

# *Derbyshire Family History Society*



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**William Henry Duffield**

**What to do when the Zeppelins  
come**

**The Minnitt Family and The  
Old Vaults Pub**

**Netherseal Old Hall  
as it is today**

*Mar 2016*

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by e-mail, both in our own library and also at Derby Local Studies and Mat-  
lock County Record Office. We ask for a donation of £5 and if more exten-  
sive 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 arti-  
cles covering more than 4/5 pages will possibly appear over two issues. If  
sending by email please remember to include your name, address and mem-  
bership 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:-

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Please pay either in person at Bridge Chapel House, by cheque or postal order addressed to the Membership Secretary, or by using PayPal via our website.

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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 start 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**

A start of another year and the usual plea for volunteers. This time, however, it's a bit different. As most of you know, the Society has been going for 40 years and we are planning a big bash on 8th June at the Derby Central Library to celebrate. Co hosts will be the Derbyshire Record Office and the Derby Local Studies Library and it should be great fun. We are having speakers all day, plenty of stalls to browse and, needless to say, as much help and advice as you could want. Keep an eye on the website which will be constantly updated. However my plea is for volunteers on the day. If you could offer a couple of hours it would be most appreciated—helping to set up, serving tea and coffee, manning a stall and hopefully helping new members to sign up. We really need you. These days volunteers are in short supply, but you should have plenty of fun as well as helping us out. Just contact someone from the society before the big day.

As our members know we have special pages on the website that only our members can access. Various items have been put on there covering a wide range of subjects and we keep adding to them as we find things we think might be of interest. If you have any ideas on what you would like to see on there, please let us know. No promises mind [due to lack of volunteers to actually type things in], but we will seriously see what we can do if we think it possible.

Finally, as you can see from our back cover, floods are not a new thing to deal with. I found a fascinating book about the 1932 flood in Derby [where the picture has come from] and I will do an article next time, but sitting here by the window in Bridge Chapel House the river is charging down at a great rate of knots and looks set to cover the footpath. Lifting up our well cover downstairs proves just how well they built houses in the old days. The water reaches to the top, but somehow never actually tips right over even though we have taken fright a couple of times and moved books and furniture out of the way 'just in case'. The Derby Council is now in the process of spending a fortune on flood defences, though I can't remember the last time it happened and no doubt their improvements will make it worse anyway. All good fun.

See you soon

*Helen*

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## **MEETINGS 2016**

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

- |                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| 8th Mar                | Walker Lane, Derby's Whitechapel - Jane Whitaker                     |
| 12 <sup>th</sup> April | Three Theatre Lives: Two Spouters and a Walker -<br>Ann Featherstone |
| 10 <sup>th</sup> May   | The Art of the Chair Bodger—Peter Wood                               |
| 14 <sup>th</sup> June  | Elizabeth Mundy and her Times 1590 -<br>Helen Chambers in the role   |

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

- |         |                                    |
|---------|------------------------------------|
| 4th Mar | Tales out of School—Alan Schofield |
|---------|------------------------------------|

**UNFORTUNATELY DUE TO LACK OF SUPPORT  
GLOSSOP MEETING GROUP HAS NOW FINISHED**

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

- |          |  |
|----------|--|
| 18th Mar | 'If it wasn't for the Houses Inbetween' - Bob Massey |
| 15th Apr | Touring Derbyshire—Dennis Deneley                    |
| 20th May | Radio Times—Mary de Ville                            |
| 17th Jun | Vic Hallam, One Man and his Company—Robert Mee       |

## **DERBY MEETINGS**

**Oct 2015**

### **Transportation and Beyond—John Barnett**

We were transported back in time by John Barnett to crime and punishment of the 17/1800s. In the early 1700s most crime was punishable by death, usually hanging, for the slightest thing. By 1720 transportation to penal colonies was brought in as an alternative punishment. The sentence could be anything from seven years to life but some prisoners were pardoned early. They were able to return home but at their own expense; being unable to afford this they settled in the country that they had been sent to.

Initially prisoners were sent to America but this came to an end with the start of the War of Independence. For several years after this, convicts were kept in prison hulk off the coast of Britain awaiting transportation. These ships were overcrowded and the survival rate was poor.

Eventually they were transported to Australia. Discovered by James Cook in 1770, it was considered an excellent place due to its isolation to send the convicts. The “First Fleet” of eleven ships set sail for Botany Bay. Neither the soldiers nor the convicts were prepared for the conditions there. Live stock had died on the way there and the seed had germinated and was no good for planting or food. There were no trained farmers. A shortage of women caused squabbles between soldiers and convicts alike. The Lady Juliana arrived with 222 women convicts on board which alleviated one situation but created more mouths to feed. They awaited the arrival of the “Second Fleet”. This was a disaster. Three of the five ships were privately owned and the convicts on these were poorly treated. Of the other two ships, one was a store ship and arrived safely and the other a convict ship struck ice. Twenty survivors were transferred to the other ships. 1026 convicts left England, 267 died on route, 486 sick were landed with 124 of these dying.

In the early 1800s Van Diemen’s Land (Tasmania) also became a penal colony. Escape from these colonies was virtually impossible, those that tried either drowned, starved to death in the bush, captured or returned voluntarily only to be hanged.

There were several stories about various individuals, their crimes and what happened to them afterwards. One in particular was William Bryant, a fisherman from Cornwall, who became involved in smuggling. His death sentence was commuted to seven years transportation, after serving three years on a prison hulk; he left for Australia on the First Fleet. He met Mary Broad, also a convict on the ship and upon arrival they were married. They went on

to have two children. The four of them and several others escaped in a cutter. After 69 days and 3254 miles they reached the island of Timor. They lived there for several months until someone recognised them as convicts. They were to be returned to England but William and his son and daughter died before arriving. Bryant's widow and four of the other convicts arrived in England and their cause was taken up by James Boswell and pardons were granted. Boswell granted her a small annuity until his death when it ceased and she disappeared from any records.

There are obviously many descendants, still living on these islands, who are very proud of their convict heritage. What seems to have been harsh justice for often a minor offence probably saved many from hanging at a later date. Those strong enough to survive their sentence and the conditions and stay on the islands received land and the chance to make a new life for themselves.

#### **Nov 2015**

##### Inspector Hopkinson's Discovery—Ian Morgan

This was a story of the brutal murder of four members of the same family. It took place in August 1895 in Mansfield and the newspapers of the day recorded all the gory details. All the details of the trial are kept at The Archives at Kew.

Ian Morgan took us through the events after the murders, involving us as the jury. At the end we had to give our verdict.

On the night in question, one Henry Wright walked in to the local police station, naked and with his throat cut carrying a child whose nightdress was on fire. After applying some medical attention, the police proceeded to an address given by Henry. When they arrived there, the house was on fire and there was someone trapped in an upstairs room. He was rescued by firemen, who then extinguished the flames. Upon entering the property the bodies of Mary Reynolds, her two sons and grandson were found. All had had their throats cut, Mary's body had been mutilated and her grandson's body burnt by the fire. The survivors were George Reynolds, Mary's stepson and another grandson. Henry Wright was the lodger. He at first claimed that he didn't know how he came to be injured. He thought he had been in an accident. Later he confessed to the murders but he kept having fits and passing out. Doctors claimed there was nothing wrong with him.

Inquests were held and permission for the funerals to take place was given and Henry Wright was to be tried.

Newspapers worldwide were declaring that it was Jack the Ripper and police



photographs were released to the press and what was probably the first “trial by press” began.

Henry’s father was called as a witness. He explained that Henry had had no education, always playing truant. He had a job in a foundry and then joined the militia. On one occasion he accidentally cut his throat on a shoe scrapper but had not shown any violence towards anyone. He had fits that were always dismissed. About 1890 he went to lodge with Mary Reynolds. His amorous intentions were rejected by Mary and it was thought that this was his reason for killing her, while he and George did not get on but why he killed the children was never discovered. He was examined by experts of the day who agreed that the fits were induced by alcohol although witnesses declared that he was not drunk at the time of the murders.

It took eighteen minutes for the jury to reach a verdict of guilty and Henry was executed on 24/12/1895. It took just five months from the murders to his hanging. Later on his mental state would have been a consideration in the verdict.

#### **Dec 2015**

##### Christmas Party

The members enjoyed a pre jollification at Bridge Chapel House. It had been decorated, music was playing and members scratched their heads over two or three quizzes. At the interval plates were filled with food and eaten to the accompaniment of wine and plenty of laughter. A good evening to end the year with.

RUTH BARBER

#### **GLOSSOP MEETINGS**

#### **Oct 2015**

##### The tragedy of Edith Thompson

Edith was born on Christmas Day 1893 in London. She was a talented child who loved singing and dancing. After leaving school she began working for a firm of clothing manufacturers and then in 1911 joined the staff of a wholesale milliners. She quickly became promoted until she became chief buyer making regular trips to Paris.

She had met Percy Thompson when she was a teenager and they married in Jan 1916. They lived first near Southend on Sea and then bought a house in a suburb of Ilford.

In 1920 they got to know 18 year old Freddy Bywaters, who was a clerk in

the merchant navy. Edith was attracted to the young man and he was invited to join them on holiday along with Edith's younger sister Avis. When they returned Percy asked Bywaters to lodge with them. Edith and Freddy soon began an affair. Percy confronted them and a row broke out. Freddy demanded that Percy divorced Edith but Percy responded by ordering Freddy to leave. For much of the next year Freddy was at sea and Edith wrote to him frequently.

On Oct 3rd 1922 the Thompsons went to the theatre and on their way home a man jumped out and attacked Percy who was fatally wounded. When interviewed at the police station Edith told the police that the killer was Freddy and she told them of her association with him. After the police found over sixty letters Edith had written to Freddy she was also arrested.

The trial was at the Old Bailey in Dec 1922 and Edith was advised not to give evidence but she insisted and so sealed her own fate as her letters were used in evidence. The jury found them both guilty, Freddy was hung in Pentonville on Jan 9th 1923 while on the same day Edith suffered the same fate in Holloway. There was much controversy about the trial and many books have been written on the subject.

Edith was buried in an unmarked grave inside the prison walls as was the custom. In 1971 the prison was undergoing refurbishment and the remains of the four women executed there were reburied in a single grave in a cemetery in Surrey. In 1993 a memorial slab was placed and dedicated to the four women. The remains of Freddy still lie within the walls of Pentonville prison.

## **Nov 2015**

### **The Hats we like to Wear—Bill Weston**

Bill began his talk by suggesting that we could define the stages of our lives by the hats we have worn. He then produced a large cardboard box from which he retrieved his first hat, a baby's bonnet. He then proceeded to model a bobby hat with ears, a school cap, a Cub cap and a Scout hat—all part of his childhood. Being a Scout fired him with the enthusiasm to help and entertain others. He joined the local amateur dramatic society and showed us the hats he had worn in *South Pacific* and *My Fair Lady*. At the age of 17 he volunteered to be an orderly at the local hospital and his ambition to help others took off.

In 1975 Bill and two friends decided they could be more entertaining than the Majorette groups taking part in the Buxton Carnival procession and so the Billerettes were born. Over the years the group of male majorettes has entertained many people all over the country and raised thousands of pounds for

charity. Bill is still their leader!

He has needed many hats for the other roles he has taken. He really enjoyed being a pantomime dame, an opportunity to wear more flamboyant headgear. He has judged talent shows wearing his sparkly bowler, he has been the unofficial Town Crier for Buxton for many years and Father Christmas for a local school. Since retirement he has had more time to wear his gardening and holiday hats and also his favourite which he calls his grandad hat. We all enjoyed a most entertaining evening.

BERYL SCAMMELL

### **Dec 2015**

#### Historical Hike—Keith Holford

My problems with speakers are never usually self inflicted, but my projected next instalment of a visit to China “ 400 miles down the Yangtze River ” sank a day before the due date. Three days of arranging the slides into some semblance of order came to nothing when a visiting son placed them on an uneven surface and a soft shoe slide reshuffle occurred. Fortunately my 200 slide “Historical Hike ”around my native village Bugsworth/Buxworth is perpetually primed for less than a few moments notice.

The previous week the arranger for my local “Chinley and Buxworth Women's Fellowship “ rang to say that she had just learned that their programmed speaker had been taken into hospital and could I help them with something. Two days later out came the faithful “Historical Hike”. I am never surprised that on every outing some new fact on my native village is brought out from the audience. This outing was no exception. Part of the talk concerns the history of Britannia Wireworks, closed in May 1969 and the resultant fire 28/29 August 2005 reduced the works to ashes. One audience member came to me afterwards, I had to admit with the passage of time or my spectacles that I had not recognised her. During the 1960/70s she was a member of the former “Bowman of the Peak”; during the winter months the Bowmen used the top storey of the Britannia Wireworks for archery practice.

Low and behold Christmas was barely over when a relative who helps to run the MacMillan Rural Health Outreach Service at Blackwell Hall Farm, Blackwell nr Buxton sought my help with their first Wednesday afternoon meeting in 2016. The aim of the Life Centre is to “Support Farming and Rural Life in the Peak District.” Same offer made “ Historical Hike” barely cooled from its last outing. During the midway break a lady helper in the kitchen addressed me by name. Embarrassingly inquiring “Should I know You ?” produced the reply “I formerly lived in Buxworth and also worked at the Britannia Wireworks” there followed a first hand account of working

conditions in the wireworks circa late 1950-1969. "The woman workers were always laid off during the winter when car sales dropped".

KEITH HOLFORD

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#### **Glossop Group—2106.**

Sadly the Glossop and High Peak Members Group which has been running since the inaugural meeting at Glossop in September 1993 is shutting the shop up permanently. The first speaker was Alan Hiley, ironically the title was "Starting Your Family History." Those of us currently running the Glossop Group have decided with reluctance to face up to the situation packing up our tents and fading away after the March 2016 meeting. There are a number of elements that has brought about this sad ending. Like many local organisations the lack of fresh blood, on some occasions hardly any blood at all, advancing old age, the availability of speakers, plus the winter weather in the High Peak have combined to make this decision inevitable. Two members have served the Group since that inaugural meeting in September 1993 --- Peter Beeley has held the role of local treasurer --- Diane Morten has been our canteen Queen providing a wide choice of biscuits served with a smile --- Both of you many thanks and a happy retirement. Whereas over a mere thirteen years Beryl Scammall and myself have had dual control over a varied bunch of recycled teenagers.

KEITH HOLFORD

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#### **SOUTH NORMANTON**

**Oct 2015**

##### **Development of Railways in Derby—Keith Blood**

Keith made a welcome return to tell us the story of the development of railways in Derby. The collieries of the Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire and Derbyshire Coalfields required rapid transport to London and other major cities in the south and the breweries of Burton had markets for their ale in the north.

George Stephenson organised the buildings of the various railway lines. Slum housing areas were cleared to provide space for lines and stations. Keith showed pictures of the stations in use, with staff offices, passenger waiting rooms etc. Then he showed us pictures taken recently, from the same viewpoint. They were all lovely scenes of trees, bushes and grassland. When he drew our attention to some point we could see a long level piece of land that had been a rail track, or a few pieces of stone where a building had once stood.

He ended as he had begun, with several shots of steam trains, bringing happy memories back to all of us.

#### **Nov 2015**

##### Derbyshire in Photographs—Ashley Franklin

He began his career with Radio Derby and was also a keen photographer. After sending an article and photographs to Derbyshire Life magazine, he was asked for photographs of Chesterfield Market Place and the Market Stalls. When the previous photographer and article writer retired Mr Franklin was given both jobs.

He has been appointed as the official photographer for the Arkwright Society. That gave us a photographic tour of Masson Mill, followed by a visit to Cromford and the Cromford Canal.

Inside the various churches visited he showed us some special items such as a stained glass window showing evacuees with their gas mask boxes. Many memories came to all of us when he showed us Ted Moults grave at Ticknall. We also enjoyed the view of the red telephone kiosk at Milford, which is now a library.

The evening ended with pictures of two Derbyshire notables, Simon Groom in Dethick and John Hurt, who was born in Stonebroom, and finally photos of Cliff Richards, not Derbyshire born but a part of Ashley Franklin's photographic life.

#### **Dec 2015**

The evening began in confusion when I arrived to find our normal room in darkness and unprepared, the staff expecting us the following week. Our speaker had arrived at 7 pm and was given the same information, so returned home. We arrived soon after her departure, so decided to wait until 7.30 to see if anyone else arrived. Of course they did and we had our usual group. Instead of sitting in rows for the speaker we sat around a large table and I asked for their memories of Christmas decorations. Everyone explained their childhood Christmases and compared and contrasted with each other. After that individual conversations began and I discovered that the gentleman opposite to me had once worked in the garage that had formerly belonged to my great uncle. His wife and my paternal grandmother were sisters, living on opposite sides of Victoria Street, Stanton Hill. It was a great surprise to hear about them and having enjoyed the various goodies provided for our Christmas party, turned an upside down evening the right way up.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

## KILLERS IN THE VICTORIAN HOUSE

In the second half of the 19th century cities exploded to house the booming middle classes, from two and a half million to over 9 million. These new urban middle classes took immense pride in the homes. They had money and wanted to spend it. Not for them the gritty reality of the overcrowded streets and grim perils of Victorian factory life. They wanted to enjoy a level of comfort and luxury unknown to ordinary people.

The Victorians had been inspired by the Great Exhibition of 1851, which showcased the latest and best in consumer goods. Thanks to the latest engineering skills cost of necessities fell dramatically and mass production made them not only available, but affordable. Houses were filled with things that made a house a home. The phrase 'standard of living' first appeared at this time and you measured how good your life was by the amount of objects you possessed. Clutter, colour and objects were all used to show your wealth.

All sounds good doesn't it? But there was a downside—the hidden killer lurking within this wealth.

The first sign of good taste and status was the wallpaper. The richer the pattern and the more vivid the colour, the better. Scheele's Green was all the rage at this time. Scheele was a Swedish scientist that mixed the pigment to make a vivid green colour that didn't fade. It was used in all sorts of goods from carpets to candles, but especially wallpaper. Looking at the newspapers of the time it can be seen that as sales of wallpaper escalated, so did reports of deaths and illnesses in the home. But this was understandable. The magic ingredient giving the paper its rich green hue was arsenic.

