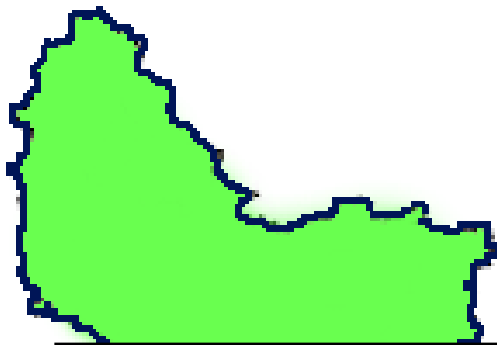


# *Derbyshire Family History Society*



## *In This Issue*

**A Man of Mystery—  
Ralph Cleworth**

**The Wilkinsons of Ilkeston**

**Memories of Tapton House  
School**

**The Cope Family Ventures  
In Buxworth**

The old Derby Market  
Place taken from a  
postcard and absolutely  
full of detail

*Mar 2017*

*Issue 160*

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

### **MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS**

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

## **ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS**

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

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

**Please renew your subscriptions promptly.** Due to the steep rising rates of postage no magazines will be sent out unless your payment is with us by the start of February. Sorry for the inconvenience but, as you can appreciate, the Society cannot stand the cost of posting magazines that may not be wanted.

Thank you for your understanding and co-operation.

### **PLEASE KEEP YOUR SOCIETY INFORMED!**

Any changes in your postal or email address etc., please let us know so that we can keep our records up to date. Many magazines come back to us as the intended recipient has moved house without letting us have the information.

## **FROM THE EDITOR**

A very belated Happy New Year to you all, a long distant memory by the time you get this. Hopefully you will find something to enjoy in the following pages. Please note we are hoping to run a trip to Kew, but we need supporting on this one, or we may not trouble in future years. Everyone keeps asking us to run a trip, but the seats are not taken up and so we have to cancel. Lets hope this one might be different.

Did anyone take advantage of the GRO offer to get certificates for just £6. Quite a good idea, but to my mind still far too expensive. I would still like to see photocopies issued for a couple of pounds—the GRO would make a fortune and the family historian would get what they wanted, namely all the details without spending a fortune. Certificates at the price they are means that people aren't proving their trees because of the high cost and it is ruining family history as we knew it.

Is anyone watching the latest series of Who Do You Think You Are? If so am I the only one tearing their hair out. The first one, Danny Dyer, caused me to turn off the TV in despair, but at least I no longer wonder why newcomers think they can trace their family history in a day. Well you can if you make half of it up. I am seriously thinking of ringing the makers of the programme and telling them to do the job properly, but I'm sure they are only interested in making a good story out of it. Thank heaven I did mine thirty years ago. Well the basics anyway, I don't think you ever actually finish it.

Finally an apology for all those of you who were interested in attending the February meeting. I put the wrong date in the magazine and, indeed, totally confused the speaker by booking him for the wrong date. I hope we managed to get in touch with all of you to correct the Tuesday to the right one and that no-one was hanging about wondering why we hadn't turned up. I don't know quite what I was thinking of, but I'm afraid most of us are so busy with jobs that it is easy to make a slip up—not making excuses honest!! I know volunteering is out of fashion at the moment, but does anyone fancy taking on organising the Derby meeting nights? Both myself and Ruth don't want to keep it on much longer and we would hate to see the meetings stop, which is what could well happen.

*Helen*

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### **MEETINGS 2017**

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

14th Mar	Pleasure Palace—Ian Morgan
11th Apr	The Plague Doctor—David Bell
9th May	The Victorian Fair—Ann Featherstone
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.**

17th Mar	A Tour of the A60 Road—Angela Morris
28th Apr	To be announced
19th May	The Stories behind Nursery Rhymes—Paul Newsham
16th Jun	Purse-glove of the Panama Canal—Roger Purseglove
August	No meeting
20th Oct	Mrs Thorne
8th Dec	Christmas Party

## **DERBY MEETINGS**

**Oct 2016**

Fire at Wilne—Sandra Stock and Barbara Gregory

Two of our members came along to give us a talk based on happenings around Wilne Church. Sandra and Barbara are members of the church choir and have a lot to do with producing local history displays etc. This talk was illustrated by lots of slides.

The first slides were pictures of Wilne Church before the fire in 1917, a lovely church. This was followed by pictures of devastation after the fire. When the flames were first spotted by a cleaner, the vicar was taking a funeral in the churchyard. One wonders if he finished the interment before calling the fire brigade, which was a long time arriving because of the distance it had to travel. All the monuments in the church were destroyed and there was no record of what they were. The beautiful Willoughby Chapel had a screen of 1624, decorated with centaurs and animals, this was totally gone. One of the tombs was to John Willoughby of 1604, this was badly damaged but has been restored and now looks as beautiful as it ever did except for some of the statues, which were badly damaged by vandals one night.

St Chad's tower had four bells with a wooden board behind them. Strangely enough this survived as it can still be seen with the date 1901 on it. The bells however now sit on the floor as the roof was so rotten that it couldn't bear their weight. Two chairs now stand in the church, very plain, but were made from what was salvaged from the pews. The audience laughed at Barbara's tale of how she climbed into the tower to take photographs, having to climb through a tiny trapdoor to the roof and then catching her skirt on the trap door as she came back down. She feared she was stuck up there for life, but managed to wrestle herself free. Sandra was no help, she was waiting at the bottom afraid to tackle the ladder!

Another fire at Wilne in 1917 broke out in the local mill. This used to be the last mill on the Derwent before it meets the Trent. 130 people were put out of work and eventually that part of the mill had to be knocked down. It then became a fireworks factory.

The last disaster to befall Wilne that we were told about was in 1936. The Toll Bridge over the river collapsed, leaving no way of getting from one side to the other. We saw photographs of workmen repairing the bridge and meantime a chain link ferry was used to cross the water.

HELEN BETTERIDGE

**Nov 2016**

Records before the Tudors—What Chance? - John Titterton

What could be easier than researching your family history? It's all on the Internet isn't it? You follow back with your parents and grandparents, with the aid of certificates until you get to the 1911 census records and you carry on following the surname down through the generations to 1841 and if you are lucky an ancestor in these census records is born and baptised where he says he was and the search continues but what happens if you are lucky enough to get back to the Tudors. Parish registers began circa 1538 but what was there prior to that?

There were no simple surnames. To distinguish people from one another their Christian name would be identified with their occupation or where they were from, ie John the Carpenter or John of Derby. Most records were in Latin or old English and even then spellings were different, letters were formed differently and bits of words were missed out all together. Records that might be available would be governmental, ecclesiastical, estate, miscellaneous or non documents.

The land belonged to the king and he would grant estates to his favourites. So there could be manorial records, land transfers and grants. There would then be records involved with the working of the estate, household staff and tenant farmers. Gardeners and builders could be mentioned. You will find that the wife is never mentioned unless she has money or property of her own. In most cases everything belonging to the wife passes to her husband on marriage. There might be wills but if the land belonged to the king then he would decide whether it stayed in the family or passed to someone else. Records like these might pass through the Chancery Courts, where you might find charter, close and fine rolls or calendar of inquisitions or disputes over money.

Ecclesiastical records would include visitations by the bishop to a parish, ecclesiastical court records and church land holdings.

Other documents to look for would be Criminal and Court records.

Places to research would be the British and Bodleian Libraries, National Archives and Universities. Court of Hustings 1258 and Victoria County History, Heraldic visitations and seal catalogues, Bishop's registers and Act books were other areas John suggested we look.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable talk and I think that what John was saying was you might have to get out of your armchair and go in search of that extra in-



formation and how much more satisfying would it be.

## **Dec 2016**

### Christmas Social

It was a slightly different mix this time, but still thoroughly enjoyable. The hall was laid out with various front pages from newspapers, and the task was to “Name that Year” - and it wasn’t as easy as it sounds. Most people could remember the events, but narrowing it down to a specific year was not easy. This was then followed by food and drink. Being held in a Quaker building alcohol is forbidden so it was a chance to play around with various mixers and to come up with a couple of fruit punches that received quite a good reception. Finally everyone had a look round at all the different memorabilia laid out, such as TV programmes from 1949 onwards, various letters written during the war, some old books and pictures, and other odds and ends. This kept everyone busily talking till the end when each person took a numbered ticket and walked off with the appropriate wrapped parcel as thanks for their support throughout the year.

RUTH BARBER

## **SOUTH NORMANTON**

### **Oct 2016**

#### Family History Research

Our programmed speaker was unable to come, so we took the opportunity to assist Rose, who was asking for help. She had made a start several years ago in a general way and now wished to add more details. After other members had given their ideas, Dennis Deneley suggested a visit to the Ancestor Research Group at Somercotes would make a sensible beginning.

Dennis told us of a recent telephone call from a stranger in Cornwall. The man said that his partner had formerly been married to a Mr Deneley and her grandson had wondered if there were still any relatives to be found. The internet gave Dennis’s name, hence the call. The young man’s grandfather was Dennis’s cousin so was immediately identified and the young man was delighted.

Rose and I went to the Research Centre and she took the results of her previous efforts. Maureen asked what Rose particularly required, then made suggestions and gave her the relevant sources. Rose came home delighted with the details she had found, the helpful advice and the kindness of the Research Group members.

*[Which is exactly what the Family History Society does and it would be nice for members to recommend us to people who are stuck—Ed]*

**Nov 2016****Duchess of Portland and Harlow Wood Hospital—Mary Thorne**

In 1908 Winifred, Duchess of Portland, became the President of the Nottingham Guild of Cripples. She wanted to improve the quality of life for cripples, most of whom were children. There was a small clinic available, but then Jesse Boot leased a large house on Park Row to the Clinic staff for a peppercorn rent of £2 per annum. It also provided a schoolroom.

The Nottinghamshire Automobile Club provided 60 cars to transport 175 children to Costock for a day out. They played on swings and had a picnic meal of sandwiches and fruit.

In 1911 a further 250 children were driven to Welbeck, where they were given lunch in the Riding School.

The Duchess wanted to provide more hospital facilities for the children. At this time they had to travel to either Staffordshire or Warwickshire for anything beyond basic demands. Her husband gave her the land and she wrote a letter to the newspaper asking for support from the general public. She also organised a fete at Welbeck. When the plans and materials were available, Jesse Boot provided the builder who had just finished building the Boots University. The Duchess laid the foundation stone, but Harlow Wood Hospital was officially opened in 1929 by the Duke of York.

There were two wards, one for boys and one for girls. There were houses and classrooms for the nurses and other staff. Eventually nine wards were available for patients. During World War II there always had to be some empty beds available for war casualties.

After the war ended a war time water tank was converted to provide water therapy. In 1950 the former Duchess of York, now the Queen Mother, officially opened this feature. In 1966 Harlow Wood came under the governance of the Mansfield Hospitals and was slowly reduced in size. Staff transferred to other hospitals and most of the equipment was handed over also. The hospital finally closed in the mid 1990s.

**Dec 2016**

The meeting was cancelled

AVERIL HIGGINSON

## THE DERBY PLAYHOUSE

In the summer of 1948, a letter in the Derby Evening Telegraph announced that a group of theatre lovers was preparing to launch repertory in Derby. Within three months—on November 1st—in a small hall at the end of a passage off Becket Street, the curtain went up in Derby Little Theatre for the first time. The letter had been written by Mr John Huxley who, as John Lewis, became the first producer. The Derby Little Theatre Club was launched at a packed meeting in the Guildhall on August 30th; by October 5th the membership reached 3,000. It was a staggering response, even in a town that had, for some years, maintained a lively succession of amateur productions.

The first production was *The Middle Watch*, a rollicking farce of naval misadventures. Its production, twice nightly, on a pocket size stage, in surroundings of humble obscurity, caused no flutter in the artistic dovecotes of the nation. The hall, indeed, was never deemed worthy of a stage licence and all performances were private, admission being limited to club members and guests. A humble end, it seemed, to long dreams of repertory in Derby.

After the first season Leslie Twelvetrees took over as Director of Productions, his first production at Becket Street being *The Lady from Edinburgh*. The passing of time brought many changes both in club and cast. The outstanding personality of the three remaining seasons in the old hall was Mr J.S. Selby, who became Chairman. His goal from the start was a new theatre and he coaxed, cajoled, bullied and charmed producer, players and audience alike into a state of worthiness of the new Playhouse.

The opportunity for acquiring a real Playhouse came through the generosity of Mr W. Hadden Richardson, who offered a lease of the old Baptist hall in Sacheverel Street, with a generous contribution towards the cost of conversion. The building was handed over in the Spring of 1952 to Messrs Ford and Weston Ltd, who converted it into a theatre in six months. It was on October 1st 1952 that the Playhouse first opened its doors to the public of Derby. Banished were the old restrictions limiting admission to club members. A splendid stage and comfortable auditorium, freedom to smoke and to stroll and chat in the intervals, the blessed privilege of a licensed bar—luxury to the patient enthusiasts who had awaited them so long.

The first production was J.B. Priestley's *When We are Married*, putting the playgoers into a properly happy mood for the many artistic achievements that were to follow. Four seasons of devoted work earned Derby Playhouse a national reputation. One thing remained constant however—the ever present

need for money. Derby Corporation had helped with a loan, and club members supported a loan capital scheme, but something more substantial was necessary. An appeal was launched and the generosity of firms—especially Rolls Royce Ltd, who responded in characteristically princely fashion—was already a fact. After the fire this appeal was amalgamated with the Restoration Fund.

On the evening of March 26th and 27th 1956 a brand new play by Alex Dean Wilson, called *The Wick and The Wax*—ironically—was offered as a premiere and attracted more than usual interest. It was 3.19 am that same night that Police-constable Albert Smith saw smoke and flames leaping from the roof and gave the alarm. Auditorium and stage were a mass of flames when fire brigade officers arrived a few minutes later. The blaze was visible from Nottingham Road, Chief Fire Officer F. Hilton seeing it from the neighbourhood of the Cemetery as he was on his way to take command.



*Scene of destruction the morning after the fire*

For hours the firemen worked, but it was obvious that the fire had a firm hold long before the first alarm. Next morning the roofless auditorium was a mass of charred rubble, in which the remains of the seating stood like a surrealist field of the dead. Stage equipment and properties were scattered about the stage and lights lay where they had fallen, but the foyer was untouched.

The Board of Management moved swiftly. A proposal to hire a temporary home was explored, but quickly discarded. Instead the £10,000 Reconstruction Fund was launched at a crowded meeting in the Central Hall. The new appeal incorporated the old—including the handsome offer by Rolls Royce Ltd to double, pound for pound, any sum raised up to £2,000—this on top of a gift of £2,500. The public of Derby had to find a net sum of £4,500, which they did.

Other Industrial and commercial firms, including British Celanese Ltd, gave generously. Local Authority help, started by Derby Corporation, was extended by Shardlow Rural District Council.

Another very good friend was the Council of Repertory Theatres, whose conference had been held at Derby the previous year. The Council was chiefly responsible for placing the Playhouse actors in other jobs, which it did very quickly.

An early gift to the Fund was from Sheffield Playhouse. Derby and Derbyshire dramatic societies began almost immediate assistance in the form of part proceeds of shows, and individual playgoers organised whist drives, jumble sales and ingenious efforts of many kinds.

On the 20th of October Messrs Ford and Weston Ltd, the original Playhouse contractors who had carried out the adaptation of the old schoolroom in 1952, began the serious work of rebuilding, which they were to complete in six months.

The first job of all was the erection of scaffolding and steel girders on the stage, with the object of shoring the wall of the stage nearest the street, this being the part of the structure that had been most seriously weakened by the fire. It proved difficult to work on because of the lack of room to operate.

The first tangible proof of the rebuildings was the restoration of the roof. The new steeply pitched roof was a landmark for Babington Lane bus passengers before the end of the year. During November traffic was diverted from Sacheverel Street and Sitwell Street for three days, while scaffolding was put up and cranes removed the old stonework. At the same time clearing and reconstructing the interiors of adjacent cottages in Sacheverel Street was carried out, the board having taken these over for bar and office accommodation.

In the main building the upper half of the wall was removed and an additional staircase to the balconies was provided, while a new staircase was built from the stage giving direct access to dressing rooms at balcony level. The boiler room and battery room under the stage were concreted as a precaution against fire, but it was here that an alarm for fire was given only to prove a false call. It was caused by wet coke steaming. The fire alarm system was one of the most comprehensive in Derby, there are alarms in all parts of the house and a private line to the fire station.

The Playhouse lasted for many years at Sacheverel Street before the New Theatre Trust was formed in order to raise local funding necessary to build a new purpose built theatre and the City Council offered part of the new shopping development in the Eagle Centre to house it.

## **ROUND AND ABOUT**

**TRIP TO NATIONAL ARCHIVES** The Society is running a trip to the National Archives at Kew on Saturday 30th September 2017, at the usual cost of £15. The form is on the website or you can book through Bridge Chapel House or by applying to the trip organiser, Helena Coney [address on inside front cover]. Please support us, we were asked to run a trip last year, but had to cancel for lack of people on seats and we can't keep doing it. It's a good day out and plenty of opportunity to find records that can't be accessed any other way.

### **BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY OPEN DAY**

This is being held on Saturday 29th July 2017 from 10am to 4pm at The Grange school, Wendover Way, Aylesbury HP21 7NH. There are plenty of research facilities available including Bucks names database, parish registers, people and places libraries. Parish Register transcripts and other research aids will be on sale. Expert advice will be forthcoming and there will be guest societies from around the country, local heritage groups and suppliers of data CDs, maps, software, archival materials and much more. Admission and parking at the venue is free. For further information, including a full list of organisations attending visit [www.bucksfhs.org.uk](http://www.bucksfhs.org.uk)

**FACEBOOK** Is there any Society member interested in setting up and maintaining a Facebook page to promote the Society and point people in our direction who want to trace their own family history. You needn't necessarily live in Derbyshire, but we would ask that you have the time to devote to keeping the page up to date. If you think you can fill a need, please contact the Society in the first instance.

