder also sustained serious internal injuries and William Charlesworth, Charles Broom and Henry Grafton were slightly injured. None of the five were in a fit state to proceed to the booth to record their votes.

It is interesting to note that Clatterway Hill has become Latterway Hill in the newspaper article. A check also reveals that George Kinder obviously recovered in spite of his severe injuries.

The north Derbyshire election eventually returned Cavendish and Arkwright to power. Poor Mr Jackson missed out by 60 votes. The county constabulary were also in heavy attendance, owing to the fear of riots that had taken place in other divisions, as unlike today different divisions voted on different days and there had been a lot of trouble elsewhere. One would also like to know just where the voting took place.

Farewell to Frocks

Everyone who has begun tracing their family tree has at some point tried to locate a certificate which appears to be totally elusive. When I began the search for my Uncle Arthur's birth certificate I had no idea of the heart rendering and traumatic family story I was about to uncover. This is how I began to unravel that story.

When I was a little girl in the 1950s and 60s we used to go to Mapperley, Nottingham to visit my Uncle Arthur and Auntie Elsie. They had no children of their own and always made a fuss of us. Uncle Arthur would show us his collection of antique paperweights and Auntie Elsie would feed us with home made cakes and squash.

Uncle Arthur and Auntie Elsie



After the death of Uncle Arthur and my Dad, my mother suddenly dropped out in conversation that Uncle Arthur had started his life as a girl, and that's all she said. I didn't think much about it at the time and thought my mum had got a family story jumbled up and misquoted as she did sometimes as she got older.

When I did start researching my dad's family I could find a record of Uncle Arthur's death and knew he was buried as Arthur Hoe as I had attended his funeral myself but I couldn't find a record of his birth. However, I did find a birth record and census entry for a Beatrice Maud Hoe who I had never heard any mention of before. I started to ask questions around the family and I got little snippets of things that people had heard and it did indeed look as if Arthur was born as a girl.

When I spoke to my sister about it she said that my aunt, Arthur's younger sister had told her that there was some confusion when he was born whether it was a boy or a girl. My aunt who was very outspoken all her life also said that she never knew why they said he was a girl with all those bits, so you

can draw your own conclusion from that remark. She also said that to fund an operation Arthur had sold his story to the 'News of The World', which you can imagine did not go down too well with my grandparents who were very proud and private people.

So was he legally a man or a woman living as a man? If the latter was the case his marriage to Auntie Elsie would be illegal as same sex marriage has only recently become legal.

My next move was to get on to the GRO (General Register Office) and ask them what options Arthur would have had for changing his sex legally. The time when I calculated he changed from Beatrice to Arthur would have been around 1924. The GRO gender expert told me that at this time it would be almost unheard of even if he changed his name by deed poll it would have been most extraordinary and the process would have been long and difficult.

My next step was to order Arthur and Elsie's marriage certificate and Beatrice Maud's birth certificate. The marriage certificate arrived giving the same address for Arthur and Elsie his wife so I surmised that they must have met when he was lodging with Elsie's family. At the same time I had an e-mail from the GRO saying they had given me a refund for Arthur's birth certificate and telling me they were unable to supply a copy due to discrepancies on the entry. I'd got this far and wasn't going to be put off now so I immediately got back to the gender expert at the GRO and asked what discrepancies meant. She said that the certificate was in the records but the entry had been closed. This could only mean one thing, that Arthur had been reregistered which in 1924 was unheard of. However, if I applied for a certificate in the name of Arthur Hoe would it be dated 1902 when he was born or 1924 when he became Arthur? Eventually, the gender expert gave me a reference and told me if I used that I might find what I was looking for. When the certificate arrived he had indeed been reregistered as a man in 1924 on the authority of the Registrar General.

This only left one more thing to do and that was to get a copy of the article in the 'News of the World' from the newspaper room at the British Library. As I was unable to travel down myself I engaged a researcher who found the article and posted it to me. This gave an insight into the events which led up to the change but more excitingly gave a picture of both Beatrice and Arthur.

This must have been a terrible time for the family but both the newspaper articles and the family themselves supported and sympathised with the cruel quirk of nature that must have caused Arthur and his family so much anxiety. The family were not very well off, my Gt Grandad was a labourer and the family lived in a small terraced house in Spring St. Derby but Arthur was lucky that his family supported him throughout his trauma and after he attained his correct place in life he was best man at three of his sibling's weddings including my mother and fathers. Today with modern science the medical profession would not have made such a ghastly mistake.

The 'News of the World' article below gives an insight into the turmoil Arthur and his family suffered. I found the article to be very sympathetic to his predicament.

Article from the News of the World 29th June 1924

Farewell To Frocks

Man's 20 Years Life as a Girl

Amazing Instance of Change of Sex

(News of the World Special)

Some time in the year 1902 there was born to eminently respectable parents in Derbyshire a child whose sex the local doctors could not determine. It was their second offspring; the first was perfectly natural and normal. Four others, also normal and natural, have been born to them since. But this second child was a physical enigma. After long consideration and anxious thought, the doctors agreed that the baby was female, and the parents accepted the medical decision. It was registered as a girl in the usual way, and christened Beatrice Maud Hoe. That is the nature of the record on the file at Somerset House even today. Years passed and the "problem" baby grew into a happy, healthy child, but remained a curiosity to the doctors and those who knew the secret of its birth. At 16 Beatrice Maud Hoe, to all outward appearances, was still a girl with a mass of long ringlets reaching nearly to the waist. She was growing rapidly, and showing promise of unusual stature. As Beatrice Hoe reached the twenties light and revelation came to her. A suspicion that nature had deceived the doctors became a certainty. She knew she was a girl no longer, but a man or in any case much more masculine than feminine.



FAREWELL TO FROCKS.
 Beatrice Maud Hoe—as she was, Arthur Hoe—as he is.

"There is not a feature about me," she recently wrote, "that by any stretch of imagination could liken me to a woman, and yet I am not a perfect man- not yet." The shock of the discovery disturbed the health of the "girl-man." She kept it from her parents not because there was any shame or embarrassment in the change but because she knew she had already been a heavy drain on their financial resources. Still, Beatrice Hoe had sufficient common sense to see that her predicament was not without humour, and frankly confesses that for a time she got a good deal of fun out of life. None of her former girl friends suspected the change and Beatrice of the dark eyes and long curls was still able to fascinate the romantic youth of Derbyshire. Presently, however, the condition of affairs became more serious, and the "girl-man" realised that her parents had to know the truth. When the "girl" knew definitely that her sex had changed to the masculine it took her only a very short time to revolutionise her everyday habits and life. Petticoats and skirts were discarded for

man's attire, and on the day the change was made Beatrice Hoe crossed from Derbyshire into Nottinghamshire to begin all again. "She" has adopted the Christian name of Arthur and as Arthur Hoe intends to be known in future. No one would suspect that this good looking, gentle mannered, and soft spoken youth of 5ft 10ins lived for 20 years as a girl without the faintest suspicion of his actual sex except in his mind. For six weeks or so now he has dressed and lived as a man, trying like a good many others to solve the problem of work. In Arthur Hoe's case it is something more than a problem, for of course he has no employment card to present to the labour exchanges. At Somerset House he is registered as "Beatrice Maud Hoe-female," and until he is registered again in his rightful sex and adopted name, he must remain in the records as a girl. Arthur Hoe confesses that the change from skirts to trousers has not been without its embarrassment. In the company of women he finds it difficult to remember that he no longer belongs to their sex and occasionally makes little errors that threaten to betray him. Gradually, however, he is falling into the ways and manners of men and very shortly will be able to take his place among them without fear of a false move.

Mal Smith (mem 7558)
malsmith55@btinternet.com

LOCAL WILL

Miss **Ada Foster**, of Egremont, Sunny Hill, Normanton, who died on 7th March last, left estate of the gross value of £9235.7s.1d, with net personalty £8310.11s.7d. Probate of the will has been granted to John Henry Bennett, of 59 Leacroft Road Derby, railway official, and Philip Foster, of 76 St Chads Road, Derby, commercial clerk. The testatrix left £500 to her nephew, George Walter Bennet; £500 to her nephew John Wilfred Bennett; £200 to her cousin Sarah Vernon, and the residue of the property as to four ninths in trust for her sister Harriet Bennett for life, with remainder to her daughters, Winifred Margaret Bennett, Mary Elizabeth Bennett and Ethel Ada Bennett; two ninths to her brother Arthur Foster; and three ninths to her brother, Philip Foster.

Derby Daily Telegraph, 27 May 1927

A Twisted Tale

“Patient says he is a fool, he says he will brush his hair with the yard-brush and anoint it with cod-liver oil.”

This is taken from the June 1885 Manchester Police Custody Order concerning our paternal great-great-grandfather Aaron Twist, *“a person found wandering in the streets of Manchester a person of unsound mind.”*

“His appearance is dirty and disordered and he talks somewhat incessantly. He ridicules the undersigned [Malcolm --, physician, Royal Infirmary, Manchester] and the officers of the Court. His wife says for the last ten days he has been violent, throwing articles at her, and threatening her – she says this morning he was pulling down the staircase and fireplace.”

A month later, in July 1885, Aaron Twist [here spelt Aron Twish] was admitted by the police to Prestwich Asylum, where his case notes describe him as having a pale blotchy face and red dishevelled hair. The diagnosis: melancholia and delusions. Put to work in the asylum joiner’s shop he *“lost his delusions”* but soon afterwards *“stole a great many tools out of the shop and has hidden them in the garden”*. In July 1887 his mental condition was noted as *“unchanged”*. Three years later, in 1890, he died.

This remarkably detailed documentation, unearthed in the Lancashire Record Office in Preston, marks the poignant end to the story of a cabinet maker and joiner born in 1827 in Marple Bridge, Derbyshire, tracked in detail through stages of his life by means of the censuses and the mass of genealogical detail available on the internet, yet still keeping some secrets to himself.

Until a couple of years ago his presence on our family tree was shadowy. We were focused on tracing the ancestry of Harriet Twist, the wife of our great-grandfather Samuel Bell, when suddenly, through internet genealogy resources, we became aware of Harriet’s distinctively named father – Aaron.

We knew from FreeBMD that Aaron had married an Irish girl, Margaret Dougan, in Manchester Cathedral in 1847. We eventually found the couple in

the 1851 census living at Lower James Street, Salford, with their baby, Alice, and Aaron's teenaged siblings, William and Ellen.