Papers were full of reports. A six month old child died in a few hours after chewing a piece of green wallpaper and there were many other cases reported. But even without eating it, there was danger. Chemical reaction meant fumes infiltrated the air you breathed, particularly from flock wallpaper which covered the house in arsenical dust. There was no central heating at the time so damp houses meant that the arsenic joined with the wallpaper paste to produce highly toxic fumes.

As more and more cases came to light doctors called for a ban and one was enforced all over Europe, including Germany, but not in the UK. Instead some manufacturers offered to eat it to prove it harmless. Scared of losing money, manufacturers then produced adverts explaining their wallpaper was arsenic free, which it wasn't. The ban was never enforced in Britain, but as

realism set in, consumers stopped buying it. We will never know how many Victorians died from years of exposure to it or how many suffered years of disease. The following appeared in the Derby Daily Telegraph of the 9th February 1880, concerning a report given by Mr Henry Carr who read a paper to the Society of Arts in London, describing a number of cases of arsenical poisoning which came under his observation and that of his friends.

*“The most recent instance given was one in which a month after the repapering of a bedroom its occupant became ill, the symptoms being such as might arise from arsenical poisoning. Sent to Margate for change of air, he returned, as he himself put it ‘a man again’. Soon, however, the symptoms recurred and the case became alarming. Suspicion then fell on the new wallpaper, which on being tested, was found to be highly arsenical, and on its removal the patient rapidly recovered. A certain Dr Brunton, who had been sceptical as to the danger arising from such papers, had its reality demonstrated in his own person. A sitting room, which the doctor constantly occupied, had been repapered with a fabric stated by the manufacturer to be free from arsenic; shortly after he began to suffer from symptoms which so resembled those of arsenical poisoning that he went to the person who had supplied the paper to ask if, after all, there could have been any of this ingredient in it. Although assured there was none, he had the paper analysed, when it was found to be loaded with arsenic.”*

The amount of arsenic used in Britain was terrible to contemplate. A manufacturer in Devonshire stated that he had taken an order for four tons of arsenic, two or three grains of which were sufficient to kill a healthy man, for the manufacture of dolls’ eyes, while a Commission which inquired into the effect of arsenical works in polluting certain English rivers, stated that from the Devon Great Consols Mine alone nearly two hundred tons of arsenic were sold every month—a quantity sufficient, it was said, to destroy the lives of five hundred million humans or the entire animal life of the globe.

A killer that doesn’t immediately spring to mind was the corset. The ideal Victorian woman had to always look right, but they paid the price. Age, class and occupation went hand in glove with looking fashionable, but women paid the price. By the mid 19th century corsetry became extreme, there was even a ventilated corset which had a mid section removed to make it more comfortable for women travelling abroad in the British Empire. It was expected that corsets would be worn at all times, any woman who didn’t was regarded as a loose woman. The robust structure of whalebone and steel became potential killers by the introduction of the simple metal eyelet. This allowed the lace to be pulled tight without the material tearing, which it had previously done. Some women wore their corsets all day and night to train

their bodies and others even tried doing exercises. But lacing a corset too tightly could mean too little air in the lungs resulting in pneumonia. Young women taking to corsets had softer bones, which could be distorted and cause long term damage. There were even cases of ribs breaking from the pressure of the corset and piercing a lung, which could be fatal. As the century wore on corsets became a topic of debate. As women took to taking more exercise, such as cycling, they began to question why they were wearing such a restrictive garment. The advent of suffragettes finally put an end to corsets altogether.

Servants lived in this brave new world and were showered by new inventions to make life easier, but perhaps not safer. One invention that was welcomed was that of gas, which could finally bring heat and light to damp houses. Gas lighting completely lit a whole room, but unfortunately any leak couldn't be smelt so a whole family could die from the fumes. Gas companies put about the myth that gas was good for you, a candle could be lit in a room full of gas and it was completely safe. To save money gas companies would reduce the gas supply at night so that the family would go to bed, the gas lamp would flicker and go out, but a low level of gas would continue to seep out. Needless to say the family would probably not wake up in the morning.

#### GAS EXPLOSION AT DERBY.

A gas explosion occurred at 74, Macklin-street, Derby, on Friday night last. Miss Mellor, residing with her sister (Mrs. Price), at the above address, had, during the day, noticed a continual escape of gas, but failed to discover the vicinity of its exit. Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, however, Mrs. Price, had occasion to go into the parlour, facing the street, and was proceeding to the centre of the room with a light in her hand, when a tremendous explosion occurred, Miss Mellor, with great presence of mind, immediately ran from the adjoining room to the assistance of her sister, whom she found wrapped in flames, which were with great difficulty extinguished. With the assistance of several neighbours, (who, startled by the great noise of the explosion, had rushed into the house) Mrs. Price was immediately removed to the Infirmary, when it was found that the unfortunate lady was in a most precarious condition, her head, face, and arms, being burnt severely. The force of the explosion was really astonishing. Every door in the room, with the exception of the one leading into the street, was literally shattered to atoms; the gable wall of the house was so much shaken that large gaps and crevices appeared in profusion throughout its entire length, and the framework of the parlour window, with the glass it contained, was blown into the street, whilst the room itself was a perfect mass of debris.

*One of many reports in the papers, this one from January 1871*

Another brilliant contraption to provide warmth to the whole house was gas central heating. The original coal fires and chimneys required a lot of work to keep them working well, but also provided the necessary ventilation. The new gas central heating was almost like a steam train, but contained in one sealed container with up to 10-15 radiators on one system. Unfortunately the early systems weren't provided with a steam valve, which could result in a large explosion enabling the family to leave the building without using the door. Gas and cast iron hadn't been used in this way before and no allowance was made for flaws



in casting, which could cause problems.

The one place where you would think danger was minimal was in the nursery. It was estimated that 154,000 children under one died each year between 1880 and 1890, so those that were left were made much of. Manufacturers found them a handy target, especially at Christmas which was, of course, a mainly Victorian invention—at least how we know it today. Toys were manufactured in great quantities and, like today, were a must have for the middle class child. But the pretty coloured toys contained high levels of toxic metal, while anything white hid large levels of lead of which even a tiny amount could be detrimental to health. Worse, lead was always known as a killer right from Roman days and manufacturers were aware of this, but it was the best preserver of wood in existence and no one had any idea that it could be transferred to the body. Young children, of course, were always going to be at high risk, simply because of their tendency to put things in their mouths. As well as death, lead caused child behavioural and development problems, which only came to light later. Lead, of course wasn't only in toys, but could be found throughout the house mainly in the highly popular gloss paint on doors and walls. It took until the 1920s to ban white lead in most parts of the world, as usual Britain lagged behind and it was the late 1970s before it was banned here. Even today developing old houses poses a threat in case lead is uncovered.

Infant mortality was terrifyingly high. 15% of all babies died in their first year. The art of baby rearing was being looked at in a new way. Middle class mothers were taking their cue from the aristocracy, who didn't feed their babies but handed them over to a wet nurse. The middle class decided to bottle feed—'rear by hand' as it was called. Mrs Beeton added to her advice on breast feeding [drink plenty of beer!] by devoting 2 pages of her book to the best way of bottle feeding, inadvertently giving her support to it. Victorian feeding bottles were glass and fancy, often with a bend in the bottle which was hard to clean. This was then topped off with an animal skin nipple, which *'should be tied on and not removed for the 2 or 3 weeks it lasts'* - can you imagine? The liquid used was either mother's breast milk or a formula milk, which was basically flour. No wonder babies didn't thrive. In 1894 there was a new type of bottle with a teat at one end and a valve at the other, which helped to keep it cleaner and safer, but the old style bottles were still being sold well into the 20th century. The middle class were certainly not looking after their progeny in the best way.

Just these few examples shows that the Victorian way of life was not all it seemed to be.

## *On the Right Track*

### *Part 2*

Having discovered that the story of my Great Grandfather Moses Peat Jones poaching and subsequent departure from home had elements of truth, I now had to explore the legend of his railway accident. Previous searches had been unsuccessful, but I now had the name of a contact in The Midland Railway Society, thanks to Ann Hall. And Glynne Waite proved to be very helpful, sending me an article from the Nottingham Guardian of June 1<sup>st</sup> 1877:

**ACCIDENT TO AN ENGINE DRIVER.**—As a goods train was travelling at a high speed between Bugsworth and New Mills Stations late on Tuesday evening the engine driver, **Peat** Jones, in the employ of the Midland Railway Company, fell from the engine on to the ballast with his arm under the wheels of the engine, causing that member to be cut off.

So the accident was not near Great Longstone as I had always believed, putting paid to my theory that he was distracted by the views across fields of the Toll Bar house where he'd been born! (I'd discovered from walking along that stretch of the Monsal Trail, former railway of course, that the house is visible.) There was no mention of his carrying his arm to the signal box as told to me by my father. Reassuringly though the tracks to Manchester were downhill from this point I'm told so the fireman would have managed to get the train safely home! I will keep searching for more information, hoping that there may be other reports in local papers.

There was more. Glynne sent me details of his service with the Midland Railway. This showed that he had followed what was the traditional route to becoming a Driver. On January 4<sup>th</sup> 1864 he was employed as a cleaner at Derby. This would have been cleaning engines so that he could become knowledgeable about how they functioned. By July 10<sup>th</sup> 1865 he 'Passed as Fireman.' Then he transferred to Manchester in June 1866 where in 1870 he 'Passed as driver.' He would have been 30 years old.

(In 1869 he married CATHERINE DAWSON in Heaton Norris. In 1875 their second daughter, my Grandmother MARY was born.)

On May 29<sup>th</sup> 1877 his record states 'Arm cut off by Accident.' In October of that year he was appointed as Foreman Cleaner at Derby.

The next recording was a shock. On January 2<sup>nd</sup> 1906 it was noted that he was 'Alleged to have assaulted his wife with a poker. Bound over by Magistrates in his own recognizances in £10 to keep the peace, and discharged on the payment of costs.' In September of that year he was transferred to Loco stores as Labourer.

This was a story I certainly had never heard!

The photograph below was taken around 1901 at Derby. PEAT JONES can be seen third from the right. In May 1999 Philip Atkins, librarian at the National Railway Museum in York informed me that the locomotive had probably just arrived from builders in Glasgow, five months overdue! The locomotive remained in this elegant livery until 1907, when it ended up as BR 40553. Third from the left I think is my paternal grandfather JOHN LAMBERT, who was also an engine driver. Apparently MARY JONES met her future husband when she took sandwiches for her father PEAT at work.



I decided I must find out more about PEAT JONES court appearance. And just by chance was talking to an acquaintance about it soon afterwards. She had just joined ANCESTRY, and she offered to search

Derby Newspapers. And there it was.

#### A PAINFUL CASE

*At the Derby Borough Police Court this (Tuesday) morning, before Mr W G Norman and Mr Albert Ottewell, the charge against Peat Jones of assaulting his wife with a poker was resumed. The prisoner had been remanded on a charge of wounding, but that charge was now reduced to one of common assault. Mrs Jones, whose face and head were still bandaged, said she lived with her husband at Court 4, House 2, Wellington Street, and they were at home last Friday evening. She now said that they quarrelled over his daughter, and she aggravated him. They called each other names, and he struck her. She could not remember now whether she hit him first or not, nor could she remember whether he hit her with the poker or his fists. In the struggle the lamp was overturned, and went out. She had picked up the lamp and was going to throw it at him, but he took the lamp off her and it was broken. She admitted that she was under the influence of drink at the time. She said she would give him in charge and went out for a policeman. She afterwards went to the Infirmary and three stitches were put in her head. Replying to her husband she admitted that the bother started because she was drunk and would go and fetch more beer. He told her if she went he would lock her out. She went however and he let her in. She commenced to row with him again, and picked up the lamp to throw at him. She admitted that in the struggle for who should have possession of the lamp she fell against the clock face and cut her hand. In reply to the court she said that she had been living with her husband since the remand.*

*Police Constable Bailey spoke to being called to the house by Mrs Jones. He found most of the furniture smashed, and there was a quantity of blood on the fender. He took the prisoner into custody, and afterwards took the woman to the Infirmary. The woman was under the influence of drink, but the man was sober, although he had had drink, and he described how his wife fell against the clock and cut her head. She had actually thrown the lamp at him before that. Mr J Mathers said he had known the prisoner for over 40 years, and knew he him to be a quiet, inoffensive, respectable man.*

I don't suppose I will ever know what really happened on that night.

In 1901 the couple had been living in Taylor Street, with their son John, aged 14. But by 1911 Peat Jones was alone at House 2, Court 1, Nelson Street in Derby. He is a widower. He died on May 13<sup>th</sup> 1917 aged 77 at Wellington Street, with his daughter ANNIE JONES in attendance. Cause of death was *Senile decay and Bronchitis*. I have yet to find a record of CATHE-

RINE'S death.

My father would have been just 7 years old when PEAT, his grandfather died. Did he meet him, and hear the stories first hand? If only I'd taken more interest when he first told me those tales.

*Susan Boud [Mem 3018]  
3 Ingle Drive, Ratby  
Leicestershire LE6 0NN*

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## WILLIAM DUESBURY

On the 1st January 1756 a china maker called William Duesbury moved to Derby. He had acquired a share in some pot works on Cockpit Hill, just outside Derby, which were owned and run by banker John Heath. When a brief partnership with Andrew Planche failed, Duesbury acquired Heath's financial backing, and started up a new and successful factory in Nottingham Road. Described as a talented entrepreneur Duesbury had created a new paste contained glass frit, soaprock and calcined bone, and he also hired the best talent available to model and paint his wares. The new porcelain allowed him to begin manufacturing luxury tableware and his reputation for first class dinnerware quickly grew. As a result, in April 1757, he employed the services of a London agent and took over the Chelsea pottery factory, moving into the London market.

In March 1775 Duesbury and Heath were given a Royal Warrant by George III, appointing them 'China Manufacturers in Ordinary to His Majesty'. From this point on their Duesbury 'D' was topped with a crown—proof they were 'Derby China Manufacturers to His Majesty'. When Heath became bankrupt in 1779 Duesbury became sole proprietor and in 1784 all manufacturing became centralised in Derby.

Duesbury died of a heart attack on 30 October 1786 at the china factory in Nottingham Road Derby and was buried on 2 November at St Alkmund's Church, Derby. His business passed to his eldest son and partner William Duesbury.

## William Henry Duffield

William Henry Duffield was born on 1<sup>st</sup> October 1875. His parents, John Duffield and Elizabeth Hallam, had married on 12<sup>th</sup> July 1874 in St. Peter's Church; both their addresses being given as Sitwell Street. Their other children were John, who was born on 4<sup>th</sup> December 1874 and died on 15<sup>th</sup> December of the same year, John (c1878), Thomas (c1880, died 1886) and Amy (c1881).

In the 1881 census the family were living in Sitwell Street, Ct Wards Yard, House No 1. John senior died in December 1883, aged just 32, and Elizabeth then married Joseph Ashby at the Green Lane Wesleyan Methodist Chapel on 1<sup>st</sup> November 1886. Their first child, Clara (my paternal grandmother) was born on 12<sup>th</sup> November 1886 (they cut that a bit fine!) at 1, Wards Yard, Sitwell Street and in the following census the family were living at No 11, Malt House Row, Babington Lane. From the 1901 census they lived at 22, Whitaker Street and Joseph and Elizabeth also had Annie (1899), Harry (1891) and Frank (1893). Joseph died in 1906.

(Joseph Ashby was born in Coleshill in Warwickshire; his parents Thomas and Maria Beasley had married in Maxstoke in Warwickshire in 1840. Thomas died aged just 39 in 1858 – the cause of death being “struck by lightning”! Not the most common of causes! Maria subsequently remarried. Joseph had first married Elizabeth Bramley (nee Hudson) in 1872 but this Elizabeth died in 1882. I have found no children of this marriage although Elizabeth had a son from her first marriage; Henry Albert Bramley (c1862).)

William Henry Duffield spent all of his working life at Bemrose Printers. In the 1891 census, when he was still fifteen, his occupation was a printer. His Indenture of Apprenticeship makes interesting reading. It is dated 1<sup>st</sup> October 1892 – his seventeenth birthday. (Punctuation, or lack of it, as per the original document. *Italicised wording was handwritten.*)

**This Indenture** made this *Seventeenth* day of *February* One Thousand Eight Hundred and *ninety three*

**Between** *William Henry Duffield* of *11 Babington Lane, Derby* (hereinafter called “the Apprentice” of the first part) and *Edward Ashby* of the same place *Step-Father* of the Apprentice (hereinafter called “the Guardian) of the second part, and **Bemrose & Sons Limited** of Derby in the County of Derby Printers (hereinafter called “the Masters” ) of the third part **Witnesseth** that the Apprentice with the approbation of the Guardi-

an hereby **puts and binds himself Apprentice** to the Masters who hereby accept the Apprentice as their Apprentice to learn the Art of *Type Founder* as used or exercised by them and with them after the manner of an Apprentice to serve for the full term of *Four* years as from the *First* day of *October* one thousand eight hundred and *ninety-two* until the *First* day of *October* one thousand eight hundred and *ninety six*. **And** the Apprentice hereby covenants with the Masters that he (the Apprentice) will during the term of apprenticeship hereunder faithfully serve the Masters their secrets keep and their lawful commands everywhere gladly do and that he will do no damage to them nor waste their goods nor unlawfully absent himself from their service but will behave himself in all things as a good and faithful Apprentice ought. **And** the Masters hereby covenant with the Apprentice and with the Guardian that they (the Masters) will during the said term teach and instruct or cause to be taught and instructed the Apprentice in the said Art as used or exercised by them. **And** also so long as the Apprentice shall duly and faithfully perform his part of this Indenture will pay to the Apprentice (except when absent from work) the weekly wages following that is to say:

During the first year of the said term *the sum of six shillings per week*

„ „ second „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ *seven* „  
 „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „  
 „ „ „ third „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ *seven* „  
 „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „  
 „ „ „ fourth „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ „ *eight* „  
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**And** the Guardian hereby covenants with the Masters that he the Guardian will during the said term provide the Apprentice with all proper and suitable board lodging and clothes and all other necessities. **And** that the Apprentice shall duly and faithfully perform his part of this Indenture.

