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County School, Peterborough taken in 1911

PETERBOROUGH

& DISTRICT

FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY JOURNAL

Peterborough & District Family History Society
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Society Subscriptions are due on 1st April each year.

The current rates are:

Individual membership	£10
Joint membership	£12
Overseas membership	£10

Subscriptions can be paid on the Family History Federation website using
Parish Chest

Programme of Talks

Talks are currently held on Zoom.

6th September

Jackie Depelle

Bridging the Gap: Tracing Forward from 1921

4th October

Members

Members' Evening

1st November

Ian Waller

The Broken Branch

6th December

Christmas Social

2024 programme – coming soon

The programme may change from that advertised above.

**The views in this journal are not necessarily the views of the editor or of
the Peterborough & District Family History Society.**

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Coming soon...look out for this new offering, via the Family History Federation website, to assist with all your family history questions.



COPY DEADLINES

The Journal is published quarterly in March, June, September and December. Copy should reach the Editor, at the latest please, by the 9th day of February, May, August and November.

Articles are not always published as they are received, but rest assured yours will feature in a future edition of the journal.

From the chair...

One of the joys of holidays is that you do things that are different from your usual activities. Yet here I am, in Scotland, proofing the Society Journal as usual plus writing this article. Pauline said, You should have done it earlier. She was right!

But Scotland is lovely and the weather is good. We are in Troon, Ayrshire and, en route, we passed the Lowther Hills of Dumfriesshire where Pauline's father grew up. His father was a shepherd on the Duke of Buccleugh's estate. We trekked, 25 years ago, to find the small croft in which the family lived and we wondered at the remoteness and the beauty.

We came to love it then - and still do. Who knows what further discoveries we will make?

Michael Kennelly

From the editor...

I watch a programme called 'Outlander' where a nurse from the 1940s travels through a stone circle to the Highlands and to the time of the Jacobite uprisings. When I saw a photograph of my grandparents enjoying a day at the seaside, most likely Hunstanton or Skegness, this made me wonder what they would think if they were suddenly transported to our modern time? In the photograph they were wearing their 'Sunday best'. My nan was wearing a smart dress, coat, and hat. My grandad was wearing shirt, tie, jacket and smart shoes. They looked so elegant walking along the sea front. But I should imagine they were also quite hot! I can only begin to imagine what they would have thought if they witnessed modern beach wear - skimpy bikinis and speedo trunks.

Have you ever imagined your ancestors in another time, or you visiting your ancestors in their time? Which ancestor would you chose to visit? I have often thought about this. Who would I like to drop in on? My maternal great grandfather was the verger at St. Peter and St. Paul in Swaffham, Norfolk for 60 years, from the early 1920s to the 1960s. I am sure he witnessed some fascinating celebrations of life events. In contrast my paternal 4th great grandfather lived in Yaxley when the prisoner of war camp at Norman Cross was housing men from the Napoleonic Wars. He traded at the camp and must have met men of all nationalities with interesting tales to tell.

I hope you will share with other members your visit to an interesting ancestor.

Sadie McMullon

I hope you will share with other members stories of either your holidays, or those of your ancestors?

Brickwall

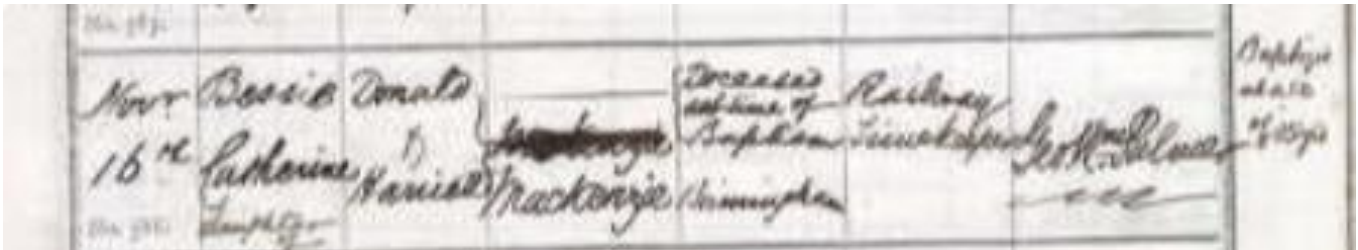
'The Missing MacKenzie'

New member, Don Mackenzie, has an elusive gt grandfather. Can you help to find him?

Donald Mackenzie, the son of Ewan MacKenzie, was born in 1827 in Scotland, possibly Inverness shire. On 5th August 1850 he married Harriet Cross in Banbury, Oxfordshire. Harriet's parents were William and Sarah.

Donald and Harriet had two children, Catherine who was baptised in Lower Middleton Cheney, Northamptonshire on 18th September 1851 and Donald who was born 3rd February 1854 in Herefordshire. On Catherine's baptism entry Donald's occupation is recorded as railway timekeeper.

Catherine may have been re-baptised at 15 years of age on 16th November 1866 at Claydon, Oxfordshire. The entry states that Bessie's parents were Donald and Harriet, and that Donald, a railway timekeeper, was deceased. Therefore, he may have died by 1866.



Donald cannot be traced in any census record and his death record has not been found either. Donald's wife Harriet cannot be found in the 1861 census.

In the 1861 census Donald and Harriet's children were recorded living with Harriet's widowed father William, (their grandfather), in Shutford, Oxfordshire.

Harriet can be found in 1871 in Over Warton, Oxfordshire. She was a servant in the house of a vicar and was recorded as single.

In 1881 Harriet was a servant in Westoe, Durham. She was recorded as a servant. Her employer was born in Oxfordshire.

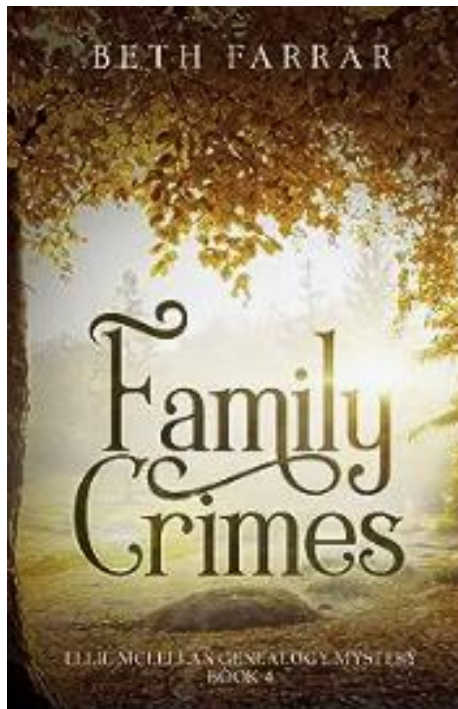
In 1891 Harriet, and her son Donald, were living together in Gainsborough, Lincoln.

