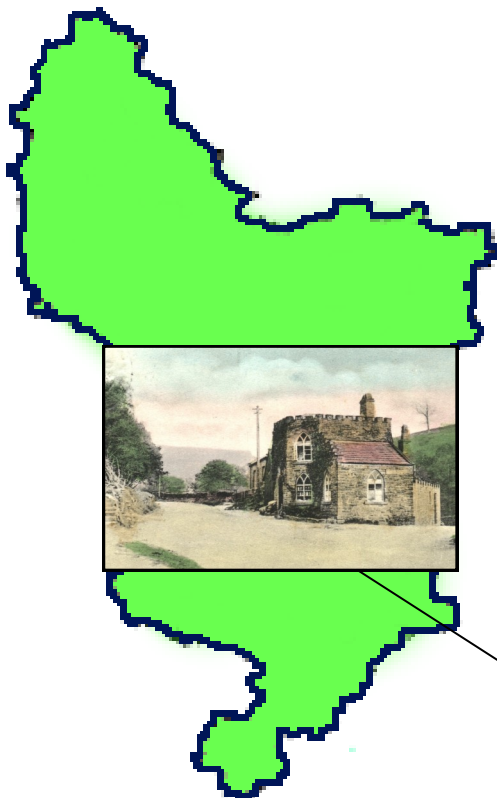


Derbyshire Family History Society



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Society AGM

History of the Derbyshire
Yeomanry

Lost Cousins of Cairo

Captain Edward Chawner
Waterloo Veteran

Old Toll Bar at
Ashopton

Sep 2015

Issue 154

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10 a.m.-4 p.m. SATURDAY BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

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

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

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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

Welcome to issue 154 and I hope you will all find something interesting to read through. I have had some super contributions this time—with more in the pipeline—and I am hopeful some of you out there will put pen to paper—or should it be fingers to keyboard? - and have a go at an article. Could be family history, social history, a bit of both or even something interesting you have picked up on your travels. Put it into print and let us all share. You might even get some very helpful feedback.

Also have a think about our trip to Kew on 24th October. We have quite a few seats left and we really could do with filling most of them to cover the cost of the coach. As well as the National Archives, which is a most wonderful treasure trove, there is also an opportunity to visit Kew Gardens which has proved popular in the past. Personally, I am hoping to walk to the local church and get a look inside if that is possible. The National Archives has some unique records that are not available elsewhere and it is also a good chance to pick up some ideas from your fellow travellers. You never know where it might lead.

Hansons Auction for our charity gave us a few pounds in the pocket. We are still awaiting the final results, but I will print them in the magazine next time. It has helped offset our costs a little and was great fun into the bargain.

Finally the floor in the research room has now been finished and a carpet laid. The desks are back in place and shelves up, we are just awaiting some cupboards to be delivered and then we can start getting ourselves straight. It has been a long wait, but we are finally looking good, especially to new visitors who would have been shocked by the state we have been in the last few months.

That's it for this time. Enjoy the magazine and good hunting.

Helen

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MEETINGS 2015

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

8th Sep	Mrs Williamson—John Titford
13th Oct	Transportation and After—John Barnett
10th Nov	Inspector Hopkins Discovery—Ian Morgan
8th Dec	Christmas Party

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

4th Sep	The Tragedy of Edith Thompson—Alan Hayhurst
2nd Oct	Chapels of the High Peak—David Firth
6th Nov	The Hats we Like to Wear—Bill Weston
4th Dec	Kilda, The Islands at the End of the World - Donald Reid

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

No information has been received re speakers

DERBY MEETINGS

Apr 2015

Theatrical Families and History of Theatre—Ann Featherstone

Unfortunately, due to a problem with the venue, this talk was cancelled. We have, however, promised to ask her to give this talk next year.

May 2015

Temperance or Demon Drink—Stephen Orchard

The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,

Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,

Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control;

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Stephen began his talk with this quote from a temperance hymn. He also pointed out that because of the nature of the talk, perhaps we should have orange juice as a raffle prize rather than wine but on second thoughts they probably would not have approved of a raffle anyway.

There was public concern about excessive gin drinking in the early eighteenth century and the remedy was to make beer more readily available. Drinking was part of society and to refuse a drink was considered antisocial. There was a call for temperance not abstinence in 1830. Temperance Societies were set up and people were encouraged to join. Eventually some of these Societies, broke away calling for total abstinence from strong liquor.

Many other things developed from these original groups. Organisations like Friendly Societies and Building Societies were set up. Temperance Halls appeared where well known temperance speakers could voice their opinions and people came from miles around to listen. Temperance Hotels and Coffee Houses were needed to cope with the numbers attending.

There is still the question for how much is a little and how much a lot. Everything in moderation would seem to be the right way but for some this seems an impossibility.

Jun 2015

Two Queens and a Countess—David Templeman

David Templeman gave a fascinating account of the lives of these three ladies, Queen Elizabeth I, Mary Queen of Scots and Bess of Hardwick. They

were all strong women with a 'win at all costs' attitude and they lived at a time when the country was dominated by men.

There was fifteen years difference in age, Bess being the eldest born circa 1527, Elizabeth 1533 and Mary 1542. They were all tall in comparison with most ladies of the day. They all three lost a parent when they were very young.

Bess was born into a relatively minor gentry's family but by a series of well-made marriages, she rose to the highest levels of English nobility and became enormously wealthy. Her first marriage before she was sixteen produced no children and she was widowed within a year. Her second marriage produced eight children, two dying in infancy. She had no more children with her two successive husbands. She became Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth and they became friends. Later with husband number four she became custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots. She made good marriages for all her children including her daughter Elizabeth to Charles Stuart, brother of Henry Stuart Lord Darnley. Charles had a claim to the English throne through his grandmother Margaret Tudor and because Bess did not ask the Queen's consent for the marriage, they fell out. Bess' marriage collapsed and she spent her remaining years at Hardwick Hall raising her granddaughter Arbella, daughter of Elizabeth and Charles. Bess died in 1608 and is buried in Derby Cathedral. She hoped to see Arbella on the throne of Scotland and England but the royal claim was never recognized.

Mary was born in Scotland the daughter of James V of Scotland and Mary of Guise. James died when Mary was just one week old. She was declared Queen of Scotland at ten months old. Henry VIII wanted to marry his son Edward to Mary, uniting the two countries but Scotland didn't want that. Mary was sent to her mother's relations in France and was brought up in the court there. She married the Dauphin. She was favoured by the French king over his own children and when both he and the dauphin died, she returned to Scotland. She was unprepared for life in Scotland, from pampered princess to Queen of a heathen country but the people grew to love her until her disastrous marriage to Henry Stuart. He died in mysterious circumstances. Mary then married the man considered responsible for Henry's death and everything spiralled out of control. Mary escaped to England and looked to Elizabeth for help.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. She was less than three years old when her mother was executed. She was banished and declared illegitimate but eventually despite all the odds she became Queen of England. There had been many intrigues and suitors for her hand prior to her coronation. Finally, she refused to marry and declared she would rule England on her own. She learnt to think and act as a man in order to succeed. Ten years into her reign Mary arrived in England asking for help. As Mary also had a claim to the English throne, Elizabeth decided it would be better to keep her in England. After years in captivity and many plots to put Mary on the throne, Elizabeth signed Mary's death warrant and she was executed. Three women with their sights set on the throne of England. One became Queen and died with no heir and refusing to name her successor. One with no claims herself but had ambitions for her granddaughter and the other with a claim through her grandmother. The person to succeed Queen Elizabeth I was Mary's son James and through him to our present Queen Elizabeth II.

RUTH BARBER

GLOSSOP MEETINGS

Apr 2015

Glossop on and in Films—Keith Bates

Keith Bates stepped in at the very, very last moment to give quite a comprehensive film show on "Glossop History." Keith is not a local born resident, nevertheless in less than 20 years he has amassed a number of talks and facts on Glossop, not all his own, all now safely computer stored.

He brought up a list of items on screen for the members present to choose the subject matter, a novelty itself. "Shops in Glossop" was the first choice. Keith in 2002 realised that while in other town centres were shutting shops and going down hill fast, Glossop still had a quite vibrant shopping choice of over 70 shops. So he set about photographing their owners and interiors in a working setting. He had 30 seconds to achieve his object, customers came first, and he soon realised that different lighting standards meant that for uniformity he had to use "Black and White" rather than "Colour" film. Even so in the small time span since those early days some of the 70 odd shops have changed both in ownership and in competitive commerce commodity. Musical soundtrack accompanied.

The second choice was "Pubs In Glossop. " Researched by his wife, every

Glossop pub was photographed by her and had an accompanied annotated on screen historical biography. Some have been converted in houses, closed, renamed, closed and reopened under a different name or function and then closed again. "Snakes and Ladders"

Third choice was a forty minute film on the "History of Glossop" compiled by John Stevenson, which came with a separate spoken commentary made by the compiler. This was all our yesterdays and more, showing some very early Glossop ground photography and early aerial views never ever seen before. Keith explained that his biggest problem was synchronising the commentary with the depictions, some commentary overlapping the next depiction, it had defeated him.

Keith expressed real concern with the future storage and availability of the material content shown and of that not shown at the meeting. There is to be some future discussion with Keith as to how the Glossop and High Peak Group can achieve a mutual benefit in the matter. Meanwhile, Episode 2 is a future winter evenings wider entertainment worth waiting for.

KEITH HOLFORD

Jun 2015

Railways in the High Peak—David Firth

In the late 1700s the Peak Forest canal and Tramway were constructed as a transport communication to take limestone from the quarries in Dove Holes Dale to the industries around Manchester. Simple wagons were developed that ran on iron channels set on gritstone sleepers. Many original stone slabs on which the sleepers were placed can be seen at Bugsworth Basin. Meanwhile the Cromford and High Peak railway were planning a tramway that would run from the Cromford Canal to Whaley Bridge. Remnants of this can be seen at Middleton Top where they have displays and demonstrations. The High Peak tramway closed by 1920 and the Cromford and High Peak line eventually became the Tissington Trail and the High Peak Trail.

David then explained how the railways as we now know them developed to link Manchester with the surrounding area. He showed us slides of the many tunnels and viaducts that were needed to take trains to Matlock and London and also through the hills to Sheffield. After Beeching many lines and stations went out of use and were converted to trails for walking and cycling. You can walk many of these routes including the tunnels at Miller's Dale and

there are good displays and information boards at Bugsworth Basin and Middleton Top.

BERYL SCAMMELL

SOUTH NORMANTON

Apr 2015

How to Sell Your Wife—Richard Stone

I was surprised that only three male members came to the meeting, but all of us found Mr Stone very interesting and informative. We had all heard about Thomas Hardy's 'Mayor of Casterbridge', who sold his wife, but had never realised that it was based on fact.

The Marriage Act was passed by Parliament in 1753 and stated that Banns must be read for 3 weeks and then the marriage was to be held in church for members of the Church of England. Quakers would marry in their Meeting House and Jews in the Synagogue. Before this time people were only required to be free to marry and to wish to marry, in church if they wished or at the church door.

To get a divorce in the 17th century needed an Act of Parliament. Later people grew to believe that if a husband led his wife to market with a halter, the person who bought her would have a legal wife. This would be more legal if the halter led wife had passed through a toll road. Mr Stone quoted one case from Newcastle upon Tyne. A woman discovered that her husband intended to sell her. She informed the press gang and they impressed her husband in the Market Place. The last sale that Mr Stone could trace was in 1928 in Wales.

In 1857 men could sue their wife and also other men for criminal conversation. Wives could sue for cruelty or desertion. Women could not take any property or any children. In 1870 Parliament passed the Women's Property Act and in 1882 women could make a will without the husband's permission. Further acts were passed in the 20th century until the 1996 Family Law Act provided for No Fault proceedings, making it quick and easy to get a divorce.

May 2015

"The Last of the Summer Wine" - Mrs Susan Mallinson

Mrs Mallinson's mother taught elocution and Susan also taught elocution but wanted to train as an actress and singer. She went to college, eventually

building a career, marrying and having a daughter. After twenty years of marriage she divorced her husband and eventually found an upstairs flat, with an empty ground floor room in which she could continue her elocution classes. The flat was in Holmfirth. When the next episodes of Summer Wine were being shot there, she auditioned for any part as an extra. Even though her parts were small she was welcomed as one of the family by all the cast members, from the stars to fellow extras.

She began to give her talks on cruise ships as well as to land based groups. Her illustrations are beautiful photographs of all the cast members and of the Holmfirth shops, houses and cafe in their television disguise. The full colour photographs are approx 24 x 18 and showed everyone to their best advantage.

I was pleased that we had a slightly larger audience to enjoy her talk.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

FATAL ACCIDENT AT CRICH

On Saturday the 31st ult., as Mr Gervase Spendlove, of Wakerbridge, near Crich, in this county, was returning from Belper fair, he fell from his horse and was drowned in the canal about halfway between Whatstandwell and Ambergate. The canal hauling path is the nearest road to his home from Belper, and it is supposed that the horse shyed and the saddle turning he was precipitated into the water. The horse was seen without its rider and his hat was found immediately after the accident. The body had been about an hour under water when found and was removed to Mrs Burley's, of Whatstandwell Bridge, where an inquest was held on view of the body on Monday, and a verdict of "Accidental Death" recorded. Mr Spendlove was 53 years of age and highly respected by a large circle of friends, who deeply lament his melancholy fate.

Derby Advertiser and Journal, 6th Nov 1846

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION

In doing my family history I am interested in the stories behind the facts and details you come across. So it was when I was looking at my father's First World War service record, in conjunction with letters he had sent to my future mother about the Naval Division.



Although he came from Matlock he decided to join the Royal Navy. He volunteered on the 8th of November 1915 when aged 18 years 8 months, and was put in the Naval Division. He was sent to the Crystal Palace in London which was a Naval Shore Establishment. From his letters he says they slept in hammocks and for entertainment there was a Concert Hall, pictures and billiards. His only complaint was he was dressed in khaki – as shown in the photograph – and he joined up to go to sea.

SO WHAT WAS THE STORY BEHIND THE NAVAL DIVISION?

When the war started in 1914 there were between 10,000 and 20,000 Royal Naval and Marine Reservists, many of whom were fishermen. Once they had been mobilised there was not enough ships for them. The First Sea Lord, who was Winston Churchill, decided to form them into what would be called the Naval Division. Although dressed in naval uniform they would fight as soldiers.

The Division was made up of two brigades, each brigade comprising of four battalions, which were named after great sea captains. They were Benbow, Collingwood, Hawke and Drake in the



1st Brigade, Howe, Hood, Anson and Nelson in the 2nd Brigade.

ONE INTERESTING STORY ABOUT THE NAVAL DIVISION HAPPENED EARLY IN THE WAR

In October, less than two months after the outbreak of hostilities, the 1st Brigade, under Commodore Wilfred Henderson, was sent to assist the Belgium Army to defend Antwerp. They were barely trained, poorly equipped and up against well trained and equipped German soldiers. Against this superior force they eventually had to retreat. Commodore Henderson, rather than let his men be captured and become prisoners of war, took 1500 of his men across the border into Holland. Holland was a neutral country and therefore in accordance with international law they had to be interned for the rest of the war. They were moved to the town of Groningen in northern Holland, where a complete wooden encampment was built to house all 1500. Locally known as the “Engleise Kamp” [English Camp], to the naval personnel it was called H.M.S. Timbertown.

There was a further twist to this story. Many of the men were from the Western Isles where 50% of the male population had joined up, creating a problem at harvest time. An agreement between the Dutch and Western Isle authorities was made, allowing men to return for the harvest on the islands as long as they returned to Holland following it. And they did!

My father, with the help of his uncle Webber Wetton, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, did get to go to sea. So he did not finish up in the trenches in such places as Gallipoli or Somme. His first ship was a Q ship, but that is another story which I hope to write up for a future issue.

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OLD AND NEW NEWS FROM THE NORTH

Starting with some sombre news, Martynis Ycas, the generous American benefactor of Roulette Rebecca and myself for the 3 hour eventful and entertaining small boat trip, but with unforeseen added highlights, along the canals and rivers of St Petersburg has died in the USA aged 97 years of age. The rust bucket “Worcester” has a refit and new lease of life. More “blood, bullets and baffling bits from WW1” but that comes later, together with a line in family history that would test a Saint and words of the wise from 1946.

