Nottinghamshire Family History Society

Oxton Village
PROGRAMME 2014

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Speaker</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16 July</td>
<td>Helen Crowfoot</td>
<td>Mrs Crowfoot’s Cabinet of Curiosities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 Aug</td>
<td></td>
<td>Members Evening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Sept</td>
<td>Rowena Edlin-White</td>
<td>William &amp; M &amp; Howitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 Oct</td>
<td>Ian Morgan</td>
<td>Pestilence, Intrigue and Murder</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Journal

If any member has difficulty reading this Journal, please apply to the Journal Editor for alternative formats.

All Copy should be sent to the Journal Editor. Copy only, with all SURNAMES in BLOCK CAPITALS. Clear presentation greatly assists in avoiding errors. Illustrations ideally should be black on white paper, with acknowledgements and permission to reproduce, if these apply. Photographs can be sent on the understanding that whilst every care is taken, the Editor can take no responsibility for loss or damage. When sending photographs it is advisable to write ‘Please Do Not Bend’ on the envelope. PLEASE NOTE photocopied illustrations do not reproduce to a high enough quality for publication. Computer text (Word 98) and image files (jpg, bmp or tiff) can be sent either on floppy disc or CD-ROM. No acknowledgement of receipt will be sent unless specifically requested with a s.a.e. In the belief that all items sent are copies, items will not be returned unless specifically requested with a s.a.e.

The deadline for the next issue is 1st September

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

- Monthly Talks
- Roy William John Wilkins – My Story
- Tollerton Airfield during World War II
- My First World War Ancestor
- AGM Reports
- Members Interests
- Hopkinson of Retford
- Computer Group – Getting the most from your internet searches

The observations and opinions expressed in the various articles and notices in this Journal are those of their authors and not necessarily those of the Society.

Fatal Gun Accident

Extract from The Derby Mercury. Wednesday, November 9, 1853 by Phil Hand

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT. – An inquest was held before C. SWANN, Esq., on Tuesday week, at Pleasley Hill, Mansfield, on the body of Mr. George LINDLEY. The deceased was 70 years of age, and resided at Radmanthwaite farm. Between eleven and twelve o’clock on the previous day, his son was in the field attending to some sheep, when his father, who was carrying a double barrel gun, and had been shooting, approached him. Shortly afterwards the son, who had his back turned towards his father, heard a report of the gun, and on turning round he saw the deceased in the act of falling. The charge of the gun had entered his head, completely tearing away one side of his face and part of his skull. He fell and died almost instantaneously. The gun and the deceased’s walking stick were standing against a stake, and it was his son’s opinion that his father had placed them there for a short time while he got some turnips, and that something had caught one of the triggers. Verdict, “Accidentally shot.”
From the President
In our last Journal you may have read our review of the new book by local author and NFHS member Alan Dance entitled ‘Canary Child,’ a novel based upon the Shell-Filling Factory at Chilwell. Famously there was a massive explosion here on Monday 1st July 1918 that killed 134 people and injured 250 others, most of them workers in the factory itself.

Much has been published on this already, including Maureen Rushton’s book entitled ‘The Canary Girls,’ and I seem to recall that she spoke to members of our Society some years ago on this same topic.

Why do I mention this? At the time of writing the BBC are presenting local programmes on aspects of the First World War, and one of these featured the above explosion. What has come to light however recently, and which again featured on this programme, is some 35mm nitrate film of the workers, who were mainly women, performing their shell-filling tasks in this vast factory, as well as a visit by King George V in December 1916.

Of course nitrate film is highly dangerous due to its unstable and very flammable state. For years it seems these particular film reels had been stored within someone’s attic and then in a shed, and it is all currently being restored by the Imperial War Museum, who are, understandably, very excited about this new find.

What I found especially poignant was seeing the workers in action – some aware of the camera and some not – but all working as one big machine in what was a highly dangerous and poisonous occupation within the enormous sheds at Chilwell. It is well known that many of the women acquired a sickly yellow hue from the chemicals used in the shells, and hence we have the term ‘canary girls.’ Some even died as a direct result. At the time my great grandfather even worked there for a short while though thankfully he was not there on the day of the explosion!

It is weird all these years later to watch such films. It reveals a different age, a different way of life; and of course we are watching people who were then very much alive but who are now all dead and gone. It is like the amazing Mitchell and Kenyon films shot mainly in the Edwardian period that show all the mill and factory workers – many of whom were never to return from action in the First World War and all of whom were to be profoundly affected by it.

With the benefit of hindsight we can view these films today and enjoy them – but if only the subjects knew what was about to hit them…

Peter Hammond

From the Editor
Did anyone spot my deliberate mistake in the last journal? In the item about Military publications at the Research Room I mentioned that next year would be the Bicentenary of the Battle of Trafalgar! In actual fact this has already gone as it was celebrated in 2005. I’m not sure whether to blame my proof reading or my history, so apologies for confusing you all.

One anniversary that has literally just passed as I write was the 70th Anniversary of D Day, Operation Overlord. I have spoken to several people who have felt inspired to either start looking at their family history or to pick it back up from where they left it. We recently had a visitor to the research Room who was going to do just that. He had been looking at his grandfather’s history and the anniversary had given him another push. His grandfather had served during Operation Overlord and in fact was one of the men who helped take Pegasus Bridge. Sadly he died later during the war but needless to say he now had one very proud grandson.

Sometimes it is something like this that gives us the impetus to look at an individual, sometimes it’s a personal thing such as knowing why you are who you are, or your medical history. Whatever the reasons this is certainly a fabulously exciting and definitely addictive hobby. Long may we continue.

Tracy Dodds

Papplewick Burials
1681 April Part of ye corps of Anne ye wife of Robt HIND found in ye ruines of ye fire was buryed April 16th
06 02 1799 John Columbine found upon the Forest starved to death in a drift of snow.
Both Stephen and his wife Heather are involved with the Sandiacre and Ilkeston & District Local History Societies.

Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker was Heather’s great great grandfather. There were several stories that came down through the family that one of their ancestors had fought at the battle of Trafalgar and that another had met David Livingstone. Heather’s mother had been interested in her family history and had done a lot of research in days before much became available on the internet. When she passed away she left behind a lot of material that Heather tried to work through and make sense of.

Stephen decided to take one of the individuals and try and make sense of the stories. Gertrude Walker (1866-1948), was the daughter in law of Robert BN Walker and had passed on the stories to her children. Gertrude had married Harry Bruce Walker, Robert’s son. The Bruce name occurs frequently in the family but as yet no-one knows why.

Harry’s son Brian Bruce Walker married Maud Sutherland Blackwell, these were Heather’s grandparents. The Blackwell family were very affluent and owned mineral companies some of which are still in existence today. He became one of the richest mine owners in the country, many in Derbyshire.

When Gertrude Walker died she left a will. The will mentioned a bequest ‘to my grandson Patrick Bruce Walker the portrait of his great grandfather, his sword and Trafalgar medal’. This implied that there was at least some truth in one family story. This however proved to be somewhat of a misleading statement. The wording suggested that the medal belonged to Robert BN Walker and it was he who had fought at Trafalgar in 1805.

A letter from Heather’s mother to the maritime museum asking if he had fought in the battle proved negative and there it was left.

Stephen looked more closely and realised that the dates didn’t really tie up. For Robert to have fought there he would have had to have been incredibly young or lived to a great age because Robert’s son was born in 1857. Everyone who fought at Trafalgar received the medal. It depended on your rank as to the metal it was cast in.

Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker married Margaret Clara Molesworth known as Clara. The Molesworth family were also a family of great importance through history. One of them had been present at the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots. The birth certificate of their son Harry showed Robert’s profession as African Trader. Harry married for the first time in 1880 and his Father’s occupation is still shown as African Trader. He married again 10 years later to the cousin of his deceased wife, Gertrude Cox, and again he is shown as an African Trader and not stated as deceased although Gertrude’s father is. This makes it even more unlikely that Robert was the one at Trafalgar.

When you see Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker’s CV it makes you wonder why more is not known about him. 19th century African trader, adventurer, explorer, collector, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Member of the Anthropological Society and the Societe Geologique de Paris.

He is mentioned by some of his contemporaries. Mary Kingsley mentions in one of her books that she had encountered him and that he was one of the first English traders on the west African coast. She also mentioned his older brother, Robert Nassau an American missionary was on the west coast for many years and in 1914 published his memoirs. Robert is mentioned over and over again in these memoirs. Robert acted as his guide up the river into the interior, piloted the boats and also allowed him to set up a missionary at the place where he worked.

This is the story Stephen uncovered. The first thing he tried to do was locate Robert on the census records but he couldn’t be found – even trying all combinations of the name. His wife and children were...
located in 1871 living in Wandsworth, and against the wife’s occupation can just be made out “... in west Africa”.

In 1854 Robert married Margaret Clara and his occupation is shown as African Trader. There are no mentions of any naval connections at all.

In 1851, aged just 19 Robert BN Walker set off for Liverpool. He therefore could NOT have been the person at Trafalgar as he would have been born c1832. He is employed as a boy trader by a shipping company called Hatton & Cookson. They traded between England and Africa during the nineteenth century. He was sent to Cape Lopez at the mouth of the river Ogooue on the west coast and contemporary maps show how little was known of the interior. This was the real Dark Continent. In those days the area was known as the Gaboon, a French territory. Today this area is known as Gabon and the river is known to be about 1200 miles long, then it had only been explored for about 70 miles.

The indigenous people of the area were known as the Mpongwe and it was with them Robert was dealing. They did not deal in slaves but commodities such as wood, ivory, palm oil etc. There was a huge market for this, such that Robert was earning up to £12000 commission a year. This money would be banked in England and he could draw on this as he needed to. About 2 years ago Stephen found on the internet mention of a deposit of letters from Robert BN Walker that were in the library of San Marino California. These letters were saved because they had been written to Richard Francis Burton, later Sir Richard Burton, one of the great explorers of Africa. They had only recently been catalogued and Stephen was able to obtain copies of all of these. These added hugely to the story.

The area where Robert was based was swamps, jungle and mosquito infested but he loved it. He taught himself French and Mpongwe and also the different dialects. He purchased an old Navy ship called the Princess Royal, had it refitted and then lived in it off the coast. He established a Trading Station on the very edge of the coast. The Company was still there in the 1950’s. It was a very big company.

Organisations such as the Royal Geographical Society didn’t send people out there themselves. They would finance other people such as Robert Walker and pay them for specimens and reports. Robert decided to explore the River Ogooue. In 1865 he runs into some trouble, which in essence meant he had been kidnapped. He had desecrated a site sacred to a local tribe and the Chief had seized him and held him captive. During this time the Chief’s wife had attended to all his needs. He finally escaped by bribing a native to send out a message and a French gunboat was sent to rescue him.

A steamship The Pioneer was used by Robert for his trip. This was the same ship used by David Livingstone when he explored the Zambesi. Robert did meet Stanley as he wrote about this in his letters. This could be where the story of the Livingstone meeting came from. Robert had reached as far as Lambarene – where later Albert Schweitzer built his hospital and is buried. Robert started to collect African artefacts and send them back to the museums such as the Pitt Rivers museum. He was away from home for a very long time and along with other white men in the area took native women as common law wives or mistresses. A letter in 1868 from Robert to a colleague in Africa refers to his daughter and it is believed she was born to a native woman. In 1871 he refers to his son born a couple of months previously to Agnoroigoule Ikoutou. She was a Mpongwe princess and her uncle was one of the African Kings in that area, they never married but Stephen refers to her as the African wife. The son was named Ignatius Gervase Andre Raponda Walker. He was baptised a catholic. A couple of years later Ikoutou gives birth to a daughter. Robert makes no secret about the birth of his son and in 1875 he brings him to England where he spends a year in Southampton at school. Andre later wrote about his experiences coming to England.