Why would the teenaged siblings be living with Aaron and Margaret in 1851? We knew that their parents Samuel and Hannah were alive in the 1841 census, living with Aaron (then a 14-year-old cotton piecer), William and Ellen in the Stockport area (Werneth/ Compstall – actually just along from Marple Bridge). So we looked for possible deaths of the parents between 1841 and 1851, and found a Hannah Twist dying aged 42 in Hyde/Stockport in the September quarter of 1841. On the basis of our other research this seemed highly likely to be Aaron's mother. But no deaths of Samuel Twists were listed in that decade.

Logically the next step was to look at the 1861 census. There was frustratingly no trace of Aaron or his wife or child, on any of the websites, under any variation of surname; the same with the 1871 census. Aaron and his family had disappeared from view. But we knew that Margaret had died in 1869 and from her death certificate we had her address - 36 Quay Street, Salford. We also had the birth certificate of another child, Margaret Ellen Twist, born 25 July 1872 at 36 Quay Street to Alice Twist, formerly Wilson – father Aaron Twist. (Another mystery – no record of a marriage, and surely Alice Twist was his daughter? – but I digress.)

With this information we posted a message on the internet forum Rootschat asking for an 1871 Salford census lookup for Aaron and Alice Twist at the 36 Quay Street address. Within 24 hours the reply came: "Not the Twist family at this address but oddly enough the first names match". In fact not only the first names, but also the ages and places of birth matched – Aaron, widower, and his 3 children were all living there under the name of Higginbotham, his mother's maiden name. We were now able to refer back to the 1861 census and find this elusive family there too, under the name of Higginbotham. The 1863 Slater's Directory for Manchester and Salford also lists Aaron Higginbotham as a joiner, at 36 Quay Street Salford, in its Trades section.

So why the assumed name? The sad fact was that Aaron and his father both had criminal records. Through the online catalogues of the National Archives, we discovered that Samuel Twist was imprisoned in 1839. Originally a gardener in Derbyshire, he is described as a baker in the 1841 census, though extracts from the 1839 Hayfield (Derbyshire) workhouse board of

guardians minute book state that “*in consequence of the bad quality of the bread furnished by Samuel Twist it was ordered that no more be purchased from him*”. This family had fallen on hard times, and worse was to come.

In July 1846 Aaron and his father were both arrested for stealing a box of collars from a Mary Hilton and some tools. A visit to the Lancashire Record Office in Preston yielded details of the trial of Aaron and Samuel including prosecutors’ bills for the two men and witnesses’ expenses. Samuel, possibly taking the rap for his son, was sentenced on 6th July 1846 to be transported for 10 years. He was taken to Woolwich to the hulk *Justitia* on 19th August but was never sent to Australia, transportation having by then been largely suspended. Parliamentary inquiry papers into the hulks note Samuel Twist (by name), imprisoned for ‘*felony and prior conviction*’, as being in good health on 27 March 1847, but he was to die of Asiatic cholera a year and a half later aged 59, on 4th November 1848, on the hospital ship *Unité*.

Aaron must have served less than a year in prison, for he married Margaret in Manchester Cathedral on Valentine’s Day 1847 and gave a home to his siblings Ellen and William.

The 1881 census, the last one where Aaron is documented, tells us little. He has reverted to using the name of Twist and lives with his wife “Retrine”, or Catherine as his wife is called in the police custody document, though no record of their marriage can be found. Much was to happen in the next nine years leading up to Aaron Twist’s death – hardship, bereavement, imprisonment and madness; it is pure luck that we know any of it.

*“Notice of Death: Pauper Patient. Died 26 July 1890
at 9am aged 63. Cause of death: Acute gastro-
enteritis – diarrhoea – exhaustion.”*

Aaron Twist’s place of burial was unknown – or so we thought. In 2006 a memorial stone was installed in the graveyard of St Mary’s Church, Prestwich, to commemorate the 5,000 former patients of Prestwich Hospital buried there in unmarked paupers’ graves over the period 1851 to 1968. It is likely that our great-great grandfather is one of them.

***Judith Bell and Peter Bell. October 2009
judith.bell1@virgin.net***

‘Spondon Archive’

Publisher of books about Spondon

This group was formed in 2011 with the aim of printing, and reprinting, a series of books about different aspects of Spondon’s history. With a uniform size (A5), style of cover and an affordable price, it has become a collectable series.

The idea for the first book was discussed at a meeting of Spondon Village Improvement Committee. 2011 was a significant year in the history of some of our local organisations and we thought that an effort should be made to record this. We started collecting short written histories and photographs from the organisations and soon realised we had enough for a book.

Spondon Historical Society was a natural partner to work with on this project. We decided that reprinting some of the old books about Spondon, which are now out of print, would make them more widely available. We also wanted to encourage new research, with the possibility of it being published as part of this series. ‘Spondon Archive’ is registered as a publisher; each book has an ISBN and copies are sent to the British Library and the other five legal deposit libraries.

The cost of publishing 500 copies of our first book on Spondon Clubs and Societies was nearly £1000. A grant from the Neighbourhood Board and some fund-raising covered this. Our first book was published in November 2011.

The money raised from sales went towards the cost of printing of the next book, but as this was nearly ready, we needed more money quickly. A grant was obtained from Derbyshire Community Foundation. The History of the Malt Shovel was printed just in time for Christmas and sold well. Since then we have published another four books.

More has been learnt about publishing with each new book. Doing the research; writing it up; checking the details; setting up for printing, designing the cover, were skills we all had to learn. Any reprints have copyright implications which are not easily sorted out, as we found when we decided to reprint A History of Spondon School. Written by a teacher in 1964; it was a very good piece of research which deserved a wider readership. One of our

members spent about two years chasing copyright and eventually received permission to print it this year. We have also produced a Style Guide so, as far as possible, future books conform to our house style.

The following is a list of books published so far:

Spondon Clubs and Societies 1861-2011

The Malt Shovel, Spondon

Exploring Spondon – Walks through Spondon's history

Canoes to Commuters – Transport in Spondon through the ages

The Parish Church of St Werburgh, Spondon

The Methodist Church, Spondon

The next book will be **A History of Spondon School** in two volumes, due to be published in October 2014. The first book of 2015 will be about the **History of Spondon Cinema**. Other books are in the pipeline for the future.

We are donating copies of our books to DFHS for their library.

Books are available to buy from shops in Spondon village centre and through Spondon Historical Society (info@spondonhistory.org.uk). Books cost £2.50 plus postage.

Anita Hayes

CENSUS ENTRY 1911

Found on a household entry for the Little family of Herne Hill is the following:-

“Incidentally we have an Airedale Terrier. I do not know whether particulars are requested, but in case you want them here they are. Roger, aged 5 yrs, not married, amount of children unknown but something over 100. Occupation watchdog. Service, looking after home on his own account. Working at home and outside. Born Keighley, Yorkshire”.

Which only sets me thinking whether I can fill in details of all my cats on the next census form!!!!!!

THE DERBY RAGGED SCHOOL

The first Ragged School was begun in 1818 by John Pounds, who provided a school which was free for the poorest children. This idea was taken up and in 1844 Lord Shaftesbury helped to organise an official union of these schools and by 1869 there were about 200 establishments.

The Derby Ragged School was opened in 1849 on a very small scale and was entirely supported by voluntary contributions. It originated in Back Parker Street in 1849 and remained there for a considerable number of years. In those days the headmaster was Mr Thomas Holder and his wife was the headmistress. As many as eighty children attended in those early days and all were drawn from a certain class of house where the parents were too poor to bring up their children in decency. Shortly after its establishment, it stated that their aim was *“reclaiming that class of idle, dirty, vagrant children who abound in every large town and who are too destitute and naked to seek admission into the parochial schools and who are too frequently utterly neglected by their parents as to mental or moral culture.”*

The school was managed for years by a committee of which the Rev E.W. Foley, vicar of All Saints, and Captain Francis Dixon of Cherry Street, were the secretaries. In 1857 they put an appeal in the Derby Mercury.

“The Derby Ragged School aims to impart a Scriptural and useful Education to a large class of very poor Children who are too destitute and naked to obtain admission into the Parochial Schools, even if they wished it, and who are too frequently utterly neglected by their parents. They are left in our streets as “sheep without a Shepherd”, they are sent to no school, they are taught no trade and are too often familiar with vice in its grossest forms from their earliest childhood. Many of these poor little ones have, by the blessing of God, been reclaimed through the agency of this School and rescued from ruin both of body and soul. Upwards of 70 are now receiving the elements of an education which it is hoped will enable them to rank among good servants and industrious artisans, and to become respectable members of society, and many have entered various situations where they are now maintaining themselves by honest industry.

The School is most inconveniently crowded and cannot be enlarged, while the health of the Teachers is seriously affected by the want of space and ventila-

tion. Whilst the utmost caution is used to prevent the admission of children whose parents could afford to pay for their education, many more of the class it is wished to benefit cannot be received from want of room. It is also most desirable that an Infant Branch should be added, as Children under six cannot at present be admitted. A suitable site has been obtained by purchase and it is intended to apply to the Committee of Council on Education, for a Grant in aid of building new schools, with classrooms, workshops, etc. The sum required will be about £1,200. To enable them effectually to carry out this good work, the Acting Committee earnestly solicit the assistance of a benevolent public. They submit their appeal to them with the greater confidence, under the full conviction that the public mind is more than ever alive to the urgent necessity for providing means for bettering the condition of neglected and outcast Children, and thus preventing juvenile crime. Ere long these poor children will be the men and women of the coming generation, and if rightly trained in their youth will, to their country, become a protection and a blessing—if untrained will prove to it only a cost and a disgrace. Donations may be sent to either of the Hon Secretaries or paid to the Ragged School Building Account, at the Bank of Messrs Crompton, Newton and Co.”

Obviously the appeal was successful as a new Ragged School was set up in Wright street, where it remained until its closure in 1889, when all schools came under the authority of the Derby School Board.

The Log Book of the Ragged School, for the 1870s, is fascinating. At this time there were famous names among the subscribers, including the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Henry Wilmot, and Mr T.W. Evans. Juvenile crime about this time was a serious matter, but only the worst offenders—about 100 a year—were sent to reformatories from Derbyshire. The Ragged School had to do its best to cater for the others, but whereas the reformatories were provided by the State the Ragged Schools were not. At least not at the beginning. Later they were able to qualify for a meagre Government grant in the same way as other schools. Hence the constant appealing for funds.

Mr R.A.R. Jones was a member of the committee and, in one such appeal, pointed out that the outlay by the committee had been £3,605.12s.11d, which worked out at a modest sum of 7¾d per week for each child. This included the masters and mistresses’ salaries, dinners for the children for five days per week and every other expense connected to the schools, while the cost to the ratepayers for maintaining a juvenile in prison was for the year £30.2s, which

was more than what half the working men in Derby earned by honest labour. He ended:-

“Every 7³/₄d represents a poor, half naked, ill fed child, taken from the streets and given the rudiments of a good religious and secular education, taught habits of industry and cleanliness and fitted to earn its own living for the future as an honest and useful member of society, while 13s.6d represents one of the same children sent to prison for some petty theft or other offence, associated with the lower dregs of society while there, and after a short time again thrown on the world, five times out of six a confirmed criminal.”