Since my last ramblings about Lucy Isobel Boden and the story of how I came to be the current custodian of her 1970's+ local time line slide collection I have now had the opportunity to delve further into Lucy's Chinley connections. In November 1924 Lucy Isobel Boden, nee Horrox, married Albert Boden at St James's Church, Bugsworth. The change of the village name to Buxworth came 5 years later in 1929 and only officially 10 years later in 1934. Her husband Albert died 16 September 1931, age 36, they had been married for just 7 years. Lucy died aged 94 on the 17 January 1993.

The High Peak Reporter, 29 November 1924, reports their wedding in great detail, almost 12 column inches in length. Unusually she was given away by her friends, the bride presented a charming picture in a dress of ivory crepe de chine trimmed with silver lace, her veil being Brussels lace, and a wreath of orange blossom. She carried a sheaf of white lilies and wore a link of beads together with a gold slave bangle, the gift of the bridegroom.



Mrs Boden

The report states that she was a great elocutionist, a member of Chinley Amateur Dramatic Society and the Stockport Garrick Society. Lucy was stated to be a teacher at Bugsworth Church Day School, although her name did not appear in my previously researched chronological list of teachers at the school 1884-1980, Micawber, not to be left out, threw in his hand with a reminder that at that date

there were two church schools in Bugsworth. Half of the village is in Chapel -en-le-frith Parish, the other half in Chinley, Bugsworth and Brownside Parish, an existing bone of contention. The other Bugsworth Church School is Gnat Hole School (bona-fide name) coming under the umbrella of St Thomas a Beckett, C of E Church, Chapel -en -le Frith . The records for Gnat Hole School, denotes that Lucy was a teacher from 8 April 1916 resigning on 31 October 1924. At that time single woman teachers had to resign on marriage, Lucy married in November 1924.

Lucy's father was in a well established and thriving partnership with his brother, dealing in grease proof paper from an old stone building standing almost adjacent to the former renowned "Knicker Factory" on Lower Lane, Chinley, the ex-Chinley Conservative Club. It was the steady advance of pre-packaging into the firmament that occasioned the slow death knell for a previously highly solvent local private enterprise. Emmie Eyre, nee Horrox, Lucy's cousin, stoically still carried the banner, selling diminished orders for grease proof paper, but diversifying into marketing oddments of material and fents (for those unacquainted with the cotton trade, fents are the ends of print runs) plus seconds duvet covers and curtains on market stalls. These were obtained from Bernard Wardle's who subsequently became a renowned household name in home furnishings. Wardle's became the premier village enterprise, the history of their premises is itself convoluted. Originally named Whitehall Works the premises started life as Slack's paper mill, later bought out by bleachers and dyers J. J .Welch & Sons who made miles and miles of khaki material during WW2. Then came Bernard Wardle's with a revolutionary leather cloth (don't ask). In the way of the world, Wardle's outgrew their Chinley premises, moving their revolutionary side of the business to Caernarvon, North Wales. Their sewing works remained, but subsequently PVC took over quickly becoming the product to pay its way and so it remains today. With a lack of supply Emmie threw in the towel, ironically it was most likely to have been manufactured by Bernard Wardle's.

Many years ago whilst with wading through the logbooks of the earlier mentioned Gnat Hole School, a fellow researcher related the following story. His family lived opposite the aforementioned school, in a rented house that had been the "Yellow Parrot" public house (again don't ask, but parrots in the Peak District !) the outside toilet required both a route march and a decent OS map. Grants were then being offered by the Chapel-en-le-frith Rural District Council, to convert bedrooms / box rooms into inside loos, on the basis

that every home should have one. On succeeding visits of the owner/rent collector his mother began to pester the owner / rent collector to install such an innovation in a convenient upstairs bedroom. After one such exchange the answer was “ But Mrs Goddard just think of all the wear on your stair carpet ?” Touche !



Having previously outlined my experience on board the tugboat “Worcester ” while cruising down the Bridgewater Canal in the late 60's, skippered by its then Chinley owner and “Hot Hovis” baker Philip Murray. I embarked on a whim, after all it is a boat story, to find out more about the tug “Worcester.” The Worcester, built by Abdela & Mitchell Co, Queensferry, on the

River Dee in 1912, was an iron tunnel tug, she worked the Worcester and Birmingham Canal through the Tardebigge and Shortwood Tunnels, which were 568 and 608 yards in length, towing a train of up to 12-20 coal boats, with a total displacement that could be 400 tons, at two miles an hour. Her length was 45 feet with a width of 6ft 6ins. It was built for the Worcester and Birmingham Canal at a cost of £766. The engine was originally a 36 hp twin cylinder British Kromhout built for Perman & Co by Plenty & Sons, Newbury, Berkshire. The original engine gave out pungent fumes, following legal action the Sharpness New Dock Co had it re-engined in 1930 with a 30 hp semi-diesel Swedish Bolinder engine. The original superstructure was painted cream, the hull black, with a red oxide roof. On the nationalisation of the canal network in 1948, British Waterways changed the paintwork to the in-house blue and yellow livery. After a full restoration in 1978 “Worcester” reverted to its original colour scheme.

She operated with a crew of two, the engineer was paid 30 shillings a week and the steerer 25 shillings. The crew didn't live on board, but lived in rented lodgings in Tardebigge, a row of houses still known as “Tug Row.” 7 years after nationalisation horse drawn boats were withdrawn from service, Worcester continued to be used, mainly as an ice breaker until 1959 when it was recommended that she be “ cut up and scrapped.” She was eventually sold to “ Precision Dies and Tools” of Tardebigge, she was barely used, and

in 1963/64 she was sold into private ownership and moored on the Bridgewater Canal.

That time scale and the mention of private ownership points to that ownership being Philip Murray, it was in the autumn of 1968 when Philip staged the "Parish Council Picnic" on the Bridgewater Canal with free Pyrotechnics and optional thick black smoke. The "Picnic Magic" worked for on the 14 September 1968, the High Peak Reporter heads a report with headline "Canal work started on the Bugsworth Basin." Councillors Atkins and Holford are depicted holding spades, but not aggressively digging on site. On the 8 August 1969, in the same paper the headline now reads "Buxworth's Big Day" by-line "Canal Volunteers Complete the First Hundred Yards of the Bugsworth Basin." The name "Bugsworth Basin" was retained by the "Inland Waterways Protection Society" a new conservation group that took over the lease and the restoration work on site. So highlighting the still current dual usage of the village name, Bugsworth and Buxworth.

After the 1968 Marple Boat Rally on the Macclesfield Canal, an insufficient water supply prevented the "Worcester" returning to the Bridgewater Canal. There was no call no "Abandon Ship!" but Worcester was left to deteriorate and sank at High Lane (High Lane is about 7 miles NW of Chinley) where she remained waiting for a Good Samaritan with ample financial resources. In 1972 the executors of Philip Murray rubbed their hands and presented what remained of the tugboat Worcester to the North Western Museum of Inland Navigation, now renamed "The National Waterways Museum." at Ellesmere Port. Restoration work started at once, during her marooned days at High Lane the main diesel injector pump had been stolen. An engineering volunteer made a replica and two and half tons of new engine was reinstalled. The rejuvenated "Worcester" is now owned, maintained and operated by the Boat Museum Society. I am confident that Philip, though he maybe even somewhere surrounded by black smoke, is still cheering that outcome.

Another incident in my "Chinley Parallel World" occurred during the High Peak Registrar's Project when I made an unscheduled visit to the High Peak Registrar's Office. Cindy Phillips, Superintendent Registrar, was newly in possession of a family query, originally sent to the offices of the High Peak Borough Council, the Clerk's Department had passed on the buck. An 86 year old housebound lady residing on the south coast was attempting to trace her Beard family roots in the High Peak, the contents were plainly outside the

normal remit of the Registrar's duties. "Just up your Street" Cindy expostulated as she handed over the correspondence to me. Her words proved to be indeed prophetic, as more Mr Micawber moments materialised. The address of the correspondence was given as Highfield Lane, Southampton --- after 2 years National Service I had to submit to a refresher course at the Ordnance Survey HQ in Southampton where my digs were --- 101, Highfield Lane, Southampton. The grandfather of the 86 year old lady was a Joseph Lomas; his birth certificate states he was born at Derby Knowl, Bugsworth in 1860. My great grandfather lived at Derby Knowl having migrated there from Bloxwich, Staffordshire to then working coal mines at Bugsworth.

So now back to WW1 and another stab at my "Stories about WW1" that you never knew you didn't know. The first you may know in part --- August 1914. It was reported that Russian troops had been seen travelling by train through Britain en route for the Western Front. It is now thought that the troops were Scottish with white spats over their boots (the alleged snow) or "Ross-shire" in Scottish unintelligible accents was near enough to sound like "Russia" to English ears.

Winter 1914/1915. A rum ration was provided for British troops in the trenches, the gallon sized barrels were annotated "SRD." Squaddie humour interpreted the letters thus --- Seldom Reaches Destination --- Soon Runs Dry --- Soldiers Real Delight.

January 1915 --- Professor Fritz Haber, sponsored by Carl Duisbey of the I G Cartel, Germany perfected a chemical gas. March 1915 --- Tourist agencies were said to be proposing organised "Trips to the Battlefields in France" during the Easter holidays. 22 April 1915 --- The Germans used poisonous gas for the first against the Canadian Divisions. Sept 1915 --- British Troops used poison gas for the first time. The British Army to acclimatise troops to trench warfare, created a mock section of a French trench --- "The Loos Trench" on Blackpool Beach. It was used as a visitor attraction throughout the war, visitors were charged one penny. 8,557 Indian Troops in the British Army had been killed by the end of the year.

1916. "The Military Service Act" brought military conscription, for the first time into Britain's war history. French Colonial Troops included 166,000 West African, 140,000 Algerians, 46,000 Madagascans and 24,000 Moroccans. A message attached to a carrier pigeon on the Western front read "I'm

fed up with carrying this bloody bird around France.”

1917. Munition workers were being poisoned by handling TNT. Women workers became known as “Canaries” the toxicity causing liver damage leading to jaundice. Italian Commander Luigi Cardona began to punish his under performing units by shooting every 10th man --- centuries after the Romans had pioneered ---decimation.

Post War. After the Armistice Haber and Duisbey having donned disguises, fled to Switzerland, neither was tried as a war criminal. The Norwegians awarded Haber the Nobel Prize for Chemistry.

1921. The first Poppy Day in 1921 raised £106,000, real poppies were worn.

1931. Soldiers blinded in WW1 were given the first Guide Dogs.

1998. A Royal Logistics Corps Lieutenant Colonel, defusing mines left from WW1 was killed when a tunnel at Vimy Ridge collapsed.

I was intrigued by a recent article in “The Times” that may interest fellow family history members, headlined --- *Can you turn your pastime into a profitable future ?* “*There has been a huge surge in people interested in tracing their ancestors, if your nights are spent trying to trace long lost aunts and uncles, why not put that expertise to profitable use by working on a cruise liner. It is not as crazy as it sounds with cruise ships growing in both size and number. There has never been a better time to become an onboard lecturer. So what are you waiting for ? Monday mornings may never be the same again.*” (Much abridged) There was no mention of the Tuesday to Sunday, or how to handle an iceberg.

Following on from all those aunts and uncles mentioned above and back to the real world, you may have also missed the “ Tweed brothers and sisters”--- Elsie, 95, Reginald, 92, Robert, 91, Cynthia, 89, Ralph, 87, Noel, 85, Eric, 83, Ronald, 82, Malcolm, 81, Valerie, 79, Phyliss, 78 and Eunice, 76, a total family age of 1,019 years who have just collected a certificate from Guinness World Records. There are 33 grand children, 59 great grand children and 17 great great grandchildren. Just think of the work involved with the Tweed family tree, not to mention the reams of paper and the cost of birthday cards. Mother Flo was a barmaid, and Percy, the father, a brewery drayman. I sus-

pect that there could be a link to a brewery somewhere along the line, probably a direct one.



Scarecrows

June was the annual village Well dressing, I fulfilled a request to mount a selection from of my mounds of historic memorabilia on the neighbouring villages of Bugsworth / Buxworth and Chinley. The 2015 Well dressing is mounted in Buxworth St James's churchyard, whilst the various village organisations embellished the recessed church windows with floral fantasy's and the graveyard with scarecrows, tastefully and tactfully there were no skeletons on display. I was competing with another airing of "The Knitted Village" a work of visual and dexterous knitted art undertaken by the ladies of the local WI.



Knitted village

So something new, but old, was called for, fortuitously I came across my first school report, as a new pupil at New Mills Grammar School, December 1946. Resume now follows. English --- Works steadily, Grammar weak, --- History --- Lacks initiative, French

--- Shows interest but written work is poor, Science --- Satisfactory, but lacks confidence. Norman Taylor, the headmaster has the final say --- "A term of progress, but must learn to be more thorough."

Your feedback would be more than welcome, send it to PO Box No 10, SK23 6DJ.

KEITH HOLFORD

Our Lost Cousins of Cairo

I suppose it all began with the birth of my paternal grandfather in 1871. He was born in Derby, the second son of Thomas Davis and Elizabeth Lamb and his name was Robert Edwin (always, I believe, to be known as “Edwin”). His life, of no interest to the family until I began my research into our Davis ancestry several years ago, was unorthodox to say the least, and when he died (date unknown) I think it is fair to say that he left behind a battered trail of betrayal, resentment, deception, and secrecy: in all, the legacy of a veritable old Black Sheep.

His early years were conventional enough, however, and, at the age of 21, while working as a brass moulder, he married a local girl, Annie Robbie. She was a lace maker aged just 20. Two daughters, Nellie and Florence, were born in 1893 and 1895 but the marriage was far from tranquil, and family life was unstable. We now know that by 1898 Edwin had abandoned his job at the brass foundries, left his home, and become a self-styled traveller, probably taking casual work as and when it was available. During that year he was summoned to Court (*ref. Derby Mercury*) at least twice for failing to provide for his family. There were evidently heated arguments at home and on occasion Annie was physically assaulted. The outcome of all this was that Edwin agreed to pay £10 a week as maintenance but predictably failed to do so and, after another brush with the courts, apparently decided to take the coward’s way out, and flee the country altogether.

Edwin escaped to (of all places) Cairo, finding work in the brass foundries there. And within a few months of his arrival, on 23rd August 1900, he bigamously married my grandmother, a Greek national named Annetta Makron-dimitris. Perusing the GRO consular registrations I discovered that the couple had three children: Harold Cromer, my father, born in 1903 (well, I already knew that one!), Edna May Elizabeth (1907) and Arthur Reginald (1909). I printed these new names and dates onto my family tree and immediately wondered how I could trace the possible descendants of my long-lost aunt and uncle.

It was a challenge and long before I had made any headway I was encouraged and delighted to have the opportunity to meet, at her home in Dorset, Florrie Davis’s daughter, Joan. This was the direct result of an article which I had written and which was subsequently printed in the DFHS magazine. It was a

wonderful experience: a family history researcher's dream come true. There was so much to talk about as, apart from a vague rumour that their grandfather had disappeared to Egypt, her family knew nothing of his ensuing life. And she was fascinated to learn of his later escapades, which included at least two further polygamist marriages (in Nazareth and Haifa) but that's another story entirely! Before we parted company, I promised to discover all I possibly could concerning our Cairo connection and so hopefully fill in a few more gaps in our shared family history.

Which brings me back to my Cairo cousins. I had already discovered that in 1911 Annetta, my grandmother, died and it would appear that family life then disintegrated. Edwin, it seems, gave up his work in the brass foundries and found live-in employment at Qubbah Palace, on the outskirts of Cairo. My father went with him as companion to the young prince who lived there, and the younger two children were, we presume, left in the care of Greek relatives. A couple of years later, for whatever reason, my grandfather returned to England taking my father with him. Edna May and Arthur Reginald remained in Cairo, hopefully by then comfortably absorbed into their Greek family life and culture. My father never saw them again and I doubt very much that Edwin, by now adept at abandoning his children, did either. My father later became a regular soldier with the Devonshire regiment and eventually married a British girl. My sister and I were to live fairly unremarkable lives and, as my father rarely mentioned his upbringing, we knew absolutely nothing of our lost Cairo connection.