Donald and Harriet moved to Peterborough by 1895. Donald married Lizzie Chattell on 3rd October 1895 at St. Mark's, Peterborough. Donald and Lizzie's first two children William and Catherine were baptised at St. Mark's on 3rd July 1895 and 22nd October 1896. They then moved to Ipswich where Harriet died in 1906.

Donald and Lizzie had returned to Queen's Drive West, Peterborough, by 1911, but they had returned via Lincoln where two more children were born.

If you can trace Donald senior, please contact Sadie.

Author Spotlight



Have you read Beth Farrar's first three genealogy books, *Family Secrets*, *Family Mistakes* and *Family Promises*? I must admit that I was addicted and read all three back to back. Her latest book '*Family Crimes*' has now been released. I can't wait to read it. Beth has been kind enough to share her writing experiences in this edition's 'Author Spotlight'.

What first prompted you to write?

When my parents handed me a library card when I was six years old, my whole world changed. I took out the allowed five books at a time and read them all at the same time, one chapter from one book, then one chapter from the next, and so on. I read different genres and found the ones I loved. That led into wanting to write my own stories, and throughout the years I wrote in various genres (movies, short stories, etc., but only for my own pleasure and education). I started writing for a local newspaper in 1998 and that lasted for fifteen years, before I finally published my first novel, *Family Secrets*, at the wonderful age of 62.

How do you go about choosing the topic/ theme/ plot you write about?

Ideas for plots usually come to me while I'm writing something else. For my Ellie McLellan Genealogy Mystery series, I had book one in my mind quite early on, and the other stories just flowed from that. I wanted to know more about the characters, why they acted the way they did, how they came to this point in their lives, and best of all, what secrets everyone hid.

I started the whole series based on the idea of a genealogist teaching a group of seniors how to write their memoirs. Taking them through the steps of revisiting their lives, finding elusive memories, and looking at their histories from the grace of age. Not every character was keen on it to start, but as the series progressed, they all learned new things about themselves and each other. They became a family in a way.

And as I write these fictional stories, I am writing my own memoir at the same time. Very straight-forward, jumping from decade to decade, finding pictures, Googling world events that I experienced, pretty much everything Ellie teaches her seniors group. And I have to admit, it's a lot more fun than I thought.

How do you approach the research you need to carry out for your topic/ theme/plot?

For each of my stories, I like to have a set of records I want to explore that will help the plot move forward. Whether it be using the tried-and-true Ancestry, or finding other lesser-known depositories, I like to change it up and show people that you don't have to pay for everything! While Ancestry, Family Search and My Heritage are the granddaddies of the industry, smaller collections can reveal information you wouldn't find anywhere else. Whether looking for census returns, newspaper items, birth, marriage and death records, or any other document that may help you understand who your ancestors were, there are many places to search, and more come online every year.

How do you turn your research into a book? How do you structure it etc?

Outlines are my friends. I cannot write without one, though they often change as the story progresses. I usually start with wanting to find out a piece of information about the main character of the story that can usually only be found by researching their past. It may entail their own past, or an ancestor's past, and sometimes the research is more common sense than factual documents (even though I like to 'prove;+' all conclusions, sometimes no records exist to do so, just like in real life).

Which element do you prefer? The research or the writing?

For me, there is no separation of my preference between research and writing. One flows into the other and they each support each other. The idea comes first, but the idea is based on a researchable and teachable aspect.

Which of your books have you found most satisfying to write?

My most satisfying book to date (May, 2023) has been Family Mistakes, the story of Ruth and Jeremy. Mainly because it shows that you should never give up. That may seem very naïve, but these things do happen in real life, people finding each other decades later, and their last years being spent with people they love. I'm a hopeful kind of person!

Through your research have you discovered anything unusual, exciting, previously unknown?

While looking through various records, I have come across many interesting things, including how people's ages fluctuated, multiple marriages that family members knew nothing about, children who were born and died in between census returns and were not known by most family members, occupations that would seem unusual to many people nowadays. But personally, I found out that my great-grandfather was illegitimate, which is nothing new for most people, but something that my family never acknowledged. I'm still looking for his father!

Don't forget if you change either your e-mail address or snail mail address the society needs to know.

Please send the new details to Sadie

‘Two University Graduates in the family’

Alan Johnson

It is only since the 1970s that most people go to university before entering the world of work. Before then nurses, accountants, bankers, architects and quantity surveyors (amongst many other occupations) would have studied ‘on the job’ and obtained their qualifications via the respective professional body.

Most of my family obtained their qualifications via this route so I only have 2 graduates on my tree - my 1st cousin Mary (graduated from Queens, Cambridge with a science degree) and our mutual 6 x great grandfather Thomas Mills

Rev Thomas Mills (1702-1746)

Details of Thomas’ birth, residence and career come from the records of Cambridge University graduates ⁽¹⁾. It confirms that this second surviving son of Thomas and Ann Mills was born at Grantham but lived in Spalding. The family must have moved to Spalding when he was quite young for other University records state he was ‘bred at Spalding’. He entered the famous Mr Neve’s school at Spalding and matriculated from there to St John’s College, Cambridge.

He was admitted to the college on 4 July 1720 as ‘sizar for Mr Bradfield, tutor Mr Newcome’. A sizar was a student who paid reduced fees in return for undertaking some ‘menial duties’ – the 17th century version of working your way through college. He gained his BA in 1723-4 and was ordained Deacon at Lincoln on 5 June 1726. On 1 June 1729 the Bishop of Lincoln ordained him Priest, the next day licensing him to the curacy of Weston, the parish between Spalding and Moulton ⁽²⁾. It is not recorded when he transferred from Weston to become Perpetual Curate of Cowbit but he was certainly there by 1737.

In July 1727 he made the declaration that allowed him to become a schoolmaster at Doddington, between Spalding and Boston ⁽³⁾. I have a copy of this declaration with his signature from Lincolnshire archives but cannot show it here due to copyright. The text is:

*I Thomas Mills do declare that I will conform to the Litany of the Church of England
as it is now by Law established*

Tho^s Mills (July 1727)

1727 is only forty years after the ‘Glorious Revolution’ removed the catholic James II from the throne and twelve years since his son, James the Old Pretender tried to get it back. Eighteen years later James II’s grandson Bonny Prince Charlie would try again in the Jacobite Uprising of 1745 ⁽⁴⁾. So it is not surprising that the government would not allow anybody to hold any sort of official position without their agreeing to back the protestant establishment’ – which is where calling officialdom ‘The Establishment’ comes from.

On 31 November 1730 (that is the date in the register) in Spalding Parish Church were married
‘The Reverend Mr Thomas Mills, bachelor and Mrs Ann Ray, spinster’

Three children of the marriage have been traced – Thomas (31 Dec 1731) and Joseph (25 Jan 1732) being baptised at Spalding and Ann Elizabeth (19 May 1737) being baptised at Cowbit.

So far no other children have been traced and judging from his father’s will of 1758 it seems probable there were none.