Strong stuff, but it seemed to work.

In 1871 the committee decided to put the school under Government inspection and so enable it to qualify for the grants under the new code of the “Committee of the Council of Education 1871”. To do this it appointed a new headmaster, Mr Walter Winson, who was a certificated teacher, at a salary of £90 per annum. It also appointed an ex pupil teacher, Miss Catherine Pearson, to be mistress of the infant department under the superintendence of Mr Winson. Her salary was £30 per annum. The school meals were also revised on “*a more liberal scale*”.

The *liberal scale* was one meal per day:- Monday, bread and treacle; Tuesday, Irish stew; Wednesday, coffee etc; Thursday, bread and meat; Friday, bread and milk.

Mr Winson obviously enjoyed his time, regularly visiting the school long after he retired. But he was also a headmaster who stood no nonsense, as the log book testifies.

One boy played truant and was kept in the schoolroom all dinner time without his dinner. One has to remember that his dinner was probably the lad's only chance of a meal that day, so it was a very harsh punishment. Another lad who played truant was brought into school by his mother, who requested that he was punished, but not by a beating as his father had already done that. He had to stand on a form all day and also miss his dinner.

Some mothers were also a problem. One came to complain about the master ill using her two children, and also that they did not obtain Christmas cloth-

ing. She was very angry, especially about the clothing, and “*her behaviour was disgraceful*”. She threatened to use her influence to have the headmaster removed and her conduct and language were such that Mr Winson sent her children home. He later re-admitted them.

Conditions at Wright Street were far from ideal. Mr Winson had to complain repeatedly about the cold and dirt in the school. The firing and cleaning were done by the woman who cooked the meals and she eventually had to be fired. His staff was both inadequate and incompetent and under the strain of learning lessons themselves from 7.30 am and teaching under such conditions afterwards, his young assistants frequently broke down. He was also expected to assist the police to capture young miscreants who got up to all sorts of tricks. For instance one morning two detectives called at the school for a couple of boys who had broken into some coachbuilder’s premises on Sunday afternoon and caused £50 worth of damage. Both were taken to prison.

The children were required to wash themselves before school and apparently they needed it. They had a tap in the open air and it was not until January 1872 that it was thought necessary to pave the part of the yard where they performed these necessary ablutions. Then there were the complaints of the smell of offal from adjoining premises and the recurring insanitary conditions of the drains, which at times were so bad that the infants were not able to stay in the lower rooms. Of course the youngsters had all the complaints from which they suffer now and the epidemics were more severe. One complaint, however, was far more prevalent. It was vaguely referred to as “*bad eyes*”, later described as ophthalmia. At times this affected a good number of the children.

Weather conditions frequently upset school arrangements. It was so cold that the gas meters froze or the streets were impassable through snow. One entry read “*Heavy snow. Very few children came, so sent them home for the Easter holidays.*”

But it wasn’t all bad. There were bright summer months when the town was astir with the marching Yeomanry and Militia. Rev Mr Garland came into school bearing baskets of apples, and Mrs Whiston sent in toys and clothing. There were examination days when the Mayor presided and new clothing was issued beforehand. There were annual dinners, from which—as would be imagined—there were few absentees, and the days when Sanger’s Circus

came to Derby. Then the headmaster would let the urchins out for a quarter of an hour to see the wonderful procession and only those who did not return went without dinner the next day and had a caning instead.

In 1883 Mr Caleb Davies took over the headship and remained there until 1893, when the school finally closed. However that wasn't the end of the story. The premises were finally turned into a nursery school for 40 children between the ages of 3 and 5, and the once drab buildings made cheerful with toys and beds, with the provision of a roof garden so that the little ones can enjoy fresh air regardless of the weather. Living up to its predecessor, this nursery school was the first of its kind to be opened in Derby and was a great success. Sadly no trace of either establishment remains.

A WOMEN'S NEGLIGENCE

"You know you are liable to be summoned and I should think you will be" observed the Borough Coroner to a witness at an inquest held at the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary on Tuesday respecting the death through burns of Dennis Dean, aged three, the child of Elsie May Madeley, of Dalbury Lees.

According to the evidence, deceased was left in the house by his grandmother on Saturday morning, with some of her children, and a 7 year old boy, the only eye witness of the occurrence, said deceased was turning round in front of the fire when his pinafore got alight. A neighbour was called in and deceased, who sustained extensive burns on the upper part of the body, was conveyed to the Derbyshire Infirmary in an unconscious condition, where he died the following day from shock.

The grandmother stated that there was scarcely any fire in the grate at the time. She had a fireguard, but it had not been used for six months, being in the stable. Coroner: *Has it dawned upon you that if this guard had been before the fire for protection this would never have happened?* Witness: *Very likely.*

The jury returned an open verdict. Inspector McDermott watched the case in the interests of the N.S.P.C.C.

Derby Mercury, 3rd March 1916

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

36. Bradley All Saints

Bradley was mentioned in the Domesday Book of 1086 as the property of Henry de Ferrers, having previously been owned by Aelfric of Bradbourne and Leofwin. It was then assessed as worth twenty shillings with a taxable value of 1 geld unit. At the time the village is recorded as having 17 households, six of which were smallholdings.



In 1891 directories described the village as “an agricultural parish and picturesque but scattered village of 2374 acres. Its soil is chiefly gravel and clay, with the main crops being hay, wheat, barley, oats and turnips. The population was recorded then as just 227 people.

Nowadays, driving out to the village, the main feature is what is now known as the Hole in the Wall. This is a pair of brick tenements dated around 1750 with a central road arch, placed on the outskirts of the main village. It was formerly the entrance gate to the park of Bradley Hall.

The original Bradley Hall was a moated and timber framed manor house belonging to the Kniveton family. When Sir Andrew Kniveton was bankrupted by the English Civil War he sold it to the Meynell family in 1655. Hugo Meynell demolished that hall around 1772 and adapted the stable block, which he had earlier built to accommodate his hunters, for a new hall having given up his plans to add a brand new hall to the site. As a consequence it is a rambling irregular house of 2 storeys, rather plain in the exterior, but apparently very spectacular inside. A frequent visitor was Dr Samuel Johnson who came to see the Meynell family while staying at Ashbourne. It is now Grade 2 listed.

The village church is dedicated to All Saints and replaced an older Norman church of which there are no traces today except for maybe a few of the old

stones incorporated into the walls of the present building. There was probably a church existent in Saxon times and a crudely carved stone in the south wall of the nave depicts Adam and Eve under a tree, very reminiscent of Saxon carvings and a possible clue. There are two corbels dating back to the 14th century and a 13th century font with an octagonal bowl.

During the nineteenth century All Saints underwent several restorations, and a fire at the west end of the nave in 1850 saw extensive repairs being carried out. A minstrel's gallery at the west end was removed in 1894 and the south porch and wooden bell turret taken out at the beginning of the 20th century. It is now an unusual church in that it has no tower.

There have been two extensions to the churchyard and both here and inside the church are several graves and monuments belonging to members of the Kniveton, Byrom and Meynell families, all of whom had formerly resided at Bradley Hall opposite the church.

When visiting Bradley one can see large ponds of water, with plenty of feathered visitors. Lady's Pond can be seen from the roadside near the church and there is another large area of water on the east side. All the trees, known as Bradley Wood, were given to the people of Ashbourne in 1935 by Captain Fitzherbert Wright and should be safe from the bulldozers in the near future.

Bradley has a football team, a primary school and a parish council, the latter only as recently as five years ago. To have a parish council there must be 200 inhabitants and there are now around 240, about the same as it was a century ago, but with fewer children. There is also a village pub, which has the unusual distinction of having two names, depending on which direction you approach it from. It is either The Jingers or the Fox and Hounds.

The memorial inscriptions are on the shelves at Bridge Chapel House, having been transcribed by the DFHS. The parish registers are at Derbyshire Record Office, from 1579 to late 1900s and can be seen on microfilm [ring Matlock to book a film reader].

Did your Ancestor come from Crich

Gilbert Talbot, the 7th Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire was a major landowner in the Lordship of Crich. However, when he died in 1616 he had no male descendants so his lands were share undivided between his three daughters Mary, Elizabeth and Alethea. Mary married William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, Elizabeth married Henry Grey, 8th Earl of Kent and Alethea married Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel & Surrey, later 1st Earl of Norfolk.

In 1655 the Earl of Arundel & Surrey together with Francis Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir George Savile, Baronet had a major survey carried out of the lands they owned or perhaps jointly owned in Crich with the above Mary and Elizabeth. This 24 page document which can be found in the Derbyshire Record Office (Ref: D 5795) lists all their 94 tenants and their individual land holdings.

Below I have transcribed the 4 pages which hold the 94 names together with four examples from the detailed land holdings that appear in the survey. Indeed so detailed are the descriptions of the land holdings that it may be possible to reconstruct the lay out of Crich in 1655. Two of the examples given are for my probable distant Wilcockson - ffeepound ancestors. Within the detailed land holding of John Wetton, below, are two parcels of land named, "Over Flax Lands" and "Nether Flax Lands", with a total area of about 2/3 of an acre. These names do not indicate the type of crop being grown there then rather what was grown there for many generations and probably a long long time before 1655. This is the earliest reference I know of to a local flax growing and possible linen weaving industry in the Lordship of Crich.

Of the 94 tenants listed below 45 of them also appear in the later Crich Hearth Tax return of 1664.

The original spellings in the document have been maintained in my below transcription.

