

# *Derbyshire Family History Society*



## *In This Issue*

The Warners of Mickleover  
and Beyond

The Cooley Chromosome

It all Started with a Grave

Anyone Looking for a  
Robert Henstock?

Chellaston & Swarkestone  
Station  
Opened in 1868, closed to  
passengers in 1930 and  
freight in 1966

*Jun 2017*

*Issue 161*

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

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

### **MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS**

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

## **ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS**

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

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

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

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

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

For both the above payment in dollars or currency other than sterling please add the equivalent of £4 to cover the exchange charge. Alternatively payment may be made by PayPal with no extra charge incurred. Standing orders are also still accepted.

Please Note! Our website now offers the facility to renew your membership online, using PayPal [an account or debit/credit card needed]. If you are unsure of your membership number please look at the address label on the bag in which your magazine arrived and you will find it the top corner. It would be helpful to quote this in any correspondence with the Society.

**Please renew your subscriptions promptly.** Due to the steep rising rates of postage no magazines will be sent out unless your payment is with us by the 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**

Welcome to the second issue of 2017 and hopefully we are all enjoying a bit of sunshine by now and looking forward to holidays or a few days out.

A new idea for linking family history research with our own personal archives has been suggested by the Federation. Famicity has designed a legacy centre for families, helping family history society members to create their own personal archives for their descendants. It is specially designed for the social network and is a private, ad-free environment where you can upload and share your family tree, photos, videos, documents and stories. It's a great way to involve the younger generations who might not be as interested in family history as we are, but are skilled at using social media platforms. It seems an amazing resource—though I must admit not for me—and is a great way to build a legacy that grows as your family does. If anyone is interested we can email further information to you, just let me know.

We have now started putting our huge pile of photographs into some kind of order, so that people can either come in and have a look at our range of Derbyshire places or email us to do a search for them. As I mentioned earlier we are also starting to collect photos of our members' ancestors so that we have a resource for others to look at and obtain copies. It will also serve to put relations in touch, as a bonus. Hopefully once the new website is up and running we will be able to put an index of names and places for searching as well. As I once mentioned, if anyone would like to send in scans of ancestors to add to the index, it would be much appreciated. They will be held securely in digital form and only copied with the owner's permission.

Enjoy your reading this time and please make note of our trip to Kew, so we can have a full bus for once. If you have any friends that would like to come with us and spend the day in Kew Gardens, feel free to ask them along. Actually there are several interesting places to visit within a few minutes walk and we have the good part of a day to enjoy them in. For myself I would like to take the walk to Mortlake, visiting where some ancestors once worked. It is only a couple of miles walk along a footpath, so if the weather is nice, well I might be disappearing in that direction instead of ordering documents out. Be a nice change!!

That's all for now, have a good summer.

*Helen*

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### **MEETINGS 2017**

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

13th Jun	The Life and Travels of Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker - Stephen Flinders
11th Jul	Thirty Five Years On—Stephen Orchard
August	No meeting
12th Sep	An Ordinary Copper—Ernie Drabble, M.B.E.
10th Oct	To be announced
14th Nov	A Tudor Christmas—Helen Chambers
12th Dec	Christmas Party

#### **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.**

16th Jun	Purseglove of the Panama Canal—Roger Purseglove
21st Jul	To be announced
August	No meeting
15th Sep	To be announced
20th Oct	Mrs Thorne
17th Nov	To be announced
8th Dec	Christmas Party

## **DERBY MEETINGS**

**Jan 2017**

### **A History of Pubs and Drink—Danny Wells**

At one time beer was the most popular drink on the planet but by 2009 2,500 pubs had closed and in 2012 25 pubs were closing each week. It is thought that by 2042 the last pub will have closed. What are the reasons for this sudden change?

More people have taken to drinking wine, cheaper alcohol is available at supermarkets and the drink driving laws have led to the downfall.

In medieval times small beer, which was one low in alcohol, would have been drunk when fresh water was not available, even by young children. Those engaged in heavy physical labour would have drunk as much as 10 pints a day. Some monasteries made a living out of brewing and selling beer. Taverns and Inns were where you would go for the news of the day and any gossip and a night's entertainment with yarns and folk music telling tales of heroes and villains. It was also a place to stay overnight when travelling by coach. The coach also brought the mail that was collected from the Inns. Canterbury Tales, Shakespeare and Dickens all had stories with taverns involved. As time went on there was competition in the form of Coffee Houses selling coffee, wines and spirits. In the 1700s cheap gin became a problem and beer was encouraged as an alternative. In 1830 the Beerhouse Act was passed and 31,000 licences were issued. This then led to the Temperance Movement being set up to stop drinking all together. Then tea became more readily available to everyone.

Later drinking times were controlled, pubs and off-licences, the only places where alcohol was available, were open at lunch time and the evening, with "time gentlemen please" at 10.30pm. In late 1980s these times were extended and in 2005 the limits were scrapped and 24 hour introduced. Consequently the competition of trying to keep the pubs filled during these long hours led to closures.

Locally the town of Burton became famous for its brewing with as many as 46 breweries at one time. Well known names such as Bass, Marstons and more recently Corrs have become part of its history.

We were taken through various forms of advertising. In early days, signs outside showed trade pubs, The Golden Fleece, for example where business in the wool trade would be transacted. There were Hogarth prints and Andy Capp. Soaps of today have a pub that life centres around, the Queen Vic, the

Rovers and the Woolpack. Television advertising included Double Diamond, Guinness and Heineken.

New pubs today are all about food and family but there has been a return to beer with Camra and Real Ale and Micro brewing and Beer Festivals.

## **Feb 2017**

### Those were the Days—Alan Hiley

Alan's life began in Sherwood St, Derby and his father worked for Brookes Removals in the 1950s. His memories began with the comics that were around at this time with pictures to illustrate them. There was the Beano and Dandy for younger boys and the Hotspur and Eagle for older ones. It was Girl and School Friend for the girls. Woman's Own and Woman's Weekly were available for the ladies and Practical Motorist and Householder for the men.

Television at this time was in its infancy and when a second channel came along everyone was reciting the adverts, Omo, Daz and Fairy liquid, Esso and BP, PG Tips and Coco Cola. There were numerous cinemas you could go to showing films like Flash Gordon for children and for the adults, The King and I and Robin Hood.

Alan took us through the history of the Cooperative Society which began in 1850. It was set up in a hayloft in George's Yard off Sadler Gate by carpenters and joiners with just £2. It then moved to Victoria St and Full St. Branches opened in Park St, Nuns St, Abbey St and Bridge Gate, and in areas away from the town centre in Alvaston, Spondon and Melbourne. By 1900 there were 50 branches with a warehouse in Woods St. There were different aspects to the Coop, the bakery, butchers, dairy, hardware, drapery and boots. The first shop on East St appeared the late 1890s and over the years took over all four corners of East St and Albion St. Money spent in the Coop reaped rewards and you could queue up to collect your “divi” in Albion St. In 1915 there was a buttery factory at the top of Raynesway, known affectionately as The Creamery where the trolley buses reached their terminus and returned to Derby. They had their own farm opposite. In 1921 they were providing days out in a charabanc. During the war when rationing was in force coupons could be exchanged at the Coop for virtually anything. In 1960 the Crayford Rd store became the first self service Coop.

At some point a neon lit cow appeared above the Coop building in East St and looked down on us for many years until the Coop closed its doors and it was removed. It caused many complaints and it was returned some time later and is still looking down on us. A folk song has recently been written about



it so it will stay in history for ever.

The Midland Railway was a great help during the early years of the Coop and a lot of the Officers of the Coop were railway men and the Railway Institute on Railway Terrace offered help and advice and education for men to help with employment. Next to the Institute were a row of cottages also on Railway Terrace that were built for management. Over the years they became very neglected but then they were restored to their former glory.

Finally Alan told us briefly about the Trent Motor Traction Company which started in 1913 with trips to Ashbourne but that is another of Alan's talks.

### **Mar 2017**

#### **Pleasure Palace—Ian Morgan**

We wondered what the Pleasure Palace could be. Was it a picture house or a fun park? I don't think anyone would have guessed.

It was in fact Bolsover Castle known I think by everyone as one of the tourist attractions in Derbyshire run by English Heritage.

It was originally granted to William Peveril in 1068 by William the Conqueror. It had a troubled history until 1600 when it was bought by Charles Cavendish, son of Bess of Hardwick, as a retirement retreat. After visiting The Palazzo del Te in Italy, he had the main part of the Bolsover demolished and a new one built, resembling a Norman keep and known as the “Little Castle”. There were Romanesque and pointed Gothic vaults and remarkable wall paintings. He never moved in and when he died his son William inherited. He continued the rebuilding but he was a bit of a playboy and wanted a fun place to spend leisure time when not at court and to entertain numerous friends. He married Elizabeth Bassett who was very wealthy and together they created a Pleasure Palace. With the help of architect John Smythson, he added luxurious state apartments, a gallery and a hall. There were carved fireplaces, rich coloured murals and panelling.

In 1634 William hosted a lavish royal feast for King Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria, their royal entourage and gentry from Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. After Elizabeth, William's wife, died and he was defeated in the battle of Marston Moor in the Civil War, he went in to exile. The castle was damaged by Parliamentarians to prevent it being further used by Royalists. William returned in 1650 and bought back his lands, handing Bolsover to his sons. They did some repairs but not to its former glory.

It then passed through various hands, with each doing repairs and alterations.

Damage from slipping bedrock and mining occurred in the 1920s. In 1945 the Ministry of Works took it over and stabilized the building and did some restoration work. It was gradually opened to the public and still attracts many visitors today.

RUTH BARBER

## **SOUTH NORMANTON**

**Feb 2017**

### Catherine of Aragon—Mrs Toni Elston

Catherine was a daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Aragon. She was very well educated and spoke Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, Italian, but not English. As a child of four years old she was betrothed to Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII. When she reached a marriageable age she sailed to England with half of her dowry, and the marriage was celebrated.

Sadly it was only a short union as Prince Arthur died a few years later. King Henry did not want to forfeit any of the dowry, so he suggested that his younger son, Prince Henry, should marry Catherine. The Catholic Church laws forbade a widow marrying her late husband's brother, but Henry VII managed to gain permission from the Pope. Over the next two decades, Catherine bore many stillborn babies, and only succeeded with Princess Mary.

Eventually King Henry VIII became involved with Anne Boleyn and decided to divorce Catherine. He appealed to the Pope to dissolve his marriage, quoting the same reason that his father had, but this time in opposition. However the Pope refused the request. Henry VIII decided eventually to make himself the head of a Protestant church and order things to his own wishes. Catherine was given a separate house and minimum of staff to serve her. One of her Spanish ladies remained with her, but Princess Mary lived in her own separate establishment.

When Catherine died she was buried in Peterborough Cathedral.

**Mar 2017**

### A Tour of the A60 Road—Mrs Angela Morris

Mrs Morris took us on a historical walk along Sutton Road, Mansfield, until it turned into Mansfield Road, Sutton, and its junction with Unwin Road, Sutton. Her first picture was of the Empire, a music hall before becoming the cinema that many of us remembered. Marie Lloyd, Lillie Langtry and Flanagan and Allen performed there in its music hall days. We were shown a view

of its interior, taken after it closed in 1961.

Then we were shown a plan of the workhouse on the opposite side of the road. It was designed in a cruciform shape by Sampson Kelthorpe, one of only ten built to this design in the whole country.

Back across the road to look at the William IV public house. My history lessons at school were very detailed, but ended with the death of George IV. I was always puzzled as to where William IV fitted into the line of kings until more wider reading as an adult filled in the details.

Next door were the tram sheds, now used as bus garages. The trams were in service from 1904 to 1932, but people still know what building is referred to when the tram sheds are mentioned.

We visited Kings Mill Cottages and learnt that the mill was now below the reservoir. Hamilton Hill lies to the south of the reservoir and was included on old maps of the area, so was not created by the soil removed to make the reservoir.

At a major crossroads, one of the side roads was Sheepscur Bridge Lane, now condensed to Sheepbridge Lane. Across the main road the side road is known as Skegby Sands, leading to Skegby. On one corner stood the factory known as the Quartex. In the 1930s it was owned by a German firm, but when World War II began, all the German staff were interred. Angela showed us a photograph of a piece of heavy machinery, brought from Italy, being carefully hoisted on to an upper floor.

On the opposite corner stands the Sir John Cockle Inn. John Cockle was a miller on the edge of Sherwood Forest. One evening, a huntsman came to his door and asked for shelter. He had become separated from his companions and would appreciate a meal and a bed. The miller took him in and served him venison at the meal. In the morning the huntsman's friends arrived and to his horror John Cockle discovered that his guest was the king. All deer in the Forest belonged to the king and the penalty for poaching was death. The king drew his sword and the miller fell to his knees, but instead of death, the king knighted him and bade Sir John Cockle arise.

Robert Dodsley, London publisher and owner of Skegby Hall, wrote a play about it, called *The King and Miller*. Another reminder is the near by Kings Mill Hospital.

During World War II a prisoner of war camp for Italian prisoners occupied

the site. Then it became a boys technical school and finally girls were admitted. Eventually new school premises were built and the first wards of Kings Mill hospital appeared on the site, and have now developed to the current buildings.

Finally we arrived at the War Memorial in its peaceful garden at the junction of Unwin Road and Sutton Road.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

### **THE FIRST POST STAGE FOR DERBY**

Many incidental references occur throughout the Derbyshire records to the early despatching of letters by the mail and there is an interesting account at the Public Records Office of the first Derbyshire post stage.

James I established a post office in London for letters to foreign countries for the benefit of merchants, but it was not till the reign of Charles I, 1635, that a post office of inland letters was established. A regular communication was then established between Edinburgh and London "*to go hither and come back again in six days*" and to take with them all such letters as should be directed to any post town on the road. Posts were also established to Ireland by Holyhead, and to Plymouth and Exeter.

Posts for letters materially progressed during the Commonwealth, but it was not until the restoration, namely on December 27th 1660, that the Post-office was founded. Part of the scheme then established brought about, for the first time, a regular post between London and Derby. The Derby Road of the post-stage system began at Towcester, sixty miles from London. Up to that point the Derby letters were conveyed by the Holyhead or Irish mail; from Towcester they went, by four intervening stages, to Derby, a distance of 69 miles.

Each postmaster of the town through which the mail passed had to state on the bottom of the post bill, the hour at which he received and forwarded it. The prescribed rate of progress was but five miles an hour.

*Taken from a new book in our library 'Three Centuries of Derby Annals'*

## ROUND AND ABOUT

**Norbury St Mary & St Bartok** church will be open from 11-3 on the 29 July 2017. Ideal chance for people interested in the parish or with an ancestral connection to the area of Norbury and Roston and Snelston. There will be a map of the graveyard and parish records available to look at.

**The Jewish Genealogical Society of Great Britain** has now moved to a new home in the Society of Genealogists headquarters at 14 Charterhouse Buildings, Goswell Road, London EC1M 7BA. The Library will usually be open on the first Sunday and the third Friday of each month. Further details can be found on the website [www.jgsgb.org.uk](http://www.jgsgb.org.uk)

**New Visiting Hours** for the West Glamorgan Archive Service are as follows:

West Glamorgan Archive Service, Swansea, Monday closed, Tuesday 9am-7pm, Wednesday 9am-5pm, Thursday 9am-5pm, Friday 9am-5pm. E-mail [westglam.archives@swansea.gov.uk](mailto:westglam.archives@swansea.gov.uk)

Neath Antiquarian Society Archives, Neath, Monday and Thursday only, 9.30am—12.30pm and 1.30pm—4.45 pm. Phone 01639620139

If you are intending to use original archives, you will need to register for a reader's ticket.

**Warwickshire County Records Office** has had a public consultation and has changed its opening hours as from March 2017. They are now Wed 10-4, Thurs 10-4, Fri 10-4 and Sat 10-1. The office will also no longer be closed for a collections week each month, but will take a two week break in the winter period, the date of which is yet to be confirmed.

**Derbyshire Family History Society** has confirmed the date of the next Kew Trip as Saturday 30 Sept 2017. The coach will leave Full Street in Derby [by the roundabout] at 7.30 am and will leave Kew at 4 pm. The cost is £15 as usual and we hope we can get a full coach this time. It is a lovely day out as well as very useful in tracing those elusive ancestors. I can recommend a look round their library and also, if you have a problem trying to find the right documents, the staff there are very helpful indeed. Certainly worth a day out. If you know anyone who would like to travel with us but then go on to Kew Gardens they will be most welcome. The form for booking can be found on the website or you can call in at Bridge Chapel House. Any queries, please email the trip organiser at [helena.coney@gmail.com](mailto:helena.coney@gmail.com)

## IT ALL STARTED WITH A GRAVE

This is a tale that has nothing whatsoever to do with my own family history and really only came about because I am basically nosy – a typical family historian in fact. Volunteering at Bridge Chapel House means we do all sorts, from drawing up trees from scratch to answering people's queries by email. I like to think we have a pretty good record, but the following story was a beauty and as I said, came about completely by accident.

My research led me to our copies of the Nottingham Road Cemetery records. This cemetery was opened in 1855 and is enormous, it covers 31 reels of film in our library. Looking for a particular burial, my eyes alighted on a nearby grave. Privately owned, there were six people buried there, only two had the same name and there was a wide range of dates. Don't ask me why, but I was intrigued and vowed to find out who they were. For those who are interested, the names were Charles Draycott [1908], Sophia Draycott [1921], William Cooper [1935], Alice Ann Storer [1939], Frederick William Bull [1940] and Janet Evelyn Monk [1977].