Sadly in 1873 Clara died. In 1876 Robert married again at the age of 44 to a lady aged 18. He continues to travel but this time says he has finished with Africa and goes to Marseilles. He invests badly in an ice skating rink and loses a lot of money and as he is no longer working for the Trading Company he isn’t earning. In 1877 he leaves for Africa and the Gold Coast this time searching for gold. He is not very successful and returns home to find his wife is running up debts and drinking. They separate and he sets her up in her own apartment. He starts writing letters to his friends and colleagues asking for help and money. One of the saddest letters is a request for £1 to buy a pair of boots as without boots he cannot travel. He died in 1901 and despite being a member of all of the societies there was no obituary or any notification in
the newspapers. They do not even know where he was buried.

So that was the story of Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker but what of the Trafalgar connection? On Roberts marriage certificate his father is said to be Henry Walker, Lieutenant Royal Navy. Further research located the baptism of Robert son of Henry & Charlotte Walker born Gosden Green Sussex. Henry was shown as a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in 1832. All seven children to the family were located in the parish registers at the Record Office in Chichester.

Further research located a will at The National Archives of a Henry Walker, late of Manchester who had been a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Stephen did know that Roberts father had come from Manchester so they ordered the will. This mentioned several other members of the family such as Henry’s grandfather John Parr and his father Richard Walker so a lot more information came to light. Then he mentions all of his children including Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker. Did he fight at Trafalgar? It seems he did. The Trafalgar Roll is a list of anyone with some rank who was awarded the medal. A H Walker born Manchester, Midshipman on the Bellerophon and at Trafalgar in 1805. Captured, wounded and awarded the medal and clasps. Died in 1849.

The Bellerophon was in the thick of the fighting but despite this only 27 members of the crew were killed. He was given charge of a prize ship after the battle to take back although this was sadly sunk in a storm Henry made it back to England safely. The Bellerophon was the ship used to transport Napoleon to France after Waterloo.

Stephen believes that this was why Robert was given the name Napoleon to commemorate the ship he had served on, as there is no record of Henry ever having met the actual man. It is believed that the medal, sword and portrait do still exist but have been lost to the family over the years.

No mention of Henry’s wife Charlotte was made in the will and it was supposed that she had predeceased him, until Stephen found some more information in the letters, when in 1879 Robert writes that he is financially supporting his two sons, a sister in law and his Mother and an older brother. Searching the censuses from 1841 onwards Stephen finds a Charlotte Walker living with various children of whom they know nothing. At first this is not thought to be their Charlotte however, when she died her death certificate stated that she was the widow of Henry Walker a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. She died aged 88 of senile decay. There were four children born to her in 1838, 1839, 1841 and 1842 – well before her husband died. It appears that not long after Robert is born Charlotte and Henry separate. Divorce was not really an option for most people and so Charlotte moves away and starts another life. No mention is ever made on official documents as to the real father of the four children, although Henry Walker is given as their father when two of them marry.

What about the African family. Ignatius Walker wrote many books in later life in which he tells of his life. He mentions the trip to England and also that he meets Robert’s mother. He never saw his father again after he was 6 years old. He was ordained a catholic priest, the Gabon’s most noted anthropologist and a great writer. There was a college named after him and stamps commemorating his life. There is even a statue in the market place in the capital city.

Stephen finished by saying how wonderful everyone had been when approached for help.

---

Radcliffe on Trent Burials
9 Oct.1817 Thomas ISAACS, 9, soldier's boy, killed by a wagon.
17 Jan 1810 Thos.BURBAGE - dropped down dead
25th March 1846 William SCOTHERN, 47, killed by lightning and James CAUNT, 31, killed by lightning
Roy William John Wilkins – My Story
Submitted by June Vasey

On my Dad’s side - his father was James Emery Wilkins born 1857 in Leatherhead Surrey to Emery Wilkins born Ilfield Kent and his wife Frances nee Bixley, who was born at Cobham Surrey. James had 7 siblings most of them were born at Leatherhead. When James left school he joined 2nd Batt. Royal Regiment of Artillery to become a professional soldier. He married Eliza Little in Colchester 1877 when she was 18 years old. The family spent a lot of time with the army in India, that’s how my Dad was born out there. My father William (Bill) Wilkins was born on 25th September 1885 at Mysore, 91 miles east of Bangalore India - he was the third son of James and Eliza. Around about 1887 James’ regiment moved back to England and he served at the Woolwich barracks until he finally left the army, after which he was employed doing various jobs including a coachman groom in 1891. The family spent the rest of their lives in and around Woolwich at various addresses and in 1911 Eliza was widowed and living at 52 Warwick Street Woolwich.

When Bill my father left school he became a general labourer before enlisting, aged 19 years into the 2nd Battalion, The East Kent Regiment ‘The Buffs’ at Canterbury on 11th December 1903, and given the number L7810 and later 6278074. According to his attestation papers he was 5’ 9” tall with brown hair and hazel eyes. Much later Dad, now a sergeant, was serving in India with the ‘Buffys’ when WW1 broke out. The troops were despatched to Portsmouth for further training before entering the theatre of war in France on 15th Jan 1915 and eventually became part of the 28th Division of the British Army for the duration of the war. He saw further action in Belgium and Macedonia before returning to India with the regiment in 1919 after the war. Later he was posted to Aden.

Whilst in the ‘Buffys’ my father became friends with Frederick Williams, a colour sergeant of the same regiment. They fought together on the continent in many battles, especially the 2nd Battle of Ypres, and remained friends when they returned to India. Unfortunately Fred died in a tragic accident and May, together with her young daughter of 6 months old – Joan, returned to England to live with her mother Sissy and step father Bill Gamblin in Portsmouth. Dad kept in touch and wrote regularly. When his regiment came back from India he renewed their friendship and eventually married my mother on 22nd May 1923 at St. John The Baptist Church Portsea.

They lived at the large British Army establishment on the Isle of Portland, on the south coast of Dorset. On Wednesday 18th June 1924 I was born at Portland Bill when my sister Joan was 4 years old.

On 10th December 1924, my father William (Bill) Wilkins left the army after serving 21 years, during which time he had been awarded the following medals - 1914 - 16 Star British War & Victory Medals Long Service & Good Conduct Medals

Trying to start a completely new life, he found it difficult to get a job. This was at a time of economic decline and depression in the country. The war had taken it’s toll on the nation and times were getting extremely difficult with jobs very hard to find and men queueing up all day long to find something. My dad was desperate for a job. He was prepared to do anything and went for interviews dressed in his suit. One day they told him there might be a job available building the water barrier wall around Portsmouth. He had to go there and then in his suit or else miss the chance. Fortunately he got the job to great relief all round.

We moved to Lower Derby Road Stamshaw, Portsmouth and the house was just 30 yards from the harbour area overlooking all the small fishing boats. It had a good view of Whale Island too, and we were very happy there. Nearly 3 years later at Stamshaw Portsmouth my brother Harry
was born on 8th April 1927. Portsmouth was the birth place of my mother, and of course my grandmother Sissy and her second husband Bill Gamblin lived just round the corner at Stanley Road. My Aunt Winn and her family also lived quite close, just a ferry journey at Gosport.

One day Dad came home from work with a newspaper that was advertising some vacancies which said ‘only ex-sergeants need apply’. He went for an interview at a Government establishment, and mainly because of his long service years he got one of the vacancies - a special security officer at Bramley Army Camp. This meant relocating to Sherfield-on-Loddon about 50 miles north of where we were living. We eventually arrived there and were allocated a new house, one of several that had just been built. Dad got his new uniform and Mum found us a new school. Best of all the new house had an inside sink with running water - no more visits to an outside well! The family were very happy here and the lovely surroundings made it an ideal place to live, with a village green and lots of fields for us children to play in.

My brother Donald was born at Sherfield on Loddon on 9th February 1932 when I was 7½ years old. Another one for my dear sister Joan to help Mum with. She was indeed a good sister – always.

A few years passed and in 1934 Dad heard that the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Depot in Chilwell, Nottinghamshire needed staff. Although renamed RAOC in 1919, it was actually the site of the formerly named National Shell Filling depot. One of the worst wartime disasters to take place on home soil happened here. On 1st July 1918 a huge explosion ripped buildings apart killing 134 people – both men and women but mostly working women, with a further 250 injured. Most of those killed were buried in a mass grave at St. Mary’s Church Attenborough and later a memorial to them was built within the army grounds.

Dad had a few days off from work, and ventured to Chilwell where he made several enquiries, then came home with lots of paperwork to fill in. After that he had several interviews which resulted in our moving to Chilwell in the October. We lived in the married quarters just outside the Ordnance Depot and Dad started his new job as a police officer at the main gates, which he really enjoyed. After a short period of time in 1937 we moved to Scrivelsby Gardens Chilwell. The reason for the move was the quarters bungalow was too small. Whilst living at Scrivelsby Gardens my younger sister was born at home on 16th June 1939 and named Heather Gertrude Offray Wilkins – the name Gertrude was after my Dad’s sister. The next year a larger 3 bedroom bungalow at the married quarters became available, so in 1940 we were off again however this time Mum and Dad remained there for many years.

Moving on, we are now in the time of WW2. When I was 17½ I knew that at 18 I would be conscripted, so I went to Nottingham and volunteered for the Royal Navy. That was because it ensured I went into the Royal Navy and wasn’t conscripted into the army or RAF. I always did like the sea and ships and I never ever became seasick.

My maternal grandfather Stephen Ord was a ship’s engineer and his father was a Master Mariner. My uncle at Gosport was in the Royal Marines for many years on battleships and my step grandfather Bill Gamblin worked at the Royal Shipyard in Portsmouth, my Mum used to tell me that my gt. grandfather Stapleton was also captain on several small cargo ships in his day so maybe it was in my blood!

Between signing on and being trained for the Royal Navy there was a little time. It was while in this waiting mode that I met my dear Mavis, she was 16½ and I was coming up for 18. In the six months before I was called up our courtship became very strong, and our families were extremely pleased and all got acquainted. In the mean time I had joined the ‘Home Defence’ which later became the ‘Home Guard’.

After receiving papers, on February 1st 1943 I arrived at the Naval establishment in the Malvern Hills to do my first stint of training, then home on leave. On returning to Malvern I with others were then taken to Stamshaw Camp in Portsmouth for more training and schooling regarding ships engines and oil burners etc., then more leave to be with my family and Mavis.

Returning from leave I was taken, along with many others to
join a ship in Liverpool docks. It was a ‘Corvette’ armed warship named H.M.S. Celandine which was going to be used to escort convoys of ships across the North Atlantic to Newfoundland, Canada and America.

I thought the first trip across to Newfoundland wasn’t too bad in regard to action with only two empty tankers sunk - but the Germans were playing a dangerous cat and mouse game. They preferred to save torpedoes and wait until the convoys were coming back to England with full loads. It took approximately 15 days or more to cross the Atlantic depending on weather and action. During those days we had many U-Boat attacks, more during the night than day which made it very hard to detect their periscopes. Sometimes they would partly surface and fire with their machine guns at the cargo ships which couldn’t defend themselves. We escorts, attacked under surface U-Boats on the outskirts of the convoys, with depth charges as soon as we made sure contact. Sometimes the U-Boats got in amidst the convoy and played havoc. If we were onto one and gave chase we had to be very aware of the convoy ships close by in case of collision.

