

Another Century, Another World



this photograph establishes the next generation of the Sanders family. It was taken in the summer of 1925, in the year after Edwin lost his wife Kate. It shows Edwin, his four children and four grandchildren. It is a happy domestic scene taken in the back garden of 82 High street. This house is the home of Richard Wathew, seated on the left. Edwin's garden is on the right of the picture, where he lives with his two daughters, Suie and Kessie. It is an important day, because it records the visit of the son who shared his name Edwin Thomas and his wife Annie who have come down from Yorkshire with their daughter Mary.

So this part of the family is complete. Edwin, my great-grandfather, is sat in the middle with his beloved dog, and his children and grandchildren. They each have a name, but also a relationship to me. This relationship gives each one a title that preserves the deference that each generation owes to its elders.

Seated from the left, the adults are Richard Wathew, (grandad Sanders), Kate Anne Kesterton (Auntie Kessie), Mable Sanders (Nee Look, Grandmother) Edwin Thomas, Anne Sanders (Nee Nance), Edwin Thomas Jr (Uncle Ted). The children are

Kathleen (Auntie Kath), Eric Richard (Uncle Eric), Marjorie Mable (Mum) and Mary Kate Delamont, (Aunty Mary).

Each of these have a story to tell of their successes and sorrows. My great grandfather died in 1927, two years after this photograph was taken, when he was sixty seven. His children are pictured here in their late thirties. Two of them are married with children; all of them are established in their careers. They have all lived through the Great War, 1914-18. And they would all live through another.

These are their stories

Susan Sarah Sanders (Aunty Sue)

Born March 1886, Died July 31st 1946



This photograph, with the similar one of Aunty Kessie, must have been taken right at the start of the century. It was taken by the photographer Simnett, in Burton, and it is the only one I can find of Susan Sarah, apart from the group in the garden in 1925

Susan Sarah lived all her life in Repton with her parents. She was the eldest of Edwin's children. As a little child she lived at 105 Long Street, then her home was at Gordon Villas, and then at Chez Nous, the large semi-detached house that her father Edwin built for himself with Richard next door at Ingle Nook. She never married, and I can glean no information about her other than that from the census returns and registers. She was certainly active in the chapel with other members of the family. She saw her role as that of caring for parents domestically.

When war broke out in the summer for 1914, she was twenty eight and she and her sister Kessie would have watched all their generation rally to the flag and march off to war. Whether they had sweethearts in the ranks is unknown. When Kessie died in 1962, my mother and her sisters cleared the effects, and discovered an engagement ring, but no-one in the family seemed to know the history of this item; whether it had belonged to sue or Kessie, or, of course, neither.

After her parents died, she lived at Chez Nous for the rest of her life, with her sister, a quiet unassuming life that impinged little on the lives for others until her death in 1946. This was very sudden and unexpected. On what was probably her first holiday after the end of the war, she died at the Charles Cotton Hotel in Hartington, in Dovedale on the 28th July aged sixty. Whether she had a companion with her is unknown, though probably Kessie who was a headteacher was there because it was during the school summer holiday. In her will, she left £2020. Her brother Richard and a colliery clerk called William Henry Sutton Moore were executors to her will.

Kate Anne Kesterton Sanders (Aunty Kessie)

Kate Anne Kesterton was born in April 1887 at 105 Long Street. She had the name Kate after her mother. Kesterton may seem an odd name to choose. It was, of course the maiden name of her maternal grandmother Susannah Kesterton married to John W Boss. She was very much an individual who preferred the corruption of that name Kessie.



She grew up in the village, in exactly the same way as her sister, attending the village school, and taking a full part in the life the chapel, along with her parents and grand parents. In this photograph, she looks to be twelve or thirteen, wearing an identical dress to Suie, perhaps even Christmas or New Year gifts that mark the turn of the century. By now the family have moved into their new house Gordon Villas, and the family is complete, two girls and two boys.

Together with her rather special name , jessie also had ambition. She would almost certainly have taught at the Sunday School that was attached to the chapel and would have helped with a whole range of activities with young people. She was young and enthusiastic, and I rather suspect

very good at it, and she soon nurtured an ambition to become a teacher.