Sophia Draycott had bought the grave and Charles Draycott was the first buried. Obviously Sophia had bought it for her husband so that was my starting point. Well it was true as far as it went, but it certainly wasn't a straightforward story so I had to go further back. That headed me towards a right tangled family.

So, to start at the beginning!!

Samuel Bould was a waterman born at Waterfall in Staffordshire, in 1812. At the age of 23 he married Ruth Orman at Duffield in 1835. She came from Leicestershire. The pair settled in Derby and went on to have a good few children, although for this tale it is three of his daughters who take the starring roles. Samuel was a bit of a rascal and in 1839 served 3 months gaol for larceny, having been convicted of stealing a wheelbarrow from the railroad near Derby. Samuel was one of three men employed by a stone mason at the time and was delivering blocks from a barge for the railway. The barrow went missing in the afternoon and three men offered it for sale in the evening. Their defence was that they had pulled a barrow out of the canal. Protest as they might they not only received three months imprisonment, but hard labour to boot.

Samuel seems to have settled down after that, but one wonders about some rather large gaps between the children. As a boatman, of course, he would be

off finding work and carrying goods, so it probably is quite understandable, but I do wonder if he saw the inside of a prison more than once. However in 1841 he can be found in Bridge Gate with his wife, his son, John, and two daughters Ann [9] and Emma [9]. By 1851 Samuel and Ruth are in China Factory Yard and living with them are three daughters, Emma [12], Sophia [8] and Jane [6]. These are the three principals of my story.

Concentrating on Sophia, she married at St Paul's in Chester Green on the 29<sup>th</sup> June 1868. Her husband of choice was William Foster, a house painter and native of Derby. It was obviously a shotgun marriage as in December of the same year Sophia gave birth to a son Arthur, who was to die twelve days later. In quick succession followed another Arthur [1870], Emily [1873], Jane [1875] and Sarah Ann [1877]. A happy marriage you would think, but searching for Sophia in 1881 reveals her living with Thomas and Emma Dunn. OK she could just be staying overnight, but she has her six year old daughter Jane with her which throws up the question, what about the other children.

Further searching reveals the true facts. On 25 Jan 1883 William Foster files a petition for divorce – a huge step at this time and very expensive. Most unhappily married couples tended to separate by consent without bothering the courts, or manage to struggle through with their marriage. Obviously things were very bad.

William's solicitors were Montague & Scott and they filed his affidavit with the court on 14 March. According to the divorce papers William and Sophia had to make an appearance and the hearing took place in the High Court of Justice at The Strand, London. Another expense. Perhaps it is rather telling that Sophia didn't argue the case nor put in a plea on her own account. William's petition read as follows:-

*I William Foster, of number 33 Waterloo Street, Burton Road, Derby, in the county of Derby, Painter, make oath and say –*

*That I am the Petitioner in the above matter and was on the twenty ninth day of June 1868 lawfully married to Sophia Foster, then Sophia Bould Spinster the Respondent in this suit at Saint Paul's church, Little Chester, Derby, in the county of Derby.*

*That after my said marriage I lived and cohabited with my said wife at Cotton Lane, Osmaston Road, Derby aforesaid, at China Factory Yard, Nottingham Road, Derby aforesaid, at City Road, Little Chester, Derby aforesaid, and at Number 33 Waterloo Street aforesaid and that I and my said wife have had issue of our said marriage five children.*

*That in the month of October 1881 my said wife left my house and, as I am informed and verily believe, went to reside with the correspondent, Charles Draycott, at Summer Hill Yard, Victoria Street, Derby aforesaid, Army Pensioner and Labourer, and for some considerable time resided with him at the said address and at each place committed adultery with the said Charles Draycott.*

*That I am informed and verily believe that my said wife has recently left the residence of the said Charles Draycott and now resides with a sister who is living with a man who is not her husband, but the said Charles Draycott frequently visits the said Sophia Foster and I am informed and verily believe that on the second day of January 1883 the said Charles Draycott and Sophia Foster went to Nottingham and slept there together in the house of a Mrs Brooks.*

*I say that there is no collusion or connivance between me and the said Sophia Foster in any way whatsoever.*

Having agreed that the petition was correct and that there was no collusion, the decree nisi was granted on the 14<sup>th</sup> June 1883, on the grounds of adultery. William was awarded custody of the children. Six months later, on the 15<sup>th</sup> January 1884, the divorce was made absolute. Sophia seems to have lived with Charles, but waited a year to marry him at the Traffic Street Methodist Church in Derby. William was also to marry later on, although I haven't really looked into his story, I was too intrigued with Sophia. She and Charles had one daughter, Alice Ann, who was born in 1885 when Sophia was 34, but there seem to be no more offspring.

By 1891 Charles and Sophia are living in 109 Abbey Street with Alice and also two of Sophia's children by William – Arthur and Jane Foster. I think Jane has always remained with her mother, so it would seem William was amiable enough to let the children go to their mother or, of course, it could be that there was collusion between the two of them, even though they had sworn there wasn't. By 1901 the family of three – Charles, Sophia and Alice – are living at 198 Abbey Street, where once upon a time Sophia had fled for refuge with Thomas and Emma Dunn. Charles is still working as a labourer, but Sophia and Alice appear to have set up business in the greengrocer's business, which would have been a help when Charles died in 1908 leaving the two women to fend for themselves, with the additional mouth to feed in another Alice who was born in 1902.

And who was the second Alice? Alice Ann Draycott [Sophia's daughter] had married in 1902 to Isaac John Storer, and Alice Sophia Storer was born later the same year, the product of another shotgun wedding between Isaac Storer and Alice Ann. This marriage was to turn out no better than her mother's. In



the Derby Daily Telegraph of 29 Jun 1905 was the following very telling report:-

*"Isaac John Storer, of Mount-street, was summoned by his wife Alice Ann Storer, for deserting her. Mr Bendle W. Moore appeared for the wife and Mr J.T. Wykes for the defendant. Mr Moore said the parties had been married about three years, and there was one child. For some time there had been a considerable amount of unpleasantness between the parties. Last Friday morning he left home at six o'clock, and did not return till Saturday afternoon. He would not tell her where he had been, but took a large quantity of furniture out of the house and left her. For three weeks he had only given her 8s and nothing since he had left her. Witness was now living with her mother. Defendant said in 1901 he was discharged from the Army on medical grounds. He had served 248 days in the South African war, and had a good character. While at the war he had sunstroke and had suffered in consequence. His wife had not looked after the house properly, and that had been the cause of unpleasantness. He was told to clear out of the house by his wife and her sister, and he accordingly did so. He would live with his wife if only her relations would keep away from her. The Bench granted a separation order, whereby the defendant had to pay his wife 7s.6d a week and the costs of the case."*

Frankly I don't consider sunstroke and interfering relatives a very good excuse, but I would have thought a court order was enough to make Isaac behave. Not so! On the 1<sup>st</sup> Jul 1905 the following advert was put in the Derby papers:-

*"I, Isaac Storer, of 51 Mount-street, will not be responsible for any debts my wife, Alice Storer, may contract after this notice".*

And, having issued that warning, things obviously didn't improve because in November 1905 came the following report:-

*"Isaac John Storer, described as a labourer, was charged on a warrant for being £2.1s.6d in arrears on a maintenance order towards his wife, Alice Ann Storer. He admitted being five weeks in arrears, and said he could not pay because he had been out of work for six weeks. It was stated by Warrant Officer Plant, who received the prisoner in custody from the Nottingham Police, that he had been in Nottingham five weeks. He had done no work but was living with loose women. Prisoner was sent to gaol for one month."*

And, in January 1906:-

*"Isaac John Storer, a labourer of Nottingham, was charged on a warrant with the non-payment of £4.5s arrears towards the maintenance of his wife, Alice Ann Storer. Warrant-officer Plant said the man was arrested at Nottingham. He had no intention to pay his wife. He had transferred his affec-*

*tions to another woman, with whom he was now living in Nottingham. He was in receipt of a pension of 5s.3d a week from the Army. The Bench sent the prisoner to gaol for a month."*

At this point any sympathy for the husband went out of the window and I felt heartily sorry for his poor wife who must have really struggled to survive, with herself, her mother and her daughter to feed and clothe. What happened to Isaac I don't know, but obviously the women made a living as greengrocers and fruiterers until Sophia died in September 1921, aged 68 and was buried with her husband in THAT grave in Nottingham Road Cemetery.

The fourth name in the grave is that of Alice Ann, who had obviously never made it up with her errant husband and was buried with her parents. She died on September 17 at 50 Belgrave Street, aged 54 years.

So we have three names remaining and I quickly solved that of Frederick William Bull who had died in 1940 aged 16. He was a plumber's labourer. A look in the newspaper provided his death notice:- "*BULL – On May 23, at the Derby City Hospital, Frederick William, the dearly beloved and eldest son of Alice and Frederick Bull. Funeral from 50 Belgrave-street, Monday; service Christ Church 1 o'clock before proceeding to Nottingham-road Cemetery.*" One has to think that this must have been an accident of some kind, dying so young. On the other hand there is no report in the papers, so maybe it was a disease.

That led to a marriage. Isaac and Alice Ann's daughter, Alice Sophia, married Frederick Bull in 1902 and had two sons, Frederick William and Harold. Alice and her sons are living in Industrial Street in 1939, but no Frederick. Another marriage gone wrong? Well no proof either way and it is possible, of course, that Frederick is on war work somewhere.

So four down, two names to go. The ashes of Janet Evelyn Monk were buried in 1977. She had died in the Derby Royal Infirmary and was 36 years of age. The telling detail from the burial register was that she was separated. Even so it took some digging to finally untangle the threads. Alice Sophia married Frederick Bull in 1921, but in the same year, before she was married, she gave birth to a daughter, Alice No 3, who was illegitimate. Was she Frederick's daughter? Highly probable, but impossible to prove. Alice 3 married Norman Harris in 1938 at the Registry Office in Derby and had one daughter, Janet Evelyn, in 1941. Janet in her turn married Kenneth Monk, but separated with apparently no children. Yet another disaster for this fated family.

So five names down and one to go, namely William Cooper, who was buried in 1935, a labourer aged 79. Now I can't find anything out about this gentleman, unless I buy a certificate, which at the price they are I am reluctant to do as it isn't my own family history. However there is one clue. When he is buried his address is given as 50 Belgrave Street, the same as Alice Ann Storer and Frederick William Bull. Although he is 25 years older than Alice I hold the theory that he is her live in lover. He could just be a lodger of course, but in that case it is unlikely he would be buried in a family grave. If anyone has a better idea, please let me know. He is the last puzzle to be solved.

So a family with more tangled ends than a ball of wool that has been attacked by one of my cats. But it isn't quite the end of the story. As I said at the beginning, Sophia had two sisters, Emma and Jane, who also play a part in this tale. You might remember that when Sophia fled from her husband, William, she lodged with Thomas and Emma Dunn and later, in the petition for divorce, William said she stayed with her sister. So, obviously Emma was her sister, and Thomas was NOT her husband. Sure enough there is no marriage registered between the two. I looked to see if the two had married later, but not so, Emma in fact married Samuel Orgill at the Derby Registry Office in 1889. Whether she and Thomas just fell apart, or whether he did a runner as well I have no clue, but obviously her sister took over her house while Emma and Samuel apparently went to Heanor.

Here is another problem, especially for anyone who takes the census at face value, which is never a good idea. They lie, you know!! In 1881, while living with Thomas Dunn, Emma gives her age as 32, which is correct, as she was born in 1849. In 1891 her boiler maker husband, Samuel, is 24 while Emma now gives her age as 21, which just has to be a downright lie or a mistake by the enumerator, which seems more probable. I can't find her in 1901, but in 1911 she is working as a housekeeper in Waterloo Place, back in Derby, and has given her age as 48. She also states she is a widow, which might or might not be correct. There certainly seem to be no children and one wonders if she has done to Samuel what she did to Thomas. I can't find a death for either Samuel or Emma anywhere. Wherever they are, they were not buried in the family grave in Nottingham Road Cemetery.

Finally the third sister, Jane Bould, who married Isaac Walker in St Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Derby. She obviously must have changed her faith to do so. In 1871 Jane and Isaac are in Rotherham, Yorkshire, where Isaac is working as a labourer in an iron foundry. In 1881 Jane is at 198 Abbey Street, with both her sisters and her niece, working as a silk winder and stating she is unmarried. Guess what, another lie. Neither can she decide on

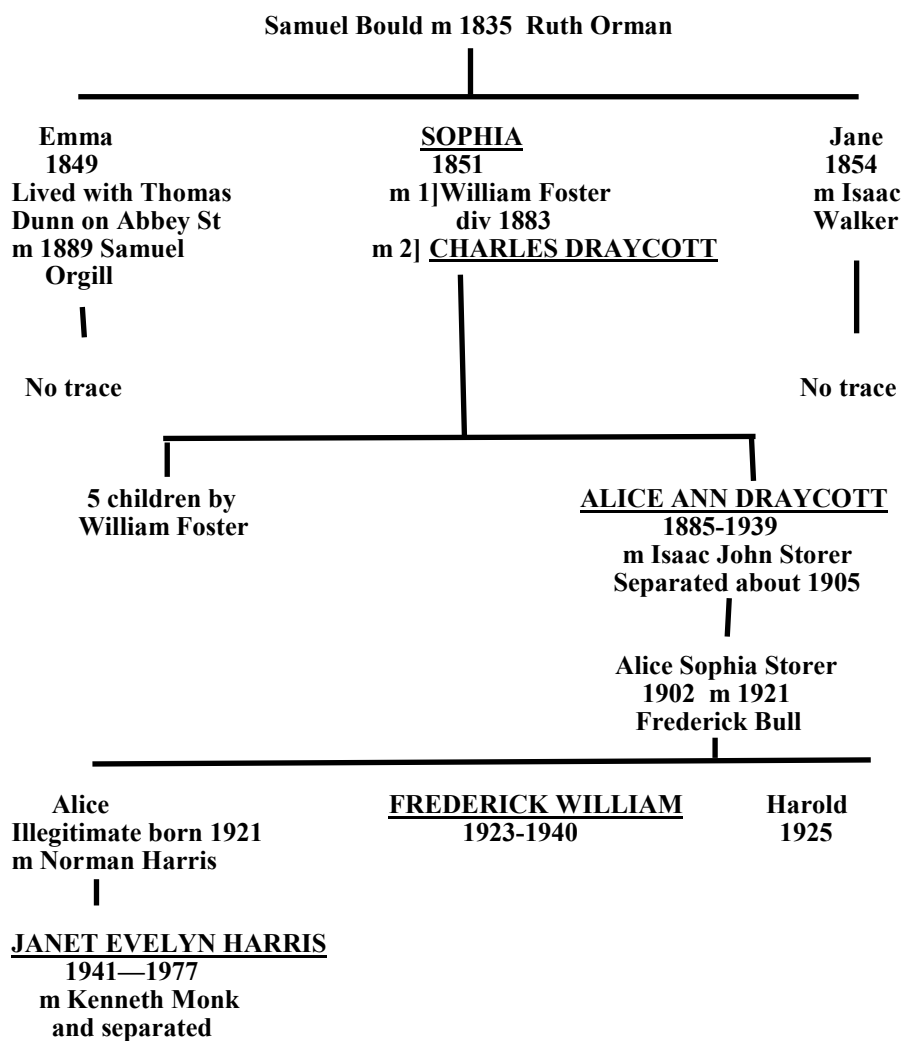
what her age should be, 18 in 1871 and 35 in 1881. Isaac himself is in Spittlegate, Lincoln, in 1881, working as an iron turner [fits with the 1871] and giving his age as 42, again about right. He also states he is married, obviously more loyal to his status than his wife.

And after 1881? In 1891 I think I have the right Isaac, still working in an iron foundry but in Hebden Bridge in Yorkshire. He is now married to an Elizabeth [nee Horner] and there are her four children with them – all named Horner - aged from 15 to 3. Question is, are they his children as well as hers, born before the union is legal. I can't find a divorce, or anything to suggest Isaac and Jane have separated, but he marries Elizabeth in 1889 and if he is the right one, then he obviously lied about his previous marriage. I can't find Jane in a census, she doesn't seem to have died and there are several possibilities to suggest that she has also remarried [same problem – certificates needed, but a very expensive way of proof when it isn't your own family]. So no suggestions either way, but if it is your family I would love to know the answer. Again there appear to be no children from this marriage.

As I said at the start I was intrigued by this family and my instinct was right. So far – and I am still having a go at the problem – I have found one divorce, two official separations, at least two shotgun marriages, two or possibly three couples living without benefit of clergy, 1 illegitimate child, 2 brushes with the law leading to prison sentences and three marriages where one or both of the couple have disappeared. Probably a lot of it is provable with the right certificates and so on, but for the moment I am revelling in a better story than my favourite Agatha Christie and with about as many twists and turns.

**HELEN BETTERIDGE [Editor]**

*[Hope the above is interesting. With a lot of pages to fill and nothing to fill them with, I was driven to write up my fun project instead of cutting the magazine by about 12 pages. Very many thanks by the way to those of you who send me articles, it is much appreciated – Ed]*



The above is a very basic family tree—those underlined are in one grave in Nottingham Road Cemetery. The only one missing is William Cooper and, as I explained in my article, I have a theory but no proof as to why he is in the grave.

## THE COOLEY CHROMOSOME

John Hackett was born in Derbyshire in 1746. He passed his Y chromosome to his son, who passed it to his, he onto his and so forth up to a man born in Canada in 1959. My interest in this is that this Hackett Y chromosome is nearly identical to my own Y chromosome, which has been traced back to John Cooley, a man who first appears on the record in Virginia in 1755. John Cooley died in Kentucky in 1811. His birth has not been established but the general consensus is that he was born circa 1738.