**In Witness** whereof the Apprentice and the Guardian have hereunto set their hands and seals and the Masters have hereunto affixed their Common Seal the day and year first above written.

The document is signed by both William Duffield and Edward Ashby, witnessed by an illegible signature and signed by H Arnold Bemrose (Director) and the Secretary (also illegible).

I cannot explain why William's step-father was recorded as Edward – in all

census records (including the following one of 1901) and certificates he is referred to as Joseph, apart from on Elizabeth Ashby's death certificate where she is referred to as the widow of Edward Ashby. Clara, Annie and Frank's marriage certificates all state their father to be Joseph Ashby (deceased). (Nothing is known in the family of their brother Harry – according to William, Harry Ashby was the black sheep of the family; he was a regular in the army, only appeared in Derby when he was short of money and on the scrounge and was not heard of again after he went to London in 1923!)

Another document confirms that in the early 1900's William was a "L/Serg't M" in the 1<sup>st</sup> V B of the Sherwood Foresters and attended a Course of Instruction in Royal Medical Corps Drill and in rendering First Aid to the Wounded.

Can anyone help with identifying the uniform William is wearing in the picture accompanying this article (it was taken in Scarborough)?

William married Eliza Page in St. Thomas's Parish Church on 26<sup>th</sup> December 1903. I have various invoices relating to purchases William Duffield made when they were setting up home, presumably at 90, Roe Street which is the address given on the invoices.



December 1903 from William Twigg of 4, Iron Gate

*Solid Satin Walnut Bedroom*

<i>Suite</i>	£ 8	15s	0d
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*Solid Walnut Living Room Suite upholstered*

<i>In Tapestry</i>	£ 8	15s	0d
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*4 ft. 6 French Bedstead*

*Spring & Wool Mattress &*

<i>Feather Bolster + 2 Pillows</i>	£ 3	10s	0d
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<i>Tapestry Square Carpet</i>	£ 1	5s	6d
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<i>Axminster Rug</i>		12s	6d
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<i>2 6 ft. Mahogany Curtain Poles</i>		5s	0d
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<i>2 Skin Doormats</i>		6s	6d
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<i>2 Indian Mats</i>	<i>2s</i>	<i>4d</i>
<i>Black &amp; Copper Kettle</i>	<i>14s</i>	<i>9d</i>
<i>Walnut Table</i>	<i>12s</i>	<i>9d</i>
	<u><i>£24</i></u>	<u><i>19s 4d</i></u>

January 1904 from E Hancock of 15, Curzon Street and 127, Normanton Road

<i>1 Gents Arm Chair</i>	<i>8s</i>	<i>9d</i>
<i>1 Lady's Rocker</i>	<i>7s</i>	<i>9d</i>
<i>3 Kitchen Chairs</i>	<i>14s</i>	<i>3d</i>
<i>1 Clothes Basket Clothes Horse</i>	<i>5s</i>	<i>3d</i>
<i>2 Dozen Pegs 1 Dolly</i>	<i>2s</i>	<i>8d</i>
<i>1 Small Kitchen glass</i>	<i>1s</i>	<i>0d</i>
	<u><i>£ 1</i></u>	<u><i>19s 8d</i></u>

February 1904 from John Malpass of 155, Normanton Road  
*Couch*

*£ 2 10s 0d*

William and Eliza would have two children, Wilfred (1905) and Amy (1909). Tragically both Eliza and the young Wilfred died in December 1916, both from tuberculosis. In the 1911 census Wilfred seems to have been a patient at the Railway Servants Orphanage on London Road while his parents and sister were living at 25, Silver Hill Road. Wilfred died in the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary on 3<sup>rd</sup> December 1916 and Eliza died at home at 22, Stanton Street on 28<sup>th</sup> December.

William never remarried and from before WW2 he lived with his unmarried sister Amy at 105, Madeley Street. Amy died in November 1964 aged 83 and as his health deteriorated, William went to stay with his daughter Amy in Farnham, Surrey. He died in hospital there in January 1968 aged 92.

Amy junior had married Edwin Fowler Clark, 22 years her senior, at Reading Registry Office in 1942. They had met at Rolls Royce where Amy was a secretary and he was an engineer. When Fowler moved to London as a Consultant Engineer Amy followed him, apparently causing some friction with her father! During the War Fowler was based at the Royal Aircraft Establishment in Farnborough and Amy worked as a secretary at the Morland Brewery in Abingdon near Oxford. Fowler died in 1958.

Fowler's father was Edwin Dawson Clark. He died aged only 35 in 1896, but by then had established a marine engineering business in Brimscombe, near Stroud, where he first produced stationary engines and boilers before launch-

ing the first of many steam launches in 1885. These mainly ranged in length from 28 to 45 feet but one was 72 feet. After Edwin's death the business was turned into a limited company but went into liquidation at the end of the nineteenth century. (Ref: A M Langford in the "*Gloucestershire Society for Industrial Archaeology Journal*, 1987")

Amy and Fowler Clark did not have any children and Amy did not remarry, so this branch of the family ended with Amy's death in December 1998. Of William Duffield's two siblings who survived childhood, John married but he and his wife (Nellie? – Eleanor Robinson?) had no children and we know that Amy (senior) never married and so this entire branch of the Duffields came to an end.

However, I believe that William's father John (c1851), a stone mason, had several siblings:

Eliza (c1850, married Edward Kirkland and according to the 1911 census they had thirteen children, of which five had died);

Mary Ann (c1854, died 1854);

Samuel (c1856, married Elizabeth Hufton. In the 1891 Samuel was in America while his family were still in Derby. By 1901 he was back in Derby. The 1911 census stated that they had ten children of which one had died.);

Ann (c1859, died 1864?);

Harry (c1860, died 1861);

Henry (c1862);

George (c1864, died 1881);

Frederick (c1866, who married Charlotte Clark in London, where he was a hotel waiter); and, possibly,

Annie (c1872).

Their parents were Richard Henry Duffield (a bricklayer) and Elizabeth (Bessy) England who were married in St. Peter's Church on 11<sup>th</sup> February 1849. Elizabeth died in 1879 and I think Richard Henry (he seems to have gone by either name) died in 1890 in the Derby Borough Workhouse in Markeaton. Richard Henry Duffield was christened in St Mary's Church in Nottingham on 12<sup>th</sup> September 1819.

*Footnote* – My paternal grandmother Clara Ashby married Lawrence Hicks on 22<sup>nd</sup> August 1914 but he died in September 1915 in Nottingham General Hospital, the cause of death being "suicide by cutting his throat while in state of temporary insanity". Although we knew that my grandmother had been married before she married my grandfather, the tragic circumstances only came to light as a result of my family history research. Clara married my

grandfather, George Baker, in April 1919 – interestingly I have some post-cards that George sent to Clara between August 1906 and December 1908; we do not know why Clara then married Mr Hicks on the outbreak of War but we do know that before the War George Baker was in the Territorial Army and that he served in France – presumably being part of the immediate mobilisation of the TA on 5<sup>th</sup> August 1914.

*Simon Baker [Mem 7958]*

*E-mail: s-baker1@sky.com*

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## VACCINATION

In February 1871 George Stapleton of Litchurch and his wife were called to have their child vaccinated by the Derby Board of Guardians, but the child did not appear. As a consequence Stapleton was summoned to appear in front of the county police court by the Board of Guardians for ‘neglecting to have his child vaccinated on the 5th February’. The board paid vaccinators between 1s and 3s per child, and parents could be fined up to 20s for not producing the child within three months of birth, or four if they were in an orphanage. Stapleton objected to having a board member adjudicate the proceedings, so they agreed not to interfere. Stapleton then admitted that the child had not been in his possession on that date, not was it then, and after much hesitation he admitted that the child lived with his brother at Belper. The case was adjourned for a fortnight.

Another father, Andrew Feltrup, also of Litchurch, was called before the same court with the same charge, for failing to have his child vaccinated on January 5th. Feltrop advised the Bench that he had a conscientious objection towards vaccination, but the magistrate ordered that the child should be vaccinated and that the father should pay the costs for attending the summons.

So many of these cases occurred that the Royal College of Physicians issued a statement pointing out the importance of vaccination as a preventative against smallpox. They recommended that all persons who had neither been vaccinated nor had small pox should be at once properly vaccinated and a more general observance of re-vaccination was also suggested.

## KILLED BY A COCONUT

### **High Peak Reporter, May 1909**

Mr John Turner of The Crescent, Birch Vale passed away on Thursday night as a result of an accident at Hayfield Fair last Friday night., when he was hit on the head with a rebounding ball from a coconut stall. The deceased was about to reach his majority next month and was employed as an apprentice engraver at the Birch Vale Printworks.

There was no more popular young man in the neighbourhood where he was known as "Little Jack." Of a gentle and jolly nature he was a great favourite at the works, everyone cracked jokes with him. He was a regular attendee at the Zion Sunday School, Birch Vale, and on the previous Sunday he had walked in the Anniversary Procession. He was an enthusiastic member of Birch Vale and Thornsett Cricket Club where he played in the second eleven. He was also a member and player in the local football team.

Recently he had become associated with the Peak Orpheus Glee Club, promoted mainly by the engravers at Loveclough Printworks, Lancashire, who had migrated to Birch Vale in consequence of the change of work circumstances in their area. He was eagerly anticipating the taking part in a concert that they were to perform last Wednesday at the Zion Sunday School. His family were looking forward to the completion of his apprenticeship and becoming a journeyman engraver.

An inquest was held on Friday evening last week at the Zion Sunday School, by Mr Sydney Taylor B.A. the Coroner for the High Peak,. Mr John Turner, Snr, said that his son was a fit lad of nearly 21 years of age; he had always enjoyed good health, he visited Hayfield Fair last Friday night. His son had never told him about anything happening at the Fair, his son went to his usual work on the Saturday, Monday and also the Tuesday following. On the Tuesday evening his son complained of being 'starved' and said that he thought that had got cold, so he went to bed. On Wednesday morning his mother went to awaken him, he said that he would lie in bed until breakfast time. However he got worse and towards noon he complained of pains in his head. Dr Anderson was called for and the doctor made repeated visits until his death about 10 minutes to 10 on the Thursday evening. He had not heard of any other accidents happening to the deceased. In answer to John Lowe, the foreman of the jury, Mr Turner said that his son became unconscious about dinner time on Wednesday, and there was no conversation over any accident on Friday evening at Hayfield Fair.

Edwin Crankshaw, a clerk, residing at Sycamores Road, Birch Vale, deposed

that on the previous Friday night he had been at Hayfield Fair with John Turner. Between eight and nine o'clock, he saw a young fellow throwing wooden balls at a coconut stall. The youth knocked a coconut off one of the cups, but the ball rebounded back and hit his deceased friend at the side of the head. The witness drew a rough sketch of the stall for the Coroner, who noted that there were 3 stands quite near the front of the stall. Crankshaw said that it was one of these stands from which the ball rebounded. Young Turner said "that it [the ball] had given him a good knock!" He kept putting his hand to his head and saying that it was sore.

Frank Crabtree of Birch Field, said that he was in the company of Crankshaw and Turner at the Fair, he saw a youth, who he did not know by name, throw a ball which knocked a coconut out of a cup, the ball rebounding to hit Turner at the side of the head. In answer to the Coroner, he said that Turner was standing well back. Turner complained on the Friday of the fair that the ball had hurt him, but it was never mentioned again.

Alfred Whatmore, the proprietor of the coconut stall, said that he did not remember anything unusual happening at Hayfield Fair, certainly not a man being hit with a ball. The coconuts at the front of the stall were not loaded. The stall was netted, it was very seldom that balls rebounded beyond the nets, but there were occasions when he was facing the back of the stall.

Dr Anderson, from New Mills, said that he attended the deceased just after one o'clock on the Wednesday, he went again about 3 p.m. but Turner was in such a serious condition that someone else had been called in. The father called him about 8-30 p.m. and this was the first he [the doctor] had heard of the incident at Hayfield Fair. The doctor called again next day when Mr Turner's son was in a deeper state of coma and evidently dying. Turner was suffering from acute inflammation of the brain, which was the cause of death. The doctor did not think that it was an unusual time lapse for the inflammation to develop. He would connect the coconut stall incident with the resulting inflammation of the brain.

The Coroner said that the only question that the jury had to decide was as to whether the death was "accidental" The jury unanimously returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." The foreman commented on the sadness of the affair and expressed their sympathy with the family.

After a service at the house, conducted by Mr Charles Bowden, the Superintendent of the Zion Sunday School, Birch Vale, the burial service was held at New Mills Parish Church burial ground, every house in the neighbourhood had their blinds drawn as a token of respect and sympathy.

## **From Apprentice Railway Engineer at Derby to the Buenos Aries & Pacific Railway, Argentina**

This is an account of the career of the father I did not know. He died when I was only one year old, and then spent the next fifteen years mostly at an orphanage in Derby away from any sort of family life, and in complete ignorance of what my father did or what he was like as a person.

During my late teens and early twenties I became increasingly keen to know more about him and our family. But this was in the 1950s – and the only useful census then available was that for 1850, when the family were living in Linlithgow, Scotland. My grandfather and his siblings were not yet born.

Details of father were sparse: the only things I'd learned initially were just a few snippets, and maybe even some of these were no more than just family legend? But these were interesting enough for the need to find the truth.

*Father was born in Derby and attended the Diocesan School in Friar Gate; As a young man of 21 he was largely involved in the electrification of the then newly-built Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool' (1912-13); Following this he went to work for the Buenos Aries Railways, but this was interrupted when he volunteered to serve in the Royal Navy in WW1. He had some skill as an amateur inventor, making an automatic tea-making machine (pre-dating the commercially made machines); he designed and made an automatic-fastening gate catch; and he made his own radio set before radios were commercially available.*

One thing of which I was certain is that when my father W.H. Drew died in 1936, he was the engineer in charge of a power-station near Leigh in Lancashire, where I was born. Nearly four years later, after a period living with foster-parents, I was at the railway orphanage in Derby.

My admission record card (only made available to me 55 years later in 1995) stated that father had been a '*Draughtsman in the Chief Mechanical Engineer's Department, Midland Railway, Derby*'.

It also said that my admission to the orphanage was a '*special case; father was not a railwayman at time of death*'.

### **Father's early years in Derby**

Slowly, the story of the family emerged. They had lived in Norfolk until 1842 when Grt.Grandfather—admitted to the Excise Service in Suffolk—

then had several postings to far-flung places in the UK (including the Hebrides, N. Ireland and Scotland) and was finally posted to Derby in 1870.

Ours then became a railway family. My Scots-born Grandfather was still of school age when he arrived in Derby but would later work on the Midland Railway; marry; and raise a family including my father.

As well as Grandfather, his son (my father's brother) was also an official of the Midland Railway; and father's uncle (Grandfather's brother) had made a successful railway career in India when, after attending Derby School he trained at Handyside's Foundry in Derby and the Royal Indian Engineering College; before becoming a senior official on the Indian Railways.

But there was still very little information on my father. Derby newspapers of 1910 mention him as winning prizes as a member of the Derwent Rowing Club, but very little else. His passport [which I now have] notes that he sailed on the *Arlanza* for Buenos Aires in July 1913.

When the 1911 census became available, this showed father was still living at home with my Grandfather, but was now described as a '*Privileged Apprentice at Midland Railway Locomotive Works, Derby*'.

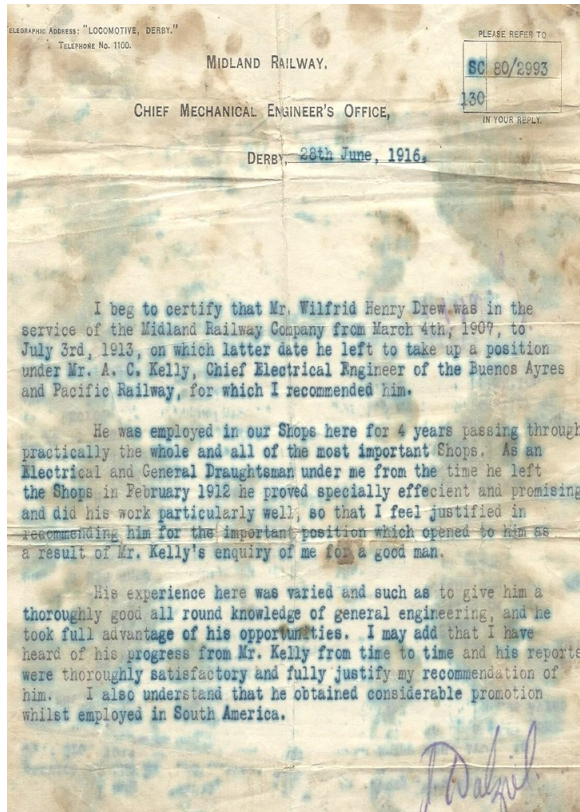
It wasn't long after learning this that I was surprised to receive documents providing new information. They comprised three letters, or certificates, which outline the background of father's progress from Derby to Argentina (interrupted by war service in the Royal Navy).

This was a very fortunate new discovery answering many questions; but was tempered with the knowledge that for the previous 50 or so years (during which I had been researching my father and the family) I was kept in complete ignorance of their existence. But no matter, now at last I had them. Importantly, they provide a new insight on father as a person and the obvious high regard in which he was held by his employers.

The letters contain dates etc. that help to track his career. They also provide the reason why father would be employed at the new Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, before he left for Argentina. Once he had set sail for South America, father would never live in Derby again.

### **Employment at the Midland Railway Engineer's Dept**

The Chief Mechanical Engineer, Mr Dalziel, writes that W.H. Drew was in the employment of the Midland Railway from March 1907 to July 1913. He adds that '*he was employed in our Shops here for 4 years, passing through*



the whole and all of the most important Shops' until leaving the Shops in Feb. 1912 when he was transferred to Mr Dalziel's department.