To date we still have no knowledge Edna May's life apart from the assumption that she married a Greek national with the surname Scopelitis (re. witness names on her younger brother's marriage certificate) plus a faded photograph probably taken in the early 1920s of her with (so my father said) her young daughter. Enquiries to the Greek and British Embassies in Cairo unsurprisingly brought negative results, but I had much more luck with her younger brother, Arthur Reginald (who, according to one of the very few facts my father imparted regarding his family, was always known as "Reg").

As a British citizen by descent, Reg had married at the British Consulate in Cairo which was massively convenient for me as I was able to find the registration and thereby order the marriage certificate. This certificate gave the date of marriage as 10th January, 1931 and the bride was named as Marie Goldenberg of French/Jewish descent, daughter of a merchant, Aaron



Reg and Marie on their wedding day

Goldenberg, deceased. Reg's occupation was then that of a clerk (later certificates give his occupation as "accountant"). In the fullness of time three children were born whose births, to my continuing delight, were again registered at the British Consulate. The eldest, Frederick, was born in 1931, Jack in 1934 and Regina in 1936. But Regina's birth certificate contained shocking information: her father was deceased! Strangely, on reading this, I felt almost bereaved. I had only discovered my Uncle Reg a few weeks previously and now, at the age of just 27, he had died. I immediately scrutinised the Consular registrations again hoping for more information but, although Regina's birth was there (her mother was the informant), his death was not. Little did I know that nearly two decades would pass before his story came to light and I would know why he had come to die at such young age.

Frederick. Jack. Regina. I added their names to my tree. Surely, I thought, there must be *someone, somewhere* out there who could help, and over the next few years I searched extensively for my lost cousins. I wrote to embassies in Cairo and beyond, advertised in family history magazines and later online, browsed the ships' passenger lists, investigated ancestry websites and wrote letters and emails to anyone who might just be able to provide a link, however tenuous.....but all to no avail and for many years Regina's birth certificate would be the last sighting I had of this elusive branch of my family.

My ongoing attempts to find my long-lost relatives included a message which I posted on the message board of an online family history website. I asked for any information regarding my aunt-by-marriage, Marie Goldenberg. I chose her name as I thought that, being more unusual than Davis, it might just ring a bell with someone. I added the name of her husband and details of their

three children and, after the first hopeful couple of weeks, more or less forgot about it.

Then, to my undying astonishment and gratitude, three and a half years later, I received the incredible email that I had awaited for so long: "*I am the son of Regina Davis.....!*" Could this really be happening? Barely gathering my thoughts, I tapped out an excited reply and within hours the extraordinary story of Regina Davis began to unravel. Her son was Bert and he lived with his family in Queensland, Australia. Although in poor health, his mother was still alive and, following a recent visit to her home, also in Queensland, he had brought back with him a box of old documents relating to her past. Her ancestry was a complete mystery to her sons (and to Regina herself) and while patiently trawling through the yellowing papers and photographs, they had come across the names "Arthur Reginald Davis" and "Marie Goldenberg" which they already knew, and "Robert Edwin Davis" which they did not. Several frustrating brick walls followed, then Bert's daughter, came up with the suggestion that would ultimately change the course of our family research: "***Why don't we Google Marie Goldenberg?***" So they did and were directed to my message. They had, in fact, "hit the jackpot"! From that moment onwards, emails, documents, photographs and certificates flew across the planet to and from each other's inboxes as we both filled in the glaring gaps in our respective family histories. Bert told me that not in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined that his grandfather, Reg Davis, had siblings also born in Cairo, and he and his family were nonplussed to later read my story of the infamous Robert Edwin.

And Regina, always known as "Rena".....Why wasn't I able to find her? Her story is thus. Apparently her father, my Uncle Reg, had died of tuberculosis just three days before her birth. During his illness and final hospitalisation, he was no longer able to support his family and had taken his two young sons to an international children's home in Cairo, the *Maison des Petits*, where their expenses were met by the British Benevolent Fund. We have since learnt that, following Rena's birth, Marie was not only very ill but was also practically penniless and her only option was to place Rena into care along with her brothers. It so happened that a Swiss/German lady named Maria assisted in the running of the home. She had no children of her own and became very attached to little Rena. When she moved with her husband, Hans, to Alexandria, Rena was allowed to go with her. From then onwards Maria and her husband, made strenuous attempts to formally adopt Rena but

as her birth mother always refused to give her consent, the British Consulate withheld permission.

Rena's first language evolved as German. She totally forgot any contact she had ever had with her mother and two brothers and was led to believe that Maria and Hans were her natural parents, even taking their surname. She eventually moved with them to Upper Egypt, Switzerland and lastly Peru (no wonder I was unable to find her!) Rena was in her late teens when she finally discovered her true identity. Her upbringing had been uncompromisingly strict and over the years she began to suspect that something was amiss. One day, on a rare occasion when she was allowed to remain at home on her own for a couple of hours, she searched through her parents' papers. There she found a folder with "Regina Davis" written on the cover and, on investigating, came across her passport which was in her true name. Further documents showed that, over the years, her foster parents had tried in vain to change this to their own surname, but the British Consulate had fortunately always rejected the request. References to her two brothers also came to light, plus the names of her true mother and father.

This discovery led to violent disagreements. The foster parents, probably terrified that they would lose her, had always been authoritarian, and now things became even worse. They demanded that she took Swiss nationality and changed her surname to theirs, but she adamantly refused to do so. It was only after she had married (Colin, of British descent) that the volatile situation abated to some degree. And it is pleasing to know that, at her marriage, Rena registered herself in her true Davis name: her marriage certificates (there were two, civil and Church) give her parents as Arthur Reginald Davis and Marie Goldenberg.

Rena and Colin's first two children were born in Peru. Later the little family spent a short period in England, then in 1968, emigrated to Australia, taking advantage of the so-called "Ten Pound Pom" scheme, offered to Britons by the Australian Government. Bert, my amazing contact, was born in Adelaide two years later.

Five months after we first discovered each other, Bert and his wife travelled to Paris on a business trip. They combined this with a few days in England and to our intense enjoyment and incredulity we were able to meet for lunch in central London. Things just couldn't get much better than this, we

thought: but, before long, unbelievably, “things” did!

* * * * *

So what of the two brothers, Jack (Jacky) and Frederick (Freddy)? Rena’s old papers established that Jack had died of dysentery in about 1938 but Freddy it seemed had long ago disappeared into the unknown: Rena had absolutely no idea of what became of him and just longed to find him again.

Documents tell us that throughout his childhood Freddy mostly remained at the *Maison des Petits*. Although his mother continued to live in Cairo during those years it seems that, as a widow with no regular income, she was totally unable to care for him financially, and maybe she was in poor physical and emotional health too.

We now know that Freddy sometimes visited his mother, however, and that it was probably Marie who prompted him to write a series of mildly threatening letters to Maria and Hans demanding the return of his sister. Although these letters were ignored on the advice of the Swiss and British Consulates, Maria and Hans obviously found them worrying and kept them along with all the other relevant documents, presupposing that they might one day be needed in their efforts to adopt Rena.



*Rena with Freddy at the
Maison des Petits*

In time Freddy outgrew the facilities of the *Maison des Petits* and was briefly boarded out with several different expatriate families in the area. However, it seems that when he reached his fourteenth birthday (the British school-leaving age at that time) he was considered to be no longer a child in need of care and protection, and the British Consulate decided to repatriate him. His fourteenth birthday fell on 1st December 1945 and, on the face of it, it seems

that the Consulate wasted no time in unceremoniously washing their hands of him. World War 2 finished in the May of that year and travelling was now relatively safe. The necessary arrangements were made and, before the month was out, Freddy was living in England, virtually an orphan in what must have seemed a very alien homeland.

For a long while our last sighting of Freddy was in September 1948 when he wrote to the Swiss Embassy in Cairo, again hoping for news of his sister. This letter (which might have been one of several written over the years) was obviously forwarded by the Embassy to Hans and Maria who were then living in Lausanne, but not surprisingly they chose to ignore it. Unlike those letters from Cairo, this one was typewritten, courteous and literate: a young man respectfully seeking information concerning his long-lost sister. His home address was then in Muswell Hill, London and recent research suggests that this house might well have been an offshoot of Dr. Barnardo's organisation, or something very similar. But again, it would seem that all was in vain; he received no helpful reply from the Embassy. Rena appeared to have vanished from this earth and, with the passing of time, the possibility of ever finding her again became more and more remote.

A serious family history researcher can rarely let sleeping dogs lie for long, however, and one day thinking of Freddy as I often did, I decided to take another look at his parents' marriage certificate. This certificate confirmed that the ceremony had taken place at the British Consulate and that there were two witnesses: E. Scopelitis (who I had always assumed was Reg's sister, Edna) and Nini Japhet. In my experience of perusing these old marriage certificates, I had noticed that a relative or friend of the groom normally signed first, then the bride's chosen witness. Could Nini Japhet be a relative, or at least a close friend, of Marie's? It certainly seemed possible.

Ever hopeful, I typed "Nini Japhet" into the Google search box, and to my surprise, struck gold! I was directed to a genealogy site where Nini was miraculously listed. She was of French/Jewish descent, born in Cairo, and her father was Aaron Goldenberg! This was surely more than just a coincidence! Marie and Nini must be related, even sisters. Fortunately the compiler, Richard, had included his postal and email addresses.....and by sheer coincidence he lived in Sidney, Australia, not so very far from Bert and Rena in the geographical order of things.

I lost no time in sending this startling information to Bert and he immediately emailed Richard explaining our situation, and the possible connection with Rena. We waited excitedly, but after several weeks, heard nothing. At that apparent stalemate point I too sent Richard an email, hoping against hopes for at least a reply, but, again, nothing. Sadly this was fast turning out to be another brick wall.

Then a few weeks later we had a breakthrough! Richard, who evidently wasn't particularly interested in family history *per se*, or long lost relatives for that matter, casually mentioned the contact to his mother. This rang lots of distant bells in her mind. Stories of a vanished cousin, a far-off name, "Regina" surfaced, and she immediately telephoned Bert, promising to put him in touch with the family history researcher, Roger, who also lived in Sidney. This she did and within twenty-four hours the two men were speaking to each other. Roger's mother was Esther Goldenberg, Marie's sister, thus making him Rena's first cousin, and yes, Nini was Marie's sister too!

Everything escalated from there at an absolute break-neck pace! It seems that Rena had never been too far away in Roger's thoughts, and, the most earth-shattering news of all: Freddy had been in touch with his maternal family, on and off, all his life and had even visited them in Sidney a few years earlier! More importantly they had photographs of him, his family, and his present postal and email addresses. There was also a photograph of Reg and Marie on their wedding day and for the first time I was able to see the face of my father's younger brother, my "Uncle Reg", a definite "must" for the family album.

On hearing the almost unbelievable news that their long-lost cousin was found, Roger and his wife, were ecstatic. They wasted no time in booking flights to Queensland where the two branches of the family were reunited at last!

Roger was able to fill in the missing details of Freddy's later years for us. It seemed that after completing his National Service, he had become a regular soldier and at one point was posted to Egypt where he and Roger met again, each promising the other never to give up the thought of finding Regina though, with the passing of time, this pledge inevitably waned somewhat. While serving in Germany, Freddy met and married his wife, Joan. They eventually moved to Preston (U.K.) where they lived with their two

sons.....two more Davis cousins who had no idea of their Derbyshire ancestry, or of their wayward great-grandfather's scurrilous actions.

Sadly Freddy's health is now failing: he is virtually bedridden and cared for by staff in a nursing home. Nevertheless Rena, on hearing the wonderful news that, against all the odds, her lost brother was found, decided that, despite being unwell herself, she just *had* to visit him. The family rallied around: Bert, his daughter, Leah, Reg and his wife, Megan, were happy to travel with her. Flights were booked and in November 2014 they were crossing the planet on hitherto undreamed-of mission!

On arriving in England, the family's first stop was my hometown, London, where we all met for a champagne reception and a celebratory lunch. It was wonderful to see Bert again after such a short space of time, and to say a big, "Hello" to Leah, Reg and Megan. But the most exhilarating moment for me was, without exception, my meeting with Rena, that name on my tree which I had stared at and wondered about, for so many years. The lost cousin I thought I would never ever meet.

After leaving London, the family took the train to Preston where Rena would meet her brother for the first time in 75 years. They brought with them a folder of memorabilia which Roger had compiled, full of photographs, letters and documents, and a DVD which he had made with a personal verbal message for the cousin he once knew so well. And for those clustered around Freddy's bedside on that grey November day it was, without a doubt, an utterly poignant and once-in-a-lifetime family gathering.

And so it's evolved that Rena is now not only aware of her true ancestry but also has a whole raft of new-found relatives, both Davis and Goldenberg branches of her family. Even more momentous, however, is the fact that she now knows the truth regarding her birth father and mother. Dates, photographs, Roger's memories, have all merged to shape the picture of the first years of her life which, during childhood, had been deliberately erased from her memory.

A totally unforeseen and much cherished footnote to all this is that, following *Black Saturday* and the mass exodus of expatriates from Egypt in 1956, Marie had emigrated to Preston to live with Freddy and his family. She died there in 1988 and Rena was able to visit the crematorium to reflect and place

flowers at the memorial plaque, a sombre tribute to the mother she never knew. The wheel had turned full circle.

Oh, grandfather Robert Edwin, little did you know or, one imagines, even care, of the rickety landslide of humanity you set in motion when you first abandoned Annie and set off from Derby for Cairo all those years ago. And little did you know, or one imagines, even care, that one day with a lot of patience and a wonderful machine called a computer, the truth of your actions would surface and future generations of your line would finally be aware of the affect you ultimately had upon their lives.

And, believe it or not, Grandpa, we are not yet finished! There may be even further secrets to unearth as the search for your daughter, Edna May Elizabeth, continues. Our last lost cousin of Cairo waiting somewhere out there to be found.

Who says that family history is boring?!

*Kay Borsberry
Mem. No. 1652
Email: borsberk@aol.com*

CAN ANYONE HELP

My great grandfather WILLIAM JAMES MIERS was the 4th of seven siblings, his parents were Thomas Hill Miers and Elizabeth Ann Rutland. I have been unable to find either a date of birth or christening record despite the fact that all his siblings were recorded on the church records of St Oswalds, Ashbourne [from L.D.S.]. He is also recorded on the 41, 51 and 61 census as living with his parents in Ashbourne. Married in 1870 to Emma Annie Parker he is on the 1871 census living at Salford, Lancashire, and died in the County Asylum, Mickleover in 1874. I have his death certificate, which states that he was 36, estimating that he was born around 1838. I have recently found some newspaper advertisements, which indicate he had a brewery before he married.

*Barbara Alderton [Mem 7935]
Australia
E-mail: balderton@vraustralia.com.au*

CAPTAIN EDWARD CHAWNER
4th Regiment, Veterans Battalion
BATTLE OF WATERLOO VETERAN

Captain Chawner's grave lies in St. Michael's churchyard Breaston on the left side of the path leading from the lych-gate to the church-porch (second row in).

An officer in the 95th Regiment of Foot (Riflemen), 1st Battalion; Chawner was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. Those of you who watched the TV series 'SHARPE' may recall that this fictional character also belonged to the same regiment. In 1823 the 95th and 45th were amalgamated to form the 95th Derbyshire Regiment. Later, this, together with the militias of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire and the counties respective Volunteer Regiments, became The Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment).

On lists for September 18, 1805 Chawner was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 68th Regiment; promoted to Lieutenant December 19, 1805 and joined the 95th Regiment. By the time of the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 Edward had been promoted Captain and was in charge of his own company.

Wounded at the battle Chawner retired, on full pay, to live in Breaston and there married, after banns, Lettuce [*sic*] Cook, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth, in St. Michael's on December 13, 1822. Their children, Elizabeth, Ellen, and Edward were baptised in St. Michael's respectively, October 5, 1823, June 26, 1825 and April 8, 1827. Captain Edward Chawner was buried on November 13, 1826, aged 45.

MEMORIAL INSCRIPTION

Sacred to the memory of Edward Chawner
Later captain in the Rifle Brigade
Who departed this life
On the 8th November MDCCCXXVI
In the 45th year of his age
He was a brave officer and an honourable
man
He died trusting in his saviour
And looking forward to a
Happy resurrection
(buried November 13th 1826)

Sacred to the memory of Lettice
The wife of Captain Edward Chawner
Who died September 1st 1854
In the 56 year of her age
(buried September 3rd, 1854 of St. Peter's,
Derby)

Sacred to the memory of Ellen Chawner
Who died September 1st December 7th
1866
Aged 41
(buried December 12th 1866 of Derby)

Breaston Churchwardens' Accounts record '2,000 old bricke, (maybe from the old churchyard wall), were sold for the sum of £1 10s to Capt. Edward Chawner, an officer of H.M. Vet.Battn.'