30.25 square yds = 1(square) Pole; 40 (square) Poles = 1Rood; 4 Roods = 1 Acre

A General of Each mans land within the Lordship of Crich by Acre, Rood and Pole	A	R	P	35 Robert Spencer Page 21	23	00	31
1 Ffrancis Archdine	23	03	21	36 Widdow Wood	02	02	05
2 John Holmes	20	08	26	37 Edward Hall	01	02	02
3 Sampson Hough	19	02	28	38 Willm Littlewood	04	02	08
4 Lawrence Dyas	02	08	80	39 Gilbert Basworth	10	02	26
5 Edward Cheetam	01	02	09	40 John Bradwell	18	00	20
6 John Bonsa	29	03	81	41 Thomas Mather	16	00	12
7 Edward Marshall	00	01	20	Within Crich	507	02	22
8 Thomas Ogton	00	01	27	Lands in ffritchley			
9 Henry Johnson	03	01	18	42 Capt. Tho. Wright Gent	27	00	27
10 John Wood	16	00	19	43 Widdow Verden	21	00	36
11 William Gregson	20	03	22	44 Willm Cumberbark	07	00	38
12 William Allen	06	03	27	45 James Kirkham	11	00	21
13 George Browne	06	02	33	46 ffrancis Higgenbottom	00	01	16
14 Edward ffdler	06	02	23	47 William Leanie	05	03	09
15 William Egginton	12	01	28	48 Nathaniel Hill	06	01	27
16 John Colliar	10	00	20	49 Thomas Pickforke	08	00	21
17 Edward Maule	06	02	06	50 Richard Shawe	00	01	16
18 George Haworth	07	13	17	51 George Barns	07	01	20
19 Joseph Howrobin	23	03	32	52 Ambrose Meacock	59	00	02
20 Robert Johnson	00	03	87	53 Richard Johnson	12	02	33
21 Thomas Piggen	05	00	28		166	03	11
22 Robert Langley	20	00	19	Colland Park	128	02	19
23 Edward Bladen	02	03	30	Crich Chase	379	00	18
24 William Corbar	16	02	04	54 Mr Newton	06	02	26
25 John Fflint	00	01	36	55 Willm Borgan	12	00	26
26 John Marshall the elder	19	00	00	56 Jacob Bower	06	03	20
27 Ffrancis Ffeepound	24	01	20	57 Thomas Smith	10	01	04
28 John Gray	18	02	07	58 Arthur Mansfield	00	03	08
29 John Haslaw	25	01	35		36	02	32
30 Thomas Vallance	07	01	30	Land in Over Howay			
31 John Allen	07	02	15	59 Henry Meacock	28	02	22
32 John Marshall Junior	18	03	35	60 ffrancis Burton	23	01	12
33 Thurston Radford	18	03	34	61 Ales Allen [widow]	05	02	37
34 Henry Wilcockson	23	00	11	62 Godfrey Egginton	02	03	34
					60	01	25

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Wheatcroft

63 George Browne	10	03	30
64 John Beighton	87	03	39
65 John Oates	42	00	30
66 Thomas Sutton	01	01	38
67 26.2.36 [in margin]			
John Wetton	98	00	21
68 Thos Smith [of Grey Leys]	31	02	25
	272	01	23

Land in Lea

69 Anne Bacon			
[widow]	05	01	22
70 Margaret Bacon			
[widow]	06	03	11
71 Widdow			
Wilcockson	06	03	22
72 John Buxton	36	03	26
73 Richard Shoresby			
[of Tansley]	03	00	28
	59	00	29

The Total 1610 03 19

**Cottages erected
On the Wast**

74 Widdow Johnson	00	00	20
75 Robert Cheetam	00	00	16
76 Richard Cheetam	00	00	18
77 Thurston Johnston	00	00	00
78 Anne Vallance	00	00	00
79 Peter Creswell	00	01	00
80 Patrick Morris	00	01	20
81 Godfrey Vallance	00	00	00
82 John Storer			
Within Cullen			
83 Jeffrey Vallance			
84 Dennis Bacon			
85 Lawrence Dyas			

Cottingham

86 Ralph Thompson
New builded
87 Edward Wright

Wheatcroft

88 John Cheetam
89 Widdow Cheetam
90 Ffortune Cheetam
Page 23

91 John Marshall
Under the Chase
92 William Oldfield
93 Dorothy Morrell
94 Richard Russell
95 Tho Cawthorne
Page 24

**MARRIAGE IN
AMERICA**

A short time since, in America, Mr Turton, late of Crich, in this county, was married to Mrs Moneyworth, widow of Mr Moneyworth, an eminent merchant and only daughter of Sir John Kays, of Kinsdale House, New York

Derby Mercury
20th July 1797

Example of Detailed Entries

² Croft: The Home paddock or enclosure round a small farm where cattle were
Brought in for the night or in winter

³ Dole: Strip of land in the open fields or meadows

Crich	A	R	P
Land in the Occupation of Henry Wilcockson			
The House and Croft ²	00	03	18
Kircluffe Nook lying amongst Ambrose Mecocks			
Land	00	02	27
The Lees Close	02	00	02
The ffurlongs Close	04	03	35
One parcel belonging to the said Close lying within			
Henry Johnsons ffurlong	00	00	10
Hirst Close	02	02	23
Shovel Board	00	02	21
Conigree	00	02	11
White Leyes	02	01	36
Gossy Close [Full of Briars]	04	00	39
Paddocks	02	00	38
One Dole ³ in Stones	00	01	06
One Dole in Bodwin Meadow	00	00	14
One Dole	00	01	34
One Other Dole	00	00	29
One Dole in Pottigees	00	00	30
One Land in ffurlongs	00	01	14
One other Land	00	01	19
One little parcel lying between Robt Johnsons			
Croft and William Smiths Croft	00	00	05
	23	00	11
Land in the occupation of Fran ffeepound			
The House and Croft	00	03	24
The Over Croft	00	02	15
Dunple Acre	02	00	19
Pale Close	01	00	24
Kings Meadow	03	01	26
The Second Close	01	02	36
The West Close of Kings Meadow	02	02	18
Wigge Meadow	05	02	07
One Land in ffurr under Towne	00	01	38
One Dole in Pettigees	00	00	16
Two lands in ffurlongs	00	03	12

The Hurst Close	03	00	28
Twangarr	00	01	07
Tosty Hill	00	01	04
Two Lands in Lees	00	03	16
One land	00	01	00
	24	01	
Land in the Occupation of John Wetton			
The Moos and about it	01	00	00
The Great Croft	03	00	28
Little Croft	01	02	17
Over Dick ffield*	02	03	14
Nether Dick ffield* [*=3 acres of these lands Little worth]	07	02	06
The Other Dick ffield*	03	00	36
Over Meadow	02	01	36
Nether Meadow	04	03	19
In Wheatcroft	26	02	36
Gate Dole	01	01	10
Over Flax Lands	00	01	20
Nether Flax Lands	00	02	30
Elme Dole	00	03	35
Little Dole	00	01	12
Dick Dole	00	03	00
In ffulcher	04	01	27
Little Dole	00	01	26
Cross Dale	00	01	11
Barley Dole	00	02	28
Great Dole	01	01	07
Busky Dole	01	00	28
Fflatt Dole	00	03	00
Michaelmass Dole	00	03	00
One Third part of the meane Dole	00	01	23
The Over ffield	05	02	29
One Dole	00	02	35
Second Dole	01	00	05
Third Dole	00	02	07
Ffourth Dole	00	02	16
Ffith Dole	00	02	15
South Over ffield	03	01	38

Two Lands	00	02	04
Three Small Lands	00	01	15
Ffive Lands	00	02	35
One Headland and short ends	00	00	29
Two Lands	00	03	15
Ffive Lands	00	03	18
	03	01	36
The Total of the ffield Lands	17	00	10
Plaine lands is	43	03	06
Linda Wood	54	01	15
The Total of all is	98	00	21

Land in Lea

Land in the occupation of **Wid: Wilcockson**

The House and Croft	01	01	31
The Over Close	02	01	22
Middle Close	01	03	09
Long Close	01	01	00
	06	03	22

*Alan Wilcockson [Mem 1759]
Newbury, Berkshire
E-Mail: alanwilcockson@btinternet.com*

ILKESTON REGISTER OFFICE

The Ilkeston Register Office has now closed and the books moved to Chesterfield Register Office. As a result David Johnson and his team are now out of a job and the indexing of the files by our Society has passed to Chesterfield group.

The Society would like to record its most grateful thanks to David and all his helpers for their sterling work over the past few years. It is most appreciated.

FUNERAL OF MR T.W. DAVIS

The funeral of the late Mr T.W. Davis, of 23 Dexter-street, took place on Tuesday. Deceased was the eldest son of the late Detective-inspector Edwin Davis, who for many years was chief of the detective staff of the Derby county police.

Mr T.W. Davis was connected with many of the town's institutions, being for 40 years on the management committee of the Derby Burial Society. For 50 years he was a member of Court Foresters Home of the A.O.F., in which Court he held every office possible and several times he represented the district at the annual High Court gatherings. He was connected with the Derby Juvenile Society almost from its original formation, and for the past 30 years had served in the capacity of treasurer. He was connected with the management of the Friendly Societies' Medical Association, being for many years past on its committee. He was an ardent co-operator, his voucher, No 72, shows him to have been one of its oldest members, and whilst he never served on its committee or Board of Directors there were several other offices in connection with the society he most worthily filled. Last November he completed 45 years continuous service in the employ of the Loco Dept of the Midland Railway Co., only quite recently being superannuated.

Although he had not enjoyed the best of health for some time past the end came rather suddenly, for after being out as recently as Friday week heart trouble supervened and after a short but painful illness he passed away on Friday last. The interment took place at Nottingham Road Cemetery. The burial service was most impressively conducted by the Rev T.H.Kidd, the first part being taken at London-road Wesleyan Chapel, of which place of worship he was for many years a member and both in the chapel and at the graveside were many friends. The coffin was of unpolished English oak, with brass fittings and plate, engraved "Thomas William Davis, at rest Sept 4 1914, aged 69 years" and was covered with a purple pall. The chief mourners were Mrs Davis and Sergt T. Edgar Davis [Northumberland Fusiliers]

Derby Daily Telegraph, 11 Sep 1914

A True Tale to tell the Great Grandchildren

Part 2

After the splat with the river police in St Petersburg it was travel by train to Moscow. 3 days undermining the Kremlin, then off by coach to the airport, flying by Aeroflot to Simferopol, onwards to Yalta in the Ukraine. Fellow passengers kept their legs and fingers crossed after the driver taking us to a performance of "The Moscow State Circus" got hopelessly lost and ended up in the biggest bottleneck this side of Belpier and Bonsall. Each morning the group had enthusiastically entered into a game --- "Spot the coach with a clear windscreen." During the harsh minus temperatures of a Russian winter, windscreens made of laminated glass crazed into attractive patterns of "movable works of art."

Our female Moscow Intourist Guide" did us proud at the airport when confronted with a money scam by an authoritative official, when it was claimed that the cumulative weight of the party luggage was 13 kilograms over the limit and the culprits were asked to own up and pay the extra money. "Bring all their luggage back and weigh it again" led to a complete capitulation to common sense, so the roubles once again didn't roll. Another scam!! For over 20 years our guide had saved money from her tourist tips with the aim of buying a summer dacha, but with "Perestroika" then beginning to bite in Russia, her money became so devalued, she was only able to buy a new pair of spectacles with her former nest egg.

Before the return flight to St Petersburg, via an unscheduled flight to Moscow, in one day we would spend a morning in Yalta's main police station, sit next to a felon allegedly wanted by Interpol, be given "a dodge the boulders drive", miss out on lunch, all thanks due to Roulette Rebecca and a family request.