The Cooley / Hackett Y-DNA is Norse-Scottish in origin and has a close match among Cochran descendants. There are enough differences, however, between the Hackett and Cooley versions to suggest that the most recent common ancestor (MRCA) of the two lineages lived about 800 years ago. This is centuries, of course, before John Hackett was born in Derby. But that doesn't stop me from looking there for some answers.

John Cooley had at least seven sons born in Virginia and North Carolina. Family traditions passed down through several lines claim English origins. One lineage, however, has an interesting Jacobite tradition. According to the story, John Cooley was one of three young brothers, sons of a convicted Jacobite soldier, who were transported to the American colonies. I can find no record that corresponds to the story, but I do know that the Bonnie Prince's advance on London ended in Derby at the end of 1745. Could there be some truth to the story?

A John Cowley was baptized in Duffield on 29 May 1738 to William Cowley and Mary Whitacre. John had two sisters who both married, had families, and remained in Derbyshire. However, William, his son John, and the other Duffield Cowleys disappear (as far as I can tell) from the record by the early 1750s. The question du jour (for me) is, Did these Cowleys leave for the American colonies and arrive in time for John Cooley to enlist in Colonel George Washington's Virginia Regiment (Seven Years' War) on 11 September 1755? Indeed it's possible, but is it so? It's a tall story to prove.

Although the Duffield Cowleys appear to have left the region, there were other Cowley families that stayed on. At this point, I have no idea whether a relationship existed between the two (or more) groups, but the DNA hunt is on.

The Hackett and Cooley families share a Y-DNA mutation (aka marker) now known as YP5253. Considering that it's at least 800 years old (according to available data), it should be found in a number of families. The more recent

Cooley marker, YP4491, has recently been found in a family named Whitfield (an echo of Mary Whitacre, above?), a family that is an exact match to the Cooley Y-DNA.

Of course, there are many "brands" of Cooleys. As an admin for the Cooley DNA Project at Family Tree DNA, I have helped uncover several. Undoubtedly, few Cooleys (or Cowleys) will have YP4491, but even a match on the older YP5253 can be telling, especially considering the line appears to have emerged from the ancient Baron Cochran lineage in 13th century Scotland. (Several associated surnames could point toward specific geographical origins.)

John Cooley may very well not have been the John Cowley born in Duffield in 1738. However, it's a lead. When it comes to tracking pre-revolutionary American genealogies, any lead is worth pursuing.

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Michael Cooley, a former Vice-President of the Cooley Family Association of America, has been in pursuit of his genealogical roots for 40 years. He has a degree in history (2013) from Humboldt State University (Arcata, California), and is co-admin of the Cooley DNA Project (and others) at FamilyTreeDNA.com. He maintains a blog about genetic genealogy, particularly in respect to the surname Cooley, at [blog.ancestraldata.com](http://blog.ancestraldata.com), and teaches classes in genealogy, genetic genealogy, history, and cinema for the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute.

On June 21st 1887 the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria was celebrated at Chellaston. Organised by Mr Thompson and Mrs Matthew Copeland, workmen erected a large tent in one of the schoolyards. In the afternoon most of the inhabitants marched down the main street, and every child wore a commemorative medal. The National Anthem and other songs were sung by the children, conducted by Mr Turner, master of the Board Schools. Everyone then went to church for a short service. A flag was erected on the church tower and bunting put up in abundance round the village. Sports and games then began for the adults—men played football, tug of war and races, and women competed in a ladle and egg race. Prizes were given in the form of money, a couple of fowls, a leg of mutton, a dress piece and a shawl. Every child was given a toy as a present.

## **Anybody looking for a 'Robert Henstock'**

Do you have an interest in the 'Henstock' name?

Well, whilst looking for references to any Henstock's in my local library I came across a reference to the will of, Robert Henstock, Founder. The will is held in the Guild Hall Library, London.

Being delighted to find such a clue, my brain went immediately into neutral and asked the question, what did he 'found'? My thoughts of what did he start was to be very quickly corrected

Founder, in this case is a reference to the Founders Guild, The Founders Livery Company of London. But what is or was a 'Founder'? A founder was a metal worker who worked in brass or tin plate called 'Latten' or 'Laton'. This was used to make items such as candlesticks, dishes and spice mortars.

Webster Dictionary, 1913 describes latten as follows:-

1. A kind of brass hammered into thin sheets, formerly much used for making church utensils, such as candlesticks, crosses, etc; called also latten brass.

2. Sheet tin; iron plate, covered with tin; also any metal in thin sheets; as, gold latten.

Black latten, brass rolled in milled sheets, composed of copper and zinc, used by braziers, and for drawing into wire.

Roll latten, latten polished on both sides ready for use.

Shaven latten, a thinner kind than black latten.

White latten, a mixture of brass and tin.

The Founders livery company seems to have references as far back as 1276 in the proceedings of the Aldermen and Common Council from the Letter Books held at the Guildhall.

The livery companies of London are set out in order of precedence and the Founders are, today, 33rd in this order out of 102.

Robert Henstock will is as follows (including any transcribing errors on my part for which I apologise):-

### **Will of Robert Henstock**

*In the Name of God, The 25th day of April in the year of our Lord God 1553.  
And in the seventh year of the reign of our sovereign lord King Edward the*



sixth, I Robert Henstock latten founder in London of the parish of Saint Margaret in Lothbury whole and perfect of memory, thanks be to God, but sick and frail of body do make and ordain this my pite testament and last will in manner and form following

First I bequeath my soul into hands of God, the father almighty surely trusting and steadfastly believing through the worthy merits of Christ, my sole and only saviour to be one of the saved and my body be buried in the hither church yard against the south door.

Item I disannul revoke and forsake all other testaments and wills made afore this and all legacies in them contained.

Item I bequeath to mine occupation and company vi s (6/-). Item to my mother Anne lawyn I give and bequeath a ring of silver and gilt being three small hoops.

Item I bequeath to Margaret Rynolds my wifes kinswoman a towel wrought at both the end with blewe threads, a pewter plate, a dish, of pewter and a sawser.

Item I give to Alyce and Agnes and Eillyn, Peter Butchers children, mine own sisters children to each of them a pair of sheets.

Item I bequeath to my cousin John Stephenson my harness.

Item I bequeath to Peter Butcher my brother in law, my second damaske doublette and cappe.

Item I bequeath to Richard Fabott mine apprentice viii (8), small lamp patterns of latten and 2 great lamp patterns of latten, so that he sure work the residue of his years truly and obediently.

Item I bequeath to William Henstock a small potte and a redde coot.

Item overseers of this my testament I ordaine and make John Reynlds and Thomas Stubbes, they to have for their payne 3/- 8d.

Item to the poor mens boxes in the parish I bequeath 20d.

Item To my sister Stephenson I bequeath a hope ring of silver and gilt.

The residue of and my goods unbequeathed, my debts legacies and funeralls performed I give and bequeath to Elizabeth my wife whom I ordaine and make my sole

*executor, witness whereof I have subscribed this with mine own hand and set to my seal the day and year about written, these being witness Henry Reed, arke, David Sowthholme, George Edwin and Robert Fawkner.*

***Probatum ----- testament ----- Robert Warrington Official***

Reference to his will may be found under the Guild Hall Library number :-  
Ms 9051/2 fo.103v

The Wardens' Accounts for the Founders company exist reference Ms 6330/1-2, 1497 – 1681, which are transcribed and indexed by Guy Parsloe (ed) wardens' Accounts of the Worshipful Company of Founders (1964) and is referenced in the Guild Hall Library printed section ref. L37/F771.

Having obtained this book, entries for Robert Henstock (he was only Henstock) were as follows :-

Chronological order of Robert Henstock from 'The Wardens' Accounts of the Founders' Company 1497-1681

18 Feb 1508 – 28 September 1509      p27, mss 78, Registration of apprenticeship :-  
Robert Hynstoke, for IV years 3 shilling 4 pence; unto John Goter,

18 October 1518      p48, mss 144, Freedom or Entry into the Yeomanry :-  
of Robert Hynstoke 12 pence

18 October 1518      p49, mss 149, quarterage payment:-  
Robard Hynstoke 4 pence

15 October 1519      p52, mss 16, quarterage payment:-  
Robert Hynstocke 7 pence      1 pence

24 October 1520      p56, mss 174, quarterage payment:-  
Robard Hynstocke 7 pence

23 October 1521      p59, mss 183, quarterage payment:-  
Robard Hynstocke 8 pence

22 September 1522      p62, mss 193, quarterage payment:-  
Robard Hynstoke 8 pence

24 September 1523		p63, mss 199, quarterage payment:-
Robard Hynstocke	8 pence	
1524		p66, mss 209, quarterage payment:-
19 October 1525		p69, mss 219, quarterage payment:-
Robert Hynstocke	8 pence 1 pence	
October 1526		p70, mss 224, quarterage payment:-
Robard Hynstocke	8 pence	
14 October 1527		p73, mss 232, quarterage payment:-
Robart Hynstocke	8 pence 1 pence	
October 1528		p74, mss 239, quarterage payment:-
Robert Henstoke	8 pence 1 pence	
26 October 1529		p77, mss 248, quarterage payment:-
Robard Henstok	8 pence 1 pence	
25 October 1530		p80, mss 258, quarterage payment:-
Roberd Henstoke	8 pence 1 pence	
22 October 1531		p83, mss 264, quarterage payment:-
Roberd Henstoke	8 pence 1 pence	
11 October 1540		p86, mss 279, Entry into the Livery:-
1. of Roberd Henstoke		2 shilling
2. res. of Henstoke	2 shilling	(on reverse side of slip of paper)
11 October 1540		p88, mss 284, first named in the com
		pany of Founders:-
Roberd Henstoke	12 pence 2 pence	
19 October 1541 – 19 October 1542		p93, mss 295, warden for the
accounting year 1541/42:-	Mr Henstoke	
19 October 1541 – 19 October 1542		p94, mss 298, warden :-
this be the receipts of Mr Henstoke,	Younger warden	
19 October 1541 – 19 October 1542		p95, mss 299, named in the company
		of founders :-
Mr Henstoke	12 pence 2 pence	

19 October 1541 – 19 October 1542 p95, mss 300, warden :-  
Mr Henstoke, warden

19 October 1542 – 19 October 1543 p96, mss 302, Auditor:-  
Mr Henstoke

19 October 1542 – 19 October 1543 p97, mss 306, named in the company  
of founders :-  
Mr Henstoke                      12 pence    2 pence

24 October 1543 – 20 October 1544 p98, mss 307, Witness to accounts :-  
Mr Henstoke

24 October 1543 – 20 October 1544 p100, mss 312, named in the company  
of founders :-  
Mr Henstoke                      12 pence    2 pence

20 October 1544 – 22 October 1545 p102, mss 314, First ref to as master,  
warden designate:-  
...Maister Henstok..., Wardens for the insuing year

20 October 1544 – 22 October 1545 p103, mss 317, named in the company  
of founders :-  
Mr Henstok                      12 pence    2 pence

22 October 1544 – 20 October 1546 p104,mss 319, Warden :-  
...Master Henstok... Wardens

22 October 1544 – 20 October 1546 p105, mss 321, named in the list of  
founders/ warden :-  
... Master Henstok... wardens

20 October 1546 – 1547 p107, mss 325, named in the company  
of founders :-  
Mr Henstok                      12 pence

20 October 1547 – 28 October 1548 p108, mss 327, Auditor :-  
Chosen to audit the same accompt ... Mr Honstok...

20 October 1547 – 28 October 1548 p110, mss 330, named in the company  
of founders :-  
Mr Henstok                      12 pence

28 October 1550 – 28 October 1551 p116, mss 346, named in the company of founders :-

Mr Instok                      5 pence

18 October 1551 – October 1552    p124, mss 377, named in the company of founders :-

Mr Henstok                      20 pence

18 October 1552 – 18 October 1553 p125, mss 381, named in the company of founders :-

Mr Henstok                      20 pence

18 October 1553 – 18 October 1554 p128, mss 386, Roberts' wife named in Yeomanry :-

Mysterys Hynstoc                      2 pence

18 October 1554 – 18 October 1555 p132, mss 395, Roberts' wife named in Yeomanry :-

Mystres Hindstocke

18 October 1555 – 20 October 1556 p136, mss 405, Roberts' wife listed under widows :-

The Widdows                      ... Mistres Hinstocke....

From the entries, he became reasonably high up in the company. The other interesting point to note is the range of Henstock spellings

The name Henstock, from what I understand, is peculiar to Derbyshire, although there seems to be some discussion that it may have been derived from the Shropshire village of Hinstock .

Now, here is the enigma. Most of the early references to Henstock exist in Derbyshire as early as 1431, so when or how did Robert end up in London? Unfortunately the will or the accounts do not give his origins.

If you have a Robert Henstock, baptised about 1494 and have lost him, I would be interested to know his line.

*John Henstock*  
*[Mem 2558]*  
*e-mail : henstock1925@outlook.com*

## **The Warners of Mickleover (and beyond) - Part 1**

Among the references I have made in previous articles to my mother's family – the Warners – was the fact that while Mum was an only child, her father was one of ten, her grandfather one of thirteen, her great-grandfather one of nine and her great-great-grandfather one of seven (in all cases – “that I know of!”). The Warners were therefore a very large family and many of them lived in Mickleover.

This is aptly illustrated by a photograph of the Mickleover Brass Band from the early 1920's. Mum had identified both her father (Joe) and grandfather (Joseph) in this, but a few years ago, in the “*Derby Evening Telegraph*” By-gones, Peter Warner identified five Warners in total – Joseph Warner (front row, far left), Arch Warner (front row, far right), Joe Warner (front row, second right), Percy Warner (back row, far left) and Job Warner (back row, third left).



Mum was actually born in Cedar Street, off Kedleston Road, on the (then) outskirts of Derby in 1926, but she was very much a “Mickleover girl” and only left there in 2016, in her 91st year, when she moved into a Residential Home in Lichfield to be nearer my brother (as moving down to Southampton to be nearer to me seemed a bit too far!).

I currently have 249 Warners in my family tree, but including all the relevant families down the generations makes many more.

The 1841 census shows only a small number of Warners in Mickleover's population of 760. There was Jesse Warner, age given as 20, who was employed at Thomas Finney's farm (New House Farm?), and John Warner (age 31), a silk weaver, with his wife Mary and their children William, Miriam, Caroline and John. John Warner and Mary Harlow had married in All Saints Church in Mickleover on August 18<sup>th</sup> 1831 – the marriage record showing that John was living in the parish of Risley in Derbyshire. The census of 1851, 1861 and 1881 state that John was from Waterhouses in Staffordshire and Mary from Mickleover, but the census of 1871 and 1891 give John's place of birth as Roston – confusion which actually helps identify his parents.

John died on April 7<sup>th</sup> 1899 at the age of 88. Mary had died on April 25<sup>th</sup> 1884, aged 73. In the 1891 census the widowed John was living on Main Road in Mickleover with his brother Samuel – also a widower – who was also shown as being from Roston; another useful clue in identifying John's parents and family.

John, Mary and their children were the only Warners in Mickleover in the 1851 census and their nine children that I know of were:

William (born 1833) who married Hannah Pegg. They had at least nine children. William died in 1910.

Miriam (born 1836) who never married, but lived to the age of 91.

Caroline (born 1837) who married Benjamin Percival. They had nine children of which four had died by the 1911 census. Caroline died in 1914.

John (born 1841) who married Emma Leader. They had at least four children. John died in 1876 and Emma remarried, to Thomas Cowley.

Emma (born 1844) who married Arthur Bown (not Brown!). They had at least two children. Emma died in 1869 and Arthur remarried, to Louisa Peach.

Mary Ann (born 1846). I have been unable to find any further information on her.

Charles (born 1847) who married Harriet Page. They had at least two children. Charles died in 1914.

Job (born 1851) who married Elizabeth Bamford – they were my great-great-grandparents. They had at least thirteen children. Job died in 1927.

Harriet (born 1854) who died in 1855.

In future articles, I will follow these families down through the generations, but for now I will return to my great-great-great-grandfather John to see where he came from, as he is the starting point for all the Warners of Mickleover. (I am grateful to Roz Bailey, a contact made through [www.ancestry.co.uk](http://www.ancestry.co.uk), for providing me with much additional information.)

Roston is in the parish of Norbury with Roston, and in the 1851 census I had found several Warners in the village of Roston in the parish of Norbury. There were Job and Mary, with their son Jesse, his wife Jane and their children Harriett and Samuel, and a visitor, Joseph. Job was shown as being born in Roston in 1875 and Mary in Waterfall in Staffordshire in 1872. Jesse was born in c1821 and he must therefore be the same Jesse who was living in Mickleover ten years earlier. Another Warner family were William (born c1816) and Eliza with their children Mary, William, Joseph, Fanny and Harriett. Finally, there was an Elizabeth Warner (born c1792) living on her own and a Leviner Warner (born c1845) with her grandfather William Yeomans.

Searching on FamilySearch.org for Warners born in Norbury and Roston to Job and Mary found six christenings:

Job – March 28th 1813

William – September 24th 1815

Anthony – December 14th 1817

Jessie – March 18th 1821

Samuel – July 28th 1822

Joseph – July 31st 1825

My 3x great-grandfather therefore appeared to be missing; but changing the search to Waterfall found him – christened March 17th 1811. Presumably his mother had followed the tradition of the time and returned “home” to have her first child.