Once, a U-Boat partially surfaced some 300 yards in front of us. We went full steam ahead to ram it but the boat just dived so we missed it. We sighed a sigh of relief and all thought ‘thank goodness’, as we may well have been sunk in the collision too. All the escort boats often had to refuel at sea, as chasing U-Boats used much fuel oil. During the one year and 5 months of escort duty in the North Atlantic I saw much loss of life when many cargo ships were blown to pieces. Sometimes we were able to rescue people from the black oily sea. We, along side other escorts working together, were able to sink several U-Boats especially when they began hunting in packs. We deceived them by making it look like one escort was damaged and was having to stop. When a U-Boat came within distance another escort ‘sounding out’ with it’s sonar system, would attack at full speed throwing out six depth charges - one at a time. When on watch down below and depth charges were being dropped the noise was terrific with sharp cracks, it also felt as though the thick steel plates of the bulkhead were about to come apart. Sometimes the seas were so rough for days on end that there would be little action on both sides. However it gave us time to think when on watch in the boiler room, “Here I am amongst all these moving parts, and I am way down under the surface of the Atlantic Ocean. One torpedo hit whilst down here ………………………”

Most of the time crossing the Atlantic we did a zig-zag course, this was to try and confuse the enemy. We would be on a course going West for hours, then change again and go South-West. It worked quite well but we had to watch for icebergs. Once our Corvette H.M.S. Celandine had an engine breakdown, a bearing on a reciprocating rod overheated and needed immediate attention. We signalled to the Flagship of our escort boats. We set out after the convoy and several hours later we were in sight, we signalled all was well and took up our position. When we returned to Londonderry safe and sound the few depth charges that were left were taken off and a few minor repairs were taken care of. Seven machine guns were installed on board - two on the rear of the ship (aft), two on the port-side and two on the star-board side, together with one at the front (fore). This all happened while I was on a short leave. When I returned no one had a clue what this change from depth charges to machine guns was all about, only that tomorrow we were going to Portsmouth. D-Day June 6th 1944 was imminent!

There were ships in the harbour and all over the sea between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and the amount of vessels up and down the coast was staggering. They were on the move in an orderly fashion. We patrolled at the rear with others, watching in case German gun boats attacked. Later the machine guns came into use as German fighter planes attacked our gunners. Our men did very well, I could hear them shooting while I was down below. Later as the invasion took hold successfully, we were returned to Portsmouth to take part in more convoy trips. A few depth
charges were put in place but not really needed seeing that the U-Boat commanders were beginning to get the news of the success of the D Day landings. They realised it was the beginning of the end for them and started pulling back. On our return from escort duties we came into Portsmouth for a time of relaxation, but we were also to hear the sad news that after an inspection, our Corvette H.M.S. Celandine was no longer seaworthy and would be taken out of commission. We the crew, were taken to H.M.S. Nelson – a Portsmouth shore base. The next exciting happening was V.E. day on the 8th May 1945, which was celebrated throughout most of the world with great joy and thanksgiving. Our skeleton crew from H.M.S. Celandine including myself were all sent back by train to Devonport barracks in Plymouth which was our original base. Now that the war in Europe was over I thought it wouldn’t be too long before my demobilization. That’s what I thought - the Royal Navy thought differently! Without giving you too many details I, along with other mates, were given 10 days leave because we were being sent to H.M.S. Golden Hind – a shore base near Sydney Australia. You can imagine my surprise and how I felt about that news. Also how Mavis and my family felt when we had all been thinking that it wouldn’t be long before I was discharged and home for good. Mavis and I were married on 18th April 1945 at Clarkes Lane Methodist Church Chilwell while on a short leave before my departure to Australia. We decided to start a family straight away and one of the main reasons was that if anything happened to me, as Mavis said, “there would be nothing of me to cling on to”. The day soon came for me and the other ratings to board the troop ship ‘Strathdon’. We left Liverpool and arrived in Sydney approximately 3 weeks later, then on to the shore base Golden Hind. After a short spell I was taken with all my kit to serve onboard the H.M.S. Manxman a mine laying cruiser which was going up to Hong Kong via Borneo and Manila in the Philippines. We passed many islands that contained Japanese soldiers who were still unaware the war was over. The atom bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki finished the war but many Japanese soldiers didn’t know Japan had surrendered so they took a lot of flushing out. From the islands we took on board many Australian soldiers that were glad to get off, also glad of the chance to get ‘cleaned up’ - they needed de-lousing badly. Our ship was ordered to change course and enter Japan in the harbour of Kure in the South, then later to visit Hong Kong. I got on a truck with others and was taken approx 20 miles to see the total destruction caused by the atom bomb attack on Hiroshima. Standing in what used to be the centre of the city everywhere I looked there was devastation. The background hills normally covered in trees, plants hedges etc. were now as black as charcoal around a city in total ruin. The acute effects killed 90,000 – 166,000 people in Hiroshima. We left Kure and sailed to Hong Kong. Two days later a few of us were transferred from H.M.S. Manxman to H.M.S Glory. A British aircraft carrier which only a short while before had been used for one of the surrender ceremonies by the Japanese in Manila. We chose the name Gloria for our daughter after the ship.

We were moored in Hong Kong harbour for 6 days and managed to go on shore to just enjoy some relaxation. Whilst there we helped the people to celebrate the glorious victory over the downfall of Japan. After two weeks sailing and stopping at one or two ports we arrived back in Sydney harbour. Two more aircraft carriers were tied up alongside and we pulled in behind them. They were - H.M.S. Indefatigable & H.M.S. Implacable

For a week the three carriers were open to visitors. We then all sailed to Melbourne harbour and did the same there. The best time was our visit to Auckland in New Zealand. They had decorated all of the harbour and it was just like Christmas with bands playing, people dancing. You name it they were doing it – a wonderful time.
While we were there some of us had the opportunity to visit a Maori village further north. It was quite an experience seeing the way they lived, and how they cooked in the hot springs. They loved dancing and were very colourful. We sailed back to Sydney harbour one behind the other and once again the carriers were open for visitors.

Later I and a few others were called to the Chief Petty Officer’s quarters. He said ‘I have some good news for you lads’, you are going to be transferred to H.M.S. Indefatigable and she is going back to England in two days time. I thought ‘Wow - Mavis, baby Gloria, family here I come’!

The 13,000 miles back to England seemed unending even though there were great sights to see and we were treated more or less as passengers. I sent a telegraph from the ship when we stopped in Aden, giving the good news and some idea of our arrival day. There were great cheers and shouts of excitement as we were manoeuvred into the harbour side by three long naval tugs and tied to the jetty of dear old Portsmouth harbour.

After 12 wonderful days leave with Mavis, Gloria and all the family I had to return to Devonport barracks to get all new civilian clothing and payment of money. Then back home for good to once again be Mr. Wilkins instead of No. DNX 165287.

Royal Navy - total sailing miles in 3 years 4 months service approx. 75,500

Medals awarded to Roy William John Wilkins for active service in WW2
1939 – 1945 Star
1939 – 1945 Atlantic Star
1939 – 1945 Defence Medal
1939 – 1945 Victory Medal

### Misterton Burials

- **1749 Oct 28** John BOND, a stranger travelling to Norfolk with a pass, drowned
- **1750 Jun 30** George TAYLOR – hanged himself and was inter’d like a dog
- **1763 Apr 15** Samuel RICHARDSON, Descenter, died on Friday April 15th, whose Woman Servant was on Tuesday night before delivered of a Bastard Female child that is called by the Name of Martha Mason which he acknowledged to be the Father of.
- **1850 Aug 22** Sarah STORTON aged 43, killed by lightning
- **1890 Apr 01** James DAVIS, 28, of Misterton killed on duty on the Railway
- **1890 July 01** Michael SHORTELL, 52, of Misterton killed at the Chemical Works

---

Website Wandering

Website address
http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww1/ww1-at-home/find-locations

World War One at Home
This BBC One at Home concentrates on the effect the Great War had at home. You can search by place name to find articles including images and sometimes interviews from those who lived through the times.

Searching on Nottingham located 10 results including:-
- Boots, Nottingham: Comrades in Khaki - Boots’ first staff magazine was published during to communicate with staff
- Trent Bridge, Nottingham - The cricket grounds that became a war hospital
- The Lace Market, Nottingham - Decline of a World Famous Industry
- Turneys Quay, Nottingham - Supplying a Growing Wartime Need for Leather
- Trent Bridge, Nottingham - Schools requisitioned as hospitals and part-time education became compulsory
- Chilwell, Nottinghamshire - The bus operator who invented ‘gas bags’ to keep his vehicles on the road
- Clipstone, Mansfield - One of the Largest WW1 Training Camps that once housed up to 30,000 soldiers at a time
Tollerton Airfield during World War II
Brian Hancock

Introduction
I was inspired to write these memories of my time at Tollerton Airfield after reading a book about the Lancaster bomber. There was reference to the civilian repair organisation of the manufacturer, A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd. at Langar, but sadly no mention of Tollerton, and knowing the important and significant part they played in the war in getting damaged Lancasters back into the air again, I felt it was perhaps down to me to create some record of those memorable times before it was lost forever.

I have tried to record names, places and events, as best I remember them, but hope I may be forgiven for any small errors or omissions as the events were now over sixty years ago.

Getting To Work
I always used my bicycle to travel to and from work whenever practical, the journey from West Bridgford taking about 15 to 20 minutes, and a cape cheaply purchased from the Army Surplus Stores on Carrington Street, Nottingham, was a great asset on rainy days. Not far away from me lived a young lady named Mary Cunningham (nee Jordan - husband in the Fleet Air Arm) who worked in the offices at Tollerton. Not being such an energetic cyclist as myself her journey time was a little longer and she could never pedal to the top of the hill, always having to dismount half way up, so she always left home a little earlier than me. Invariably I would catch up with Mary somewhere near the canal bridge on Tollerton Lane, and on reaching the bottom of the hill I would place my left hand on her back and push. With my aid, a little laughter and a lot of banter, she would make it to the top of the hill without dismounting.

It was only on a few occasions in the most adverse winter weather condition that I abandoned my bicycle for the works bus service, and we certainly had our share of snow in the winter of 1943-44. They were very dark mornings with the blackout in force and no street lights to aid your journey. I would half run, half walk, to Trent Bridge, and then stand on the corner of Radcliffe Road peering anxiously into the darkness across the bridge trying to make out if the approaching masked headlights were those of a works bus. As mentioned earlier this was a workers special operated by Barton's using 4 or 5 buses, and it was always the last bus that stopped. The driver knew that if he failed to stop you faced a long walk to work or a day off, and no matter how crowded, more passengers could somehow be squeezed aboard. The only person likely to board the bus to check if the maximum permitted number of passengers had been exceeded was a Barton inspector, and he would have poor eyesight! Those Barton buses were rather different - double deckers with a special low top deck which gave the vehicle the advantage of being able to pass under low railway bridges. The stairs were at the front behind the driver, and the upper deck gangway ran down the right side with a lower floor level than that of the long bench type seats. With the low roof care was needed in not standing completely upright when vacating the seating.