In Yalta, as in Russia, U.S. dollars were the favoured currency for conversion. Kupons was the then currency in the Ukraine, in exchange for a U.S. five dollar bill, a wedge of kupons, about half an inch thick, bound within a paper sleeve would be received in exchange. Spend a couple of notes and the change, given in smaller denominations of notes, would cause the wedge to expand in size rather than diminish. It was seriously hard work legitimately trying to spend 5 U.S. Dollars although the Kupons came in handy for playing Monopoly.

Two family offspring were currently grappling with “ graphic design degrees ” At that time in the U.K. there was little contemporary Russian graphic artwork available for comparison. Any suitable material I could find would be welcomed with open arms, lo and behold ye gods, behind a market stall on the promenade at Yalta I found Olga. Olga sold books, periodicals and artwork, she was a fluent English speaker, we told her of the personal request from afar. Each day she brought samples of Russian books, children's pop-up-books, illustrated nursery rhymes and detailed maps of the Ukraine. (Shush!) The equivalent U.K. money per item would be between the princely sum of 10p or 20p each. There was no obligation to buy, another selection would be proffered the next day.



Olga

Directly opposite the stall run by Olga was the main post office in Yalta, the building had a circular rotunda let into the roof between the windows. The history of Ukrainian postal service was depicted in terracotta tiling “A work of art we would leave behind.” This rotunda was to play a part in what followed later. Rebecca was unaware of this feature. On the last full day that we would spend in the Ukraine, I made an arrangement with Mrs H that she would divert Rebecca into the Post Office while I paid the “Goodbyes” to Olga, handing over all our English magazines, books, newspapers and remaining Kupons .

Rebecca requested me to change the film in her camera when she and Mrs H, came out of the Post Office. Then, inexplicably, darting forwards shouting “ He's stolen my purse ! ” while attempting to knock 5 bells out of a male person standing adjacent to Olga's stall. Uniformed bodies in both Russia and the Ukraine, are permanent fixtures at main centres of activity, additional other strolling uniformed bodies have an esoteric function, now conspicuous



by their absence. Then a male civilian, -- his dress --- flip flops --- shorts --- tattoos --- crew cut and an earring had Rebecca's alleged thief held in an arm lock. The captor, with sleight of hand, withdrew a card from a back pocket and flashed it towards Olga. Olga calmly said "He's a policeman, he wants you all to go

The policeman and his prisoner

down to the police station ." So in Indian file --- the prisoner, arm bent up his back --- policeman --- Rebecca --- Mrs H --- yours truly --- in a mid 70's temperature, were walking down Yalta seafront, to the puzzlement of perplexed promenaders.

We entered Yalta police station via a doorway built into a high wall, mature trees filled a rear courtyard, it was as if we had entered a cinema, from dazzling sunlight to a darkened gloom. Rebecca was taken off on her own, I felt sorry for the police. Mrs H and I, plus the prisoner were shown into our own small room containing a large table pushed end on against a wall, 3 chairs in a line, at right angles to the table, ran along the same wall. The prisoner, unfettered, was seated on the chair nearest to the desk, this left two other chairs vacant. Facing the chairs, against the opposite wall stood two jerry cans. A plain clothed policeman motioned us to take a pew and then walked out of the room. I was none too keen to sit next to the prisoner, likewise Mrs H, opting for seat No 3, leaving a vacant spot next to the prisoner, I judiciously chose the jerry cans. Back came our plain clothes sleuth, announcing in gesticulated animation "Niet ! Niet ! Woosh ! Woosh ! Woosh ! --- Space " by his antics we construed that the cans must indeed contain petrol.

The questioning in broken, or more aptly, completely smashed English, in front of the prisoner, was going nowhere, Rebecca had been independently whisked off to an unknown future, unhappily not forever. Hours later, long

after it was decided that the English and Russian language does not have a self translation typeface, a decision was made --- back to the Hotel Yalta, to utilise the services of the official tour interpreter.

The outside street temperature, an hour past midday, was now in the mid 80's, the unmarked black police car, standing in full sun, oozed "Ready Steady Cook." The three of us, now united in body, but not in mind, were shoe-horned into the back, no seat belts, no door or window handles, no air, the angle of dangle in the back also suggested a suspicious suspension. Off we headed, at speed, for Hotel Yalta.

It was obvious that at 50 paces the locals could recognise an unmarked police car when they saw one within their range of vision, the crowded streets parted a la Red Sea. Knowing this the driver and spaceman felt safe to initiate a conversation, gazing at each other rather than the highway. That was until an animated dog, not fully cognisant with the Yalta highway protocol, ambled into the highway, to the loud accompaniment from the rear --- "There's a dog." Full marks were awarded for the pinhead pull-up, but with no seat belts, Mrs H awarded "niet points" from between the front seats.

Leaving the town there was a quick route to Hotel Yalta, an elevated roadway carved along the cliff edge, was availed by all and sundry, motorists, pedestrians and police. Judiciously, strategic pairs of boulders had been arranged haphazardly into a chicane. There was about 10 sheets of bronco paper clearance on either side of each pair of boulders, not to mention the Yalta bound pedestrians. Judging by the driving of the spaceman's colleague he was very familiar with both the route and the width of 10 sheets of bronco, after the first pair of boulders, it became a case of "Close your eyes and think of England."

On arrival we all decanted into the managers office together with spaceman, the allegedly stolen purse lay on the table, the tour guide knowing what was good for her, was still missing. From the hotel interpreter we learned that the prisoner was on Interpol's wanted list, reason(s) not given and for stealing the purse he was likely to receive 5 years in prison. After some considerable time had elapsed the interrogation was brought to a halt and we were told that the questioning would be continued later that evening. Under a cross-examination that we all understood, over a late, late, late lunch of leftovers, Rebecca spilled the beans. Contrary to what I had reasoned, she disclosed

that the purse contained only the equivalent of £2-50, nothing else of real value. A personal undercurrent of real murderous intent flowed from her nearest fellow travellers, the thought of more dealings with the Yalta police was the only deterrent.

More trauma was to come next day, for once not caused directly by Rebecca (so we believe) Ukraine and Russia even in the mid 1990's did not always see eye to eye. We arrived at Simferopol Airport next morning to find that the Russians had severed all their telephone links with Ukraine. In retaliation Ukraine was only providing enough aviation fuel for Aeroflot to fly planes to Moscow rather than direct to St Petersburg. Segregated from contaminating the other passengers, with no boarding cards, no delegated seats, we waited amongst the goats to board, we left Ukraine not knowing how the day would end.

We had hours to kill in Moscow, leaving Rebecca out of the reckoning, I led members of the party to a recently reopened Russian Orthodox Church that I had discovered on the outward journey. The atmosphere has to be experienced and cannot be fully conveyed in words --- standing, no seats, icons, incense burners, chants from an hidden choir, wall paintings, religious artefacts, a continuous changing of personnel from off the streets --- one could reverently seek absolution from murderous intent --- THERE WAS ONE EXCEPTION!

Note ** In Russia there is one militia man per 400 population, their pay is so abysmal that they rely on extorting money (for want of a better word) from the population. Cross a single solid line on the Russian highway means 6 months disqualification from driving. We were told of a long steep hill where a large lorry towing a trailer drives slowly up the gradient. At the top the militia, with binoculars, observe the transgressors. Pay 1,000 roubles (£20) cash on the spot and no further action ensues, driving licence intact. Meanwhile the lorry turns round and repeats the Duke of Forkout” scenario infinitum.

KEITH HOLFORD

WHO WAS AUNTIE?

My father was born in 1907 in what was then a recently-built terraced house in Firs Estate, Derby. Number 10 Riddings Street would be home to him and his younger brother until they both 'joined up' for the duration of the second World War. However, in addition to their parents, they also apparently shared the house with a lady known to them both simply as 'Auntie'.

'Auntie' was something of a mystery to both brothers. They took her existence and the fact that she was always 'there' for granted, but her identity and true connection with their parents remained unquestioned and unknown. As might befit her mysterious status within the family, they were careful to behave properly in her presence and would remember her with respectful affection. She seems to have gone out of her way to ensure that they had small 'treats'. In their very young years these included visits to local photographers' studios; the procedures involved almost certainly had some bearing on the fact that both brothers later became keen amateur photographers.



When I first began thinking about recording my own family my father was fortunately still alive and in full possession of his marbles. Indeed, following the death of my mother in 1988 I had encouraged him to write down what he could remember of his life and this process had been both therapeutic for him and highly productive for us both. 'Auntie' emerged as being one Sarah Ann Holmes, but at this stage the name of Holmes meant nothing in particular to

my father in connection with the Cash family. His mother was a Hodkinson and he knew that her mother was a Butcher; his father's sisters had married a Bancroft, a Braywood and a Green - not a Holmes to be seen.

It was not until after my father had died in 1993 that I discovered a small but very helpful collection of paper relating to 'Auntie', hidden in an envelope in an old attaché case. I now had her birth, marriage and death certificates, a Grant of exclusive right of Burial in Grave No. 19105 in 4th Class Consecrated Ground in Nottingham Road Cemetery dated 9th November 1929 and, most interesting of all, her proven Will. I carefully transferred this information to the paper chart I had begun to build up, in the hope that one day I might find a link of some sort between 'Auntie' and my forebears.

In due course I acquired a computer, family tree recording software, joined a couple of Family History Societies and became hooked on the activity with which we are all so familiar ("My name is John, I am a Family History addict . . ."). As already stated, my grandmother was a Hodkinson; her parents Frank Hodkinson and Elizabeth Jane Butcher. Great-grandfather Frank was born in Derby on 23rd November 1862 and his birth certificate revealed that his mother (my great-great grandmother) was Maria Harriet Holmes. At the time I did not pursue this discovery with 'Auntie' Sarah Ann Holmes specifically in mind - for one thing the Butcher line fully occupied me with following a longline of peripatetic millwrights in the Cambridgeshire fens, one of whom had brought his family to Derby to work for the newly-created Midland Railway Company.

Eventually, having rediscovered my 'Auntie' papers, I decided that it was high time that I sorted her out. Her marriage certificate showed that her maiden name was James and that she was born in 1865, the daughter of Joseph James (a stone mason). She had married a William Holmes, son of Charles Holmes (a lace maker), on 28th March 1891 in St Luke's Church, Derby, a date conveniently close to the 1891 census. At the time of their marriage William was living at 99 Franchise Street, Sarah at 77 Leman Street; they began their married life together further along Leman Street (according to the census) at number 57. The marriage lasted a little less than two years - William died early in 1893 at the age of 26 and at the next census in 1901 the widowed Sarah was lodging with my great grandparents, Frank and Elizabeth Hodkinson at 23 Eley Street (she was still with them at the same address in 1911).