In 1529 Robert Liversage bequeathed to the church of St Peter various properties, the profits and rents from them to be used to pay for the vicar and his successors to say mass daily in a chapel which he had built, for the souls of himself and Alice his wife. In addition thirteen poor men and women should attend a weekly mass and would receive a silver penny for their trouble.

*Taken from the Francis White & Co History Gazeteer and Directory of the County of Derby 1857*

## **My ancestors— Seen through their Death Certificates**

My ancestors were a mix of ordinary peasant stock – agricultural labourers, stone masons, framework knitters, railway workers, coalminers, cordwainers, wharfmen, watchmen, nail makers etc. They lived in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire and Warwickshire. As far as I can ascertain they were all illiterate until national schooling was introduced in the late nineteenth century. A few had connections with the workhouse or received parish relief. So they were not the sort of people to have money, own property or make wills. The only type of records that realistically could be found were parish records and birth, marriage and death certificates.

I have 102 birth, marriage and death certificates from 1837 – 1990. 66 of these are death certificates and there are three which I cannot trace. Nearly all of these records are of direct ancestors, parents, grandparents and so on. I have a few of siblings of an ancestor for specific reasons. There are none of child deaths, although ancestors did lose children, both sets of my grandparents included.

I find the early certificates the most interesting, as these are the only records left for people born in the 1760s onwards. Not everyone was christened or even married, but they all had to be buried. In some cases I have found parish records which verify details on the death certificates.

The average age at which my ancestors died, across all my certificates, is 65½. However, I have many ancestors who lived well into their 70s and 80s, the oldest, Hannah Bull, dying at 88 in 1893. I also hold a death certificate for a 90 year old in 1857, but this is one of five cases where I still have to prove the familial connection. I also have ancestors who died tragically young, three of 24, 25 and 30 respectively. These three all died of phthisis/consumption, what we now call tuberculosis, leaving tiny children behind. Two of the three partners left were widow Ann Stapleton and widower William Clifton, they subsequently married each other in 1847. Their son and daughter from these earlier marriages then married each other, this made for a complicated family tree to unravel. Second marriages would have been an economic necessity for many widows and widowers needing someone to care for their children. In the third example my great grandmother's death in 1873 meant that her three children were brought up in Derby by her sister, whilst their father remained in Birmingham. This kind of family support must have been common in such circumstances.

Another ancestor, Hannah Hickinbotham died in childbirth in 1847 aged just 31, the death being reported by her mother-in-law. The cause of death is described thus *"Debility- Exhaustion from childbirth. Certified. The above case was attended by a midwife. I saw the woman an hour afterwards but do not attribute any neglect."* I have two ancestors who died in accidents at work. John Hickinbotham, the son of the unfortunate Hannah, died in 1879 at Derby Infirmary. He was a foreman at the cattle docks on the Midland Railway. The cause of death being *"Shock to the system arising from injuries accidentally received on Midland Railway at Derby."* This death was reported in the Derbyshire Times, which stated that he had been run over by a truck. The other death was that of a collier Joseph Swan in 1860. He was *"Accidentally killed by a quantity of stone falling upon him in a Coal Pit"*, with an inquest being held.

Of the other certificates, some elderly ancestors died of: senile decay, old age and infirmities, decay of nature, natural decay and other such words. Other more definite diagnoses were of: heart conditions, stroke, pneumonia, inflammation of the kidneys, effusion on the brain, bronchitis, general paralysis of the insane, bed sores, dropsy, influenza, diabetes, stroke, cerebral haemorrhage and coma plus others. Terms such as senility or decay occurred in 19 of the 66 certificates, heart conditions in six cases, bronchitis in five and dropsy in three. Obviously I cannot know the accuracy of these diagnoses. The certificates from 1875 onwards use medical language and were certified by doctors with qualifications. All of them from 1848-75 contain the vague word *"certified"* with no further details provided. The certificates from 1839-47 just give a cause of death with no corroboration of the diagnosis.

What of the people reporting these deaths, from 1875 onwards their relationship to the deceased has been given in all cases. Prior to that, in the main the person has the same surname, or I have established a family connection such as a married daughter. However, I have 16 cases where I simply do not know who reported the death. Again they could be family members, but in some cases from the little I know of the dead person, I think it could well be a neighbour who was *"present at the death"*, there was simply no one else to care for the individual. Five of the deaths were reported by the coroner, two from the accidents mentioned above, and three more from sudden unexplained deaths such as *"found dead in bed from disease of the heart and not otherwise"* and *"pulmonary apoplexy"*. I also have one case where the death was reported in a workhouse. 15 year old Lily Clifton reported the death of her mother in 1902, and 11 year old Ruth Kendall reported that of her grandfather in 1859. It would seem incomprehensible today to send someone so young, but it is a sign that death was an everyday event in the nineteenth cen-



tury. In the winter of 1840 Eliza Vickrage must have walked miles through the Warwickshire countryside to report the death of her grandfather Thomas Sanders, a 76 year old labourer. A good age after what must have been a hard life. The loss of his own mother when he was just 7, and the death of his wife and 3 of his children as infants with only one surviving. This age is also accurate as I have found his baptism entry in 1764. Thomas is one of the earliest of my ancestors for whom I have a certificate.

My ancestors were just ordinary working men and women. I have the sort of family tree typical of most people. But the nineteenth century saw the beginning of changes in their lives. My earlier ancestors worked on the land or in cottage industries- agricultural labourers and framework knitters. However the next generation saw many become coalminers and join the railways. I have 17 death certificates for colliers and their wives, 11 for general labourers, eight for agricultural labourers and seven for framework knitters and stocking makers. Women in general were not listed as having an occupation, just as wife or widow. When Lucy Vickrage died in 1916 aged 76 I think she was the only family member still living in the village. All her children had moved away, mainly to Birmingham. They had voted with their feet for a better life with more opportunities. The country way of life which had lasted for generations was over. I am very grateful that I was born in the mid twentieth century, and consequently received a better education and have had more life chances. Put simply they had no choices they could make. Those who survived infancy, avoided deadly diseases, survived childbirth or dangerous occupations in the main lived to ripe old ages. But they had to work to the ends of their lives, with no old age pensions, health provision or safety net of any kind. They were dependent on the support of family and friends, hence the varied people making these death registrations. People in the nineteenth century and earlier were certainly a tough, self reliant breed, they had to be.

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## **MAN OF MYSTERY - RALPH CLEWORTH**

RALPH CLEWORTH is my brick wall in a big way!

Having spent the last 10 years banging my head on that particular wall, I have spent some time gathering what information I have in the hope that someone, somewhere, might provide me with a chink through which I can see the light and pin down this Will o' the wisp!

The evidence points to him fathering and abandoning 3 children.

I have cast my net to the Lancashire/Liverpool areas with no luck.

Does Ralph CLEWORTH crop up on your family tree?

**Any advice, information or suggestions as to how to move this 10 year search forward would be gratefully received.**

\*\*\*\*\*

I have the records below from my paternal line, John Elliott being my GG grandfather and thus Ralph CLEWORTH my GGG grandfather.

### **13 Sept 1812**

Mary, daughter of John & Mary Elliot baptised, St Clement's Church, Horsley, Derbyshire

### **18 Oct 1835**

John, son of RALPH & Mary CLUETH baptised, St Clement's Church, Horsley, Derbyshire

Abode: Kilburn, Derbyshire. Father occupation: Book keeper.

### **14 April 1839**

Mary, daughter of RALPH & Mary CLUETH, baptised, St Clement's Church, Horsley, Derbyshire

Abode: Kilburn, Derbyshire. Father occupation: Book keeper.

Clueth also spelt Cluerth/Cleworth/Clewarth

NO record of any marriage.

### **1841 Census (6 June)**

Mary Cleworth, aged 30, son John 5, daughter Mary 2, living with Mary's parents, John & Mary Elliott, Kilburn, Derbyshire.

**1 Jan 1843**

Burial: Mary Elliott, aged 30, St Clement's Church, Horsley, Derbyshire.

**1851 Census (30 March)**

John Junior - now Elliott, Farm Servant, Holbrook, Derbyshire.

**14 Sept 1857**

Mary Elliott Junior marries Joseph Alldread, St Clement's, Horsley, Derbyshire. Mary's father RALPH CLUETH.

**1861 Census (7 April)**

John Elliott, Carter, Kilburn, Derbyshire.

**18 Nov 1861**

John Elliott marries Emma Taylor Parkin, St Clement's, Horsley, Derbyshire. John's father RALPH CLEWARTH.

\*\*\*\*\*

Here is the data I have on searches for Ralph CLEWORTH in some sort of chronological order, but it is all hypothesis, have I got the right man? Starting with 2 baptisms that seem to be a possible fit, based on age.

**30 Mar 1796**

Ralph son of Ralph & Susannah CLEWORTH baptised, Westleigh, Leigh, Lancashire. FamilySearch IGI

**31 Jul 1796**

Ralph son of Ralph & Martha CLEWORTH baptised, Westleigh, Leigh, Lancashire. FamilySearch IGI

**22 Aug 1818**

William son of Sarah Antrobus baptised, St Mary The Virgin, Leigh, Lancashire. FamilySearch IGI

**25 Feb 1820 FILE 1**

Order of filiation and maintenance of bastard son of Ralph CLEWORTH of Westleigh, Cottonspinner and Sarah Antrobus, single woman. Pennington. Lancashire County 1/4 sessions - petitions. Liverpool Easter 1820, Lancashire Record Office.

**17 Apr 1820 FILE 2**

Notice of Ralph CLEWORTH the younger of Westleigh, book keeper of intention to appeal against order of filiation and maintenance of William, bastard child of Sarah Antrobus. Pennington. Lancashire County 1/4 sessions - petitions. Liverpool Easter 1820, Lancashire Record Office.

**FILE 3**

Note re appeal of the above Ralph CLEWORTH c 1820. Pennington. Lancashire County 1/4 sessions - petitions. Liverpool Easter 1820, Lancashire Record Office.

**FILE 4**

Bill of costs of appeal of the above Ralph Cleworth c 1820. Pennington. Lancashire County 1/4 sessions - petitions. Liverpool Easter 1820, Lancashire Record Office

**Note that in FILE 2 RC is referred to as RC the younger and also, as a book keeper, which may correlate with the baptism records for John and Mary Cleworth/Elliott.**

**MAY 1820**

Sarah Antrobus of Pennington, single. Male bastard, father Ralph CLEWORTH of Westleigh, Cottonspinner. £3 and 5s weekly. Leigh Workhouse. Wigan Archives, Pennington Township Records, Bastardy Papers.

**25 Jul 1828**

Ralph CLEWORTH, Westleigh, Lancashire, Cottonspinner - Bankrupt. Westleigh, Leigh, Lancashire. Bankrupt Directory, Elwick, 1843. (Dec 1820 - April 1843).

**1828 - 1829**

Ralph CLEWORTH, Corn miller, West Leigh Mill. Pigot Directory, Leigh, Lancashire. (Including Westleigh).

From the above information it would seem that an RC went bankrupt, if this our man, did the bankruptcy and possibly the filiation order cause him to flee and seek employment in Derbyshire? With possible links to the cotton trade and being classed as a book keeper, my thoughts are that he may have sought work in the Arkwright/Strutt cotton mills of the Derwent valley ie Cromford, Belper and Milford. The advent of the cotton mills, eight in 40 years, resulted in the population of Belper rising from 532 in 1741 to over 9,000 in 1831, of which 2,000 were employed in the Belper Mills in 1833. The Strutt mills, hampered by a lack of easily traversible roads with which to progress their business, began to build roads at their own expense. The improvements resulted in direct links through Belper to Derby, Birmingham and London in the South and Manchester in the North. My research drawn from Trade Directories of the 1830s and 1840s states that there was a direct, daily post coach service to Manchester from the Red Lion, Belper which would have facilitated the labour force moving around the country seeking work. These included the "Lord Nelson" and "Lady Nelson" - Nottingham to Manchester and "Peveril of the Peak" and "Royal Bruce" - Manchester to London.

As by the 1841 Census, Mary CLEWORTH/Elliott and her 2 children were living with her parents, I have made an assumption that RC had done a runner and abandoned his common law wife and children.

Searching the 1841 Census again, showed 4 Ralph CLEWORTHs, of those, 2 were possibles based again on approximate age: Aged 45 in Barton, nr Flixton and aged 40 in Liverpool.

Also the records seem to fit in with an RC having married in Liverpool in 1841 ([lan-opc.org.uk](http://lan-opc.org.uk))

YEAR	EVENT	PLACE	NOTES
7/5/1841	Marriage of Ralph CLEWORTH to Elizabeth Bate	St Peters, Church Street, Liverpool, Lancashire	RC Warehouseman, Bachelor of Park Lane EB Spinster of Park Lane Grooms father, Ralph CLEWORTH, Cottonspinner Brides father, Richard Bate, Book keeper Witnesses: Richard Bate, Hannah Hambley (X)
20/5/1844	Baptism of Ralph son of Ralph & Elizabeth Cleworth	St Peters, Church Street, Liverpool, Lancashire	Abode: Back Berry Street Father occupation: Porter

### **SOURCES**

*All St Clement's Parish Church, Horsley, Derbyshire data from church registers on microfilm, Derbyshire Record Office, Matlock, Derbyshire.*

*Census information from [ancestry.co.uk](http://ancestry.co.uk) and [findmypast.co.uk](http://findmypast.co.uk)*

*IGI information from [familysearch.co.uk](http://familysearch.co.uk)*

*Lancashire/Wigan information [discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk](http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk)*

*Lancashire On-line Parish Clerk [lan-opc.org.uk](http://lan-opc.org.uk)*

*Trade directory information from University of Leicester trade directories on line [specialcollections.le.ac.uk](http://specialcollections.le.ac.uk)*

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## HENSTOCK at the ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY

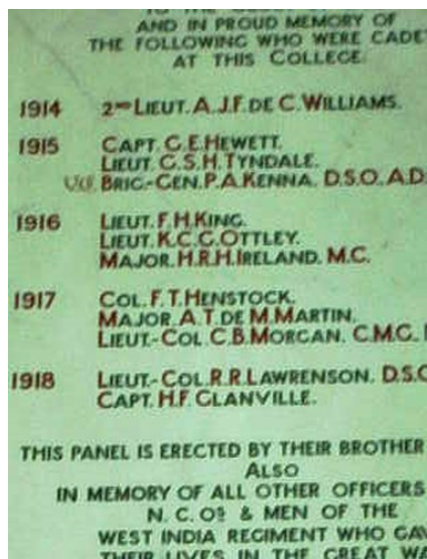
The Royal Military Academy (RMA) better known as 'Sandhurst' is at Camberly, Surrey. It is the initial training establishment for officers of the British Army. A place not normally open to the general public.

It is open on rare occasions, to the public and having once lived in the locality, I took the opportunity to visit it when it was.

The academy not only has classrooms for teaching, but has other facilities, like a firing range, which I could hear from my house, and a Chapel.

Not having any descendants with a military background (of any of the services) to officer status, it was a surprise to find the name Henstock not once, but twice in the chapel.

The names are, Col F. T. Henstock (a Colonel no less) and Lieut K. P. Henstock, the son of Col F. T. Henstock.



A quick research show that the parents of Colonel F. T. Henstock were John and Lucy Henstock (nee Parnell) a stationer and landowner. Going back one more generation the parents of John were Thomas and Mary Henstock.

One further interesting point is the marriage of F.T. Henstock to Mary Drake. One of the witnesses on the marriage certificate is Mary Woodiwiss Henstock who has links to Slaley near Bonsall, being just west of Matlock. Bonsall is where I can trace my descendants to.

*John Henstock {mem 2558}  
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## **SUCCESSFUL BIRTHS TO OLDER MOTHERS**

### **An Old Story**

The chief medical officer and British Pregnancy Advisory Service argued over whether women should be advised to try for babies before the age of 20, for fear of losing fertility. How has the mother's age at birth changed over the last 70 years?

<b>Year</b>	<b>% Live Births to Mothers over 30</b>	<b>% Live Births to Mothers over 40</b>
1943	42	4.4
1953	35	3.4
1963	29	2.7
1973	20	1.4
1983	27	1.1
1993	36	1.5
2003	49	3.0
2013	51	4.1

*Source: ONS/Office of National Statistics]*

*Published in "The Spectator", 6 June 2015, Page 16*

*With thanks to Alan Foster, who found this intriguing set of statistics*

## **ROBERT PARKER BANKER, EDUCATIONALIST AND PROPERTY DEVELOPER**

### **Introduction**

When Robert Parker died in Buxton, Derbyshire in January 1901, a few days after Queen Victoria, he was a wealthy man. His estate was valued at £35,877/7/8 - almost a million pounds in today's money. He had shares worth almost £14,000 in the Buxton Palace hotel and Buxton lime firms, owned five houses in Buxton and a farm and quarry in Matlock. The houses were designed by his son Richard Barry and son-in-law Raymond Unwin, who, within a few years were to become two of the leading architects in the country, responsible for the design of Letchworth garden city and Hampstead garden suburb.

### **Ancestry**

Robert was born in 1826 at Pool House in Old Brampton, a village a few miles from Chesterfield, the youngest son of Richard and Frances Parker.