The C.M.E. writes of father: *'As an Electrical and General Draughtsman under me from the time he left the Shops, he proved specially efficient and promising and did his work particularly well, so I feel justified in recommending him for the important position which opened to him as a result of Mr Kelly's enquiry for a good man'*

### Working at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool (1912-13)

The legend of father working at the Adelphi can be explained by a statement in the letter. This high-class hotel was being built for the growing numbers of passengers using the new luxury liners plying the Atlantic.

It states that father had left the Derby Works in Derby in 'Feb. 1912' but had remained with the Midland Railway up to '3 July 1913'- significantly, this was the period when the hotel was being built. About a week later, on 11 July, father sailed for Argentina.

Research following this letter led to the knowledge that the Adelphi Hotel was in fact then being built by his employers the Midland Railway, owners of the hotel. And so in 1912 father went to Liverpool to work at the hotel, and during the following year had completed his employment at both at the hotel and with its owners, the railway company.



The specification of this luxury upmarket hotel included the generating plant and boilers for its electricity supply, as well as producing steam to cater for the latest innovation of that time; central heating. In fact the Adelphi Hotel was the first one in Liverpool to have central heating.

No doubt father had gained the knowledge and experience of just such a generating facility during his training in Derby, and would be the natural choice of his employers to work on the installation of this plant at their new hotel while he was still in their employ, before his taking up the position in Argentina offered to him following their own recommendation.

### **The Recommendation for ‘a good man’ for Argentina**

The letter above dated June 1916 confirms that father went to Argentina (*in July 1913*) following a request from Mr Kelly (Chief Electrical Engineer of the Buenos Aires Railway), to the C.M.E. at Derby asking if he could ‘*recommend a good man*’ for a position in the Argentine company.

We shouldn’t be surprised that Mr Kelly was British: the Buenos Aires & Pacific Railway was built, owned and managed by the British, who were also involved in building the Buenos Aires underground railway.

*(What is not widely known is that it was these British railway workers that brought football to South America, whose players soon became so skilled in the game that Uruguay won the very first World Cup competition).*

Mr Dalziel (the C.M.E. in Derby), later writes: ‘*I have heard of (W.H. Drew’s) progress from Mr. Kelly from time to time and his reports were thoroughly satisfactory and fully justify my recommendation of him. I also understand that he obtained considerable promotion whilst employed in South America*’.

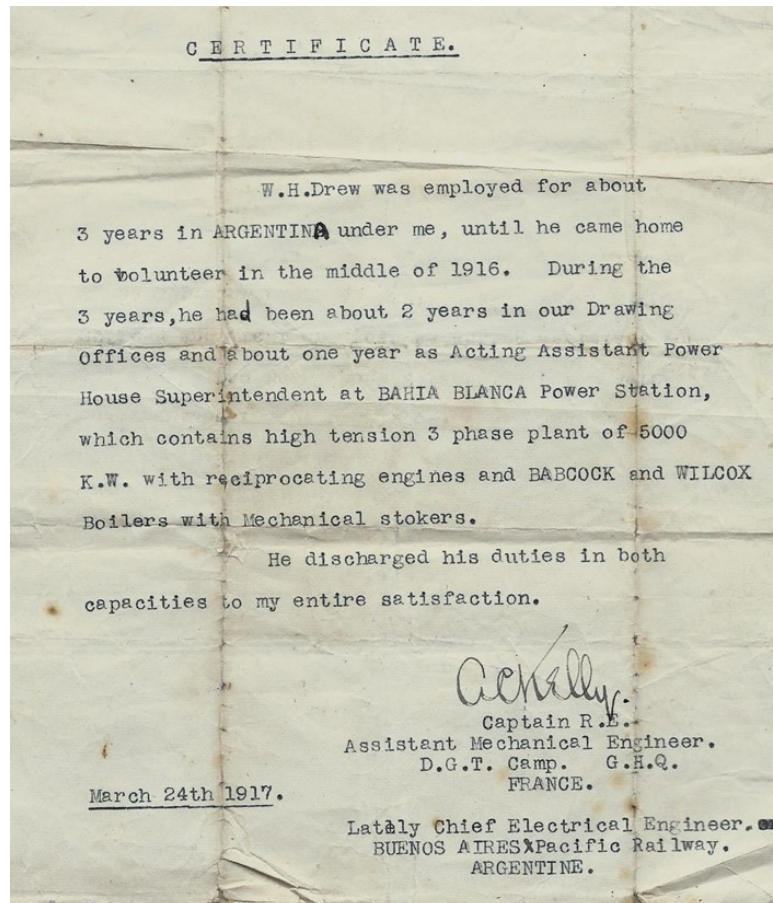
### **Joining the Royal Navy for the duration of WW1**

Britain had been at war since August 1914 and about three years after father arrived in Argentina, things were not going well. Father must have then felt duty bound to go and do his bit, and so in 1916 he joined the Navy.

On his acceptance he was immediately given the rank of Acting Engine Room Artificer Grade 4 without having to go through the normal training or sea-going experience. The rating of ERA was only granted to those who could prove their competence, and the Grade 4 rating would not normally be immediately assigned to new ratings.

The purpose of this Certificate (*of March 1917*) from Mr Kelly, the former C.M.E. in Argentina, is not immediately obvious but, in describing the en-

gines which W.H. Drew had experience of, it would confirm his competence for the operation and maintenance of the ships' engines. (*Father had already been accepted into the Royal Navy before the date of the Certificate*).

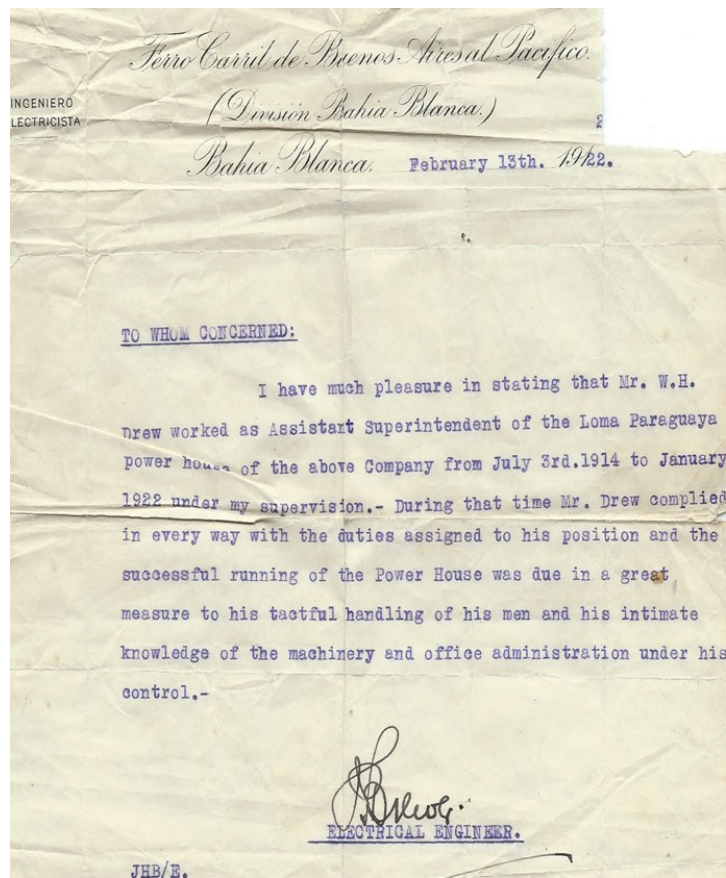


He first joined HMS *Vivid* – a shore-based establishment – on 13 July 1916 and was very soon assigned to HMS *Panther*, a torpedo-boat destroyer. He was then to subsequently serve on another three ships in the war, including the cruiser HMS *Devonshire* and the battleship HMS *Caesar*.

On his last ship, HMS *Caesar*, father seems to have been very fortunate to survive. Whilst in harbour at Malta in Oct and Nov 1918, about one-third of the ship's crew contracted the devastating flu epidemic that had spread throughout Europe. There are several fatalities and burials mentioned in

HMS Caesar's log book, but as no names are given of those who contracted the disease, it is not known whether father had done so. It is commonly believed that more people died from this epidemic than were killed by enemy action during the war.

### Acting-Superintendent of a Power Station at Bahia Blanca



*This is the third and last document I have concerning the life and career of W.H. Drew with the Midland Railway at Derby; and at Bahia Blanca with the Buenos Aires & Pacific Railway in Argentina.*

*This letter was sent from the Electrical Engineer of the Loma Paraguaya Power Station at Bahia Blanca, where father had been employed from 1914 to 1916, and again from 1919 to 1922 (the periods of both before and after he had served in the Royal Navy).*

It was from this third document (*dated Feb. 1922*) that for the first time, I learned that W.H. Drew was not actually working on the railways *per se*, but was asked to work as a Draughtsman, and later as Acting Superintendent of the *Loma Paraguaya Power Station* at Bahia Blanca, a coastal city about 400 miles south-west of Buenos Aries.

The power station had been built in about 1910 by the Buenos Aries & Pacific Railway to serve both its railway and the local community. I had come into possession of father's business card on which is printed [in Spanish] *Usina Electrica Loma Paraguaya*. I took this to mean he had moved to a job in Loma, Paraguay! But having tried to locate this town in that country, of course it did not exist. This certificate now explains why.

### **Seeking employment back in England**

Following his war service from 1916 to 1919 father then renewed his passport to 1922, and returned to his former role at the Loma Paraguaya power station until he returned to England for the last time.

The 1922 document from his employer in Bahia Blanca was probably written as a reference which must have been required when he was seeking a position back in England in that year. I never did find out what he actually did between the years 1922 and his marriage in Lancashire in 1927, but it is known that he was then working in Preston.

There were then several large electrical engineering manufacturers in the town he could apply to, including the most famous one English Electric, and this is thought to be the company where he became employed.

The only positive information I have on his life at this time is that by 1929, he was Chief Engineer of a large power station located near the town of Leigh in Lancashire, where he sadly prematurely died in 1936.

***James Drew***

## CUTTING THE COBWEB

*From John Henstock [Mem 2558]*

The question of what is an American Cobweb seems to have been solved by Margaret Hewitt, the Special Collections Librarian at Butler, Pennsylvania, who wrote the following to member John Henstock, who kindly passed it on to me.

“Regarding the mysterious "cutting of the cobweb" I think I have it sorted. It seems to have been a party game where guests followed an assigned string all through the house until reaching a prize. Other articles I saw mentioned churches or ladies' societies hosting them as fundraisers, where guests paid per string they wanted to follow. Seeing as everyone was let into the party at once to start racing each other I could jump to the conclusion of "cutting the cobweb" being the official door opening or ribbon drop to allow the game to begin.”

Margaret also kindly supplied a piece from the Coffeyville Weekly Journal of 4 July 1889, viz:

*“A cobweb social at the home of Misses Alice and Kate White was productive of a great deal of enjoyment to the guests last Friday evening. All the guests were admitted into the house at the same time and each was given the end of a string, which was to be wound, the other end of the string being attached to an article in some part of the house. Never before was such a tangle as those strings got into before they were wound. They led upstairs and then down stairs, around and about, but each was finally disentangled and wound. Everybody enjoyed the fun and the evening was voted one of the merriest of the year.”*

Just to make it clear she also provided a link to Godey's Lady Book of 1892, which transcribes as follows:

*Of all the pleasing and novel entertainments, nothing affords more genuine enjoyment than a cobweb party. It is truly a curious sight to watch a merry party flitting here and there, in this room and that, untying knots, crossing and uncrossing ribbons which have been interlaced and intertwined until it seems that there is no end to any of them.*

*A cobweb party affords a pleasant and amusing entertainment for those who do not play cards or other games, and is very simple to arrange, as well as*

*inexpensive. Of course, like many other festive occasions, the hostess, if she so desires, can make it as elaborate as she sees fit, and spend any amount of money, but there is no need of it.*

*If the company is small, double parlors are sufficiently large for the occasion. A network of gay ribbons, yards and yards in length, woven and interwoven, with one end within reach, makes the large rooms resemble an immense rainbow. At the other end are fastened prizes, which are hidden in all sorts of odd nooks, behind pictures, under chairs, on mantels, up-stairs or down stairs. The number of ribbons is governed by the number of guests invited.*

*Sometimes the prizes are exquisite little souvenirs in jewelry, silver, books and pictures. Just now, when the latest fad is spoons, it is a pretty idea to have half a dozen or so of these useful and acceptable articles among the prizes, if expense is no object with the hostess. Scarf-pins, rings, bracelets, etc., heart-shaped, are all pretty novelties for prizes.*

*Where economy must be practiced, all manner of dainty things can be made at home, which will be fully as acceptable as those which are purchased. Sachets of all styles and designs, sofa pillows, doileys and tray cloths of fine linen, handsomely embroidered scarfs, of bolting cloth or white silk, embroidered or painted; bureau pads, glove, handkerchief and jewelry boxes and book-covers are among the many attractive and useful pieces of fancy work suitable for prizes. Very frequently amusing and ridiculous prizes are given, to which are attached an original poem or an apt quotation.*

*Sometimes it requires hours to find the coveted prize; then, again, a few moments will bring the article to view. Some few, who lack perseverance and persistence, never get to the end of their string. One writer says: "Cobweb parties are not intended for the entertainment of philosophers, but to while away an evening in a novel and pleasant way; and they do."*

*Refreshments are by no means one of the least important features of a cobweb party. Oftentimes the company are invited to a six o'clock tea, which they fully enjoy before going to the parlors in search of prizes. At a novel and festive party the guests were given envelopes, containing blank cards, with a bow or, rosette of ribbon attached. The gentlemen were sent in search of their partners, who had duplicate cards and ribbons. Inasmuch as no two ladies or gentlemen had the same color and number, it was not difficult to find their partner. Each table had a distinct color in decorations, and would accommodate two couple, so the cards were numbered "yellow, number one," and "yellow, number two," for the two couple who were to sit at the*

*yellow table. The colors used for the tables were pink, blue, yellow, red, white, green, buff, orange, purple and lavender. The flowers, candelabra, and souvenir cards all corresponded in color, and the lunch cloths used were fine and sheer, and laid over a solid color that showed through faintly. The souvenir cards used were simple ones, of heavy, cream-tinted cardboard, with a dainty spray of flowers painted on them, and containing several appropriate quotations, with the name of the hostess and date of party. Ribbons to match the table were used to tie them with.*

*Simple refreshments can be used where it is an evening party, which consist of sandwiches and coffee or chocolate, and ice-cream and cake. Sometimes fruit is used instead of anything else. Below is given a menu suitable for the six o'clock tea:*

*Fried Chicken,  
Creamed Potatoes,  
Pineapple Ice,  
Macaroons*

*It lies with the hostess to make such a party pleasant and successful. It is especially suitable for a merry crowd of young people. A young girl of seventeen celebrated her seventeenth birthday recently by giving a cobweb party, which was a delightful affair."*

Thank you Margaret and thank you John for passing on the info. It all sounds great fun and I am seriously thinking of doing something like it for my granddaughter's birthday, though definitely not as posh and no doubt, not as lady-like either.

On Feb 2nd 1592 the parish register of St Alkmund in Derby recorded the visitation of the plague. Those who died from the disease had their names written in red ink to differentiate them from normal deaths. In the five years up to 1592 there had been five deaths from the plague in the parish of St Werburgh and five in the parish of St Peter. By 1593 there were 255 plague deaths recorded in the parish of All Saints, 91 in St Alkmund, 21 in St Michael and bulk burials listed for the parishes of St Peter and St Werburgh. The consequence of the plague brought about long lasting effects and it took 150 years for the population to recover.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*From Simon Baker [Mem 7958]*

In an article in the Autumn issue of the "Festiniog Railway Heritage Group Journal", John Alexander states by 1898 James Smith & Co, of Drewry, Derby, was supplying clothing to the railway. This may have been the start of a long relationship between the firm and the railway that lasted until at least 1935. It appears that James Smith succeeded in winning the contract in most years. In 1906 they said they were sorry to have lost the FR contract last year and tendered for 1906, quoting the same prices as in 1905. They sent patterns of the best quality, but added that they could submit patterns of cheaper quality.

The uniforms provided by James Smith were no cheap "off the peg" products but were made to measure. A representative travelled from Derby to North Wales to take detailed measurements of each man. These were recorded against the reference number of the individual so that further uniforms could be provided at a later date without the need for him to have to be remeasured. Smith's representative was sent a free pass to travel over the Festiniog.

The articles includes a picture of James Smith & Co Ltd's measurement form.

I wonder if any members have any family connection to James Smith & Co.

*From Bill Taylor [Mem 6587]*

I'm writing with some comments on the article on page 14 , "An amazing coincidence."

This story is a real rarity to find , I'm sure both references relate to the same mother, there's just a name error. It would have been quite a story in 1831. Spontaneous quad conceptions before the days of fertility drugs and IVF occurred about 1 in 610,000 pregnancies . The chance of having 2 mothers with the same experience so close together is remote. The greatest risk to the babies was prematurity and this was probably the cause of their deaths. For mothers with multiple pregnancies, there is an increased risk of Toxaemia, bleeding following the birth and infection (puerperal fever). I'm sure that the mother's condition would undoubtedly have been precarious. I would even go as far as suggesting that you look for a maternal death in that year to make sure you haven't missed it. The risk of death following this experience could have been as high as 5%.