The bottom deck was usually overcrowded, but upstairs someone would usually shuffle up a bit to enable you to get one cheek on the end of the seat. Rather a precarious position in unpleasant conditions. No heating, massive condensation, the thick smog of tobacco smoke and very dim lighting. Other than the windscreen and driver's cab windows, all the other bus windows were painted dark blue to ensure conformity with blackout regulations, so day or night you could see nothing out of the windows. However, knowing the route and sensing the movement of the bus it was fairly easy to perceive the journey stages. After a swing to the right at Lady Bay there came a more gentle swing to the left quickly followed by the 'upper and downer' passing over the canal bridge on Radcliffe Road, soon followed by the sharp right turn on to Gamston Lane. A slight sway to either side indicated the passage through Gamston, which was little more than a few cottages, some large farm buildings and the turn off to Bassingfield. We were now on Tollerton Lane and it was almost time to brace yourself for all the fun of the fair!

This came with passage over the acute hump back bridge across the Grantham Canal, and the sensations created while sitting on the top deck of a double decker bus needed to be experienced to be believed. All passengers rose in unison while trying to retain their hold on the seating in front of them. It was virtually impossible to remain in contact with your seat, and a lot
of effort was required to avoid contact with the roof. Then the slow grind up the hill provided time to regain equilibrium, followed by a stop for those needing to alight for Bridge hangar. Then a little further on to the final stop, signifying the start of the mad scrambling competition known as 'first off the bus'.

RAF aircrew and higher ranking officers would visit TAS, talk to workers on the shop floor and address them in the canteen at lunch or break times, all aimed at keeping up our morale. On one occasion we received a visit from a high up official of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and late in the afternoon he was whisked away for the night by TAS executives. Apparently this was not according to plan, but nobody had thought about his RAF driver who was faced with sleeping in the car that night. We had a spare bedroom at home and with my offer of accommodation eagerly accepted we journeyed there in the official car. My mother was not overjoyed having an unexpected guest, but with food shortages and rationing it was mainly out of concern over what she could provide to eat. I had not wanted to pass up a ride in a Buick Convertible, and in her own inimitable manner Mother rustled up something very acceptable.

During the meal it transpired that our new RAF friend was a little worried as he was getting short of petrol. The nearest authorised fuel supplier on his list was RAF Hucknall but he did not know the way, there were no signposts (all removed during the war), and there was a blackout to contend with. I volunteered to have another ride in the Buick, and despite quite a dense fog descending I was able to safely guide him there and back. Next morning I arrived at the office in style. The Buick seemed huge in comparison with a British car. An automatic gear box, a vast bench type front seat, and a boot almost big enough for a garden party. It had obviously been the pride and joy of some wealthy individual until being commandeered for government usage. Despite being fitted with headlamp masks and daubed with camouflage paint it was still a beautiful motor car, and quite amazingly it still had immaculate white wall tyres. Just after lunch time I was a little sad to see the Buick being driven away. Earlier that morning I thought my bicycle looked a bit sulky as I passed by the racking, but my trusty faithful steed came back into its own again that evening, though it was a bit of a come down.

Tea Breaks and Practical Jokes

Every morning there were two separate 10 minute tea breaks 5 minutes apart, with the start and finish of each one signalled by a bell ringing in the hangar. At this time the company nurse, dressed in her uniform, always stood beside a small table next to the canteen entrance. Either a nod or a "please" and she would dip a large spoon in the big bowl of yeast extract on the table and then place it in your open mouth. Apparently it was full of vitamins and very good for you, making up for the things no longer available like oranges and bananas. Most staff members, including myself, opted to attend the second break because it was less crowded, but with having to walk halfway down the hangar the queue invariably extended way out of the canteen. Subsequently it seemed like only two or three minutes after being seated at a table with tea and bun before the bell would ring to signify the end of the break. Occasionally I would contrive to be on a job near the canteen at the appropriate time, but as everybody had to provide their own mug it rather gave the game away.

The tea was made in a big urn and was an 'all in' job with the milk and sugar already added. Your mug was handed to the canteen assistant for filling, you selected your bun and paid up. Some of your sugar ration had to be brought from home if your tea needed to be sweeter. One day when I had managed to join the queue within the canteen I noticed some individuals walked straight past, poured their tea from a large brown enamel tea pot at the end of the counter, selected a bun, paid their money, and then sat down with at least 8 minutes left to drink and eat. Enquiring of a colleague as to who these privileged people were I discovered they did not take sugar in their tea. From that moment on neither did I! The glazing on the bun partially compensated, you soon got used to it, and I have never had sugar in tea since.

With everyone having to provide their own tea mug there was always great competition to see who could acquire the biggest mug, but nobody could beat the Progress Chasers. They were in a class of their own, and while conscientious and hard-working, were always playing pranks of some kind or other. In the absence of one colleague who owned the largest mug, a hole was carefully drilled in the bottom, a screw was used to firmly affix it back on the shelf, chewing gum pressed around the screw to act as a sealant, and finally a few tea dregs added in
the bottom to disguise their handiwork.

There was a mixture of prolonged laughter and cursing when the mug owner returned, decided he had better wash it out before the tea break, and fell backwards just holding the handle. When the commotion finally subsided the victim's colleagues presented him with a somewhat smaller mug to ensure he was not denied refreshment.

The progress chasers occupied offices on the balcony down the side of the hangar, and some of them kept their Home Guard kit and uniforms there ready for the evening parade. Fooling about and having some unauthorised bayonet practice ended in a mishap with one bayonet going through a partition wall. There was little resistance as the partition was nothing more than thick compressed cardboard and it was extremely fortunate that there was not a tragic consequence. Sitting in the next office on the other side of the partition was Connie Gladwin, the department's clerk-typist, and she narrowly missed being impaled on her chair. It took a little while for both Connie and the perpetrators to recover from shock but the incident was never reported or Works Manager Sid Phelan and Hangar Superintendent Horace Murden (from Keyworth) would have been bound to take disciplinary action. Maybe it was a sporting gesture or misguided loyalty to her colleagues, but whatever the reason Connie wisely moved her desk to obtain a different seating position away from the partition, but lessons had been learned and nothing like that ever happened again.

Mention has previously been made of Commercial Manager Don Eskell and his attractive younger wife who was a transport driver. From time to time someone would speculate as to how Don, with his rather craggy looks and slightly protruding teeth, had ever persuaded her to marry him. However....

One lunch time Don, sat alone at a small table in the canteen, finished his meal, got up, and walked out. Immediately a progress chaser seated at a nearby table got up and followed him. What hardly anybody noticed was his slight of hand as he passed where Don had been seated. It would have done credit to any professional magician. A sly wink to the colleagues sat at my table and he was gone! A very short while afterwards a canteen assistant went to clear away Don's dirty crockery, but suddenly recoiled backwards shrieking her head off. Girls at a nearby table had to look and they screamed in unison. Everybody in the canteen had to take a look. The girls screamed and covered their eyes, the men were doubled up and crying with laughter. Uproar! Bedlam! Pandemonium! Just what did the canteen assistant think she was looking at? Had Don's teeth dropped out or had he carelessly left a denture amidst the food leftovers on his plate? In actual fact it was just a half set of pig's teeth that our progress chaser friend had dropped on the plate as he walked by!!!! The canteen manageress was livid, but no one in the know let on. The perpetrator was better engaged in pranks like that as opposed to undertaking bayonet practice! And one can only admire the resourcefulness of a man, who in the time of shortage of almost everything, can come up with a half set of pig's teeth for the entertainment of his fellow workers!!!!

Mishaps and Crashes

Test flying was normally fairly routine, but one Lancaster flight was quickly aborted after take-off, and a safe landing was followed by a rather angry Captain Rogers stating there was something radically wrong with the tail unit and it was unsafe to fly. Despite assurances that the alignment checks were correct and nothing had been revealed by visual inspection Captain Rogers was adamant that he would not test fly the aircraft again until a new tail unit had been fitted. (Test pilots are as keen as anybody else in having the ultimate ability to draw their pension!) Without a signature forthcoming on the Airworthy Certificate there was little alternative but to fit a new tail unit, and with a delivery date due shortly the aircraft was hurriedly taken into Bridge hangar. Hoisted on to fixtures and given priority, the Lancaster soon had a new tail unit in place, the gun turret refitted, controls and systems reconnected. Alignment checks were closely monitored, as were flying controls and surface movements of rudders, elevators and ailerons. Then because of the replacement work it was necessary to again check all systems were working correctly.

Flaps down 30 degrees .... whirr.....flaps down 60 degrees ....etc.

Undercarriage up clunk ...locked up.

Undercarriage down clunk locked down.

Test fuel jettison ... click.... whoosh!!!

Within seconds the hangar floor and service ducts were awash with gallons of aviation fuel, and a little goes a long way!

It was exceptional for an aircraft to be taken back into the hangar after a test flight, not part of the
normal routine, and in the haste to get it into the hangar and start the replacement work the golden rule was overlooked. All fuel to be pumped from aircraft before entry to hangar. The fuel from the aborted test flight either evaporated or was washed away, but there was a one week no smoking ban which extended into the surrounding area. By then the aircraft had happily passed its air test and had been flown away by the ATA.

There were other memorable incidents too. A damaged Lancaster returning from a bombing raid chose to make an emergency landing at Tollerton and possibly due to systems failure or belated touch down it continued on at the end of the runway and was brought to a halt by the roadside ditch.

The pilot of a US Army Air Force P 38 Lockheed Lightning twin engine fighter may also have been looking to make an emergency landing, but baled out and parachuted to safety when it burst into flames. The aircraft crashed in woodland far from the airfield.

An aircraft from 16 SFTS crashed on Nuthall Road in Nottingham, and while there was no civilian loss of life the two Polish occupants were killed. The inquest was told that one trainee was helping the other gain more experience and the crash was caused by carrying out aerobatics at too low an altitude. It is difficult to understand why two trainees were allowed to fly together in the same aircraft without a qualified instructor, let alone carry out aerobatics over a populated area. Searching questions were never asked, and suspicion must remain that it was an unauthorised flight for which disclosure was avoided in order to maintain morale.

**Plane memories**

On one occasion I donned my Air Training Corps uniform after working hours and by appearing at the old club house managed to persuade a Polish officer instructor to take me on a flight in a Harvard training aircraft. That provided my first aerial views of Tollerton, West Bridgford and Nottingham. Several times I sought to go on a test flight with Captain Rogers and Dave Muir, but was always told that passengers as such were not permitted under the company’s insurance policy.

Little did they know that I had already had a flight in the magnificent Lancaster before they had even seen one at Tollerton. In May/June, 1942, I was in camp with the Air Training Corps at RAF Station, Syerston. This was a busy operational bomber base and we were welcomed as extra pairs of hands and set to work on many different tasks including helping at the bomb dump. We got our reward, taking turns to be aboard a Lancaster on air test. My turn came and I stood behind the pilot and flight engineer as we flew across the Lincolnshire countryside. All over too quickly.

Later the same night we were awoken from our beds by an RAF officer, told to quickly put our uniforms on over our pyjamas and go outside. There we were instructed to climb aboard a Queen Mary articulated trailer which the officer then drove round the perimeter track and parked close to the far end of the main runway. One by one the heavily bomb laden Lancasters of No. 61 Squadron took to the air with the roar of the powerful Merlin engines resounding in our ears. The officer told us we were watching history in the making but would say no more.. Later we learned that those Lancasters had taken part in the first 1,000 bomber raid on Cologne.