I believe that Ann Elizabeth was born at Cowbit Rectory.



*The Old Rectory, Cowbit - probable birthplace in 1737 of Ann Elizabeth Mills
It is next to the church, divided from it by the road to Weston Hills and Moulton*

On its route from Market Deeping to the sea, the Welland is confined between high flood banks. Like all such river defences in the Fens, these embankments are built some way from the actual river course. Their job is not to prevent flooding but to contain it in the 'washes', the area of agricultural land between the actual river and the flood embankment. On the eastern flood bank is the Crowland-Spalding Road. On that road (and embankment) is Cowbit. In the middle of the village is a T-junction with the fen road to Weston Hills and Moulton. The Rectory and the Church stand opposite each other on the eastern corners of this junction.

We know from his father's will that Thomas died before 1758, and his son Thomas must also have died before that date as only Joseph and Ann Elizabeth are left a bequest. The Cambridge University records say the Rev. Thomas Mills died in 1741 but in some this has been altered by hand to 1746.⁽⁵⁾ Many years after I consulted the Cambridge record, I found a burial entry for Thomas at Spalding parish church on 4 Dec 1746 and his wife Ann on 3 Feb 1776. Joseph went on to become Vicar of Cowbit and then Rector of Weston, dying in 1805 and it is Ann who is our direct ancestor.

Obviously, the Mills family were of some affluence and influence in Spalding. In those days middle class sons had four occupation choices – trade, the law, the army or the church. It seems Thomas' father decided his eldest son should follow him 'in trade' but his second son should go into the church. But how did Thomas achieve what he did? As usual it was a case of not what you know but who you know.

He went to school and St Johns College with Benjamin Ray – they were of an age and in the close confines of Spalding society, most probably close friends. Thomas married Benjamin's sister and Benjamin followed him as Perpetual Curate of Cowbit. In these promotions can be seen the hand of Benjamin and Ann's second cousin – Maurice Johnson of Ayscoughfee Hall who had great influence over granting many livings in the Spalding area.

Maurice was a lawyer but spent his time in antiquarian pursuits when he was not controlling the social and moral life of Spalding. He founded The Spalding Gentleman's Society, members including Sir Isaac Newton, John Gay the poet and Sir Hans Sloane. Benjamin Ray became its Secretary. The Society is still going strong. Maurice Johnson also became the father of 26 children ⁽⁶⁾.

References

1. Alumni Cantabrigienses – Part 1 (to 1751), J & JA Venn (Cambridge University Press) Scott Mayor III 335, Huntingdon Record Office, Cambs

2. Appendix to the Admissions to the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge, Part III 1715-1767, Robert Forsyth Scott (1903) p 335, Cambridge University Library, Cambridge
3. As 2
4. Chronicle of Britain & Ireland, Editor Henrietta Heald (Chronicle Communications Ltd, Farnborough 1992) p for years 1688, 1715, 1745
5. as 1
6. Dictionary of National Biography p 911

‘Make Do and Mend’

Pauline Kennelly



In our throw away society today I regularly give clothing that still has wear in it to Charity shops whereas when I grew up in the 1950s our wardrobes contained far fewer items and thrift took the place of such extravagance. Families usually only had one wage earner and that wage was probably modest for many people.

I recall my Grandma sewing ‘sides to middle’ on bed sheets so the more worn centres were then on the edges. Similarly with men’s shirt collars she ‘turned’ them so any fraying on the upper side was then hidden on the underneath. Grandma had a wooden ‘mushroom’ for darning woollen men’s socks, a tin full of needles, pins, reels of cotton, a tape measure and a button tin. I loved to sort and practise my counting with these. Grandma also had a manual Singer sewing machine for making clothes and curtains on, with which she would let me play-practise.

At school it was not unusual to see the toes of children’s summer sandals cut away in a crescent shape to allow another season of wear. Our annual amount of shoes was one pair of winter shoes, one pair of summer shoes and a pair of plimsolls for P.T. at school. Girls’ dresses were often made purposefully long with plenty of hem which could be let down the following year. Boys did not seem to wear long trousers until after they went to senior school so maybe their short ones had hems to let down too. Knitting of jumpers, cardigans and hats for the family was standard practice too.

I did not realise back then that all these habits must have grown from the legacy of WWII when clothing and household goods were rationed from June 1st 1941 up until 1949. Material was needed for the forces’ uniforms amongst other things and an amount of ‘make do and mend’ was urged by the government. To begin with 66 coupons were given annually and as my father was to write it cost 18 for a man’s coat, a dress was 11, a shirt 8 and shoes 5 (women’s) and 7 (men’s). As the war progressed the annual amount reduced and by July 1945 and up to April 1946 when some of his letters were written the number of coupons plummeted to 24 per annum.

July 1946 my father wrote to my mother saying:

‘Do you think I can afford a new suit – say a two-piece? That would be 21 coupons. Then I shall soon need a new coat or mac. One or the other. They are 18 coupons. That makes 48 with 18 left. Three new smocks for work would use them up.’ The strict rationing affected styles of clothing too and men’s suits became single breasted not double, the number of pockets was restricted and turn ups on trousers abolished. Shirt lengths became shorter too.

Perhaps you can recall habits of thrift and recycling from your childhood too. Undoubtedly the practice extended beyond just that of clothing and household goods but into other areas as well. After all - recycling is not just a new 21st century practice!

Thank you for such a fascinating article, Pauline. Although I wasn't born until the late 60s a lot of the things you mention sound familiar. I remember my nan saving wrapping paper from gifts. She folded it up neatly before storing it away for re-use. The backs of Christmas cards were kept for writing shopping lists on, whilst the fronts were used by myself and my sister for cutting out and sticking activities.

‘Any Questions-Members Evening’

We are handing the October meeting over to you!!

We would love you to take part and you can do this in two ways.

If the question requires research, then please send it into Sadie or Alan before the meeting. It can of course be about any Brickwalls you may have but it can be about literally anything you would like help with.

Which is the best genealogy site for,?, Do you know when? Is there a book you can recommend on? Do you know where the memorials went when Peterborough Hospital was demolished? How can I best write my memoirs or get a book published.

You can also ask the question on the day if your question is a general one to our members.

Questions such as: Do you remember a certain person or event in Peterborough?

We would like you to all take part, either asking a question, giving an answer or making a comment such as, I remember when.

This is your evening. Enjoy.



ONLINE EVENT: Participate from Home - WORLDWIDE!

2023

**FHF REALLY USEFUL
Family History Show**

Explore Your
Genealogy



**Friday 17th November 10 am - 10 pm GMT and
Saturday 18th November 10 am - 6 pm GMT**

We are counting down the weeks until 'The FHF REALLY USEFUL Family History Show'.

Have you bought your ticket?

Come and speak to the Peterborough family history society at our online booth.

Listen to one of the many talks. Attend a workshop. There is something for everyone.