The other thing which fits is that Mary/Ann Smith already had children, and



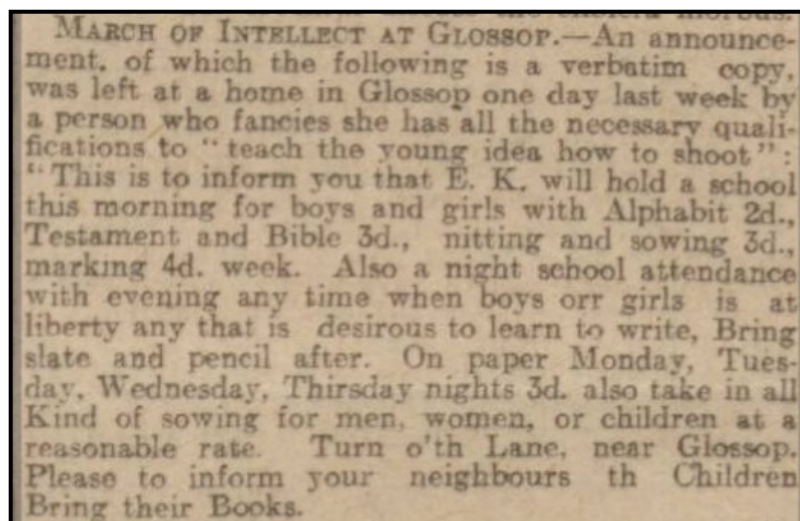
natural multiple births are more common in older mothers, although I'm not sure that you've got an age from the entry.

I have come across entries of baptism for what must have been twins, yet no mention was made of it, perhaps you have too, which can be misleading.

***From the Buckinghamshire Family History Society***

Our Open day will be held on Saturday 23rd July 2016, from 10am to 4pm, at the Grange School, Wendover Way, Aylesbury, HP21 7NH. Research facilities, including our names database of over five million entries, Parish Register, People and Places libraries, Parish Register transcripts and other research aids will be on sale. Expert advice, guest societies from around the country, local heritage groups, suppliers of data CDs, maps, software, archival materials and much more.

Admission is free, with free parking at the venue. Further information, including a full list of organisations attending, can be found at [www.bucksfhs.org.uk](http://www.bucksfhs.org.uk).



*Ernie Drabble at Glossop sent me the above from the Derby Daily Telegraph, 7 Oct 1912. He headed it 'Fings haven't Changed' and how right he is. I wonder if the lady had any pupils*

## **POLICE WARNING**

### **WHAT TO DO WHEN THE**

## **ZEPPELINS COME**

*Sir Edward Henry, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has issued a series of valuable instructions and suggestions as to the action that should be taken by the ordinary householder or resident in the event of an air raid.*

New Scotland Yard, S.W., June 26, 1915

In all probability, if an air raid is made, it will take place at a time when most people are in bed. The only intimation the public are likely to get will be the reports of the anti-aircraft guns or the noise of falling bombs.

The public are advised not to go into the street, where they might be struck by falling missiles; moreover the street being required for the passage of fire engines, etc., should not be obstructed by pedestrians.

In many houses there are no facilities for procuring water on the upper floors.

It is suggested, therefore, that a supply of water and sand might be kept there, so that any fire breaking out on a small scale can at once be dealt with. Everyone should know the position of the fire alarm post nearest to his house.

All windows and doors on the lower floor should be closed to prevent the admission of noxious gases. An indication that poison gas is being used will be that a peculiar and irritating smell may be noticed following on the dropping of the bomb.



*A First World War Poster showing a Zeppelin over London and pressing for recruitment into the forces*

Gas should not be turned off at the meter at night as this practice involves a risk of subsequent fire and of explosion from burners left on when the meter was shut off. This risk outweighs any advantage that might accrue from the gas being shut off at the time of a night raid by aircraft.

Persons purchasing portable chemical fire extinguishers should require a written guarantee that they comply with the specifications of the Board of Trade, Office of Works, Metropolitan Police, or some approved Fire Prevention Committee.

No bomb of any description should be handled unless it has shown itself to be of an incendiary type. In this case it may be possible to remove it without undue risk. In all other cases a bomb should be left alone and the police informed.

E.R. HENRY

EXTRACT FROM  
**LATEST POLICE WARNING:  
KEEP SAND AND WATER HANDY**

Press Bureau

In view of the possibility of further attacks by hostile aircraft, the Commissioner of Police deems it advisable to call attention to the public warning published on June 26, recommending residents to remain under cover and advising them for dealing with incendiary fires to keep a supply of water and sand readily available.

[signed] E.R. HENRY  
Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis

# CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

## 41. Breaston St Michael

The Domesday survey records there was a little village called Bradestone or Braidestone, which was formed after the Norman custom into a manor. At this time the hamlet was a small collection of cottages of timber, wattle and daub, with no church so that the inhabitants walked across the fields to Sawley or Wilne. Little more than 100 years later the first little church was built.



The population was mostly engaged in agriculture. There were no hedges or walls, the fields were open and every man had a strip of land. Centuries of ploughing have not eradicated all the traces of these ancient strips and in some fields in Breaston today their outline can be clearly seen.

In 1348 the Black Death reduced the population and there was a shortage of labour. Landowners seized the strips of their dead neighbours and enlarged their own estates and arable land was turned into sheep runs to meet growing demand. Thus villages slowly changed direction, while the demand for timber reduced the abundant forests. A few wells supplied the scattered cottages, there was no sanitation while disease and premature death were normal. Most people would rise with the sun and retire at sunset, for lamps and candles were rare. Life was simple. During the 18th century fields which had for generations been for the use of all were enclosed and owners were compensated with inadequate sums, becoming landless labourers. The well known Green was once surrounded by thatched cottages, the last being pulled down within living memory. The population was well under 300.

In the nineteenth century Breaston grew. In an old directory of 1857 there were twenty lace machines and forty hosiery frames in Breaston, showing clearly the main occupations of the village. The village school was first built in 1857 and a second room added in 1887. Both rooms were heated by open fires and was used as a school for over fifty years until the Council school was built.

About the year 1350 the church was partially reconstructed. The windows of the aisle and the arches between aisle and nave are of the Decorated Period,

while the fabric was completed in the fifteenth century in the Perpendicular Period. The roof was flattened both in nave and chancel and the church thereby lost some of its original height. At the same time the church was dedicated to St Michael. In the Middle Ages the congregation stood or knelt on the rush strewn floor while the elderly or those who felt faint during the service retired to sit on the wall seats. There was only one service and this was in Latin. The priest would come from Sawley or Wilne to say Mass, but baptisms marriages and burials were conducted at Wilne. There was no burial ground at Breaston and the coffin made its long journey across the fields on the bearers' shoulders to St Chad's church and churchyard. It is unlikely that any font existed in the church until 1720.

After Henry VIII's breach with the Pope, there were gradual changes in the church. An English Bible made its appearance and in 1549 the whole service was heard for the first time in English. In 1625 a new pulpit of oak was erected in Breaston Church, where now the lectern stands. At the same time a few pews of oak were used, although open benches prevailed. In 1719 Breaston and Risley became parishes independent of Wilne, made possible by a bequest from Mrs Elizabeth Grey.

In 1839 a west gallery was built across the belfry arch, which was bricked up. New pews were installed, some being of the horsebox type, and some so placed that the occupants sat with their backs to the chancel. The Jacobean altar was removed and a larger altar, furnished with a carved oak reredos was installed in 1909. The harmonium, which originally replaced the village band, was itself replaced by a small pipe organ in 1878. In 1924 an even larger instrument was installed.

The churchyard was enclosed in 1824 and it was then consecrated as a burial ground. Hence there will be no burials found in Breaston before this date. It should also be noted that in the first two pages of sixteen entries, nine of them are under four years of age and only five are over fifty, a grim reminder of the high infant and child mortality rate.

### **THE REGISTERS**

Original registers are housed at the Derbyshire Record Office and can be seen on film—as always ring to book a reader. The Derbyshire FHS has copies on CD and these can be seen at Bridge Chapel House. We also have quite a lot of books on the village and also the Memorial Inscriptions. Feel free to drop in if you would like to access any of our information.

## *The Derby Flood 1964*

One Friday morning in December my mother set off for the town to do her shopping. She caught the 33 bus on Walbrook Road. While she was waiting for it another woman came up. "I shall get told off," she said, "There's ever such a big queue round the corner at the Cavendish where my friends are waiting." Sure enough there was. The conductor said nothing as people got on board grumbling. "There's been no bus for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. Where have you been? You want to drink less tea at the station." The bus stopped short of the town centre, unable to move for the traffic. My mother went on with her shopping, thinking that the traffic got worse every week and that Derby's traffic problem was reaching metropolitan standards. No traffic moved in the town centre except some police vehicles announcing that bus services through the centre were cancelled.

My mother visited the open market near the river. The pleasant terrace down to the river had disappeared beneath the water, which was lapping the steps of the council house, usually 20ft above water level. She walked away from the town and managed to catch a bus as it stopped for the conductress to dash into a nearby bingo hall. Traffic chaos meant the bus workers couldn't reach their own lavatories in the town centre.

She arrived home, half-expecting to find my brother there, for he worked in Daniels, the wholesale chemists on Mansfield Road, the other side of the river from the town centre. He had arrived at work as usual but by mid-morning was hard at it trying to move stock on to higher shelves out of reach of the threatening water. It very quickly swept into the premises and the staff were evacuated by boat. Unfortunately, the water on the road outside was flowing so fast that the boat was unmanageable. The boat was swept against a wall and they had to be rescued by crane. They grasped the jib of the crane in turn to be hauled out. In his hasty departure he forgot his jacket containing his money so he called at the nearby house of an aunt, in Keys St, to borrow his bus fare. It was now 1 o'clock. He told her his story and hurried away.

Scarcely had he left the street than a boy came running down, calling "The water's coming, the water's coming!" My aunt began to move one or two small items upstairs, seeing the water was approaching her own back door. As it began to creep under the door she 'phoned her husband at work, who set out for home. But the water rose quickly, covering the carpet they had had fitted twelve months before, putting out the fire, swirling round the furniture and bringing down the china cabinet with a great crash. Before her husband could arrive home the damage was done. They spent the afternoon rescuing

what they could. Darkness began to fall and there was no electricity or mains water. They went to bed, trying to keep warm and listening to the water lapping round their furniture and three stairs up the staircase. They heard someone wading around below. My uncle went down and disturbed a man who was looting the houses. The next morning the water began to subside, having ruined their washing machine and spin dryer, leaving a mark on the furniture and an unbelievable stench. Flood water does not sweep cleanly from the river - it rises from the sewers and drains.

The more spectacular losses made the headlines and none of us knew of my aunt and uncle's plight until a day or two later when the telephone service was restored. My brother had been there during the flood and they had been all right. There were several thousand pounds in the relief fund. My aunt's share, and that of her neighbours, was £7 - 10s. Badly hit cases got £15. My aunt said it paid for the disinfectant she used. She didn't like sitting in the house listening to the rain outside, indeed, she said life would never be the same again.

That may be a truism but it was no less real for her. A flood, even a little flood, is a terrible visitation; no wonder the ancient Jews regarded it as a sign of the wrath of God. It annihilates and destroys and changes the whole course of quiet lives. At Christmas, a fortnight later, many homes were still without electricity and all that had been flooded had a smell about them.

A lesser flood, which ought to have prepared Derby for the 1964 one, happened in the winter of 1959 or 60, when I was at Derby School. Our playing field at Parker's Piece was under water. A whole bank of river silt was left lying across the football and hockey pitches. Some games periods were given over to moving the sand. I played hockey and the half of the pitch nearest the river was affected for the rest of the season. We got used to it but opponents were nonplussed when the ball hit what was effectively a beach. A ball which was skimming the surface would come to a rapid halt and dribbling was problematic. The groundsman, Cyril Harwood, regarded all this rich silt as a gift rather than as a problem. The only thing which separated Parker's Piece from City Road then was a wooden fence, not the modern flood barrier so once Parker's Piece and Darley Fields were covered with water Chester Green and Nottingham Road were next in line.

*Stephen Orchard*

## *Alfreton Past and Present*

*The following was printed in the Derbyshire Times & Chesterfield Herald on Saturday December 27 1930 and gives an insight into old Alfreton.*

### **AN INTERESTING RETROSPECT**

Recently we spent a very pleasant hour or so in the perusal of what is described as “A Descriptive and Historical Account of Alfreton”, very few copies of which, we believe, are extant today. The imprint states that it was printed and sold by G. Coates 1812. So that the copy of this little interesting and historical record of old Alfreton, which came into our hands must be close upon 118 years old, and the clear type presents not the least difficulty to the reader.

We have not come across any record of the author in the trade annuals of the old town and there is no trace today locally of any member of that family. He appears to have flourished over a century ago.

The author presents a foreword, which he heads “Advertisement” in which he says “*This little work is presented to the public not through any belief in the importance of its subject [that is rather rough on the ancient town] or reliance on the merit of the performance [the author pens a different line]; but that author, during a short residence in town, collected, in hours of vacancy and leisure, the materials from which these pages have been compiled, thought they might afford some pleasure to persons in the neighbourhood who feel any gratification in acquiring the knowledge of its history, and has therefore cast them together in the form which they now stand, and offers them for perusal.*”

The author first describes the situation, speaks of a “*pleasing and extensive prospect to a distance of many miles round*” in the neighbourhood of Normanton—this is not described as South Normanton—and then declares that the land “*sinks into the fertile tract of land called Golden Valley*”.

Apparently the latter place acquired its name from the rich coal and iron mines in the district, which were worked in those early days, and in which the first petroleum well in England was situated. The country has lost its opulent appearance, although its still bears its old appellation.

The author, of course, makes reference to the foundation of Alfreton declared “*by immemorial tradition to have been built by King Alfred and to have derived its name from him.*” History would seem scarcely to support Alfred’s



sojourn so far north, but the author goes on:- *“An ancient building, now occupied by Mr C. Thirkell, is shown as the Castle, where that celebrated monarch once resided. There is, however, but little in the appearance to confirm the report. The building is indeed of age, and a few years ago presented more marks of antiquity than it does at the present. I do not think it was built earlier than the 14th or 14th century, and some coins, found on a part of the foundations, which I have been told were of Henry V and VI, seem to refer us to that as the period of its erection. The site of a gallows and of a moot hall and prisons are also shown, but with no other proof o their existence than long tradition.”*

The site in question is in the Market Place, and upon which stood Messrs Redfern’s shop up to the time it was demolished in consequence of increasing motor traffic. This stood right across the main Derby-Chesterfield road. The author of the work in a marginal note in reference to the *“site of a gallows”* and says *“A close in which this is said to have stood, belonging to Mr Fras Holmes, still retains the name of Gallows Tree Meadow, and this name I have observed it to have in 8 Elizabeth.”* We cannot trace any present day reference to this interesting land.

Coates traces the history of the place, the name of which in Domesday Book is recorded as Elstretune and it would be in about the 14th century *“That this name probably by repeated corruptions in an age when writing was so little known or practised, assumed the present form of Alfretdune or Alfreton”*. Coates describes it as Dooms-Day Book and traces the history of Alfreton to his time, and the descent of the Alfreton Park estate to the Palmer-Morewood family. An extensive Manor House, situated near the Parish Church *“on the North side of the place where the outhouses now stand”* was pulled down for the erection of the oldest portion of the existing Alfreton Hall, which was built by Rowland Morewood in about 1732.

In the author’s days Alfreton consisted only of two streets running at right angles with each other, viz High Street and King Street. *“It has a market which, although chartered for Friday, was for many years held on the Monday, until an attempt being made to establish one at Higham on the former day, the inhabitants of Alfreton, though a spirit of rivalry, and perhaps concerning that their own market would be injured by the vicinity of the other, restored it again to the day for which it was first granted.”*

One almost smiles at the thought of the old-world village of Higham being engaged in competition with our ancient market town. Such was the enterprise of more than a century ago!

Coates declares that the Parish Church was dedicated to “St Mary”, although we know it today as “St Martin”, and describes it in his day as *“an ancient, rude structure, built apparently at several different times with little regularity of form”*. The Rev H.C. Morewood was then the patron, he being known before then as the Rev Hy Case, who married the widow of George Morewood, and then assumed the name of Morewood.

Coates says that *“According to the estimate of 1801 there were 2301 inhabitants in Alfreton, but since that time there had been a considerable increase owing to the extensive iron works at Riddings in this parish, belonging to Mr Jas Oakes, Mr Nathaniel Edwards and Dr Forester Foresters. This foundry was erected by its present proprietors about eight or nine years ago.*

*These ironworks are now the property of the Stanton Ironworks Company, who took them over some years ago from Messrs Lomas Oakes and Company. So these works were established about 127 years ago.”* It must be remembered that the existing ecclesiastical parishes of Riddings, Swanwick and Somercotes [the latter out of Riddings] have all been carved out of Alfreton.

The coal was being worked extensively in Coates’ days, for he describes it as *“one of the principal sources of employment to its inhabitants. So early as the reign of Edward II [about 1315] we find that Thomas de Chaworth made a grant to the monks of Beauchief to supply themselves with coal got in this liberty. In the reign of James I, John Louch, Esq., had acquired by his own purchase and that of the preceding Lords of the Manor, the greater part of the coals in the parish”*

Thus coal getting in the Alfreton area is pretty ancient, dating back to 1315. But they had their troubles in 1812, even though A.J. Cook was then not born, for Coates adds *“an unfortunate litigation has, however, at present produced a cessation of a great part of the works.”*

We don’t know whether our author had any connection with Staveley and Chesterfield, but he compares the Alfreton coal to the fuel got in the two former areas, and says *“It resembles what is called rock coal—it is of a solid compact texture; breaks with difficulty, and presents in its fracture a surface not like the coals of Staveley and Chesterfield, splintery and laminated, but dull and obtuse, almost like the fracture of an argillaceous grit. It takes fire with difficulty, burns with a strong and regular heat, and lasts a considerable length of time. It is pretty free from sulphur, and mostly gives a white or grey coloured ash.”*

He shows that the making of earthenware had an early introduction to this neighbourhood, and informs us that pots were made at Morewood Moor, that agricultural hamlet near South Wingfield, through a great part of the 17th century, and about the end of that and the beginning of the last, the potteries there were conducted by several persons successively of the name of Dodd. All trace of this industry in this wild country has disappeared.