Accordingly in 1905, at the age of eighteen she sent off her application forms to the Diocesan Training School for Mistresses in Lincoln. (This later became Lincoln Diocesan Training College and Bishop Grosseteste College.) I don't know whether she had to attend for an interview, but her application was successful and she travelled the sixty five miles, presumably by train, to begin her studies.

Teaching was regarded very much as a vocation at this time. Training colleges were entirely single sex; there were to be no distractions! Most women teachers remained spinsters all their lives, and they certainly could not remain in post and marry without the permission of the school managers and the local education board. Jessie would be very clear that this was the price to be paid for her vocation.

Nor did she return to the family home when she took up her first teaching post. In 1908 she was appointed as an assistant elementary school mistress at St Andrew's School, Ancoats in Manchester. For a young woman from rural Derbyshire, this could not have been an easy translation. This was Lancashire in the very heart of the cotton industry.



Old Mill pictured here was just one of several mills in the Ancoats area where Kessie was first teaching and it exists to this day. It was steam powered and built in 1798, and would have employed thousands of men and women working in the hardest of conditions. Kessie went to teach the children of these families when she began her teaching career.

They were children of no material advantage who lived in the thousands of terraced cottages that provided accommodation for the workers in the mill. They were very poor and living in over-crowded and unsanitary conditions.

Kessie was living in Langham Road, Bowdon, at the time of the 1911 census, with an elderly widow, Mrs Elizabeth Weale. This was obviously a much 'nicer' part of Manchester, and is what we would now know as Altrincham in Cheshire. It is now a

green and leafy suburb of Manchester, and would have been a pleasant place to live. her aunts Annie and Sarah had lived in this part of Manchester when they were in service, and they may have known Mrs Weale at that time. They would certainly know the area. This lodging was eleven miles from her school, and so Kessie had a bus or tram ride into school every day.

She retained contact with her family in Repton, and would like to get a teaching post in Derbyshire or Burton. In 1911, a post became vacant in Horninglow School in Burton. jessie was successful in her application for this job, and so returned to live with her parents in Gordon Villas. She taught in Burton for two years, until the post she really wanted became vacant in Repton village. She taught in the village school from 1913 until 1927, when she received a promotion - I suspect by invitation - to the post of headmistress at the very rural village school of Findern, on the outskirts of Derby. And so she would catch the bus every morning for the next twenty years until she retired in 1947, after almost 40 years of unbroken service as a teacher.

Kessie lived in Repton in the family home until she died in January 1962. She was a born teacher and loved her work with children. She continued her work for the chapel throughout all her life, apart from the period when she was in Lincoln or Cheshire, and worked tirelessly for the Sunday school and the chapel society. Like her father and grandfather, she was chapel secretary for many years.



I knew Auntie Kessie as a child and have many happy memories of her kindness. After she retired, for several years in the early 1950s I would visit her at Chez Nous, often to make Christmas gifts or decorations, and I would spend a couple of hours in her company while my mother called on other relatives. It was always fun, and she had paper and cardboard and glue all ready and prepared before I arrived. It was a real experience of Victorian England, with this 'school mistressy' 'old lady' who wasn't going to stand any nonsense.

As I remember it, the living room was dark, with Victorian drapes, and dominated by the portraits of the ancestors with which the reader is already familiar. The dining table was always covered in a heavy dark red cloth, and surrounded by six or eight spoon back chairs in beech or ash. But the nightmare for a little boy in short trousers was the chaise-lounge upholstered in horsehair, which was very uncomfortable, and brought me out in a rash.

The reader may still be wondering about that engagement ring found in a drawer at Chez Nous. Did either Suie or Kessie have a sweet heart the time of the Great War. Did nobody ever ask the question? Alas I have no memory of Aunty Suie. I remember

Aunty Kessie well, and know that it was not an appropriate question for me to ask. Children kept a respectful distance from great aunts, especially those who had been a head teacher.

Edwin Thomas Sanders (Uncle Ted)

*Born Oct 22 1891,
Died Jan 1 1947*



Edwin Thomas was the youngest of the four children born Kate and Edwin. His childhood must have been very similar to that of his sisters and brother. He attended the village school, and the chapel and in 1910 he is listed as having made a contribution to the New Year social and entertainment. This wonderful cutting from the local newspaper exactly captures the event when Edwin is nineteen and reciting his 'Mary's Little Lamb.'

It is from the Derby Telegraph, January 3rd 1910.