Again using FamilySearch.org; Job Warner married Mary Oakden in Waterfall on November 12th 1809 (presumably in the church of St James and St Bartholomew). A Job Warner was christened in Norbury and Roston on August 26<sup>th</sup> 1787 – his parents being John and Ann.

A John Warner had married Ann Keeling in Norbury and Roston on May 23rd 1774 – so they must be my 5x great-grandparents. Children of John and Ann (and their christening dates) were:

George – December 19th 1774



Isaac – December 27th 1776  
Ann – October 8th 1780  
Sarah – May 25th 1783  
Job – August 26th 1787  
John – August 26<sup>th</sup> 1787

Also in Norbury and Roston, a John Warner married Ellen Evans on September 29<sup>th</sup> 1757 – my 6x great-grandparents? (From information received by Roz Bailey – Ellen Evans was the great-aunt of Mary Ann Evans; better known as the novelist George Eliott!). Children of John and Ellen (and christening dates) were:

James – January 19th 1758  
Elisabeth – April 23rd 1759  
Mary – January 29th 1764  
Thomas – September 21st 1766  
Elizabeth – November 13<sup>th</sup> 1768

So, no John? Well, there is a christening of a John Walker, son of John and Ellen, on September 20<sup>th</sup> 1761 – too much of a coincidence to be other than a transcribing error? However, that would make John aged just 12 when he married Ann Keeling so maybe this link is too tenuous?

(Another Warner marriage in Norbury and Roston around this time was that of Thomas Warner to Elizabeth Yeomans on September 20th 1818 (presumably this is the Elizabeth Warner from the 1851 census). Their children included Clare (christened January 16th 1820) who had a daughter Levina (christened December 10th 1844) – the “Leviner” from the 1851 census who was with her grandfather William Yeomans. It is nice when things comes together like this!)

Thus, it seems that the Warners of Mickleover originated from Roston and Waterfall.

Of my 4x great-grandparents Job and Mary Warner’s seven children:

John – my 3x great-grandfather as above.

Job married Sarah from Wyrestone before 1837 and they had at least nine children, all but one born in Littleborough in Nottinghamshire. Job died in 1885.

William married Eliza Oldacre in Snelston in 1837 and they had at least eight children, all born in Roston. However, by the 1871 census the family had moved to Nottinghamshire.

Anthony married Frances Wright in Boylestone and they had at least eight children. They too moved to Nottinghamshire. Anthony died in 1878.

Jesse married Jane Potter in Micklegate in 1843 and they had two children. By the 1881 census the widowed Jesse was also in Nottinghamshire. He died in 1907.

Samuel married Maria Johnson in Doveridge in 1846. Maria died before 1881 and I have found no children. I had found the widowed Samuel living with his brother John in Micklegate in the 1901 census. Ten years later Samuel was living with his niece Miriam in Micklegate and he died in 1911.

Joseph married Charlotte Botham in Fenny Bentley in 1852 and they had two children. Joseph died in 1853 and their daughter died in 1865 but their son, Job, married Jane Hatfield in West Derby, Liverpool in 1875 and following this family line down through the generations leads to Jimmy McGovern the television dramatist!

Job Warner died in Roston in 1851 and Mary died in Roston in 1854. It seems that all of their children moved away from Roston, with John settling in Micklegate – which is where I will focus in my next article.

*Simon Baker*  
*S-BAKER1@sky.com*  
*Member 7958*

William Mycroft, the Derbyshire professional cricketer, died on 20th June 1894. He was aged 53 and his cause of death was influenza. William was born in 1841 at Brimington to George Mycroft and his first wife, Sabra. George was an ironstone and coal miner, who also ran the Red Lion pub at Brimington. William also began his working life as a miner, and later became the landlord of a public house at 10 Tapton Lane, in Chesterfield. His first class cricketing debut for Derbyshire came in the 1873 season, where he played until 1885, also playing for Marylebone Cricket Club [MCC] between 1876 and 1885. He was a right handed batsman and a left armed fast bowler. Ironically his penultimate game was a match between MCC and Derbyshire at Lords. Author Arthur Conan Doyle also played for the MCC and it is believed that the name of Sherlock Holmes' brother, Mycroft, was derived from William.

New publication from Spondon Archive

**“Scouting in Spondon” by Jim Moore and Les Pearson**

The latest (11<sup>th</sup>) book in the Spondon Archive series is now available. It traces the history of the Scout movement in the village from its start in 1908. Starting only a year after Baden-Powell’s first camp and the same year that ‘Scouting for Boys’ was published, Spondon can argue that it was one of the first troops in the country. There was a short pause between 1919 and 1927 but there followed 90 years of continuous development, with Spondon being quick to adopt national trends.

The book is based on a history published in 1970 by Jim Moore, brought up to date by Les Pearson, current Group Scout Leader. The three editors - David Hayes, Derek Hathaway and Reg Pugh – have researched additional material and photographs as well as compiling a comprehensive listing of leaders for the various Scout formations. The various locations and buildings used by Spondon Scouts are described, together with a chapter on the changes in uniform over the years.



*Spondon Scouts, 1930*

Books are available from shops in Spondon village centre and through Spondon Historical Society ([info@spondonhistory.org.uk](mailto:info@spondonhistory.org.uk)). Books cost £3.50 plus postage.

A list of other books in the series can be found online at [www.spondonhistory.org.uk](http://www.spondonhistory.org.uk)

***DEREK HATHAWAY***

## **My Ancestors seen through their Birth and Marriage Certificates**

I have 20 birth and 16 marriage certificates of my ancestors. These cover the years 1837-1937, an exact century. My earliest, the birth certificate of Cooper Clifton, dates from December 1837. This must have been one of the first certificates issued, as the registration scheme was only 6 months old. This certificate also explained his unusual first name, as Cooper was his mother Ruth's maiden surname. This is the only example I have in my tree of a surname being used in this way, and it cannot have been common practice in the 1830's. Ruth is listed in the 1841 census, and died of tuberculosis two weeks later, leaving Cooper aged 3 and two other children motherless. Cooper's father, William, subsequently remarried and Cooper later went on to marry his stepsister, Elizabeth Stapleton. Elizabeth was born about 1835, so prior to registration. To prove her mother's maiden name, I obtained a copy of the birth certificate of her younger sister Ellen, born 1838. I have also done this with other ancestors who were born before registration began and had younger siblings.

The birth certificate which caused me the most problems was that of my great grandfather Thomas born 1860 in Heanor, Derbyshire, the son of George Knight and Priscilla Knight formerly Wright. Superficially this looked to be straightforward, but before the easy availability of records on line, it took me years to unravel. In 1819 Rebecca Hodgkinson married Benjamin Clay in Heanor, and in 1822 their daughter Priscilla was christened there. Within a short time the couple had separated, possibly partly because Benjamin had fathered an illegitimate daughter, also around 1822. Rebecca went to live with James Wright, a framework knitter, and they appear to have had 6 children. I confirmed the Hodgkinson connection by obtaining the birth certificate of one of the children Rebecca and James had together.

In the 1841 census, the entire family were listed together, including Priscilla by now called Wright. In October 1841 Priscilla gave birth to an illegitimate daughter, Harriet, this birth being reported by her mother, Rebecca. No details of the father were given. So we have 19 year old Priscilla, an unmarried mother of an illegitimate child. At some point in the 1840s Priscilla met George Knight.

In 1838 Joseph Knight, a framework knitter, married Harriet Suffolk in Shepshed, Leicestershire. He was recorded there with his wife in the 1841 census. His parents, brothers, sister and their families all lived nearby. The Knight family had been in Shepshed since at least the 1770s. At some point in the

1840s Joseph abandoned his wife, family and home and moved to Heanor. I would love to know why, and how he ended up in Heanor. The next record was the 1851 census, when Joseph, by now called George, was living in Heanor with Priscilla and three children, including the above named Harriet. I have the birth certificate of one of them, Sarah Rebecca Wright, born 1850. Again Priscilla did not disclose who the father was, but surely it had to be George. You can sense the disapproval of the census taker, with references to reputed daughters and unmarried housekeeper. All three children had the surname Wright. These details remained the same in 1861.

There is much uncertainty in my mind regarding when George arrived on the scene and who the real father of others in the family was. At least two of the children, including Harriet, were christened to George and Priscilla in 1854, yet Harriet married with her Wright surname. The children must have known they were born illegitimately. But at least George had not lied to Priscilla, or committed bigamy. The censuses clearly stated that he was married and Priscilla was single. In 1851 all George/Joseph's family were still living in Shepshed, his estranged wife and her pauper widowed mother included.

Through the 1850s and 60s other children were born to George and Priscilla, including my ancestor Thomas. By 1860 Priscilla seemed to have decided that she and George had been together long enough for her to assume his surname and register Thomas as a Knight. At some point George must have found out that his wife Harriet had died. Bearing in mind that all parties seem to be illiterate, one wonders how the message was passed, presumably by word of mouth, someone travelling from Shepshed to Heanor. Had George had any news from his family in all the years he had been gone, including the deaths of his parents in 1858 and 1865?

On Christmas Day 1870 Joseph Knight, widower and bachelor of full age, married Priscilla Wright, spinster of full age, at Heanor Parish Church. An elderly pair of newly weds to be sure, as Joseph was about 55 and Priscilla 48, but he had made an honest woman of her. I think that this shows that even after over 20 years together, it was important to both of them to legitimate their relationship and their children. It cannot have been for inheritance purposes, a framework knitter would not have owned anything valuable. The marriage must be seen as an attempt to prevent the social stigma of their children being bastards, which would be very unpleasant. This marriage certificate is a unique document in my 102 BMD certificate collection. The only one where a woman is given an independent identity, as a "charwoman". On all the rest they are merely "wife of" or "widow of", even down to the 1960s.

My ancestor Eliza Booth was illegitimate. She was born around 1827-29 in

Codnor, the daughter of Mary Ann Booth. I believe a second illegitimate child who died young was also born to Mary Ann. When Eliza was about 4 or 5 her mother married Charles Groves, and Eliza was listed with them and their children in the 1841 census. Eliza is a "lodger" with the Booth surname. In her teens Eliza must have left the family and moved to Heanor, possibly to live with her grandparents. She likewise had an illegitimate child, Herbert Watson Booth, Herbert being her dead brother's name. Herbert must have been about a year old before his parents finally married on New Years Eve 1848. On this marriage certificate Eliza named Charles Groves as her father, possibly she did not know who her real father was. The marriage was witnessed by a brother and sister of the groom, with no mention of any of Eliza's family. Eliza was stated to be 21, which might be true, and would mean that she did not have to ask Charles Groves to give his consent to the marriage. Eliza's husband, William Watson, may also have been born before his parents were married. He was the oldest in a very large family, and I think he was born before his parents marriage in 1827. This is a frustrating marriage certificate, as it leaves so many questions unanswered.

So how accurate are these certificates. I have some where the participants have not exactly been honest. For example, I feel very sorry for my grandmother Ellen Clifton. Ellen was a motherless young girl of 16 and also 7 months pregnant when she married William Knight in 1905. On the certificate she stated that she was 19, which was not true. A lifetime of drudgery followed, 13 children of whom 3 died as infants, all living in a three roomed house according to the 1911 census. Then the struggle to feed this large family of colliers through the 1926 General Strike, when the miners stayed out for 6 months. No wonder the poor woman died aged 41. By a strange twist of fate, Ellen's mother was also 41 when she died, and both death certificates inaccurately stated they were 42.

Coincidences do occur, for example I have two ancestors called John Hickinbotham, both worked on the railways and were widowed at about 30 with 3 small children. (There were actually at least 5 father and son John Hickinbothams, but fortunately not all my ancestors.)

So what else can be gleaned from these certificates. Of the 16 marriage certificates I hold, 11 were for first and 5 for second marriages. In 8 out of the 11 first marriages, the witnesses were brothers and sisters of the bride and groom, but only one of the second marriages was witnessed by family members, as far as I know. In these second marriages 4 of the 5 unhelpfully state that the participants were "of full age", whereas the first time brides and grooms were all young people. All the men were in their 20s, two were 27, and the average age was just under 23. Again most of the women were in

their 20s, two were said to be 19, but one of these was Ellen who was only 16; so all ages quoted have to be taken with some skepticism. I think the rest are fairly accurate. The average age of these brides was 21½.

There were two marriages on Christmas Day and one on New Years Eve. 9 occur in Spring and Summer, between March and August when days are longer. As some of the people had to travel a fair distance, the lack of light in Winter might have been an issue. However, other factors would have come into play, as several of the brides were undoubtedly pregnant, or already had a small child; in the case of George and Priscilla many more.

This brings us back to the outcome of matrimony – children. Most of the 20 births I have certificates for were reported by their mothers, only 5 by fathers and one by grandmother Rebecca previously mentioned. Childbirth would not have been a novelty in the C19th. The population quadrupled from approximately 9 million in 1800 to 41 million by 1900, and many millions more emigrated as well. I have tried to discover how many siblings my ancestors had, using parish records and census returns. I have also included some late C18th records. There were probably additional children who died in infancy and left no trace, but just documenting the ones I know about the numbers are huge.

The largest number of children fathered by one man in two marriages was 18. Three women had 13 children, one had 11 and another three had 10. The smallest number of births to any mother was 3. These smaller families were usually the result of mothers dying in their 20s, or possibly a succession of miscarriages. Not all these children survived to adulthood, one woman in the late C18th lost 6 children, and three lost 3 each. Overall there was an average of 7 children born per household; this is based on 33 ancestors and would include half siblings. The C19th had a majority of young people, with small houses containing many children and other extended family, such as elderly grandparents in need of care, how different it was from today.

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## THOMAS HENRY WILLIAMSON (Part 2, Update)

For those members who read about Thomas Henry Williamson and his wife Ellen, who emigrated to America [see September issue, page 54] the following is an update.



In an effort to find out what happened to Thomas after his wife Ellen died, I emailed the library of the town he died in – Paris, Bourbon County, USA. Luckily, the librarian that responded was very helpful. She found his newspaper obituary and emailed it to me. This gave me the name and address of his new wife Ollie. Coincidentally, the librarian

had also lived on the same street - she didn't know Thomas but she was an active member of the same Methodist church he went to and emailed the picture shown on the left.

She also knew Thomas' step-great granddaughter and contacted her on my behalf. She told her to tell me "I remember going to visit Mr Williamson and my Great-grandmother in the house on Tenth Street. I remembered him as a very soft-spoken person and very kind. I will try and find a photo of him." Sadly, I didn't hear from her again about this.

I then decided to put the address in a search engine hoping to bring up a map. But the first one that appeared on the list was an American Estate Agents, when I clicked on it, it turned out it was the exact same house that was up for sale! (pictured on right).





I was also able to view the different rooms and so got a feel of their household.

Finally, I read about a free website [www.londongazette.co.uk](http://www.londongazette.co.uk) I went on to input names of different London ancestors but nothing came up. I continued on the website just randomly entering different names from my tree, but nothing appeared until Thomas' name and then this came up...

Quote

*In the Matter of a Deed of Assignment for the benefit of Creditors, executed on the twenty-third day of February, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, by THOMAS HENRY WILLIAMSON and JOHN ROBERTS, both of Broadgate Hall Farm, in the parish of Checkley, in the county of Stafford, Farmers. The creditors of the above named Thomas Henry Williamson and John Roberts who have not already sent in their claims are required, on or before the twentieth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, to send in their names and addresses, and the particulars of their debts or claims, to Mr. Charles William Cockersole, of No 45, The Market Place, Uttoxeter, the Trustee under the said deed, or in default thereof they will be excluded from the benefit of the dividend proposed to be declared.— Dated this eleventh day of April, 1912. THOS S WILKINS and SON, Uttoxeter, Solicitors for the above- named Trustee*

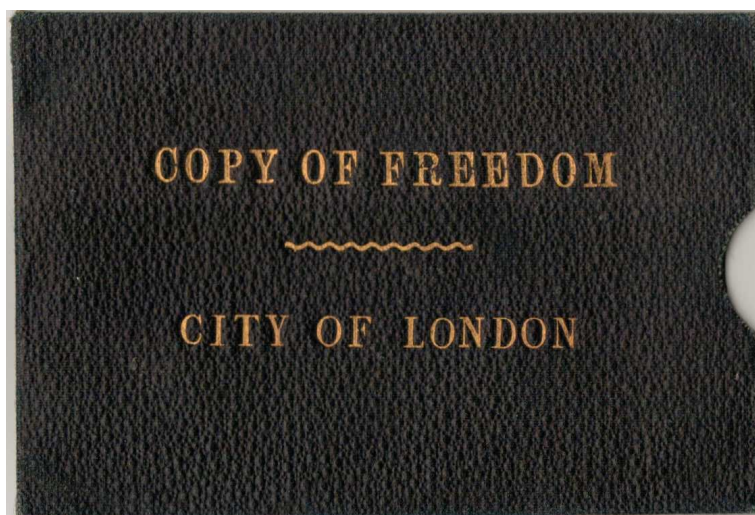
UNQUOTE

To me (unless any readers can tell me otherwise) this sounds like they went bankrupt and maybe that would explain why Thomas and Ellen upped sticks and went to America.

I'll end by saying, if you have hit a brickwall, try 'thinking outside the box', try other avenues other than the typical genealogical ones, like I did – you never know what you might discover!

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## Where did it all start?



Whilst daydreaming in my study one day and watching the lava lamp create grotesque shapes, my thoughts drifted back to what triggered a journey into families past. I freely admit that genealogy is my passion although my wife sees it more as an obsession or perhaps even addiction.