*Pool House,  
Brampton, near  
Chesterfield*

*With thanks to  
Chesterfield Local  
Studies Library*

Richard was the fourth son of Joseph and Benedicta (nee Rogers), born in 1780 at Moor Top farm, Duckmanton which his father had occupied since his marriage in 1768. Joseph & Benedicta had twelve children in all, the youngest, Francis Rogers born four months after his father's death in January 1792 at the age of 46. It seems likely that son William then took over the tenancy



of Moor Top after his marriage in 1801, with his son William continuing the Parker tenancy until 1891. When Benedicta made her will in 1813 [some 13 years before her death] she was renting a farm and two houses in the neighbouring parish of Calow from the estate of Earl Manvers; she also owned other property in Calow and Chesterfield which was to be sold on her death and proceeds divided between eight of her children, including Richard.

Richard married Frances Wragg of Brampton in Chesterfield parish church on 20 February 1808. Frances was born in Bakewell, the daughter of George and Esther but her parents had moved to Brampton by the time of Esther's death in 1794 at the early age of 30. George himself died in 1809, leaving £500 to Frances in his will and it seems likely that Richard and his wife took over his farm.

Their first child George Smith was born in Calow in October 1808 but by 1811, when the child was buried, the couple had moved to Old Brampton where their remaining 12 children were born. Richard farmed around 150 acres from Pool House rented from the Duke of Devonshire; when he died in 1855, his estate was valued at less than £1000. He also played a prominent role in parish government- the local newspaper, reporting his death commented that *"he was deservedly eminent for his superior knowledge of parochial affairs & had for many years the principal management of those of his own parish which he conducted with much skill & ability."*

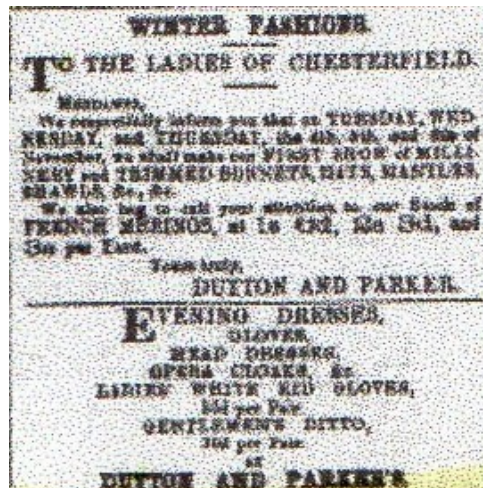
Richard was first elected as churchwarden in 1813; he became vestry clerk in 1816 and was appointed as one of the overseers of the poor in 1823, a position he held regularly for the next 12 years. He chaired the vestry meeting from 1840 onwards and in 1841 was appointed as paid assistant overseer, a position he held until 1850, when his son Richard was appointed in his place. When the Chesterfield Board of Guardians was established in 1837 under the New Poor Law, Richard served as one of the two representatives from Brampton. His father's prominence in public affairs may well have influenced Robert's later involvement in a range of public activities in Chesterfield.

Richard, Frances and ten of their children are memorialised in Old Brampton churchyard. The exceptions are son John, who died in Mansfield in 1889; Mary Ann who died in Edinburgh in 1899; and Robert who died in Buxton, but whose ashes were buried in Chesterfield's Spital cemetery.

After her husband's death the widowed Frances remained at Pool House for a few years but by the time of her death in 1866 had moved to Caus House farm, Ashgate, a little closer to Chesterfield; Richard junior then took over the tenancy followed after his death in 1879 by his sister-in-law, Elizabeth,

widow of George Gilbert Parker. The family had moved away from the farm by 1885/6 when Robert organised the sale of farming implements, stock and household goods.

### Family and Career in Chesterfield



By the time of his father's death, Robert had left home. In 1851 he is recorded as lodging with a chemist and druggist in Malton, North Yorkshire, employed as a draper. By 1857 at the latest he had returned to Derbyshire and was running a draper's business in Chesterfield in partnership with William Dutton, who was an alderman of the borough.

*Advert in the Derbyshire Times*

In August 1861 Robert married Fanny Booth, daughter of John Booth, a prosperous currier in Rotherham.

John, originally from Eckington in Derbyshire, had married the widowed Ann Unwin in 1830 in Sheffield where the first four children, including Fanny, were born. By 1838 the couple had moved to Rotherham where the youngest child, John Thomas was born; he was later to move to Chesterfield, running a successful grocery business on the High Street. One other member of the family was William Unwin, Ann's son by her first marriage. William eventually took over his step-father's business, before making a surprising career move to Oxford where he obtained a degree at Balliol college. William, together with John Thomas Booth, was a witness to Fanny's marriage in Rotherham parish church.

His younger son, Raymond, was to become intimately involved with his Parker relatives, marrying Robert's eldest daughter Ethel and joining son Barry in the architects practice mentioned at the start of this article.

Like Richard Parker in Brampton, John Booth played a part in public affairs in Rotherham. The report of his death in 1851 paid tribute to "his zeal, judgment and patience in the consideration and execution of any public busi-

ness affecting the improvement of the town.” He had also been “*an honourable and active officer*” in Wesleyan Methodist chapels in both Sheffield and Rotherham. As well as having another example of public service to follow, Robert and Fanny may also have been influenced by John Booth's non-conformity. Robert's own obituary in the *High Peak Advertiser* described him as “*a man of deep religious feeling, but of broad sympathies*”, which led him to follow no particular denomination- at various times in Chesterfield he was variously described as a Baptist and a Congregationalist, but does not appear to have taken a leading position in any church.

Robert and Fanny established their home on the drapery premises on Low Pavement.. In 1863 Dutton died and Robert continued to run the drapery business until he sold it March 1865. By the time of the birth of their first child Fanny Ethel in 1865 the Parkers had moved to a substantial house on Newbold Road where son Barry was also born in November 1867.

In 1866 Robert made his first move into banking, becoming manager of the Chesterfield branch of the Sheffield Banking Company, a position he was to occupy until 1881. This career move was probably suggested and supported by his elder brother Frederick and his brother-in-law Isaac Walton.

At this date Frederick had been the manager of the Sheffield & Rotherham bank at Bakewell for some 18 years, having joined the bank around 1841 when he was aged 28. Isaac Walton had married Mary Ann Parker in 1857, when he was a clerk in Samuel Smith's bank in Nottingham. A year later



*Bank In New Square, Chesterfield  
With thanks to Chesterfield Local Studies Library*

Robert signed a staff fidelity bond for Isaac [describing himself as a draper and gingham manufacturer]. In 1864 Isaac and family moved to Buxton when he became manager of the Sheffield & Rotherham there, a position from which he retired in October 1887; it seems likely that Isaac was also instrumental in Robert's later move to Buxton.

By 1868 the Sheffield

Bank had bought and adapted the manor house in New Square, Chesterfield and this became the home of Robert and his family until he resigned in 1881 and where the remaining six children were born between 1869 and 1881.

Shortly after leaving the bank, Robert paid an exploratory visit to New York in order to consider emigrating to the USA to give his children the better prospects that a new country could provide. According to son Barry, he was so appalled by the city and the American conception that collective concerns were subordinate to individual rights, that he very soon returned to Chesterfield. He was certainly back in the town by September 1882, the family then living on Gladstone Road [very near to their former home on Newbold Road] until the move to Buxton in 1885.

During his years in Chesterfield, Robert played an active part in the affairs of the town, particularly in the sphere of education. In 1884 he [unsuccessfully] stood for election to the borough council and declared that 'for the last 20 years I have been intimately connected with all the educational movements which have taken place in Chesterfield' and listed his involvement with the Chesterfield & Brampton Mechanics institute; the Science & Art school [of which he was joint secretary]; the Cambridge University extension classes; the Gilchrist lectures; and the Subscription library. He was also a member of the town school board for 15 years from 1871 until his move to Buxton.

In 1858 he had been elected to the committee of the Mechanics Institute, founded in 1841, perhaps on the recommendation of his business partner, Dutton who was one of the joint secretaries. By 1862 Robert himself had become one of the secretaries and remained in that position until his move from Chesterfield. The institute, represented by the two secretaries, was one of the leading proponents of the plan to erect a hall - later to be named the Stephenson memorial hall after the railway pioneer who ended his days in Chesterfield- which would house the public library and provide a meeting place for lectures etc. At the laying of the foundation stone in 1877 it was noted that Robert had secured a loan of £4000 from the Sheffield Banking Company, and that *"he had from first to last been one of the most energetic in the movement"*.

The hall was opened in 1879 and Robert was appointed treasurer, trustee and a member of the governing body. In 1880 W F Howard, who had been secretary to the Hall committee wrote in a letter to the *Derbyshire Times* that *"the town is more indebted to him [Robert] than to any other for the unabridged completion"* of the scheme.

*With thanks to  
Chesterfield Local  
Studies Library*



His removal to Buxton in 1886 was noted in the local newspaper which declared that this meant that the free library, sited in the Memorial Hall, had “sustained a loss [of its], hon sec & originator ..., to whose unwearied exertions is solely due its present successful position.”

University extension classes were inaugurated in 1874 with both Robert and Fanny appointed to the committee. It was somewhat ironic that one of the regular lecturers, with whom he would have contact from 1877 onwards, was Edward Carpenter, socialist, advocate of homosexual liberation and a “back to the land” philosophy who would later settle in Millthorpe, a few miles from Chesterfield. Among his disciples was Raymond Unwin, who had also been strongly attracted to the socialist principles of William Morris.

Robert found his relative's views unpalatable [ he was a life -long Liberal] and for several years forbade the marriage of Unwin and his daughter Ethel which eventually took place in 1893.

### **The move to Buxton**

This heralded a return to banking for Robert, when he was appointed manager of Crompton, Evans & Company, based in Spring Gardens,- a position he was to hold until his death, at a salary of £250 per year. The family's first home was the Woodlands on Park Road.

In 1891 he bought a plot of land in Buxton park [the town's fashionable suburb originally laid out by Joseph Paxton] from the Devonshire estate agreeing to build three properties of at least £1500 in value. These were designed by Barry and included the family home Moorlands which was completed in 1894 but has now sadly been demolished.





*The Parker family in the garden of the family home in Buxton  
Copyright Garden City collection [Letchworth] [www.gardencitycollection.com](http://www.gardencitycollection.com)*

Robert then bought further land nearby on which two more houses designed by Barry and Raymond Unwin were built in 1895/6

The costs of these developments were probably, in part, financed by loans from family members and his employer. When Robert's estate was proved in 1901, included among his debts were £4,800 owing to his sister-in-law Elizabeth and her unmarried daughter Fanny, and a loan from Crompton & Evans bank of which £3,100 was outstanding.

Robert's interest in education was also reflected in the arrangements he made for his children- or rather his sons, for little is known about the education of his two daughters.

The eldest boys, apart from Bernard, were pupils at Chesterfield Boys Grammar school. After the move to Buxton, both Derwent and the youngest son Roger attended Park Hurst school in the town, an establishment advertised as "*a high class school for the sons of gentlemen [who] were prepared for the universities, public school or special examinations.*"

Barry was educated at Wesley college in Sheffield prior to attending an art school in Derby, taking external examinations at the South Kensington School of Art. He then became articled to an architect in Altrincham, Cheshire before returning to Buxton to establish his own practice in 1894.

Robert Derwent had his secondary education at Sandbach Grammar school in Cheshire and then attended Caius college, Cambridge where he was awarded his bachelor's degree in 1893 and his masters in 1901. After a spell at St Bartholomews hospital he emigrated to South Africa, served in the South African medical corps in the Great War and was later honoured with an OBE for his services to medicine.

The youngest son Roger also became a Cambridge graduate, obtaining a BA in 1904; he, like his elder brother Stanley, had attended Bedales school, founded on progressive principles in 1893 with as much emphasis on craft education and outdoor activities as formal classwork. In 1895 their elder brother Barry had visited the school and delivered a lecture on "*domestic architecture*." Stanley became head boy and also taught there for a couple of years as an instructor in cabinet making.

It is perhaps an indication of Robert's knowledge of educational developments and a desire to see his sons receive the best all round tuition available that he sent Stanley and Roger to Bedales within a couple of years of its establishment.

The costs of this private education and attendance at university was helped by legacies from uncle John, a currier in Mansfield, Notts who left over £9000 on his death in 1889 which was divided between his various nephews and nieces.

Robert himself had benefited under the will of his brother Frederick who had died in 1883. The property he owned in Matlock - Megdale farm and the limestone quarry - were left to Robert, the rental income from these amounting to at least £450 a year. Robert was one of the executors, together with brother John, and brother-in-law Isaac Walton. Robert seems to have argued that some changes to the original will had been made when Frederick was unwell and challenged some of the bequests.

This provoked a furious response from Isaac Walton accusing Robert of "*many falsehoods*". The dispute was finally settled without legal action which Isaac had warned would see Robert "*branded as a liar for life*."

After his move to Buxton Robert continued to support educational activities.

He was instrumental in the establishment of the Free Library and Science and Art classes and was a member of the Literary & Philosophical society.

By 1911 none of the Parker family remained in Buxton. Barry and the Unwins had moved to Letchworth by 1904 which was to be Barry's home for the rest of his life.

In 1906 Raymond and Ethel Unwin had settled into their long-term home at Wyldes farm in Hampstead.

Barry's brothers Stanley and Roger were also living in Letchworth together with their families by the time of the 1911 census and their mother Fanny was living close by in Baldock with two servants. She later went to live with Ethel in Hampstead and died there in 1922 at the age of 86.

Son Bernard was in Shropshire where his father had helped him to establish a book sellers business. The other three children had moved abroad; - as mentioned earlier Derwent was a doctor in South Africa and had been joined in that part of the world by his sister Kathleen. In 1907 she married Allan Marwick in Natal, her husband becoming resident commissioner in Swaziland, for which service he received the OBE. Howard, who had trained as a land agent, had emigrated to Canada by 1902, settling in Saskatchewan as a horse rancher. All three made return visits to England and surviving passenger lists show them usually staying with the Unwins, although Howard and his two children stayed with Stanley in Letchworth in 1927.

### **Conclusion**

Robert clearly led a successful life. He made his mark as a businessman, both as draper and banker and played a leading role in the public affairs of Chesham. The major contribution he made towards the erection of the Stephenson memorial hall-still in public use as theatre and museum- was acknowledged at the time, but has been overlooked in later written accounts. As well as his involvement in educational matters which appeared his main interest, he was also active in the temperance movement and the British & Foreign Bible society.

His family life was also marked by success. He and wife Fanny were clearly devoted to giving their children the best upbringing they could. And most of the children made a success of their own lives- Barry as one of the foremost architects of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and Ethel marrying another such, ending her life as Lady Unwin. Derwent became a successful doctor in South Africa, Howard also made his life abroad as a farmer in Canada, as did Kathleen whose husband was a noted colonial administrator. Stanley settled in Letchworth



with brother Barry, and the home he made with wife Signe became well known in the Arts & Craft movement. Roger also began his married life in Letchworth as a farmer and then settled in Cornwall as an orchardist.

There was a streak of ruthlessness in Robert's character which showed when he thought his family values and beliefs threatened, as evidenced by his behaviour over his brother Frederick's will and his stubborn resistance to the marriage of Ethel and Raymond Unwin. But this side of his character was overshadowed by his public work and his deep religious convictions.

#### Sources

Derbyshire Records office

D5562 Parker family papers; Old Brampton parish records

*Derbyshire Times*

Oxford Dictionary of National biography

Information from RBS group archives

National Probate calendar

Derbyshire Trade Directories 1829-1900

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### **THE GENERAL STRIKE 1926**

On 12th May 1926 the general strike ended when the TUC visited the Prime Minister at Downing Street. The Derby Daily Telegraph posted the end of the strike in its window and people hurried about the streets spreading the word, although some doubted if it really had ended because it came about so quickly. Hundreds gathered in the market place and the Salvation Army, in full uniform, marched from the Osmaston Road barracks, down St Peter's Street and the Cornmarket. A heavy shower dispersed the crowd, but they soon reformed when the sun came out again. There was a real carnival spirit and as the day wore on women returned to shopping, despite it being a half day, when many shops would have been closed. Bartons Buses immediately announced a half hour service to Nottingham, but the Trent Bus Company and tram service could not operate until the following morning. During the strike, motorists carried signs saying 'Signal if you want a lift', to help other fellow workers get to work.

## **REMINISCENCES OF A FORMER DERBY JOURNALIST**

### **The Arboretum and its 'Anniversary'**

**By Sidney Barton Eckett**

To hark back a bit in my early recollections—for it is so difficult to avoid overlapping when recounting the incidents of half a century ago—let me recall the time when, in December 1858, I was left an orphan at No 14 Arboretum Street and went next door to live with Mr and Mrs Jacob Mayer, my foster father and foster mother, then and for many years afterwards the master and mistress of Holy Trinity Day Schools. Between then and October 1861—when I went to Christ's Hospital—was naturally a very quiet, uneventful period for me. A great deal of my time—in all but the severest winter months of the year—was spent in the Arboretum, to which my foster parents—as also my father and mother had been—were subscribers. For in those days, and for more than two decades afterwards, the Arboretum was only open, during the great part of the week, to those who subscribed so much a year to its maintenance, the time for admitting the general public freely to its benefits not having yet arrived. A very delightful place it was, in those days, for a child to walk and play in, and a much more quiet and, in some ways, therefore, more enjoyable sylvan retreat for those who had the privilege of its entrée.