Many times when walking around the perimeter track at Tollerton a Lancaster would touch down, taxi round to a vacant dispersal point and a few minutes after the engines stopped the pilot in dark blue ATA uniform would climb out. That pilot would be anything from a petite young blonde to a bearded old man, and I never cease to marvel that they had flown such a large powerful machine single handed and found their way to Tollerton. No flight engineer. No navigator. Probably they relied on a compass heading and good map reading skills to keep them on track, together with a prayer for the absence of low cloud.

Walking around the perimeter track one bright sunny morning I was suddenly aware of an aircraft coming towards me. The previous afternoon I noticed we had taken part in the first raid on Cologne. We learned that those Lancasters but would say no more. Later we watched history in the making and possibly due to systems failure or belated touch down it continued on at the end of the runway and was brought to a halt by the roadside ditch.

The pilot of a US Army Air Force P 38 Lockheed Lightning twin engine fighter may also have been looking to make an emergency landing, but baled out and parachuted to safety when it burst into flames. The aircraft crashed in woodland far from the airfield.

An aircraft from 16 SFTS crashed on Nuthall Road in Nottingham, and while there was no civilian loss of life the two Polish occupants were killed. The inquest was told that one trainee was helping the other gain more experience and the crash was caused by carrying out aerobatics at too low an altitude. It is difficult to understand why two trainees were allowed to fly together in the same aircraft without a qualified instructor, let alone carry out aerobatics over a populated area. Searching questions were never asked, and suspicion must remain that it was an unauthorised flight for which disclosure was avoided in order to maintain morale.

**Plane memories**

On one occasion I donned my Air Training Corps uniform after working hours and by appearing at the old club house managed to persuade a Polish officer instructor to take me on a flight in a Harvard training aircraft. That provided my first aerial views of Tollerton, West Bridgford and Nottingham. Several times I sought to go on a test flight with Captain Rogers and Dave Muir, but was always told that passengers as such were not permitted under the company’s insurance policy.

Little did they know that I had already had a flight in the magnificent Lancaster before they had even seen one at Tollerton. In May/June, 1942, I was in camp with the Air Training Corps at RAF Station, Syerston. This was a busy operational bomber base and we were welcomed as extra pairs of hands and set to work on many different tasks including helping at the bomb dump. We got our reward, taking turns to be aboard a Lancaster on air test. My turn came and I stood behind the pilot and flight engineer as we flew across the Lincolnshire countryside. All over too quickly.

Later the same night we were awoken from our beds by an RAF officer, told to quickly put our uniforms on over our pyjamas and go outside. There we were instructed to climb aboard a Queen Mary articulated trailer which the officer then drove round the perimeter track and parked close to the far end of the main runway. One by one the heavily bomb laden Lancasters of No. 61 Squadron took to the air with the roar of the powerful Merlin engines resounding in our ears. The officer told us we were watching history in the making but would say no more.. Later we learned that those Lancasters had taken part in the first 1,000 bomber raid on Cologne.

Many times when walking around the perimeter track at Tollerton a Lancaster would touch down, taxi round to a vacant dispersal point and a few minutes after the engines stopped the pilot in dark blue ATA uniform would climb out. That pilot would be anything from a petite young blonde to a bearded old man, and I never cease to marvel that they had flown such a large powerful machine single handed and found their way to Tollerton. No flight engineer. No navigator. Probably they relied on a compass heading and good map reading skills to keep them on track, together with a prayer for the absence of low cloud. 

Walking around the perimeter track one bright sunny morning I was suddenly aware of an aircraft coming towards me. The previous afternoon I noticed we had taken part in the first raid on Cologne. We learned that those Lancasters but would say no more. Later we watched history in the making and possibly due to systems failure or belated touch down it continued on at the end of the runway and was brought to a halt by the roadside ditch.

The pilot of a US Army Air Force P 38 Lockheed Lightning twin engine fighter may also have been looking to make an emergency landing, but baled out and parachuted to safety when it burst into flames. The aircraft crashed in woodland far from the airfield.

An aircraft from 16 SFTS crashed on Nuthall Road in Nottingham, and while there was no civilian loss of life the two Polish occupants were killed. The inquest was told that one trainee was helping the other gain more experience and the crash was caused by carrying out aerobatics at too low an altitude. It is difficult to understand why two trainees were allowed to fly together in the same aircraft without a qualified instructor, let alone carry out aerobatics over a populated area. Searching questions were never asked, and suspicion must remain that it was an unauthorised flight for which disclosure was avoided in order to maintain morale.
boundary hedge and was heading towards me at a height a little above zero feet. Alternatives on the best course of action were flashing through my mind when the aircraft suddenly veered away heading for the Polish detachment. Obviously the trainees there were going to be shown what real Navy pilots could do, and I was destined to live for another day!

Brian Hancock
34 Stanstead Ave, Tollerton, Nottingham, NG12 4EA

Letters from Members

From time to time I receive letters and snippets from members that either don’t quite fit under any particular heading or are not large enough to warrant their own page. I hope you enjoy these bits as much as I do and feel free to contribute if you don’t feel up to writing a large item. Also following enquiries in the previous journal, some of our Members have been kind enough to reply.

Tracy Dodds Journal Editor

Crawford family – Help Wanted
Following the enquiry in the April journal re the descendants of Andrew Crawford who moved to Bestwood and later Ruddington. The following Marriages at Bestwood Park Emmanuel were located by member Norman Marriott:
Helen Main Crawford married Robert Dudley 9/6/1909
Jessie Thomson Crawford married Alexander Tarbet 14/2/1920
There are three William Crawford marriages between 1890 and 1910 but it’s unknown which if any are related.

My Entrepreneurial Ancestor – Novembers Talk
Brian Binns the speaker had a photograph of his Grandfather’s taxi but did not know the make of car. Brian Waters sent in the following information:
John Tomlinson’s taxi was not based on an early chassis but is a mid 1920’s Dodge, with a contemporary British coach built body. Dodge motorcars were very popular and, in common with those of Ford, Chevrolet and Studebaker, were manufactured in large quantities in the USA for the vast American market, allowing them to be sold relatively cheaply. The cars were uncomplicated in design and simple to maintain. They were reliable, economical to run and easy to drive.
All four makes were imported into this country from 1910 and through the 1920’s. Ford was the only manufacturer to build a factory here at this time, in 1911 at Trafford Park, Manchester. However, in 1933 Dodge did build a factory here at Kew, Surrey for the manufacture of commercial vehicles, trading as Dodge Bros (Britain) Ltd.
Nottingham City Council, as Vehicle Registration Authority would have issued the registration number AU 11 in circa 1924, reusing a registration number that had previously been cancelled as was occasionally the practice at this time.

The Caroline Conundrum
On a recent visit to Bulwell’s Northern Cemetery I took some photos of headstones in an attempt to link them to my family tree. One such grave related to Charles and Caroline ASHMORE. Further research revealed that Charles was a Fish Shop Proprietor on Quarry Road, Bulwell in 1911.

The intriguing question is why was Caroline ASHMORE shown as his wife of 16 years when both the grave and the GRO Death Index give her death as 1909!

Was Charles still grieving the loss of his dear wife two years after her death, or did he simply not read the small print on the form?
Being a sentimentalist I would like to think that, as far as Charles was concerned, Caroline was still with him. Aaah

Malcom Bamford

Tracy Dodds Journal Editor

Crawford family – Help Wanted
Following the enquiry in the April journal re the descendants of Andrew Crawford who moved to Bestwood and later Ruddington. The following Marriages at Bestwood Park Emmanuel were located by member Norman Marriott:
Helen Main Crawford married Robert Dudley 9/6/1909
Jessie Thomson Crawford married Alexander Tarbet 14/2/1920
There are three William Crawford marriages between 1890 and 1910 but it’s unknown which if any are related.

My Entrepreneurial Ancestor – Novembers Talk
Brian Binns the speaker had a photograph of his Grandfather’s taxi but did not know the make of car. Brian Waters sent in the following information:
John Tomlinson’s taxi was not based on an early chassis but is a mid 1920’s Dodge, with a contemporary British coach built body. Dodge motorcars were very popular and, in common with those of Ford, Chevrolet and Studebaker, were manufactured in large quantities in the USA for the vast American market, allowing them to be sold relatively cheaply. The cars were uncomplicated in design and simple to maintain. They were reliable, economical to run and easy to drive.
All four makes were imported into this country from 1910 and through the 1920’s. Ford was the only manufacturer to build a factory here at this time, in 1911 at Trafford Park, Manchester. However, in 1933 Dodge did build a factory here at Kew, Surrey for the manufacture of commercial vehicles, trading as Dodge Bros (Britain) Ltd.
Nottingham City Council, as Vehicle Registration Authority would have issued the registration number AU 11 in circa 1924, reusing a registration number that had previously been cancelled as was occasionally the practice at this time.

The Caroline Conundrum
On a recent visit to Bulwell’s Northern Cemetery I took some photos of headstones in an attempt to link them to my family tree. One such grave related to Charles and Caroline ASHMORE. Further research revealed that Charles was a Fish Shop Proprietor on Quarry Road, Bulwell in 1911.

The intriguing question is why was Caroline ASHMORE shown as his wife of 16 years when both the grave and the GRO Death Index give her death as 1909!

Was Charles still grieving the loss of his dear wife two years after her death, or did he simply not read the small print on the form?
Being a sentimentalist I would like to think that, as far as Charles was concerned, Caroline was still with him. Aaah

Malcom Bamford

16
My First World War Ancestor – Ernest Allwood
Clifford Hughes

My grandfather Ernest William Allwood was born in Mansfield in 1889. His father, an agricultural labourer, did not lead a settled life, being hired at hiring fairs for “a twelvemonth” at farms in various parts of Notts and South Yorkshire. Ernest was fortunate to be provided with a settled home by his mother's sister Myra FLETCHER (nee STOCKS) who effectively adopted him when he was 6 (grandad said this was “The best day's work I ever did”). Ernest went to St Peter's school in Mansfield – the building is still there adjoining the churchyard – and then followed his uncle's trade as a bricklayer.

In the years before the First World War he joined the Territorial Army because he enjoyed the summer camps. He was 25 years old when war broke out. C Company was the Mansfield and Sutton-in-Ashfield company in the 1/8th Sherwood Foresters Territorial Battalion. This battalion formed part of 139 Brigade (the Sherwood Foresters Brigade) in 46 (North Midland) Division. Also part of 139 Brigade was the Nottingham Battalion of Territorials, the 1/7th (Robin Hood Rifles). Being a city battalion, as opposed to the 1/8th which was recruited in the more rural parts of the county, the Robin Hoods called the 1/8th 'farmer Johnnies'. However as grandad used to say “We could always outmarch them”.

Ernest landed in France in February 1915. The Foresters had a lively introduction to the war in poor trenches at Kemmel, where the front lines were very close together. Later in the year, C Company was on the flank of the first German liquid fire attack at Hooge, and, although Ernest didn't like to talk about the war, he did mention that some of the 14 Division in the line next to the Foresters were sleeping in pyjamas in the front line and were badly surprised by the German attack! C Company played a significant but undervalued role in holding their part of the line in this attack.