After my father died in 1995 I had to sort out all that he'd left behind. I came across a small black envelope approximately 90mm x 60mm printed in gold lettering with 'Copy of Freedom - City of London'. From this I took a concertina folded piece of parchment which opened out to 80mm x 390mm. Handwritten on it was my grandfather's name George Robert Cordon dated 24<sup>th</sup> January in the 63<sup>rd</sup> year of the reign of Queen Victoria in the year 1900. Why had he been admitted to this order? My curiosity had been aroused.

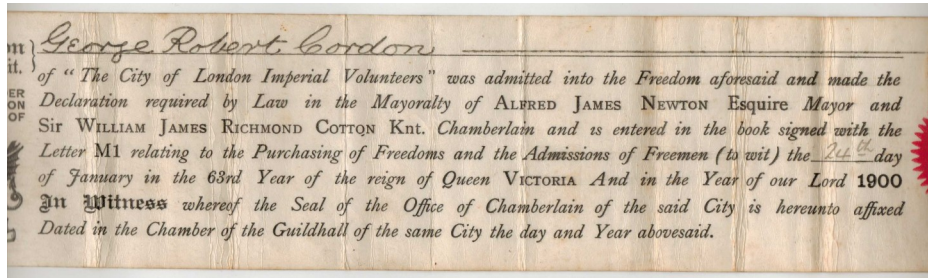
There was a clue. It stated that he was of 'The City of London Imperial Volunteers'.

Research revealed the creation and financing of the Volunteers by the mayor of London and other City dignitaries and institutions as a fighting unit to go to South Africa and fight in the Boer War.

How amazing that such a small find could spark a hobby lasting over twenty years already. The envelope was so small that it could easily have been lost

in the clearance.

What on earth would I be doing with myself in retirement if it had been? I don't know but the garden would probably be tidier than it is now!



**Mike Cordon [Mem 8065]  
6 Carlton Avenue, Shelton Lock,  
Derby DE24 9EH**

On the 18th May 1891 John Thomas Sarsfield married Florence Parker at St Michael's Church in Derby. However because of John's violent tendencies, the marriage only lasted six months. Florence brought charges against him, but he did not appear in court and fled town.

The abuse started within five days of marriage and included violence, unreasonable behaviour and threatening her with a knife. On October 25th he beat her so badly she was forced to seek refuge from a neighbour, but he promised to behave better and, believing him, Florence took him back. But just three days later he abused her again, and the next month tried to strangle her before throwing her out of the house. He was convicted of aggravated assault by the Magistrate, who sent him to prison for one month and ordered him to pay 7s a week in maintenance.

John's son Arthur, from his first marriage, was also summoned before the court for persistent cruelty to his wife Eliza in 1896. In the five years they had been married she had received 18 black eyes, verbal abuse, threats to kill her and a broken jaw by him biting her. The Bench granted a separation order and ordered him to pay 7s per week maintenance to her.

*Derby Mercury 1891*

## **CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE**

### **46. Calke St Giles**

The earliest reference to the church on this site is in 1129, when it was seized from Calke Priory by the Abbot of Chester. The Prior appealed to the Synod of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered the Abbot to restore the church and other goods to the Prior. The church is believed to have originally been dedicated to St Mary and was founded, along with Calke village, just before 1100 by Harold de Leke before being given to his new foundation of Calke Augustinian Priory.



St Giles was the parish church for the village of Calke from at least 1160 until 1834, although the Parliamentary Commissioners tried to close it and annex it to the parish of Ticknall in 1650. It is now a private manorial chapel, owned by the National Trust, yet still a consecrated church with the right of marriage and used for services. The present St Giles stands on a hill overlooking

Calke Abbey, with an ivy covered tower over the entrance on the west side.

The present church is the nave of the medieval church, which until the 1570s, had a chancel, tower and spire. It was reduced in size during the restoration by Roger and Richard Wensley, owners of Calke from 1573 to 1585. They removed the tower and chancel, building a solid brick wall at the east end and a small wooden bellcot on the top of the nave at the west end. They also inserted square headed wooden windows.

Only one of the three medieval bells mentioned in 1552 has survived and is now in the 19th century tower. It was made in Leicester by the Newcombe bell-founders in the late 14th century.

The church today is mainly the result of the 1827-1829 restoration by Sir George Crewe, who felt that it had deteriorated to the point of being unworthy of God's service. It cost him £1,764 to restore it, inserting the cast iron

Gothic revival windows, building the tower in brick and casing the entire exterior in stone. He added a hot air under-floor heating system, which no longer works, while the wooden furnishings were made in the estate workshops, probably from estate timber. In the dado at the east end are some 16th century linen fold panels, which may have come from Ashby Castle. There is a barrel organ under the tower arch and an American organ at the front of the gallery, both in working order.

Down the short aisle there are 9 rows of enclosed seats and the walls are covered to 1 metre high with woven rushes. Throughout the church are candle holders as there is no electricity.

The earliest monument is to Sir John Harpur and his wife, Catherine, erected in 1746. Those to Sir John [9th Baronet] and his son, Sir Vauncey, are made of the local alabaster. The three hatchments displayed on the walls are heraldic devices painted on canvas to several of the Harpur Crewe family. These were hung outside the house for a month, following the death of the owner, before being brought into the church.

The large font dates from the 1630s and is unusual in that it is a full emersion font. It was removed to the churchyard in 1827 when it was replaced by the smaller alabaster font, now under the tower. The older font was then restored to its rightful place in about 1870. The East window is in memory of Sir George Crewe [8th Baronet], who restored the church. Neither the designer nor the maker is known, but the stained glass is set in wrought iron. Around the graveyard is a ha-ha with an avenue of lime trees leading off on the north side, down to the abbey.

Jon de Langeport was the first known parson in 1266. Soon after that the church was served by canons and from 1538 until 1834 the church was served by perpetual curates, without parson's freehold. The church is now a Grade II listed building.

The registers date from 1699 and are deposited at Matlock County Records Office. The Society has transcriptions up to 1910 [ongoing] and also the memorial inscriptions and plenty of books etc about the church and estate. Visitors are welcome to browse our collection.

## NEW IN YOUR LIBRARY

One of the new acquisitions for our library is *Roses in December*, two booklets written by Nancy Fitt and detailing her childhood before and during the second World War. As a taster here are two excerpts.

### **FRUIT CAKE AND OPTIMISM [Volume I 1932-1939]**

February, my birthday month, and in 1932 that meant my first day at school had arrived. The school in question was Firs Estate Elementary.

I remember my first morning with clarity, the previous week my Mother urged on by me, had purchased a small brown attache case from Woolworth's in Victoria Street. This, on the morning in question, contained a large slice of Mother's homemade fruit cake, and the item we were never allowed to leave the house without, a large white handkerchief. The window cleaner, who arrived as we were setting off, admired the attache case and enquired as to my holiday destination; he was a jolly man who appeared weekly without fail and polished each window until it shone.

I set off with my Mother, my elder sister having gone on ahead, our route took us down Grey Street across Abbey Street, along the entire length of Boyer Street, then a short walk through Leman Street into Raven Street finally arriving at First Estate School. I was shown the peg for my coat and shepherded into the hall. There were no mixed classes then, the boys and girls were strictly segregated, the large hall with the piano at one end, was partitioned into two halves, one used by the girls, the other by the boys.

Once inside the classroom, we newcomers were allotted our desks and informed that talking was strictly forbidden. Halfway through the morning the bell was rung for playtime, but before being allowed out we sat in a circle, and white enamel mugs containing hot steaming Glaxo were passed round to us. It was a particularly milky beverage [we were all relieved when, at a later date, it was replaced by half pint bottles of milk, distributed by the milk monitor, a very envied position, rivalled only in status by the blackboard monitor! At this point I produced my attache case and unwrapped the cake with great anticipation. My enjoyment of the cake was somewhat diminished by being despatched by an irate teacher to collect a dustpan and brush to sweep up the large amount of crumbs I had made. This was all done at high speed as a visit to the toilet was essential by now, and they were all outside at the end of the playground. A quick trip home for dinner with Mother, then back for the afternoon, finally the end of my first day at school arrived, before leaving we sang the hymn with which we would end each day *Now the Day is Over*.

I did that journey four times a day for the next six years, at first accompanied by Mother or my sister then later with friends. A pleasant enough walk in fine weather, but on cold wet days Boyer Street seemed never ending. Long black woollen stockings held up by elastic garters were donned as soon as the cold weather arrived, the bliss of peeling off those itchy garments at night is never to be forgotten.

Spring days, black stockings were thrown to the winds and Shrove Tuesday arrived signalling the start of the whip and top season. Everyone had a whip and a selection of favourite tops. Ratcliffe's toy shop on the Spot and the Market Hall stalls were good sources for these tops from thin ones shaped like the stoppers in glass bottles, that buzzed like angry bees as you whipped them, to large round solid ones that spun round the yard with a satisfying hum. Marbles were another passion, games played on the journey home slowed progress considerably. Sometimes if Mother had arrived to meet me we would toil up the steep slope of Argyle Street, turn left at the top and bliss, mother would produce carrots or cabbage tops and we would feed the goat. The goat in question was tethered on a piece of grassland that is now occupied by the wine shop on Burton Road. Who the goat belonged to we never knew, but he lived there quite happily for several years, a great favourite with all the children.

On warm summer afternoons we would sometimes go to Rykneld Rec on the way home and picnic at the side of the paddling pool, a great treat! Another treat was the little shop opposite the entrance to the school an Aladdin's cave for sweet-tooths. Great deliberation on how our penny or half penny should be spent. Delivious banana split, broken up carefully with a little hammer and placed in a cone shaped white paper bag was a special favourite, with aniseed balls and tiny violet flavoured sweets a close second.

At the bottom of Grey Street was a barber's shop, where my mother in a bold move had her long hair shingled. On the opposite corner by Spa Lane was a hoarding, on which a poster advertising the film showing that week at the Picture House was posted. The one that stayed in my memory was of Grace Moore in *One Night in Love*. She was pictured on a balcony in a beautiful crinoline dress with diamonds in her hair. The glamour of her outfit impressed me greatly as I plodded past in my woollen stockings. The nearest approach to glamour on my daily route home was a glass of Sarsparilla from the shop at the corner of Boyer Street, when the pocket money would not stretch to this, it was a penny bag of yellow Kali powder, it was meant to be mixed with water, but licking one's finger and dipping it into the bag was much more fun.

It seems in writing these memories down, that most are of travelling to and fro, and few of the school. It was always a very happy, ordered environment, the teachers were firm but kind, with endless patience and enthusiasm for their very mixed bag of pupils. Under their guidance the school years with their everyday routine and annual highlights proceeded very smoothly. A kaleidoscope of memories....Empire Day, everyone in white, with red, white and blue bandeaux singing patriotic songs. Harvest Festival in the big hall, when the annual school photograph was taken, Christmas with carols and the Nativity play...all presided over by Miss White the Headmistress, Miss Gilman, Miss Henson, a placid patient lady who always wore a blue ribbon bow in her hair, and Miss Frawley, dark haired and very pretty who took us to see the Royal train when it was at Derby Station.

I have only happy memories of my years there, and when told in 1938 that I had passed the scholarship and would be going to Parkfields Cedars in the Autumn my pleasure was tinged with regret, for the friends I would be leaving behind and for the school that had proved such a happy destination for the child who had set out with the attache case filled with fruitcake and optimism six years earlier.

#### **SEPTEMBER 1939 [Volume II The War Years]**

The first night of the black-out coincided with our hurried return from our holiday in Filey. Notices everywhere carried reminders that at sunset 7.47 pm British Summer Time, the black-out came into force. Mother's efforts on the old Singer treadle paid off, as soon as tea was over she appeared with a pile of black-out curtains ready to be hung at the windows; Dad doing the upstairs, Grandad and Mother the downstairs. My sister was stationed outside, to make sure no gaps were showing, an activity shared by the whole street, as curtains and blinds were adjusted in readiness for the great black-out. Sandy and I, seemingly surplus to requirements at that particular moment got in a few practice dashes to the Anderson.

Curtains hung and safely in place, Grandad returned to his post by the wireless; the National and Regional services had been merged, and only one programme was being broadcast, interrupted on the hour by news bulletins, which got more depressing as the night wore on. I departed for bed, cheered by the thought of a trip to the 'Pictures' on Saturday with my best friend; downstairs the voices of the adults droned on, worried, as I realised in retrospect, by thoughts of what lay ahead.

Saturday September 2nd dawned hot and sunny, evacuation from Derby of more than 2000 parents, teachers, school-children and infants was under way by 11 am. Nearby Gerard Street School was one of the centres for assembly;



passing by on my way to my usual Saturday errands for Mother. I thanked the Lord that I wasn't standing there, labelled and laden down with bags and baggage, waiting to be trundled into the unknown.

A quick trip along Abbey Street, which in those days had shops that could supply every need, from greengrocers to gown shops and confectioners to chemists, mission accomplished I returned home. Grandad was still glued to the wireless, Dad was putting the finishing touches to the inside of the Anderson, Mother, who had taken the opportunity for a little last minute stocking-up in town, returned triumphantly with a full basket.

My cousin Doris from Burton upon Trent turned up just after dinner to inform us that she was going to join up, at that point just what she was going to join was not clear [by the end of the month, decision made, she joined the Land Army]. Being at a loose end that Saturday afternoon she decided to accompany my friend and I on our trip to the 'pictures' as in a moment of generosity she had decided to treat us she also decided which film we should see, which was why we ended up at the Picture House in Babington Lane, where her current idol Tyrone Power, was doing his bit as Jesse James, instead of being installed in the Cosmo in Boundary Road watching Deanna Durbin, our particular favourite.

By the time we emerged from the Picture House the clouds were gathering, and after seeing Doris off on the Burton Bus we wasted no time in returning home. As darkness fell, the storm that had been threatening erupted, and as the lightning flashed across the sky, five of the seven barrage balloons, that had been serenely floating in the sky above Derby came down in flames. In falling one of them fouled a cable plunging the whole of Derby into complete darkness. All the cinemas in town were blacked out, bringing the exploits of Jesse James to an abrupt end and silencing dear Deanna; and calamity of calamities Grandad's wireless ceased to function. Gathered around one of the few candles that had not found its way into the air-raid shelter and deafened by the thunder overhead, it seemed as if the war had already begun.

My sister, who had left earlier for the Saturday night dance at the Plaza was presumably still gyrating in the dark, not being a female who was easily put off! Grandad uttering unmentionable threats at the wireless twiddled the knobs in vain, whilst Mother berated everyone in general and Hitler in particular. Deciding I had had enough excitement for one day I retired to my bed. What a day!

Sunday September 3rd. A fine sunny morning, the storm that had raged the previous night had cleared the air. My sister had returned safely and Gran-

dad's wireless was back in action, so far so good, but the bulletins it relayed hourly carried news of a depressing nature. The family was unusually subdued, even Sandy seemed to sense that all was not well. The 10 o'clock bulletins announced that the Prime Minister would speak to the Nation at 11.15 a.m. We all sat down around the table as the fateful moment arrived, to hear Neville Chamberlain's tired voice announce the fact that we were now at war with Germany. The National Anthem played as the speech ended, and Dad and Grandad rose to their feet; that which yesterday had been a probability was now an inescapable fact.

So ended the last hours of peace, within the next 24 hours we were to experience for the first time the stomach churning moments as the air-raid sirens sounded, and huddled in the air-raid shelter we awaited the drone of German bombers overhead. Thankfully a false alarm, but before the war was over some 152 high-explosive bombs and 164 incendiary bombs would fall on Derby, killing 74 and injuring between 300-350 people.

*A fascinating read and an insight to our parents and grandparents life before and during the war. Feel free to come and browse.*

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## **BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE**

### **At the Derby Assizes, Monday July 28, Chadwin v Watson**

Mr Sergeant Copley stated the case for the plaintiff:

"The plaintiff, Elizabeth Chadwin, is a farmer's daughter, in Brassington, in this county. The defendant, Joseph Watson, is a farmer in the same place. During the summer of 1815 the defendant had some transactions with the plaintiff's father, in course of which he became acquainted with the plaintiff, who was beautiful and interesting. Her father, in consequence of the derangement of his affairs, found it necessary to remove from home. The defendant, however, continued his visits, and applied to the mother for leave to pay his addresses and declared his intention to make her his wife. Mrs Chadwin expressed great reluctance to be deprived of the society of her daughter, and especially at a time when she required it so much, but not inclined to obstruct the establishment of her daughter in life, she consented. He said she could live with him, and enjoy the society of her daughter. Michaelmas following was, in fact, fixed on for the time of solemnizing the marriage. Michaelmas came, the month of September passed away, and the defendant said nothing about the marriage. The plaintiff was now observed to be in great agitation and distress of mind. The cause was obvious. Under the protection

of the promise he had made and aided by the possession of the plaintiff's affections, the defendant had basely abused his opportunity, and the girl was with child. The mother sent for him, and upbraided him with the foulness of his conduct. He affected to treat it with indifference, said he was not bound by any promise, relying on no writing having existed, but at length, overpowered by the remonstrances of genuine distress, which, when actually exposed to their senses, the greatest profligates are generally unable to resist, he said he would still perform his promise. He said it was not convenient for him at that time, but if Miss Chadwin would come and live with him for a month, he would at the end of that period marry her. The mother was not to be justified in such a compliance; it would not be attempted to justify her, but it should be recollected that she was anxious to get her daughter now married to the defendant, as the only alleviation of the injury sustained; and feared to offend him, lest he should make that a pretext for finally refusing. She gave her reluctant consent. The daughter lived with him for a month. At the end of that period, every preparation was made, the wedding dresses were prepared; but when Mrs Chadwin went to the defendant's house, she was received with jeers and scoffs and he said that her daughter did not even wish him to marry her. The daughter upon this fell down on the floor and fainted away. When she recovered, she and her mother walked off. The defendant soon after married another woman, and this action was brought that the jury might visit the misconduct of the defendant with the only punishment that could be called for. Money could not compensate for the injury inflicted, but to claim damages in money was the only resource left for the unfortunate, the irreparably injured plaintiff. The learned Sergeant would call witnesses to prove the facts stated."