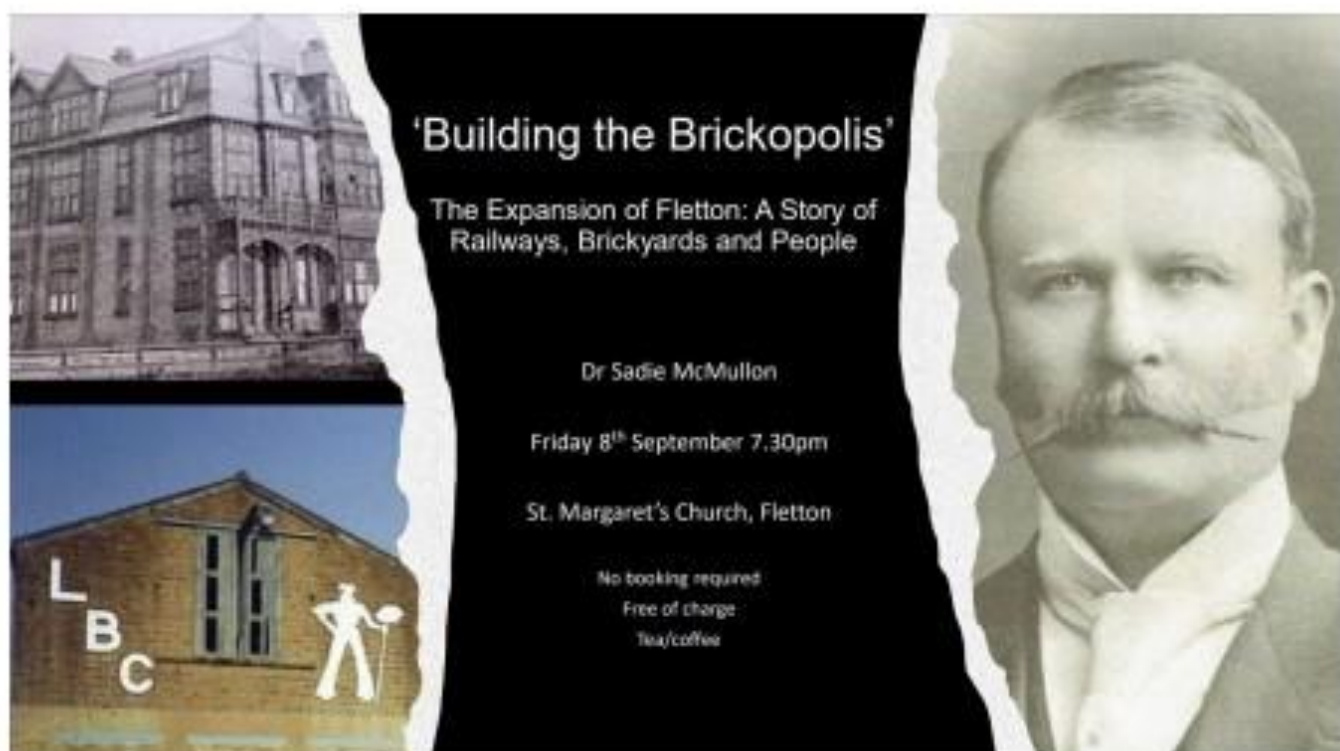
Website

Did you or your ancestor attend the Peterborough County Grammar School for Girls?

Explore the website at <https://peterborocountyschool.wordpress.com/> and the Facebook page at <http://www.facebook.com/groups/peterborocountyschool/>

The website offers an interesting read even if you are not connected to the school.

If you know of an interesting website or Facebook page then let the Editor know.



Heritage Weekend St. Margaret's Church, Fletton

Saturday 9th and Sunday 10th September 1pm to 5pm

Come and view the Saxon Stones, have a look at the parish registers, trace your Fletton family, learn about the men and women who made the Fletton community, learn about the church.

Knowledgeable guides on hand .

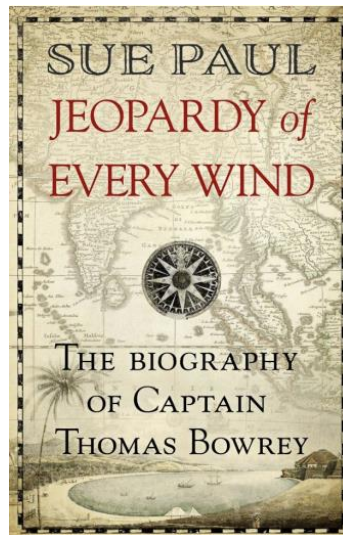
Chat over tea, coffee and cake.



Reports on Meetings

Since our last journal we have had another wide selection of talks. Sue Paul posed the question 'Was Henry Smith a global black sheep or a maligned character?' Alan Johnson introduced us to 'Gateway Ancestors' and Stephen Barker enlightened us all with tales of 'Warrior Women of the English Civil War'.

'A Most Notorious, Naughty, False, and Lying Fellow: Henry Smith-A Global Black Sheep or Maligned Character' Sue Paul Review by Ewan Cappitt



An intriguing title to a talk, but was it warranted? In her talk, Sue sets out her stall early saying that she only came across Henry while researching Captain Thomas Bowrey who spent his early life trading in India. Henry, possibly uncle of Thomas, was sacked by the East India Company multiple times, he was thrown into Newgate jail and tried for piracy and murder, he was ungrateful to Thomas who helped him get out of jail, and he lived clandestinely in Edinburgh for a time undertaking a shady assignment. It seems to be unclear whether Henry Smith was his real name as Sue has not found any birth records for him.

Henry was taken on by the East India Company as an apprentice clerk in east Java in 1668 but was sacked for misbehavior. It appears that generally British employees in the far east, distant from the head office control, succumbed to abuse of alcohol and may not have been too honest with the finances. His father paying off Henry's debts, is the only evidence of the chap's origins.

He was next found in the records, stopping off in Bombay trying to put in order the accounts of a new factory being built, but was soon continuing on his homeward journey in 1678. He managed to be given a second chance and arrived back in Bombay in 1679. However, he was soon involved in more trouble, disputes with the governor, accusations of being evil causing incitement to mutiny, and was again sent home in 1684.

Henry spent time imprisoned in Newgate, where he shared a cell with notorious pirates; he had been charged with piracy and robbery of two Royal African Company ships; although in 1699 he was acquitted of the charge, he was still not free until he had paid for his keep. He wrote 3 letters from jail to Thomas Bowrey requesting help to raise the funds to defray the cost of imprisonment.

Thomas Bowrey published the first Malay-English dictionary in 1701. A copy in University College London, has been annotated by Henry, with corrections and scathing comments, indicating his ingratitude for the help he had received.

He disappears for a few years, but in 1707 around the time of Scotland reluctantly being induced to merge with England, he is next seen going to Edinburgh rather secretly to investigate what had happened to the cargo etc of a ship belonging to Thomas. The last one hears of Henry is when he was doing some copying work for Thomas in 1710.