In the autumn of 1915 the Foresters and the Division as a whole suffered heavy casualties in their partially successful attack on the Hohenzollern Redoubt near Loos. The battalion was in reserve at the Somme on 1st July 1916. Ernest survived these and subsequent actions and I often wonder whether he was fortunate to be on courses or away from the front at crucial times. (He also mentioned being absent from the battalions as a result of the consumption of 'vin blanc'.) When C Company undertook an ill-fated attack at Lens in April 1917, Ernest was not in the attacking force. He did say that at one time he was company clerk, and perhaps that saved him on this occasion. His younger brother Horace, a miner, did take part in the attack. Before the attack took place he gave his watch and other possessions to Ernest because he didn't expect to return: he didn't return, at least for nearly 2 years, as he was taken prisoner.

Ernest's luck ran out later in 1917 when he was wounded: perhaps one should say his luck was in, because this was a blighty one, which kept him away from the Western Front for the remainder of the war. Following convalescence, and presumably before he was ‘fighting’ fit, he was sent to join the 2/7th Durham Light Infantry,

Ernest Allwood in Murmansk c1919
a Garrison Battalion. This battalion was sent to northern Russia in October 1918 as part of the expeditionary force supporting the White Russians against the Russian revolutionaries. The photograph was taken in Murmansk in 1919 (the Durhams came home in September 1919, I believe). It was taken in a photographer's studio, and the dog was the photographer's own. Ernest was a storeman in Murmansk, and had a relatively cushy time, skating and enjoying his share of the stores. In the photograph he is seated, on the right.

After the war Ernest returned to his trade as a bricklayer, married Phyllis Lavinia Sarah KITCHEN at Mansfield Registry Office in 1923 (more in the next journal about her brother in the war) and settled in Mansfield Woodhouse. He was foreman bricklayer for the Mansfield builder Greenwoods, and was responsible amongst other things for constructing the air raid shelters beneath the Metal Box Company in Mansfield.

Ernest was affected by his experiences. His daughter remembers him saying in his sleep “Hark at Jerry tonight” and even running downstairs in his sleep shouting (my apologies) “The buggers is after me!”. He nevertheless attended the Remembrance Day parades in Mansfield annually.

I should add a note about Ernest's youngest brother Harry, aged 15 at the outbreak of war. Whenever Ernest was on leave in Mansfield Harry walked out in Ernest's uniform. He made 2 attempts to join the Army underage. The first, in March 1915, when he gave his age as 19, was with the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who discharged him in June. His second attempt started in July; he got as far as France by Christmas with the Sherwood Foresters before Ernest secured his return by writing to his Commanding Officer. He was discharged this time in March 1916. Both Ernest's brothers were miners and moved to Sutton-in-Ashfield, where their descendants live today.

---

Mr ERNEST RIMES, High-Class Tailor
4, Birkin Avenue, NOTTINGHAM

Conveniently situated, just off the main thoroughfare (trams passing every few minutes) the above business is ably presided over by Mr Ernest Rimes. The business was established in 1895, to supply the public with high-class Tailoring at economical prices, whether for cash or credit. The shop is among the principal business houses in the neighbourhood of Hyson Green, and is noticeable for its smartly dressed window, evidently indicating the existence of a flourishing and well-conducted business. The interior comprises a well-fitted sale shop with a room at the rear for fitting on purposes.

Ladies’ Costumes are also a feature in this business, and nothing is left undone to give complete satisfaction to his numerous lady customers. A large trade is done in trousers, which are made a be-fitting speciality, ranging in price from 8/11 to a guinea or more, and are cut and made in the latest style or to suit the individual requirements of the customer.

To the working man of the district who desires a good and serviceable pair of trousers (of which is always kept in back a comprehensive and up-to-date selection of patterns) we can strongly recommend the cheaper ranges; but, as Shakespeare says –

‘Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, for the apparel oft ‘proclaims the man’

Doubtless, the success of the business is largely due to the fact the Mr Rimes personally attends to the cutting and fitting on, thus ensuring every satisfaction.

---

Extract from Nottingham Illustrated Review © 1903
I have enjoyed my second year back as the President of the Society, and am very grateful to all of you for your enthusiastic support. As usual I would particularly like to pay tribute to all those people who have worked hard for the Society in the past year – namely:

- Our Treasurer Peter Banham and Secretary Mary Ellis who have kept the Society running on track and on time.
- Tracy Dodds who has continued to work tirelessly to produce our Journal to a high standard.
- Sheila and Jim Greenall for running the very successful bookstall at various events as well as our meetings, and their son David Greenall for his work as membership secretary – and making sure we all pay our subs on time!
- Peter Rattenberry and his team of transcribers and checkers who are now working hard on filling in the gaps in the baptism and burial register databases as well as adding non-conformist records.
- To all the various volunteers who have been regularly helping to operate the Research Room at the Galleries of Justice.
- And the other council members for their continued support and also to A W Lymns who kindly provide a room for the Societys Council meetings.
- Finally I would especially like to thank our Examiner of Accounts Robin Burton who is stepping down this year.

Despite a few glitches in the system over the past year our website is continuing to generate substantial interest in the Society and is a brilliant forum for publicising what we do. Do have a look if you have not already done so!

I would encourage all local members as well as members from further afield who may be visiting the county to come and use the Research Room in the Galleries of Justice on High Pavement. Come and see what we have; use the computers, indexes, files; and the extensive library we hold. You never know what you might find. Details of current opening times are always published in the Journal and on the website. And speaking of the Research Room we are always pleased to have more volunteers to help run it – even if just one or two sessions a month.

Finally, wearing my other hat, I have continued to organise a varied programme of hopefully relevant and interesting speakers to our monthly meetings – so a sincere thank you to all of you for regularly supporting our meetings and speakers – without you the society could not flourish. And as before if you hear other good speakers locally that you think may be suitable to the FHS then please do let us know – some of you do this already! For those of you who live too far away to attend our meetings thank you for subscribing – again we really appreciate your continued support.

Nottinghamshire Family History Society
Annual Report for the year 2013 to 2014

Nottinghamshire Family History Society is a registered charity (registration number 515898), whose objectives include the promotion of family history with particular reference to Nottinghamshire.

The officers of the Society (collectively known as the Society’s Council and elected by the Society’s Membership at the 2013 Annual General Meeting) for the year were:

- Honorary President – Peter Hammond (correspondence address 17 Lady Bay Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 5BJ)
- Honorary Secretary – Mary Ellis
- Honorary Treasurer – Peter Banham
- Council Member - Tracy Dodds (also Journal Editor)
- Council Member - David Greenall (also Membership Secretary)
- Council Member – Sheila Greenall (also Shop Manager)
- Council Member – Dominic Johnson
The Society is administered by the Council in accordance with the constitution of the Society approved on 17th November 2010 and revised and ratified at the EGM on 20th November 2013. The Council has met six times during the year and the minutes of the meetings are held by the Society’s Secretary. The financial situation of the Society is judged by the Council to be good. The details can be found in the accounts prepared by the Honorary Treasurer and examined by an independent examiner. The Council confirms that all of the activities of the Society are in accordance with the aims of the Society; are of public benefit, particularly in regard to the advancement of education and to the advancement of the arts, culture, heritage or science and are widely available to the general public.

In the past year a programme of monthly Wednesday evening meetings has been held, most with a guest speaker presenting a topic related to the Society’s aims of promoting family history, genealogy, heraldry and local history. The Society’s quarterly Journal has been produced by the Journal Editor and distributed to the Society’s members. Of 730 members, 139 receive their Journal by e-mail, the remainder by post – 566 in the UK, 4 in Europe and 19 in the rest of the world. Currently 344 members Gift Aid their membership subscriptions.

Work is now underway to record the gravestone inscriptions of Mansfield Cemetery. The project to put all of the Record Series (currently in book form) and the all the Memorial Inscriptions (currently on fiche) onto CD for ease of access is continuing. The first version of the CD version of the Record Series of Memorial Inscription is on trial.

The Society has visited Family History Fairs at York, Sheffield and Woking during the year, plus the “Who Do You Think You Are?” event, taking the Book Stall to each of them. A team of volunteers continue to run and administer the Research Room which is open to members and the general public about 2½ days a week. The web site (www.nottsfhs.org.uk) continues to be up and running. The site has an integrated e-shop that is working well.
Nottinghamshire Family History Society  
Income & Expenditure Account Year ended March 2014

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Last Year</th>
<th>Current Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£</td>
<td>£</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Book Shop</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales</td>
<td>10914</td>
<td>9300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Purchases, Books, Fiche, etc.</td>
<td>-3850</td>
<td>-2589</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Expenses (Note 1)</td>
<td>-2523</td>
<td>-3360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A Surplus</strong></td>
<td>4541</td>
<td>3351</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**General Account**

**Income**

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>7341</td>
<td>7279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Searches</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tax refunds</td>
<td>898</td>
<td>1014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royalties - Federation Web Site</td>
<td>532</td>
<td>698</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Research Room</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W.D.Y.T.Y.A. Trip</td>
<td>451</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other (Refund)</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank Interest</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Income</strong></td>
<td>9646</td>
<td>9637</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Expenses**

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hall Rent</td>
<td>976</td>
<td>998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Research Room Costs (Note 2)</td>
<td>1975</td>
<td>1921</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journal Printing</td>
<td>3836</td>
<td>3061</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journal Dispatch</td>
<td>3295</td>
<td>2643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speakers Expenses</td>
<td>335</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FFHS subscription &amp; insurance</td>
<td>634</td>
<td>633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PayPal Charges</td>
<td>640</td>
<td>543</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairs &amp; Conferences</td>
<td>971</td>
<td>1036</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W.D.Y.T.Y.A. Trip</td>
<td>451</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage</td>
<td>953</td>
<td>1330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stationery</td>
<td>1055</td>
<td>1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>529</td>
<td>525</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Computer/Web Maintenance</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundry</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depreciation</td>
<td>1180</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Bookshop expenses</td>
<td>-2523</td>
<td>14538</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>-3360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total  Surplus / Deficit A-B</strong></td>
<td><strong>-351</strong></td>
<td><strong>762</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note 1: Book shop expenses are, postage, stationery, telephone, travel to fairs etc.
Note 2: Research Room costs are Room Rent, Internet and stationery etc.
Nottinghamshire Family History Society
Balance Sheet 31 March 2014

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Last Year</th>
<th>Current Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£</td>
<td>£</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fixed Assets</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equipment as 31 March</td>
<td>1535</td>
<td>457</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1535</td>
<td>457</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Depreciation (SL 25%)</td>
<td>-1078</td>
<td>-229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library as 31 March</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>124</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Depreciation (SL 25%)</td>
<td>-55</td>
<td>-35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fiche Masters as 31 March</td>
<td>332</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Depreciation (SL 10%)</td>
<td>-47</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fixed Assets Total</strong></td>
<td>811</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Current Assets</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookstall Stock</td>
<td>4356</td>
<td>4167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debtors</td>
<td>898</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank Balance</td>
<td>11350</td>
<td>13510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>16604</td>
<td>17677</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Creditors</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special fund (Bequest)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Net Assets</strong></td>
<td>17415</td>
<td>18177</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Represented by:-

- Members Funds Last Year | 17766 | 17415 |
- Surplus/Deficit for the year | -351 | 762 |
- Funds at end of financial year | 17415 | 18177 |

Auditors Report
I have examined the records and accounts of the society for the year ended 31st March 2014 and in my opinion these show a true and fair view.