REPTON CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL

In the school room on Thursday evening, the annual social evening took place after the church meeting. The pastor, Rev Ebor Dukeswell, presided. Mrs Bertha Collyer as before provided an excellent supper to which 38 persons sat down. The followed a far more elaborate entertainment than usual, one of the principal items on the programme being an amusing sketch with scenery, entitled 'The New Slavery', the characters being well sustained by Miss

Dukeswell as the Slavey, and by Miss S Sanders and Mr Jos Dolman, Jun as the Mistress and Master. Miss Richardson of Derby sang splendidly 'Dolly's evenge' and Mr Harry Boss of Church Gresley with Mr Wm Sanders contributed a duet. Mr E sanders recited in character 'Mary's Little Lamb;' a parody. Mrs Boss of Church Gresley played a pretty piano solo... A thoroughly enjoyable evening was brought to a close by votes of thanks the performers and helpers proposed by Mr E.T.Sanders, and seconded by the Rev E Dukeswell.

Edwin left school and chose a desk bound career in the local Bankruptcy Office, where he worked until he was conscripted in 1916. At some stage, either before his conscription or during his army training, he found himself in Somerset, where he met Annie E Nance. He married her in 1916 in Yeovil.

He was commissioned in the Royal Field Artillery, with the rank of second lieutenant, and went to France in August 1916. His record in the National Archives is very scant but indicates that he was awarded the Victory Medal and the British War Medal. As an officer he would have been responsible for a battery of field guns, but I can find no record of his exploits, save that he must have witnessed a large part of the battle of the Somme.

He was discharged honourably before the end of the war with the Silver War badge. This medal is interesting because it was awarded to soldiers who were discharged through wounds or sickness. I can find no detail for the reason for his discharge; only that the number of his badge was B13440, and there is a reference to the London Gazette on page 1106. The badge is issued with a unique number and a certificate of entitlement so that it cannot be replaced, and was intended to be worn on the right breast. The purpose of the badge was to protect men from the charge of cowardice and being given the white feather - a sign of cowardice.

Edwin gave Gordon Villas in Repton as his address while on active service before his return to work at the Bankruptcy office in Derby. He was soon transferred to Rochester in Kent, then Bradford and Manchester, and he eventually made his home in Baildon in Yorkshire. His first and only child, Mary, was born in 1920, and he eventually became the Official Receiver for Yorkshire. Both Edward and Annie died relatively young; Annie died in 1941 aged only 52; Edwin died in 1947, aged 55.

Richard Wathew Sanders (Grandad)

Richard Wathew is the third child to be born to Edwin and Kate in the house in Long Street. He was born on March 18th 1889, but his father did not register his birth until the 29th April, six weeks later. It must have been a very busy little household with three children under three years of age. It is not surprising therefore that at the time of the census in 1891, when Kate was very pregnant for the fourth time, that the two Boss grandparents were living in the house, probably simply to help out.

His childhood was very like that of his two sisters and his younger brother. His father is a hardworking business man making a living in the village as a builder. The family are deeply involved in the chapel community, and this is the hub of their social world. No doubt they played in the fields and the brook, and were regular attenders at the Sunday school, but they would also have attended the village school.

By the time that Richard started school, the 1870 Elementary Education Act was well established. Many village schools were built and established in the mid 1970s, and Repton School was no exception. It catered for children up to the age of fourteen. It provided a very restricted curriculum, with the emphasis almost exclusively on the 3Rs (reading, writing and 'rithmetic.) Above all it expounded the Victorian values of

punctuality, obedience, conformity and discipline, always re-enforced with a liberal dose of corporal punishment.

I don't know how Richard fared at the village school, but imagine him to have been a perfectly competent student. He was not a great lover of literature, never a man of letters; he was essentially a practical man, and by the turn of the century he would be thinking of how to make his way in the world and pursue a career. I imagine he has observed his father, and chosen to follow in his footsteps. He would know all the tradesmen working in the family firm; masons, joiners, roofers, glaziers, and was preparing to serve his time.