For myself I knew every inch of it. There were no beds of showy flowers by the sides of the walks at that time. But—being, in those days, what Mr Joseph Strutt, its creator intended it to be—an “arboretum” or educational botanical garden—every tree and every shrub [and there were some rare ones then, before the smoky fumes from works and houses had destroyed them] had its English and Latin name and habitat printed on a pot label at the foot of it. A bit of a naturalist even in those early days, I was familiar with them all. The mulberry trees—for there were several varieties of them—flourished on a hill, to the right, between the Arboretum Street entrance and the fountain, and the leaves of one of them—the variety generally grown in England, and which used to be red with fruit every year—we used to lay under contribution for the feeding of our silkworms. There was a Siberian crab tree, whose sour fruit was, at autumn tide, my soul's delight, there were cork trees, whose bark I examined with uncommon interest; bay trees, whose leaves I occasionally exacted toll from for the flavouring of custards; and a variety of the willow, on which I found the extra ordinarily shaped and double tailed caterpillars, which, in due season, become “puss” moths. I made friends and had daily chats with all the gardeners and though they must all long since have gone to that “bourne whence no traveller returns” - for they were even

then past middle age—I can recall their faces and voices, as if it were but yesterday. I don't think Mr Coutts, the head gardener—a kindly Scotchman, with a pleasant accent, who first introduced the gay flower borders—came on the scene till later. But Caleb Stubbs I remember from my earliest days, and often think of, always with agreeable recollections of his cheery tones and happy countenance.

Mrs Lawrence kept the Arboretum Street Lodge, and her tongue, which could be sharp on occasion, did not spare those who attempted to evade the rules and regulations which governed entry to the grounds in those days. He—or she—would have been a clever man or woman who would have eluded the eyes and ears and voice of that faithful and ever vigilant portress. But she had a kindly heart withal. Many is the cup of tea I have had with the good soul and her husband, in the cosy little house place of the lodge where they lived, and—as the tea was consumed surreptitiously, so far as my own people were concerned, and had to be hurriedly drunk to permit of my being at home by a certain time for the afternoon meal—a favourite device of my good natured and resourceful hostess was to turn the cold water tap on my boiling hot cup of tea, thus rendering it quickly drinkable. Her husband, Richard Lawrence, was a jobbing gardener, with a good connection in the neighbourhood. He was our gardener for many years, and taught me the art—which I have even yet not quite forgotten—of “budding” a rose tree.

Very different to Mrs Lawrence was Miss Brown—Miss Elizabeth Brown I think it was—who kept watch over the Grove Street entrance. She lived with her sister—both being elderly maiden ladies formerly in the service of Mr Joseph Strutt's family—in the pretty secluded cottage where “The Garden” was situated, and one was always glad to exchange a quiet, pleasant word with the good old soul, as she sat knitting in the little portress' room by the side of the entrance. On the other side of the gates was a picturesque Gothic house, not used as a lodge, but occupied for many years by Mr William Turner, a refined, cultured gentleman who had one only child—a beautiful young girl who died untimely, to his great grief, and the sympathising sorrow of all who knew her. This house was subsequently enlarged, at the expense of Alderman T.B. Forman, J.P., a member of the Arboretum Committee, during the secretaryship of my then chief, the late Mr Henry Carson, who dispenses open house hospitality there to a host of friends on Arboretum “Anniversary” days and who lived there till his death, as I believe also for some years did his successor Mr George Corbett.

Speaking of Mr Corbett reminds me of his successor as secretary of the Derbyshire Agricultural Society, Mr Sidney Burton. The Burtons, then living at the bottom of Arboretum-street, always invited me to their Christmas and

birthday children's parties—what pleases oases these were in my quiet child life, for I had no companions of my own age at home and Sidney, who birth I well remember, was called after myself, because his parents thought it a pretty name.

Speaking of Arboretum Anniversaries reminds me what, in many respects, unique and memorable occasions they were. The “Anniversary” was designed, or existed, at all events, during a longish succession of years, for two purposes. First to keep alive the memory of Mr Joseph Strutt's gift to the town—the anniversary of its opening. And, secondly, to supplement the comparatively small income derived from subscribers by the profits—always very considerable unless the day opened wet—of a popular fete. A balloon ascent was always the great centre of attraction. In the early days it was Mr Green who made it, then Mr Coxwell—with whom my foster father and I have had many long interesting chats—and lastly, after Mr Coxwell had offended “the gods” by not ascending in a hurricane of wind and tempest, and had his balloon torn to pieces by a disappointed mob—by our intrepid little townsman, the late Mr Emanuel Jackson.

The next great attraction to the balloon—and much greater one to cultured people—was the musical treat always provided by one of the chief military bands of the day, those of the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Royal Artillery, etc., being usually engaged, and playing invariably in a dip of ground just beneath “Mulberry Tree Hill” and close to the playing waters of the fountain. Oh how I used to look forward to those Anniversaries as a child and as a youth. The morning preparations in the Arboretum, including the filling of the balloon with gas, which commenced at an early hour, the arrival of the bands which in the old days used to play in procession from the Market-place to the front Arboretum entrance, the thousands of excursionists of all classes tramping up the usually quiet Arboretum-street—then ordinarily a cul de sac even to foot passengers—the attractions of the Fete, the calling in of country friends, to whom [like our neighbours] ours was “open house”, all contrived to make the Anniversary, to me at all events, a green spot in the year, a red letter day in the calendar, an event ever to be remembered.

It was a good thing in its way, for it brought a good deal of holiday money into the town, and above all, by reason of the cheap excursions which poured into the town from all parts of the country, it enabled many people—especially from Birmingham, the Potteries, etc—to visit their Derby friends and relatives at least once a year, and [like Mothering Sunday or The Wakes in villages] was the occasion of many happy reunions amongst families and friends. But when one also remembers the shocking damage that ensued to the beautiful turf from the tramping or rushing of countless feet [the mischief

being greatly accentuated by the proverbial thunder and rain which were so often the accompaniment of Anniversage afternoons and evening] - damage which it took the grounds weeks and months to get over—to say nothing of the rowdysim which occasionally prevailed, one cannot honestly regret the passing of “Arboretum Anniversary”, a once time honoured local institution, which has gone never to return.

The early days of October 1861 witnessed my departure from Derby for Christ’s Hospital, where I spent eight years of school life [from 7 to 15 years old] dividing my holidays between Derby and Warwickshire, and settling at the former place, when I left school in July 1869, there to remain for nearly a quarter of a century.

*Derbyshire Advertiser & Journal, 10th Feb 1911*

### **Part Two—An Old-Time Evangelical Church**

Few living persons, probably—and I say this without the faintest tinge of egotism—have had a more varied experience, even from a personal point of view, of religious and ecclesiastical matters in Derby than the writer of this article. To have begun one’s going life at Holy Trinity—the most Evangelical church of all the churches of the Establishment in the town—to have “served” at the altar of St Peter’s, to have been server, lay deacon, sacristan and sidesman of St Michael’s, and to have finished off as a devotee at St Mary’s Roman Catholic Church, is to have about run through the whole gamut of ecclesiastic peregrinations, I trow, and yet I can honestly say that I found comfort and consolation in each and all of them, at various periods of life and stages of doctrinal and ritual development.

At the time of my nativity, in July 1854, my father was on his deathbed, and so it came to pass that he, who usually and properly registered the births of his children—did not register mine, and I suppose my mother was too much occupied and upset in the succeeding weeks and months to do so. My baptism, probably, for the same reason, was similarly neglected for a long time, and it was not until February 21st 1857, that I was baptised at Christ Church, Derby. The certificate, now lying in front of me, shows that the ceremony was performed by the curate, the Rev W.H. Lambert. My Godfathers were Mr Jacob Mayer, my foster father, and Mr Charles Millington—one Master of Holy Trinity and the other of Christ Church Day Schools, whilst Mrs Mayer was my Godmother. The importance of this event—brought about by the goods friends above—mentioned, in spite of the indifference of my mother, who was not present at the ceremony—will be appreciated from what follows and I mention it as an object lesson for those who, from whatever reason, delay the registration and baptism of their children, for the first of which they

are liable to a penalty and by reason of the second of which they, perchance, themselves penalise their children.

Rather more than four years afterwards I received, through the kindness of an old friend of my mother's family, a presentation—as had my eldest brother before me—to Christ's Hospital, carrying with it a first-class Public School education, worth at least [with clothes, food, and lodging for eight years] £500. The first thing my foster parents had to do, to make the presentation available, was to prove my legitimacy. Mr Jay, the Superintendent Registrar at that time—who lived on the Osmaston-road [and afterwards in Arboretum-square] - was applied to for a copy of the registration of my birth, but could not, of course, find it, for the very sufficient reason above stated, viz., that it had never been registered. The school authorities then very kindly said that the register of my baptism would suffice, under the circumstances, and that they would take my foster-father's word for my age, of which my baptismal certificate was, of course, no evidence whatever, I being three years old [a fact not stated on the certificate] when that ceremony was performed. However, it fortunately sufficed, and I did not lose the good education offered to me. But I draw the moral that, in the interests of the children themselves, whatever the fads of parents about this or that particular legal or customary obligation, they ought not to be neglected.

At the time of my baptism, the Rev Roseingrave Macklin was incumbent of Christ Church. He owned and lived in the old fashioned Jacobean house in the Wardwick, and two streets in Derby were called after him, Macklin-street being formed out of the extensive garden at the rear of his house. This would be before Becket-street, on the same estate, was made Becket-street, which, ordinarily quiet as it was, had in it three more or less notable public buildings, viz., the Poor Law Offices [now Education offices, the Board of Guardians having found a more commodious home on the other side of the way], the Drill Hall, the scene of so many of the town's chief social and political functions, and Becket-street Chapel, to the erection of which the late Mr M.T. Bass, M.P., most liberally contributed.

To go back to my christening I well remember [though then not quite three years old] standing on a chair for the purposes of the ceremony and entering the church again for the first time, upwards of a quarter of a century afterwards, I was able at once to see that the font had been removed to its present position in front of the entrance door from the corner, on the left hand, where it formerly stood.

One little story about Christ Church. An old friend and Press colleague of mine, not given to much Church going—he would have much preferred a six

course dinner any time to what the late Superintendent McTernan once called, in my hearing “a mouthful of prayers” - wished very much to obtain a collectorship of Income Tax, which at that time—including, as it then did a commission on the locally paid Income Tax of the Midland Railway Company—was a not unprofitable means of enhancing one’s ordinary income, as I happen to know, for my father once held it. This collectorship was in the gift of the late Mr Thomas Park Bainbrigge, J.P., of Mill Hill House, Postmaster of Derby, who was a regular and devout worshipper at Christ Church, of which he was a leading parishioner. The question was how to favourably impress this orthodox dispenser of desirable patronage and my friend, with that knowledge of men and things which is born of Press experience, was not long in arriving at a correct solution of what, *prima facie*, seemed a difficult problem. So he forthwith took a vacant pew, immediately in front of, or contiguous to that of the worthy Postmaster. For the next few weeks, or months as the case might be, he was most assiduous in his attendance at all the services and, having a fine resonant voice, sang the appointed hymns and canticles with praiseworthy vigour. Mr Bainbrigge, in the result, was most favourable impressed, and, in due season appointed my friend to the vacant collectorship. But the coveted office once obtained, the Church-going enthusiasm of the new-found devotee became a minus quantity, he packed up his Prayer and Hymn Books, and the place—sad story of religious decadence—knew him no more.

But, to resume, my first remembrance of church-going in Derby—being then a little boy four or five years old—was at Holy Trinity Church, Derby. Not, of course, the present more or less imposing brick building on the London-road, but the cement covered, and, I am afraid, very jerry built edifice which preceded it, not that, for a moment, we suspected its structural delinquencies in those far-off days. What a vivid, kindly memory I have, after the lapse of half a century, of those simple, Puritanical, yet always reverent services! So vastly different were they, in many respects, to the commonly accepted services at the “Evangelical” churches of today, though I daresay—and should indeed imagine—that Holy Trinity Church retains, if alone in Derby in that respect, many of its ancient ritual and traditions.

Of course, there was no surplice choir—St Peter’s, at that time, was thought to be “Puseyite” because it possessed one. Mr Adlington was the organist, and a very good one too, whilst the mixed male and female choir including some stentorian bass, some telling alto, and sweet treble voices—used to render, with joyous reverence, what small parts of the service were choral, for not even the Psalms, much less the responses, were chanted in those days. The clergy were essentially of the old school—Evangelists of the best type of half a century ago, when black gowns and bands in the pulpit, instead of cas-

socks and surplices—were the order of the day and when ritual, like silver in the time of Solomon, was “nothing accounted of in those days” The incumbent, a war hearted, well bred gentleman of good Irish family, whose venerable white hair and “mutton chop” whiskers, kindly eye and cheery voice I can even now vividly recall—was the Rev Edward Michael Wade, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, who had an equally kindly wife [a very quiet, retiring lady] and a niece who lived with him and taught, in splendid style, a class of young women in the Sunday School. This was a singularly bright, intellectual Irish lady name Miss Battersby, who in later years used to pay periodical visits to her old friends, Mr and Mrs Earp, of Grove-terrace, Osmaston-road, and afterwards of Burton-road, Derby.

The Earps, after the death of Mr Wade, migrated to St Alkmund’s, Derby—on account of their friendship with Canon Abney, and, sad to relate, about a quarter of a century ago, Miss Battersby was coming with them from that church, one Sunday morning, when a runaway hose, which had dashed up King-street, ran into her as she was crossing the “Eage and Child” end of St Alkmund’s Churchyard, and killed her instantaneously. She was buried near to her uncle in the Nottingham-road Cemetery, and—abiding proof of her good work—her most afflicted mourners were the women she had taught in Holy Trinity Sunday Schools three decades previously.

Mr Wade himself was a fine and vigorous preacher and he was singularly fortunate in the only two curates of his I remember—The Rev H. Wilson, who had one of the most beautiful, saintly faces I ever saw and the Rev George French, who, I think, subsequently removed to the neighbourhood of Burton on Trent. He afterwards had some clever sons at Trent College and was, I believe, a relation [perchance, the father] of Dr Valpy French, the well-known Anglican Bishop of Lahore. He too, like Mr Wade, was a talented Irishman, and an excellent preacher. The congregation of Holy Trinity, in old days, included some of Derby’s most respected citizens. Mr William Sale, the venerable solicitor, who read the lessons for a long period of years, Mr William Henry Sale, his son [also a solicitor], Mr James Vallack [solicitor] for many years the Borough Coroner, a quaint one too, Mr William Whiston, solicitor and County Coroner, and his son, Mr William Harvey Whiston, also solicitor and Coroner, who used to keep the young men at the side of the organ gallery in order by means of a long stick, or pointer, which dropped, incontinently, on the heads of the offending or sleeping ones. These were all legal luminaries, and they were reinforced, in later times, by that bright, particular star, Mr Alderman Samuel Leech, and who, whilst Mayor of Derby, sat in a gorgeously upholstered red cloth pew at the west end of the church, and his youthful son, Mr Fred Leech, afterwards, like his father, a Derby solicitor, and also Coroner for the Appletree Hundred of the County.



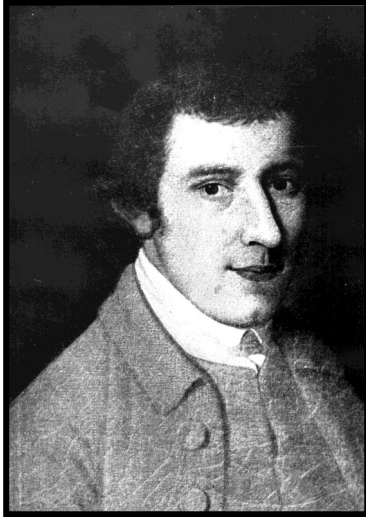
There were a host of men of high repute besides, whose names, at this distance of time, it is difficult to remember. But amongst those I can recall were Mr Frank Earp, the stockbroker—for many years, a co-churchwarden with Mr Sale—Mr Edward Calvert [cashier at Messrs Smith's Bank], Mr Warren [London-road], Mr Bromley, an eminent land agent and surveyor, Mr Henry Simpson—a tall, dignified-looking man, the father of Ald. Simpson, who I remember as a youth at Trinity—Mr Hilton [son of the then Chief Constable of Derby, and afterwards Chief Constable of Huddersfield], the Mansfields [relations of the present Chief Constable of Derby], Mr Moore [and other Midland Railway officials] and such typical Midland Railway workmen as the Birkett family.

Later on I call to mind Mr Pakeman [of the Midland Railway], Mr John Gretton, the butcher, Mr Marcus Astle [father of Mr M.J. Astle, J.P., of Wilne Mills], Mr George Cowell [one of the heads of Ind Coope], Mr W.W. Winter, Mr Thos Lloyd, Mr Tom Greatorex [of "The Plough" with his family], Mr Robert Milne, the grocer—who died so suddenly from a neglected cold—and Mr Jacob Mayer, who with his customary humility in the House of God, took a lowly back seat in the open front pew at the bottom of the church, leaving his wife and myself to occupy more prominent seats in one of the side galleries.

No record of dear old Trinity would be complete which did not make mention, in letters of gold, of the exceptionally long services of William Elliott, the faithful and devout, but withal drily humorous, vergier of the church, who I should think never hardly missed a Sunday or weekday service during his long tenure of office. Scarcely less effective were the services of his able lieutenant, Mr Broughton, a respected plumber on the Osmaston-road, who also was a very capable non-commissioned officer in the Derby Volunteers. It only remains to add that Mr Wade in due season—about 1868 I think—entered into his well earned rest, and was succeeded by the Rev Francis Hoare, who faithfully and fearlessly upheld the Evangelical traditions and ritual of his church. He died respected and honoured for his consistent conduct, his manly outspokenness and his able, faithful preaching and advocacy of straight sailing Protestant principles.

*Derby Advertiser and Journal, 17th Feb 1911*

## A CRESSWELL FAMILY

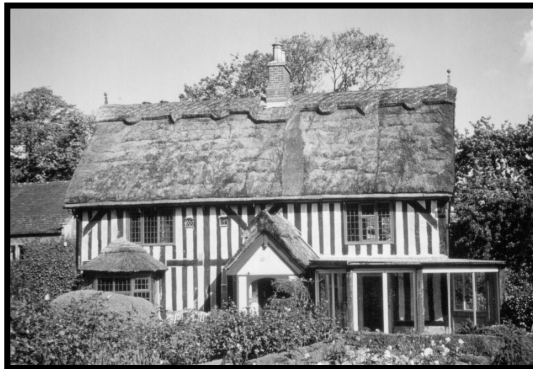


*Portrait of Nicholas Cresswell from his  
published journal*

My thanks are due to Mr Keith Holford for his excellent article on Nicholas Cresswell. Nicholas is my 4x Great uncle. I am descended from his brother Thomas. Another brother, Richard, was a wild youth. He borrowed money from his grandmother and his failure to repay this caused her to leave all of this line of the family out of her will.