According to Breaston 1841 Tithe Map Schedule Lettice Chawner was the landowner and occupier of plots Nos. 188 and 189 (House and Garden, Stable Yard and Garden). These were on Risley Lane, beyond the Navigation Inn and over the canal bridge; the House and garden on the left side of the road and the stable yard and garden on the right. Lettice also was landowner of plot 115, 'Ox Pasture' at the Draycott end of the village, the occupier being Joseph Bosworth.

By 1848 the property on Risley Lane was up for sale and an advert in a Derby Mercury issue of Wednesday April 19th reads:

BREASTON.
IVY COTTAGE.
COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE,
With Large Garden, Stable, Corn Room and Saddle House,
and a Pew in the Church ;
The Property of the late CAPTAIN CHAWNER, and now
in the occupation of his Widow ;
TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
By ROWLAND BREAREY,
At the NAVIGATION INN, Breaston, on TUESDAY, May
2nd. 1848, at 6 o'clock in the Evening, subject to such
conditions as will be produced at the time of Sale ;
ALL that substantial and convenient MESSUAGE,
with garden and pleasure ground in front ; also the
piece of rich LAND nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ an Acre behind, well stocked
with fruit trees, used as a kitchen garden, having a tunnel
under the road from the house.
The House contains two parlours, two kitchens, cellar,
five bed-rooms, very good stable for five horses, with
chambers over, and saddle-room adjoining ; also a pump
in the yard behind the same.
The Property is pleasantly situated on the road from
Breaston to Risley, and within a minute's walk of the
former village.
There is a good Pew in the Parish Church belonging
to the Estate.
To view the property apply to Mrs. CHAWNER, at Ivy
Cottage.
13, Corn Market.

An 1840 plan of St. Michael's pews shows Mrs Chawner as occupier of number 14 which was almost in front of the 'Breaston Boy'.

Lettice and daughter, Ellen, had moved to 17 Macklin Street, in the parish of St. Werburgh, Derby by 1851. I cannot trace daughter Elizabeth with any certainty; but son, Edward appears on the 1851 census return for Bawtry, Yorkshire as a journeyman printer and servant to Martha Wilson a stationer and printer.

THE WILL OF CAPTAIN EDWARD CHAWNER

This is the last Will and Testament of me Edward Chawner of Breason [sic] in the County of Derby Captain on retired full pay of the late 4th Red^l. Vet. Batt made when in sound mind memory and understanding.

I give and bequeath unto my dear wife Lettice Chawner all my personal and freehold property of every kind and description subject to the payment of all my just debts and funeral [sic] expenses and in the want of her dying during my life time I give & bequeath the same unto our Children in equal shares but first subject also to the liquidation of my debts as aforementioned and I do hereby appoint the said Lettice Chawner sole Executrix should she survive me but in case of me outliving her I do appoint our said Children* both my [illegible] executors to this my will declaring it to be my last.*

In Witness thereof I thereunto subscribe my hand and Seal in the presence of the undersigned Witnesses this fifth day of April one thousand eight hundred and twenty five.

Signed Edward Chawner

in the present of Peter Warburton, Arthur Howgill

**at the period of making this my Will my beloved Wife & self have only one daughter borne of the name of Elizabeth but as another child bids fair to be soon presented to us & in all human probability others following I intend specifying their names in succession in order to explain more clearly the part of my testament.*

Signed Edwd Chawner

*names of Children born of Edward & Lettice Chawner,
Elizabeth born 4th Oct 1823 Ch. Breason [sic]
Ellen 25 June 1825*

My wife will be entitled at my death to a pension of 50 pounds a year as Captains widow for which application must be made to the Right Honorable the Secretary at War, War Office, London

Proved at London 23 Jan. 1827 before the Judge by the oath of Lettice Chawner the relict & sole executrix to whom admon. [administration] was granted being first sworn by Common duty to Adm.

Ref: The National Archives PROB 11/1727



THE WATERLOO MEDAL
Given to all who took part in the battle

Sandra Stock
E-mail:

Spondon Archive Publications

We have now published our ninth book: 'Spondon Goes to the Pictures'. Spondon Cinema was built in 1928 and closed in 1958. This period saw many changes to our lives, which we have tried to document through local people's memories of going to the cinema; the history of the building and the people who owned and ran it, and newspaper reports of the time. We have also looked at the beginnings of cinema in Derby and what directions it may head to in the future.

We have donated a copy of this book 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

DATABASE OF GNR EMPLOYEES

If any of your ancestors worked for the Great Northern Railway Company up to 1922 and you have tried to find out more about their service, you will probably have been disappointed. All the company's employment and personnel files were destroyed during the Blitz in the second world war. Thus when Ancestry released their railway employment records some time ago, there was no central GNR register of employees available to digitise. However, an enormous amount of employee information has survived, stored away in archives and record offices up and down the country, as well as information that has been found by family historians.

Members of the Great Northern Railway Society have begun to compile a database of information on as many GNR employees as they can find and are already extracting information from a wide variety of sources, including staff registers, charity applications, WW1 Rolls of Honour, directories and books, to name but a few.

If you have any details of any relation/ancestor in your family tree, who worked for the GNR between its inception in 1846 through to the end of 1922 [when it was absorbed into the London and North Eastern Railway] we would love to hear from you. We are asking for names, jobs, places of work, and any other material that may have been passed down the family such as photos [in railway uniform or otherwise], newspaper clippings, or any other railway ephemera.

The material will not be used for commercial purposes. The Society is often approached for information about an individual company employee, which, hitherto, it has not held. In the years ahead we hope to be able to gather a central storehouse of information that will be of value to all members of the public.

If you can help us, please contact the Society's genealogists David Ingleby and Keith Crouter by e-mail at genealogy@gnrsociety.com and do visit the society's website www.gnrsociety.com

Early Sheffield Socialists

*John Furniss b 1852 Carters Lane Ecklington Ringinglow Derbyshire
d 1922 Rangiwahia New Zealand*

George Pearson b 1829 Totley Derbyshire

Edward Carpenters Autobiography "My Days and Dream" Sheffield Socialists 1916 p133 George Allen and Unwin.

John Furniss: he was a remarkable man and perhaps the very first to preach the modern socialism in the streets of Sheffield. A quarryman by trade, keen and wiry both in body and in mind, a thorough going Christian Socialist and originally a bit of a local preacher; he had somehow got hold of the main ideas of socialism and in the 1880's used to stride in- he and his companion George Pearson- five or six miles over the moors, in order to speak at the Pump or the Monolith, and then stride back in the middle of the night. This he kept up for years and years, and later when he migrated to another quarry about the same distance from Chesterfield he did exactly the same thing there: for perhaps twenty years, with marvellous energy and perseverance he must have kept up with this propaganda: and the amount of effective influence he must have exercised would be hard to reckon.

The Totley Colony and John Ruskin

In 1871, the visionary John Ruskin established the Guild of St. George as a means of transforming a declining and corrupt Britain into a place of beauty and justice. His utopian vision involved working the land and encouraging traditional crafts. Ruskin was a hater of rapacious capitalism, modern technology and saved special invective for the railways.

An area of 13 acres was bought at Totley in 1877 by the Guild of St George. The land was first used as allotments for a group of Sheffield workmen. Ruskin must have been irritated when the 3.5 mile Totley tunnel was completed in 1892 for the main Manchester to Sheffield railway line.

Following the allotments the land was run as a land colony with around 12 members. Edward Carpenter describes the men as Communists and great talkers. The installation of William Harrison Riley as custodian or Master of the Totley communitarian experiment was not a popular move and signalled

the beginning of the numerous arguments and disagreements that finally sank the colony, though the severe weather, poor soil, the lack of mechanisation and the labourers, lack of agricultural expertise must have contributed to the failure of the scheme.

George's farm was taken over by Ruskin's own head Gardner at Brantwood (David Downs) who set up 'Mickley Botanical Gardens' to try to show the best methods of cultivating fruit trees including strawberries, currants and gooseberries. When this failed even John Ruskin lost faith and could not wait to unload his 13 acres of poor land at Totley.

Edward Carpenter George Pearson and the Totley Colony



St Georges Farm Totley—George Pearson

Edward Carpenter, who stayed at St. Georges farm for a few months in 1880, was philosophical about the failure of the Totley colony though he appreciated the efforts of those involved *"They have kept the sacred fire alight through a long dark night"*. Through the influence of Carpenter, George Pearson, a quarryman and a miner, was allowed to lease the land. George's father already farmed 100 acres

at Totley. At this time George Pearson was aided by his friend John Furniss who had set up a small utopian community farm at Moor Hay farm Wigley near Chesterfield. In 1882 Carpenter moved to Millthorpe to set up a gardening business of his own.

John Furniss religious dissenter and roadside burials

Not everyone was allowed to be buried in a churchyard a reference back to 1510 tells of quiet crossroads to be used for burials. This practice was banned by an act of Parliament in 1823.

Even following this increasing intolerances non conformists made their own

arrangements.

In 1888 John Furniss senior of Moor Hay farm Wigley near Chesterfield chose to bury his wife Elizabeth beneath a cairn of stones on the land where they had farmed rather than the parish church of St Peter and St Paul in Old Brampton.

Early life

Ref www.totleyhistorygroup.org.uk

“John has an aunt and uncle who had a farm in the neighbouring Loxley Valley and as relaxation in summer and autumn George Pearson and John Furniss would go to the farm at Broadhead Flats – and help with the hay making, harvest and milking.

The farmer by the name of – had other children, a daughter named Elizabeth. she finally married George Pearson. Elizabeth’s mother was a Miss Furniss now Elizabeth Helliwell, the Furniss line were descended from the Bagshawes of Hazelbadge Hall (1575) Bradwell Derbyshire”

Elizabeth was probably John’s mother. John born in 1852, the eldest Helliwell child was born in 1847. John was born out of wedlock and was to spend his childhood with aunts and uncles.

Bastardy Accounts account for the local Furniss family—George Furniss 1828 a child with Sarah Helliwell and Matthew Furniss in 1832 with Ann Grayson.

In 1861 John, age 9, was living with his uncle Heald Unwin at a farm of 74 acres at Moor Side farm Dore with his cousins Sarah 7 and Ann 13 [name spelled Furness]

In 1871 age 19 was living with his uncle George Furness and his cousins at Threebird, Brampton [name spell Furness]

In 1881 age 29 John was a lodger living at Cresswell Street Nether Hallam Sheffield with his friend George Pearson b 1858 Baslow both title themselves Quarrymen.

In 1891 age 39 was living at Moor Hay farm Old Brampton with his family, he styles himself as Farmer and Quarryman. John’s birthplace is Ecklington

Derbyshire. His wife Mary Ann b 1864 Sheffield, two children John Hoyle b 1887 Wadsley Yorkshire and James b 1891 Brampton. Also his widowed sister Ann White b 1848 Dore and nephew George White b 1879 Brampton. [Name spell Furniss]



Moor Hay Farm Old Brampton—John Furniss

In 1901 age 49 John is still at Moor Hay Farm he now styles himself as farmer born Ecklington Derbyshire. Mary Ann is still alive they have 7 children all except John Hoyle the eldest born at Brampton. James b 1887, James b 1891, Annie b 1892, George b 1893, Mary Hannah b 1896 Grace b 1898. [Name spell Furniss]

All of the children are entered in the Wigley school records with their birth dates. Final remark is all left England on 10 Oct 1902 for New Zealand.

John established a homestead on virgin land clearing trees and diverting waterways. The land was brought into cultivation and transformed into a thriving dairy farm.

*John Furniss [Mem 7238]
4 Stanley Road, Heaton Moor
Stockport SK4 4HL
E-mail: johnfurniss100@hotmail.com*

WHEN AT BUSINESS

Do you ever think of household drudgery that has to be done by the wife and whether you could ease a portion of this work for her. Surely this is worth your consideration. Can you conceive of anything more pleasant than when you arrive home and find the wife has finished her work and dressed quite neat and tidy to receive you. If you are one of those who often get home early enough to find the wife's work only half finished, may we suggest that you help her by letting her have all the floors covered with Cork Linoleum? By this means you are giving her that opportunity that women should always have, of a certain amount of leisure time in the afternoon. We offer to supply you on the easiest terms possible—that is, a trifle down and a trifle each week as you earn the money. Let us send you our patterns. Carriage paid to any part of the kingdom. 10 per cent discount for cash.

3 yards by 3 yards	13s 6d
3 yards by 3½ yards	15s 9d
3 yards by 4 yards	18s 0d
3½ yards by 4 yards	£1.1s.0d
4 yards by 4 yards	£1.4s.0d
4 yards by 5 yards	£1.10s.0d

CATESBY AND SONS
65 & 66 Tottenham Court Road

Business Hours 8 till 8

Saturdays 6 o'clock

The above advert was found by Kathleen Mason in a diary of 1896 and just two things spring to mind. Firstly, thank heaven nobody expects me to be neat and tidy ready to receive someone after scrubbing floors, even if it meant I had the luxury of some leisure time in the afternoon. Secondly just look at the hours of business—one assumes that it was nothing out of the ordinary to find firms open all day. It certainly raised a chuckle among our volunteers.

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

39. Brassington St James

The parish church of Brassington stands overlooking the village it serves and seems to protect, on the slope of a line of hills which continue to rise behind it and there it has stood for nine hundred years. The most impressive view is from the valley to the south.

Brassington was a chapelry of Bradbourne in medieval times and, along with Bradbourne, was given to the Priory of Dunstable and held it until the Reformation. Brassington became a separate parish later but in recent years it has been re-united with Bradbourne.



Inside, separating the narrow south aisle from the nave, is a fine Norman arcade, there is also an arcade separating the chancel from a south chapel. The piers are extremely large and circular with square capitals carved with the scallop design of the middle one also showing leaves, these are situated in the nave. A leaf design was also used for the pier supporting the arcade between

the chancel, with the chapel being built at a later date and of an octagonal design.

The Round Tower is Norman, giving contact to the decorated chancel arch, the west tower is also Norman and the south porch thirteenth century. The earliest gravestones in the churchyard and inside the church date from the seventeenth century.

Brassington is sixteen miles north-west of Derby and sits between Wirksworth and Ashbourne. The church stands on the western slope of the steep sided valley. The narrow steep streets lead you through the original buildings that were built two or three hundred years ago. Dotted in between

are original buildings now modernized by newcomers to the village. On the south end of the village there is a clutch of Council houses while below the church stands the Millennium Garden and the two surviving public houses. Opposite the church is “The Olde Gate” and further down the road on the corner stands the “Miners Arms”. This was once used as the manor court and the miners’ Barmote Court, the interior has since been modernized. It must be admitted that the atmosphere as you enter the Miners Arms has an interesting air of mystery about it.

The village hall was once the Congregational Chapel and is situated at the north end of the village and the Primitive Methodist Chapel is now a house, but the Wesleyan Chapel still stands empty and neglected. The tall building in between these two chapels has the date of 1838 carved high on the front wall and was originally the village school. The current school building now stands at the south of the village and was built in 1872 as the Board School.

The rural scenery surrounding the village depicts the limestone activity, there is evidence of wells in the area because the water level is near the surface. Remains of mammals found in Brassington can be seen in the Buxton Museum.

The working lives of the early Brassington population varied from miners, farmers, craftsmen and labourers, the working life was hard and many among them were out of work paupers.

THE REGISTERS

Derbyshire Record Office has a full set of the registers, available to view on microfilm. The Derbyshire FHS has baptisms, marriages and burials from 1716 to 1910, which can be viewed at Bridge Chapel House. Incidentally the first register is in very bad condition. Some of the writing is very faint, often illegible and some of the pages are torn in half—impossible to tell whether the entries were ever there or whether the vicar merely tore them up to light his pipe!

Derbyshire FHS also has the memorial inscriptions for the church and quite a lot of interesting books on the people of Brassington, as well as the place itself. You are welcome to come and browse at your leisure.