I obviously needed to pursue the forebears of William Holmes but as yet his father Charles had not surfaced in my own family tree. I found him remarkably easily in both the 1881 and 1871 censuses, also living in Eley Street at number 11. Intriguingly, his wife Annette's place of birth (c1838) is given as "France (British Hospital)" - an interesting one to follow up sometime! It was then possible to establish that Charles Holmes's father was James Holmes, my 3x great grandfather and that the unfortunate William Holmes was therefore my 1st cousin three times removed; so 'Auntie' was only related by marriage but was not a blood relative.

Relieved at having defined this relationship, I now wanted to hear the rest of her story. She worked as a shoe machinist and William had been a clicker (the highly-skilled work of cutting the shoe uppers), but William's father and grandfather worked in the Derby silk and lace industry. In fact, Charles Holmes and his near-neighbour, (not to mention husband of his sister) Frank Hodgkinson both worked at Boden's Castlefields Mill as twist hands. The family ties were sufficiently strong for Frank and Elizabeth to take in the newly-widowed Sarah. In passing it may not be entirely co-incidental that they themselves began their married life living with Frank's parents in Eley Street - at number 10.

Frank and Elizabeth both died in 1916, leaving Sarah potentially homeless. It is not yet altogether clear what happened next since the only people able to say have very inconsiderately failed to record the facts before departing this life. My father's memories suggest that she spent some time living at Riddings Street during his childhood, but it is probable that she also lived for a time with other children of Frank and Elizabeth. Indeed, the Derby Corporation 1929 receipt for £2 6s. in respect of her certificate of right of burial gives her address as 43 Dashwood Street; a second receipt five months later gives 10 Riddings Street, where she continued to live until her death on 6th April 1943. My father and his brother were both in their twenties when she finally came to live there permanently; they were working hard from Monday to Saturday and playing equally hard when not - cycling and rock-climbing being favourite activities. Their childhood memories of 'Auntie' therefore surely date from earlier times.

Be that as it may, her Will set me off on a whole new journey of discovery into a 19th century version of 'The Big Society' in operation in Eley Street. 'Auntie' Sarah's Will revealed an estate with a value after tax of £1166 8s 7d

(around £45,000 now) which was divided up between 10 people; 13 in the event of one of them predeceasing her. The list of beneficiaries introduced some Hodkinsons of whom I was unaware and a new surname: that of Tranter. Here we go again - who was Elizabeth Louisa Tranter?! A full description of the research process would take up several pages and be pretty boring; suffice to say that it involved trawling through the census images (some of the transcriptions were inaccurate to a degree almost beyond belief) and a fair bit of lateral thinking when it came to identifying individuals who had changed both their surnames and their relationship to the head of the household between censuses - not to mention moving to a house a few doors away down the same street. What finally emerged is a fascinating insight into how our quite recent forebears coped with life before the Welfare State.

Sarah and Annette Pearson were sisters, born in a British Hospital in France (in Lille) in 1836 and 1838. They were two of six daughters to James Pearson, a whitesmith. Why he was in France between 1825 and 1844 is anybody's guess but by 1851 the family was back home in Derby at 5 Sacheverel Street. In 1861 Annette married Charles Holmes (brother of my 2 x great grandmother Maria) and they had three sons over the next six years. The youngest was the ill-fated William who would later marry 'Auntie'. Annette's sister Sarah married a William Mathers in 1859; their first child died before her second birthday and they moved to London (William Mathers worked for the Midland Railway) where a second daughter was born: Elizabeth Louisa, in 1865. Unfortunately this birth coincided with William Mathers' death (at the age of 29), forcing Sarah and Elizabeth to return to Derby, where they were taken in by Annette and Charles at 11 Eley Street, directly opposite Joseph and Maria Hodkinson at number 10.

Annette did not have long to live. She died at the age of 35 in 1873, leaving Charles with three sons, ages 11, 9 and 6. It is hardly surprising that he married his widowed sister-in-law a few months later; Sarah Mathers was now Sarah Holmes although her daughter remained Elizabeth Louisa Mathers. Charles and Sarah produced just one son, Charles Frederick, in 1874. However, it is Sarah's daughter who leads this thread forward for in 1888 she married Joseph Hodkinson, one of the brothers of my great-grandfather Frank. He was 32 (nine years older than Elizabeth) and still living with his parents in the house opposite. A son, Harold, was born five years later but Joseph died soon after Harold's first birthday.

This time the Eley Street network was not needed to provide a home; Elizabeth was not turned out of No.1 Webster's Yard (on Traffic Street) and managed to survive as a single parent while working as a domestic servant for six years. She obviously had support from the Hodgkinson and Holmes families - and the sympathetic ear of her fellow beneficiary, widow and contemporary (they were born within two months of each other) Sarah Ann Holmes ('Auntie'). Unlike the latter, however, Elizabeth was destined to re-marry - in 1902 - to John Tranter, a labourer in the Midland Railway smithy. They produced three children, the last in 1907 by which time Elizabeth was 42 and John 50 and it these three who I was able to identify as the extra beneficiaries of 'Auntie's' Will, should Elizabeth Louise Tranter predecease her. In the event, Elizabeth manage to out-live her friend by just five months; both died in 1943 at the respective ages of 77 and 78 and it is something of an irony that their lives ended just at the point that the Beveridge Report was published and the White Paper which would result in the creation of the National Health Service in 1946 was being written.

There remained one document to investigate to complete 'Auntie's' story: her birth certificate. I suppose it was inevitable that nothing simple would emerge. Her parents were Joseph and Sarah (née Robinson) of South Wingfield (the James family were quarrymen and stone-masons) and she was their only child, born 18 months after their marriage. All trace of them disappears after her birth and the 1871 census finds her living with her uncle Isaac James and his wife Elizabeth at 7 Devonshire Street in Derby. Elizabeth was Isaac's second wife (his first died after only two years of marriage) and he remained child-less. A stone-mason like his brother, he had moved to Derby and seems, as eldest son, to have taken on the responsibilities of head of the family following the death of his father Abraham in 1864. Although that is supposition, it is clear that whatever catastrophe had befallen Joseph and Sarah, it was Isaac who gave a home to his young niece and it is equally clear that he and Elizabeth brought her up to be a caring and responsible woman of great character.

It would be easy to view Sarah Ann James' life as being sad and unfulfilled, particularly when viewed from an era in which ambition, achievement, celebrity and fortune are pursued with blinkered obsession. That she left no descendants to learn of her life is indeed sad, but her story itself is quite the reverse. Although most of her 77 years were spent without close relatives, she was a part of a closely-knit community of people who survived the natural



traumas of their life and times by supporting each other and living within their means - not for them the perils of financial debt. That not inconsiderable money in her estate was simply the result of a lifetime of prudent saving with various savings banks, building societies and friendly societies. And she repaid her debts of kindness in full.

A couple of photographs of 'Auntie' survive, taken late in her life by my father. There is also a charming studio portrait taken in about 1892. In it she is seated and standing next to her is a small boy clutching a model of a two-masted schooner. He is my great-uncle Albert Hodkinson, who later served aboard HMS Princess Royal and was at the Battle of Jutland - but that, of course, is another story altogether.

John Cash

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INQUEST

On Thursday the 10th inst., at Heage, on the body of an illegitimate infant male child of which a young woman of the name of Bessy **BOWMER** had been delivered the Monday before under circumstances of suspicion, and a rumour prevailed in the neighbourhood that the child had been unfairly dealt with, but Mr David Evans, of Belper, surgeon, was of opinion after a careful examination of the body that the child had been still-born, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

Derby Mercury, 16 Jan 1850

ROUND AND ABOUT

Huntingdonshire FHS are hosting a fair on May 2nd 2015 at the Burgess Hall, St Ives, Cambridgeshire from 10 am to 4pm. There are plenty of displays and stalls offering help and advice with your research. You can take your old photos for assistance with dating and there is a programme of local and family history lectures throughout the day. Light refreshments are on sale and free parking is available. See the website at www.huntsfhs.org.uk for full details.

The Probate Service has added a searchable database online for post 1996 wills and grants of probate. There is a both a basic search facility [surname and year of death] and an advanced search facility [surname, first name, year, month and date of death plus year, month and date of probate], If an entry is found a full copy will cost £10 to access. The database can be found at <https://probatesearch.service.gov.uk#wills>

Children, grandchildren and other relatives of adopted adults can now trace back through their ancestors' lives—helping them to unearth their family history, discover more about their medical background and reach out to long lost relatives under new rules now introduced. Previously only the person adopted and their birth relatives were able to use specialised agencies to help shed light on their family history and make contact with their biological family. Now this right is extended to all relatives of adopted adults. The new rules will come into force by November 2014.

Two closures have come to hand. Portsmouth History Centre are moving their archive collections to new storage and much will be unavailable for study until 5 December. Also unavailable until the beginning of December is the Devon Heritage Centre's Exeter Office, who are installing new shelving. This will mean some restrictions on access to collections. We advise contacting both centres before travelling.



BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE

RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY

NEW ACQUISITIONS AS AT 1st October 2014

Baptisms:	Wingerworth Free Methodist Chapel 1892-1989
Alfreton	The Urban District—An Official Guide
Ashbourne	Ashbourne, Dovedale & The Manifold Valley
Bakewell	A Guide to the Old House Museum An Illustrated History—C.R. Allcock The Story of the Parish Church Bakewell Church—Lawrence Knighton
Bolsover	The Town Trail
Belper	Plans & Drawings of Council Houses for the Urban District Council Housing Scheme
Calke Abbey	The Park
Chesterfield	Robinsons of Chesterfield
Chesterfield	On Old Postcards
Clay Cross	The Clay Cross Tunnel—Cliff Williams
Clowne	Southgate House—A Derbyshire Country Mansion And its Inhabitants
Crich	The Crich Trail—Bill Crowther
Derby	The Bridge Chapel & The Padley Martyrs
Dronfield	The Parish Church
Hathersage	Discovering the Old Vicarage, Little John and St Michael And All Angels
Hayfield	In 1851
Heage	A Perambulation of the Bounds of Highedge in Appletree
Hope	The Hope Valley in Times Past

Ilkeston	A Walk Through the Town
Matlock	The Heights of Abraham
North Wingfield	County Walk in North East Derbyshire
Over Haddon	St Anne's Church
Riddings	A Walk Round Riddings
Ripley	60 Years Ago in the 1920s—Fred Miles
Staveley	Town Trail
Tideswell	Plays of Derbyshire Life The Woodcarvings at Tideswell
Whittington	A Walkabout
Winster	A Look at Winster—John N. Merrill
Wirksworth	Town Trail
South Derbyshire	Historical Buildings in South Derbyshire & District Everyday Life in South Derbyshire 1535-1700
Erewash	An Official Guide The Whole Works—An Anthology of the Work Experiences of People from the Erewash Valley
Peak District	A Walk in the White Peak Pinnacles of Peak History—Clarence Daniel Peak Past and Present Peak District A-Z
Miscellaneous	A Derbyshire Tourists Guide Derbyshire Archaeology Work and Play in Derbyshire Postcards The Derbyshire Doomsday
Transport	Travel in the Hope Valley The Chesterfield Canal The Chesterfield Canal [West Stockwith to Rhodesia]
Crime & Punishment	Derbyshire Constabulary—The Centenary of The Mutual Welfare Fund
Trade & Occupations	The Dark Satanic Mills—Child Apprentices in Derbyshire Spinning Factories
Military	The Diary of Gunner Harold Brown 1915-1916

Family Trees
& Papers

Ellis
Hitchcock
Holmes
Lievers/Martin
Rivers
Simpson
Wells
Wright

CHRISTMAS 2014

It's that time of year when we all take a deep breath and look forward to some rest and relaxation. It's the only time that BCH actually closes, allowing our volunteers some much needed time with their families.