Thomas and some other family members were hatters, but from my great grandfather down to myself we have worked for the railways.

*South Stich, the marital  
home of Nicholas at  
Idridgehay*



I have traced my family back to about 1600. The Edale line came from the Cresswells who were at Ford Hall at Malcoff, Chapel-en-le-Frith, before the

*The family home at Edale*



Bagshawe family. An early family member is said to have received permission to use a coat of arms similar to the Northumberland Cresswells.

*Peter K. Cresswell {Mem 26  
E-mail: peterkc608@gmail.com*

### **THE WILL OF MR G.H. BROWN**

Mr George Henry Brown of Northfield, Trowels-lane, Derby, ironfounder, who died on 24th December last, left estate of the gross value of £7286 13s.3d, of which the net peronalty has been sworn at £3769 11s.2d. Probate of his will, dated 12th January 1904, with a codicil of the 28th April last, has been granted to his son, Mr Jesse Brown, iron founder's manager, of 16 Mill Hill-road, Derby, and Mr John Francis Legg, railway clerk, of 35 Empress Road, Derby. The testator left £50 and his household effects to his wife, Mrs Mary lanthe Brown; £10 to Mr Robert Jeffrey of Belper-road, Derby; £20 to his sister, Mrs Thomas Parker; £50 to his niece, Mary Ann Peake; £25 to the Victoria-street Church, Derby, for the church funds, as the trustees may in their discretion determine; and he left to his wife during widowhood the use of one of his houses in Trowel-lane, and 1000 shares of Brown's Foundry Co. Ltd. The residue of his property he left to his children in equal shares, giving to his son Jesse the option of taking his share in shares of Brown's Foundry Co. Ltd at par.

*Derby Advertiser and Journal, 17th Feb 1911*

## Two Anomalies

*[Before anyone thinks their eyes are playing tricks, yes this article was in the December issue, but when Ruth transferred it from her computer onto a memory stick to give to me for the magazine, the end paragraph went missing. So rather than just print the last paragraph and make everyone scramble for the December magazine to find the beginning of the article, it is herewith reprinted, this time in full—Ed]*

I have done articles for the magazine before about my ancestors who I have been researching for some years. I hadn't investigated my husband's side of the family as I really didn't know very much about them. Especially on the Barber side I would have to buy several certificates to get started but a chance remark by an aunt led me to look in to my mother in law's side.

Her name was Dorothy Irene Tipping and she married John Maggs Barber in 1941. She was the daughter of Frederick Tipping and Florence nee Smith and was one of eight children, or so I thought, Percival Henry 1907, Kenneth Arthur 1910, Leslie 1911, Stanley 1914, Ernest William 1916, Dorothy Irene 1918, Norman Alan 1922 and Constance Grace 1925.

When chatting to the aunt, she mentioned another child who died young and her husband, Ernie could remember this child running around. I began investigating. After 1911 the mother's maiden name is given on the birth index and there were no Tipping/Smith children registered other than the ones already mentioned. In the 1911 census Frederick and Florence are living in Derby. They have been married 5 years and had two children, both still living but they are not with them on this night. Percival H age 4 is in the Isolation Hospital and Kenneth A age 1¼ is in Nottingham with his aunt and uncle. However Kenneth had a son Dennis in 1932 that died in 1933 age 19 months and I wonder if this nephew might have been the one that Ernie remembered and the aunt misunderstood. Then by chance when doing one of our Nottingham Rd Cemetery look-ups, I found the burial of a stillborn child of Frederick Tipping in 1906. This must have been their first child, so there would have been nine not eight children if it had survived.

Having started on this trail I decided to continue to follow the Tipping family. Frederick's marriage certificate gives his father as James. Frederick was born in 1884, the son of James and Fanny Orme. He was one of ten children. From the census records James Tipping was born in 1850 in Derby and married Fanny Orme in 1871 at Tutbury. It was possible to follow James back through the census records to 1861 where he appears to be with his parents James born circa 1813 in Devon and Ann and five siblings, Mary 1840 born

Manchester, John 1843 Macclesfield, Susannah 1845 Macclesfield, Martha 1848 Derby and Robert 1853 Derby. Prior to that the family seemed to have disappeared. James and Ann were obviously moving around the country as their children were born in several different counties but at the time of the 1851 census they look as if they ought to be in Derby. I decided to look for just any Susannah born 1845 Macclesfield living in the Derby registration district and one came up for a Susannah Bralley. On examination of the original record the children were all there, born in the right places and the right ages. James 38 born Sampford Devon is with wife Jane. In 1841 James Bralley and wife Jane are living in Macclesfield with four daughters, Elizabeth 1832, Ellen 1834, Jane 1836 and Mary 1841. All were baptised at Manchester Cathedral. James Brierley married Jane Berry in 1831 also at Manchester Cathedral. So where did wife Ann fit in to it? Jane Bralley died in Derby on 7<sup>th</sup> February 1855 age 44 of meningitis and James married Ann Whitehurst on 25<sup>th</sup> June 1855. In 1851 the Whitehurst and Bralley families were living next door to one another. Ann was 42 in 1851 and 41 when she married in 1855!!!!

Intrigued by this change of name I turned my attention to Devonshire where James Bralley was supposed to be born.

James Brailey baptised 31/01/1812 at Sampford Peveral Devon son of James and Grace. James Braley married Grace King in Sampford Peveral on 6/02/1811 by banns. They were both of this parish but James' occupation is given as sojourner, which means he could have come from anywhere.

Grace King is baptised in Sampford Peveral on 12/09/1790 daughter of John and Joan. On 26/12/1814 Grace Brailey marries John Tipping at Sampford Peveral. I have not found a death for James Braley but I can not imagine that the vicar at Sampford Peveral would have married them knowing that her first husband was still alive.

John Tipping and Grace went on to have five more children and in 1841 they are living in Wales. John dies in Cardiff in 1857 and Grace in January 1861 also in Cardiff. I think that in all probability there was a death bed confession that James Braley of Devon was not the father of her eldest son but that she was already having an affair with John Tipping and he was the father.

Hence the change of name in the 1861 census.

**Ruth Barber**  
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## CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

### 45. Buxton St Ann and St John the Baptist

The present church of St Anne was developed towards the end of Elizabeth I's reign, although it was at this time dedicated to St John the Evangelist. The date 1625 is carved above the entrance, and the same date is to be found on the font. All the architectural evidence, however, points to an earlier date than this and the suggestion has been made that a medieval barn was adapted.



Although described as 'a very mean building', it continued in use for some two hundred years, but it was beginning to fall into decay by the late eighteenth century. With the building of St John the Baptist the older church was turned into a school. In 1841 it was restored as a church, but a few years later be-

came successively a day school, a Sunday school and a mortuary chapel, until it again closed in 1871. However in 1885 it was yet again restored for divine services and rededicated to St Anne.

The building itself is a simple rectangle between 50 and 60 feet long and little more than 20 feet wide. It has had a porch added and a vestry. The main beams are only 9 feet above the floor, while the roof, steeply pitched, is covered with heavy stone tiles. Behind the altar stands a fine triptych and the main body of the church is simply decorated with dark panelling and plain pitch pine pews. The font is very much older than the date carved on it, probably being Saxon. It was once used as a pig trough before being installed in St Anne's in 1906. In the porch is a metal calvary which was rescued from the ruins of a church in Belgium during the 1914-18 war. Finally in the graveyard behind the church can be found the tomb of John Kane, an eighteenth century actor who died as a result of eating aconite in mistake for horse radish.

St Anne's Church stands in the older part of the town and is reputed to be the oldest building in Buxton. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the fifth Duke of Devonshire realised there was a need for a new church and in 1811 he petitioned the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield for leave to build a new church. As originally planned the finished building was dedicated to St John the Baptist on 9th August 1812, as a Chapel of Ease of the Parish of Bake-well and the Rev G. Mountsey became the first 'perpetual curate'. In addition to bearing the whole cost of construction, the Devonshires were to have the right to appoint the churchwardens, as well as having the sole responsibility for repairs.

An early picture of the church shows it set in an isolated position, however it quickly became the centre of fashionable Buxton and during the season, church collections were carried out by ladies of title. During the second half of the century the congregations continued to grow and in 1893 it became apparent that extensions to St John's were urgent.



A portico was added, a new east window inserted, a new organ built, the provision of a south door and porch, the removal of the gallery and a new floor were mooted. The chancel and new organ were dedicated on 10th August 1897, but the rest took fifteen years to complete, indeed the gallery was in fact never removed. In July 1898 the eighth Duke surrendered the church to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and in November of that year St John finally achieved the status of a parish church.

### **REGISTERS**

The registers of St John up to the early 1900s are available at Derbyshire Record Office, and there is a transcript up to 1910 at Bridge Chapel House. There are no existing registers for St Ann, but some entries for that church can be seen entered in the register for St James The Greater from 1894. This latter church was demolished in 1953.

## **OLD AND NEW**

### **News from the North**

Are your Buzz Words from 2016 ---“Cryonic Suspension? A black hole for the Church of England where funerals are rapidly falling by the graveside. The Vatican rules on the burning question of cremation. Valentines Day weddings are more likely to end in divorce. DNA tests could show which counties are in your blood. The Statute of Liberty gets a new lease of life. The soldier who evaded German WW1 snipers at Ypres with his homespun fishing rod. Not so lucky was the Australian who literally got caught twice in a Southern Hemisphere dunny. Things go both downhill and in straight lines for the Ordnance Survey. The latest news on the former High Peak Isolation Hospital. Dramatic late news from the USA leads back to Russia and Roulette Rebecca. Are the Monickers of Tom, Dick and Harry being replaced by Enivid, Ottilia, Wigbert and Arlo & Co? That is your end teaser, no peeking. Yes another mixed bag, welcome to the wacky world of family and social history. So sally forth into my latest social research on behalf of Derbyshire Family History Society members.

“Cryonic Suspension” must be on everyone's mind, and it's not an April Fools Day attachment. The full story broke when a sickly UK teenager (no pun intended) took UK High Court action to have her body suspended in a state of cryopreservation. Minus 196 degrees centigrade, her blood replaced by antifreeze, inverted in a tank with 5 other cadavers, on the likely chance that at some unknown date in the future her illness will be cured and she could resume her life. The cost £40,000 - £50,000 of which £10,000 is a Contingency Fund, the venue, the US of A. Just think, when the cadavers are raised Brexit/Non Brexit could be a thing of the past. Nigel Farage is now teetotal. Bookmakers are still quoting long odds on any leader of UKIP lasting more than 12 months. The Conservatives are also seeking a new leader, ideally named Maggie May. The Labour Party still cannot decide whether it is to be Revolution, Revelation, Restoration or Perambulation with no dummies to be thrown out of prams. The Liberals are down in the dumps. The Green Party are still hoping for a Spring to arrive early. The SNP have fully restored Hadrian's Wall, whilst Plaid Cymri plan to ditch Offa's Dyke. The “Honours List” is replaced by the “Black List”. Finally, Donald Trump eventually found a decent barber named Ali.

A serious trend for future family historians? Only 30% of funerals are conducted by the Church of England, the lowest number on record. The number of funerals held last year in C of E churches or by vicars at crematoriums and cemeteries accounted for 29.6% of deaths in England. In 2005 it was 42%.



The number of baptisms and weddings in church has also fallen. The large fall in C of E funerals, is not that less people are dying but the decline is due to people now asking for a religious ceremony at a crematorium. Monumental masons and undertakers must be warned before they fall into another man made "Black Hole."

In October 2016, the Vatican laid down tablets of stone regarding cremation. If your chosen loved one chooses to be cremated, you must not keep their ashes at home, scatter them at a special spot or have them turned into jewellery, perish the thought. A decree, authorised by the Pope, says that it prefers Catholics to be buried, but if cremated the ashes should be kept in a church or cemetery. 75% of people are now cremated after death in the UK, the number has more than doubled since the 1970's. There has been an increase in the unusual ways of the non-religious manners of disposing of human ashes, companies are turning them into gemstones --- combining them with paint or clay to create artworks --- pressed into vinyl records --- mixed into tattoo ink --- sent into space. A wide field of choice, choose later in life.

To complement that burning issue, also in October 2016, a new trend, but at 5,000+ years old, that is stretching a point of accuracy, more re-re-recycling. "The Willow Row Barrow" near St Neots, Cambridge has opened for business, a modern version of a neolithic long barrow containing 400 candle lit niches to house hundreds of hand crafted urns in a beehive like chamber of natural stone. Most niches have space for one or two urns, but also larger niches that can hold up to five urns. Built by the Sacred Stone Co of Bedfordshire (God's Honour), the idea was originally the brainchild of Tim Daw, a farmer and part-time steward at Stonehenge. This new long barrow followed two years after the creation of the first version of a modern long barrow in the Vale of Pewsey near Devizes, itself a response to the lack of burial space and the shift from traditional funeral rituals. Now the real final reckoning, the average cost of a traditional funeral is £3,800, prices at the new long barrow range from £1,950 - £7,000. I cannot confirm or deny that both barrows have a long waiting list.

"Valentine's Day Weddings" and same number dates such as March 3 2003 (03/03/03) one would naturally think should be a chink of brightness as opposed to the "gloom and doom" of the previous dialogue, but sadly that is not the case. Researchers at Melbourne University found that "Valentine's Day" and "same number dates" is not an auspicious day for wedlock.

Jan Kabatek and David Ribar's study found that St Valentines Day was the worst possible day of the year to get married. 11% of Valentine's Day and 10% of same number marriages failed within 5 years, compared with 8% on

ordinary dates. Their research was based on more than one million Dutch marriages between 1999-2013. A warning for those who go Dutch !

Private John Henry Hurst, serving on the WW1 battlefield at Ypres, went fishing amid the heavy shelling, to supply fresh fish for his comrades. He defied snipers and bombs to catch trout, eel and bream. His bravery came to light after his home/war made 17 foot bamboo rod appeared on an episode of BBC 1's Antiques Roadshow in 2016. It was conservatively valued at £5,000. He devised the rod, of a complex rhomboid criss cross cum spider's web construction to support the extra length to fish from a distance. Surviving the war both the rod and John Henry continued to fish in competitions for his Bradford team until the late 1930's. The rod failing to sell on his death in 1963, aged 75, it was stored in his daughter's attic. A Victor Bonutto bought and restored the unique rod, his plan is take it back to Ypres in order to raise money for the charity ---Fishing For Forces.



A September 2016 newspaper headline "Poisonous Australian Redback Spiders versus builder Jordan." brought back first hand memories of our first visit to New Zealand in 2006. Jordan, he sensitively only gave his first name, was recovering at home after he was bitten in a "dunny"(Aussie twang for an outside toilet). The old TV advert for "Foster's Beer" comically sets the scene, having being caught with his trousers down for the second

time in 5 months. Since his first experience he claimed that he had always taken the trouble to check toilet seats. On the second occasion he felt a sharp sting, followed by an intense pain in his nether region. A tetanus injection and a phial of anti-venom, was accompanied by an unsympathetic chorus of laughter from the hospital staff. Since an anti-venom was developed 50 years ago there have been no deaths in the average 2,000 people bitten each year. Nevertheless, Jordan is not risking any money on achieving a hat trick.

In 2006 whilst in Hamilton in the North Island of New Zealand we had occasion to visit what we in the UK would call a "Bring and Buy Sale" with the added bonus of coffee and home made cakes. We were joined by a couple of New Zealanders who had only recently returned from Australia, the female part of the duo had one arm swathed in elasticated bandages, having been bitten two weeks previously by a collaborating compatriot of Jordan's attacker. The arm had taken a turn for the worse, partly due to their delay in realising the seriousness of the bite and their late access to the anti-venom. To in-

terested parties the full gory details can be supplied in a plain wrapper. There are no red spiders recorded in N Z, although wasp nests are a health hazzzzzzzzard in remote country loo's.

The blood thirsty trail continues with the report that a new DNA research test, costing £120, by Somerset based inventors Living DNA, can trace each Briton's genetic make-up back to the counties where their forebears originated. Living DNA claims to be first service capable of breaking down how much of a person's ancestry is owed to 21 different parts of the country, from East Anglia to the Orkneys. Also producing maps of its clients' genetic matches as they go back through the generations as far as the human race's first foray out of Africa.

So to the Statute of Liberty and it's new lease of life. American poet Emma Lazarus, a too good to be true name for what follows, describes "The Statue of Liberty" as "A mighty woman with mild eyes whose beacon-hand glows world-wide welcome." *Reader be very aware !!!! That claim was made well before DT came riding shotgun into town.* To this might be added her iron and copper intestines, which have been ground up to sell as rings and trinkets." "Wear a piece of the most powerful icon for freedom and hope." That is the slogan for Liberty Copper, a range of jewellery made by Alex and Ani, a company based on Long Island. Stephen Briganti, Chief Executive of the Statue of Liberty Ellis Island Foundation claims that Lady Liberty had become a great American icon. The Foundation was a privately funded restoration project carried out in the 1980's. The iron ribs and innards that held up the statute had rusted and needed to be replaced bit by bit. The Foundation was left with several hundred tons of scrap metal, for which the estimated cost of disposal was \$2 million US dollars. Rick Stocks, from Tennessee, whose mother ironically passed through Ellis Island in 1911, approached the foundation, offering \$1 million dollars for the scrap. There was fears that the Liberty scrap would figure in some "yard sale" so strict conditions on the commercial usage was imposed. The royalties derived from the sale of scrap were vested in the National Parks Service. Rick Stocks set up a company named "Gold Leaf" which sold the scrap in a line of souvenirs including --- a copper plated motor bike ---Gibson guitar. A case of "Heigh Ho Silver and Gold Leaf."