But Coates proceeds *"I have seen salt glazed vessels of a very early date which were made at Morewood Moor. From this place it was brought to Alfreton by General Bacon about 60 years ago [1752]. He erected a pottery which, after his death, was carried on by his nephew and great nephew, but is now disused. About ten years afterwards one of his journeymen, named Smith, in opposition to his master, built another, which is at this time conducted by his grandsons. The rest of the inhabitants chiefly subsist by agriculture and the manufacture of stockings and calico. The site of the pottery in Alfreton was near Mr J.A. Taylor's stores in King Street."*

*"There are meetings here for the Methodists, Calvinists and Baptists, and at Riddings was formerly a chapel whose situation is only known by the name of Chapel Yard, which some closes derive from it."* Today there are no Calvinists and Baptists at Alfreton.

Swanwick is described as a *"small hamlet"* where formerly there stood a *"large house"*, for some time the residence of a family of the name of Turner, whose patronymic is still preserved in local annals. One of them, Mrs Elizabeth Turner, built a Free School there for the education in reading and writing of 24 poor children of that hamlet *"which number has since been increased to 40. She endowed it with £500 for the support of a master. With this sum was purchased a house and about 40 acres of land for his residence. The Rev Anthony Carr was one of the first masters."* To this day there is a Turner charity, but we wonder if any local reader can throw any light upon that ancient Free School in Swanwick and the master's house.

Coates then takes us to Greenhill Lane where he says at some little distance from this town [Alfreton], an urn containing about 700 Roman coins was discovered about 62 or 63 years ago by a labouring man who was repairing a fence in a field belonging to Mr Roe.

Coates refers to an Alfretonian, William Mugliston, *"the son of a dyer at Alfreton, who, dying in 1762, left him an orphan, then about ten years of age, to the guardianship of a Mr Tissington, the mineralogist."* He was bound apprentice at 14 to a stocking maker with whom he continued the term of his service. His education was very limited, and in the situation in which he was

placed, furnished with but few means of acquiring knowledge. We did not ought to expect any efforts of early genius. He possessed by nature a lively sensibility and quickness of discernment and an imagination, which, if improved by study, might have produced works which would shine in the annals of literature.

Mugliston was married twice and his brother left him the bulk of his fortune amounting to about £1,400, which enabled him *"to cultivate during his leisure from business the gifts of nature and indulge the natural benevolence and humanity which he very highly possessed. He was the author of prose and verse and various pamphlets, but his principal work is described as "A contemplative walk with the author's wife and children in the park of Mr George Morewood, Esq., at Alfreton."* We see the note that this poem was recommended by the Editor of the British Magazine. He received that glaring testimony that *"his writings, as well as his life, abound with the purest philanthropy. They were dictated by a mind that glowed for the welfare of humanity and derived its greatest happiness from knowing that others were happy. With the abilities he possessed he seems to have had that which renders every endowment pleasing to mankind and welcome to their creator, a meekness of disposition and a humility of opinion."* A perusal of that Contemplative Walk should be worth while after that eulogy. He died on May 1st 1788 and was buried in the Alfreton Churchyard. His widow and two sons and two daughters were living in Coates' time.

Coates also makes reference to Benjamin Outram, who was born in Alfreton *"a man of very considerable merit and abilities."* he is described as the founder of the Butterley Ironworks. We believe the Outram family was settled for many years in the Old King's Head premises in King Street. He is described as a man of *"uncommon worth and talents, and his works as an engineer will remain lasting testimonial of his great and inventive genius."*

He died in the prime of life in 1805, leaving a widow, the daughter of Dr Anderson, of Hermiston near Edinburgh, to whom he was married in 1800 and had five children.

They were cautious 125 years ago in Alfreton, because we notice in the same work is an announcement that Juvenile Poems in one volume were to be published by subscription, price 2s 6d. But there was this condition, *"Subscriptions will be received by Mr G. Coates, the printer, and the work will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained."*

## **OLD AND NEW**

### **News from the North**

You may remember my mention of the increasing usage and proliferation of pet crematoriums in the 2015 December issue, well a recent update article quickly followed in the national press that oozes "User Beware." Cannock Magistrate's Court found against Allan McMasters, 52, of the Swan Pit Pet Crematorium of Gosnall, Staffordshire of giving the wrong pet ashes to customers. One customer brought a case against him in the County Court where a settlement of £1,000 was made against him. Following complaints Trading Standards Officers raided his premises finding a dragon bearded iguana, a chicken, four cats and seven dogs in chest freezers. They also found several horse carcasses in the yard. The Court was told that he charged between £40-100 for a cremation, one customer paid £300 to have his horse cremated. Evidence was given that he collected between 15-20 horses a week, each one needing up to 12 hours in the cremation oven. Plastic bin liners and cement bags full of ashes were found during the search. McMasters admitted to knowingly returning the wrong ashes to clients. McMasters was ordered to undertake 200 hours unpaid work as part of a community order, to pay £6,435 in costs and compensation and £500 to each of four known victims.

I assume that it must have been an expensive shock to find that Rover, Fido and Spot had not been properly dispatched to that "Great Dog Kennel" in the sky, but a recent "Radio Times" survey of more than 3,500 pet owners discovered the once favourite names given to cats --- Puss, Tiddles, Sooty and Smudge have been replaced by Poppy, Tigger, Lucy, Charlie and Jasper, for dogs Ben, Sam and Max topped the polls. Sticking with tradition the top names for rabbits are still Flopsy and Thumper.

A change of emphasis from "Dying " to "Dyeing." at Inner London Crown Court where Ramon Thomas, 18, with three accomplices, accompanied by his black and white Staffordshire bull-terrier allegedly stole money and a mobile phone from a 16 year old boy whilst on Streatham Common railway station. British Transport police were given a tip-off and visited Thomas's home to find the stolen telephone and a now brown Staffordshire bull-terrier, later forensically linked with a bottle of brown hair dye found on the property.

Paws for thought now with a return to WW1 where the French Army used of 5 breeds of sheepdogs --- Malinois --- Gronendael --- Bar Rouge --- Briard --- and Berger Allemand in both ambulance work and patrol work, taking messages from the front to the rear and living in dugouts with the soldiers. "Fanfare " a Bar Rouge dog was carrying a message from the front to the

rear when he was hit in the foreleg by shrapnel. He limped on three legs to his rear destination and then insisted on returning to the patrol that sent him out. He was later evacuated to Paris, muttering (dog language) no doubt "This a fine game of soldiers" was patched up and returned to his dugout.

And now for my own "Shaggy Dog Story." 1966 found me and a band of vociferous villagers towards the end of a 4 year campaign to prevent asbestos waste and other injurious chemicals being tipped into Crist Quarry, a long disused stone quarry in my native village of Bugsworth/Buxworth. Ferodo Brake Linings publicly stated and denied in the local press that their usage of white asbestos, as opposed to blue asbestos, had no proven link to asbestosis (mesothelioma) and that furthermore they were no more liable for their waste, once carried away by contractors from their Chapel-en-le Frith works, than a normal householder would be when their Local Authority collects his or her dustbin. It took three years of campaigning and a threat of an application for a "Writ of Mandamus" from the High Court before Chapel R.D.C. coughed up about the alleged planning consent for waste disposal at Crist Quarry. Grudgingly when faced with such an action, and after the campaign had been highlighted in a Granada TV programme, a half page article in "The Sunday Times" and constant headlining in both "The High Peak Reporter" and "The Buxton Advertiser" did Chapel R D C admit that in 1952 Planning Consent to tip domestic waste, (not industrial waste) had been granted for Crist Quarry, which at that juncture also needed the "Authority and Consent of the Ministry of Health." Chapel RDC somewhat sheepishly admitted that due to an oversight that countersigning permission had never been submitted to the M of H and on a technicality (some mistake) there was indeed no permission for tipping of any kind in Crist Quarry.

The Public Inquiry gave permission, severe planning conditions were imposed (asbestos was now a dirty word) the contractors made no effort to comply with the onerous and costly conditions, nine months after the Public Inquiry, tipping ceased overnight at Crist Quarry. 12 months after the Public Inquiry the Chester Beattie Research Institute, who gave expert evidence on our behalf at the Inquiry, followed up by asking for information from the village protest group as to where the Ferodo asbestos waste was now being taken. Our informants within Ferodo works were also in the dark. The simple solution was to tail a contractor's vehicle, same result, same lack of control, no permission but now outside Derbyshire. The tipping site was the gaping hole of Jackson's former brickyard at Cheadle Heath, Stockport. Cheshire. The Chester Beattie passed the information to Stockport Borough Council, the tipping of the asbestos waste was stopped by enforcement action. Nine months later a similar request came from The Chester Beattie, the same tactic was employed, same result, same lack of control, no permission,

the disposal vehicle was trailed 35 miles to another Jackson disused brick-yard at Risley, Warrington. The Chester Beattie again intervened with the local authority and the uncontrolled tipping ceased. Ferodo caved into the public opprobrium and bought a disused sand pit on the outskirts of Prestbury, Macclesfield.

You may be now thinking when does the dog appear in this horror story. A casual vacancy arose on the Chinley, Buxworth and Brownside Parish Council, not a mouthful that the police ask a suspect drink driver to recite without deviation, hesitation or repetition but an opportunity to carry the fight from inside rather than outside. Support from the C B & B Parish Council was almost nil, but at least being elected to fill the vacancy allowed me to see where the support and dissension lay.

Research into Ferodo by a fellow supporter found that the Parish Council Chairman was a Ferodo shareholder and he also had connections with Duron, then a Buxton manufacturer of brake linings. He should have, but didn't declare a financial interest when matters concerning Crist Quarry came up at the meetings of both the Parish Council and Chapel R.D.C. where he was one of two ward Councillors. At the forthcoming election he was destined to be the next Chairman of Chapel R.D.C. But that was about to change. Roundly supported by a bedrock of Bugsworth villagers, I was nominated to stand against him for the Ward and set about putting my face before the local voters. His sole and complacent reply from the fireside was a 4 inch column in the local newspapers denoting that he had been on an endless list of local bodies for an almost endless number of years. His re-election bid floundered and consequently the Chairmanship of Chapel R.D.C.

Rest assured the dog is now on the way. The Wash is a little hamlet on the eastern edge of the Black Brook voting ward, best described as a three-quarter oval amphitheatre containing a narrow flat green through which a single track road together with the Black Brook traverses towards Ford Hall, the ancestral home of the Bagshaw family. Period stone cot-



tages dot the hill sides overlooking Wash Green. Armed with the relevant parliamentary voting list I set about making myself known to the electorate. It was my first morning of electioneering, all was going well and to plan until the cast iron gate of a cottage alongside Wash Green, made an almighty clang behind me as I made for the door knocker. From nowhere a nondescript dog semi-permanently attached itself to my left ankle. The occupier, according to the voting list, a Mr. McNichols on reporting the attached dog incident to him, casually countered with “ Oh we don't get many visitors so the dogs run free.” End of his story but read on !

At the next cottage I mentioned to the elderly lady householder the very recent McNichols dog happening to which she knowingly volunteered “Just the one was it? She then elaborated that McNichols inbred dogs have bitten the butcher, the baker the candlestick maker, on account of their reputation and previous incidents the Post Office refused to deliver their mail. In effect an invisible no entry exclusion zone exists around their property.” Following her advice of “We'd better have a look at it” disclosed a torn trouser leg bottom, a shoe slowly filling with blood, a jagged flesh wound behind the ankle and the offer of a bottle of Dettol and a bowl of hot water in a DIY exercise. This she followed up by her obviously honest comment of “ I can't stand the sight of blood”! Next was a detour to the Doctor's surgery for a booster to my compulsory 10 year Ordnance Survey anti -tetanus injection.

In the evening, stoically undeterred, I resumed the canvassing reflecting that in all my years of working for the Ordnance Survey, confronting a endless and countless numbers of mutts, that I had never been bitten, frequently almost licked to death. Being physically goosed by a gander rankles even now. Approaching Gorsty Low Farm, a stones throw from the McNichols home- stead, the straight drive had parallel running rein which gave a large dog qualified freedom but not enough to exercise its dentistry. Voting intentions were cast aside and a complimentary commendation was made to the owner of the property on his early warning dog system. He sought the reason for this off the cuff remark, the mere mention of the three words “Dogs and McNichols” in such close proximity produced an immediate reaction.

My earlier morning acquaintance with a McNichols dog paled into insignificance. He elaborated that he had worked formerly worked in a plate-laying gang that operated between Chapel-en-le-Frith Station and Gow Hole Sidings, New Mills. The gang generously supported a local bookie in the style to which he had become accustomed. The daily wagers would be placed through telephone call boxes within easy reach of their work situation (this was light years before the advent of mobile phones). The modus operandi was that the workmate living close to a particular TCB would place the wa-



gers and then continue on home. There was a TCB on Wash Green and also a choice between him and a Mr Piltz an ex-German prisoner of war who passed up on the choice of being repatriated. Disputes arose with the bookie due to his claim that due to Mr Piltz's accent some of the winning horses names had/could not be correctly ascertained. So the choice of the Wash Green TCB more or less became his preserve.

There was just one salient point in the dogs favour, the dogs were not known to exercise their dentistry skills outside the boundary of the McNichols property but that factor was about to radically change. One early afternoon, crossing Wash Green en route to the TCB, my new acquaintance spied two free ranging McNichols dogs, which he ignored, that was until one bit him in the backside and the other fancied his thigh. To add insult to his injury his almost brand new pair of Yorkshire tweed trousers now had modified air vents where there had been none previously. In his own words it was a case of "B\*gg\*r the Bets" and he continued his journey forth to vigorously test the McNichols front door knocker. His verbatim allegation put to McNichols ran along these lines, pointing to dog A --- "That dog has just bitten me in the backside !" and pointing to dog B --- "That dog has bitten me in the thigh !" Without hesitation McNichols nonchalantly pointed to dog A adding "No that dog has bitten you in the thigh she always goes for the thigh !" It took McNichols 2 months to cough up for a new pair of trousers, which added further insult to the double injury.

Death came with an unusual story and ending when the first "Bygone Bugsworth " was held over the weekend 26-28<sup>th</sup> June 1992. Promoted by the "Friends of Bugsworth School" it was an attempt to raise funds for "The Fobs" and to open up the local history of the village, which was randomly held by all and sundry. The result was chaotic, not the historical display, but by the numbers of people who turned out to learn something about the history of the village. This fact can be verified by the 50p admission and the sale of a soft backed book at £2-50, resulting in the sum of just under £2,000 being raised for the school in that short space of time.

One of the visitors to the "Bygone Bugsworth " was Leo White living in Matlock, in 1921 his father George White succeeded stationmaster Hoe at Bugsworth, Leo's father became the last stationmaster of Bugsworth remaining in post for the next 10 years. Hoe became the stationmaster at Gargrave, Nr Skipton, Yorkshire, later the Hoe family emigrated to America. In 1928 the landlady of the New Inn, now renamed "The Lantern Pike "at Little Hayfield, was found by her husband, on returning home from his workplace at Glossop with her throat cut and a large sum of money missing. George Heywood, a frequenter of the pub and a traveller for a well known Sunlight

soap manufacturer, lived in a cottage a stones throw from the public house. Initially there was no connection made with the murder of the landlady and Heywood. However inquiries brought to light that Heywood owed money to his employer from his sales and that he was missing from home.

Meanwhile at Bugsworth Station, the day after the murder and very early in the morning a prospective passenger tapped on the booking office window, seeking information on the next train to Manchester. With Bugsworth being a small Derbyshire village, the stationmaster would have known every inhabitant by name. It being something of a cold morning and a half hours wait for the next train, he was invited into the nice and cosy ticket office where there was always a roaring coal fire halfway up the chimney.

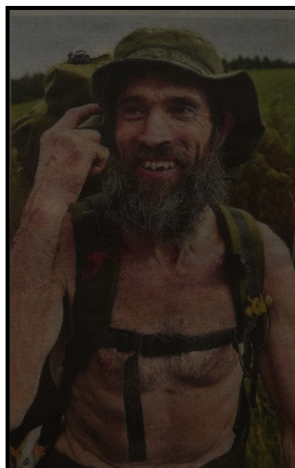
25 years later the same social graces circumstances existed when I and fellow pupils caught the train to attend New Mills Grammar School. Prior to leaving for Manchester the new traveller handed to Leo's father a visiting card --- the name read --- George Heywood. Commercial Traveller. A fortnight later Heywood was apprehended for the landlady's murder, found guilty at his trial in Derby and hanged at Nottingham Gaol.

A considerable time after the murder, Leo's father went to Blackpool on holiday, one evening he attended a variety show. One of the acts consisted of a blindfolded artiste on stage, plus an assistant who frequented the centre aisle of the auditorium asking random customers to produce articles from their pockets and handbags. Whatever was produced was held up by the assistant and the blindfolded artiste on stage would elaborate on the article held in his assistant's hand. Leo's father was sat in an end seat on the aisle and he produced from his wallet the calling card given to him by George Heywood. When the artiste's assistant held up Heywood's calling card the answer from the blindfolded artiste was --- "I do not like speaking about the dead!"

Almost finally, combining my "Dog bites Man" and the "Ordnance Survey" running through this literary offering. Circulated around the Ordnance Survey, after a spate of "Dog bites Cartographic Surveyor" episodes was an office notice advising courses of action when dealing with dogs --- have a pocket full of dog biscuits about your person--- no market research on the most popular brand backed up this helpful hint. One paragraph starting with --- "If a dog shows you his teeth"--- some wag had written underneath --- "Open your mouth and take out yours. The OS is one of the next public assets to be sold. Privatisation is now in the offing, under the smokescreen "To develop options to bring private capital into the OS before 2020" where profits last year were £30 million on sales of £147 million .

Stephen Gough aka “The Naked Rambler”(see December issue) made the centre pages of “The Times “ at the end of December. This extract is warning on how the future cookie is crumbling ---” Our standards of modesty and decency have changed so much and so rapidly that it is hard to believe that they won't change further, making complete nudity perfectly normal. In anticipating this, Stephen Gough is not nutty, he is just slightly ahead of the rest of us.” Not here in North Derbyshire!

