CASTLETON’S MEN AT WAR

Fred Waining

Fred Waining is standing at the side of Peaks Hole Water on Waterside. He was a groom before the war. He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers, and returned home from the war with TB.

Edgar Unsworth

Edgar Unsworth was a motor driver when he enlisted with the Sherwood Foresters in October 1914, in Castleton. He served in Salonika. The Unsworth family were publicans at the Castle and the Bull’s Head. They lived at Mount View.

Edgar Unsworth is on the front row, second left.

Jack Eyre

The “Speedwell” family of Eyres. Left to right. Back: George and Edith. Front: Daisy, John Henry (father), Mary (mother), and John (Jack) Eyre. Jack was aged about 9 in the photo.

Jack went on to serve with the Grenadier Guards in France and Flanders. He died from his wounds in December 1916, aged 25. Jack’s brother George had accidentally shot off three of his own fingers and a thumb in 1902 when handling a gun. He survived the war to play in the Castleton band!
Long Bert

Born at Knowlegates Farm in 1895, Bert was a farm labourer, known as Long Bert for his height. Bert remembered Police Sergeant Rose measuring him up when he was going off to war. ‘I was 6ft 3 ¾ inches in my stocking feet.’

Bert survived a full 5 years in France, yet told a story about how he nearly didn’t make it home from enlisting!

‘In 1914 I went and joined up and went to France in December 1914 for 5 years. I had gone to Buxton to try and join the Notts and Derbys but they were full. That day I walked back from Buxton. I’d never been before, I was just 19. When I got to Peak Forest it was foggy and I had a job finding my way, not knowing if I would come out in Cavedale or the Winnats, but it was the Winnats.’

On his return from France in 1919 he worked for GT West and Co. where Treak Cliff is, in the spar mines. He lived in a caravan below the Treak.

John Broadbent: Officer and Show Cave Owner

John Broadbent lived at Bella Vista on New Road (now Buxton Road). The 1911 Census describes his occupation as Director of the Camp Furnishing Company. As a British Army Officer he served in the Boer War and WW1 and was promoted to Lieutenant–Colonel. Colonel Broadbent acquired lands in the Hope Valley following the sale of the Losehill Hall estate in 1922. At Treak Cliff Cavern, he financed the installation of footpaths, steps, electric lighting etc., and the cave opened its doors to visitors in April 1935, revealing its stalactites and stalagmites and veins of Blue John.

Exhibition created by Castleton Historical Society http://castletonhistorical.co.uk
Arthur Payne was born in Sheffield on 29th September 1893. He was the second of five children of Arthur and Mary (née Twelves). By 1911 the family had moved to Goosehill Cottage, where Mary ran a teashop in the garden. Arthur Snr was a foreman at the Camp Furnishing Company; Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, worked as a winder at the cotton mill and young Arthur was an errand boy.

Are these tents from the Camp Furnishing Company?

Probably through his father's connections with John (later Colonel) Broadbent, a director of The Camp Furnishing Company, Arthur became the Broadbent family chauffeur.

On 17th January 1915, aged 21, Arthur Payne enlisted for war service at Buxton and was posted to the Royal Engineers Signals Service in Aldershot where he trained as a Telegraphist.

By April 1916, Arthur was serving in France near Abbeyville, was wounded in action on 11th May and admitted to No.16 General Hospital. After a few days at the Convalescent Depot in Rouen he was discharged “Class A” and returned to the 12th Signals Company.

On 23rd August 1916 the London Gazette records that “Payne, Sapper (Acting Lance Corporal) A.A No. 30864” was awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field. There is no record of the circumstances of Arthur's bravery.
On home leave from France, on 4th January 1917 Arthur married Jennie Waterhouse, spinster, at St Edmund’s Church, Castleton.

On 10th October 1917, Arthur was discharged from the Royal Engineers to take up a commission as 2nd Lt. in the Royal Flying Corps. He had served for two years and 277 days as one of many in the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Arthur went to Montrose Air Station in Angus, Scotland, the RFC base, to train as a pilot.

Tragically, on 4 April 1918 Arthur Arnold Payne, aged 24 years, was killed in a flying accident over Montrose.

His Sopwith Camel B7338 aeroplane collided with a Sopwith Scout B7529 flown by Ernest (“Wilf”) Burton a 25-year-old New Zealander. Both men were killed on impact.

The Court of Enquiry concluded that the men had been killed in “an aeroplane accident, caused through the misjudgement of one, or both, of the pilots, as a result of a collision in the air”.


Arthur Payne came home to Castleton where he is buried in the peaceful churchyard of St Edmund’s Parish Church.