He also knows that if he is to be useful to the firm, he has a lot to learn, and at some stage in his teenage years he enrolled at premises in Guild Street in Burton. These may have been night school classes, and the institution is called either The Mechanics Institute or The School of Science., later the Technical Institute, where he would have been taught a range of disciplines that would support his father in the business; surveying, engineering, technical drawing, costing and pricing. By 1911, the end of Edwardian era, Richard is living with his parents, elder sister, and younger brother at Gordon Villas, and is now qualified - a joiner But like his father and grandfather, he has a qualification in his trade. He is a journeyman joiner, and able to work anywhere in the country that recognises that qualification.

This biography of Grandad is based on those few public documents that record our comings and goings, and those conversations that my own family had around the dining table. He was a man of very few words, especially towards the end of his life He was taciturn to the point of being secretive, especially about this part of his life.

It is clear that by 1914 he was doing some travelling, and was working in Gloucestershire. Whether he was doing some work for his father at this time, or working independently I do not know, but it is in Gloucestershire in the parish of Wickwar that he met a girl called Mable Lillian Flook. She was the daughter of a railway engineer called Aaron Flook and his wife Martha. Mable had a sister and a brother, Daisy and George. Where they met, or in what circumstances, is not known. There must have been an intermediary of some kind for a man who was intrinsically very shy to be introduced to a lady, and for him to eventually 'pop the question'. But

this is what he did, and she said yes, so that four months after the start of the Great War, on November 26th, the two were married in Holy Trinity, the parish church of Wickwar. On the marriage certificate Richard calls himself a builder. The marriage was witnessed by his sister Susan, and a relative of Mable, Fred Flook. The rector, Rev T Garnett, gave the couple a gift of the Book of Common Prayer to mark the occasion, and this I have in my possession.



Holy Trinity, Wickwar, Gloucestershire

At this stage, Richard had not been conscripted into the forces, and he returned with his bride to Repton, 120 miles from her home in Wickwar. Their address was The Farm, High Street, Repton, probably rented accommodation. Within a year of their marriage, on October 15th, 1915, their first child was born, Eric Richard.



Meanwhile the Great War rumbled on, and it was clear that the war could not be fought with regulars and volunteers, even though men had volunteered in their millions. The entire nation was on a war footing, men and women. Richard was conscripted in 1916. He was twenty eight when he joined up on April 18th.

He was enlisted in the Royal Navy Air Service, and was posted to HMS President II. Perhaps he was more fortunate than many for HMS President II was a land based office, an 'accounting base' for the RNAS. It seems to have been impossible to discover where he was stationed for the first year, for it could have been anywhere in the south of England. After 13th June 1917, he was posted to Eastchurch on the Isle of Sheppey in the Thames Estuary north of Kent for two weeks before the Royal Navy Air Service became subsumed within the

Royal Air Force on 1st July. He was then moved to HMS Daedalus, the Fleet Air Arm base at Lee on Solent, primarily for maintenance of sea-planes. Here he remained until November 1918, and the end of hostilities. Exactly what he did throughout any of these postings is difficult to determine. His rating as far as I am able to decipher it is AM(II), which may refer to an air mechanic, and he may then have used some of his wood-working skills on these very early aeroplanes. Most of the references however suggest that people working on President II were accounting, dealing with pay and the purchase of equipment.

He would have returned to Repton at the earliest opportunity to the family, and to his wife and little boy. He would have returned to his work and the family business. No doubt, the family had much to talk about - about the future for themselves and for the business. After a dreadful war, the whole world had much to think about, and needed to repair itself.

In June 1919, Richard's first daughter was born, Marjorie Mable, and at this time Edwin snr and Richard are making plans. Richard is lucky to have come through this war unscathed, but he has a sound head on good shoulders. Edwin is now sixty and his business partner of all these years, Joseph Dolman, is over seventy. A decision now has to be made.

THE LONDON GAZETTE, 17 AUGUST, 1920.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, Joseph Dolman and Edwin Thomas Sanders, carrying on business as Joiners and Builders, at Repton, in the county of Derby, under the style or firm of DOLMAN AND SANDERS, has been dissolved by mutual consent as and from the 27th day of March, 1920. Both the said partners retire from the business; and the said Joseph Dolman has assigned his share therein to his Son, James Joseph Dolman, and the said Edwin Thomas Sanders has assigned his share therein to his Son, Richard Wathew Sanders, who will carry on business as Joiners and Builders separately, at Repton aforesaid, under the styles of "J. J. Dolman" and "Sanders & Son" respectively. All debts due to and owing by the said late firm of Dolman & Sanders will be received and paid by the said Edwin Thomas Sanders.—Dated this third day of August, one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

JOSEPH DOLMAN.
EDWIN T. SANDERS.
J. J. DOLMAN.
RICHARD W. SANDERS.