Mrs Chadwin is mother of the plaintiff, who was 21 years of age last Christmas.

Here a long consultation took place among the different parties, their Counsel, and the Bench, the result of which was an agreement that the defendant should pay 50/ damages, and 4s 6d a week for the maintenance of the child while in the custody of the plaintiff, and the Jury gave their verdict accordingly.

*Found in the Stamford Mercury of 1 August 1815*

## **OLD AND NEW**

### **News from the North**

Regular readers, if any, will recognise both the change of format and content of this edition of Old and New, but rest assured my reportage will be back to normal in the next issue. By word of explanation my usual material is at hand, but not structured. I have been up to my neck and beyond in helping out with the publication of a book *The 150<sup>th</sup> Birthday of Chinley Station*, due to give birth in June 2017. I have had no hand in the final content or the editorial, but in the cause I have voluntarily supplied photographs from my collection and literary reportage gleaned from local newspapers. So much so that I thought the village station of my birth and youth, Bugsworth/Buxworth, was missing out, so foolhardily I solitarily took on producing the “History of Bugsworth / Buxworth Station and Gow Holes Sidings 1867-1958”. So I offer up a much re-jigged “Home on D'Ranged” which first saw the light of day in 1992 booklet which I produced for the first “Bygone Bugsworth”.

“Home on D'Ranged, a childhood during WW2.”

I was 4 years old in 1939 when my first recollections of Buxworth began. I played with a toy wooden horse and cart and rode a tricycle on Barren Clough, Buxworth a lane fronting the village football field. There more rides in a three wheeled wooden cart pulled and operated by “Tee” Sidebottom the then local roadman. I didn't know it at the time but when family history later entered into my story, I discovered that he was a family relative. Mother and Grandma Platts (Nan) took me some afternoons to the meetings of the “Mother's Union” non-political unless there was some village scandal to report. These Mother's meetings were held in the “War Memorial Institute” known more affectionately as “The Club”. The meetings under the auspice of St James's Church, Buxworth, were not of a high religious nature but more of a meeting point to swap news, gossip, scandal and recipes, in no particular order unless there was some real scandal, which was worth giving it a proper good airing. I was puzzled why, despite the nomenclature “Mother's Union” so many of the members were buxom mature single matrons. But the news, good or bad, was assured of a good and wide circulation. Older children attended at school holidays, I learned that “Mother's Onion” and “Mother's Mafia” were alternative misnomers.

Jackie and Terry Prior, family relatives living nearby escorted me to my first day at Buxworth School. I didn't realise it at the time but this was the first day of my independence. So my early education started in the Infants Class under the watchful eye of Miss Littlewood. With a well built human frame, knitted woollen skirts and jackets together with pince-nez glasses, the spitting

image for Miss Prism, She cosseted, cajoled and corrected her little charges in equal measure.

There were no pre-school groups in the late thirties and early forties, just common or garden infants under the buxom but gentle-womanly Miss Littlewood. I was a late starter to a full school life in Buxworth because I had been in and out of school and had spent a few weeks in Manchester Royal Infirmary with a suspected mastoid. I can pin point the date from an entry in the Buxworth School Logbook. *16-12-1941. Dr Bamber made a medical inspection of all pupils. At 1-20 pm she examined Keith Holford and ordered him to be sent home at once -- likely-hood of a developing mastoid trouble.*" No mastoid, but the hospital justified their existence by removing my tonsils. My stay left me with a lifelong anathema to the smell of boiling cabbage and fish poached in milk. Christmas Eve brought horror rather than happiness when a fancy dressed monkey monkeyed his or her way through the children's wards. Since that day I have never knowingly found time to utter a good word regarding monkeys. The bonus however was Christmas presents at both the hospital and later at home.

There were no Ladybird books, Janet and John's, Ninja Turtles, Bart Simpson et al, just plain honest to goodness stories and tales from her ample repertoire and matching bodily frame. I looked forward to the late afternoons when we infants crowded around to catch every word of her intonations and deliberations. It was considered a perk and an honour for two named infants (always boys) to polish her shoes whilst she read out loud sat comfortably ensconced in an oak windsor chair. The chosen two were closer to her than all the other children, some boys bragged that they had even seen her knickers.

Mother had a ventriloquist dummy which for some reason was named "George" he had belonged to Henry her younger brother. George changed loyalties and became a favourite of Miss Littlewood, the infants sat enthralled by her manipulations of his strings. When my children were young George moved in with us and he currently sits quietly on an upstairs dressing table without making a muff or a fluff. Being nearly 100 years old he is now beginning to show his age. Miss Littlewood got more mileage out of George than the Goodwood motor and horse racing circuits put together. George returned to Buxworth School when our children arrived on the scene, Miss. Littlewood was still there woman minding the infants. I have discovered



through the internet that George's original name was "Charlie McCarthy" hand operated by an American named Edgar Burden, 1903-1978, Charlie's name changed to Charlie Farnsbarns. The starting price for a similar George on ebay varies between £100-300, but I doubt if any of them have had the same experiences?

I was still in the infants class when I had my first fright. The film "The Wizard of Oz" was being screened on a special weekday matinee bill, venue Whaley Bridge Cinema. The timings were arranged to match the bus service that ran from Chinley through Buxworth, via Whaley Bridge onto Kettlethulme. The school was given a half day off to view the film. Mother and I caught the North Western omnibus to Whaley Bridge. She bought our cinema tickets and we entered "The Bughouse" the correct name being "The Picture House". It had formerly been a corn mill. The sight of the Tin Man, the Scarecrow and the Lion but especially the Witch scared the living daylights out of me. Within minutes of the film starting the pair of us were outside the cinema walking back home over the hill to Buxworth. It is true to say that she never ever held that outcome against me. I have boycotted the Yellow Brick Road ever since.

The reality of WW2 came home to Buxworth when increasing numbers of evacuated school children started to arrive in the village from local industrial towns where bombing had either taken place or there was a high risk that it could. Stockport and Manchester schools began the trek but then children came from a much wider field, Southend-on-Sea and Coventry. The nearest we had come to the reality of war in Buxworth was a red glow in the sky over Manchester and the drumming of warplanes overhead. Often the aftermath was collecting "silver chaff", long silver metallic strands jettisoned from enemy planes, their aim being to confuse aircraft locating systems.

But it seemed no time at all before I moved into Standard One with Miss Isabel Porritt, under her tutelage I learned to read fluently and execute joined up writing. I also discovered that black ink, brought round in big brown stone jars by class monitors, soaked into a blob of blotting paper went a long way when flicked with a ruler. She awakened my latent interest in natural history by taking Standards One and Two on nature walks around the village of Buxworth. No high visible jackets or highway code, it was come dressed as you are, no elves and safety to follow.

The most serious subject was "History" with Walter (Boss) Hallam, the headmaster of the school. When he rolled up his sleeves and brought down a rolled up 6 foot long "Map of the World" that normally rested on a line of coat hooks, we all knew that we were in for another chapter of his personal

WW1 battle. Many years later, after his death, I learned from his daughter Margaret, that against all military regulations, he had kept a diary of his war service. I recommended that she donate his diaries to the Imperial War Museum. He was a stickler for keeping Empire Day in the minds of his little charges. His graphic stories knocked spots off Captain Marvel, Superman and Batman combined.

### *Buxworth School*

Britain still had an Empire in the 1940's, great land masses were shown in red, which he pointed to with an old billiard cue. Parts of it he had to admit was then currently occupied by foreign forces. He would have even less material to work on now! He tried to instil an



“esprit de corps” into to our meagre frames. During the war special campaigns were brought to the fore. The “Dig for Victory Campaign” I realise now was an early pioneering form of self sufficiency. School allotments were created on land between the school and the railway line from Manchester to London. Under Boss Hallam’s supervision “The senior boys allotment parties” resembled slave labour en route to the mines or even worse. It was obvious that “Boss” could not be in two places at once, so with minimal supervision there was competition for places. It could be said without fear of contradiction that there were two winners – the rabbits living on the railway embankment and the local Smith family, but more of their history later.

Another scheme was “War Weapons Week”. We were given a week off school and encouraged to go out into the locality and collect such items as rubber tyres, cast iron, old iron, aluminium and other objects that could be recycled into the “War Effort”. At that date the Bugsworth canal basin was still in water but not navigable. Local neighbours of mine, the Fletcher brothers, Gordon and Brian, had the inspirational idea of using their mother's clothes line (without permission) with a home fashioned hook as a dragline. We were at that part of the Peak Forest Canal known as “The Wide.” One brother throwing and the other holding the end of the dragline, in fact things were going too smoothly. Due to communication problems between the brothers one threw but the other brother was not on hold so both hook and clothes line literally sank to a watery grave. It became even graver on their

mother's next washing day.

The School Logbook 4-11-1942 reads – *In the two weeks ending Oct 21<sup>st</sup>, the school salvaged non-ferrous metals, 9lbs of Copper, 70lbs of Zinc, 16lbs of Aluminium, 50lbs of brass, 104lbs of lead, 450lbs-RUBBER were collected. Boys salvaged most of the rubber from out of the canal basin.* No names and no clothes lines were mentioned.

Those children living on farms were given an extra fortnight off school for “potato picking”. Due to the war manual labour was hard to find. Senior boys were also allowed to help out in this exercise/alternatively hard work. It was a good excuse to get away from the Boss and earn some money at the same time. In the autumn we raided the local hedgerows to pick rose hips, subsequently distilled into “Rose Hip Syrup”. The pay was three old pennies for each pound of hips, weighed in at school. The School Logbook 24-10-1941 reads – *School has gathered 53 lbs of rose hips.* 24-Jan-1944 reads *165 lbs of rose hips collected. Paid out £1-6-8 to the children.*

There was no doubt that we were at war, gas masks had to be taken to school. The masks were housed in a strong cardboard box to which an attached cord hung around the neck or over the shoulder. The youngest children had “Mickey Mouse Masks“, which older children envied and tried to swop. The gas van parked outside school. Donning a mask, everyone had to enter the van and sit on the benches whilst the gas was released. It was a toss up which was the lesser evil, the condensation in the claustrophobic masks or the poisonous gas. In the event of an air raid children were allocated to dispersal points. These dispersal points had to be within three minutes travelling distance from school, naturally everyone wanted to get home. Mary Solomon lived in Canalside Cottages adjacent to Britannia Wireworks. Mary had been given Mrs Cope's Navigation Shop as her point of reference, but Mary maintained to Boss Hallam that she could travel from Buxworth School to Canalside Cottages within the three minutes. The upshot was that Boss put her to the acid test by borrowing a stopwatch and timing her race against his clock to get home within the allotted time.

Most of the pupils at Buxworth School had a relative serving in the armed forces, indeed both my father and my mother's brother were called to the colours. One lad, whom modesty forbids me to name, suffice to hint, that he is now the owner of one of the largest funeral parlours in the High Peak, was to cause morning mayhem to Boss Hallam's normal calm and collected exterior. The pupil, a great pal of mine, arrived at school one morning (his father was home on leave from Malta) with what loosely could be called “white balloons” An older pupil who came from the large extended Hall family, more



worldly wise, blew up the “white balloons” much to the joy of the large but toyless playground. Alerted by the universal and unusual acclaim Boss Hallam appeared in the playground to enquire into this early morning enhancement. His normal calm and collected mood instantly morphed into a “Crackers.” The spoilsport quickly gathered up the balloons and disappeared with them down the steps of the boiler house. He gave no explanation in assembly and the incident and items were never mentioned, which to my mind and many others was completely out of character. Later in life I discovered the secret for Boss Hallam's demeanour --- the balloons were condoms supplied at his Majesty's pleasure and accidentally for unworldly children.

It wasn't all “doom and gloom”, in the war years, we children made their own amusements. Iron hoops were still around, kick-can a form of hide and seek, hop scotch, sliding and skating on the frozen Peak Forest Canal, sledging in the winter. Tying adjacent doors together, then knocking on both doors. On dark nights pulling the chains down on gas lamps when people approached, stretching black cotton across the road in the dark. Crist Quarry, long since disused with the demise of the canal system and the advance of railways, became an adventure playground. A great setting for “Cowboys and Indians” though not many children volunteered to be the Indians. We traversed, with hand held candles, the long tunnel that led from Crist Quarry to the Bugsworth Basin, searching for the crosses etched in the stonework where former quarry workers were alleged to have been killed.

#### *Crist Quarry*

Decades later Crist Quarry was to be setting for the 5 year battle by Buxworth vil-



lagers versus the financial might of Ferodo Ltd over the indiscriminate illegal tipping of asbestos waste. A fight that ultimately helped to formulate the strict regulations regarding asbestos waste disposal. That fight was an epic “David versus Goliath” where people power and tenacious villagers led the battle against a bully of some magnitude with an unlimited source of money and local influence in the public administration of the area.

The “Piece de Resistance” in Bugsworth Basin was the original intact rhombus shaped Telford crane with a linked chain. The jib of the crane, with children power, could be swung around to dangle over the less than salubrious



confection of reeds, mud and accumulated detritus in the canal basin. A child with either feet or hands firmly fixed in the hook at the end of the chain, would be swung by several children power round 360 degrees. It was a favourite trick for the least popular child or those with affluent parents, to be left hanging over the Basin. The chosen child then had a choice, either swarm up the

linked chain and clamber down the extended jib arm or to drop into the Basin gunge. A less than glorious day, especially when arriving home there was every likely-hood of an additional parental punishment.

At this date in the UK, there was not even a whiff of EU membership or a Brexit future, we had not gone “green” environmentally, in fact if someone in Buxworth had said “Green” it would been either referring to Brierley Green or cheese. Domestic waste was still being tipped at both Gisbourne Row (adjacent to the Basin) and Daisy Hollow near Brierley Green. Children scoured both sites for “Collectibles.” There was no secured boundaries or controlled supervision. A good many of these former coveted childish objects are now being offered at flea-markets and on Ebay. Coloured bottles would be smashed to make jewels for “Cowboy and Indians” and “Robin Hood” enactments. It was an over the moon situation if a Silver Cross pram was found and the wheels were in such a condition to make a decent trolley, the terminology then used was “a bogie.”

On marriage Miss Isobel Porritt (at this date woman teachers on marriage had to resign their post) left Buxworth School, Mr. P. E. N. Butt was appointed to the vacancy. I cannot claim that I was a model pupil but only once can I remember having the ruler. 5 minutes into one of his early lessons, Pen Butt said “Stop ! All those who have not put their name and date at the top of the page come to the front.” All the culprits had to bend over and receive 3 whacks with a 12 inch ruler. I was a little sore in more ways than one, but I thought little more about the incident. Central heating was in the future, at home ours consisted of an elevated cast iron multi- purpose open grate and oven. I was dressing for school in front of this luxury when mother observed and expounded “ What are the black lines across your bottom?” Then the close encounter with a 12 inch ruler sprang to mind. Nan and Ma frogmarched me to school where I was put on display in glorious technicolour for

Boss Hallam's closer inspection. I cannot speak about the glorious technicolour stripes but from the remarks played out before Boss Hallam I had a good idea. He may have faced the Hun but he had met a formidable duo in Nan and Ma. It would be true to say that I led somewhat of a charmed life thereafter. The School Logbook stated plainly. "*Mrs Holford accompanied by Mrs Platts came to school over Keith.*" Many years later Pen Butt wrote me an encouraging letter of support from his retirement home in the Isle of Man when an article appeared in the Sunday Times expounding on the campaign to stop the tipping of asbestos waste in Crist Quarry, Buxworth. An accompanying photograph had me posed on the lip of the quarry. The ruler marks by then had faded.

I was led to believe that I was a very active child, on arrival home from school my first question would be "What's for tea?" Nan would invariably reply "Two jumps at the pantry door and a bite off the latch." One day I took her suggestion literally and she never repeated those words again. Nan during the long summer Sunday evenings would take me by bus from Buxworth to Kettleshulme, where we would walk over Sponds Hill, Windgather Rocks and Charles Head. Wending our way back into the village to a wooden hut cafe behind Kettleshulme School. The cafe served pots of tea, and fancy cakes. The wooden hut has been long gone but the memory of those jaunts are always refreshed when I drive through Kettleshulme into Cheshire.

One afternoon the power of the printed word to an eight year old was brought into focus and disrepute. To save gas the coal fire in the cast iron fireplace was allowed to flicker and glow while I made faces out of the disintegrating embers. Mother and Nan were chatting away and I with one ear cocked listened to the local gossip and scandal. The conversation reached the point where it concerned a married lady living nearby. Her son was one of my pals so I could honestly claim that I had a vested interest in listening in to the outcome. Mum – "Don't you think that Mrs X is losing her looks? ". Quick as a flash I said "I know why Mrs X is losing her looks !" Both ladies looked suitably perplexed by my words of implied wisdom. Nan-said "How do you know?" I then produced a newspaper containing an advert for "Wincarnis Fortified Wine". The top of the advert was headed "Why married women lose their looks!" Mother and Nan, much to my disgust fell about laughing their heads off.