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Frederick Walter Harrison (Freddy) was the youngest of the eight children of William Edward Harrison (Teddy) head of W.E. Harrison, Steeplejacks, Sheffield (‘Of Nelson’s Column Fame’).

My father, Harold Harrison was just two years older than Freddy, so they grew up together and were very close. I only mention my father because all the information that follows he told to me.

Aged fifteen Harold went into farming, when Freddy was fifteen he went into the steeplejack business.

Aged only sixteen Freddy enlisted into the Army. After basic training he was sent to France. When his true age was discovered he was sent back to England.

As soon as Freddy was seventeen he went back to France to fight in the trenches. He eventually became a Lance Bombardier.

Freddy was wounded three times. The first wound was a bayonet thrust in his ankle, the second, various shrapnel wounds.

Freddy’s third wound was a bullet wound; the bullet went through his cheek through his mouth over his tongue, out the other side without damaging any bones or anything vital. The entry side left a small scar, on the exit side a much larger scar where the bullet came out.
Like most of the soldiers who fought in the trenches of the First World War Freddy never mentioned his experiences. Only twice did his guard drop and that was to Harold.

Soon after Freddy was demobbed he came to stay on the farm at Hatfield (Yorkshire). One day Harold asked him to kill a chicken for Sunday lunch. He refused saying ‘I have seen and done enough killing to last me the rest of my life.’

Strangely enough, the second lapse was on the farm. Freddy and Harold were in a cornfield watching the binder cutting wheat. Suddenly Freddy burst out with, ‘The German machine gunners cut down our lads just like that machine is cutting down that corn.’

I knew my uncle Freddy for many years (he taught me to drive on the road when I was 17) and I’m sure his wartime experiences caused him many problems in his later life.

After the war, Freddy went to work at Speedwell Cavern on the Winnats.
In 1911 the Beverley family lived in the Millbridge area of Castleton; the eldest brother Joseph Samuel (Joe) was married with a young son, while John Wilson (Jack) and Edward (Ted) were living at home with their widowed mother Mary Ellen and their sister Mary Jane.

Jack worked for Midland Railway, Ted at Bamford cotton mill, and Joe for Derwent Valley Water Board. Jack’s twin brother Micah (Uncle Mike) was working nearby as a farmhand for Ellis Eyre, Castleton’s miller. Cousin Tom, also raised in Castleton, emigrated to Australia when he was 19.

All 5 young men joined up.

Joe 1914 Royal Fusiliers (& others)
Jack 1915 Royal Marines
Mike 1915 Royal Artillery
Ted 1914 Reservist in Sherwood Foresters (Notts & Derby Regiment)
Tom 1914 Australian Military Forces
THE BEVERLEY BROTHERS

A silken gown and a chapel of bones

His eldest daughter Rosamund remembers that while serving, her father: “sent his sweetheart Nellie picture postcards and she put them into two photograph albums which we were allowed to look at on special occasions … I vividly remember one picture, the Chapel of Bones in Valetta, the capital of Malta. The ceiling was a mass of skulls, a bit gruesome … When Dad was in Malta he was able to buy Maltese silk and lace. When on leave, he brought some back for Nellie. Nellie had a wedding gown made from the silk.”

Rosamund remembers her father showing her two medals, the British War Medal and the Medal of Good Conduct.

Jack and Nellie were married at St Edmund’s Church in 1920. Their daughter Noreen remembers how her father wrote in her autograph album “Per Mare – Per Terram, By Land or Sea, A Royal Marine I’ll always be.”

John Wilson (Jack) Beverley.

Jack served in Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt and the Greek island of Lemnos, 50 miles from the Dardanelles Peninsula. Casualties from the fierce fighting there were brought to Lemnos for treatment in hospitals on the island, mostly by an army of nurses. Conditions were very basic. Patients were in tents, and some died not of their wounds but of diseases and heat.

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THE BEVERLEY BROTHERS

Killed at Gallipoli

Tom travelled to Australia aboard the SS Athenic, embarking in 1912. In 1914, the Athenic was requisitioned to take New Zealand troops to the Middle East.

Tom enlisted with the 15th Battalion Infantry Brigade of the Australian Imperial Force. In December 1914 he embarked at Melbourne for the Gallipoli Peninsula in the Dardanelles, where he was killed in action on 30th April 1915. He was buried at Quinn’s Post the same day.

Tom was awarded three medals, the 1914/15 Star, the Victory War Medal, and the British War Medal. Some 5 years later, in December 1920, Tom’s personal effects – his medals and identity disc – arrived by post to his cousin Samuel Beverley in Castleton.