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And so this notice appears in 1920, in the London Gazette announcing the dissolution of Dolman and Sanders, and the creation of a new company, Sanders and Son.

I suppose that this might be regarded as Richard's finest hour. He had a lot to rejoice about. He had a wife and two children, and there was soon to be a third. He has a business he can call his own, and there are plans to build a new house for all the family across the road by the builders yard. They moved into Ingle Nook and Chez Nous at some time in the early 1920s.

In November 1928 an accident in the joinery was reported in the Derby Telegraph

Mr R W Sanders, a well known contractor of Repton, has had to have three fingers of his left hand amputated as a result of an accident. He caught his hand on the teeth of a revolving saw. He was taken to Derbyshire Royal Infirmary where the operation was performed.

He of course recovered, and managed very well with just the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. His only complaint was that he found cuff-links difficult when fastening his shirt, but as a child I was always fascinated to watch him hold his fork when eating. No doubt the incident taught him much about Health and Safety.

He worked hard at the business confirming its reputation in the community, a reputation for good workmanship, good value, quality. He was a good employer, fiercely loyal to all of his men. But these were not easy times. It took many years for the country to recover from the war emotionally and economically, and that recovery advanced in fits and starts. There was a period probably around 1930, but maybe earlier, when there simply was not enough building work to keep on all the men in the yard, and so for a time, the firm took up undertaking to keep the joiners employed in the workshop . There is always a call for coffins. My mother recounted the story of Grandad looking very solemn in morning coat, black silk topper and silks, leading the hearse through Repton to either the church or the chapel. She and her sister would hide behind hedges and jump out in an attempt to make him smile. He was not amused!



This photograph must have been taken in the summer of 1927, probably at an east coast resort.. It is warm enough to swim and play on the beach, but grandad still sports a waist-coat, jacket and collar and tie, and some very races shoes.

In May 1928 a fourth child was born , Edwina, another daughter. In the twenty first century it is easy to take pregnancy and the birth of a child for granted. We have ante natal care and post natal care, highly specialised doctors, and remarkable technology. in 1928, there was little of this technology or expertise, even in the local hospital. Women in childbirth were cared for, or advised by a midwife led by the local GP. I don't know the details of this confinement, but understand that Mable never properly recovered.

It was first said that Mable had milk fever; a condition where in the early stages for breast feeding she and very high temperature. She would have recovered from this fairly quickly, but then developed what we now know as post Natal Depression a serious mental health issue. Mable's behaviour was such that she became a danger to herself and her family, and after one particular episode involving a knife, she was admitted to Pastures Hospital in Micklover on the edge of Derby. The records from

the hospital, such as they are, show that she was admitted on March 25th 1930, nearly two years after the birth of Edwina. Pastures Hospital was the Derbyshire Mental Asylum for the mentally ill and those who are certified lunatic. There is no record of any treatment, or any kind of diagnosis. These have been lost or destroyed. It is clear that her condition deteriorated, and in October 1932, she was certified as insane.

Grandad visited her in hospital, but her behaviour towards him became so aggressive that he could continue no longer, and it was thought inappropriate that the children should visit at this time. She remained there for the rest of her life until she died in January 1962; thirty years in the same institution. Not until 1960 did Marjorie and Kath visit their mother. By then she was a quiet and calm little old lady, with little or no memory of her past.

Post Natal Depression, also known as Postpartum Depression, is a very serious mental illness. The symptoms are sadness, hopelessness, low self-esteem, guilt and a feeling of inadequacy. Victims don't sleep properly, and they become withdrawn and easily exhausted. But through counselling, love and support, most women can recover. In some cases Postpartum Depression is called Postpartum Psychosis, particularly in patients where there is a bi-polar condition, and a history of mood swings. In this case the patient hallucinates, becomes very disturbed and disorganised, and even violent towards themselves or others. This seems to describe Mable's condition.