This was a story full of unfamiliar names of people, ships and places plus dates, which created a complex story to follow. It was fortunate that the talk was recorded so that members can re-visit it at their leisure. Just ask Sadie for a copy.

If you would like a copy of the bibliography for Sue's talk, please ask Sadie. If you are interested in finding out further information about Thomas Bowrey then contact Sue on suecarolpaul@gmail.com.

'Gateways to History' Alan Johnson

Review by Linda Fixter

Alan began his talk by stating that most people have Royal blood, but it is difficult to trace. He quoted Sir Iain Moncriffe, 'Kings marry into older dynasties, their daughters marry local noblemen whose daughters in turn marry lesser landowners and so on downwards to the farmers younger son's daughter who marry labourers in the village.' This is how, via the female or matriarchal line, Royal ancestry is passed down.

Alan's story began with the tale of Susanna Drury, the eldest daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Dalton nee Elwes. When Susanna was baptised in Cowbit on March 26th 1815, she was recorded as Mary Ann. When in 1816 their next daughter was taken for baptism, the vicar said you already have a daughter Mary Ann. Her parents explained that Susannah was the first born and luckily the vicar had recorded his error otherwise the trail via the Cowbit vicar and her female descendants would not have happened. Susanna was the 12x great granddaughter of King Edward III.

Alan traced her ancestry back to Edward's son John of Gaunt who married Katherine Swinford in 1396. He continued his trail through to the court of Henry VIII and his cousin once removed Sir Edward Neville. As Edward was a cousin through George 4th Baron Bergovenny, 1st cousin of Edward IV and Richard III, they were very similar in looks and at first great friends but as Henry's paranoia worsened, he wanted to rid himself of anyone who he perceived as a threat to his throne as his succession had not been secured. Henry's main rival was in fact Cardinal Pole who was in Rome. In 1538 Edward was arrested and charged with promoting Pole's claim. He was executed on Tower Hill on December 8th 1538.

As well as heartbreaking for the family it led to their decline. Henry stole Edward's lands and assets leaving his wife and children reliant on the charity of friends and family. Edward's daughter Katherine was now the daughter of an executed father with no dowry and no chance of a prestigious marriage.

Katherine was married to a distant cousin Clement Throckmorton who as a third son had to make his own way in the world. He was related through the female line to Catherine Parr, she was his step aunt, and she helped the family. Clement became an MP, he and Katherine had 5 sons and 6 daughters. Their daughter Martyr married George Lynne of Southwick, Northamptonshire who by buying Southwick Hall were neighbours to Fotheringhay and witnessed the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in 1587. Lynne was one of 8 banner bearers at her burial. They had 22 children and even though some of her associates were implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, Martyr was not punished.

George and Martyr's daughter Jayne married Martin Johnson of Surfleet. This family was to dominate the town of Spalding until the 1850's.

Their daughter married John Ray Mercer of Spalding in 1657.

Their son John married Ann Linwood of Spalding in 1696 and they had 6 children.

Their daughter Ann married the Reverend Thomas Mills, the wife of the vicar of Cowbit, via whom Susanna Drury became the 12x great granddaughter of Edward III.

Thus in 10 generations we have seen the status of one line of Edward III's descendants go from Royal Dukes to an obscure Lincolnshire vicar's wife. This continues for the next 4 generations from farm workers to inn keepers to Susanna whose husband became a farm foreman and then a smallholder in Moulton Chapel in Lincolnshire.

Alan pointed out that there are other Gateways to History, ways to put flesh on the bones of our ancestors lives by considering what historical events they might have witnessed, how they were affected by the passage of time and a changing world.

He gave the example of Susanna Drury, who was born in 1815, at the time of the Battle of Waterloo, she died in 1895. Her grandson, George Henry Truman was 4 when she died. He himself died in 1974, four years after the Apollo 11 space mission. Thus, a woman who was alive when Napoleon was defeated held in her arms a man who saw men walk on the moon.

Alan reminds us that we are also a Gateway to History, and we should record for future generations what we have witnessed and how events have affected our lives.

I hope you have all been inspired by Alan's talk. I also hope you will share with us your stories about your 'Gateways to History'.

'Warrior Women of the English Civil War' Stephen Barker

Review by Ewan Cappitt

Stephen, introduced himself explaining that he had started his career in military history working for the Battlefield Trust when there was a threat to the site of the Battle of Nazeby. He then explained that the English Civil War was less like the glossy picture that we might have gained from costume dramas and more like the terrors that we heard about from Kosovo, or Northern Ireland etc. In the seventeenth century men were five times more likely to be the literate sex, hence the history of the period was always written from a man's point of view, women's stories often being neglected but modern reassessment reveals women being involved in all aspects of the war.

It is estimated that twice as many people, per head of the population, died in the Civil War as in WW1. By the end of the war there was quadruple the amount of vagrancy as before and local parishes were left to pick up the pieces.

Stephen explained the causes of the three Civil Wars. For the **First**, between Royalists and Parliamentarians 1642-'46; 1) there was strong opposition in some quarters to Charles I promotion in the 1630s of High Anglican practices into a basically Calvinistic society. 2) Charles' belief in the Divine Right of Kings, and belief that Parliament's privilege should be subject to the King's approval. 3) Parliament had refused to raise revenue for Charles' troubles with Scottish skirmishes in Northern England, and a serious rebellion in Ireland and he had prorogued Parliament 1629-'40.

The **Second** war in 1648, in the power vacuum that existed after the first, Charles had formed an alliance between the Royalists that still supported him, the Scots who had previously been opposed to him, and those former Parliamentarians who believed that they should come to an agreement with their king and wanted no further truck with Cromwell; the army they raised was beaten by Cromwell at the Battle of Preston in August 1648.

The **Third** from 1649-'51 when the future Charles II attempted to regain the throne with support of a Scottish army - they were eventually defeated by Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester on 3 Sept 1651.

Until the last 30 years, women's stories in the Civil Wars were invisible. Under seventeenth century domestic laws, an unmarried woman's rights depended upon her father and once married she became the property of her husband. War changed the perception of a woman's lot. They were responsible for protecting homes from opposing soldiers and raising money to survive while husbands were away. As they were dismissed as intellectual inferiors, they aroused no suspicion when travelling from one political or social circle to another. From aristocrats to ladies-in-waiting, wives of foreign diplomats to nurses and cooks, women acted as spies couriers, petitioners and fighters for both sides.

War was declared by Charles I in Nottingham on 22 Aug 1642, but a year later war weariness had set in. In the Parliamentary capital, London, anti-war demonstrations occurred with some 6,000 women protesting about increased prices and food shortages. The protests eventually turned violent and a cavalry regiment rode down, shot and sabered the crowd killing 10 women and injuring 100s.