Great Grandpa Platts arrived in the High Peak through working for the Midland Railway. He subsequently trans-morphed into a master baker in a bakehouse behind Goyt Road at Whaley Bridge. The building subsequently became the local sorting office for the Royal Mail. Both Grandpa and Grandma Nan Platts became dab hands at decorating and baking cakes of all descrip-

tions. Grandpa Bert Platts became part of the local St Johns Ambulance Brigade, two of Nan's brothers, John Warren and Jack were in the same collective. He spent the Great War in India baking for the Royal Army Medical Corps. Nan regularly made the claim that this dual role was ideal, if his baking caused dietary problems he was on the spot with the medical knowledge to put things right.

During WW2 villagers trooped round to our house to have Wedding, Birthday and other celebratory cakes made by the two pairs of skilful hands. They had a black spaniel who usually answered to the name "Prince" who unfortunately had a penchant for cakes hot, cold or indifferent. During WW2 extra rations were allowed for the making of certain celebratory cakes, but there was no second chance. Our next door neighbour made the requisite order for her wedding cake, the cake was baked and left to cool on a tray. Whilst it was cooling, Prince decided to try a bit of self-service, having their cake and eating it. Luckily or unluckily depending on whose point of view you take, Prince had only demolished part of the cake before he was discovered. There was not enough ingredients left to make a second cake so Nan baked a smaller cake from the remaining ingredients and a portion of the replacement cake was engineered into the void created by Prince. The happy couple, well part of the time, went on to meet their maker, blissfully unaware (it is hoped) of "The Drama of the Dog in daytime." Meanwhile Prince came within an ace of being renamed "Black Prince".

Grandpa Platts was a very easy going sort of soul, I was only once made aware that he could be roused. Prince was a laid back dog, on his own terms, but there was one occasion when they acted in unison. Derbyshire Education Committee employed school truancy officers to catch children either illegally working or being absent from school with or without their parents knowledge. Unannounced visits to the homes of suspected violators was the modus operandi. I had caught "German measles" my infant reasoning was that it must be due to the war. It was common practice at this time to keep children with an infectious disease away from school until the incubation period had lapsed. Grandpa Platts had been left minding the shop so to speak, when there came a knock on the back door. The truant officer introduced himself by name and stated the purpose of the visit. I could then hear an altercation taking place on the doorstep with Prince weighing in with his seldom used "I live here mode." It was a Mr. Platts versus a Mr. Platts and both assumed that they were taking the mickey. No 2 Mr. Platts never called again.

Being a young child and living in a rural village the war didn't have the same impact that it had on adults. Early in the war, Henry, mother's brother, volunteered for the RAF, hoping that he would be involved with flying aircraft.

But after 2 weeks at Padgate, near Warrington, his generosity was turned down. On the rebound together with his pal Jack Hill they joined the Royal Navy together at H.M.S. Ganges. Chatham I was the postboy for sending the family letters to him and CJX 354870, his service number, became perpetually etched into my memory bank. He never ever elaborated on his wartime experiences, but he served on H.M.S. Arethusa on the supply convoys to Malta. Travelling to America to crew LST 198 (Landing Ship Tank ) part of the American Lend Lease Programme. He was at the hell hole of the ferocious Anzio beach landing in Italy and also the dramatic and bloody D Day landing on the beaches of Normandy in June of 1944. He was serving in H.M.S. Abercrombie off the coast of South Africa, when the war ended. Whereas Dad, much older, was conscripted into the Green Howards at Saltburn, North Yorkshire where the army attempted to make an infantry man out of him and failed. He was transferred to join the Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Old Dalby, Leicestershire. His claim to fame was that he represented the battalion at cricket. Emrys Jones who opened for Glamorgan was in the same team.

In November 1944 Arthur Dodd replaced Boss Hallam, when Boss took over the headship at Whaley Bridge School. The niceties of life took on a whole new meaning, it was out with the old and in with the new regime. Out in the playground in all weathers, before entering school, hands were outstretched to be inspected on both sides for cleanliness, “Cherry Blossom” shine was expected on our boots and shoes. Woe betide the children whose task was “to muck out on the farm” before arriving at school, the operation becoming the equivalent of being given “red card” at football. Nan had always been a stickler for clean shoes, her philosophy being that dressing up meant from tip to toe. When I skimped on cleaning the heels she excused me by saying “Well, a good soldier never looks behind him.” Mr Dodd could never accept that I had personally cleaned my own shoes. He should have tried living with her philosophy.

There were some real characters at Buxworth School, unless a pupil obtained a scholarship to New Mills Grammar School you were stuck at your local primary school, there being no secondary education at this time for the masses. The Smith family lived on the school doorstep in Station Road Cottages, demolished in a 1960's B6062 road widening scheme. Their father only occasionally lived in residence, it was locally put about that he was “A night repairer of church roofs.” The sure sign that he was home and a man before his time, was when the boys appeared at school with their hair shorn apart for a Mohican tuft at the front. “The Nit Nurse” regularly visited the school, the Smiths had cause to laugh, there was no hiding place for the little varmints on their heads. Purple patches painted on visible skin by the visiting nurse

marked a child as entertaining scabies.

The Smith family names were in descending age were James, Mercy, Walter, Emily and David but they answered to Jimmo, Merso, Woggo, Emmo and Dabbo. They seemed immune to everything including frequent canings. Woggo never flinched or cried despite blatant attempts to achieve that object. Any veggies missing from the school allotment would be attributed to them without proof. Their ripped trousers and patched pullovers would be considered fashion icons today. Later in life the two girls married into a well known "Rag and Bone" family from Stockport. My future father-in-law had the measure of the boys, he waited until their pockets were filled with unripe fruit from the orchard at Bugsworth Hall. He then made his appearance, lining them up to eat all the unripe fruit that they had removed from the trees. His admonishment was "Come back and ask when the fruit are ripe and you can have them for free." Yes, they came back for more and yes, they got the same treatment.

Some of the senior boys were bigger than the headmaster. I was surprised that they didn't retaliate in some way to the canings. One occasion Mr Dodd caned a pair of the younger Marchington brothers still attending school. They were tough as old boots, living on an outlying farm at Clough Head, almost in New Mills. They had an older brother Trevor who was built like house side. After a joint beating one of the brothers said "I'm leaving now and I'm coming back later this afternoon with my big brother." Standards 1, 2, 3 and 4 waited with bated breathe for the forthcoming afternoon contest of "Dodd v Goliath." It is a fair walk to Clough Head and back so whether Colin decided against a double back we shall never know for Mr. Dodd on some pretext closed the school early.

Mr Dodd's three children attended Buxworth School, but no one could claim that he favoured his own. Mary with another girl (to remain nameless) were both caught cheating in a mock examination for New Mills Grammar School. He announced the punishment in front of the whole school. Sadly and unfairly Mary was given twice the number of strokes as her co-conspirator.

The School Logbook 26 July 1946 ends my school days at Buxworth The entry reads- "*Keith Holford was successful in gaining a free place at New Mills Grammar School as a result of this years examination.*" It was the start of even more independence .

KEITH HOLFORD

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY  
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
HELD AT SOCIETY OF FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE  
Tuesday 11th April 2016**

There were 22 members present at the start of the meeting and the Chairman welcomed them to the AGM and thanked them for attending.  
The meeting was declared open.

**APOLOGIES**

Apologies were received from Beryl Scammell, Rosemary Jefferson and Catherine Allsop-Martin.

**MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS AGM**

These were distributed to the members and the Chairman asked the meeting if they would take the minutes from the last AGM as read. Ernie Drabble proposed the motion and Brian Slack seconded it. There was a show of hands and the minutes were passed as a true and accurate record of the previous year's proceedings.

**MATTERS ARISING**

There were no matters arising from the previous minutes.

**CHAIRMAN'S REPORT**

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

**SECRETARY'S REPORT**

Ruth Barber gave the Secretary's report.  
There were no questions from the floor.

**TREASURER'S REPORT**

Michael Bagworth gave the Treasurer's annual report.  
There were no questions from the floor.

**ELECTION OF OFFICERS**

The following proposed members were elected unopposed for the coming year. There was no objection from those members present and no further nominees from the floor. Agreed by a show of hands- none against.

Chairman	Dr. Stephen Orchard
Secretary	Ruth Barber

Treasurer Michael Bagworth  
Membership Sec. Catherine Allsop-Martin

### **ELECTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

The following members were elected unopposed for the coming year, there being no objection from those members present and no further nominees from the floor. Agreed by a show of hands- none against.

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

### **MEETING GROUP SUB COMMITTEES**

DERBY No specific organiser at present

SHIRLAND Averil Higginson Denis Dennerley Maureen Newton

### **APPOINTMENT OF INDEPENDENT EXAMINER**

Michael Bagworth proposed that Steven Wells again be appointed as INDEPENDENT EXAMINER for 2017. Voted on and unanimously agreed.

### **ANY OTHER BUSINESS**

None

There being no further business, the Chairman closed the meeting

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### **Chairman's Report 2017**

On behalf of your committee I have pleasure in submitting the Annual Report for the past year. The committee has met on six occasions in Derby and another mild winter has ensured that our Glossop members have not been kept away by snow. However, severe rainfall kept them and me from the November meeting. Everyone on the committee does more than simply attend its meetings and the Society is indebted to them for their service. There will come a time when some of us will need to be replaced and we urge members to keep in mind the possibility of nominating others to serve. The committee are trustees of the Society's funds and responsible for policy and its implementation.

The index of all registrars' entries for Derbyshire is now nearing completion, thanks to many hours of voluntary labour. Work has finished at the Registrar's office in Derby, but there are still entries being indexed elsewhere. Our work on parish register transcriptions has now become more selective following the decision of the County Record Office to allow Ancestry access to film



all the registers. We are planning to transfer our transcription work to other lists and registers which are not available online. The index of Derbyshire wills in the Probate Register from 1900 is almost complete. We also continue collecting memorial inscriptions from all over the county, working on public cemeteries as well as churchyards. The Derby cemetery index is still being prepared and requires high levels of concentration from the volunteers.

The fall in the number of queries has continued, with very few coming by post. We tend to be asked for answers when they cannot be found online. We have sometimes been told that people have disappeared when, in fact, they have been wrongly indexed or the relevant record has not yet made it onto a database. Once again we find there really is no substitute for sharing the experience of other researchers when you come to a dead end. We have welcomed several people at the Library during the year, including overseas visitors, who have been helped by sharing the difficulties they have encountered.

Much time has been spent over the year renewing our lease on Bridge Chapel House, which we have secured for another three years at a slightly increased rent. The opportunity has been taken to clarify the terms of the lease so that it reflects more accurately the responsibilities of the trustees and ourselves. Our programme of redecoration continues and we have bought two new computers in order to improve our facilities for visitors. The security system has been a headache, especially for those called out unnecessarily, and we have found it necessary to change our contractors.

The Derby meeting at the Friends' Meeting House in St Helen's Street has kept up a good attendance. South Normanton continues to have a small attendance. The group would welcome new people to share their excellent programme. We can only run local meetings if there is demand for them. We realize that the majority of our members live beyond Derbyshire and that many are overseas. One of our links with them is through the magazine and Helen, as our editor, is grateful to those who send in articles to share with other members. Our thanks are due to Helen for the excellent work she does in producing an interesting and informative publication. In addition she co-ordinates the work of the volunteers at the Library and carries out research at Matlock on behalf of distant members. Our other main contact with members is through the website and the committee decided this year that we need to put more resources into its development. We have been very fortunate in the work our webmaster has put in over the last ten years or more. We have now reached the stage where more is needed if we are to keep pace with developments elsewhere and we are planning to develop a website with increased facilities for members and a capacity to download files to visitors for a fee. We also need it to be easy to use on a variety of devices.

Our Secretary, Ruth, has kept the minutes and correspondence but also is constantly at work with Helen in keeping the Library and Derby meeting running.. Mike Bagworth, our valued Treasurer, will speak for himself in presenting the accounts. Catherine Allsop-Martin has worked hard as membership secretary to keep the subscriptions coming in and see that members have the information they need. I am grateful to my colleagues on the Committee for their continued support and all that they do for the various projects and meetings. Linda Bull continues to look after our publications efficiently. Without such volunteers there would be no Society.

As I have indicated, your officers and committee are offering themselves for re-election with an invitation for others to join them. We will do our best to continue to develop the Society over the year ahead.

### **Secretary's Report 2017**

This report runs in a similar theme to last year and previous years. There is nothing really exciting or dramatic to report.

Research is ongoing although the majority of enquiries are the brick wall situations but it keeps us busy enough that time quickly disappears and the tidying and sorting is delayed yet again.

The repairs, painting and decorating are finished except for those finishing touches. New floor covering for the bathroom is badly needed and we hope to put up curtains, to keep out the draughts from ill fitting windows and new lampshades.

The proposed flood defences all around us seem to have come to a halt. The only floods in the vicinity have involved Severn Trent Water not the river but perhaps we should get ourselves a boat for when the flood waters are directed down Sowter Rd and we are stranded.

As always the request for volunteers is a priority, whether it is a few hours at home or Bridge Chapel House. The renewal of the Memorial Transcriptions is ongoing and any help with this would be appreciated.

A considerable number of books have been donated to us and finding shelf room has led us to rearrange things yet again. This in turn has led to another project, the replacement of old plastic files that have begun to deteriorate after about 25 years of use and shortly we are planning to move the Probate books to a drier room than at present. Again any help offered will not be turned away.

The meetings here seem to be successful with some excellent speakers and interesting talks. The Christmas social, although alcohol free was deemed to be a success. Thanks go to Helen for her ideas for the entertainment and quizzes. If anyone has any alternative ideas for next Christmas or knows of any speakers to add to our list that would be useful.

It just remains for me to thank all the volunteers for their hard work and hope that we don't run out of them before it is decided that the Society is no longer needed.

### **Treasurers Report**

The financial statements for 2016 have been prepared on a receipts and payments basis. The accounts of the society have been examined by S J Wells & Co who have stated that the financial statements give a true and fair view of our affairs as at 31 December 2016.

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

Membership for 2016 dropped to 875 from 958 in 2015, a drop of over 8½% . This obviously affects our income despite having raised subscription rates in 2013. Increasing subscription rates would not bring in a huge amount and may have a negative effect on the finances so the committee are looking into ways of reducing costs rather than increasing subscription rates.

Pay per view royalties are down by £1,000, a 20% drop. With a bit of luck this trend may be reversed as there is an increase for the first three months of 2017.

We are extremely fortunate that the society has a healthy reserve built up from the sale of our own publications in the early years of the society. The availability of so much information over the internet have rendered some of our publications redundant, e.g. our 1851 census booklets.

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT for the year to 31st DECEMBER 2016**

	<b>2016</b>	<b>2015</b>
	<b>£</b>	<b>£</b>
<b>INCOME</b>		
Subscriptions	14,114.22	16,172.00
Income Tax recovered through Gift Aid	2,151.95	2,150.78
Donations and Members Contributions	662.50	924.90
Sale of Publications	449.02	425.93
Interest on Investments	675.05	889.03
Postal Research	821.88	615.90
Pay per View	4,314.05	5,324.08
Grant Received	-	-
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc		105.00
Cash in hand		
	<u>£23,188.67</u>	<u>£26,607.62</u>
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>		
Sundries	659.40	-
Stationery, Postages etc	760.73	605.27
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc	1,027.66	437.00
Journal	9,626.84	9,165.21
Reference Library	8.99	12.00
Insurance, Fees, Charges & Affiliation to FFHS	1,240.31	1,315.03
Equipment Maintenance, including photocopier	75.48	65.52
Projects		
Examining Accountant's Fee	430.00	410.00
Bridge Chapel House	13,900.82	20,135.20
Publicity		
	<u>£27,730.23</u>	<u>£32,145.23</u>
<b>NET INCOME (DEFICIT) against EXPENDITURE for the year</b>	<u><b>£( 4,541.56)</b></u>	<u><b>£( 5,537.61)</b></u>
 <b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b>		
Brought Forward	£70,610.84	£77,148.45
Add <b>SURPLUS (DEFICIT) for the year, as above</b>	<b>£( 4,541.56)</b>	<b>£( 5,537.61)</b>
Ddt Depreciation	<b>£( 1,000.00)</b>	<b>£( 1,000.00)</b>
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b>	<u><b>£65,069.28</b></u>	<u><b>£70,610.84</b></u>
Carried Forward		

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

**BALANCE SHEET as at 31st DECEMBER 2016**

		2016	2015
			£
<b>FIXED ASSETS</b>			
Furniture, Fittings and Equipment :			
Opening Net Book Value	2,958.11		263.16
Add Assets Purchased in year	0.00		3,694.95
Deduct Depreciation in year	1,000.00		1,000.00
Closing Net Book Value		<u>£1,958.11</u>	<u>£2,958.11</u>
<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>			
Charities Official Investment Fund - Deposit accc	18,409.80		26,316.75
Lloyds TSB Term Deposits	<u>40,000.00</u>	58,409.80	<u>40,000.00</u>
			66,316.75
Cash & Bank : Lloyds TSB Current Account	4,180.50		327.53
Floats in Hands of Officers	<u>350.00</u>	4,530.50	<u>445.00</u>
			772.53
Pay Pal		170.87	563.45
		<u>£63,111.17</u>	<u>£67,652.73</u>
<b>NET ASSETS</b>		<u>£65,069.28</u>	<u>£70,610.84</u>
<b>REPRESENTED BY:</b>			
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b>	Brought forward	70,610.84	77,148.45
<b>ADD SURPLUS (DEFICIT) FOR YEAR</b>		(5,541.56)	(6,537.61)
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b>	Carried forward	<u>£65,069.28</u>	<u>£70,610.84</u>

Michael Bagworth  
Treasurer

**ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT**

I have examined the foregoing financial statements, which are in accordance with the books maintained by the Society. In my opinion, the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs as at 31st December 2016



S J WELLS & Co  
Chartered  
Certified Accountants

*D.F.H.S. Jun Qtr 2017*

## SOME MORE NETTLES

I was interested in reading the article in the latest magazine "Money in Nettles".