RN Burton
BA(Hons)
Accounting and Finance Accounting and Finance
New Members Interests

Wherever possible kindly acknowledge any assistance received from fellow members

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ID</th>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>DATES</th>
<th>ID</th>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>DATES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5661</td>
<td>Lee</td>
<td>Nottingham</td>
<td>Any</td>
<td>5659</td>
<td>Parker</td>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>pre 1900</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

New Members Names and Addresses

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ID</th>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS</th>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>POSTAL CODE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5658</td>
<td>Mrs Jane Spencer</td>
<td>10 High Street</td>
<td>Bottesford</td>
<td>NG13 0AA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5659</td>
<td>Mrs Susan Wells</td>
<td>20 Bolton Avenue</td>
<td>Beeston</td>
<td>NG9 5NX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5660</td>
<td>Mr &amp; Mrs R Bilbie</td>
<td>23 Burnside Road</td>
<td>Bilborough</td>
<td>NG8 4NA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5661</td>
<td>Mr John Burgess</td>
<td>13 The Brook</td>
<td>Grantstown Park</td>
<td>Eire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5662</td>
<td>Mrs Barbara Ann Mole</td>
<td>Fulwell Barn, Church Lane</td>
<td>Costock</td>
<td>LE12 6UZ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Erratum

A surname interest for member 5649 was incorrectly printed in the April journal for which we apologise
Fenson should read FENSOM
Member 5649 David Ibotson 78 Victoria Street, Newark Notts Ng24 4UN

E-Journal Members

Please note, it is the responsibility of the Member to ensure that the E-Journal Administrator is kept updated regarding your email account. Any changes to your email address should be sent to Marian Green, E-Journal Administrator at mgreen2006@tiscali.co.uk

Membership Renewal

Please note: When your Membership is due for renewal, a reminder form will be sent to you. If you do not renew on time your journal will cease.

Highway Robbery near Nottingham

Extract from The Derby Mercury. Wednesday, November 9, 1853 by Phil Hand

HIGHWAY ROBBERY NEAR NOTTINGHAM. – An atrocious highway robbery, accompanied with brutal and perhaps fatal violence, has been perpetrated in Nottingham. Jacob WARDLE, a resident of Bobber’s Mill, while proceeding along the Alfreton road, shortly before one o’clock in the morning of Monday week, heard loud cries, which were raised apparently by a person in distress. Not suspecting any plot, and anxious to render what assistance he was capable of affording, he proceeded immediately to the place whence the cries seemed to proceed. Here he found two men in the act, as appeared to him, of robbing a third person who lay upon the ground. When he approached them the robbers struck him a savage blow with a hard substance, and levelled him with the ground. The man who was upon the ground was allowed to go. WARDLE had in his possession a few shillings, with which the villains decamped. Information was as soon as possible given to the police, and in the course of Sunday two men named SIMS and MORLEY, alias Old Horse, were apprehended at Radford, and taken before the injured man, who at once recognised them as being the persons by whom he was assaulted and robbed. On Monday morning they were taken before one of the county magistrates, and after a short examination were remanded. On Wednesday last the prisoners, whose names are John SIMS and Edward MORLEY, were placed before the county magistrates, at the Shire Hall, and were represented by Mr. BOWLEY, when a man named Charles LEAVERS, of Kimberley, attended, and stated that he was the person to whose assistance WARDLE came at the time he was attacked by two men who attempted to rob him. One of these he identified as the prisoner MORLEY. WARDLE still remained at home, in such an injured state that he could not appear to prosecute, and the prisoners were remanded until Saturday.
The WW1 At Home Live Event
Fields of Battle Exhibition

Weekend 19&20 September 2014
Nottingham Market Square
10am to 4pm

This year marks the centenary of the start of World War One and it is a chance for the generations of today to reflect on the sacrifice of those who fought in the conflict

Nottinghamshire Family History Society

Will be at this Event for the two days
Mansfield Cemetery
Monumental Inscription Recording

This year’s recording project is the second phase of monumental inscription recording at Mansfield Cemetery. The project needs inscription recorders, transcribers, proof readers and transcription correctors.

Last year a small group of members and non-members started the recording, transcription and proof reading. If you would like to help, send your email address to recordings@nottsffhs.org.uk to be kept up to date with what is happening.

If you would like to help with the transcription, proof reading or correction work, please contact Stuart Mason via the web site (http://www.nottsffs.org.uk/inscription-recording.html) or any member of Council for more information.

Great War Centenary Project comes to Nottingham

From Wednesday 17th September onwards for a period of eight weeks until 12th November there is going to be a huge display in Nottingham’s Market Square comprising WWI displays, including a massive world map that people can walk upon! Staff from Nottinghamshire Archives and elsewhere will be on hand to answer questions and to showcase stories. This is where we come in, for the Nottinghamshire Family History Society will also be taking part. As well as providing a stall at the first weekend of the launch we are being asked to help with stories, anecdotes, as well as practical help in advising members of the public about research – especially on WWI ancestry. If you are interested in helping then please contact Ruth Imeson at Nottinghamshire Archives (via archives@nottscc.gov.uk; postal address inside back cover of this Journal) who is co-ordinating the rota.

This promises to be a really exciting opportunity to showcase what we can do – and of course to promote our Society to the general public. Nottingham City Museums will also be displaying various WWI related artefacts and providing advice on the same, which coupled with displays from ourselves, the Archives, the Library service, the BBC, and others, should prove very interesting. Being launched by the British Government in August (after first being showcased in Paris) the gallery is coming to Nottingham as the first point of call in its UK tour.

See you there…

Mansfield Library Local History Day 11 May 2014

This is the first time the Society had attended this event, showcasing groups from all over the county.
Borstal After Care Records

In April 2013 Bev Baker, the Curator at the Galleries of Justice on High Pavement in Nottingham, gave a talk to the Society about criminal ancestors. Part of that talk covered the collection of about 1000 index cards that record the after care of boys leaving the first ever Borstal institution in Kent.

The Society has started a project to scan and transcribe these index cards. The boys came from all over the country. As an illustration of the cards and the information on them, here is William Whitfield. He was sentenced to 2 years for burglary. The Borstal governor thought him "Rather simple. Should be helped and cared for.". The chaplain simply said "Recommended". Then starting in June 1908 there is a list of all the actions that the officer in charge of the care of William until the end of 1909.

His home in London was inspected and his mother interviewed. His job prospects were evaluated - as not good. A recommendation was made that he should go to sea.

In March 1909 he was instructed in seamanship. In late March he was on the ketch "Teutonic" bound for Hull and the continent. Left the ship at Hull - he did not like the work. He was paid 6/- and borrowed 6/- for the train fare back to London. The skipper of the "Teutonic" said that William would have done well if he had stayed with the ship.

Over the next month the care officer tried four firms asking them to give William a job. Eventually he found work, but did not remain employed for long. His employer said "had gone to the bad and could not be kept on".

The record card ends in November 1909 with William being a fitter's mate. The care officer made 46 contacts with William in 18 months - in person, by letter to William, his family and potential employers.

If you would like to know more about the project, come to the Society's Research Room in the Galleries of Justice or look at the Society's web site www.nottsfhs.org.uk. When the project is complete the index and the images of the record cards will be published.

Guided Tour of St Mary’s Church Nottingham
Society Visit Thursday 31 July 2014 7pm

Following the successful and enjoyable visit to the Lakeside Pavilion last summer for an exhibition we are delighted to announce that this year we have arranged for a guided tour of Nottingham's most historic church, St Mary's, in the Lace Market area of the city. Open to members and friends.

Please meet at the western entrance to the churchyard off High Pavement, Thursday 31st July commencing 7pm

At this early stage we are not sure if there may be a small charge or not, so come prepared just in case!

Anyone with ancestors in Nottingham itself is more than likely to have had associations with this church - and we can guarantee a fascinating evening.

No need to book - just turn up.
Hopkinsons of Retford
Dick Harrison

I am the editor for the Retford and District Historical and Archaeological Society and unfortunately the secretary of the Society knows of my interest in family history so any enquiries get passed straight to me. This particular one came from a Malcolm Hutton in Melbourne Australia. He was interested in the Hopkinsons of Retford as his grandmother, Harriet Grant of Babworth, was an orphan and had lived with an aunt, Anne Morris. Anne Morris later married Charles Hopkinson. Malcolm claims that Charles Hopkinson owned the Jockey House Farm as well as other farms in North Leverton and Ordsall.

First it should be noted that the Jockey House still stands on what is now known as the Old London Road. This road bypassed Retford a couple of miles to the west and in 1766 it was diverted through the town by popular demand to bring in the coaching trade. (In the 1960s, by then known as the A1, it was diverted out again to its current location, no doubt also by popular demand.) The Old London Road was severed, just south of the Jockey House, by Gamston Aerodrome in the Second World War.

Internet research had led Malcolm to an article about a murder at the Jockey House in 1721 www.biffvernon.freeserve.co.uk/jockey_house.htm. The Internet article mentioned another article which had appeared in the Retford Times of 10 October 1902 in which a painter and decorator related how, working in Elkesley some 40 years previously, he had received a delivery of paint from London which was wrapped in part of an old newspaper that carried an article about a murder at the Jockey House.

There were several Hopkinsons in Retford but Malcolm was interested in two of them: Charles (born 1840) and George (born 1834). George was a painter and decorator about the time the paint was delivered from London. He wanted to know if the informant was George Hopkinson and if Charles and George were brothers.

Retford library’s Local Studies Department has microfilm copies of all the Retford Times so it was simply a matter of loading the 1902 microfilm and scrolling forward to the 10 October edition. The article was on page six:

A MURDER AT THE JOCKEY HOUSE
Inscribed upon a tombstone in Elkesley Churchyard is the following:- “Here lieth interred the body of John Barragh, gentleman, who was murdered by Midford Hendry, officer of the Guards, on the 24th day of June 1721, aged 29 years.”

Tradition has it that the murder took place at the Jockey House, on the old coach road. A gentleman in the neighbourhood told the writer that the late Mr Crawshaw, a painter, of Retford, was engaged in decorating work at Elkesley Vicarage, some forty years ago, and, observing the above inscription, he made the following statement: - “When I was an apprentice in Retford we were renewing picture and mirror frames at West Retford House, then occupied by Mr. James Lee. Being short of gold for colouring, we sent up by the mail to London for a supply. It came down wrapped in part of an old newspaper, and I there saw an account of an inquest held upon the body of the murdered gentleman. It was there stated that John Barragh, who was riding, called at the Jockey House for refreshment. A detachment of Grenadier Guards came up, and Midford Hendry went into the inn, and sat next to Barragh, when [sic] they entered into conversation. It was not long before they disagreed, and the confusion became so hot that Hendry drew his sword and ran it straight through the body of Barragh. Elkesley being the nearest churchyard, the murdered man was brought there and buried.

The answer to the first question was no, the informant was not George Hopkinson.

The 1841 census shows that a George (born 1834) was the son of Richard (born 1805) and Mary Hopkinson. Charles (born 1840) was the son of George (born 1811) and Ann, Charles had an elder brother also called George (born 1832).

Later censuses show that George (1834) was a painter and decorator and his father, Richard, was a tailor. Charles (1840) was a millwright, his brother, George (1832), was a journeyman whitesmith (a person who makes and repairs things made of light coloured metal, particularly tinware. Also known as a tinsmith, a tinner, a tinker, or a tinplate worker.), and his father, George (1811), a blacksmith.

The marriage registers give proof of paternity: George (1834) married Ellen Lister at Sturton-le-Steeple on 1 June 1857, George was a painter, his father is Richard, a tailor.