A HEADSTONE TO HISTORY

The photograph of the Hurt family grave in Kirk Langley Churchyard [March 2015 magazine frontispiece] has prompted me to finally put pen to paper regarding a much lowlier one in Spondon.

Some two years ago my friend Elizabeth Kay drew my attention to a particular headstone in the Sensory Garden, which is situated in Chapel Street, and was originally the old Spondon Cemetery. Elizabeth is one of the volunteers there. The headstones from the graves now stand upright in two rows, back to back, on the lefthand side of the garden. Thomas Gell, of Wirksworth, and Ann Hurt, of Alderwasley, are the people concerned. I was curious to know how they came to be buried in Spondon churchyard, so the starting point of my research was the Local Studies Library.

From the Hurt family tree I found that Ann Emma was one of six daughters and three sons born to Francis Hurt and Elizabeth Shuttleworth, her birth date being August 12th 1790 and baptism September 15th 1790, at Wirksworth. Her brother James was a Major in the 9th Lancers and Henry a Lieutenant in the Royal Marines. He was aboard HMS Hero when the ship was lost during a storm near the Dutch coast in 1811. An older sister was buried in 1793 [no birth date given].

Thomas Gell [and his twin brother, Robert] was born to Philip Gell and Elizabeth Wright, daughter of Wright, banker of Nottingham, and was baptised on September 15th 1788. His father, of the Gatehouse, Wirksworth, was a barrister of law, called to the Bar of Inn. Elizabeth was his second wife, his first wife, Cassandra Hurt, who was his cousin, having died in the year of their marriage—1776.

I found that Tilley had written a piece about Thomas, taken from a Repton Grammar School report, which school he had attended, joining the Army afterwards. It seems he was the son of Philip Gell and listed the battles in which he had taken part, the medals received, that he held the rank of Major, was a J.P. For Derbyshire and died at Spondon on November 14th 1865.

The headstone also indicated that he was in the 29th Regiment. Further research revealed that this was the Worcestershire Regiment of Foot and that he

had risen quite quickly through the ranks, starting as an Ensign in 1804, Lieutenant 1805, Captain 1808, Battalion Major 1818, becoming a Major in 1820.

The battles listed were: Rolica, Vimiero, Talavera, Busaco—for which he received the medal with four clasps—Albuera—receiving the Gold Medal for having taken command of the regiment when all the senior officers had been killed or wounded—and, finally, the Peninsular War Silver Medal. Albuera was the worst battle of the war for all concerned regarding the number of deaths.

After further research I found that Thomas was one of the captains in the 29th when the regiment was called to join the British Expeditionary Force to fight in the 1812 war in America. During the battle for Hampden in Maine, 4th September 1814, he and a private were wounded, Thomas' injuries being severe. Thomas retired from the army in 1822.

Knowing nothing about the Peninsular War or Sir Arthur Wellesley [Wellington], I borrowed books from central and Spondon Libraries, from which I learnt that this war was a struggle between the British and French armies for the control of Spain. I also studied maps to see where battles had taken place. It all made interesting reading. I also learned that Wellesley's army had fought in the French West Indies in order to take control of them.

The latter brought about a coincidence as a friend joined Barclays Bank International in the West Indies in the early 1950's working there until 1962, during which time placements were in four of the above colonies. A further coincidence is, of course, that the Worcestershire Regiment and the Sherwood Foresters now form the Mercian Regiment, both having had various amalgamations in their long histories and serving in the Peninsular War.

Now a slight digression! As an addition to the normal form of research I started going with Elizabeth [already an avid collector] to Post Card Fairs, so as to find cards of places where my forbears originated, such as Kent, Birkenhead, Wales, Leicestershire, etc. However in November last year I decided, out of curiosity, to look at cigarette cards and, in particular, military uniforms. I came across two of the Sherwood Foresters, one of which was of particular interest because of the mascot. This coincided with having read in the May edition of Derbyshire Life and Countryside magazine that the 2nd Battalion of the Mercian Regiment had received delivery of Private Derby

XXX from the Duchess of Devonshire.

The 2nd Battalion take delivery of Private Derby XXX from the Duchess of Devonshire



The Players cigarette card gives the following information on the reverse side [the story is, no doubt, reasonably well known].

"95th [Derbyshire] Regiment 1857 [now 2nd Battalion Sherwood Foresters]. The Sherwood Foresters have, as a regimental pet, a black ram which originated in the following way:- At the assault of Kotah during the Indian Mutiny in 1858, a black ram was found tethered by a Grenadier of the 95th and was adopted by the regiment and named Derby I. Derby I, after a brief five years, was drowned in a well at Hyderabad in 1863."

I have since found out that he was jumping the wall of the well, but fell in. Since the demise of Derby I the Dukes of Devonshire have provided all his successors, but probably not a black one.

Now, back to Ann and Thomas. Having studied her family tree and his pedigree I assume they met through family and military connections. They were married on May 28th 1833 at Wirksworth and appear on the 1841 census at Spondon, when they had one servant—a groom. 1851 finds them with the same groom, a cook and two housemaids. For 1861 they have different people occupying the same positions. No road or street names are given on any census, although for 1851 schedule No 68 says Brandy Lane, Holly Bush Cottage, occupied by a farmer, his wife and daughter, with the Gells as neighbours at Schedule 69.

I noted, with surprise, from the Hurt family tree, that Ann's sister, Cassandra,

was married to the Rev J.F. St John, Vicar of Spondon, also that there had been previous marriages between the Hurts and the Gells. Whether Cassandra had any influence in persuading the couple to settle in Spondon is guess-work.

Ann died on the 15th July 1861 and was buried on July 20th. Thomas lived until 1865, dying on November 14th and was buried on the 21st. Not knowing when they actually came to live in Spondon, prior to 1841, I suppose it is not too surprising that they did not consider being buried in the parish of their birth. So, from an old headstone, a family tree, via two wars, to a vicar [more of him later] was quite a journey!

NB A clasp was a band of silver on a medal with the name of battle at which the wearer was present.

Books I briefly dipped into for information were:

Wellington's Peninsular War Generals and their Battles

Wellington's Peninsular War, Battles and Battlefields

Wellington's Men

Peninsular Eye Witnesses [in particular those of Charles Leslie, Ensign, of the 29th]

History of the West Indies

Famous Regiments on Cigarette and Trade Cards

Another friend kindly searched the Internet for information on the Battle for Hampden [the amount found was amazing!]

***Doreen M. Taylor [Mem 5599]
Spondon, Derby***

HISTORY OF THE DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY

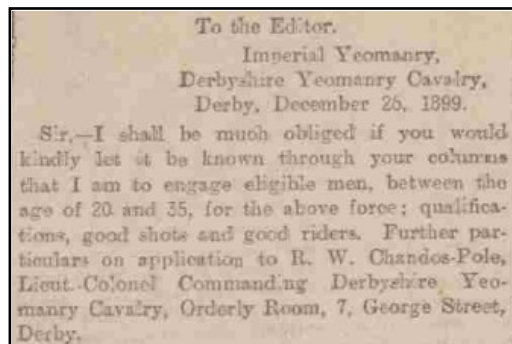
Yeomanry history begins with the French declaration of the war in 1793 upon the monarchies of Europe, when the British Government realised that the regular forces of the Crown would be inadequate to resist a French invasion. A non regular or volunteer force was advocated and in 1794 Parliament passed an Act which regulated the raising of volunteer corps. The Lord Lieutenant of each county was invited to raise units of both cavalry and infantry, the latter being drawn from the ranks of the unskilled workers, while cavalry recruits came from the landowners, farmers and tradesman and were thus styled Yeomanry.

The first Yeomanry were formed into independent troops, usually based on county towns. They used their own horses and paid for their own uniforms, while the Government supplied weapons and equipment, and a small permanent staff. Their role was to act in time of invasion as mounted guides and a local mobile reserve, familiar with the geography of their own county. Their priorities were summed up by the motto used by Yeomanry at that time—"Liberty, Loyalty, Property", meaning defence of the realm against foreign invaders, defence of the Crown against revolution and defence of their own by those who had something to defend. The only occasion when the Yeomanry were called upon to fulfil their roles was at Fishguard in 1797, when the Castlemartin Yeomanry joined with the local militia in rounding up a French invading force and for doing so received the only battle honour awarded for an action on British soil.

In the troubled times that followed the end of the Napoleonic Wars, the Yeomanry acted as a form of gendarmerie under the control of local magistrates, and were frequently called upon to quell civil unrest, a role for which they were well suited because of their local knowledge and ability to assemble and disperse quickly. During fifty years of duties in aid of the civil power, only at Peterloo [where the Yeomanry were undeservedly blamed for the many deaths and injuries] was there any significant loss of life. On innumerable other occasions their mere presence defused situations which might otherwise have got out of control.

The development of effective police forces in the 1840s meant that the Yeomanry were no longer required to keep the peace, and further fears of French invasion led to the formation of the Rifle Volunteers Corps in 1859, a body aimed specifically at the rapidly expanding middle classes and townspeople. These were seldom found in the Yeomanry, which still recruited from its traditional rural bases. In the second half of the nineteenth century therefore the Yeomanry became a pillar of county society, better known for their splendid uniforms than any military prowess. They did not take soldiering too seriously and tended not to train too regularly, meeting only for Annual Camp and for occasional reviews and field days. They were committed to serve only in case of foreign invasion and then only within the confines of their own county. Their strength varied, but by 1899 the 38 regiments of Yeomanry were organised into 110 Troops, each Troop comprising 5 officers and 100 men.

The Yeomanry was never intended for overseas service, but when war broke out in South Africa on 11th October 1899, it was suggested that the Yeomanry could be used in some way in the war. In January 1900 it was decided that each existing Yeomanry Regiment should have the opportunity to raise a single company and that four of these companies would combine to form a battalion. Each battalion of the new force was to consist of 526 all ranks, in four companies, each with its own machine gun section. Company strength reckoned one captain, four subalterns, one colour sergeant, five sergeants, one farriery sergeant, two shoeing smiths, one saddler, one bugler, six corporals, two cooks and 107 privates.



The Derbyshire Yeomanry became the 8th Company of the 4th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. Command of the 8th Company was given to Captain Dugdale, who had formerly served with the 16th Lancers. A letter was published in the Derby Mercury, inviting volunteers to apply to the Command-

ing Officer, Lieutenant Colonel R.W. Chandos-Pole. The war was not expected to last very long, so the terms of enlistment were for the Duration of the War or 12 months, whichever was the longer.

Many of the Derbyshire Yeomanry did not go to South Africa because the medical was so strict—a minimum height of 5'7" and a minimum chest expansion of 34" being required. Only a third of the strength of the Regiment were able to pass as fit for overseas service. However the numbers were soon made up as many locals volunteered. Each potential recruit was expected to pass a test in riding and shooting as well as the medical. Preference was given to former soldiers and approved marksmen.

The Derby Recreation Company generously offered free stabling and forage for the Derbyshire Imperial Yeomanry at Derby Racecourse, and it was here that extensive training and tests were carried out including mounted drill, rifle shooting and field craft, day and night. The government agreed to supply rifles [Lee-Enfield No 1 Mk 1 with 1888 Mk II Pattern sword bayonet] ammunition, and camp equipment, and a grant of £25 was made to each man to pay for clothing and horse equipment.

Once the men had been selected the officers then began the task of acquiring appropriate horses. Over 200 were inspected at George Street in Derby. Again the standards were very high and only 50 were bought.

At 3 am on the morning of the 26th of January 1900, the detachment were served breakfast in the Grand Station Hotel [now the Midland Hotel] and then proceeded to the station where they were greeted by many well wishers and caught the train to Liverpool for embarkation of HMS Troopship Cavour. The voyage went without mishap, although owing to rough seas two of the Derbyshire Yeomanry horses were lost overboard, and a further seven died on the journey.

At Cape Town they were ordered by train to Kimberley under Lord Methuen, where they were joined by the New Zealand Mounted Volunteers, Canadian Artillery and Mounted Infantry, and the Western Australians. The contingent was deployed into the countryside to deal with a large Boer force, but were unable to engage the enemy owing to the guerrilla tactics they employed. By the middle of March the company had covered 500 miles in poor conditions, dust, sand and scrubland. Often there was a shortage of food and horse fodder and also a chronic lack of water. Many horses died, some even dropping dead on the march. Men began to fall ill with Enteric Fever and Dysentery.

Meanwhile, back in Derby, a second unit, the 104th Company Imperial Yeo-

manry had been formed. The people of Derby were very generous and answered appeals for gifts for the troops by sending parcels containing clothing, stationery and practical necessities such as boot laces.

In September 1900, near a place called Bethlehem, a patrol of 13 men from the 8th Company were despatched on a reconnaissance mission. When the patrol had covered some six miles they were surrounded by a large force of the Boer Commando. A fierce engagement ensued and the patrol suffered severe casualties. The Boers sent a note demanding surrender, but the patrol's leader, Lieutenant Power, returned it with the message "*we are Englishmen and cannot surrender*" written across it. Fortunately for the patrol a much larger British



*A Private of the 8th Derbyshire Company,
4th Battalion, Imperial Yeomanry 1900*

force arrived to prevent further fighting. Lieutenant Power was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his conduct, and gained the regimental nickname "*no surrender Bill*".

The 8th Company arrived back in Derby in June 1901. In November 1901 Earl Roberts visited Nottingham to distribute war medals to the South Africa volunteers. Some of the medals are on display at Derby Museum and Art Gallery.

Over 8000 irregulars, that is Yeomanry or mounted infantry volunteers, were raised to serve in the Boer War. Colonel John Palmer Brabazon, who commanded the Imperial Yeomanry March to November 1900, thought the men of the Yeomanry were excellent fighting material because they were "irregular troops fighting irregular troops". However the campaign was extremely difficult for the British and Commonwealth forces, let alone men who had little experience of active service. The Boers proved to be a versa-

tile enemy, since they were natural horsemen and skilled marksman, who knew their native land very well.

Eventually, in response to the guerrilla tactics of the Boer, Kitchener introduced the system of burning Boer farms to deny them supplies, and imprisoned their families in concentration camps. This tactic, combined with the introduction of blockhouses [miniature forts protected by barbed wire and joined by grip meshes, some as long as 90 miles] and engaging the enemy in action, eventually wore the Boers down.

When the war ended on the 31st May 1902, 400,000 British and Dominions troops had been engaged and against less than a quarter of their number, 22000 British troops had died, the majority from disease.

On the outbreak of World War One in 1914, most Yeomanry regiments were initially sent to the East Coast to provide a mobile reserve in case of invasion by the Germans, considered a real possibility at the time. For many, their first taste of action came in Gallipoli where they fought against the Turks as infantry, having left their horses in Egypt. In 1917-18 they rejoined their horses and served under Allenby in the Palestine campaign, the last major successful campaign by British cavalry. In 1918 manpower shortages on the Western Front meant that the remaining mounted units again lost their horses and were converted into battalions of their associated county infantry regiment or into machine gun battalions, and saw service in France and Flanders in the last year of the war.

On the revival of the Territorial Army in 1920, only fourteen Yeomanry regiments were required as cavalry. The remainder were offered the choice of becoming artillery [with the attraction that they still used horses], or armoured car companies, or to re-role as signal regiments. After an arid period in the 1930s when the army in general and the TA in particular were starved of equipment and financial support, the Munich crisis of 1938 saw a revival of fortune with a requirement to double the size of the TA.

On the outbreak of World War Two in 1939 the horse Yeomanry regiments found themselves once more in Palestine with little action. Changing to a more operational role in armour, after some early disasters, the Yeomanry soon proved themselves, notably in 7th Armoured Division [Desert Rats]. Yeomanry regiments were among the first to land in Normandy on D-Day in

1944 and others served successfully in artillery and signals on many fronts.

The revival of the TA in 1947 saw the first of a succession of reorganisations that resulted in 26 Yeomanry regiments serving in the Royal Armoured Corps and 24 in the Royal Artillery. In the major reorganisation of 1967 many of the surviving regiments were reduced to squadron strength and merged into new regiments.

In recognition of their loyal service in defence of their country, in 1944 on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the Yeomanry, the thirty nine surviving Yeomanry squadrons and batteries, and the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, were reviewed by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in Windsor Great Park.