In Sweden nettles are not only cultivated for cattle fodder but nettle soup is a delicacy now, in spring. For interested members here is a recipe from ICA-förlagets Stora Kokbok.

### Nässelsoppa

4 portions	45 min
1,5 - 2 litres	fresh nettle leaves and shoots
1 litre	water
1 teaspoon	salt
1 small	onion
2 tablesp	margarine or butter
2 tablesp	flour
1,2 litre	nettlewater and veal or vegetable stock
	salt, pepper, chervil

Sort the nettle leaves and take away the thick stems and older leaves. Rinse the leaves well in several changes of cold water.

Boil the water and salt. put the nettle leaves in the water and boil for 10 minutes. Pour off the water and save it. Finely chop the nettle leaves with a sharp knife or use a mixer.

Peel and finely chop the onion. Fry it lightly until it is a little yellow and transparent. Sprinkle the flour over and add the nettle water with veal or vegetable stock. Boil for a few minutes. Add the chopped nettle leaves and season with salt, pepper and chervil.

Serve the soup warm with boiled egg halves or poached eggs. The soup can also be served with cold crème fraîche or sour cream flavoured with chopped prawns, finely chopped leeks or chives, grated horseradish, sliced radishes or red peppers.

"Smaklig måltid!"

*Graham Freeman [Mem 1972]  
Goteborg, Sweden  
E-mail: g.freeman@comhem.se*

## *Hampshire Rambles*

I grew up in Mickleover, but after three years at University I came down to Southampton in 1981 and have lived here ever since – for nearly two thirds of my life. And yet despite that, and my two sons having been born and raised here (they have long since left home and both live and work in Porthmadog in beautiful North Wales), I still consider Derby and Mickleover as “home”. Visits home have over the years have been sometimes infrequent, sometimes more regular (when family circumstances dictated) and often were after consulting the football fixtures so that I could take in a Rams home game! Unfortunately, now that Mum has moved into a Residential Home in Lichfield I have no reason to return to Mickleover, but I hope that I will make the occasional trip over when I am up visiting her.

I try and keep up to date with what is happening there through various internet sites and Facebook groups; not just for my own interest but also to keep Mum informed, although she remains in contact with friends in the area.

It is a continual regret that I did not carry out more of my family history research while more of my family were still with us, so that I could have tapped in to their knowledge and recollections. Unfortunately, my father died over 16 years ago – if only I had asked him to write down what he knew of the family history and of his Army experiences in WW2 (he took part in the Normandy landings and the advance across Europe – he ended up in Hanover). All my grandparents had died before I was seven years old and so, as well as only having any real memory of one of them, they all took their family knowledge and stories to the grave.

Fortunately, my Uncle did write down what he learnt from some family members and his all too brief notes were the starting point for my interest and research. We do have a good collection of photographs which go back to the 1870's (although too many of the older ones are unidentified – even though I have had some success in putting a name to a face) along with scans of slides. For many years, my father was an enthusiastic cine film taker and these have now been transferred to DVD. While many of them are taken on our holidays, there are some taken around Mickleover and Derby which provide a record of what these areas were like in the 1960's. Particular highlights of the collection are my parents' wedding in 1949 at All Saints in Mickleover (and the reception at the Nags Head), scenes of site clearance for the building of Bradshaw Way in Derby (1961?), bungalows in Hope Avenue, Mickleover being built in 1962, various scenes around Mickleover, both in the village and at the bottom end of Station Road in 1963, Burnaston Airport in 1964, St

George's Day parade in Derby in 1968, early days of the building of the Silverhill Estate in Mickleover, and the construction of All Saints Church Centre in the early 1970's. There is also the Old Derbians Rifle Club's outing to Bisley in 1966. It is also nice to have moving pictures of three of my grandparents.

Does anyone else get really annoyed when watching "Who Do You Think You Are?" on BBC, when these (so called) celebrities meet up with expert after expert who have done all the research for them and present them with their findings, whether it be BMD certificates, census returns or extracts from historical documents? The likes of you and I must do our own research in our own time and at our own expense and without the same level of access to some of the more specialised documents. I have recently discovered that my maternal grandfather served in the 59th Division in the Great War and that it was this Division that was sent to Ireland to quell the Easter Uprisings in 1916. The Division then remained in Ireland, at The Curragh, until returning to England early in 1917 prior to being sent to France. My grandfather however remained in Ireland as he spent three months in The Curragh Military Hospital; oh, to be taken there to meet some expert who could show me a series of entries relating to my grandfather in the hospital records! I am sure that many of us have stories within our ancestry that are just as interesting as those featured in the programme – apart from the fact that we don't have the required "celebrity" status.

The internet, together with the digitalisation of so many records, has made such a difference to family history research and I have made many contacts with people through having my family tree on both [genesreunited.co.uk](http://genesreunited.co.uk) and [ancestry.co.uk](http://ancestry.co.uk). Many of those contacts have proved to be very fruitful and provided me with a lot of information, including photographs, many new leads and, occasionally, shown me the error of my ways. Of course, it is necessary to carefully check all information gleaned this way – even getting the same information from more than one contact is no guarantee of its accuracy as they may have just copied the information from each other. What is annoying is those contacts who are happy to take information from you, but are not forthcoming with any reciprocal information. One case in point; I was in contact with a lady concerning a wedding group photograph I had, that I thought related to her particular family and I ended up sending her a scan of the photo so that she could show it to one of her elderly relatives to see if they could help us confirm the identify of people in it. I didn't hear another thing from her despite a couple of follow up e-mails on my part! More than one person asked for access to my tree but blatantly failed to give me access to theirs. And then of course there are the people who have simply never responded to my initial contact – I have well over one hundred of them!



And then, of course, there is the question of how to store all the information. For no other reason than my preference for paper over electronic documents (that is why I still buy a daily newspaper rather than subscribe to an electronic version!) I now have seven lever arch files of census returns and BMD certificates plus another four files of miscellaneous documentation, including pages from newspapers, wills, maps and war diaries and service records. As this has all grown over the years, so I have had to undertake several reorganisations. I will certainly have my work cut out when the 1921 census eventually becomes available!

Of the 6,000+ individuals in my tree the most common surnames are: Warner (249), Storer (162), Baker (125), Pask (115), Hallam (110), Day (100), Ashmole (87), Jennison (84), Brace (78), Duffield (77), Greedy (71), Smith (69), Barber (62), Nanson (60), Kilby (57), Allen (55), Burton (55), Moore (55), Radford (54), Ashby (53) and Griffin (50) – accounting for 30% of the total.

So many times over the years I have thought “that’s about all I can find out”, only to dabble again and discover more. I suppose that is what makes what we do so much fun!

**Simon Baker**  
**S-BAKER1@sky.com**  
**Member 7958**

### **SURGEONS AT DERBY GAOL**

The first appointment of a surgeon to the gaol was made, on compulsion by Act of Parliament, in 1774, when John Harrison was nominated at a salary of £30, inclusive of medicine. He was also allowed three guineas for travelling to Chesterfield and Bakewell when the sessions were held there. At the Trans. Sessions, 1784, John Harrison and Timothy Pitman were appointed joint surgeons. Four years later the appointment was solely in the hands of Mr Pitman, who only received a salary of £20, though extra grants were voted by the court on several occasions. In 1793 Mr Pitman died, and at the Easter Sessions of that year Francis Fox was appointed at £20 per annum, which was, however, augmented to £40 in 1802. In 1823, Douglas Fox was elected, on the resignation of his father, and the salary, on occupying the new gaol, was raised to £120. On the resignation of Mr Douglas Fox in 1855, Mr Henry Francis Gisborne received the appointment. The present surgeon is Mr C.A. Greaves.

## RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



### BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

#### Acquisitions at 10th April 2017

Ashleyhay	1851-1892, A Tribute to a Small Chapel
Bolsover	Sketch of the History of Bolsover and Peak Castles
Carsington	History of St Margaret's Church
Chesterfield	History of the Borough of Chesterfield
Derby	Infirmary Death Register 1855-1868 and 1882-1892 [Including newspaper reports where available] From Eyesore to Medieval Gem—The Men who saved the Bridge Chapel
Glossop	Newspaper Cuttings on Methodism
Longstone	Longstone Records—George Thomas Wright
Muggington	Parish Baptisms 1674-1920 Parish Marriages 1675-1920 Parish Burials 1674-1920
Padfield	Methodist Chapel Newspaper Cuttings
Shirley	Shirley Village—Millennium Edition
Stanton by Bridge	Catalogue of the Rectory Sale 1868
Whitfield	Church of St James—Newspaper Cuttings
Wingfield	Wingfield Manor including Sketch Plan
Wirksworth	The Wirksworth Saga—Frank Priestley Memories of Wirksworth—Edith Spencer Wirksworth and Five Miles Round—An Historical Sketch
Misc	The Old Halls, Manors and Families of Derbyshire Vol 1 & 2 The History & Gazetteer of the County of Derby [1831] - Glover The History of the County of Derby Part 1 [1829] - Glover

- History of Derbyshire [1886] - J. Pendleton  
Exploring History in & Around Derbyshire—Richard Stone  
Three Centuries of Derbyshire Annals [1890]—Charles Cox  
Misc [cont] The Court of the Honour of Peverel in the Counties of  
Nottingham and Derby—John Thomas Godfrey  
Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological and Natural History  
Society Vol 1-3
- Pedigrees & Families The Knivetons—Knaves, Knights & A Fortune Lost  
The Hon Charles Stewart Rolls 1877-1910  
Lomas Families of Chapel en le Frith  
Glossop Pedigrees in Charts -  
Bramhall  
Fielding  
Gee  
Goodison  
Hadfield  
Lomas  
Platt  
Robinson  
Wood
- Military Derbyshire in the Civil War—Brian Stone  
Officers and Regiments of the Royalist Army—Stuart Reid
- Autobiographies Roses in December—Chapters of a Derby Childhood -  
Nancy Fitt
- Notts History & Geography of Nottinghamshire—Robert Thorston
- Staffs The Heraldic Visitations of Staffordshire 1614, 1663 & 1664

**We welcome new members who have  
joined the Society by 1st April 2017**



- 8061 Mr V. Ludlow, 16 Cattistock Close, Guisborough, Cleveland, North Yorkshire TS14 7NL, UK E-mail: vince.ludlow@btinternet.com
- 8062 Mrs K. Anstiss, 10 Antrim Terrace, Totnes, Devon TQ9 5QA, UK E-mail: Kathy@anstiss.fsnet.co.uk
- 8063 Mr R. Buxton, 60 Hillside Gardens, Barnet, Herts EN5 2NG, UK E-mail: buxton\_roger@hotmail.com
- 8064 Mr H. Bates, 25 Baden Powell Close, Cannock Wood, Rugeley, Staffs WS15 4QZ, UK E-mail: bates262@btinternet.com
- 8065 Mr M. Cordon, 6 Carlton Avenue, Shelton Lock, Derby DE24 9EH, UK E-mail: cordon2000@yahoo.co.uk
- 8066 Ms J. Haines, 2 Meadow Croft, Chilton Foliat, Hungerford, Berks, RG17 0UA, UK E-mail: wingsofaneagle@mail.com
- 8067 Ausgen Family, 10a Montague Place, Rosemeadow, New South Wales, 2560, Australia E-mail: dallsopp@ausgen.com
- 8068 Mr G. Forrest, 20 Albion Street, Somerville, Massachusetts 2143, USA E-mail: Geoffrey.forrest@sjc.oxon.org
- 8069 Miss J.L. Pearce, The Glen, 10 Wyatts Lane, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8QB, UK E-mail: jlpearce@tinyworld.co.uk
- 8070 Ms A. Wells, 34 Headcorn Place, Botany Downs, Auckland, 2010, New Zealand E-mail: animalw@ihug.co.nz
- 8071 Mr M. Lowe, PO Box 291, Burkburnett, Texas, 76354-0291, USA E-mail: mdflebay@yahoo.com
- 8072 Ms J. Leece, 50 Affleck Avenue, Radcliffe, Manchester M26 1HN, UK E-mail: jrleece@tiscali.co.uk
- 8073 Mrs N. Ockert, 21415 Conifer Drive, Huson, Montana 59846, USA E-mail: johnnnikkey@gmail.com
- 8074 Mr G Schrecker, 53 Westbourne Road, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S10 2QT, UK, E-mail: geoff.schrecker@gmail.com
- 8075 Mr R. Edwards, 1 The Crows Nest, Whitby, Porirua, New Zealand 5024 New Zealand E-mail: dickwards@extra.co.nz

### MEMBERS WITH ADDITIONAL INTERESTS

- 7300 Mrs Oxley, 55 Roxey Close, Doncaster, Bessacarr, S. Yorkshire,  
DN4 7JH, UK E-mail: mary+oxley@btinternet.com
- 7502 Mr & Mrs D. Jowle, 24 Kedleston Close, Allestree, Derby DE22 2RA,  
UK E-mail: anden.24@virginmedia.com
- 7900 Mr N. Needham, Bridge Farm House, The Cross, Carlton in Lindrick,  
Worksop, Notts S81 9EW, UK E-mail: nigelneedham@aol.com
- 8046 Ms G. Smith, 4 Chester House, Prospect Road, New Barnet, Herts  
EN5 5BW E-mail: glynices@aol.com

### MEMBERS INTERESTS

ASKEW	South Normanton, DBY	1870+	8046
BARLOW	Chesterfield, DBY	1904+	8046
BEARDALL	Heanor, DBY	1750-1850	8061
BLANKSBY	DBY	1600-1850	8063
BURTON	Spondon, DBY	1840+	8069
BUXTON	DBY	1600-1850	8063
CATTERNS	South Normanton, DBY	1878+	8046
CATTERNS	Alfreton/Belper, DBY	1881-1891	8046
CATTERNS	Radford, NTT	1890+	8046
DAVIS	DBY	1600-1800	8063
FRY	South Normanton, DBY	1870+	8046
FRY	Calow, DBY	1870+	8046
FRY	Blackwell, DBY	1899+	8046
FRY	Ilkeston, DBY	1890+	8046
GIBBS	HAM	1800+	7502
HAYWARD	Blackwell, DBY	1880-1920	8046
JOWLE	Hope Valley, DBY	1700+	7502
MAXFIELD	DBY	1600-1800	8063
MILLNS	Bolsover, DBY	1750-1850	8061
PHELPS	Spondon, DBY	1840+	8069
STRETTON	Mansfield, NTT	1922+	8046
STRONG	Blackwell, DBY	1880+	8046
TAYLOR	Tibshelf, DBY	1871+	8046
TEMPEST	Duffield, DBY	1750+	8069
WIBBERLEY	Osmaston, DBY	1780+	8069
WIBBERLEY	Alvaston, DBY	1800+	8069
WRIGHT	Derby, DBY	1840+	8069
WRIGHT	Chellaston, DBY	1800+	8069

**Please note that if you would like your interests to  
appear in the Magazine please  
send them to the Editor  
using the above format—name, place, date range**

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

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

## CAN ANYONE HELP?

In the May issue of the magazine on page 58, Doug Morris writes of his memories from what I believe to be December 1940 — just after the bombing of Sheffield— “*my proclivity for playing truant.....*” etc. The following is an extract from a letter my grandmother Matilda Smedley sent from Eckington, to my cousin, in the hope that someone can confirm the attack and supply a date.

*“Last Friday morning, as the Pea Factory girls were coming to work on their bikes, at Ashtons, a German plane swooped down and machine gunned them, they dropped their bikes and laid under the hedge, the plane followed a train from Eckington to Sheepbridge machine gunning that, also other people Staveley way, but two Spitfires chased it and brought it down at \*Ranby about 15 to 20 miles away.”* [Ranby is off the A1 halfway between Worksop and Retford].

I think this nugget of WW2 local history is worth drawing attention to , before it fades from memory. Incidentally I believe the date could be Friday 20 December 1940, but if anyone knows for certain, please let me know.

***Margaret Challans [Mem 5480]  
Longcroft Farm, Yoxall, Burton upon Trent,  
Staffordshire DE13 8NT***

### **This one is perhaps more Can the Society Help You?**

We have got hold of a book called “Anecdotes & Incidents of the Deaf and Dumb” by W.R. Roe,, who was the moving force behind the Deaf & Dumb Institute in Derby, which still exists. He introduced revolutionary ideas to help those who, at one time, were thought to be imbeciles. The book is a collection of tales regarding those unfortunate children, but what is rather interesting is that at the front is written “A Present to Louise J.S. Bunting, given by her Father, August 2nd 1889”. It is signed underneath W.A. Briggs and there is a label stuck on the first page in beautiful lettering stating “Louie J.S. Bunting, Wirksworth”. [That isn’t a typing error, one says Louise the other Louie.]

Lovely as the book is, I can’t see anyone actually coming into the library to read it so if anyone has a connection to this lady—and I would love to know if she was actually deaf and dumb—please get in touch with us and you can have it. A donation to the library would be appreciated.

## **Derbyshire Family History Society**

**June Quarter 2017**



**This picture was given to us for our growing photo library. We know it is of the Breaston Choir in 1934, but there are no names. They seem to have won something. Can anyone help?**