Lady Mary Banks (left) - a high-status Royalist wife. In Dorset's Corfe Castle with two teenage daughters, a dozen servants and five soldiers she fought off forty Parliamentary soldiers who attacked the castle in May 1643. With her servants and soldiers, she then managed to recruit another eighty men to help in the defence, and they drove off another 600 who returned in June. The castle held out until 1646 but was eventually taken when a Royalist traitor opened the gate and Mary was forced to surrender. Legend says she threw the family treasures down a well and she was allowed to keep the seal and keys in recognition of her bravery.

Mary Overton - wife of Richard Overton, a radical & Leveller[†] In January 1647 Mary was arrested for producing seditious pamphlets. She was tried at the House of Lords, and she refused to answer any questions. Being six months pregnant and carrying a six-month-old baby which she refused to give up she was dragged by hair and wrists, still carrying the baby, the three miles to Bridewell prison. She had a miscarriage while in prison and was released in July. After the execution of the King, in January 1649, the Levellers sought an opportunity to pressure their Parliament to bring in a level of democracy; Richard and three others are taken into custody and the Levellers called for their release. Mary organised an all women petition with 10,000 signatures that was taken to Parliament in April 1649; at the outset of the Commonwealth, they wanted to influence the shape of the republic to come. MPs reacted intolerantly, telling the women that 'it was not for women to petition; they might stay home and wash their dishes'.

Lady Jane Whorwood - ardent Royalist, smuggler, spy, mistress of Charles I. Born Jane Ryder in 1612, she had an arranged, unhappy, marriage in 1634 to Brome Whorwood and lived at Holton Park near Oxford, where Charles had his military headquarters. When her husband returned in 1646, he was violent and unstable, and fearing for her life after a severe beating she left Holton in 1657 and gained formal separation in 1659. Many local people of lowly class travelled to London to

testify on her behalf in court, and this most famous divorce case of the seventeenth century opened the flood gates for other women to seek divorces.

Jane was a close confidant of Charles I in the 1640s and was an important link between him and wealthy London merchants. In 1644, alone, she arranged the movement of at least £80,000 in gold coin concealed in soap barrels to help his war effort. She set up a network of spies, exchanging many letters in code with him, becoming his personal messenger. At the end of the second war after defeat at the Battle of Preston the King was incarcerated at Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight. Jane carried thousands of coded messages to Charles from his ministers, also some indicating she was his mistress. She also passed Parliamentarians' movement details to the Royalists.

Lady Mary Verney was married, aged 13, to Ralph Verney, aged 15, of Claydon House. Ralph was MP for Aylesbury and a staunch Parliamentary supporter at the start of the war, but in 1643 he fell out with them and was forced to flee with his family to France. Sequestration proceedings commenced in 1645 and Mary returned, authorised to act on his behalf. She went to London to try and raise the sequestration. She spent a very unhappy time there, being pregnant and being given a bad time by the Parliamentary side. There was physical jostling, name calling, and former friends deserting the Verneys, so she was left on her own to raise the sequestration, using bribery and fabrication of documents etc. Her child was born and, running out of funds, only three days later she and a maid took a trotting horse to Claydon, with the sequestration lifted in 1648. She died in 1650 aged 34.



Lady Mary Verney

Stephen ended by saying that in Tudor times there had been pensions for soldiers but in the Civil War they were also provided for those caring for the wounded. Women would have been the principal carers for the injured in the war, and thousands of petitions for pension, available on-line, give an idea of how many people were injured. After the Civil War until the Boer War no British woman was able to claim a pension.

Stephen gave us an interesting, enthralling, and enlightening talk; personally, I had only previously heard of the first of these ladies. Many thanks Stephen

† The Levellers demanded religious freedom and the vote for all men, with abolition of House of Lords and the monarchy. They said they had not fought in the first war only to return to their old station in society, but were completely at odds with Cromwell, Fairfax and other high-status officers.

Beginner's Corner

I think the title of this section is a little misleading. I think we can all learn something from the advice that we read here. Can you think of a better name?

In her own words, in this article, Brenda Hazel offers a cautionary tale and pointers to some useful information!

'A 'PS' to 'The Two Joseph Rusdales and their wars' published in the March journal' **Brenda Hazel**

I emailed a copy of my article on 'The Two Joseph Rusdales and Their Wars' (published in the March journal) to my former Latin teacher and she could not resist 'marking my homework' by looking things up at her end and spotted an interesting discrepancy. In my article I said this of the WW1 Joseph '*Soldiers Died in the Great War 1914-19*' records that he '*Died of wounds*' on the 8th June 1916 in '*France and Flanders*' yet other documentation and indeed his CWGC gravestone which I had photographed myself gave the date of the 8th September 1916. My first reaction was that I had made an awful typing error but upon checking that dataset on Ancestry it definitely said 'June'. It would appear that having obtained this date from the Ancestry dataset I failed to pay attention to the date on anything else. Which was correct? Looking retrospectively at the public trees on Ancestry on which he appeared, I saw that some tree owners had gone for the June date and others the September. I was inclined to believe that the September date the CWGC had used was correct but just to make sure I decided to order Joseph's death certificate from the GRO. From a FindMyPast dataset entitled 'British Armed Forces and Overseas Deaths and Burials' I obtained the reference from the 'Index to War Deaths 1914-1921. Army (Other Ranks)' which gave the year, vol and page references I would need to place my order.

It was only after I had done this that I remembered a tip about searching for wills at <https://probatesearch.service.gov.uk/> which I had read in an old 'Lost Cousins' newsletter. I had never tried searching for a will before, but this turned out to be the ideal opportunity as I straightaway found Joseph's will and could download it as soon as I had paid my £1.50 because it had already been digitised (along with many other WW1 soldiers' wills). The date of death on the document confirmed that the month was September not June and what's more Joseph had signed the will on 8th July of that year, so he was obviously still alive after 8th June – so I need not have forked out £11 for the death certificate. He left £5 to a sister and the remainder to his mother. The death certificate arrived in the post about a week later, and, not surprisingly, it, too, gave the September date.

However, 'Every cloud has a silver lining' and I've since gone on to order several more wills, one of which solved one of my 'brick walls': I had not been able to find out whether a certain lady had ever married post the 1911 census because she had a common first and second name combination but there she was, under her married surname, listed as one of the beneficiaries on her sister's will.

Wonderful advice Brenda. You can never double check information too many times. Remember that since Brenda wrote this article records from the GRO are now available on PDF for £2.50.