Today's Yeomanry takes pride in its professional attitude to training, while retaining its traditional values. As a result of the Reserve Forces Act, which came into force in the 1990s, many Yeomanry soldiers now take the opportunity to serve for periods of 6-24 months alongside their regular counterparts in operational theatres around the world, and in so doing they echo the spirit and dedication of their forbears of the Imperial Yeomanry a century ago.

Taken from a Pawtucket newspaper, 6th December 1986

Winifred M.Doherty, 84, of Montgomery Street, a domestic for many years before retiring, was found dead yesterday at home.

Born in Long Eaton, England, she was a daughter of the late Frederick and Kate [Goaley] Staples.

She leaves a son, Gordon, of Coventry; a daughter, Alma J.Escott, of Turners Falls, Mass; a brother, Thomas Staples in Delaware; two sisters, Frances Bonner of Moosup, Conn, and Elsie Kline of Coventry; and six grandchildren.

THE VERNONS OF THE HIGH PEAK

Part I

This is another offering from Sylvia Browne, a long standing member from Ireland who has now retired from family history and has bequeathed all her research to the Society. I am sure members would like to share in some of her stories, thank you Sylvia for thinking of us.

For nearly thirty years I have been researching my genealogical lines, including the Vernons [my great, great, grandmother Morten was nee Hannah Vernon 1784-1857, born in Dove Holes]. During this time I have been in contact with upwards of twenty other Vernon researchers, only three of whom do not have their roots in the High Peak. Most of them mention a great uncle, aunt or parent who was sure that our descent is from the Vernons of Haddon Hall.

In arboreal terms the Vernons are a tall trunk with many branches. The difficulty has always been to ascertain which of the branches cut minates in the twig to which our many High Peak twiglets are attached. I do not propose to give an account of these twiglet families. There is plenty of available material—census, civil registration, parish and chapelry records, memorial inscriptions, wills, etc—to enable the serious researcher, given the ability to interpret his/her findings, to trace back to our mutual ancestors, John and Francis Vernon of Peak Forest. These brothers, and one sister, were the three survivors of the seven children born between 1626-1645 to Francis and Alice Vernon of Ford, Chapel en le Frith, and of Peak Forest. Francis [junior] appears to have had no Vernon great grandsons, but the names Houldgate, Devenport, Kirk and Rowbottom occur amongst his descendants. Many years ago I drew up a chart, a copy of which I lodged with the DFHS library, showing how all the twiglet families are connected. Recently I have drawn up a shorter but more detailed chart, showing not only the relationship of the families, but the demise of nearly all lines. This also I have lodged with the library.

Always maintaining a presence in Peak Forest, the families spread to most other townships and villages of the High Peak. They married and had children, but the heads of the families, in many cases, died whilst the children were underage. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries they owned

or leased land and farms, and most of them were testate, but the loss of so many heads of families and the provision they made for their children, led to the diminution of their holdings. A recent “Who do you think you are” TV programme touched briefly on the possible reason for the non-survival of infants—its wasn’t clear whether the same reason could be applied to the deaths of young men. Mr Roy Vernon also remarked on these many early deaths. He was of the opinion that they suffered from some inherent disease, which eventually “grew out”. Whatever the reason it does appear that the situation began to improve when the Vernons relinquished a few degrees of their former status and began to marry amongst the established yeoman families of the area. By the mid nineteenth century they had “gone forth and multiplied” to a bewildering extent.

During my research into these families, several signpost individuals emerged, and it may be of interest to mention a few. Edward, born 1832, and his sister Mary, two years his senior: they were doubly orphaned by the time Edward was seven, and were taken in by relatives. Edward emigrated, first to Australia and then on to New Zealand, but always kept in touch with his sister. He married late and told his grandchildren that back home his niece had married his [Edward’s] cousin, Enoch, born 1864. Later this same Enoch told his grandchildren that he came of a family of eighteen, and of possibly two previous families of twelve. These large families account for many of the 19th century register entries and Peak Forest memorial inscriptions.

Then there was the late Eddie Vernon of Dove Holes—a mine of unfortunately dateless information culled from his father. If only he could have been persuaded to write down what he knew! The best one could do was to scribble hasty notes as he skipped from one subject to another, and to try afterwards to discover where they fitted in, as they eventually, invariably, did. For instance he said that he came of two ‘Joseph Edwards’. These were actually four persons, interspersed, three times, by “son of”. All his life, he said, his father had maintained that he, Eddie, was the rightful owner of Haddon Hall, although Eddie himself made no such claim. Speaking of the Vernons in general, he said “You know, they very often married their cousins”, which I notes and remembered later when a clutch of incidents emerged.

An intriguing remark was that there had been a big family bust up amongst the Vernons of Tideswell—at the time I hadn’t even unearthed a Tideswell family! Eddie’s father seems to have been told of, read of, or researched the

family, but he seems to have overlooked that the descent of his own family was through the youngest son of Enoch, who himself was the younger brother of John—in the 18th century these two brothers headed the only two remaining lines of what had been a large extended family. At the date of their father's death [1712], John was not yet married and Enoch was aged twelve. John died in 1764 and Enoch 10 years later. In the Peak Forest parish register the death/burial of John is entered as that of "Old John of Sparrowpit" and that of his wife, two years later, as "Old Ann". John may have been described as old to differentiate between himself and his nephew [Enoch's son], but it may have been a reference to the fact that here, at last, was a Vernon who had lived long enough to see his own family into adulthood!

Even a few Vernon artefacts have come to light—a Testament dated 1805 belonging to Edward [B.1754], which is held by a member of the Clay family and which has some Vernon family details inscribed on the fly leaf; an account held by Derby Local Studies Library of the religious experience of Joseph, an older brother of the above Edward; six silver tea spoons monogrammed "M.V." in the keeping of an extended branch of my own Morten family; and a collection of Victorian/Vernon/Peak Forest In Memoriam cards, inherited by a lady now living in Gloucestershire.

Several years ago I was contacted by an American researcher, who had already traced back the Vernons much further than I. She enquired whether I knew if Sir Henry Vernon of Haddon Hall, who died in 1515, had a younger brother named Richard. At the time I was still trying to sort out the 18-19th century twiglets and couldn't help. She sent a large family chart showing her own descent from Francis Vernon, gent of Tideswell, who died at Chapel en le Frith in 1649, through his son "Francis of the Forest, alive in 1660" [father of the brothers John and Francis mentioned at the beginning]. She did not state her sources regarding these first two Francis Vernons. Subsequently I heard in a roundabout way that she, and the professor with whom she was collaborating, had proved the relationship between Sir Henry of Haddon Hall [d.1515] and Richard Vernon of Hazelbache [d.1523] and that lands owned by the latter in the parish of Chapel en le Frith were sold by the "Francis who died in 1649". Later I heard that also involved was a George Vernon, who "died in 1586". At the time I had no proof concerning the items given in quotes above. As there appeared to be land/property involved it seemed likely that there would be wills during the period 1515-1649, and I made

more than one inquiry, without success. I wrote to the American researcher, asking whether she had found any relevant wills and, if so, where they were deposited. She replied saying she was unable to help. It seemed I had an insurmountable log jam and although I subsequently made sporadic attempt to solve the problem, I was never successful.

Throughout all this time I had been trying to solve two subsidiary problems concerning the parentage of an Enoch and a Daniel, both in the 19th century. In 1992 I contacted Mr Roy Vernon of Swadlincote. It emerged that he was a son of the seventeenth born of the family of eighteen previously mentioned. He was able to help with the solution to one of my problems, but then our correspondence expanded, based on his own research and that of his father, Robert Vernon of Peak Forest.

Robert was very interested in Vernon history. He had discovered the name of the French town whence came the earliest Vernons and had been in contact with its maire. Learning that there was to be a celebration to commemorate the 1000th anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror, he made application to be accepted as a descendant of those termed "Companions of the Conqueror", i.e. Those who had accompanied William to England in 1066.

From Roy Vernon I received a photocopy of a letter dated 18 January 1931, written to his father from the Comte Guillaume le Conquerant, Ville de la Falaise. The aims of the committee were to erect a memorial in the Chateau of Falaise, which would name the Norman Knights who fought at Hastings; and in the Donjon of the Castle of Falaise to put on record a reliable list of the Companions of the Conqueror. The authentic descendants and their families were to receive official invitations to the Anglo Norman celebrations to take place on June 21st 1931. Criterion for inclusion was proved descent from Gautier, Huard or Richard, authentic Companions of the Conqueror. An added note from Roy stated that he still had the letter to his father, accepting his claim.

Other photocopies from Roy were of four pages, in his writing, headed "Extracts from the Derbyshire Charters of involvement of the Vernons of Haddon in Land Grants, Witness etc, during the Medieval Period R.R.V", the earliest being dated in the 12th century; and a "Genealogical Table of the Vernon Family", covering the period 996-1889. For the most part the latter shows eldest or succeeding sons, so once again we are faced with the ques-

tion as to where we of the High Peak should be attached. After 1556 the chart is discounted as something of a concoction, which has been heavily criticised, but this need not concern us, as our departure from the main line is pre 1556. The chart appears to have been published in 1970. I know one is taught to trace back, but as I was getting nowhere by following this injunction I decided to follow the line from France. I learned something of these earlier Vernons, but there wasn't anything to connect them to our Francis.

Of the three names mentioned in the letter the chart shows only—Richard. A barely legible note beneath his name reads, “Left with William the Conqueror in 1066 and died in England...”. He was the first bearer of the name de Vernon. His parents were Baudouin de Reviers and his wife Alberede. The later's parents were Gilbert, Comte d'Eu, whose unnamed wife was stated to be a daughter of the Comte de Vernon. Richard [Companion] therefore may be said to have taken the name de Vernon from his maternal grandmother. He had three sons. Through the eldest he was grandfather of our sainted uncle, Adjutor, who left for the Crusades in 1095 and died in 1131. Our descent is through the second son, Richard de Vernon, 1st Baron Shipbroke of Chester, who married Alice Peveril. Four generations later, another Richard de Vernon married Avice d'Avenell of Haddon. This takes us to the establishment of the de Vernons of Haddon in the first half of the 13th century. Again our descent is through a younger son, William, son of Richard and Avice, their elder son Warine succeeding to the barony of Shipbroke.

After Richard and Avice there followed seven generations of de Vernons and five of Vernons, all knighted and all of Haddon. Of these twelve, seven were named Richard. The sixth Haddon occupant was Sir Richard de Vernon of Haddon and Harleston. According to the chart, his wife was Juliana de Pembruge [Pembridge]. He died in 1377, and was succeeded by Sir Richard [1370-1401], whose wife's name is variously given as Johanna, Joanna or Joan Stackpole. They were followed by Sir Richard [1395-1451], Treasurer of Calais. He was married to Benedicta Ludlowe, who inherited Tong [in Shropshire] from Fulk de Pembruge. In 1427 Derbyshire Feet of Fines entry no 1072 deals with the leasing of Hazelbache to one William Fox by Richard Vernon, Knight, and his wife the distinctively named Benedicta. Also named are Sir Richard's parents, Sir Richard, deceased, and Joan; and Isobel, the widow of Fulk de Pembridge. The missive winds up with a veritable plethora of Richard Vernons, impossible to distentangle. Wondering whether Hazelbache had come into the family from the de Pembrugges, via Benedicta's

inheritance, I took a sideways excursion into that family. Whilst it seems possible that this theory is correct, there is no proof.

Sir Richard and Benedicta were followed by Sir William [1416-1467], Knight Constable of England, and his wife, Margaret Swynfen, said to be the heiress of Robert Pye. They were succeeded by Sir Henry, who died in 1515 and who was married to Ann Talbot, daughter of John Earl of Shrewsbury. Sir Henry was guardian/treasurer/comptroller to Arthur Prince of Wales, elder son of King Henry VII and brother to the eventual King Henry VIII. In 1509 the year of Henry VIII's accession, an entry in the Derbyshire Charter reads "Richard Vernon, Land Grant of Hazelbache by other parties". As usual it is not clear which Richard—I felt I was encompassing the one who died in 1523 by ever increasing circles!

I never heard how Robert Vernon of Peak Forest resolved the problem of the period from 1523-1549, yet he must have done so as to satisfy the Committee. At the time of his son's correspondence with me I suppose I assumed he'd been able to trace back, and I ought to be able to do the same. I hadn't yet encountered the difficulties.

As a school child I had heard of the elopement of Dorothy Vernon with John Manners and the subsequent transfer of Haddon Hall by Dorothy's father, Sir George, "King of the Peak", by his will of 1567 to his daughter and son in law and thus to the Earls/Dukes of Rutland. From the reputed death of Richard of Hazelbache in 1523 to the death of Francis in 1649 is well over a century. At the accepted rate of 30 years per generation this seems to represent at least three lives between the two. In my own mind I dubbed this period "The Gap" and again wondered why there were no available wills. Could they be in private hands? Consequently I wrote to the Haddon Hall archivist at Belvoir re possible wills, but didn't receive a reply. Not for the first time the word "obfuscation" came to mind.

From time to time I hauled out all my Vernon data and drew up charts to deal with some particular aspect, often in reply to queries from other researchers, but was never able to resolve my own log jam. This then was the situation in September 2008. I was no nearer to overcoming the problem of "The Gap". I had, to quote an earlier Morten researcher, the two ends of the chain, but several elusive missing links! It didn't seem much to show for twenty plus years of research.

TALES TO TELL THE GRANDCHILDREN

Part 4

Adventure on the High Sea

In 1953 I left New Mills Grammar School behind and after sitting a Civil Service Commission examination I joined the ranks of the Ordnance Survey at Nottingham. In 1992, almost 38 years later I gave notice to the OS that on completion of 40 years service, I planned to leave their employ. In April 1993 the OS made an offer I couldn't refuse, staff over 50 years of age were offered voluntary redundancy but on compulsory terms. So I fortuitously clasped the golden boot with both hands, but kept silent on the future change of circumstances in the Holford household.

Quite by chance in April 1993, we were booked on the “Narvik” a boat operating on the Hurtigruten, more widely known as the Norwegian Coastal Express. A daily public ferry / cum commercial / cum tourist boat service that takes 11 days to travel from Bergen – Kirkenes – Bergen. Kirkenes is a stones throw from the Russian border but we were advised by our Norwegian guide not to do so, but with Germans on board anything could happen and it did, we were whiskers away from a diplomatic incident. This was days and miles after “The Ceremony of crossing the Arctic Circle” --- legitimately.

It soon became apparent that the Norwegians were worldly wise in the manner in which they invested their rising revenue from a bountiful supply of natural gas and oil into that country's infrastructure. A case in point is “The Atlantic Road” 100's of kilometres of super highway, interconnecting offshore islands with the mainland with dynamically designed high level bridges, thus bringing the many previously isolated communities in from the cold. Improving communication throughout the year, when Arctic weather can play havoc with local ferries.

For travelling companions, we were joined by John and Audrey Todd, living at Middleton by Wirksworth in Derbyshire a comparative short distance away from our home base in Chinley, High Peak. John a former Public Health Inspector in the Derbyshire Dales, had taken retirement on health grounds. John was steeped in dry Yorkshire humour that came to the fore at the Russian border post. The Norwegians use the Hurtigruten fleet of boats plying the 34 stops en-route from Bergen to Kirkenes like an enlarged water taxi. However

a mountain of pine coffins on one jetty, brought this remark from John – “*Perhaps the Norwegians know something that we don't !*”

Russia at this date was in the early throes of Perestroika, I had predicted before we left the UK for Norway that the Russians were so strapped for foreign currency that they would be selling surplus tanks at their joint border with Norway. John agreed to disagree but a surprise to both of us was to come at this mid - voyage point.

We had no prepared agenda for the voyage, the non local passengers were mainly Americans, Brits or Germans. After only a couple of days into the voyage some individuals stood out. One I christened “Cecil” was a latter day Cecil. B. De Mille” appearing from every nook and cranny throughout the trip with a varied array of photographic equipment but with insufficient pockets to house all his impedimenta. Other passengers soon picked up the moniker “Cecil” including our delegated Norwegian guide, hearing that name so frequently bandied about she believed that “Cecil” must be his correct name.

Amongst the German passengers was “The Gruppenfuher”--- literally meaning “Group Leader” aptly named so by John. Six feet six inches tall, wide as a barn door, shaven head with accompanying acolytes. He bullied other members of his group and tried it on with Audrey at the serve yourself breakfast buffet. The contest proved futile, Audrey had matching elbows and used them to good effect. The Captain of the Narvik made up the trio, wandering will-nilly around his boat interacting with an ever changing pattern of passengers.