Passenger list from Tom’s ship to Australia, the SS Athenic.
Uncle Mike

Jack survived the war. His twin, Uncle Mike, survived in body, but struggled with his experiences. Rosamund remembers that her uncle was shell-shocked during the war. “After the war he visited his mother’s house and she was deeply shocked to see him. He lived with his sister Mary-Jane (Auntie Polly). I was a little girl in the early 20s so knew him very well ... He would always say “Hello Rosamund” and no other conversation.

Uncle Mike couldn’t hold a job down, because of the trauma that he endured during the war. Occasionally he would have violent outbursts. I remember him breaking Auntie Polly’s window. He was a man who liked his meals regularly. He went indoors when the church bell struck 9pm. If the weather was bad he stood in the Stones shed, listening for the strikes of the clock. Unfortunately as the years rolled by he was committed to Mickleover Asylum near Derby, and he died in Shardlow hospital in 1963.

In the 1980s a friend told me of an incident which happened way back in about 1938. This friend lived in Bradwell and travelled on foot each day to Castleton school, where she was a pupil teacher. Walking home from school one night they started blasting at Earl’s cement works, and suddenly Uncle Mike appeared running for his life. This just shows how the war affected his life.”

Joe and Ted survived

Joe and Ted both served in France and returned home safely. Each was awarded the same three medals as Tom. Ted qualified as a 1st Class signaller. Joe became a chauffeur for Colonel Broadbent after he was demobbed.
THE MEN WHO STAYED BEHIND

After the declaration of war, those too old to enlist or engaged in important occupations could join the Volunteer Training Corps (VTC), often organised by former regular army officers. Volunteer duties included digging defence lines, helping with the harvest and fire-fighting. The VTC were often laughed at. People joked that the GR on their armbands stood for George’s Wrecks, Grandpa’s Regiment or Government Rejects.

Castleton’s Volunteer Training Corps with Dr Shepherd (first left) and Mr Barnes (second left, front row)

Mr Charles Henry Barnes was scoutmaster throughout the war and lived at Laurel Cottage up Townhead. He described his occupation as market gardener in the 1911 census. His obituary said that his funeral had the biggest turnout ever seen in the village.

Castleton’s physician, Dr Shepherd practised from his home, Peveril House in Castleton. He was the last doctor in the village to visit his patients on horseback.
Robert How Ashton was a lead mine owner, merchant and smelter, a major landowner in the Hope Valley, a Justice of the Peace and an active local councillor. He built the Young Men’s Institute (above) and Losehill Hall, where he lived.

At the outbreak of war he was 77 and in poor health. Following the death of his wife Tomasina, his servant Nellie became his constant companion and secretary. This same Nellie was later to wed Jack Beverley. Robert How Ashton wrote to her on 15th August 1914:

“I was very glad to hear that you arrived quite safely at home and hope that you found your friends quite well. I was afraid, whilst they are so busy moving troops, that you would be detained. I am sorry to say that for the last few days I have not been very well. I think either the hot weather, or the anxiety about the war, or both together have rather upset me, but it is nothing serious and I trust a few days rest will see me well again. This fine weather is quite a godsend to farmers so that they can finish the hay. Hoping that you are enjoying your holiday, Believe me, yours very truly, Robert How Ashton.”

After Nellie and Jack were wed they lived at Losehill Hall to look after Robert How Ashton until he died in 1922. The estate was then sold off, in part, to Colonel Broadbent.
John William Coverdale was grandfather to Pat Dale of Castleton. Pat’s family have researched their family history and the letters below are extracted from a volume produced by her cousin Isabel Victoria Hunter (née Coverdale).

Jack was called up on 11th December 1915. He was attested at Beverley, allowed a day’s leave and sent to the Army Reserve. Jack left behind him his wife Annie and their children and babies, May, Lizzie, Joe and Harold.

On 11th November 1916, Jack embarked and was posted to the 11th Battalion, and from there to the 8th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment, the same regiment that his great-grandfather had fought in. On the eve of the Battle of Arras, Jack wrote a letter home.

France 4/4/17
My Dear Wife
By the time you get this letter I hope please God to have come out of this movement and live to make these next few days. If I get wounded I will let you know as early as possible. If my time has arrived I leave you and our dear children in God’s good care. But dear I have prayed to be spared to come back to you my dear ones.

I go into this with the intention of doing my duty as a man, as I hope to do in all things as a manly man would do. Now dear pray for help if you are left it will be given to you. God bless you for being a good wife & mother. From your loving Jack
Mother xxx May xxx L xxx J xxx H xxx

p.s.
My dear Wife
We are in a large cave awaiting events, & this morning we have had a service which has been of comfort to me & which renew the faith in God to order all things for the best. May he always bless you.