‘Army Rule No 1-Never Volunteer’

Hugh Cave



Hugh Cave joined the Royal Engineers in August 1951 at No 1 Training Regiment, Malvern, with a quick move to No 3 Training Regiment in Cove (Aldershot). Following basic training he was posted to 12 RSME in Brompton for Surveyor Training Course. His first service posting was The Canal Zone (Suez) where he joined 35 Corps (Field) Engineer Regiment in Fayid. He worked in the HQ Intelligence Office. While there he was promoted to Corporal. He applied for a Clerk of Works Course and was moved to CRE (South). Hugh returned to the UK in October 1955. In 1956 he was posted to DCRE in Krefeld pending start of a course. 1957 he attended 118 Clerk of Works (C) course and was promoted to Sergeant. Following completion of the course his rank was Staff Sergeant. There followed a posting to Hong Kong from 1958 to 1961 His next posting was to Brunei Works Section from July 1963 to January 1964. This was followed in November 1965 to January 1966 in Dhala on the Aden/ Yemen border. Following an

accident, he was ‘Casevaced’ to the UK. Hugh resigned in May 1966 and went to Australia to join the New South Wales DPW in Civil Engineering. Returned to UK in 1969. Following working in the Building Industry and BSI, Hugh then returned to Brunei as a Management Consultant in 1964. He retired in December 1997.

‘Never Volunteer’, a very basic rule but needs, sometimes, do make it necessary.

I had a very interesting period from 1958 to 1961. In that time, I worked in The New Territories of Hong Kong. This involved me in maintenance of camps that were occupied by Ghurkha battalions and their families. In 1961 I returned to the UK and was based in Derby with The Sherwood Foresters. On re-organisation this closed down and I was left with families of infantrymen who were stationed in various trouble spots around the world. Malaya, Sarawak, Brunei and Aden amongst them.

In July of 1963 I was posted to Brunei where I joined Brunei Works section. We covered Labuan, North Borneo (Sabah), Brunei and Kuching. As a construction man I covered Brunei itself. I was building Rest Camps in Tutong and Bangar. The latter meant long- boats up the estuary rivers to the southeast of Banda Serawang itself. We were dependant on the Ghurkha Field Squadron as crewmen. They were posted back to Hong Kong which left us on our own to get about. This would be late August.

In September a package arrived in the DCRE’s office. It was from The Borneo company office in Kuching. We unpacked it and found that it was a bronze plaque commemorating those who were killed in a helicopter crash on the 4th of May 1963 in the Trusan Valley in Sarawak. On it were the names of the nine crew and passengers on board at the time. We were asked to build a cairn to hold the plaque.

The inevitable question was asked – who is going to do it. Had the Ghurkha Sappers still been there I would have suggested that they did the job. Unfortunately, they had gone which left me the only ‘Bricks and mortar’ man to do the job – volunteered!



The names of all killed were recorded on this plaque. There were 2 civilians who were working for the government, 3 RAF aircrew (2 Flt Lt's and a Corporal), 2 SAS officers and an SAS Corporal and 1 Royal Fusilier Officer.



Much later, I had collected all records of this crash. It was loaded with fuel, and passengers, and was recorded as being 1,000 lbs over permissible weight. It took off from Brunei Airport heading for Ba Kalalan, near the border between Sarawak and Indonesia. It was flying up the River Trusan, got as far as Long Lopeng and turned round and went back down the river valley. I learnt, much later, that smoke was coming out from the stern engine compartment. It passed Long Merarap. The on-site investigations found that a yaw cable under the pilot's seat had snapped. The pilot had no control of the pitch of the rotors, and they crashed into virgin jungle and the helicopter caught fire from the rear engine. Years later I saw the hole in the jungle where they crashed, the jungle had not recovered.



We had the headquarters of a squadron of 22 SAS in Brunei. As senior NCO's we spent a lot of time in their, and our mess. Naturally, the best people to ask for help. They responded, kitted me out with a burgan, jungle boots, webbing equipment, and a sterling sub-machine gun. I had my own jungle-green clothing. That is all we had to wear in those days. I also took a trowel with me as I needed it to build the memorial. Not my standard piece of equipment! Plus, the memorial plaque.

They also sorted out my transport. I was flown from Brunei Airport to Long Semado in a twin-engine Pioneer aircraft. I had been told to remove my badges of rank. I got off the aircraft and was told to wait under a tent for my next air lift. This was a single engine Sycamore helicopter. There were three others on board already and I was taken on board, with all my kit around me. The pilot took us down to Long Merarap, on the River Trusan, on the way he flew over a Sycamore that had crashed earlier. Afterwards I found out that its engine had stopped in flight. It was high enough for the pilot to allow it to drop and let the rotors contra-rotate and 'sycamore' into a clearing. Only one problem, he landed with one wheel on a rock, and it fell on to its side. Much later (30 years) I saw the tail boom decorating someone's front garden in another Kampong.

I was 'unloaded' at Long Merarap and joined two Troopers of an SAS patrol who were to look after me! They had a local to help them. That night I slept on the split bamboo floor of the Long House, a structure of bamboo poles! Bit of a change from my comfortable bed in a school classroom in Brunei.

Living in the Longhouse was a Lun Bawang family. There was the wife and young children. I was to see them much later.

I was supposed to build a six-foot-high cairn for the plaque. I had ordered five bags of cement. This was dropped, by parachute, from a cargo plane. Only one problem, we did not reckon on the gusty wind blowing up the valley. Three bags were lost in the river. Left with two, the cairn was three feet high, just enough to take the plaque. One advantage was that the parachutes were 'non-returnable' and came in very handy for me as a hammock, better than sleeping on the floor.

Apart from the cement, materials required were, stones from the River Sungei Merarap, sand and water. To get these to the top of the promontory I had to wait until the Patrol Leader and his Border Scouts returned from patrol. He had the money to pay them to carry the materials. They went on strike! They were paid to be Border Scouts, not labourers, and wanted more money. This argument went on for a while, I got a bit annoyed, emptied my burlap, loaded it with stones and carried it to the top of the promontory. I was on my second trip when a hand touched my shoulder and I heard 'give me that boss, it is our job'. I did not hesitate. I wanted to get my job done and get back to 'civilisation'.

One of the Troopers came up to help me. The first thing he did was to give me instructions as to how to protect each other if we were attacked, 'you cover my back – I will cover yours'. In any event, he did a good job in mixing the mortar for me. I found out, later in the day that, before he joined up, he was a bricklayer! To say that I screamed was the understatement of the year! Anyway, between us the job was done.

Please note all participants at this service, photo below. Standing in the background in front of the officer who has his hands behind his back, is the local Lun Bawang who was assisting the two Troopers in the Longhouse. He will appear later in this narrative.



Job done, I could go back to Brunei, only one problem, no helicopter to collect me. I had to stay for another week and was taken on the ration strength of A Squadron of 22 SAS! Probably the only senior NCO of the Royal Engineers to join them.

Eventually a Sea King helicopter of the RAF dropped in just to collect me! One trooper was sitting on the cargo deck floor with his legs hanging over the edge, strapped in of course, so I joined him. What a journey. The pilot flew about 100 feet above the 'virgin' jungle canopy. We disturbed the local bird population. I had never seen such a variety, and colour, of birds and the primates who shared the jungle with them. An experience which was, literally, an experience of a lifetime. On my return, 30 years later, the logging companies had changed the primary jungle beyond recognition.