My first person to person meeting with “Cecil” was on the top deck of the Narvik on May Day, One of the facts that I didn't know I didn't know is that Germans make a song and dance on the first of May. On the open top deck an assorted party of the Germans were arranged in a wide semi-circle singing to the sound of no music. At the end of each refrain a bottle would be produced and some of the contents were poured into a glass held by each and every warbler. I joined the end of the line and held out my coffee cup, the server paused, did a double take and then hauled me to the pivotal point of the semi-circle, where to my embarrassment in plain English, it was either singing or no drinking. My mind went blank, “Rudolf the red nose reindeer” was the only song that came to mind. Cecil later to be known correctly as “Bob” caught every embarrassing note on video, asking me to sign the cup in felt

tip, with name and date to add to his memorabilia collection. Later we learned that “Cecil cum Bob” had 13,000 colour slides back home in the U S of A just waiting for his retirement. There was also “Honeydew” always ordering her husband --- “ *Honey do this and honey do that !.* ”

On the journey north we stopped at Kjollerfjord for a 20 minute mooring. At



every mooring the Narvik's departure time was chalked up alongside a side door that was an entry point for motor vehicles. Passengers are not counted on and off, so “missing the boat” could be an easily achieved option. Wandering away from the Narvik for a leg stretch our four-

some came across a Russian trawler moored in an adjacent jetty, it was riding high on the incoming tide. When we were feet away what appeared to be acres of red lead paint proved on closer inspection to be 100% rust. The upper superstructure left much to be desired, and a number of the bulkhead doors were buckled. By now it was almost high tide and a cacophony of Russian language was flowing thick and fast to match the rising tide. It was only when a pair of new industrial gloves was thrown down to the quayside that we realised the crew were seeking our help to cast them off. Time and tide waits for no man, especially a Russian sailor who could not have got back on board and also Narvik passengers. With the minutes ticking away the remaining trio returned to the Narvik to ensure that I was not left behind.

The Captain of the Narvik was standing at the front of the boat in a luxury panoramic forward viewing lounge. Exchanging a few pleasantries I volunteered that after my very recent exchange with the Russian trawler that I had a scheme to make money from the Russians in Norway. His reaction was “ *Give me a clue.* ” My answer --- “ *Import a lorry load of bulk paint and sell it to the Russians.* ” The answer came --- “ *You would be wasting your time, the Russians have no money, they pay their way in Norway through drugs, vodka and cigarettes .* ” He added that if the trawler had been Norwegian it would have been prohibited from sailing anywhere, including duck ponds. Being previously detained with a Norwegian commercial boat in a Russia

port for four weeks had clearly not influenced his judgement.

North Cape, the most northerly point in Europe, is 22 miles north of Honningsvåg, another port of call. At the Cape there are vertical cliffs 1,000 feet high and herds of reindeer. For 6 weeks in mid-summer there is almost 24 hours of daylight and now us. Having let the Todds into my secret forthcoming July retirement, I was persuaded by them that I ought to tell my wife, so the deed was undertaken at North Cape overlooking the drop. Her deadpan reaction ---“What has taken you so long ?” A museum in Honningsvåg displayed Norwegian artefacts in many forms, but there was one exhibit that shocked --- photographs of Honningsvåg before the German occupation in WW2 and after they left. Taken from the same vantage spots, the only building left standing after the German retreat was the protestant church, so perhaps the dynamiters were possibly thinking of the future? Meanwhile the German passengers clogged the museum.

At Vardo, another brief stop, the skyline cluster of NATO radar pods competed with the tall lattice mast that had moored Roald Amundsen's airship “Norge.” which on 11 May 1926, with a crew of 15, took 2 days to make the first aerial crossing of the Arctic to Canada. When we reached the end of our journey north at Kirkenes there was almost a crossing of another kind. In WW2 when the Germans left Kirkenes, there were only 14 buildings left standing, Malta had had marginally more air raids. We were ferried by coach through snowy wastes of what seemed like the back of beyond. Segregation took place insomuch that it was Brits & Yanks together, with the Germans in a separate coach. En route, passengers were again warned not to attempt to cross the no man's land between Norway and Russia. The Brits & Co arrived ahead of the Germans to find a very small wooden hut, accommodatingly described as “a toilet” and a Russian tourist shop, about the size of the average garage, both were situated on Norwegian territory. Two coachloads of tourists into a small wooden hut didn't go, even less in the small wooden toilet.



Toilet at the Russian/Norway Border

After disembarking, the first manoeuvre of “The Gruppenfuher ”and a cohort was to head off in the direction of the Russian border. John drew our Norwegian guides attention to a potential diplomatic incident. The Norwegians made no physical attempt to prevent them, it was obvious to one and all present that the guides drew the line at personal restraint but resorted to shouting, hand waving and blowing whistles to attract their attention. John's audible wisecrack was *“What's new, if anyone's going to cross a foreign border it's going to be a b****y German !”* The Norwegian guides were openly anxious to spirit “The Gruppenfuher” away from a possible developing diplomatic incident. Being potential witnesses, just thinking of the paperwork involved increased the blood pressure in our party of four. There were just four persons left to board the Brit cum Yank coach when I entered the little wooden tourist hut. Hosanna, rows of Dinky type Russian tanks were on sale, my ”Balderick” salvation plan went into overdrive, I bought a boxed Russian tank.

Back on board I came face to face with the Narvik's Captain on one of his regular rounds. I inquired as to whether he would officially present, at some future time, the miniature Russian tank to John. Having briefed him on the story behind the purchase he agreed to do the honours. At another chance meeting two days later he suggested that now was the time for the presentation. John and Audrey were informed that the Captain wanted to see the four of us in his cabin. Audrey thought that it must be due to either purloining the milk sachets from the dining room for the Cafe, or the notices that were appearing and disappearing on both their cabin door and Cecil's. “TODD'S CAFE” with the times of opening or alternatively “JOHN'S SURPLUS STORE” Cecil's cabin door stated “PARAMOUNT STUDIOS INC and CUTTING ROOM ” it would have been churlish to have had any other wordage. By word of mouth I learned that some onboard passengers were making detours, thinking that the notices on the cabin doors were genuine.

The Captain ordered drinks, there was no mention of tanks. John and Audrey gave the pained impression that they were just waiting for “ The Sword of Damocles ”to fall. It was nothing to the look of astonishment on the face of our steward Arnie when he entered the Captain's quarters with the drinks. Arnie looked convinced that somehow he must be on the agenda. The Captain's opened the batting, asking, apart from “The Gruppenfuher” how were we getting on with the on board German passengers. On his last voyage he had asked a particular group of obnoxious German passengers to his cabin

because he had in his possession a new book on the sinking of the German battleship “Tirpitz” in a Norwegian fjord during WW2. His dramatic intent fell flat because to a man they all wanted to either purchase the book or enquired as to how it could be obtained. So for Tirpitz read Touché. The conversation ranged over other subjects and our lunch sitting was being eaten away without any mention of the Russian tank. Suddenly realising the time and the purpose of the visit he presented the boxed and gift wrapped tank to John. He then advocated that it was not safe for John to be in possession of a Russian tank whilst on board the Narvik, saying that he would act as its legal custodian for the remainder of the voyage. Apart from a photograph taken of the Captain's presentation ceremony (by me, not Cecil) that was the last John saw of his Russian tank.

En route back to Bergen the “Blackie the Black Spider” made a scheduled appearance. We were berthed directly below the top deck in outside cabins. John and Audrey's cabin was in the middle, with Cecil's and the Holfords on either side. This arrangement made it easy for the adverts for “Todds Café” and “The Cutting Room” to be jiggled about and also the unplanned frequent fraternising with Bob, alias “Cecil.” Having had previous experience of cruising and two offspring with graphic design degrees, an assortment of handy graphic equipment always formed part of our travelling logistics. Have you ever tried to purchase string or non-solvent glue in foreign climes? On a previous voyage John and I modelled a pantomime horse on the then missing racehorse Shergar, whose disappearance we claimed was due to him/her taking a cruise. The horse's head, a real work of art, was made from a strong rectangular cardboard box, has its own life story. Some years later we were on holiday in Croatia when a fellow traveller recognised me, asking “*Whatever happened to Shergar's Head?*” such is fame ? You may be told in some future “Traveller's Tales.”

The template for the body of the spider was a large dinner plate, the intention was that when John and Audrey drew back their cabin curtains in the morning, “Blackie” would be hanging within the frame of their large rectangular cabin window. The distance from guard rail to the centre of their window had to be calculated and the ship side air current had to be still. These conditions occurred at 6am when the Narvik docked at Trondheim. As always Cecil was out and



about, so I mentioned the hanging spider to him. Minutes later he could be seen standing on an opposite quay directing a telephoto lens at the airborne spider.

We waited for John and Audrey to join us for breakfast. There was no mention of spiders or indeed any other invertebrates. Like Baldrick, they also had a cunning plan, it was simply --- *“Don't mention the b****y spider, if they say anything, feign ignorance and say that it must have blown away !”* Cecil had other ideas, waiting to hear their cabin key in the lock, he was out of the traps, foot in the door, camera in hand, snapping Blackie for his posterity. Blackie was subsequently hauled aboard, and weeks later handed over to the Todd's grandchildren.

At the end of the round trip we had a 3 day hotel stay in Bergen. We took advantage of a well known tourist jaunt—“Norway in a Nutshell” A total journey of nine hours --- The Bergen to Oslo rail service runs over the highest track of a full gauge railway in Northern Europe, we disembarked at Myrdal Station into a winter wonderland of deep snow. Took the Flam funicular rack and pinion railway, with photographic stopping places, down to Flam on the shore of Naeroyfiord. Ferry boat along Naeroyfiord to Gudvahgen. From Gudvahgen by way of a coach on a hair-raising winding mountainous pass to the station at Voss, train back to Bergen. A total of 9 hours perpetual motion, the cost in 1993 was £25, in 2015 it is just a little short of £100 and the route is now reversed.

The price of both food and alcoholic drink in Norway, unless the visitor meets up with a Russian entrepreneur with vodka to sell, is on the opposite end of cheap. The policy to pursue is to abstem on the drink, be careful on the calories, polish off the pizzas. John ferreting around the old wooden Hanseatic warehouses on the Bergen quayside came across a pizza house that offered --- for a fixed price --- as much pizza as one could consume Monday to Friday, within certain hours. This was an offer to good to miss and we didn't. The seating was rustic within the original wooden lanolin impregnated bays, while the lighting proved to be atmospheric, a lighter shade of dark, which was later to prove very accommodating. It was serve yourself from a large hotplate and range, without a doubt it was delicia-mortis. There was a suggestion that untried samples would literally go down well on next day's adventure, so the poachers pockets in wax jackets came it to literal play. Next day it was more of the same, there was no room for “afters” but portions of

pizza were squirrelled away again for the next day. On my putting the question “*Does anyone want anything else?* ” John came up with the response --- “ *Yes, to quickly get out of here in one ruddy piece without any more pizza!*” We prayed that on flying back to the UK that pizza would not appear on the menu, worrying about that was probably why Audrey left her freshly caught Norwegian salmon behind in the top compartment of the room fridge. The room cleaner most likely wished that there ought to be more generous guests like Audrey. Tales from China comes next.

A verdict of ‘found drowned’ was returned at an inquest held by Mr R.W. Sale, district coroner, at Chaddesden on Saturday, respecting the death of Frederick Charles Hodgkin, aged 22, a shoemaker of 16 Walpole Street, Derby. Deceased was unmarried and had not been heard of since May 19th till Friday night, when his body was recovered from a pond at Chaddesden.

Joseph Hodgkin, twelfthand, of 26 Francis Street, Derby, identified the body as that of his brother. Deceased, who suffered from catarrh and deafness, had not been well recently. Witness did not hear him complain, however, or threaten to take his life, and although his mother’s sudden death last November upset him at the time he had not brooded over it unduly. When deceased left home on May 19 he went to his work but never returned. Witness did not again see him alive. It was known that deceased did not go to work that day, and as this was unusual the police were communicated with. Deceased, who had offered himself for the army, had been rejected.

James Vickers, of 26 Mansfield Street, caretaker and verger, stated that he was a brother in law of the deceased, who came to his house every day for tea. Deceased was always of a cheerful disposition.

Police constable Robinson, stationed at Spondon, said that at a quarter past nine on Friday night he was called to a field off the footpath, leading from Nottingham Road to Chaddesden village. Witness recovered deceased’s body from a stagnant pool, surrounded by bushes and with steep banks. The pool was dangerous and if anyone fell in he would have difficulty in getting out. The coroner said it was a difficult case to determine.

Mr Joseph Robinson, foreman of the jury and the village schoolmaster, stated that he had known deceased all his life. Witness did not believe it was a case of suicide, as deceased was one of the best boys in the school.

Derby Mercury, 2 July 1916

Time Cribbing at Hayfield

The High Peak Reporter March 11, 1905

A large number of Hayfield people were present at New Mills Police Court on Wednesday last to hear a number of cases brought by Mr James H. Rodgers, an Inspector of Factories, against Messrs Edward Platt Ltd, the proprietors of Clough Mills, Hayfield.

They were the first cases of that sort from Hayfield and they naturally aroused great interest. In the first instance the firm were summoned for allowing on January 24th, a woman named as Mary Gibbs, to be employed during part of the time allowed for meals, specified in a notice affixed to the factory, and contrary to the Factory and Workshops Act. Also for allowing Ida Booth, Ethel Fox Trevitt, Alice Walsh, Polly Garlick, Annie Harvey, Lavinia Harvey, Fanny Trevitt, Flora Mitchell, Ann Beresford, Adelaide Brooks, Hilda Lomas, Gladys Marriott, Annie Bradbury, Hannah Maria Ashton, Sarah Ann Wardle, Nellie Stafford and Martha Hadfield to be in a room where the manufacturing process was being carried out during a meal time.

The manager of Clough Mills, Mr E. Osbaldeston, appeared for the firm, and in answer to the query was he was guilty or not guilty said "*Guilty, but not intentionally.*" [Laughter] The Clerk: "*Of course not. You plead technically guilty*" [More laughter]

Mr Rodgers said that it was contrary to the Act that women and young persons should be employed during the times allowed for meals, or allowed to be in the rooms. There were 150 people employed at the Clough Mills. The defendants had fixed 5-30 to 6 p.m. as the meal time, and it was illegal to employ women during that time. He had visited Clough Mill at 5-35 p.m. on the day in question and found that Mary Gibbs was weaving. The lights were turned out immediately he entered the room so he was unable to take any names. He revisited the mill the following day and took statements from the 17 women who were present in the room on the previous night. Mary Gibbs was certainly weaving.

On the same day he timed his watch by the clock on Hayfield Railway Station, he was about a minute fast. The Clough Mills regulated their time at the mills by the clock at Hayfield Railway Station. [An essential part of running a railway network was to have a clock on public display showing the correct

time of day, it would be today's equivalent of the time pips from Greenwich]. There would be about 100 young persons and working at that time. The maximum penalty was £3, and if the Department had so wished they could have brought at least another 50 cases. The visit was prompted in consequence of information received; information had been previously received but the inspectors visit had been unsuccessful. He accepted that the firm had a good record; otherwise they would have brought 50 cases to Court.

On behalf of Clough Mills, Mr Osbaldeston said that they could not stop the engine at exactly 5-30 p.m. in the winter months; the mill was lit by electricity, which was generated by the same engine that turned the mill. The engine was slackened at 5-30 to warn them, and the light was turned on again while the people got their clothes on and made their way out. He did not dispute that the engine was still running, or that some people were still working. The engine had slackened and some girls were going out. He thought that Mr Rodgers, the inspector, had treated them generously, he felt that there was no vindictiveness. The firm had always tried to work with the Home Office and do everything to meet the requirements. Mr Rodgers ought to give them credit for that. Mr Rodgers; "Except time cribbing." [Laughter]

Answering Mr Hibbert [Chairman of the Bench], Mr Osbaldeston said he could not say how many people were working, some were passing out, and the firm were obliged to run the engine to provide lighting. He then asked Mr Rodgers whether he was aware of that fact, to which Mr Rodgers replied that he did not think that was the case.