KEITH HOLFORD



## A CLEAVER COUPLE

At St George's Church, New Mills, on 16th instant, Mr Abraham Broom to Miss Hannah Stafford, both of that place

A celebrated knight of the block, not far from New Mills [whose grey locks certifies that full sixty hoary winters have passed over them] suddenly quitted his cleaver on Wednesday morning last, in his working habiliaments, to lead to the hymeneal altar a lady of the thimble, whose waving tresses plainly exhibited that the flowers of forty summers had scarcely been seen by her. At the conclusion of the ceremony each returned to their respective vocation, the butcher to the slaughter house, and the fair lady to the needle, as though nothing had transpired. No doubt but the thought of connubial felicity had caused a merry Christmas, may its consummation be realised, by many happy years.

*Glossop Dale Chronicle, Saturday January 19 1861*

## *The Minnitt family and the Old Vaults St Helens Street*

The Old Vaults on St Helens Street, formally known as the Foresters Arms, were located in small premises (built about 1842) adjoining the business and home of William Haslam, bell hanger and iron founder (his son Sir Alfred Seale Haslam was a successful engineer who became mayor of Derby and Newcastle Under Lyne). Whilst the Old Vaults have now been demolished the adjoining neighbouring buildings have just about survived but are now in a very poor state of repair. Thomas Minnitt and then his nephew ,Thomas Arthur Minnitt, operated as wine and spirit merchants from the Old Vaults from 1855 -1885.



*Thomas Arthur Minnitt his wife Ellen and 10 of their 12 Children  
taken about 1889!*

Thomas Snr 1806-1868 moved from Mansfield to Derby in about 1853/54. Initially he established himself as a Tallow Chandler in rented premises on King Street but because the smells from the business were so offensive the other tenants threatened to leave if he did not go! Thomas then removed the

business and bought the Old Vaults St Helens St in August 1855. The premises had a very small frontage similar to that of its immediate neighbour with further outbuildings to the rear. His new neighbours were once again far from happy with his business and found the smells most offensive so much so he was soon reported to the Derby board of health who found him guilty and fined him £50! Thomas did not accept this judgment and appealed!

His appeal case divided the opinion of the residents of St Helens St and caused much discussion throughout the Town. His immediate neighbours of Miss Brown who lived in a detached residence surrounded by a large garden (later to become the Abbey School) opposed the business as did his attached neighbour of William Haslam whose business and home was located here, Joseph Hall of the Marble works whose residence and works were located a little further up the street also objected. Many of these neighbours, their servants and employees gave evidence against Thomas. Thomas though put up a good case and engaged the support of many other residents in the area upward of 100 persons signed a petition supporting him. Others supported him in court.

There was much discussion in court of what constituted a bad smell which caused much hilarity! Thomas though won his appeal on the account that the original judgement had been based on him operating as a Tallow Melter when in fact he was a Tallow Chandler. It was proven the former was a process that generated much more noxious fumes which he didn't undertake. He then spent another 2 years fighting for his court costs which he eventually won!

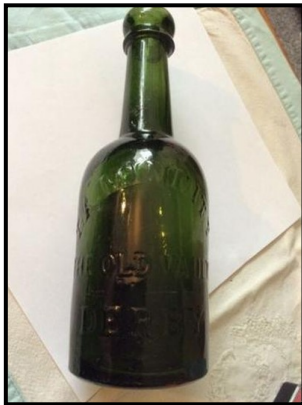
Following the court case Thomas continued to operate as a tallow chandler at the Old Vaults but he gradually wound down this side of the business and the wine and spirits became his sole trade before retiring from it in 1867. The St Helens St business was then transferred to his nephew, John Earp Minnitt, a Nottingham lace manufacturer but it was John's brother, Thomas Arthur Minnitt, who was brought in as a manager. Two years later, a few months before his 25th birthday, the business was bought by Thomas Arthur for a staggering £3200! The amount included monies for investment and was



*The Virgins Inn*

to be paid back to his brother in instalments. Under his ownership the business went from strength to strength, with initial takings of £3000 a year! He paid back the loan within 3 years and further premises were acquired at the Queens Vaults, Crompton street (now known as the Crompton Tavern) in 1869. These were then upgraded for the vast wine and spirit house known as the Virgins Inn in Derby Market Place in 1879. Thomas and his family were the last occupants of this historic building (now the site of the Derby Assembly rooms).

Unfortunately taking on these premises would prove to be disastrous. Thomas was not aware when he signed the lease that the previous occupants, Cox and Bowring, had been granted a licence at their new premises on Irongate (now the home of the Slug and Lettuce restaurant and bar) on the condition that a full licence at the Virgins Inn would not be renewed. Over a 4 year period Thomas made 9 unsuccessful applications. Whilst he was granted a partial licence the crippling over head costs eventually led to his bankruptcy in 1885. He and his family had lost everything. Thomas, his wife Ellen and their 9 children returned back to Nottingham and the historic Virgins Inn was demolished to make way for a new building for Pountains Wine and Spirit merchants. The Old Vaults continued to be a beer house until about 1964, the adjoining premises then extended into it before it was demolished some years later.



Back in Nottingham Thomas re-established himself as a hop bitter brewer but never enjoyed the successes of the early days of his Derby business. In later years he became a baker and worked with his two elder daughters in their confectionery business. He died in 1924 in his eightieth year. 125 years after the failure of his derby business one of his derby glass bottles was spotted on an online auction site and is now treasured by his Great Great Grand-son!

*The Minnitt glass bottle*

**Gareth Mountford**  
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## ELOPEMENT IN KILBURN

An elopement has recently taken place from the neighbourhood of Kilburn. From inquiries it appears that the name of the young lady is Garwood, that she is in her 18th year, and the only surviving child of Sir Felix Garwood, who died at Demerara about 18 months since, leaving her the whole of his property, amounting to upwards of £30,000. Prior to and since the death of her parent, the lady has resided with her father's sister, a widow lady of the name of Lehan, at Maida Cottage, Kilburn.

Miss Garwood, from her childhood, has exhibited an eccentricity of manner that has excited a fear in the minds of her friends that her intellect was affected, and she has been professionally attended. During the autumn of last year she became acquainted with a young man, through accidentally meeting him at the Pantheon, Oxford Street. It was subsequently discovered that the person's name was C——w, that he was the son of an upholsterer residing near Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, and with a view of breaking up the intimacy, Miss Garwood was removed to a friend's house near Bath, where she had remained for some months up to Wednesday last, when she returned to town in consequence of being seriously affected in her health. From something, however, in the young lady's manner, the suspicions of her friends were excited, and further from Mr C. having been seen in the neighbourhood, she was closely watched, prior to her being again removed.

On Wednesday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock, Mrs Lehan was informed that neither the footman nor Miss Garwood's maid, who had been ordered to sleep in the same room with her, could be found, and upon going to her niece's room she found that the bed had not been occupied during the night. Upon the dressing table was a note in her handwriting, informing her that by the time she received it she would be the wife of Mr C. Bills have been circulated, offering a reward of £50 for the discovery of the parties, who, it is supposed are still in town.

*Derbyshire Advertiser, 8th May 1846*

## THE VERNON FAMILY

### *Pertaining to the articles about the Vernon family, Sept and Dec issues 2015*

My paternal great grandmother was Louise Vernon, born 28 Dec 1849, died 18 Jan 1926. She married John Hartshorne, born 15 Feb 1846 at Fauld and died 31 Dec 1922. The pair married on 30 Dec 1870 at the parish church of Hanbury. Her parents were John Vernon, born 1818 at Hanbury, and Ann Collier, born about 1822 in Burton upon Trent.

My paternal grandmother was Lucy Annie Hartshorne, born 1874 at Hanbury and died 15 Nov 1910 at Mickleover. She married Arthur Talbot, born 1872 at Mount Pleasant, Marston and died in 1948 at Coalville in Leicestershire. Grandmother Lucy died as a pauper and is buried at All Saints Parish Church, Sudbury, in an unmarked grave. She is buried a few feet from the 4th and 5th Lord Vernon's and their wives.

My father never spoke about his parents. He passed away in 1976, however a few years later in the family Bible I found a little piece of paper with the name Lucy Hartshorne, it was in my dad's handwriting. At this time my mum was in a care centre quite ill and I asked her who this person was, and she said "your dad's mum". My thoughts were 'how do I look', so I joined the Edmonton Genealogical Society English/Wales group and I was given some suggestions. In June 2003 I had the Derbyshire Family History Society do a search in regard to my grandmother. I was to learn how and where she died. My dad was 10½ when his mother died in the hospital known as 'Pastures'. She had melancholia and pneumonia, easily cured in most cases. I live in Sherwood Park, Alberta, Canada and in 2006 I went to Derbyshire for a month and did research in Derby and Staffordshire, where my dad had spent his early years.

Before I had come to England my cousin knew of my desire in locating my granny's resting place and she had made arrangements with a member of the church, Cath Goodwin, a church warden. On our outing of August 27 2006 we visited Sudbury Hall, I was totally fascinated by the history, the complete beauty of the Hall and gardens. After our exploration we went across to All Saint's Parish Church where, on that particular day, the Flower Festival and Tea was taking place. As it would happen Cath Goodwin was there, and she took us to see the area where grandmother's remains are. It is hard to explain, I had not known anything about my grandmother but the emotions that came over me are unexplainable. I sobbed and as I stood looking down at this piece of grass by the fence I had many thoughts racing through my head. My cousin, dad's niece that lives in Leicestershire and is still alive at the age



of 90, had told me stories that she had been told about our grandfather. I guess, because my grandfather was not a kind man, grandmother did the best she could raising two children, my father and my aunt, in sometimes cruel conditions. But on a good note I knew nothing about my grandmother until I started my search for her, but finally I felt like I did know her. It sounds strange, but maybe your readers have had similar situations. I finally had closure on my grandmother.

When we entered the church after being out by the grave, everyone knew about this lady from Canada that had come to visit her grandmother's resting place. I was welcomed so warmly by the people in the church. Cath showed me the parish register where granny's death and name were recorded. When grandmother Lucy entered 'The Pastures' unfortunately her name was recorded as Emma rather than Lucy. Her death certificate has Emma listed as her name. When I came home I did try to get it changed, but with no luck. At the church after we had had our tea and a scone I went up on the altar to give thanks. I am not an overly religious person but I did feel my dad was with me through this journey. When I stood at the altar I noticed a wooden sign with the names of All Saint's Church Rectors and listed was 1780 George Talbot. That made me think—am I related to this gentleman?

At the time of the Coronation my dad did casually mention that we are related to the Earl of Shrewsbury, but so far in my searches I have not found anything to confirm whether or not my Talbot family is related to him.

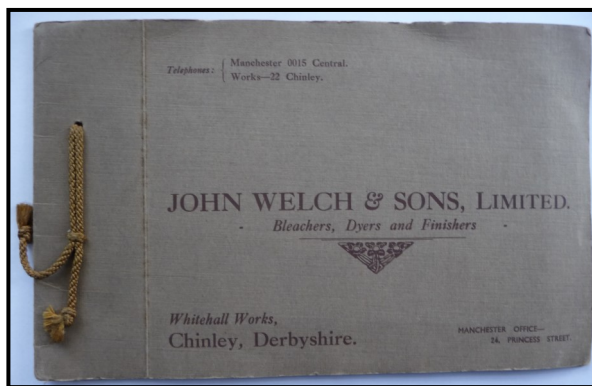
My grandmother's siblings born in Hanbury were Frances [1872], Mary [1873], William [1876], George [1878], Walter [1880], Frederick [1881] and Ernest [1882]. If anyone can help me to contact families of these I would be most grateful or with a picture of my grandparents, Lucy and Arthur.

When I was in England I did meet a descendant like me of the Vernon family. During my time I visited Derby, Leicestershire and Staffordshire, this was all very exciting and I did get a lot of research done by visiting cemeteries, the area where my dad had lived and gone to school, and other places as well as meeting several family members on the Lowe line.

*Joan P. Talbot-Wegert*  
*E-mail: [jpwegert@shaw.ca](mailto:jpwegert@shaw.ca)*

## The history of Whitehall Works, Chinley

The works widely referred to in the Chinley locality as “Welch's ” comes with a chequered history, the original mill on the site was one of three fulling mills in the Blackbrook Valley. Fulling was the process of hammering cloth to cleanse and thicken it. It later became a paper mill run by John Ibbotson, later by both the Slack and Hughes families from Hayfield. The paper was made from pulping rags with hammers. “Rag Row” was the name associated with the row of stone terraced cottages opposite Whitehall Works, early census returns states “Paper Mill Row.” “Whitehall Terrace” became the authorised name applied to the cottages, but the name “Rag Row” continued to be used. John Welch of “Whitehall” Chinley bought the mill in an advertised auction in 1899 and converted the premises to bleaching and dyeing textiles. Two disastrous fires occurred on site, one in 1889 and the other in 1947.



**Brochure on Welch & Sons, estimated just pre WW2**

The mill is believed to have been founded circa 1781 by a John Booth. John Ibbotson purchased the mill and it was run by him until his death in 1838. The Derby Mercury, 23 March 1825, reports a civil case between Hannah Booth (plaintiff) v John Ibbotson (defendant) in an action to recover damages from

Ibbotson when two of his employees caused damage during

repair work to a sough supplying water to Whitehall Works. Evidence was given at the Court that John Ibbotson purchased the mill from the late husband of Hannah Booth in 1822. Both the Derby Mercury and the Manchester Chronicle, 7 April 1830 stated that “ A sheet of paper lately manufactured at Whitehall Paper Mill in Chinley, Derbyshire measured 13,000 feet in length, four foot wide and would cover over one acre and a half.”

Between 1838 and 24 June 1849, Whitehall Works was run by Joseph Hughes (1794-1859), Joseph Barnes (1809-1892) and James Broadbent Ingham (1815-1888) under the name, Hughes, Barnes and Ingham. Then solely by Joseph Hughes as Joseph Hughes and Sons until his death in 1859. In 1860 the mill was reported to be making Fine Newspaper, Caps, Grey,

Drab, Blue and White Cartridges and had offices situated at 77A, Market Street, Manchester. John Hughes's four elder sons then carried on with the business under that same name until 6 June 1868 when one son withdrew from the partnership. The three remaining sons continued the business without changing the name, until 1869. The extended Hughes family ran a further 7 mills in the UK, at 5 locations in Canada and a further two in Australia. 1869 the Whitehall Mill was put up for auction and passed to the Slack family of Hayfield who pursued a policy of modernisation. The High Peak News 23 February 1889 records that *"The employees of J Slack & Co, Whitehall are fully employed and trade appears to be brisker in this locality"*.

A fortnight later the same paper, dated 9 March, records the following *"On Monday morning at the paper mills of Messrs J Slack of Chinley an accident happened of the most painful character. The employees commenced their labour at 6am and the machinery set in motion. One of the oldest employees Matthew Smith was in the paper-making department, seeing a broken strap at the side of a machine, he at once set about making it good, the machine being in motion at the time He was engaged in putting the broken strap together around the shaft when it caught hold of the man's guernsey, pulling him instantly round the shaft, literally tearing his clothes from his body---his coat, shirt, stockings had the appearance of many ribbons. The alarm was sounded at all possible speed. He was released from his perilous position more dead than alive. His body was to be found severely crushed and presented a pitiable sight The employees procured a door and he was taken to his home in Paper Mill Row (opposite the works). The only portion of his apparel that he was not divested of were his clogs and these prevented his feet from injury. His right shoulder blade was broken, together with four ribs. Smith is 50 years old, has worked in the mill since he was a boy and he has 9 children."* A later edition stated that he was progressing satisfactorily and fortunately because he was a member of the Oddfellows Loyal Victoria Lodge, Whitehough he had received free medical attention. He survived, appearing on the 1891 Census, living in Paper Mill Row.

The High Peak Reporter reports more woe, on Saturday 30 November 1889 when in the late evening, a fire broke out at Whitehall Works, Chinley. --- *"At about eleven o'clock, on Saturday night a fire was discovered at the extensive paper works belonging Messrs John Slack & Co. A number of workmen had only just left the premises as they had been doing some extra work and before they got to their homes their attention was drawn to the works by a glare which they surmised must be caused by the premises being on fire. Whilst some returned to the works, other ran from door to door to arouse the villagers. The scene of the fire was soon found to be in the locality of the boiler-house, and even before the men could take steps to extinguishing the*

*flames a large block of building was in imminent danger. As the steam from the boilers had been discharged " the buzzer " could not be sounded, but a youth (no name given) got upon the main roof of the main building and rang the bell by hand, which had the effect of waking many of the local residents. The alarm was rung until the young fellow was driven from the roof by the smoke. In a few minutes scores of people were hurrying to the scene of the fire, carrying cans and buckets and an entrance was gained to the upper rooms by the windows, and water was passed from hand to hand, with such effect that the flames were prevented from entering the two blocks of the main building. At the works there is a good supply of hose pipes. Directly after the discovery of the fire Messrs Hadfield of Chinley, saddled one of their horses and a manservant, by the name of Kirk, started for Hayfield to appraise Mr C. Slack, one of the partners of the firm. The fire brigades of Birch Vale and Kinder Printworks sounded their fire "buzzers" and the alarm spread as far as Watford Bridge Printworks. The members of the Kinder Printworks were first to arrive, quickly followed by Birch Vale. The fire originated, it is supposed, near the boiler-house in a small building used for the storage of oil, close by three large boilers. The floors and materials were very dry and inflammable and in consequence of the ancient construction of the building was very difficult to access. Several departments including the boiler-house, engine-house and pulping rooms were destroyed. In an adjoining room where many tons of valuable paper was stored, the fire was kept at bay until the arrival the brigades. During the fight Mr James Melling, of the Birch Vale Brigade, sustained serious injury by falling through an aperture in the floor. The damage, estimated at £1,000 will be covered by insurance. The Whitehall Works are amongst the oldest in England paper having been made there for the London newspapers for almost a century ago at these works."*

On the 5 September 1899, The Daily Telegraph carried this advert. A piece-meal sale of the contents WHITE HALL PAPER MILL, CHINLEY, DERBYSHIRE. Consisting of Beating Engines, Revolving Rag Roller, Kollergang, Two Paper-making Machines, Calendars, Guillotine, Rag Chopping Machine, Rag Dusters & Loose Effects, together with Motive Power, Beam Condensing Engines, Horizontal Engine, Turbines, Shafting & Gearing. Mr WALTER BRIERLEY has received instructions from the Executors of the late John Slack Esq to SELL by AUCTION at the White Hall Paper Mill, on WEDNESDAY 6<sup>th</sup> day of September 1899, the WHOLE of MACHINERY, MOTIVE POWER and Loose Effects. Sale to Commence at Eleven o'Clock. Catalogue can be had on application to the Auctioneer, Exchange Chamber, 12 Bank Street, Manchester & 13 Silver Street, Bury.