It is now 25 years since I surrendered my Ordnance Survey (OS) "Warrant of Entry" but former work colleagues, from time to time, turn up like "Wise Men" on the doorstep of No 10, seeking the state of the kettle. So I am kept mildly abreast of the cataclysmic changes in cartography. The usage of GPS positioning has added both greater accuracy and the swifter depiction of changes in mapping. Stone age chaining was superseded by a succession of

tachometry, air survey, electro distance measurement, and now the 110 GPS sophisticated nationwide base stations, nothing escapes these eyes in the sky. HMG still has tentative plans to sell off the OS, currently raising £50 million from Whitehall Departments and £90 million a year from commercial sources and utilities. Coming soon is a new autonomous revolution in mapping. So not yet a “Goose and Golden Eggs” end of story.

So to the late, but premature death entry which has been made by the very much alive Kim Cattrall, ex-star of the famed TV series “Sex and the City” Her name mysteriously appeared on the Cattrall family gravestone. The cunning twist is that she put it there herself. Apparently Kim has already booked her place in the family plot in Holy Trinity churchyard, Wavertree, Liverpool. Her cousin, Michelle Cox, discovering the change accused the actress of disrespect. Born in Liverpool, Cattrall was only three months old when the family emigrated to Canada, returning to the UK when she was 11 years old. The downside is that if you prematurely carve your name on a gravestone before your time has come, it becomes liable to rave review news. Methinks a case of “Sex and what a pity.”



DFHS magazine readers may recollect my unsuccessful attempt to persuade English Heritage to list the former High Peak Isolation Hospital, Chinley. Promulgated in 1895, built in 1903, but closed due to a combination of the great strides in the treatment of infectious diseases and the

formation of the National Health Service in 1947. It was bought and converted into the administration centre for Chapel Rural District Council in 1954. Inherited by the High Peak Borough Council after Local Government Reorganisation, it was subsequently closed as an economy issue by the same authority. The site was placed on the open market in 2010. In October 2012, at a much reduced asking price, it was bought by the Stevenson Deane Property Co of Botany Business Park, Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire Their plan was to convert the former HPIH into prestigious office accommodation.

Having researched the history of the building from the local newspapers of 1895 to the present day, I was disappointed at the decision taken by English Heritage. Poignantly the former mortuary at the hospital housed all the BDM

Registers for High Peak Registry District. As part of the DFHS Registrar's Project, members Beryl Scammell, Ernie Drabble and myself, aided by many other willing Society members braved the ghosts of the past and together we spent years transcribing, what seemed at the time, the seeming endless shelves.

After the closure, for nearly 2 years time stood still, the buildings lay empty, then it was announced that the purchasers of the site intended to add another storey to the main buildings. A de facto storey adding to the story. Passing the site, almost daily, was a painful process, then plant appeared, a barrier was installed at the gate, roof slates removed. I am nothing if not by nature nosey so I paid a casual visit. I cannot even begin to estimate, how many building sites that I must have visited in my working life, but this was indeed something different. The original dressed stone, door lintels, and assorted impedimenta from on site, lay on stacked wooden pallets laid out in neat lines. The original triangular cross braced wooden roof trusses were stacked by size awaiting future re-cycling. No litter, no clutter, no bomb site like appearance --- magical.

In 1903 there was no nearby mains water supply that the HPIH could draw upon. To alleviate this problem sophisticated rain water storage tanks had been built into the vast roof voids. Each tank had an ingenious patented overflow to prevent flooding and retain the precious liquid commodity. Proudly affixed to each tank was the manufacturers nameplate. Several examples had been set aside by the developers to be freely offered to Industrial Museums. It was an almost "too good to be true" feeling. Additionally, the developers who knew nothing of the colourful history of the site welcomed me with open arms. Bingo. Not yet the end of story !

If your family history interest is locked on the surname Lomas and your family in lived in the Chapel-en-le-Frith area between 1621-1900 then you could be in for a belated Xmas present. Known for never ever turning anything down that is concerned with either local or family history in the High Peak, I have been recently handed eight different Lomas family trees covering the time scales between 1621-1900. There are 34 x A4 pages of 7 individual Lomas family trees centred around Chapel-en-le-frith area and a solitary one at Haslinghouses, Hartington. In addition there are 6 x A4 pages containing various Lomas family history that is not assigned to the aforementioned family trees. Copies are to be deposited at Bridge Chapel House. Derby.

2016 ended with dramatic news from the American Ycas family., I first met the extended Ycas family in St Petersburg in the mid 90's, four adults with children Skye 5 yrs and Trevor 7 yrs. I was clutching at straws keeping Rou-

lette Rebecca, a fellow English tourist, within eyesight and still retain my sanity. Hearing English spoken on a boat moored on the Fontanka Canal, our



*The Ycas family on the Fontanka Canal*

couplet at their invitation joined (gate crashed) a six pack family cruise of the River Neva and its associated canal systems. The 3+ hour tour nearly ended prematurely, when the Russian River Police intercepted our waterborne conveyance, alleging navigation violations of the special laws in force during "Warship Week" on the River Neva. 70 year old Martinus Ycas Snr, in time past, had lived in St Petersburg for many

years, also studying at the University, politely listened, then less than impressed, turned the tables with his own roubles worth of invective to the Russians in their own language. Names of note were bandied about, and the extortion attempt ended in embarrassment. Result, Yanks and Brits 8 --- Russian River Police 2.

Years have past and the invitation to Skye's wedding in Boulder, Colorado to a Bolivian Diplomat was politely turned down. The friendly and usually erudite correspondence continued. Christmas mail from Lavinia Ycas being particularly verbose, more mumsey than dramatic. The Ycas 2016 Christmas card changed that, Skye's short marriage ended in a quick divorce. Early in Nov 2016 her 18 month old daughter was kidnapped in Columbia by her diplomat husband. Only a few days before Christmas, after rigorous US diplomatic intervention, was the youngster returned to the Ycas fold.

Finally to my opening tongue twisting testing teaser. Enivid, *Euripedes*, *Figg*, *Hum*, *Koala*, *Npeter*, *Otilia*, *Uxorious*, *Wigbert*, *Xander*. If you subscribe or are hooked on reading the posh magazine "Tatler" then you should be streets ahead of other DFHS members. The names above in italics are according to Tatler among the lah-di-dah names for 2017. Enivid is Devine spelt backwards, a top name legacy allegedly from 2016. The N is silent in Npeter, so that'd be Peter then. The splendidly named but long winded Sir Hugh Vere Huntly Duff Munro-Lucas-Tooth of Teaninich, claimed to be the first MP to be born in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Tar-rah for now, not yet on anybody's list that I know, but that could change, TTFN.

**KEITH HOLFORD**

## Mystery Man



Two or three years ago this photograph appeared, apparently from nowhere, amongst the files on my computer. It was undated with just its dimensions, "JPG file" and "type unrated" appearing on the right click underneath.

Having absolutely no idea who he might be, or where he came from, I sent copies around to all family members, friends and, most importantly, numerous family history contacts, asking if any-one recognised him. Despite helpful and sometimes flippant replies, no-one did.

The main body of the photograph is coloured, but the superimposed one is in black and white. Would this be a portrait of his younger self or, perhaps, his father? Who knows?.....I certainly don't!

If this "rings a bell", or anyone can offer any help in any way, I would be delighted to know!

***Kay Borsberry [Mem 1652]  
19E Glenluce Road,  
Blackheath,  
SE3 7SD  
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## **THE WILKINSONS OF ILKESTON**

The earliest Wilkinson ancestor of whom I can be certain is my 3x great grandfather, Joseph. He was not baptised at Ilkeston, but a possible candidate was baptised at the adjacent village of Cossall on 19 December 1740, whose parents were John and Susannah. Two [actually three] of my Joseph's children also bore those names. Joseph married Elizabeth Bailey at Ilkeston on 12 October 1767, under the surname of Wilkistone—he was then a labourer. She was the daughter of Gilbert and Elizabeth. Joseph and his wife had 7 children; Elizabeth [1 and 2], Joseph and Susannah all died in infancy, and John [1] when aged 10, leaving Gilbert [my 2 x great grandfather] and John [2]. Joseph senior died in 1797, 12 years after his wife.

Gilbert, baptised on 13 December 1776, is next recorded at his marriage to Sarah Cullen at Southwell on 15 October 1811, she being of Upton by Southwell, the daughter of John and Mary. Gilbert was then of Nottingham, and it was at St Mary's that their twin sons, John and Gilbert, were baptised on 21 June 1812. The family evidently moved to Ilkeston soon after, as twin John was buried there in April 1813 and Joseph, my great grandfather, was baptised in the following year on 9 May. Gilbert's occupation at that time was a coal carrier. The occupation may have been associated with canals which, with the River Trent, link Ilkeston to Nottingham and Southwell. Gilbert was recorded as a farmer on Joseph's marriage certificate and Sarah was a farmer's widow and annuitant according to the 1851 census. Gilbert died in Ilkeston aged 48 [49?] and was buried on 26 April 1826.

In the 1841 census Joseph aged 25 [25-30] appeared as independent, living with John Cullen—presumably his mother's brother—and family on a 30 acre farm at Rolleston. This adjoins Upton, where his mother was born. In Bagshaw's Directory 1846 Joseph was listed as a farmer of Heage, near Belper. He married Mary Jennison on 14 February 1849 at Hazelwood, when they were both of Belper. She was the daughter of Christopher, a mechanic. Between 1850 and 1859, according to GRO certificates, Census return, Poll Book and Directory, Joseph farmed at the following addresses in Belper: Morley Hills, Sots Hole, Whitemoor and Upper Lane. All these lie in a small area between Heage and Belper, and it is possible that they refer to the same premises. In 1963 the Postmaster suggested it might be Morley Hill Farm, Over Lane and thought Upper Lane might be an old name for Over Lane. Joseph's mother, Sarah, lived with them until her death on 6 September 1853.

Joseph and Mary had seven children whilst at Belper; Gilbert, William, Walter [my grandfather born 4 April 1853], Joseph, Sarah, Elizabeth and John.



They must have moved to Ilkeston in 1859 or 1860, as their next son, Samuel, was born there on 12 May 1860. Two more children, Willoughby and Abner, completed the family, but while Abner was still a baby Mary died on 19 September 1865, aged 38. Probably Mary's mother, Elizabeth Jennison, by then a widow, came to look after the children, for she was recorded with the family in the 1871 census, and died there in 1874. Moving to Ilkeston, Joseph became a Pork Butcher, following this trade in Bath Street and Granby Street. There was a family disaster in the winter of 1870-71, when Sarah, Willoughby and Elizabeth all died of typhoid fever. Gilbert was the best known son, he spent several years in the USA before setting up as a pork butcher in Ilkeston—four of his brothers also followed that trade. He is listed in Truman 1887—A Portrait Gallery of Fifty of Ilkeston's Principal Inhabitants. Joseph senior died on 3 October 1885.

Walter, my grandfather, married Sarah Ann Bostock at St Mary's, Nottingham, on 24 June 1877. She was the daughter of Henry, a self-made man, who started as an illiterate 12 year old collier, progressing to be a cab proprietor in Nottingham, and eventually a colliery proprietor/Farmer. Walter had a butcher's business in Nottingham Road in 1881, but had moved to White Lion Square by 1891. In about 1907 he bought Poplar Farm at Kirk Hallam, living there until his death on 3 November 1918 in the influenza epidemic. Walter and Sarah Ann had 8 children—all but one [Fred, born 1891 died 1892], survived to adulthood. They were Joseph Henry, Gilbert, John [my father], Walter, Mary, Eliza [Cissie], Edith and Samuel. Cissie married Robert Marshall and they took over her father's butcher's premises in White Lion Square. Sam bought Poplar Farm after his father's death.

My father, John [often known as Jack] was born at Nottingham Road on 15 February 1881. He trained as a teacher and moved to South Yorkshire in 1903, where he married Lilian Thompson, daughter of George Arthur, proprietor of the Horse and Groom Hotel in Goldthorpe. John was a keen footballer, playing for Ilkeston in the Midland League, and on moving to Yorkshire, played as an amateur for Barnsley in the 2nd Division. He served in the RHA in India during World War I and on his return became head of Highgate Boys School, Goldthorpe, until his retirement in 1943. His last 5 years were spent at Rowton, near Chester, where he died on 27 October 1961, aged 80.

I expect there are Wilkinson descendants still in Ilkeston, and I should be glad to hear from any of them. I have further information on the 19th and 20th century families, but would dearly like to know more about the 18th century—or before?

*Walter Wilkinson [Mem 7212], 25 School Road, Finstock,  
Chipping Norton, Oxon OX7 3BN*

## **Memories of Tapton House School**

*An new acquisition for the library is Memories of Tapton House School, by Len Thompson. A fascinating read and absolutely full of photographs of teachers, scholars and activities. The school no longer exists, but this book is compiled by old scholars who have all contributed their memories. There are plenty of names to go at, so come and have a look if you are interested in this part of the world. As a taster, the following is one of the short accounts submitted by Doug Morris, who was a scholar at the school from 1937-1941.*

The summer holiday of 1937 was, I recall, a glorious one with the days spent playing cricket and marred only by the thought that, come September, my two best friends and I would part company. They were off to the grammar school whilst I went to Tapton. As a parting gift during our last game of cricket, my best friend send down a dodgy inswinger, which neatly removed the tubercular gland—the cause of my illness—from my neck. This had a twofold effect; one a lifetime disaffection for all team sports, but at the same time providing me with one of the most useful pieces of equipment to be found in an 11 year old boy's pocket, a hospital Doctor's note. Armed with this and a large bandage holding some thick black tar and iodine ointment to the hold in my neck I arrived at my new school in September 1937.

The note, which announced to the staff that I had to attend hospital on three mornings one week and two the next until further notice, plus the evidence around my neck, gained me immediate sympathy from staff and seniors alike and I exploited it to the full. Alan Musson, who I think was Markham House captain at the time, always turned a blind eye when I frequently turned up late for assembly. Vivian Handforth and Jessie Yele, two of the senior girls, appeared as if by magic if I seemed to be getting the worst of a schoolboy tussle. The sympathy also extended to my academic prowess, as despite my poor showing in attendance and term exams I was never “back squadded” and stayed in the Remove for my first three years. I chickened out of 4SC and went into 4E but left at the age of fourteen to avoid sitting the East Midland Exams.

Not that I disliked school. I enjoyed English with JKG Hoffman, coped reasonably well in maths and geometry with Swiller Wilkins and Frank Silcock. I never missed science or woodwork with Sniff Fawcett or metalwork with Mac Macara. Geography under Harry Routledge; music with Nobby Clarke and history with Bandy Heathcote were not so appealing and my well thumbed note came in for some heavy use. The female staff were just as brilliant as the men, and Misses Clark, Wildin, Wood, Phoenix, Spot Stanley and Titty Clayton under the expert and disciplined headship of Tubby mellor pro-

vided a team very hard to beat and would today put any Ofsted reject school back in two days flat.

The seniors of my first two years were a very active attractive lot with some good footballers like Bill Whittaker, Cyril Thorneycroft and Joe Spence, whose father played for Chesterfield, among them. There were also some delightfully attractive girls; Nancy Paul, Betty Ford, the Sambrooks, Norrie Blankley and a ravishing blonde, I think her name was Betty Radford. She had been spotted one day snogging on the woodland path with Frank Dauncey and was the object of most of the male juniors' lustful fantasies.

The 1937 intake had its fair share of characters. Alan Vickers, who was in the Scouts with me, was the first person I knew who could do wheelies on his bike long before the term and mountain bikes were invented. He became a pilot in the RAF attached to the Queen's Flight. Don Robertshaw who had brothers and sisters, all musical, at the school, gained some distinction in the Indian army. Joe Smedley, who was envied because he had a part time job on the dodgem cars on a fairground. Jeff Hughes, probably the first war casualty of our year, killed in a flying accident as an ATC cadet at the age of 14 or 15, Trevor Swann and Lawrence Gainey, who were my particular chums, helped voer for me when I played "wag" from school.

The most infamous character, however, was Melvin Fardell. He really deserves a book on his own, for his exploits were legion. When my daughter was small she refused to go to sleep unless I told her a Fardell story. One of his exploits was to smash a lot of plant pots [no one knew why he did it] in the conservatory and he was chased all over the school by a most irate Tubby. We marvelled at Fardy's audacity as we were only allowed on these sacrosanct stairs on Commemoration Day. He once put a little Demon firework in a wasps' nest, which resulted in about forty pupils being treated for stings by Miss Muir who dabbed copious applications of "blue bag" to faces and legs. The placed looked as though a new plague had descended. He threatened a member of staff with a spanner, sank a small boat in the canal and was always in some form of trouble. His most memorable one, I think, was when he packed some calcium carbide into an inkwell, rammed down with blotting paper, in Room 1. It exploded just after the detention period had started at 1 o'clock and spattered the beautiful ceiling and everyone in the room, including Mr Routledge, with best blue school ink.

1939 brought the war years and school life was interrupted. Air raid shelters were dug, fire watching duties and First Aid classes started,. Male staff disappeared, seemingly overnight, into the army, navy and air force where they all served with courage and distinction.

My proclivity for playing truant [and I herewith stake my claim for the record over 1, 2 and 3 years] was the cause of some frustration during this period. I was on one of my illicit forays in the Barrow Hill area and rounded a corner to be faced by two men in overalls shouting “get down, get down”. They disappeared beneath their lorry and I scrambled under the nearest hedge as a solitary Heinkel 111 loosed off a few rounds in our general direction. It was exciting and frightening, but I daren’t brag about it as I was more frightened that Tubby would find out I was playing truant.