The Bench sought from Mr Rodgers as to whether he wanted a penalty to be imposed on each case, Mr Rodgers replied that it was left entirely in the hands of the magistrates. He was then asked if there was a fine in a couple of the cases would Mr Rodgers withdraw the other cases? The reply was "No, all the girls were working". The Bench, after consultation, imposed a fine of 5 shillings and costs on each of the 17 cases before the Court.

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
HELD AT BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE
Saturday 26th April 2015**

The Chairman welcomed the significant number of members to the AGM and thanked them for attending. He then opened the meeting.

APOLOGIES

The only apology received was from Malcolm Ray.

MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS AGM

These were distributed to the members and the Chairman asked the meeting if they would take the minutes from the last AGM as read. This was proposed by Alan Foster and seconded by David Hall. The minutes were then agreed as a true and accurate record of the previous year's proceedings. Voted on and agreed, none against.

MATTERS ARISING

There were no matters arising from the previous minutes.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Stephen Orchard gave the Chairman's report. There were no questions.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Ruth Barber gave the Secretary's report. There were no questions although several members commented that they were disappointed that Carol Marie Trowell was no longer the Derby meeting's organiser.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Michael Bagworth gave the Treasurer's annual report. A query was raised as to why nothing was written in the expenditure column for Projects. This was declared an error and should not be listed as projects do not generally generate any expenditure except possibly postage and this is claimed elsewhere. The balance sheet was discussed. Considerable savings have been made on the printing of the magazine and on the energy costs. Central heating has been fitted by the Trustees of the Chapel and recently we have changed energy providers. Although there was a deficit, it was considered reasonable as there had been extra expenses for decorating and new storage. Voted and accepted by the meeting.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The following proposed members were elected unopposed for the coming year. There was no objection from those members present and no further nominees from

the floor. Agreed by a show of hands- none against.

Chairman	Dr. Stephen Orchard
Secretary	Ruth Barber
Treasurer	Michael Bagworth
Membership Sec.	Catherine Allsop-Martin

ELECTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The following members were elected unopposed for the coming year, there being no objection from those members present and no further nominees from the floor.

Agreed by a show of hands- none against.

Helen Betteridge, David Brown, Ernie Drabble, Alan Foster and Beryl Scammell.

MEETING GROUP SUB COMMITTEES

DERBY	No organiser at present
GLOSSOP	Peter Beeley, Keith Holford, Beryl Scammell, Gordon Moorcroft
SHIRLAND	Averil Higginson, Denis Dennerley , Maureen Newton

APPOINTMENT OF INDEPENDENT EXAMINER

Michael Bagworth proposed that Steven Wells again be appointed as INDEPENDENT EXAMINER for 2015. Seconded by David Hall. Voted on and unanimously agreed.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

Keith Holford mentioned the problems he was having in getting speakers for the meetings at Glossop, especially in the winter months and the distance some have to travel to get there. We also experience some difficulties in Derby. There are still the regular speakers but not many new ones that we know of. If anyone has heard of any talks on Social or Family History please let us know.

Ann Wolverson wished to mention that she thought that the cost to join the Society was very reasonable and that the £15 included the cost of printing and posting of four quarterly magazines and a monthly social evening with a speaker.

She also wondered whether it might be advantageous for the Society to join "Facebook, Twitter, LinkedIn" or similar. Again volunteers needed.

There being no further business, the Chairman closed the meeting

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Once more it is my privilege to review the work of the Society and give members an overview of our activity in the last year. Our over-riding policy remains to increase the amounts of information available to members. None of our work would succeed without the dedication of the volunteers who help to run the Society.

Our largest single project continues to be the preparation of an index of all registrars' entries for Derbyshire, both to make family research easier and to generate income for the society. We continue to work on parish register transcriptions at the County Record Office, but need more volunteers if this project is to make faster progress. The index of Derbyshire wills in the Probate Register from 1900 involves a group of volunteers working from home and at the Library. We also continue collecting memorial inscriptions from all over the county, working on public cemeteries as well as churchyards. Members who do not have subscriptions for on-line research, or access through their local library, are always welcome to ask for information direct from Bridge Chapel House, quoting their membership number. Our volunteers deal with half a dozen detailed queries each week, sent to us via the website. We also have a number of telephone queries during library hours. By contrast with earlier years we have virtually no written enquiries at the Library.

Work at the Library has been constantly disrupted in the past year by contractors working on the fire precautions for Bridge Chapel House and other improvements the trustees have been making. on improving our fire precautions. This delayed redecorating and often found us working in unpleasant conditions. We believe the bulk of this work has now been completed, though we await a report on the state of the building generally, especially the floor in our research room. This work has meant the continual rearrangement of stock and we have been glad that some of the rooms previously redecorated and shelved have been there to take temporary holdings. Our distant web-master and the volunteers at Bridge Chapel House will do their best to help you with any problems with our online information. Our preoccupation with the Library arrangements had meant we have had less time to add to the members' page of the website. If you have never visited this page, it might be worth your while to browse it, especially if you are in search of early ancestors. We have been glad to welcome visits from overseas members making their special research trip to find evidence of their own ancestors. Even on the most chaotic days, with contractors everywhere, we have been able to keep up our service for those who are in Derby for only a few hours.

The Derby meeting at the Derby Conference Centre has had some difficulties associated with the service provided there. We will be relocating the meeting in the next calendar year. Attendance at all our meetings, in Derby Glossop and South Normanton has been less this year. If you live locally and have not been to one you might wish to give it a try. We shall not continue to run local meetings if there is no de-

mand for them. This would be a pity, given the expertise which is shared by the speakers at all of them. We realize that the majority of our members live beyond Derbyshire and that many are overseas. The magazine is our link to them and Helen, as our editor, is constantly looking for material which will be both lively and informative. If you have not thought of reporting some of your family history and research methods previously perhaps now is the time to write an article and send it in. Our thanks are also due to Helen for co-ordinating the work of the volunteers at the Library. Our Secretary, Ruth, has kept the minutes but also done far more as a volunteer at the Library. Mike Bagworth, our valued Treasurer, will speak for himself in presenting the accounts. Catherine Allsop-Martin has worked hard as membership secretary to keep the subscriptions coming in and see that members have the information they need. I am grateful to my colleagues on the Committee for their continued support and all that they do for the various projects and meetings. Linda Bull continues to look after our publications efficiently. Without such volunteers there would be no Society. Your officers and committee are offering themselves for re-election and will do their best to continue to develop the Society over the year ahead.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Thank you, Stephen, for an informative report and for all your help during the last year. He has ploughed his way through mountains of wills, family trees and research work that has been donated to us over the past few years and filed it all in the appropriate places.

I would like to thank all the volunteers both at the BCH and the outworkers for their excellent work. I sometimes wonder when the family history researchers of today are sitting at their computers whether they actually consider how all the information came to be on the Internet or if they consider where any new information will come from when Societies like ours have to close due to lack of support. It is nice that there is information out there that you would probably never find without the Internet but it does rather spoil the thrill, as one of members told me, when he shouted "I've found Granny" across Buxton Library to his wife.

I hope we can continue to add to our data on the website for a long time to come. Stephen has mentioned the ongoing maintenance work at BCH and the fact that some rooms, though decorated and relatively tidy, are being filled up with the contents of the main research room. We asked shall we cover things up to be told NO there will not be much mess and now everything is covered in dust. All of these disruptions have meant that we have not been able to complete all the things we planned for today. There is a "work in progress" in the old reception room of people and places in Derby that we hope you will look at before you leave.

Another project is the Charity Auction on Wednesday 10th June from 4.30pm. Various items have now been taken to Charles Hanson's Auction House and we will be

preparing a display to show what we do. Please come along on the day or if not bidding can be done on the Internet or by phone. We have some raffle tickets for sale with proceeds going to the various charities.

We will be celebrating "40years" of family history research on Wednesday 8th June 2016 with an Open Day at Derby's Library. We are hoping to attract other Societies to join us. Any help prior to the event or on the day would be appreciated.

There is to be another trip to Kew Archives on Saturday 24th October. There are some forms available if you would like to go.

Things are not going too well with the Derby meetings at The Conference Centre. We were planning to relocate next year because of the high cost but due to unforeseen circumstances, we might be moving in the near future.

Finally I would like to thank everyone here for coming today and I hope you will join us for a drink afterwards. We are staying open if anyone wants to do some research or perhaps help us clear the research room. I hope everyone has a successful year researching their family histories and please note I said Histories not Trees as there is so much more to this hobby than a list of names.

TREASURER'S REPORT

The financial statements for 2014 have been prepared on a receipts and payments basis. The accounts of the society have been examined by S J Wells & Co who have stated that the financial statements give a true and fair view of our affairs as at 31 December 2014.

We have made a deficit over the year but there are number of factors to take into account.

Two years Gift Aid (2012 & 13) was included in the 2013 accounts
Fall in membership numbers

Membership for 2014 was 1012 compared with 1278 for 2013. This obviously affects our income despite having raised subscription rates last year. A number (85 not included in the 1012) of former members have not increased their standing order for membership to the current rates.

The changes made to the Journal have resulted in a significant saving on production and postage costs, likewise the change from electricity to gas heating for Bridge Chapel House has resulted in a saving.

DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT for the year to 31st DECEMBER 2014

	2014	2013
	£	£
INCOME		
Subscriptions	15,695.71	20,285.00
Income Tax recovered through Gift Aid	2,435.01	5,144.11
Donations and Members Contributions	321.50	1,189.79
Sale of Publications	627.05	654.75
Interest on Investments	1,753.66	1,773.76
Postal Research	1,029.55	685.20
Pay per View	5,545.87	5,250.46
Grant Received	-	-
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc	860.00	630.00
Cash in hand	17.98	158.00
	<u>£28,286.33</u>	<u>£35,771.07</u>
EXPENDITURE		
Publications for Resale -	158.80	261.05
Stationery, Postages etc	1,367.96	868.68
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc	3,859.00	3,332.88
Journal	9,000.01	11,335.60
Reference Library	38.50	319.49
Insurance, Fees, Charges & Affiliation to FFHS	1,401.20	2,040.88
Equipment Maintenance, including photocopier	527.99	1,211.75
Projects		
Examining Accountant's Fee	395.00	385.00
Bridge Chapel House	13,542.62	13,924.37
Publicity		
	<u>£30,291.08</u>	<u>£33,679.70</u>
NET INCOME (DEFICIT) against EXPENDITURE for the year	<u>£(2,004.75)</u>	<u>2,091.37</u>
ACCUMULATED FUND Brought Forward	£79,803.20	£78,361.83
Add SURPLUS (DEFICIT) for the year, as above	£(2,004.75)	£2,091.37
Ddt Depreciation	£(650.00)	£(650.00)
ACCUMULATED FUND Carried Forward	<u>£77,148.45</u>	<u>£79,803.20</u>

DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY
BALANCE SHEET as at 31st DECEMBER 2014

	2014	2013 £
FIXED ASSETS		
Furniture, Fittings and Equipment :		
Opening Net Book Value	913.16	1,073.18
Add Assets Purchased in year	0.00	489.98
Deduct Depreciation in year	650.00	650.00
Closing Net Book Value	<u>£263.16</u>	<u>£913.16</u>
CURRENT ASSETS		
Charities Official Investment Fund - Deposit account	22,685.64	22,589.90
Lloyds TSB Term Deposits	<u>20,000.00</u>	<u>45,000.00</u>
	42,685.64	67,589.90
Cash & Bank : Lloyds TSB Current Account	32,734.17	8,800.77
Floats in Hands of Officers	<u>462.98</u>	<u>603.00</u>
	33,197.15	9,403.77
Pay Pal	1,002.50	1,896.37
	<u>£76,885.29</u>	<u>£78,890.04</u>
NET ASSETS	<u>£77,148.45</u>	<u>£79,803.20</u>
REPRESENTED BY:		
ACCUMULATED FUND Brought forward	79,803.20	78,361.83
ADD SURPLUS (DEFICIT) FOR YEAR	-2,654.75	1,441.37
ACCUMULATED FUND Carried forward	<u>£77,148.45</u>	<u>£79,803.20</u>

Michael Bagworth
Treasurer

ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT

I have examined the foregoing financial statements, which are in accordance with the books maintained by the Society. In my opinion, the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs as at 31st December 2014

**We welcome new members who have
joined the Society by 10th July 2015**



- 7939 Ms Z Joyce, Andromeda House, 20 Cheviot Avenue, Codnor Park,
Derbyshire, NG16 5QQ, UK,
Email: zenaduro@hotmail.co.uk
- 7940 Mr S Nicholson, 14 Lilac Court, Alvaston, Derby, DE24 0JF, UK,
Email: avondrow@yahoo.co.uk
- 7941 Ms C Phillips, 54 Rectory Lane, Breadsall, Derbyshire, DE21 5LL,
UK, Email: colettecphillips@hotmail.co.uk
- 7942 Ms J Cooper, Appletree Cottage, Chalkdock Lane, Itchenor, West
Sussex, PO20 7DE, UK,
Email: ann2020@europa.com
- 7943 Ms S Peach, 4 Sunny Bank, Chelmorton, Buxton, Derbyshire, SK17
9SJ, UK,
Email: sheilapeach@hotmail.com
- 7944 Mr D Wildsmith, 17 Highfield Close, Semington, Trowbridge, Wilt-
shire, BA14 6JZ, UK,
Email: davidw1701@gmail.com
- 7945 Mrs J Marriott, 52 Church Street, Horsley, Derby, DE21 5BP, UK,
Email: janmarriott5234@yahoo.co.uk
- 7947 Mrs D Trinder, 9 Julius Martin Lane, Soham, Ely, Cambridgeshire,
CB7 5EQ, UK,
Email: john.trinder@mypostoffice.co.uk

Members with additional/updated interests

- 3709 Dr M T Casselden DipTP MRTPL, 1 Poplar Place, Gosforth, New-
castle upon Tyne, NE3 1DR, UK,
Email: mikecasselden@blueyonder.co.uk
- 5665 Mrs G L Johnson, 24 Normandy Road, Hilton, Derby, DE65 5GW,
UK, Email: gjohn50947@aol.com

712 Mrs A R Jefferson, Stenson Fields Farmhouse, Stenson Road, Derby,
DE23 1LG, UK,
Email: ro@rojeff.plus.com

Searching				
Name	Parish	Cty	Dates	No.
BATEMAN	Winster		1800-1910	5287
AMBROSE	Findern		after 1800	5665
BADKIN	Church Gresley	DBY	after 1840	5665
BADKIN	Church	DBY	after 1800	5665
BULLOCK	Denby	DBY	1724-1782	3709
COOPER	Derby	DBY	1930-1952	7936
COPESTICK	Derby	DBY	1800-1850	3709
DRAKEFIELD	Hemington	LEI	1720-1900	712
DRAKEFIELD	Hemington	LEI	1720-1900	712
FLETCHER	Denby	DBY	1600-1825	3709
FLETCHER	Derby	DBY	1850-1900	3709
FLETCHER	Long Eaton	DBY	1880-1937	3709
FLETCHER	Spondon	DBY	1825-1870	3709
GRUNDY	Stanton by Dale	DBY	1808-1829	3709
HALLAM	Burnaston	DBY	1800-1900	5665
HALLAM	Marston on Dove	DBY	1748-1802	5665
HALLAM	Stapenhill	DBY	after 1900	5665
HICKLIN	Burton	STS	1840-1900	712
HILL	Church Gresley	DBY	after 1800	5665
STEVENS	Ockbrook	DBY	after 1800	5665
TREMELLING	Newhall	DBY	after 1860	5665
WRIGHT	Newhall	DBY	after 1910	5665

**WHERE NO COUNTY IS STATED IT IS
ASSUMED TO BE DERBYSHIRE**

**Changes of address to be sent to
the Membership Secretary at
Bridge Chapel House**

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

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

**APOLOGIES TO THOSE MEMBERS, OLD AND NEW,
FOR ANY ERRORS WITH YOUR MEMBERSHIP.**

**THE MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY IS INDISPOSED
AND THE EDITOR IS STRUGGLING TO COPE WITH
YET ANOTHER JOB THAT IS BEYOND HER
CAPABILITIES.**

**I WILL DO MY BEST, PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF
THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT ALTERING**

Derbyshire Family History Society

September Quarter 2015



Yet another from our growing picture collection. This one, however, is no mystery. It is a postcard of a painting by Harold Gresley, B.W.S., and shows Melbourne Church and Hall from across the pool