The Whitehall Works was bought by Mr John Welch of Whitehall, Chinley who set about restructuring the works for the purpose of "Bleaching and

**Brass Tally for a Welch's Worker**

Dyeing" textiles. Early in the 20<sup>th</sup> C a naturalised pioneering Austrian chemist, who changed his name from Hermann Bablich to Hermann Babbington, married May Lilian Welch in 1905 at St Thomas a Beckett Church, Chapel-en-le-Frith. She was the daughter of John Welch, and answered to "Lily" they lived at Leaden Hall, Chinley. He was appointed the manager of Whitehall Works. He died in 1924 but not before through his good management, sufficient funds had accumulated for the power unit to be changed from steam to electric power.



22<sup>nd</sup> May 1908 the High Peak Reporter reports a serious accident to a railway employee. On Wednesday evening a serious accident happened to a young man by the name of Robert Hudson, a drayman with the Midland Railway Co. He was bringing a load of goods from Messrs Welch of Whitehall Works, when he stopped the six horses on the hill to give them a rest. He was about to scotch the wheels when the horses swerved round, knocking him down and trampling all over him. The body of the dray passed over him but not the wheels. He was very badly hurt about the head, chest and back. He

was taken home by a milk float and medically examined. It is reported that he is as well as can be expected.



*The Bleaching Croft—All the men are named*

In April 1912, newspapers reported a fatal accident on the 1<sup>st</sup> April at Welch's to Charles Arthur Basil Day, Rose Cottage, Bugsworth. Day was the nephew of Thomas Prescott the headmaster of Bugsworth School, who was largely

instrumental with the Vicar of Bugsworth, the Rev. Dr. John Towers in changing the village name of Bugsworth to Buxworth in 1933. Day, aged 21, was employed plaiting cloth inside one of the large bleaching kiers with Sam Peers of Bradshaw Fields, Chinley. Boiling caustic soda, needed in the bleaching process, came into the kier. Both men were shockingly scalded when the liquid cascaded over them. The unfortunate Day died the next day in Manchester Royal Infirmary.



*The Dye House—All the men are named*

Mr Hermann Bablich (changed later to Babbing-ton ) of Leadenhall, Chinley a doctor of science and co-managing director of Messrs John Welch and Son's stated that there were 6 kiers on the ground floor, each kier held about 2 and half tons of cloth, there was one minder for the 6 kiers. The Coroner "*I presume he would know that these two men were in the kier?*" Bablich "*He should*

*have done .*" The inquest recorded a verdict of "Accidental Death" the foreman added that they were of the opinion "*that there should be a more competent kier-minder and that the discharge of the kiers should be under better supervision.*"

An unusual anomaly of Whitehall Works was that it straddled the Black Brook, the north side in the Chinley and Bugsworth Parish and the south side was in Chapel-en-le-Frith Parish. The North side of the works was used for the bleaching and dyeing of many types of textiles. Particularly "Para Red" a cloth destined almost exclusively for the Far East where it was a great seller due to its strong resistance to sunlight. The South side during the 1920's handled delicate voiles, handkerchief cloth, poplins, twills, down proof stateens, heavy drills and khaki. In the 1930's towelling and nappies were produced which in turn led to the formation of a sewing section. Experimenting with rayon ceased in 1938 when the management of Whitehall Works was taken over by Tom Welch's sons Tom and John, the older generation of John, Tom, and Harry Welch retiring from management.

Prior to WW2 the boilers were automatically fed by crushed coal dust being brushed into the firebox at high speed. During the 1940's the boilers were changed to oil burning. When WW2 broke out the printing business of Ber-

nard Wardle (1923) Ltd owned by father Tom's wife lost their property in Bridgnorth, Shropshire when it was requisitioned by the Air Ministry. The manager a Mr S. Hurlstone, along with key personnel and machines transferred to Chinley and established themselves on the south side of Whitehall Works. The main activity of Bernard Wardle (1923) was hand silk screen printing on a 36 inch machine and the trade name "Welshrunk" was created. During the war millions of yards of denim cloth both Khaki and Air Force blue were shrunk for the use of the armed forces.

Following the death of John Welch in September 1942 his brother Tom took over the full management and in 1945 turned it into the public company of Bernard Wardle & Co Ltd with a share capital of £350,000. Two developments took place at that time "Weaving" and the production of "Leather Cloth." In addition a dozen "Jacquard" looms to produce wide sheeting 100 inches wide. The locals still referred to the Whitehall Works as "Welch's." Jack Fletcher (Disley) Ltd, built a new works canteen, it was opened on 16 February 1946, when a concert was given by the newly formed Whitehall Sports and Social Club. In 1946 an export department was started creating an entirely new development.

In 1947 a second disastrous fire hit Whitehall Works, the High Peak Reporter 2 March 1947 under the banner headline "*Six Brigades Fight Chinley Works Blaze.*" reports the story. "*Despite a record time-breaking turnout by the N.F.S. (National Fire Service, a nomenclature left over from WW2) a section of the dyeing, bleaching, weaving and printing works of Messrs John Welch at Chinley was destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon. The Brigades from Buxton, Chapel, Whaley Bridge, New Mills, Glossop and Macclesfield were alerted at about 12-45pm and although fire was brought under control in just over an hour, the crews remained throughout the night working in shifts to prevent the smouldering remains being reignited.*"

*It is not possible yet to assess the total amount of damage involved, but among the property destroyed was a considerable amount of valuable material that had been processed ready for the British Industries Fair and other goods destined for export. Fortunately a great deal of the machinery is duplicated in other parts of the works and the loss will be made up by the introduction of a night shift.*

*The cause is believed to have been caused by a spark from an electric fan in the drying-room when most employees were in the canteen having their dinner. When the outbreak was discovered the flames had already got a good hold in the roof and spread to the warehouse, white-room, weaving shed and the roof of the powerhouse. An officer from the Buxton Brigade stated that*

*but for the fortuitous direction of the wind the works could have been a total loss. The fire was so intense that several firemen were scorched about the face, 6 pumps and 18 jets were used to fight the fire, during which finished material was taken to safety to other buildings. The offices of the firm, in a separate building, were evacuated amongst with records and furniture. Employees also suffered considerable personal loss in the form of money, clothing left in the cloakroom. One employee had to go home in his shirt sleeves. About 50 men have been thrown out of work due to the fire but it is hoped to start them with the night shift."*

Many changes came about in 1948 the manufacture of leathercloth was transferred from Whitehall Works to Peblig Mill, Caernarvon, North Wales. In 1964 the name of Whitehall Works Company was changed Bernard Wardle Fabrics Ltd. The doors at Whitehall Works closed on 16 December 1988. The site was later taken over by PVC.

Keith Holford

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## HOW DID IT BEGIN?

Herbert Spencer was my quiet lovely Great Grandfather who died in 1957, aged 92. He was married to Sarah Jane Mellors, a strong woman who was said to make a meal out of a dishcloth and moved house 31 times, until Herbert built a small bungalow in Wingerworth where he gardened and puffed his pipe in his shed (after radium needles in his lip for cancer from smoking a clay pipe). I knew he came from Bedfordshire and felt for him as I thought he was born in the workhouse.

After my father died I found

Hawnes Beds, Herbert Spencer, born 1865, Mother Mary Geary, Father George Spencer deceased

In the Bedford Records Office I looked at all marriage registers. Nothing. Workhouse records, no birth. Wondering where to go next I turned a few pages and found:

*15<sup>th</sup> March 1866*

*The said Mary Spencer upon oath*

*I am the widow of George Spencer late of Temple Normanton in the parish of and near Chesterfield in Derbyshire, Labourer deceased. He died 12 months*



*last November on the 12<sup>th</sup> at Hawnes in the county of Bedford and was there buried. He had been living at Hawnes with me and my children for about 2 years before his death. I was married to him 6 years last harvest at the Independent Chapel at Matlock in Derbyshire, I had a child before my marriage with him (George Henry Geary my maiden name was Geary) He is now 8 years. I have 2 children by my husband. They are now living William John aged 5 years and Herbert who was born after my husband's death aged one year. When we came to Hawnes we had moved from Alfreton in Derbyshire where we had been a little more than a year and a half. After my marriage I and my late husband remained at Matlock about 2 months We were there in lodgings. We moved to Atherstone in Warwickshire. We remained there about 12 months. From Atherstone we went to Alfreton in Derbyshire and from there to Hawnes. We lived in a cottage in Atherstone and paid 1/8 a week. At Alfreton we lived in lodgings and at Hawnes for 5 months. We returned to Alfreton and remained about 8 months and then came to Hawnes. My husband was born in Temple Normanton. He was 29 when he died and he told me he was born there. Before I married my husband I had known him for about 3 years. He was always a labouring man I never knew him to gain a settlement in his own right. My husband received parish relief about 3 months before his death Since I have been married to my husband I have not lived 3 years in any place.*

*They were allowed to stay in Hawnes with Mary's parents.*

*George's father and 3 sisters were living in Alfreton.*

I read all this in amazement.

Home to Matlock and after many trips to Ilkeston, Burton on Trent, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, West Brom, and Gloucester, plus letters to newspapers, I now have photos and contacts of all 11 siblings of Sarah Jane Spencer, and relatives in England and America. I have the Spencers back to Ashover in 1666.

All before internet! I could now probably find it all with the click of a button but would it have been so fascinating?

***Dorothy Tilley [Mem 4344]  
E-mail: dtalley@dordan.plus.com***

## RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



### BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

#### Latest Acquisitions as at January 1st 2016

Buxton and District Remembered 1920s-1950s—Keith Taylor

Midland Railway Society—The Functions and Organisation of the  
Midland Railway Engineer's Department

A History of Derby School Cadet Corps—Andrew Polkey

Wesleyan Methodist Church, Pilsley—A transcript of the Memorial  
Inscriptions in the Church and Churchyard

A Derby Miscellany

## **History in our Lifetime**

-

Do you remember when:-

Our streets were clean and litter free, everyone swept their own fronts and cleared away weeds and a council worker came round with a cart and a variety of brushes, several times a week to clear up anything that was missed.

Leaves were swept away before they were allowed to go down the drains to block them and the fire service used to regularly send an engine out to remove any debris from the drains that had washed down during a storm.

Traffic islands were beautifully planted with numerous flowers, and grass areas were cut regularly with edges trimmed and grass cuttings taken away. Local parks were well maintained by an army of gardeners.

Shops in the suburbs sold anything you could wish for, butchers, grocers, greengrocers, bakery, hardware stores, decorators, jewellers, newsagents, haberdasheries and clothes shops. There were banks and a post office. The only takeaway was a fish and chip shop and not a charity shop in sight.

There were frequent jumble sales at the local church hall where unwanted clothing was sold on to raise funds for various organisations. There was little need to venture in to town.

When you did need to go to town, what an ordeal that was with a baby and pushchair, it wasn't quite so bad when there were still conductors/conductresses because they would sometimes help but later when it was just the driver and you had to pay on entry it became the ordeal. Very young babies had to be carried as prams did not fold up but then how did you carry your shopping home. Pushchairs needed to be light and easy to fold. You would arrive at the bus stop, put your bags down in order to lift the child out of said pushchair and whilst holding the child, fold the pushchair and then when the bus arrived pick everything up, only to have to put it all down again to pay the driver, then pick it up again placing the pushchair in the rack provided before sitting down. It all had to be done again on the way home with more bags.

Shops were open 9am to 5.30pm Monday to Saturday, except for early closing on Wednesdays at 12.30pm, and later closed all day on Wednesdays.

Books were expensive items so the libraries were well used and the museum visited to see the model railway if nothing else.

Cinemas and dance halls provided the entertainment. Everything began at about 7pm and finished by 10.45pm in order to get the last bus home at 11pm. Not many young people drove a car back then.

Public houses closed by 10.30pm. Special licences had to be obtained for any special event to provide alcohol after this time.

A particular annoyance of mine these days is the appearance of the postman, [probably because my husband was one for several years] wearing shorts and sandals. In his day it was a suit, white shirt and tie, black shoes and a cap, the “Queen’s Uniform” for the Royal Mail and no trolley to help with the weight of the mail.

A walk around the local cemetery passed the hours on a Sunday afternoon. Sounds a bit morbid but it was peaceful and quiet and colourful with all the flowers. The grounds were well cared for then. Reading the Memorial Inscriptions must have given me the interest in Family History.

I hope my walk down Memory Lane inspires other people to write an article for the magazine.

*Ruth Barber [Mem 6376]*

On Monday, Mr and Mrs Garratt, of Chellaston, drove out a short distance from the village, their daughter, about three and a half years of age, wishing to go with them. They told the child she might come and meet them on their return, and the little creature set off for that purpose some time afterwards observed. Between five and six o’clock search was made for her in all directions. Pits, plaster mines, fields and plantations were carefully examined, but all in vain, until night came on. Fairbrother, the keeper, with his usual activity, was searching for her most of the night, and at last found her in the middle of a field in the parish of Thurlstone, about a mile from the village. When he got to her, she said “I have seen no mens”. The child is going on well.

*Derby Mercury, 4 April 1866*

**We welcome new members who have  
joined the Society by 20<sup>th</sup> January 2016**



- 7967 Mr I Baines, 113 Hillcrest Road, Derby, Derbyshire, DE21 6FG, UK,  
Email: [ianbaines44@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:ianbaines44@hotmail.co.uk)
- 7968 Mrs E J Cummings, 28 Norbury Court, Park Farm Drive, Allestree, Derby,  
DE22 2YB, UK
- 7969 Mr P Craft, Rycliffe Cottage, Halifax Road, Ripponden, Halifax, HX6 4AH,  
UK, Email: [paulcraft0@gmail.com](mailto:paulcraft0@gmail.com)
- 7970 Mrs J Dunham, 5 Sandal Avenue, Wakefield, West Yorkshire, WF2 7LP,  
UK, Email: [judithdunham@hotmail.com](mailto:judithdunham@hotmail.com)
- 7971 Mr N Hallsworth, 7 Falconside Drive, Spondon, Derbyshire, DE21 7QT, UK,  
Email: [neilhalloworth@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:neilhalloworth@tiscali.co.uk)
- 7972 Ms J Robson, 30 Briscoe Drive, Moreton, Wirral, Merseyside, CH46 0TW,  
UK, Email: [robsonjanet@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:robsonjanet@hotmail.co.uk)
- 7973 Ms R Firth, Usborne Publishing, 83-85 Saffron Hill, London, EC1N 8RT,  
UK, Email: [rachelf@usborne.co.uk](mailto:rachelf@usborne.co.uk)
- 7975 Mr M Smith, 11 Holmfield Avenue West, Leicester Forest East, Leicester,  
Leicestershire, LE3 3FE, UK, Email: [melvynsmith21@gmail.com](mailto:melvynsmith21@gmail.com)
- 7976 Ms A E Atterbury, 34 East Avenue, Mickleover, Derby, DE3 9HN, UK,  
Email: [aegot@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:aegot@hotmail.co.uk)
- 7977 Mr J Bentley, 28 Forest Lane, Papplewick, Nottingham, NG15 8FF, UK,  
Email: [j.bentley@talktalk.net](mailto:j.bentley@talktalk.net)
- 7978 Mr M Bryan, 9 Crabtree Close, Allestree, Derby, DE22 2SW, UK,  
Email: [mickb41@hotmail.com](mailto:mickb41@hotmail.com)
- 7979 Mr K Hall, 7 Devas Gardens, Spondon, Derby, DE21 7AD, UK,  
Email: [k.henry@talktalk.net](mailto:k.henry@talktalk.net)
- 7980 Ms M Hamilton, Moreton House, Moreton Road, Hereford, Herefordshire,  
HR4 8AH, UK, Email: [margaret.hamilton@virgin.net](mailto:margaret.hamilton@virgin.net)

**No updated Members Interests for this issue**

**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 web-  
site and going to the Members Interests  
section.**

**New/Updated interests may be sent by  
email to [membersinterests@dfhs.org.uk](mailto:membersinterests@dfhs.org.uk)**

## **SOCIETY AGM**

**To be held at Friends Meeting House, St Helen's Street,  
Derby, Tuesday 12th April 2016 at 7 p.m.**

**This will take place before the start of our monthly meeting  
and talk. Please remember that the AGM is open to society  
members only and the general public can only enter for the  
talk, which will begin at half past seven. We look forward to  
seeing you there.**

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY  
are pleased to announce**

**A FAMILY HISTORY FESTIVAL  
to celebrate their 40<sup>th</sup> Birthday  
to be held at Derby Central Library, The Wardwick, Derby  
on Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> June from 10 am to 4 pm  
In conjunction with Derby Local Studies Library and Derbyshire  
Record Office**

**Come and join us for a full day of fun and activities**

**Hit a brick wall? Come and see if we can give you some advice  
and help you to knock it down**

**Best way of preserving your precious research**

**Advice on dating old photographs**

**Bring your old photographs and have them scanned**

**Plenty of computers available for hands on supported research**

**Films of old Derby running throughout the day**

**Tea and Coffee available**

**Plenty of eating places within a few minutes walk**

**Full programme of speakers on various topics including**

**Maxwell Craven**

**Professor Stephen Orchard**

**Dr Mike Galer**

**Richard Stone**

**Stalls to browse including**

**Old maps from round the country**

**Old postcards**

**Conservation materials**

**Bookbinding Demonstrations**

**Magic Attic**

**Sudbury Hall/Museum of Childhood**

## **Derbyshire Family History Society**

**March Quarter 2016**



**The scene in St James's Street, Derby, after the big flood in 1932, where boating was the order of the day and people had to get wet if they wished to walk round the town.**