There were very few apples in the educational barrel that was Tapton House School in the late 1930s and early 1940s and I look back with affection on those days and cherish the friendships made there. Quite a few of my old friends, now in their seventies, are still around and I can say with certainty that, due to Tubbys influence, there will not be an unintelligent, ill-mannered litter lout amongst the lot of them.

There are hundreds of stories of Tapton lurking in fast declining brain cells and I hope that there have been sufficient to enable a reasonable book to be compiled.

### **SOME BRIDAL HINTS**

All who kiss the bride after the ceremony before the husband does so secure for themselves good luck for the year.

If the happy pair drive to the church to be married, it is unlucky for the bride’s horse or horses to stumble. Let their driver, therefore, be cautious.

Should two members of one family intermarry with two members of another they incur the danger of death to one of them within the year.

A bridal party should not leave land; if they do they should beware of going down stream.

If the bride wishes to look at herself in the glass after making her toilet, she must leave one hand ungloved.

When a bride has started on her wedding journey she must on no account return to her former home. If anything has been forgotten she must have it sent on, not go back and fetch it.

*Derby Mercury, 12 Feb 1915*

## **The Cope Family Ventures in Buxworth**

Over a three day weekend in June 1992 the “Friends of Buxworth/Bugsworth School inaugurated the first “Bygone Buxworth”. It was held in Buxworth School. The turnout was something to write home about. The school was packed to the gunnels with past and present villagers jostling to see both the historical displays and to meet up with long lost friends. The outcome at a postmortem meeting was that with the numerous offerings of more historical material and the interest generated, that a further 10 day exhibition would be staged when the school was not operational during the summer. This occurred in the summer of 1994.

A taste of what was on offer in 1992 follows. The Navigation Inn staged a “Canal Themed Weekend” Richard Hall, the then Chinley milkman brought his shire horses to the Bugsworth Basin. Opposite Buxworth School a slide show and lecture entitled “The Peak Forest Canal and the Bugsworth Basin” was held in the former Primitive Methodist Tabernacle Chapel. A display of old photographs and documents was mounted in the main schoolroom. Morris Dancers, Clog Dancers, Live Theatre and a Jazz and Blues Bands filled in the gaps. I produced a 28 page booklet plainly entitled “Bugsworth” for the occasion. An amalgam of local residents recounted businesses and ventures that I edited into an article entitled “Shop-keeping in Bugsworth over 60 years.” Other villagers contributed various Bugsworth/Buxworth related articles. The booklet sold well and feedback came back fast and furious, mostly landing into my possession as the historical editor. One of the families mentioned was the Cope family who had over many years ran three separate businesses in Bugsworth/Buxworth, ending in 1944. Derek Cope, their son, unsolicited, furnished me with a 20 page account of their business dealings, plus a chronological list denoting the names of previous landlords who had kept either the Bull's Head or the Navigation Inn. The list of landlords spanned the years 1842—1941.

Keith Holford. November 2016

### **Running a business in Buxworth 1932- 1944**

Derek's edited article reads --- My parents first commercial venture was the chip shop, which stood at the foot of “ The Dungeon” the footpath that runs from the former Post Office on New Road, diagonally to the Navigation Inn, adjacent to the Bugsworth Basin. It was a dark wooden shack with a steeply sloping roof and a brick chimney at the side facing the Black Brook. There was a serving counter on the left with the frying fittings behind, a long table with a bench seat faced the counter. At the back, steps led down to the dank and dismal storage area for the fish, potatoes, oil and mineral waters, with a small extension at the rear for the empties.

Now this occupation was the before the latter days of the redoubtable “Maude Stiles ” -- Chip Shop Keeper Extraordinaire. In fact my earliest memories in life are connected with the “*fip fop*”. The chip cutter was on the serving counter. A long handled lever with a heavy metal block below forced down the potatoes into a mesh of blades, the square chips then fell into a basin below. No bags of ready made chips, you made your own. The fish was delivered to the Buxworth Station in wooden tubs packed with ice. One memory is going with my mother to collect the tub on a cold winter-day, the ground being covered in snow. The fish tub was lowered onto a small porter's trolley and I can still hear the crackle of the frozen snow under the iron wheels of the trolley as we left the station. After a year or two with the chip shop, my parents moved into the realms of higher commerce and took on the Navigation Inn, always known as “The Navyy”. Life was broadening and memories are now more plentiful.



*Maude's Chippy was the small square building, left centre behind the bridge*

In an article in “Derbyshire Life” (June 1983) Roy Christian called it “a most interesting old pub”. Perhaps, but it is now very different place from the one I knew in the early 1930's, and in my view it has lost much of its individuality. The buildings at that time still showed signs of the former activities connected with the Bugsworth Basin. The extension at the east end contained cart sheds, then used by Bert Ashby both as his garage (*and his local coal delivery service by horse and cart. Ed*). At the end of the block were stables with the stalls still in position, but used as a store for junk or for my father's motor-cycle and a paraffin heated incubator in which he raised chicks. Forming a right angle with the stables was a large floored outhouse used as washhouse. The floor above all these divisions was reached by a flight of steps and a narrow verandah, these contained the offices and workshops of Messrs Barnes, Hill and Barnes Ltd, riddle makers. The proprietor was Jack Barnes, what happened to the other Barnes and the mysterious Mr Hill I never knew. The riddles were handed down from the verandah onto the lorry of Charlie Cooke from Chapel-en-le-firth, a memorable figure in a long overcoat and bowler hat. (*A fuller picture of riddle making at Buxworth appears on page 94 in “Peakland” published in 1954, author Crichton Porteous. Ed*).

A flagged passage ran around the end of the east block, with a set of disused pig-sties on the other side adjoining a larger building that must have been a former bakehouse since there were baking ovens in one corner. We used the place as a coal store. At the west end of the north frontage, below the shop window, was a ramp of two heavy timbers over steps (still there) down which beer barrels were lowered gently into the cellars which partly ran underneath the Navy shop. The 36 gallon wooden barrels were pushed off the dray on to a large thick cushion shaped pad to prevent bursting, and then lowered down the ramp by means of two thick ropes and great exertion by the draymen. It was an operation of considerable interest to local children.

Once in the cellar, the barrels were wedged onto wooden cradles ready for "tapping". This involved forcing a wooden tap through a bung in the lower side of the barrel face and then adding a small wooden peg into a hole on the middle of the top of the barrel. Pipes led up through the ceiling to the hand pumps in the bar above. During our tenancy the metal pipes were replaced with thick glass pipes which allowed the sight of the amber liquid being lifted up to the bar as the pumps were operated from above.

The Navy at this time, early 1930's, looked very different inside from today's open plan arrangement. From the front door facing the New Road, a wide passage ran through the pub to the south frontage facing the Bugsworth Basin. On the right was a narrow serving bar with a zinc-covered counter, beer pumps to the left and shelves above with rows of glasses and tins of biscuits. Behind and reached from a short passage at the end of the bar, was "The Snug", a small longish room, well named, with three or four round iron tables. An oblong table at the window end was used by the domino players. With a bright fire blazing, it was indeed very snug. Next on the right was the "Front Room", paradoxically at the back of the pub but may hark to the former operating days of the canal system when it was more likely to have been used as the main entrance to The Navy.

The Front Room contained the usual round cast-iron tables, bench seats ran along the walls and there were bentwood chairs elsewhere. On the middle of the opposite wall was a fireplace and a mantelpiece holding a heavy marble clock. To the left of the fireplace, in the corner, was a piano, frequently used, since the Front Room was, in a sense, the "Concert Room".

On the left, opposite the Front Room, was the "Tap Room", a bleak unwelcoming room which was seldom used, and then to the north front of the pub again, our living room, shielded from the vulgar gaze of the customers by a wooden screen just inside the room. Between this room and the serving bar mentioned were enclosed stairs, one set going down to the cellar by risky

stone steps, and one set above stairs to the upper floor, open from the front door so that a person could go upstairs without entering the pub, and it also opened up to the living room.

Using the upstairs one reached a landing. Opposite the top of the stairs was a bathroom, and to the left "The Club Room" which ran the whole depth of the pub from front to back. It contained, on the right, a billiard table, seldom used, and various unused articles of furniture including a drum shaped knife cleaner. Opposite the door stood another piano, this was seldom played, on the left a long table used on club nights by the AOF (Ancient Order of Foresters). They also had a storage cupboard. On the right on the landing were two bedrooms. The "Back" bedroom was directly over the downstairs Front Room, but the "Front" bedroom was where it should be, at the front of the public-house. All very contradictory, but it caused no problems, we knew where we were.

There was no electricity or central heating. All the rooms had fireplaces for coal fires and illumination was by gas. A pipe came down from the ceiling to a circular bracket which held a glass globe, inside an incandescent gauze like mantle fitted on the end of the pipe to provide the light. The gas was turned on and off by a thin dangling chain, a lighted match or taper near the mantle lit the gas with a "pop". Since the mantle filament was incredibly fragile it took great care not to touch the mantle, when it would disintegrate.

In the front room was the piano on which performers among the customers would entertain the clientele, most of them had a limited repertoire. One soon got to know what was coming. If old Bill Gould took to the ivories you knew that --- "I bring thee red, red roses" was coming. My parents would give duets with their backs to the marble clock. I never felt that they were the stuff of which opera singers are made. At times it caused me some secret embarrassment. Their staple repertoire was --- "When the moon comes over the mountains". It was a song lifted from one of our gramophone records and performed to a much improvised accompaniment. One performer, Fred Burbage, nicknamed "Brum" possessed a rich fruity voice of distinct character, a tremendous wobble known as "vibrato". He could make magic with the song "Me and Jane in a plane". Mechanical entertainment came from a gramophone which stood on a table in the passage opposite the Front Room, records by Jack Payne, Debroy Somers, Leyton and Johnson, Albert Sandler, Teddy Brown, the musical celebrities of the era.

In the living room we had a "wireless" they were not yet called "Radios". This was the time of home made radios, and ours, the first we had ever had, was constructed by my Uncle Harry. It was large square wooden box with a



fret-worked plywood front with a rising sun design – very common then – backed by some gilded fabric. A graduated dial at the front was for tuning and a set of push buttons for changing the wavelength. An aerial wire extended from the back of the radio, through a hole bored in the window frame and onto the roof. The radio was powered by a large dry battery and a wet accumulator, a large clear square glass container containing acid that had to be recharged from time to time – a service provided by the radio shops of the day and garages. Tiny white and red balls floating in the acid gave a hint as to the need to be recharged. I quickly took to the radio programmes and I would read the programmes printed in the daily newspapers to see if Reginald Dixon was “on” today. Sometimes, as a special treat I was allowed to stay up late to listen to the live dance band relays, hoping to hear “Wheezy Anna” or “Lets all sing like the birdies sing” my favourite song at the time.

Some of “The Navy ” customers stay in the memory, for differing reasons. Tom Ratcliffe, had a watch chain which carried a dark red stone set in a ring, always known as “The Bloodstone”. Jodie Rogers, who could only light his pipe by lifting his arm stiffly forward of his body in a wide semi-circle thus lighting the pipe from the front, the result of a WW1 wound. “Joss Barrow” Williams who once affronted my six year dignity by squirting a mouthful of beer into my face. No doubt a small child could be a pest to some of the customers but no one else was so forthright about it .

Occasionally we had boarders for short periods. When the gasholder below Rosey Bank was dismantled in the early 1930's, one of the workmen, a Yorkshire man called Bill White stayed with us and became a great chum of mine. A local chap, Dick Bradbury, had the front bedroom for a time. Dick played in the Chinley and Buxworth Silver Band, often practising his euphonium in his bedroom. He tried to get my mother to polish the instrument, but she declined his every overture. Two Scots, Jock and Hughie Haining shared one room. One morning Jock was cooking breakfast on the gas cooker in the living room and sent me upstairs to tell Hughie that “his wee breakfast was ready” a message I delivered verbatim. More transient visitors included newspaper representatives trying to persuade villagers to change from the “The News Chronicle” to the “Daily Dispatch” or the reverse. When the “Walker and Homfrays” brewery representative came-- a Mr Knibb appropriately enough, as I remember him solely by the flashing gold fountain pen he flourished – there was an air of “general inspection” on his visits. My parents appeared anxious and on their best behaviour, a novel sight in grown-ups .

A constant preoccupation in a pub was “time”and its observance, with the constant threat of lurking policemen observing breaches of the licensing

hours. If the coast was clear, favoured customers were sometimes allowed refuge in the kitchen and served refreshment at unorthodox hours. Alarming and horrific First World War experiences were often related, while other ex-servicemen preferred to stay silent on the horrors they had witnessed. The strict licensing hours were occasionally relaxed to allow “an extension” for some special function, a significant magisterial favour rarely granted and accordingly savoured.

For a child living in a pub life was all pros and cons. One could be made much of by some customers out of indirect deference to the landlord. On the other hand, service and activity continued long after bedtime. It seemed an unfair world where grown-ups could stay up as long as they liked, especially frustrating around Christmas when the pub was busy and noisy, and one was packed off to bed and forced to listen to the noise of the revelry below and wishing you too could stay up like the grown-ups.

Food then played little part in pub fare, the bar served sweet wafer biscuits and cream crackers with a cheese that was significantly hard and largely unpalatable. That was the sum total on offer. My mother would bake batches of oval savoury ducks, still available today in some High Peak shops. Offal was minced in small bright cast-iron mincers that clamped onto the edge of the kitchen table. Everyone at this time seemed to own a similar contraption. The offal was minced with bread, onion and dried sage, shaped into ovals and baked slowly in the gas oven. They were especially popular around Christmas.

Pubs were, and still are, often the headquarters of various clubs and societies. The Navy was then the HQ of the village football team, Buxworth Athletic the appendage “Athletic” was then the “buzz word”. The players used the Tap Room as a changing room, almost its sole use, to the sounds of lively chit-chat and the strong smell of embrocation. For half-time refreshment my mother prepared coffee in a huge enamel bucket, a gallon or more, the coffee grains sewn in a cloth bag. I doubt if it was very hot by the time it reached the ground on Barren Clough (*Now renamed Western Lane. Ed*). On one celebrated occasion the team won the local league cup, a trophy which graced the sideboard of our living-room, until it was borne away by the renowned Nora Cotterill. We even had a song about the team at this time that included the names of all the star players.

Besides the football team, the Navy was also the clearing house for betting, being regularly visited by local bookies, Tim Oldham from Whaley Bridge and a Mr Wright. They came to collect the little piles of bets written on odd bits of envelopes or cigarette packets with the accompanying silver

threepences and sixpences, it was seldom more. Shillings were reserved for horses who were odds on certainties. Overheard conversations mention jockeys --- Gordon Richards, Harry Wragg and Freddie Fox, owners Lord Derby, Dorothy Paget, the Aga Khan and trainer Captain Boyd- Rochfort. Later a telephone was installed in the living-room and then the bets were transmitted by this new technology to a central office at Whaley Bridge. The telephone was used for little else. On one memorable occasion my mother backed a good priced winner named "Jean's Dream". With the proceeds she bought a pair of stylish snake skin shoes.

I have mentioned the "Club Room". Here on a Friday evening members of the sonorously titled "Court of Endeavour No 823. Ancient Order of Foresters" came to pay their dues and draw sickness entitlement. The room was strictly out-of-bounds for me. My father's card shows that in 1932 he paid 2s 8d (12p) per month subscription. My card shows that I was enrolled in the Juvenile Foresters in 1931, on my behalf he paid 6d in old money per month. Interestingly, in view of the rumpus over the name of the village (Bugsworth/Buxworth) my card had been updated to Buxworth. Later I was initiated as a full blown member with due ritual and solemnity.

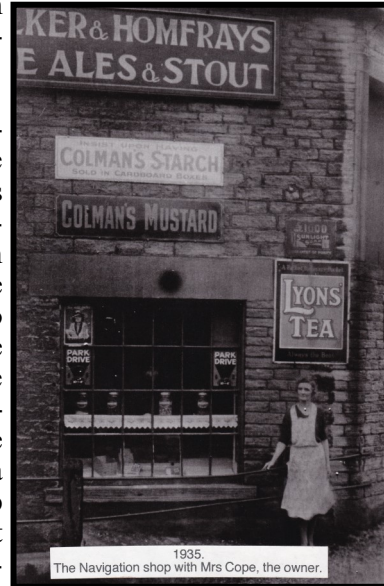
By now we had kept the pub for about four years when my parents decided on a change of bushiness, taking over the Navigation Shop from Matthew Smith. Perhaps the increase of a pint of beer to 5 old pence per pint from 2 old pence was killing off the trade. Or my mother felt it was wiser to keep my father's hand at a distance from the beer pumps. I shall never know: matters of high policy were not then revealed to children.

Moving to the Navy Shop was hardly "flitting" since it was only next door and I remember that my father moved the furniture on a small cart with the help of friends. Like the pub premises, the shop as it was then cannot have changed much with the years. There were still signs of its previous use both as a shop and a canal office. The back wall was filled with pigeon holes, some with small drawers, presumably for carriers orders, bills and such documents. Near the front door was a Post Office type posting box for their reception.

A large display window at the end facing the New Road was flanked by shelves on each side and below, divided into compartments. There were other larger under the window on the long side facing Silk Hill. The main counter stood in front of the pigeon holes with another lighter counter to the left, with a raising flap between them. The shop had a bare stone flagged floor, with the luxury of a strip of carpet on the serving side. We had no automatic slicer and no refrigerator – in a Derbyshire winter a fridge was hardly needed, but

we had a Valor paraffin heated stove which I guess would not now be allowed anywhere near food premises .