For Richard Wathew, it changed the rest of his life. This event, meant that there were problems to solve rapidly. There are four children, with the youngest not yet at school. Kessie and Suie are living next door, but cannot be expected to cook and clothe and do the housekeeping, and so a sequence of housekeepers is employed to look after the family. Some were better than others until a single lady called Daisy Parker came to work for the family. In fact she became part of the family for she was housekeeper for over thirty years.

But it was also a tragic and very sad situation. Grandad became effectively a widower when only forty, while his wife is living those few miles away at Derby. Mable is in Pastures Hospital, and all evidence of her seems to be erased from the family home. There are no photographs on the piano or the mantelpiece. So she is never spoken of. The family grew up without a mother, and they learn to support and depend on each other. The aunts next door were always there to help, but their loss seems to make them closer. Marjorie and Kath looked out for their little sister, and adored their older brother. That love they had for each other never diminished.



This photograph must be from the summer for 1932. Now Eric is at Burton Grammar School gaining a reputation among other things as a very good rugby player. Marjorie is at Burton High School, where in the fullness of time Kathleen and Edwina would follow. But it is the nineteen thirties and the dark clouds of yet another war are on the horizon. Eric left the Grammar School to attend Derby Technical College, and in June 1938 he gained the Builders Licentiate Examination Diploma, so that he could join his father in the family business, now a limited company, Sanders and Son. This must be a very proud moment for Grandad to read the announcement in the Derby Evening Telegraph that father and son are joint directors with nominal capital £1500 in £1 shares.

But war was declared and Eric was conscripted, commissioned in the Royal Engineers, eventually to see active service in North Africa with a commission as major. In the course of the war years Marjorie and Kathleen will learn short hand typing , fall in love , and marry.

Grandad kept the business going for Eric to come home to. life did not get any easier for any of the family, with the whole country on a war footing. Like so many of his neighbours, he dug for victory, kept poultry, and converted one of the sheds in a corner of the builders yard for pigs. He had to declare the pigs as part of his 'war effort' , and when they went to market, he could bring back a proportion of the bacon as his share for the family.



In 1942, the two older sisters were married. Marjorie had met her man, Eric Frederic Pritchard, while working in local government in Burton, and they were married in the Independent Chapel in Repton. The marriage of my mother and father was witnessed by Richard Wathew, Grandad, and my father's elder brother Uncle Selwyn, on September 5th. The couple had known each other and had been engaged for some time. Weddings were difficult in war time with rationing and a shortage of everything, but in an old fashioned way, Grandad provided the ways and means for the ceremony and reception.

Kathleen also met her beau in 1942, a young soldier in the Royal Signals Corps called Arthur Stimpson. It was war time and the couple were impetuous. Kathleen had not

known Arthur for long, but she was madly in love and was not prepared to wait . This gave rise to what can only be described as 'a little local difficulty'. I don't know that Grandad disapproved, or whether he was always against doing anything in haste , but he seems to have been against there being two weddings in the family in the same year. Knowing how close the two sisters were, I cannot understand why there was not a joint wedding in Repton chapel. However, on August 1st, Kathleen and Arthur were married at Stretton Church, and the reception was held at the home of Arthur's parents. There is a record for the event in every detail in the local newspaper of the day, with a curious absence of any reference to Richard Wathew, especially in the family photograph.

Eric came home from the war and married his sweetheart Muriel Powell, the daughter of the head gardener at Newton Park, in Newton Solney, the stately pile of one of the big brewers in Burton. By the end of the war, Edwina was coming to the end of her time at Burton High School, and is taking a keen interest in her piano playing. In March 1947, she figures in the Derby music festival and scores 85 and 81 in the Open Classes. Before long she would gain her LRAM as a piano teacher.

In those few years after the war, Grandad worked hard with his son to put the business on a firm footing. Together they established an excellent reputation throughout Burton and the South Derbyshire area for quality building of fine homes. Richard was now almost sixty, but he was fit and very active, and very involved in the company and its decisions. But nothing ever seems to run smoothly for this family. In 1947, just when everyone was rejoicing with the birth of a second grandchild, Ruth, Eric's wife was diagnosed with leukaemia. Muriel went to Birmingham for treatment, but in vain, for later that year she died in the hospital, when Ruth was but weeks old. This was another opportunity for the family to rally round and Auntie Kath became surrogate mum to Ruth for the first two years of her life.