This year the Society Headquarters will close at 4 p.m. Tuesday, 16th December and reopen 10 a.m. Tuesday 6th January 2015. Note to all volunteers—we are going across to the Standing Order on Thursday 18th December to celebrate the holidays. If you wish to join us please contact one of us at BCH, you are most welcome but we need to know numbers.

The Executive Committee of your Society and the volunteers at Bridge Chapel House would like to wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year. We hope all your researches will be successful.

**Southgate House. A Derbyshire country mansion and its
Inhabitants through the Centuries**
Christiane Müller-Hazenbos: Golden House Publications: 2014.
ISBN 978-1-906137-36-6. £30

In 1984 the author, who lives in Berlin, was a schoolgirl on a visit to Rotherham. She took part in a drawing class organised by a Worksop artist and came away with a drawing of the old stables at Southgate House, Clowne, which she cherished ever after. A series of coincidences led her to start a research project on Southgate House in 2013 and this is the fruit of her efforts. The result is a mass of data about the house, now the Van Dyk Hotel, gathered from the internet and correspondence with local people. The leading characters are the Butler-Bowdon family, whose history is examined at length. They added a private chapel to the house, in the late nineteenth century, which served the Roman Catholics of Clowne until the present church was built, incorporating some of the artefacts from Southgate House.

In some ways this is an exasperating book. The text is peppered with exclamations in the form of (*sic!*). The footnotes threaten to overwhelm the page, when a single acknowledgement to Philip Riden or Maxwell Craven, for instance, would have sufficed for a chapter. The spacing of the material is cramped. There are entertaining excursions into Margery Kempe, or the complete text of Noel Coward's 'The Stately Homes of England', which are unnecessary. Above all, for a book with so much invaluable information gathered together, the absence of an index makes it extraordinarily difficult to use. It shows how a deep breath to absorb your research is necessary before organising it into a publication. This would help avoid such contradictions as 'Bowdon (and its variants such as Bowden and Boden) is not overly common in England,' p68 and "Bowden seems to be quite a common surname," p81.

Having given that caution, it would be churlish to ignore the author's evident enthusiasm for her subject and the interesting material she has assembled, in particular the oral history from local people who knew Southgate House both as a family home and as the Van Dyk garden centre. That makes it a valuable contribution to the local history of Clowne.

STEPHEN ORCHARD

THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AND VOLUNTEERS LEAVE FOR THE BOER WAR

Hopes of a public demonstration on a large scale were thwarted by circumstances, which even precluded the possibility of a full dress parade on the Racecourse for it was not until Friday afternoon that the majority of the men received their uniforms and indeed it was approaching midnight before some of them had completed their outfit. The reasons for this is not far to seek. Persistently execrable weather so completely disorganised arrangements and interfered with rifle tests and practice, that as recently as Thursday morning it was considered impossible for the contingent to sail on Saturday, but later orders of a peremptory nature were received from the Imperial Yeomanry headquarters in the Metropolis that the squadron must leave in the Cavour on Saturday afternoon and it was only by working at fever heat night and day that Captain Dugdale and his officers were able to evolve order out of chaos and render the departure possible. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that all hope of a Church parade or public demonstration had to be abandoned as impracticable, though a Church parade had quite recently been arranged for Sunday morning at St Andrew's. However, though much chagrined, the Derby public have had to bow to the inevitable, and content themselves with the opportunity of bidding a nocturnal but none the less enthusiastic adieu.

The men were paraded in the vicinity of the Orderly Room at the Grandstand Hotel, on Friday, for the inspection of harness, saddle bags and uniform and they were supplied with field service caps, tam o'shanter, and wide awake hats. They looked particularly smart in the khaki tunics, Bedford cord breeches and riding leggings.

After working at high pressure all day on Friday, the Yeomen were permitted to visit the town in the evening to make final arrangements at their billets, and say goodbye to their friends. The presence of scores of the gallant fellows in their full 'war paint' accounted for a very animated scene in the centre of the town and the first men who arrived from the Racecourse were the recipients of many a hearty cheer. Meanwhile some forty eight of the horses had been taken from the stables to the St Mary's Wharf, where they were entrained and at once despatched to Liverpool. The remaining thirty four animals were entrained at the same place, and then shunted back into the Mid-

land Station on to the train which was to convey the men. The latter were all back at headquarters shortly after midnight, to receive final instructions and collect their kits, and at about three o'clock breakfast was served in the Grand Stand Hotel. At four o'clock there were very few people on the station, which for a long while was kept free of all but friends and relatives of the men, but later on hundreds of those who had gathered outside the station found a means of entry, not a few finding their way through the windows of the offices. Meanwhile the crowd outside had swelled to large proportions, and as the yeomen arrived they were heartily cheered.

Headed by Colonel Chandos Pole and Captain Dugdale, the men made their way on to No 1 Platform, alongside which the special train had been drawn up. The move was heralded by vociferous cheering both within and without the station, and so great was the crush that the greatest difficulty was experienced in entraining. Spectators relieved their feelings by singing "Soldiers of the Queen" and cheering lustily for Captain Dugdale, and it was not until twenty minutes to six that all his men had entered the train, many of them being accompanied by friends who made the journey to Liverpool with them. Then, at fourteen minutes to six, the guard's whistle blew, and the train steamed slowly out of the station, to the accompaniment of ringing cheers from both soldiers and public, and a platelayer's salute of fog signals.

The following is a corrected and complete list of the rank and file. Those marked with an asterisk have served in the army, and those with a "v" in the Volunteers.

- 5041 G. KERSEY, 11 Key Street, Derby
- 5042* C. HILL, Iron Gate, Derby
- 5043 G.W. STANILAND, Nottingham
- 5044 G. HARRISON, Belper
- 5045* P.E. MILNE, Burton Road, Derby
- 5046* W.J. HAND, Matlock Bridge
- 5047* W.E. FREEMAN, Curzon Street, Derby
- 5048 H. KNIVETON
- 5049* A. MORLEY, Littleover
- 5050* W.H. PYWELL, Victoria Street, Derby
- 5051* W. SHAW, Repton
- 5052* F. SHAW, Repton
- 5053* J.H. FLETCHER, Normanton Road, Derby
- 5054* J.H. COXON, Ingleby
- 5055* S.T. FROST, Barrow on Trent

5056* F.A. MYERS, George Street, Derby
 5057* G. SHERWIN, Parker Street, Derby
 5058* H.J. TIPLER, Key Street, Derby
 5059* C. CONWAY, Mickleover
 5060* J. HOLDING, Aston on Trent
 5061* J. PRINCE, Breadsall
 5062* J.E. BRAMALL, Morledge, Derby
 5063 C. HARRISON, Belper
 5064 C.V. FITZHERBERT, Tissington
 5065* C. WOOLLEY, Normanton Road, Derby
 5066* J.F. KNIGHT, Melbourne Park, Derby
 5067_v F.A. PITMAN, Uttoxeter Old Road, Derby
 5068 E.H.J. ARKWRIGHT, Wirksworth Vicarage
 5069 M.S. PAGET, Mickleover
 5070_v J. ASHWELL, Nottingham
 5071 J. SIMMS
 5072 H.M. STORER, Heaton Moor
 5073 B. WRIGHT
 5074 F. NUNNELEY
 5075 F. WILSON, Osmaston Park Farm
 5076_v E.L. URTON, Chesterfield
 5077 W. GARRATT, Derby
 5078 H. LITCHFIELD
 5079 W.E. TAYLOR, Hartington Street, Derby
 5080* A.M. GOODALL
 5081 G.H. YEOMANS
 5082 C. BEW
 5083_v C. BARTLETT, Liversage Street, Derby
 5084 C.D. BECKETT
 5085* S. JONES
 5086_v F. BRUNT
 5087* J. RADFORD
 5088 G.H. WORMALL, Hanbury, Buxton
 5089_v E. HODGKINSON
 5090 J.E. ASKEW, Wilmot Street, Derby
 5091 R. COLEMAN, Dashwood Street, Derby
 5092* G.T. BARTON
 5093 J. LOWE, Merchant Street, Derby
 5094 C. BRYER, Markeaton
 5095 A.C. SMITH, Dublin
 5036 A.H. HINES, Allestree
 5097 G.W. BAGOT, Tutbury
 5098 W.S. HACKNEY

5099 T.W. HODGKINSON, Derby
 5100 K.R.N. SPIER, London
 5101* O.G. HEALD, Whitaker Street, Derby
 5102 G.H. SHORT
 5103 G. ALLEN, St Peter's Street, Derby
 5104 R. TOMLINSON, Vale Street, Derby
 5105 D. McFARLAND, Manchester
 5106 G.D. GUILD, Manchester
 5107 S. DIPEND
 5108 E.A. DREW, Shottle
 5109 H.J. SMEDLEY, London Road, Derby
 5110 J.E. BAKEWELL, The Elms, Belper
 5111 J. COWLEY
 5112 F. TAVENER
 5113 W. CLAYTON, Belper
 5114 W. SMITH, Langley Mill
 5115 W. JACKSON, Curzon Street, Derby
 5116 W. COWLEY, Manchester
 5117 H. DRABBLE
 5118 A. GILMAN, Peak Dale, Buxton
 5119 A. SIMMS
 5120 H. ASHTON, Manchester
 5121* S. BOUGHAN, Buxton
 5122 A. WELBOURNE, Miles Platting
 5123 v E. SELLORS, Langley Street, Derby
 5124 P. JONES
 5125 v W.J. TURNER, Buxton
 5126 H. CLEARY, Manchester
 5127 T. CROWTHER, Manchester
 5128 A. L. SMITH
 5129* E.H. FIELDEN, Idridgehay
 5130 G. BENTLEY
 5131 S. RICHARDSON, Chorlton on Medlock
 5132 J. WILDE, Manchester
 5133* G. BARTHOLOMEW, Sheffield
 5134 G. GRAHAM, Edwinstowe
 5135 C.S. BURNETT
 5136 J. O'FLAHERTY
 5137 C. WEBB
 5138 F. CUDWORTH
 5139 S.R. SIMPSON
 5140 P.V. HARRIS
 5141 v W. COOK