I have sometimes wondered how customers entered the shop in the days when the canal was still operative. Old photographs of the long side show three sets of windows on the ground floor but no door in the middle as we knew it. Was the entrance from the pub yard? Another old photo shows what looks like a doorway in the corner between the pub and shop, but there is no obvious sign of a blocked up doorway from the outside. As one entered the shop from the ground level front door, a door on the left gave entrance to the shop and immediately in front was a door that gave access to our living quarters. A passage gave access to the shop from the living quarters, and at the end in an alcove was a gas cooker. On the right, stairs led up to the front of the building, and a door on the right gave direct access to our living room. As one entered the living room, directly opposite was a small window a fireplace and an oven, a cast iron multi -purpose range with steel fender in front and a suspended wooden clothes drying rack above. To the right in a cupboard was a sink with pot shelves above. The wall to the right had a large window. Unusually, both windows were closed with wooden shutters that locked with a flat metal bar and which during the day folded back into side recesses. This appeared to be the legacy of a safeguarding system of older times. There were no shutters in the shop premises or Navvy and I never came across any other similar shutters in the village. Anyhow they made for excellent “black-out curtains” during WW2.



Upstairs on the left was the main bedroom, while to the right a wide landing area had been partitioned off with wooden screening that fell short of the ceiling to form another bedroom. This was my bedroom over several years. This might have been a storeroom in previous years, evidenced by a wooden door closing what was presumably a loading entrance facing the road. It is now masonry but in a photograph circa 1935, the outline of the original wooden door can be seen. There was a fireplace on the same side, but at that time all the bedrooms in the Navigation complex contained fireplaces.

This bedroom has some vivid memories for me. Sometimes when awakening

during the night I would hear a slow measured chuffing, suddenly broken up by a flurry and speeded up bursts of sound from an heavily laden goods train labouring up the railway embankment along Brierley Green. Then there was that never forgotten night in WW2 when I first heard the sound of German bombers flying to attack Merseyside and Manchester, a sound immediately recognised for what it was, for my father had often described the peculiar sound of their engines having heard them in WW1. On one occasion I was ill and I had the unusual luxury of a fire in my bedroom with the reflections of the firelight moving over the walls and ceiling. I don't remember there being any lights upstairs. Did we have candles? The downstairs rooms and shop were lit by gas as was the Navvy.

Behind the landing bedroom was a sealed door, and next to it was a door leading up to three or four stairs into an empty, very dusty attic lit by roof lights, a room never used except for storing junk. One fascinating feature was a raised wooden section the size of a kitchen table, by heaving up the top one could see into the corner of the Navvy's back bedroom. It points to the fact that originally that the pub and the shop must at one time have been one establishment, the shop being separated from the whole. The gas cooker alcove downstairs could also have been a connecting doorway.

What did we sell? A wide selection of fresh foodstuffs including bacon, cheese, boiled ham, margarine (but not butter) fresh bread and cakes, biscuits. A variety of tinned goods, sardines, salmon, corned beef, syrup and treacle, tinned fruit and condensed milk. Other consumables included jam, sugar, tea, coffee, cigarettes and tobacco. Confectionery, boiled sweets from 7lb glass jars, slab toffee, chewing gum, chocolate and mineral waters. Besides the fit and well, we catered for the local ailing with branded medicines such as Aspro, Beecham's Powders, Rennies, sticky plasters and bicarbonate of soda. We also stocked a selection of miscellaneous every day requirements, matches, gas mantles, sticky flycatchers, dolly blue, starch, "Monkey Brand" rubbing stones, green household soap and "Cherry Blossom" boot polish.

These were all tried and tested "lines" that would sell in any event. There was little inclination for experimenting with doubtful new products and unfamiliar lines were treated with reserve when travellers tried to extol their merits, although there was ample shelf room to double the stock we kept. Similarly our suppliers and brands were old allies unchanging over the years: Black and Greens tea, Crawford's biscuits, Hartley's jams, John West salmon, Fray Bentos corned beef, Carnation tinned milk, Birkett and Bostock's bread. Familiar cigarettes brands included Player's, Woodbines, Gold Flake, Craven A and Players Weights. Much favoured "pops" were Dandelion and Burdock,

Sarsaparilla, American Cream Soda and Lime Juice and Soda. A penny a bottle was added to the price to encourage the return of the empties.

Our suppliers were mainly from the Stockport area, George Little of Underbank, Stockport for ham, bacon and other perishables. Barrowdales for confectionery, Birkett and Bostock for Champion bread, Watters Westbrook for tobacco, while cakes were supplied by Wilson's of New Mills and the wide ranging Broadhursts of Nantwich. Mineral waters came from further afield, the Palatine Bottling Co of Manchester. They also supplied the Navy.

Some of the "reps", or "travellers" as we called them come to mind. Mr. Whalley from Watters Westbrook was an earnest, youngish man, very deferential, he made you feel that your modest order was the big deal of the day, though no doubt small stuff in his scheme of things. In those days perhaps any business at all was welcome. Wilson's Brewery was represented by tall, lean lip smacking Clifford Rose, who must long ago have tired of cheeky plays on his name. Most welcome was Mr. Grimshaw of John Borrowdales, an elderly, portly, jaw clenching, dignified, amiable gentleman carrying a Gladstone type bag stuffed with sweet samples in small bottles and a variety of chocolate bars. These he would spread over the counter for inspection, it was fascinating to watch him deftly stow them away again. It looked impossible, but long practice had made him the master of getting a quart into a pint pot. Yet, somehow there always seemed to be one leftover that he just couldn't make room for, which was pushed over the counter to me with a resigned air. He was of course my favourite traveller.

We added to our sales with some home produced items. My father had kept poultry for years before we took over the Navy shop, but we now sold our own hen and duck eggs. My mother made regular batches of teacakes, mixed in a very large earthenware bowl, rising the mixture before the iron kitchen range, later used to bake the self same items.

As a child my interest was in the sweets. One staple item for my modest pocket was "Banana Splits", a cheap slab toffee sandwich of brown and yellow at 2d per quarter pound, broken with a small steel hammer. The usual purchase was 2ozs, since a 1d was usually as much as my funds would stretch to. At 4d per quarter you were going it some, and there were even breathlessly expensive chocolates at 6d per quarter for the really affluent, all served in conical paper-bags twisted at the top corners. Serving sweets was one of my jobs in the shop, I dealt with the easy things like weighing sweets and biscuits, handling tins and jars, anything in packets. Bread came already wrapped in strong grease proof paper, but nothing needing dexterity or judgement like cutting boiled ham or bacon. We had no automatic slicer and the

ham and bacon were cut by hand with a large bladed carving knife. I was from time to time sent to the William Deacons Bank on the New Road at Buxworth to draw 5 shillings worth of copper from Geoffrey Stamper the bank clerk. The 60 pennies (*There were 240 pennies to an old pound. Ed*) were enclosed in a stiff, blue paper cylinder and often wondered how the bank ever got them inside. Honest days-- I was never waylaid on my way back down The Dungeon.

Roy Christian relates that "in the 1890's the Navigation Shop was turning over an average of £100 per week" and those were the days when a pound was worth a pound. I doubt if my parents took that much money in a month. "Regular" customers were allowed weekly credit. Considering the time, it was a mistake, though nearly all the customers paid up.

As with the Navvy pub, some of the more individual customers come to mind. From time to time, "Irish Tommy" would appear, an elderly tramp who shuffled into the shop for an invariable "penno'th o'sugar", about 4ozs then. Or "Little Dan" Thorpe from the Rose and Crown Farm, never seen without his large peaked cap jammed down, walking with an uneven knock-kneed gait. He had a pessimistic approach to shopping opening his requests by saying "You haven't got a such and such, have you?" If one had to admit failure to stock his required item, he would conclude with "No, I didn't think you would have", his expectations, or lack of them were then confirmed. Gilbert, also from the Rose and Crown, a strong silent type, plagued by dyspepsia, would lean back slightly and gaze somewhere above your head into the suspended packets before requesting his habitual "Packet of Rennie's". Maria Bailey, prone to accidents when lighting the gas, was a good customer for gas mantles, informing you that once again "we'n knocked it off". Frank Holford had a slight stammer, and in purchasing his favourite brand of cigarettes would request "A doo-ooo-ooo - double woodbine". On one memorable occasion we were visited by two young Germans on foot who bought bacon. They made an impression since foreigners were as rare as diamonds in Buxworth. There was much speculation later on for the real reason of their visit.

Opening hours were somewhat elastic. It usually started off with the men from the adjacent riddle works coming around about 8am for a "brew" bringing jugs, tea and sugar in small metal containers, we supplied the hot water and milk. We did not close for lunch or tea and we would be often called into the shop to serve during our meal times. Nominal closing time was 8pm, but even then customers would call in an emergency or forgetfulness, confident that they would still be served. Sundays were no exception until WW2 reductions in trade made it no longer worthwhile and from March 1942 we closed on Sundays.

Wartime brought other changes. Most significantly rationing, which became increasingly stringent as the war went on. For the rationed foods had to be “registered” with a retailer, a retailer who alone could supply the particular item, though rationed foods could be bought in any shop willing to sell them. Increasingly the shopkeepers tended to keep other goods, especially those in demand or in short supply for their “registered” customers in order to keep their trade. It was possible at times to re-register with a different retailer if you were not satisfied, though as the war progressed there was not much to choose. I remember that my parents applied this unofficial rationing to cigarettes. *(Ed. The basic weekly ration was fixed at 4oz of bacon, 2oz of tea, 8oz of sugar, 1lb of meat, 8oz of fats, 3ozs of Cheese and 2 pints of milk)*

The paperwork connected with rationing was a pain in the neck. Ration books contained pages for each food, divided into coupons numbered for each week of the rationing year, it was the shopkeeper's job to clip out these fiddly little squares when supplying the ration. They were easily lost, it would have been much easier just to cancel them, but the continuation of supply depended on submitting the various coupons. On the other hand there was a small allowance for “spillage” in distribution and with great care a little could be gained over the strict ration, a sort of perk but not much.

The wartime introduced us to a few new types of foods, foods that we had not seen or heard of before, these mostly came from America. The most famous of all was “Spam”-- spiced ham in tins – much welcomed on its first appearance by our by then deprived palates. Other were “Snoek”--whale meat, dried milk and powdered egg, a powder like custard. In our depleted state, anything was welcomed, but some things were more welcome than others.

One year we augmented our supplies by keeping pigs. This was a wartime scheme by which a householder could rear two pigs, keeping one for domestic use and sending the other to a bacon factory. The two we kept lived largely on kitchen scraps boiled up into a swill augmented by some meal and a peculiar compound called “Tottenham Pudding”, a grey compact wedge looking a lot like suet pudding that had gone off. It was supplied to pig keepers in the scheme. We kept the pigs in our poultry run between the canal arms near “The Wide Hole”. They lived in the remains of the stone crusher, which was floored with old railway sleepers making an admirable sty. My job was to prepare swill in an old wash boiler that my father mounted on bricks with a fire-grate below. For firewood I gradually demolished the remains of a ruined longboat that had been abandoned years ago at the end of the nearby canal arm. To keep up the supply, kitchen waste was collected from neighbours enticed by the promise of slices of pork when the time



came . A lot of pigs went that way, but the bacon, ham, chops and offal that we kept was a godsend. ( *With no refrigeration available! Ed*)

A similar scheme applied to poultry keepers. Poultry food was rationed and in order to obtain supplies of the milling by-products --- bran --- sharps--- thirds --- and middlings that went into poultry mash, one had to register with a supplier and in return send a quota of eggs to a packing station. Strangely at this time “chicken” was not a common item of our diet as it is now become. It tended to be treated as something of luxury, reserved for Christmas.

Shortage of supply in wartime meant that the recovery of re-usable materials had a high priority, now more familiar under the umbrella name of “Recycling” but in WW2 it was “Salvage”: paper, card, bottles, tins, rags and even bones were collected for. By comparison the present vogue for recycling seems half-hearted.

Before the end of WW2 there came a change in direction for the Cope family. In September of 1944 we moved to Whaley Bridge. The shop and whole bag of tricks was handed over to Jim and Frances Pearson, our business days ended for good. There was a distinct sense of relief in leaving the shop where one always seemed to be on duty.

*Derek Cope. October 1994. Edited by Keith Holford 2016*

### **MONEY IN NETTLES**

The nettle has for generations been regarded as a useless, annoying weed. But today it is put to a score of uses abroad. It is high in value as food for swine and poultry; in Sweden nettles are cultivated for cattle fodder. Poultry eat the seeds with avidity and so do horses. In England nettle beer made from the stalks and leaves was once in great demand in some localities. Yarn and cloth, both fine and coarse, are made of the fibre, and even carpets. Both fine lace and strong ropes are made from the Siberian nettle. One species of nettle produces nutritious tubers, which are eaten boiled or raw in India. Another species supplies china cloth or ramie. The roots of nettles, boiled in alum, yield a fine yellow dye. The juice of the stalk and leaves is used to dye woollen stuffs a brilliant and permanent green.

*Derby Mercury, 12 Feb 1915*

## RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



### BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

#### Acquisitions at 1st February 2017

##### Family Trees & Pedigrees

- The Descendants of Richard Wainwright and Ann Cearson
- Knifton, Kidd and Buckingham

Draycott/Wilne: Apprentice Register 1804-1816

Repton: Various land transactions [see explanation next page]

Spondon: Scouting in Spondon [by Spondon Archive]

Stanton by Bridge: Electoral Registers for 1929 and 1932

Swarkestone: Electoral Registers for 1929 and 1932

Tapton: Memories of Tapton House School

##### Certificate:

Death—Mary Cocker, age 8, Chapel en le Frith 1837

Miscellaneous: Derbyshire Children at School 1800-1900—E.G. Power

#### NEW DOCUMENTS TO CONSULT AT BCH

The Society has been given some documents concerning property transactions in Repton. The will of Aaron Thorpe, formerly of Kings Newton, who died in Radbourn, was proved in 1814. From it we learn of his three daughters, Sarah, Catherine and Elizabeth. Provision has already been made for Sarah, who appears to be single. Aaron leaves his property to be divided among his thirteen grandchildren by his other daughters, the Faulkner and the Holmes children. About ten years later the survivors conveyed the property to William Whiston of Derby.

Aaron Thorpe had a sister, Ann, who married Edward Best, a basket maker of Repton. Their daughter, Catherine, married another basket maker, Rees Rees. Their son mortgaged property to the Farmer family of Kings Bromley, for whom there are some family details. There is also a reference to Repton property owned by Hannah Fisher, of Ashby Old Parke.

The documents have been transcribed by one of our volunteers and are available for consultation at the Society Library.

Queen Victoria died at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight on January 22nd 1901, aged 81 years. She had been ill for a few days before her death and a court circular had commented that she had *"not lately been in her usual health and is unable for the present to make her customary drive"*. On the Saturday the Derby Telegraph made *"Illness of the Queen"* its headline, but by Monday it had changed to *"The Queen Dying"*. On Tuesday the newspaper ran bulletins from the doctors. At 8 am the edition warned *"The Queen's condition assumes a more serious aspect"* and by the 4pm edition she was *"Sinking slowly"*. The first notification of her death was printed in the 7.30 pm edition where it was reported that the Queen had passed away surrounded by her children and the Derby Mayor, Councillor Edgar Horne, addressed the town's message of condolence to the Home Secretary at Osborne House. The funeral took place on February 2nd, which was declared a national day of mourning. At the same time, people representative of all of Derby went in procession from the Guildhall for a service at All Saints' Church. As a mark of respect no paper, including the Derby Telegraph, was published on that day.

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



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### MEMBERS INTERESTS

ALDREAD	Horsley	1750+	7965
ALDREAD	Lancashire	1750+	7965
BATES	Lancashire	1700+	7965
BOWLER	Baslow/Inkersall	1840+	8047
BURGUM	Derby	1840+	7975
COLLEDGE	Wirksworth/Any	1850+	7965
GARSDIE [Tailors]	Glossop	1700+	8057
GRAY	Derby	1850-1910	3730
GREATOREX	Kirk Ireton	1700+	7965
GREATOREX	Manchester	1860+	7965
HALL	Callow	1700+	7965
HODGSON	Derbyshire	All	8047
KINDER	Callow	1700+	7965
LEAM	Fritchley/Heage	All	8050
LONG	Derbyshire	1900+	8015
LYNAM	Fritchley/Heage	All	8050
MARSHALL	Crich	1637+	1219
MARTIN	Matlock	1647+	1219
NEAL	Quarndon	1750+	7989
NOTON	Bakewell	1500+	7996
SMALL	Brechin	1850+	7965

STALEY	Elton	All	8047
STANDISH	Norton Woodseats	All	8047
STORER	Callow	1700+	7965
TIMMINS	Kingswinton	All	8047
TIMMINS	Stourbridge	All	8047
TOMLINSON	Beeley	All	8047
WHITEHALL	Derby	1825+	7975
WOOD	Kirk Ireton	1700+	7965

**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**

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

**TUESDAY 11TH APRIL 2017**

**FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE  
ST HELEN'S STREET, DERBY**

**FOLLOWED BY THE SPEAKER  
DAVID BELL—THE PLAGUE DOCTOR**

**The AGM will start at 7 p.m. and is  
OPEN TO D.F.H.S. MEMBERS ONLY**

**NON-MEMBERS WILL BE ALLOWED  
IN AT 7.30 P.M. FOR THE TALK**

**REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE AT  
THE END OF THE MEETING**

## **Derbyshire Family History Society**

**March Quarter 2017**



**This postcard was found at a car boot. The picture was barely able to be seen, it was so faded, but a scan shows the beautiful Derwent Hall in its heyday, now sadly lost beneath the Ladybower Reservoir.  
Postcard and printed scan can be seen at BCH**