Eric married again in 1949. He had grown to love the art mistress from the Girl's High school and this photograph marks their wedding at St Modwen's Church in Burton. Grandad and Auntie Kessie are there to celebrate with friends and relations. Eric and Catherine will go on to have a large family in addition to Ruth; John, Robert, Jane and Catherine, twins Elizabeth and Michael and finally Caroline.

By 1950, Grandad was making plans. It made sense that Eric, who will soon take on the business, should live next to the yard, and the most appropriate house was Ingle Nook, no 82. This was the house that Richard Wathew had built with his father, and had been the home for his family. He wouldn't leave Repton, but he would move and

make a new home. Accordingly in the early 1950s, he bought a plot of land on the west side of Main Street, the road leading out of the village towards Bretby and Hartshorne, not far from the site of his grandfather's mill.

The plot is on a raised bank, with a steeply sloping front garden. His men built what we now call a dormer bungalow, that was everything that an older gentleman might want for his declining years. It had a bedroom on the ground floor, a large and spacious lounge with dining area and views over the back garden to fields and countryside beyond. My memory is of a very gracious room, that accommodated all his furniture to advantage, with a beautiful fireplace in Derbyshire stone. The entrance hall was wide and showed off the grandfather clock on an outstanding black and white chequered tiled floor, with a blue carpeted staircase that led to two bedrooms and bathroom upstairs. The kitchen was dominated by a large green boiler that greedily consumed anthracite for the central heating. In the early nineteen fifties this was where a master builder showed off his trade, for everything in the house was done to the very highest specification. Except for the driveway up to the front of the house. I believe he expected to get 'right of way' over some other land that would have given him access to the home and garage. Something went wrong with this plan and he ended up with a thirty per cent incline - a short but very very steep drive.

Edwina lived there, of course, until she married. Her piano had pride of place in the lounge, and for several years she taught piano at the Girls' High School in Burton. She married Ron Wilson in 1957, and they made their first home in Desford Terrace in Repton.



Richard Wathew lived the rest of his days in the house in Main Street. Daisy Parker continued to be his housekeeper. She lived with her brother in Mount Pleasant, Repton, but then came to 'live in' in the house in Main Street in the last few years for his life. He came to be the last of his generation, for his sister had died aged sixty in 1946, his brother Edwin (Ted) in 1947 aged 55, both of heart disease. Kessie had lived until 1962, and she died of a coronary thrombosis. His estranged wife Mable died in 1962.

Now, from a distance, his life looks somewhat lonely. he looked to this family and they looked to him. His Christmases were very memorable, when Auntie Daisy prepared a feast for as many as could get round the table. He remained friends

with the Powells in Newton Solney, and would enjoy a glass of beer in the Brickmakers' Arms. He kept active throughout his life, and was a regular golfer on the course at Bretby. Of his politics I know nothing, but rather think he was less liberal than his father. He remained chapel at heart, though he rarely attended services after Mable's illness. He was a big supporter of those organisations that encourage mutuality, thrift and saving, while at the same time helping neighbours in need, and so he was a trustee of at least one of the local Oddfellow Lodges, and was also a freemason. He was twice worshipful master of the Tutbury Castle Lodge in 1945 and 1960.

He was not a man of letters, and I think rarely read a book. He read the Derby Evening Telegraph every afternoon, concentrating on the obituary column, and the announcement of wills and testaments. But the local news was important to him. There was always to hand the latest copy of Derbyshire Life, Readers Digest and Country Life.