Yours ever Jack

The Battle of Arras was part of the British offensive. The Allied troops attacked German defences around the French city of Arras, resulting in about 160,000 British and 125,000 German casualties. The ‘large cave’ mentioned by Jack in his letter home was named Auckland, one of the huge labyrinths shaped by the Allies from medieval underground chalk quarries and interconnecting tunnels, and capable of hiding 25,000 troops.

All ranks were in good spirits and as they reached the starting point the divisional bands struck up ‘Take me back to Blighty’. That was the spirit of 1917. It was 2 a.m. on the 7th before the 8th East Yorkshires reached the caves, a miserable, cheerless place. But the spirits of neither officers nor men were to be dampened by their nasty surroundings. They made the best of it and Companies held concerts in the evening, everyone full of ‘buck’. Up above our guns were knocking holes into Germany!

Sleep was impossible that night for not only were the guns roaring all the while, but first the 76th Brigade and then the 9th Brigade moved up to their assembly positions through the caves occupied by the East Yorkshires. And at 2 a.m. on the 9th April, the East Yorkshires moved into position in the assembly trenches ready for ‘Zero’ hour. The guns had ceased firing at 4 a.m., but at 5.30 a.m. our worthy Adjutant records that ‘Off go all the guns, guns and more guns everywhere’. And the attack began.

Extract from The East Yorkshire Regiment in the Great War 1914-1918, by Everard Wyvell (1928).

Within a couple of days, the Allied troops had advanced 8 miles. However, in the weeks ahead, the battle would revert to the familiar pattern of epic slaughter for tiny gains. There would be a murderous battle in the skies, too, as Baron von Richthofen and his Flying Circus arrived in the Arras sector, reducing the life expectancy of British pilots from 3 weeks to 17 hours.
Castleton thrived in the pre-war years. The 1911 Census and Kelly’s Directory of 1912 identify over 70 different businesses and traders in the village, and over a dozen farms.

**Goosehill**

Joe Hallam remembers the Walshes as boot and shoe repairers, the last people to live in Cock Hall, in 1916. Their lodger Joe was an oddjob man, and sold watercress gathered from the Furlongs.

**Buxton Road**

Speedwell House on New Road, now the Buxton Road.

**Millbridge**

The sawmill at Millbridge.

**Peak Cavern Road**

Slacks on Peak Cavern Road.

**Back Street and Folds**

George Boam also manufactured mineral water in the former Methodist Chapel building on Back Street, opposite the school. The Methodist Chapel moved in the 1890s to a new building on Buxton Road.

**Townhead and Pindale**

View down Pindale.
CASTLETON AT WORK

Station Road

Joseph Phoenix was proprietor at the Cheshire Cheese Hotel until his death in 1918, when his wife Lucy took over the business.

Florence Cooper at the door of the Peak Hotel.

Florence Cooper took over the Peak Hotel when her parents died, William and Hannah Johnston. According to Jack Beverley, Florence and her 5 sisters were musical, ‘they kept the village alive with singing and dancing’. She died, unwed, in 1931 aged 58.

Outside the cowhouses and coachhouse on How Lane.

Castle Street

The 1912 Kelly’s Directory lists John Unsworth (seated, far left) as proprietor of the Castle Hotel.

George Boam was proprietor of the George Hotel from 1908 until 1921. He lived at the George with his wife Emma and their children George, Jessie and Nellie.

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CASTLETON AT WORK

Cross Street

In 1912 George Law owned the Bull’s Head Hotel. He lived in, with his wife Harriet Lavinia, their baby daughters Violet and Mabel, and servant Ethel Godfrey. They were still there in 1917, when their son Francis George was christened.

The 1911 Census lists George Pashley as proprietor of Ye Olde Nag’s Head Hotel. He lived in with his wife Elizabeth, their younger son and three daughters. His eldest son became Post Master at the Post Office on Cross Street during or shortly after the war.

Spital Bridge

William Allred was the ‘shoesmith’ at Spital Bridge. He lived on Castleton Road, Hope, with his wife Ellen and two sons. Elder son Harold was 14 in 1911, and already an apprentice in the family business.

Market Place

The village band outside the Peveril Hotel, formerly the Ship Inn.

Wray’s grocers on the Market Place.

Farms and Farmers

Many Castletonians lived or worked on farms.

Rowter Farm          Robert Sidebottom
Winnatts Head Farm   Ann Critchlow
Mam House Farm       Ellen Needham
Mam House Farm       Arnaud Unwin
Woodseats Farm       Samuel Needham
Knowle Gates Farm    Mary Ann Eyre
Dunscar Farm James   Herbert Platts
Only Grange Farm     Stephen Critchlow
Brockett Booth Farm  George B Littlewood
Riding House Farm    Ernest Bradbury
Losehill Farm        Charles Littlewood