George (1832) married Elizabeth Dernie on 10 December 1855 at Ordsall, Retford, George was a whitesmith, his father, George, a blacksmith.
Charles (1840) married Ann Morris on 7 December 1863 at East Retford Parish Church, Charles was a millwright, his father, George, a blacksmith.

Thus it can be seen that George (1834) and Charles (1840) were not brothers but were they cousins?

The East Retford Parish Church baptism register provides the answers: There are two George Hopkinson baptisms both to Edward and Mary: 30 October 1802 and 4 October 1810. A Richard Hopkinson, son of Edward and Mary was baptised on 9 November 1804.

The burial register has George, son of Edward and Mary, interred on 2 November 1805 but it also shows Richard, the son of Edward, interred 12 October 1804.

Unfortunately ages were not recorded but it is safe to assume that Edward and Mary used the name George again six years later. However for Richard to be interred on 12 October 1804 and the name to be reused less than three weeks later on the 9 November did not seem right and why was only the father’s name given? Further research showed that an Edward Hopkinson had married a Sarah Newton on 3 April 1787, their son, Richard, had been baptised on 20 July 1787, (tight wedding dress syndrome!) Sarah died and was interred on 23 May 1789 so this Richard was a red herring.

Thus Richard (1805) and George (1811) were brothers so George (1834) and Charles (1840) were first cousins.

Assuming that the Mr Crawshaw mentioned in the newspaper article and George (1834) were contemporaries, the 1851 census shows a Thomas Crawshaw (born 1834) is a painter and gilder working for his father, James, a master painter and gilder. This must be the person who took delivery of the paint wrapped in the newspaper. There is also an interesting coincidence, according to the 1851 census James Lee (mentioned in the newspaper article) was an 80 year old magistrate living in West Retford House with his wife and an unmarried daughter together with a staff of nine, one of whom was Ellen Lister, a dairymaid, she would later marry George (1834). Was George contracted at some time to do work at West Retford House and did he there meet his future wife? It’s nice to think so.

Dick Harrison
purplemauve@hotmail.com

Directory Dipping

OXTON

Extract from Whites Gazetteer & Directory of Nottinghamshire 1832

Oxton 5 mile S W by S of Southwell, is a large village in an open vale, under the hills, on the eastern side of the Dover Beck. It has within its parish 778 inhabitants, and 4000 acres of land, of which upwards of 1500 acres are in the open forest of Sherwood, where there is an extensive rabbit warren. The vicarage has the vicarage of Blidworth annexed to it. The Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists have each a chapel here. The school, which was rebuilt in 1831, was endowed by Margaret Sherbrooke, in 1783, with land at Austerfield.

Extract from the Post Office Directory of Nottinghamshire 1855

Oxton is a village and parish, 9 miles north-north-east from Nottingham, 5 north-west of Lowdham station. Framework knitting is carried on. All the waste land was enclosed in 1851. Henry Sherbrooke Esq is lord of the manor; he occupies the Hall. Six ancient poor-houses were taken down and rebuilt by the lord of the manor, in 1852. These are now most substantial and comfortable residences.
Internet search results can often spread over several pages. You hope that the most likely results will be amongst the top few but not always. This is because it is possible for websites to be set up in such a way that they will always appear at the top of a list – even if they have no relevance to the search criteria. Here are some ideas to help narrow down your searches to the more pertinent results.

There are several internet search pages available, google being the most well known, but there are others such as Yahoo and Bing. The examples given here were using Yahoo or Google as the search engines. It is possible that different results may appear using a different provider as they will all work slightly differently.

Keep it simple
Just type in a subject or name. Don’t type whole questions. Use simple terminology eg say headache instead of my head hurts. Less is more – use short concise sentences and terms

Example 1: my head hurts found in the first 20 results:
- ‘my head at Amazon – top songs for downloading;
- My brain hurts relax while you shop – a shop and compare site and ‘myheadhurts.co – an interactive site for experiences relating to traumatic brain injury.

Example 2: headache found in the first 6 results:
- frequent migraine causes – a site discussing causes and triggers;

Exact phrases
Put your search terms within quotes and this exact wording will be searched. So “Ted Heath” will not find Edward Heath, but equally you will not have results just looking at Ted or Heath. Putting an ampersand (&) between words will make a search more specific

Example 1: davy jones (no quotes) found within the first 20 results:
- Davy Jones musician – the wikipedia entry for Davy Jones of the Monkees;
- Davy Jones the character in Pirates of the Carribean;
- a facebook page for Davy Jones of Pennsylvania and a website for Davy Jones a photographer in London.

Example 2: “Davy Jones” & “Monkees” found within the first 20 results 19 sites such as the official website, newspaper archives, wikipedia etc all containing articles or items relating specifically to this person.

Spelling, punctuation etc
Most search engines will ignore minor spelling errors or transposed letters and often ‘ask’ if this is what you actually meant as well as giving alternatives.
Punctuation is not needed and unless part of a specific search requirement is ignored. So Nottingham, England will select the same results as Nottingahm England

Capitals – searches are not case sensitive unless the part of a specific search requirement. So Nottingham or Nottingham or NOTTINGHAM will all produce the same search results

Narrowing down the search
To ignore words place a minus sign immediately before the word you do not want to be searched.

Example: “Ted Heath –minister” will not show results mentioning the Tory Prime Minister Ted Heath.

Narrowing a numerical range
This could refer to prices or dates. Use two full stops immediately between the two numbers required for the search.

Example: “Family history software £10..£30” will show results within that price range.
Nottinghamshire Archives Additions to Collections
January – March 2014

If you require access to information from any records marked Restricted Access, please write to or email the Team Manager Archives and Local Studies at Nottinghamshire Archives.

Parish Records
PR/30,779  Radcliffe on Trent with Shelford LINK parish magazines  Jan-Dec 2013

Nottinghamshire Archives Finding Aids On-line

www.nottinghamshire.gov.uk/home/leisure/archives/archivespublications
This web address takes you straight to the publications page for Nottinghamshire Archives. It has various Source documents that can be downloaded as pdf files. These give basic information detailing what can be found and what is held by them.
There are also two parish register finding aids, one for Church of England and one for Other Denominational Registers. These both list the registers available by parish.

Nottinghamshire Archives Improvement Works
The work to extend the strongrooms and refurbish the public areas commenced on 31 March 2014. It is hoped to keep disruption to a minimum but there will be times when selected collections will be unavailable. On 20th October 2014 the service will close for approximately 3 months. Please check the website for current details.

Dates to Note
31 March 2014  Building work commences. No Car parking available
20 October 2014  Service closure for public and staff area refurbishment
Feb 2015  Services re-opens but No Car Parking available
Mar-Apr 2015  Car park re-opens
May 2015  Official Re-Opening
Once completed this will secure enough storage for historical documents for the next 20 years and provide a new storage area with improved standards of security, fire, flood and environmental control. There will also be improved visitor facilities, modernising the service offered and providing two meeting rooms, with one on the ground floor.

Adverts taken from Glovers 1825 Directory of Nottingham

G. Southam
Chemist & Druggist
From Old & Clifford Street London

I. Coleman
Dentist
Braille Smith Gate
Nottingham

Advertisements taken from Glovers 1825 Directory of Nottingham
Subscriptions
Individual UK/Europe £13, Joint Membership UK/Europe £16, Individual Overseas £16
E-Journal Member (Journal sent via Email) £15 for 2 years
All subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the Membership Secretary.

Meetings
Monthly meetings are held at the Nottingham Mechanics, Nottingham on the third Wednesday of every month, commencing at 7.00pm and finishing about 9.30pm. Speakers will commence at 7.30pm.
Computer Group meetings are held at the Research Room, Galleries of Justice, Nottingham on the second Wednesday of every month, commencing 12.15pm.

Research Room
Located within the Galleries of Justice, Shire Hall, High Pavement, Nottingham. Access is free to members.
Opening Times: Please check the website (www.nottsfhs.org.uk) in case of changes
Wednesday and Thursday 10.15am – 12.30pm
Friday 10.15am – 4.00pm
First Saturday of the month March - October 10am – 12.00pm November – February 11am – 1pm

Bookshop
A variety of books, maps, computer discs etc relating to genealogy and local history is available from the Society bookshop via the website at www.nottsfhs.org.uk or at the monthly meetings. The bookshop also attends many of the Family History Fairs around the country, details of which may be found in the journal.

Member Services
The Society is unable to undertake personal research of any sort, but various searches are available. Postal queries can be sent to the members named below or ordered via the website bookstall at www.nottsfhs.org.uk
All relevant information should be provided and surnames given in CAPITALS.
Please ensure you send your requests to the correct person or delays will occur.

1881 Census Returns UK - Single family or surname by county £3
Commonwealth War Graves - Specific individual £2
Contact Mrs Tracy Dodds, 39 Brooklands Drive, Gedling, Nottingham NG4 3GU

Parish Register Searches Nottinghamshire (Baptisms / Marriages / Burials)
Postal queries only: Specific individual from one type of register £5
Contact Mr Geoff Harrington, 15 Holme Close, Woodborough Notts NG14 6EX
Email queries only: Specific surname from one type of register. Results will be emailed. £3
Contact www.nottsfhs.org.uk and use the Searches button in the Shop.

Useful Addresses
Nottinghamshire Archives and Southwell Diocesan Record Office
County House, Castle Meadow Road, Nottingham NG2 1AG

Nottinghamshire Local Studies Library
Nottingham Central Library, Angel Row, Nottingham NG1 6HP

The Department of Manuscripts and Special Collections (at Nottingham University)
Kings Meadow Campus, Lenton Lane, Nottingham NG7 2NR
OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

President
& Programme Secretary
Peter Hammond
17 Lady Bay Road, West Bridgford,
Nottingham NG2 5BJ
Email: nottsfhspresident@nottsfhs.org.uk

Hon. Treasurer
Peter Banham
20 South Street, Long Eaton, Nottingham NG10 1ER
Email: nottsfhstreasurer@nottsfhs.org.uk

Hon. Secretary
Mary Ellis
24 Rowan Court, Larkfields, Nuthall, Nottingham NG16 1FR

COUNCIL

Council Member
Peter Duke
8 Grove Avenue, Beeston, Nottingham NG9 4ED

Journal Editor
Tracy Dodds
39 Brooklands Drive, Gedling, Notts NG4 3GU
Email: nottsfhjsournaleditor@nottsfhs.org.uk

Dominic Johnson
33 Redhill Lodge Drive, Redhill, Notts, NG5 8JH

Stuart Mason
26 Acorn Bank, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7SH

Membership Secretary
David Greenall
10 Sherwin Walk, St Ann’s, Nottingham NG3 1AH
Email: membership@nottsfhs.org.uk

Bookshop Manager
Sheila Greenall
10 Sherwin Walk, St Ann’s, Nottingham NG3 1AH
Email: bookshopmanager@nottsfhs.org.uk

E-Journal Administrator
Marian Green
16 Whitelaw Place, Cramlington, Northumberland NE23 6HX

Librarian &
Exchange Journals
Margaret Watt
40 Wadsworth Road, Stapleford, Nottingham NG9 8BD

N.F.H.S. Web Site
www.nottsfhs.org.uk

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher and copyright holder.

Printed by Arcane Direct Marketing, George House, Bannerley Rd, Garrets Green Industrial Estate
Birmingham B33 0SL

IF UNDELIVERED PLEASE RETURN TO
The Membership Secretary, 10 Sherwin Walk, St Ann’s, Nottingham NG3 1AH