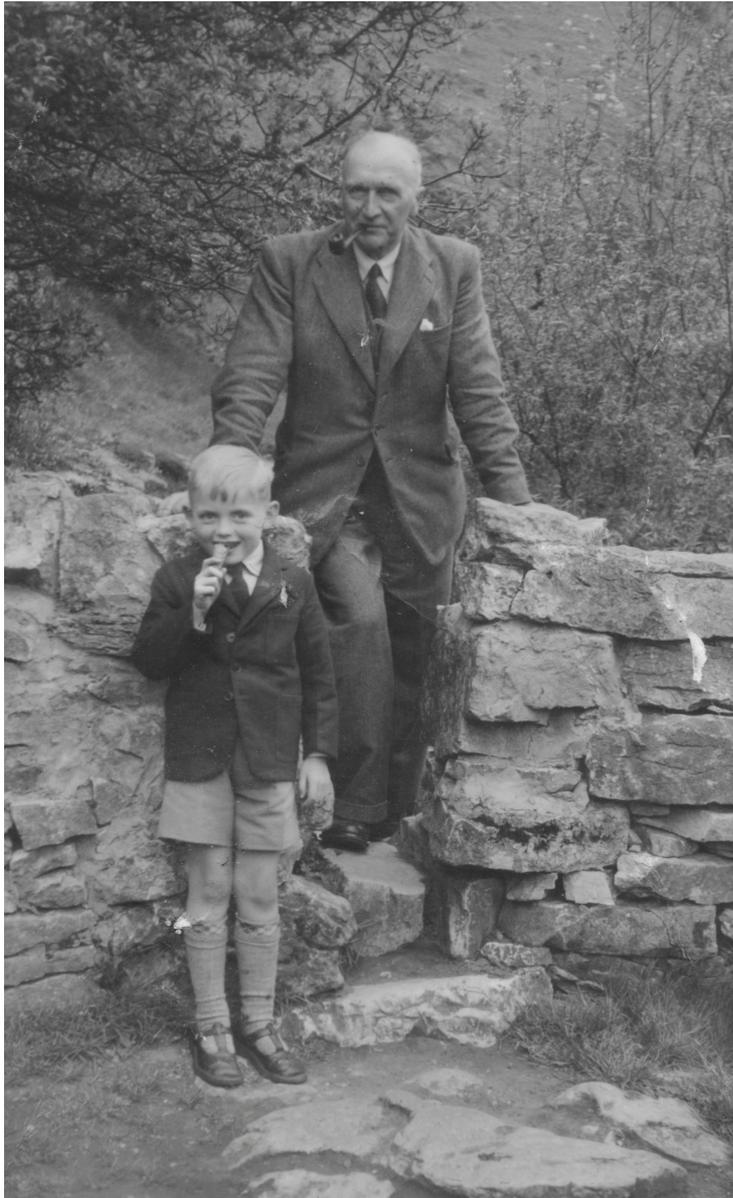
He bought quality. He had a tailor he used in Derby, and was nearly always in a three piece suit. He was never without a collar and tie, and his shoes were always the best you can buy in the county town. He loved driving, and was one of the first owners of a motor car in the village. He has the dubious distinction of buying the first German car in the village after the war. It was a black VW Beetle, and gave rise to just a little gossip among his neighbours. He was well acquainted with all the roads, and would drive much further for holidays, where he would always stay in good quality hotels.

He was highly regarded by all his neighbours, and greatly loved by all his family. He was essentially a shy man and never a great conversationalist, and at the end of his life, he was dealt a bitter blow with the sudden death of his son Eric of a heart attack, in September 1965. He had lost his wife in very tragic circumstances and now must sell the yard and the business that he and Eric had worked so hard to establish. His last few years were dogged by the ill health of an old man, with a tumour on his lungs and a failing heart, and a lot of sadness.

He had fourteen grandchildren. There were of course eight in Eric's family, listed earlier; Marjorie had two boys, my brother Malcolm and me, Kath had two boys, Peter and Colin, and Edwina had two daughters, Gillian and Susan.

He seemed to welcome his first great grandson, William, in the Autumn of 1969. He died a few months later in 1970, aged 81. He was a born Victorian and remained a Victorian, all his life.

All of the grandchildren are of course first cousins, and we each share the same proportion of Richard Wathew's DNA, and that of Mable Flook; i.e. 25%. We each have four grandparents. But family trees are binary, and so our gene pool will contain elements of Boss, Newbury, Spencer and many many more; perhaps even a Kilby. Jane Sanders is our great great great grandmother, and that is where I started this story. Perhaps we should remind ourselves that each have another thirty one great great great grandparents that have contributed to our genetic make-up. The view from another part of the tree may be very different.



This photograph was taken in 1950 in Dovedale, Derbyshire.

Grandad (Richard W Sanders) is 61 and I am 6 years of age .

I have a very clear memory of being driven in his green Morris Oxford car and sitting in the front! It had a leather upholstered bench seat and gear change on the steering column, and the famous Oxford badge in the centre of steering wheel - an Ox over the river.

A day like that deserved an ice cream, followed by tea and cakes at The Peveril of the Peak, a favourite watering hole.