I left the Sappers in May 1966. I had three years civil engineering in Australia, followed by several years in the building industry in the UK.

In 1991 I joined BSI where I was Head of the Building Department. We audited and certified management systems to BS5750/ISO9000. On re-organisation in 1994 I was made redundant. I had an offer, from one of our consultant's, to join them in the Far East, in particular, Brunei! This was for a 2-year contract which extended to a third year. I flew out to Kuala Lumpur where we were based, and then on to Brunei in October of 1994. The contract was a good one. Good salary, no income tax and four trips home a year. I took two of them, Colleen my wife, the other two to join me.

Brunei had changed over the previous 30 years due to the development of the oil fields in Seria. But the residents had not. They were still the happy people I knew from 1963. I worked with various construction companies to develop quality management systems as required by the Government Department of Public Works.

In one of those companies, I met people who were born in the Trusan Valley, in particular a logging camp called Long Merarap! I asked if 'my memorial' was still standing. They knew nothing about it, but one had a brother who used to work there and advised me to visit him in Lawas in Sarawak. This I did in February 1995 and was introduced, by this 'brother', to a person named Tanil. He was Lun Bawang and had been born at Long Lopeng.

Tanil was well aware of the Long Merarap Memorial and had taken visitors to the site, including a son of one of those killed. He took me up the logging road to the Long Merarap Logging Camp, in a pick-up-truck. This appeared to be down river, on the Trusan, from the original Long House by the Memorial. On the way I did 'chit-chat' with him. This included talking about carrying stones up to the top of the promontory and working with the local people and the SAS. He then diverted to a Long House where his cousin, Martin, lived. They spoke in the local language, which I could not understand, but I caught the word 'batu' (stone). I asked Tanil what they were talking about. He told me that Martin was telling him that the ex-Border Scouts were still talking about me and how I had broken the strike in 1963.

His words to me, then, were 'now I know who you are, we are going to collect others'. We went past the logging camp to Long Lopeng and collected his father and one other. Tanil asked me if I knew him. Of course, I did, he was the man who was working with the SAS Troopers in Long Merarap and he recognised me. Tanil was happy man!!

We went back to the logging camp which was past the original Long Merarap. We then had to walk up through primary jungle to get to the memorial site. I pointed out the location of a suspension bridge over the Trusan river – cut down. We crossed over an area which I pointed out was where the Sungei Merarap used to be – dammed off further upstream to satisfy a landowner. Then we climbed up the promontory and there was 'my memorial' just as I had left it in 1963, bit grubby but still standing.



Apart from myself, there were four others, photo left. On the left, Tanil's cousin Martin. On his left, the man (I have forgotten his name) who was with the SAS Troopers in 1963. On my right is Tanil's father from Long Lopeng.

I returned to Brunei and wrote to a General who I thought was the Commander of 22 SAS. I told him that I was planning to hold a Memorial Service, at site, on the 4th of May 1995. Eventually I heard from the person who, as a son of one of those killed, had

visited the site before. He came to Brunei and we organised our 'team'. The Secretary of the Brunei ex-Servicemen's Club and two Ghurkha Buglers from the local troops who were in Brunei at the time.

All went well. The son and I discussed 'steps forward' and decided that we should consider a re-burial from the crash site to the memorial site. He had discussed the whole matter with the SAS Association Secretary who, I think, advised him that if we did, and conducted a formal burial service, the 'Government' would fly out the next-of-kin (plus one) and pay all expenses.

I organised the making of a reinforced concrete cross, in parts, with one of my client companies and it was transported by boat to Lawas and pick-up truck to Long Merarap where it was carried by manpower up to the Memorial.



The re-burial was organised by the Pioneer Corps. Tanil and his team prepared the grave and a coffin for the remains which were managed by the team Major. Amongst his team was one person who had been a Choir Boy before he joined up – he led the hymns.

The coffin was covered by a Union Flag. I conducted a full and 'proper' burial service. Tanil and crew fired a gun salute, and we buried them with dignity – a very moving occasion for all concerned.

Later Tanil and I organised the Memorial Garden. In this we were helped by my wife when she come to Brunei on one of her trips. This would be Easter 1996 as my Grandson was with her.



My wife was asked to accompany the next-of-kin. She had already visited the memorial site on several occasions so she could give them confidence of a trip into the jungle of Sarawak. She met up with them when they gathered together in London under the hospitality of the SAS Association and later flew out to Brunei with them.



We held the Remembrance Service at Long Merarap on the 4th of May 1966, where all Services were represented, in uniform. This included Ghurkha Buglers and a piper. A Padre had come down from Hong Kong.

Tanil's words at the service can still echo down the years – 'These men died helping us to stay free, we will never forget'

A very touching and memorable occasion for all who attended.

Since then, the memorial site at Long Merarap has been taken over by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and a granite slab, with names on it, has been placed over the grave in the left foreground above. From reports I have seen recently it is not as decorative as the last time I saw it in 1996.

The area has also been taken over as a Hot Springs Holiday Resort and apparently is more accessible.

Earlier, above, I wrote about the Lun Bawang family in the Long House in 1963. While I was in the area in 1996 a person suggested I visit a family in Limbang. I did. The mother of the family I visited was the young daughter of the family in Long Merarap. I was talking to them when the husband came in. He was not very happy to see me talking to his wife. I showed him pictures of the long house in 1963. He looked at it and told me that, as a Border Scout, he and others slept in the roof. My response was that I never saw any of them. He told me that they were out before it was daylight and came back after dark. I asked him what he was doing there. His response was that they were in the jungle guarding that European who was building the memorial. I told him – that European was ME! His attitude changed completely. He told me that they were still talking about me and what I had done in 1963.

Do I regret breaking Army Rule No 1 – **NO!** I gave all those who attended the Memorial Service 'Closure' on a tragic time of their lives. It has been a great part of my life for the last 58 years – I will never forget.

Hugh's article is a perfect reminder of why we perhaps have family history as a hobby. As we research our ancestors and seek to place them into their historical context, we are not only bringing them to life but in doing so we are remembering them and creating memorials to their lives and endeavours. Gestures which sometimes touch those around us more than we might know.

The area covered by the Peterborough & District Family History Society



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	Information Manager/ Journal	Sadie McMullon: sasmc2000@yahoo.co.uk
	Membership Secretary	Sadie McMullon: secretarypdfhs@gmail.com
	Projects	Ewan Cappitt: ecappitt@ntlworld.com
	Programme Organiser	Linda Fixter: pip07sophie@icloud.com
		Sue Barnett: sue.barnett@virgin.net
		Ivan Hammond: iham103739@virginmedia.com
		Gill Cable: hcfamilyresearch@gmail.com
		Janet Dewis: janetdewis@hotmail.co.uk
Correspondence: c/o Quarter Cottage, 169 Main Street, Yaxley PE7 3LD		
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