5142 J. HOWARD
 5143 W. TARLTON
 5144 H.J. HOLLINGS, Ward Street, Derby
 5145 F. BONSALE, Stables Street, Derby
 5146 A.E. BROWN
 5147 H. FLETCHER, Manchester
 5148 A. AMOS, Sudbury
 5149 H. CAUSER, Caulton, Ashborne
 5150 C. RYLETT, Cleethorpes
 5151 T. JERRAM
 5152_v W. T. BURTON
 5153 R. T. TAYLOR
 5154 J. SNELL, Burton Road, Derby
 5155 P. GALLAGHER
 5156_v J.T. WALKER

On Saturday, says the "Liverpool Daily Post", "*there was witnessed in Liverpool quite an historic event – the embarkation of a considerable proportion of the Yeomen of England.*" A contingent of the Derbyshire Yeomanry arrived shortly after ten o'clock, being the first batch of men to put in an appearance. The men were dressed in khaki and full fighting costume and looked in grand condition. Most of them looked soldier like and strong, being very well set up in their slouched hats, carbines and all accoutrements, they looked as fine a body of men as ever passed through Liverpool. A number of horses, light, nimble and spirited, were put on board. Some of them appeared to be of a very fine class, being cobs, polo ponies, and other quadrupeds of the class exactly suitable for the purpose for which they are required. The Yeomen embarked on the Cavour, a transport chartered from Messrs Lampart and Holt. The Derbyshires, who were the first to arrive, came on with a swinging pace, carbine in hand, water bottle at side, bandoliers and all war accoutrements in addition. They are all fine, jovial fellows, smart, lithe and vigorous.

The companies of imperial Yeomanry which embarked in the Cavour were Nos 6 and 8, and on Sunday Companies Nos 9, 10, 11 and 12, a total of 578 men, with 467 horses, embarked on board the Winefredian of the Leyland Line. The band of the 1st Liverpool Volunteer Artillery played selections of martial and patriotic airs during the embarkation at the Langton Dock, but it did not need the strains of the music to render the scene unforgettable.

A SHOP MATES SEND OFF

Trooper H. Litchfield, a member of the Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry, has been presented by his shopmates of the Derwent Foundry Company, with a pipe, pouch, tobacco, box of cigarettes, matches, and a sum of money, in appreciation of his gallantry. The presentation was made in the presence of the workmen by Mr Wildgoose and Mr Shaw, who wished him a speedy and safe return home.

FAREWELL TO REPTON YEOMEN

On Thursday a public meeting was held in the National Schoolroom, to bid "God Speed" to the three local members [Messrs Fras and Wm Shaw and A.M. Goodall] of the Derbyshire contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry. The room itself was packed to overflowing and its approaches thronged with an eager crowd of spectators. The Chairman, in a loyal and eloquent address, said that Repton was proud of the fact that three of her sons were risking their lives and travelling 7000 miles over the sea to do their duty for their Queen and Empire. The Rev A. F. E. Forman said he had much pleasure in presenting each of their Yeomen with a leather belt, containing a six chambered revolver, a dagger shaped knife, ammunition, bag, purse and other fittings, also two guineas in money and some tobacco. 82 persons had subscribed towards the purchase of the gifts. It may be mentioned that Mr R. Ratcliff, of Newton Park, generously presented Mr W. Shaw with £40 to purchase a horse. The two brothers Shaw are the only sons of Mr Francis Shaw, Registrar and Relieving Officer of Repton, and Mr Arthur M. Goodall is the eldest son of Mr James Goodall of Ridgway Farm, Repton.

1st V.B. THE DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT AND THE WAR

As far as can be known at present the section of the 1st Volunteer Battalion the Derbyshire Regiment for service in South Africa will consist of the following:

E. Company	2 nd Lieutenant F.A.C. WRIGHT, The Hayes, Swanwick
M. Company	Sergeant A. MACKENZIE, Babbington Hall, Notts
H Company	Corporal C.J. Wild, 6 Victoria Terrace, Macklin Street, Derby Bugler H. MORETON, 46 Ford Street, Derby
A Company	Private F.E. PEAKS, Victoria Terrace, Macklin Street, Derby Private W.J. HENSON, 19 Rose Hill Street, Derby Private O. WALPOLE, 170 Burton Road, Derby Private R. COTTERILL, Church Hill, Spondon Private W. LACEY, 64 Silver Hill Road, Derby

Private R.A. TINKER, Greyhound, Ashbourne Road, Derby
Private A.G. PARKER, 42 St Mary's Gate, Derby
B Company Private H.E. SIMPSON, 196 St James Terrace, London Road,
Derby
Private H.H. SWINDALL, 123 Grange Street, Derby
Private F. SMITH, 76 Douglas Street, Derby
Private F. WALKER, 5 Devonshire Street, Derby
Private E.A. BLACKNEY, 145 London Road, Derby
C Company Private W. BAKER, 183 Abbey Street, Derby
Private W. LAKER, Borrowash
Private W.J. POYNTER, 88 Friar Gate, Derby
Private E. JONES, 26 Quorn Street, Derby
G Company Private A. BROWN, Denby
Private E. HOLLAND, The Gutter, Belper
Private J. WINGFIELD, Marsh Lane, Belper
Private V.H.C. HICKMAN, Cars Lane, Derby
I Company J. NAYLAR, 183 Nottingham Road, Derby
Private J.W. BUNTING, 19 Back Sitwell Street, Derby
K Company Private L. KELHAM, 1 Curzon Gardens, Alvaston
L Company Private A.H. BANCROFT, 29 Bennett Street, Long Eaton
Private E. NEWBOLD, The Lime Grove, Long Eaton
Private G. BRADDOCK, 7 Leopold Street, Long Eaton

The 2nd V.B. Derbyshire's Section is not expected to arrive at Normanton Barracks until the 31st inst., when it also will be billeted in the town. The kit issued to the men will include two sets of khaki jackets the kersey frock and the serge frock [scarlet], and the complete valise Slade-Wallace equipment used by the Line regiments, in lieu of the Simplex, at present used by the Derby Volunteers.

Extracted from the Derby Mercury of 31st January 1900

Please remember your subscriptions are due on the 1st January. Please alter your standing order to the correct amount if you haven't already done so and remember, due to outrageous postage costs, we are unable to post out any magazines until the full subscription has been paid.

Thank you for your understanding

**We welcome new members who have
joined the Society by 10th July 2014**



- 7890 Mr E Green, 45 Eastcote Avenue, Bramcote, Nottingham, Notts,
NG9 3FF, UK, Email: ehgreen@ntlworld.com
- 7891 Mrs K Salt, Abbey Cottage, 22 Station Road, Stanley, Derby,
DE7 6FB, UK, Email: kate.patchwork@btinternet.com
- 7892 Mr M Boardman, 42 Gloddeath Street, Llandudno, Caernarfonshire,
LL30 2DF, UK, Email: martin.boardman123@btinternet.com
- 7893 Ms D Morris, 41 Walford Road, Oswestry, Shropshire, SY11 2LE,
UK, Email: debmorris@fsmail.net
- 7894 Ms J Dunsmore, 4 Heron Drive, Colehill, Wimborne, Dorset,
BH21 2NQ, UK, Email: jeanjim@thetrail.freemove.co.uk
- 7895 Mr S Grime, 8 Oldhill Close, Talke Pits, Stoke-on-Trent, Stafford-
shire, ST7 1RD, UK, Email: stuart.grime@talktalk.net
- 7896 Mr P Williamson, 21 Fife Street, Alvaston, Derby, DE24 8TP, UK,
Email: pwinks@btinternet.com
- 7897 Mr P H Rowbottom, 31 Ryebrook Road, Leatherhead, Surrey, KT22
7QG, UK, Email: p.rowbottom@btinternet.com
- 7898 Mrs J Adams, 3 East Mead, Pagham, Bognor Regis, West Sussex,
PO21 4QT, UK, Email: farmer8@sky.com
- 7899 Ms J Lowe, 11 Lumley Road, Wallasey, Merseyside, CH44 9AB, UK,
Email: joyceplowe@hotmail.com
- 7900 Mr N Needham, Bridge Farm House, The Cross, Carlton In Lindrick,
Worksop, Nottinghamshire, S81 9EW, UK,
Email: nigelneedham@aol.com

Members with additional/updated interests

- 5287 Mr & Mrs C J Fearn, 84 Caldbeck Drive, Woodley, Reading, Berkshire,
RG5 4JX, UK, Email: k.m.fearn@btopenworld.com
- 7899 Ms J Lowe, 11 Lumley Road, Wallasey, Merseyside, CH44 9AB, UK,
Email: joyceplowe@hotmail.com

Searching

Name	Parish	Cty	Dates	No.
BATEMAN	Winster		1800-1910	5287
FEARN	Brassington		1700-1790	5287
FEARN	Darley		after 1891	5287
FEARN	Winster		1780-1914	5287
FIELD	Batley		1660-1665	7839
FOX	Longford	DBY	1778-1850	7899
WEBSTER	All		after 1800	5287
WEBSTER	All	STS	1850-1900	5287

**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

**THE DERBYSHIRE FAMILY
HISTORY SOCIETY
WILL HOLD THEIR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
ON SATURDAY 18TH APRIL 2015
AT BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE
IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN OPEN DAY**

**The A.G.M. will start at 10.30 p.m. and is available
to D.F.H.S. Members only**

**Bridge Chapel House will then be open from 11 a.m.
to the general public and you are invited to come and have a
look round at our various displays, do some research,
have a cup of tea and talk to our volunteers who will be on
hand to help with research and advice.**

Derbyshire Family History Society

December Quarter 2014



An estate that goes back to Norman times, the original hall being on the site of Hall Farm. A new hall was built around 1724 by Rowland Morewood and a later wing made the hall a very substantial property as can be seen in the engraving above.. Much of the house was demolished in 1868 but the bit that was left was grade Grade II and sold to Genesis Social Enterprise. It now hosts weddings and other functions.