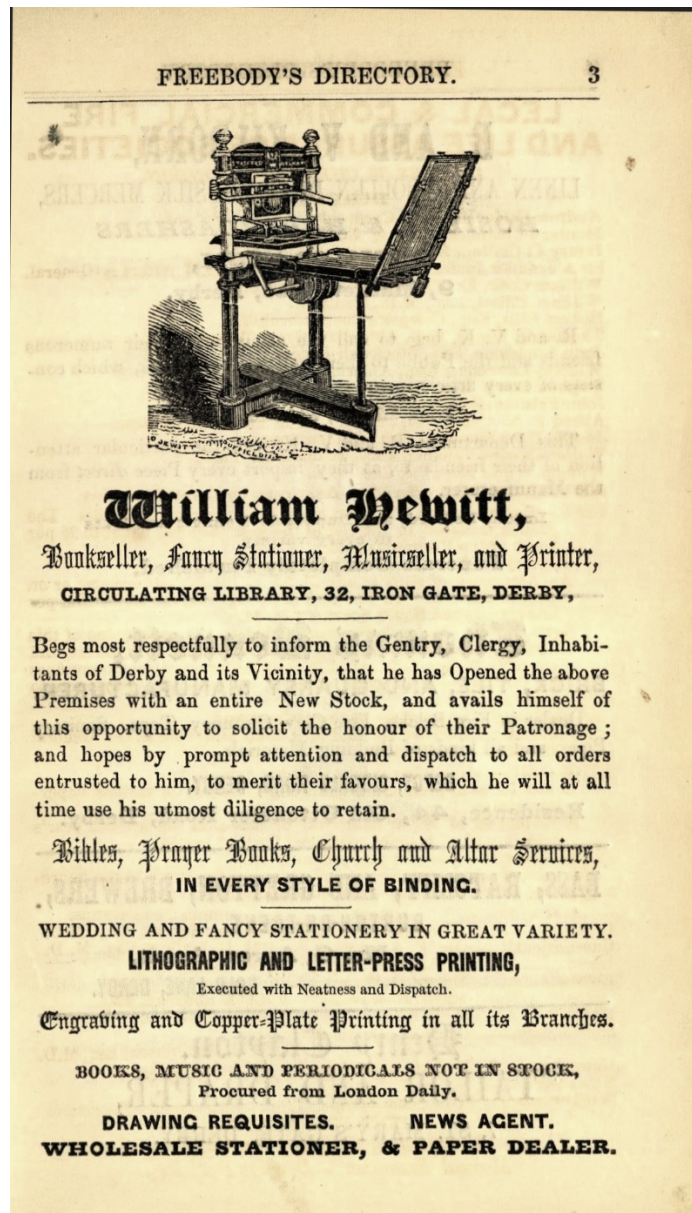


## 150 Years Competition for Artists and Writers 2021

Please select **one** of the following items as inspiration for your work:

### 1. William Hewitt's Circulating Library



This is a nineteenth century advertisement for William Hewitt's Circulating library. Circulating libraries were side projects of businessmen who were booksellers, printers, and stationers, giving them more opportunities to earn money from their stocks of printed materials. Subscribers paid an annual fee, or fee per book, and could rent one volume at a time. It made reading material more accessible for the Victorian middle-classes during a period when books were at relatively high prices.

### Working Women at Ley's Malleable Castings Company Ltd, Circa 1920

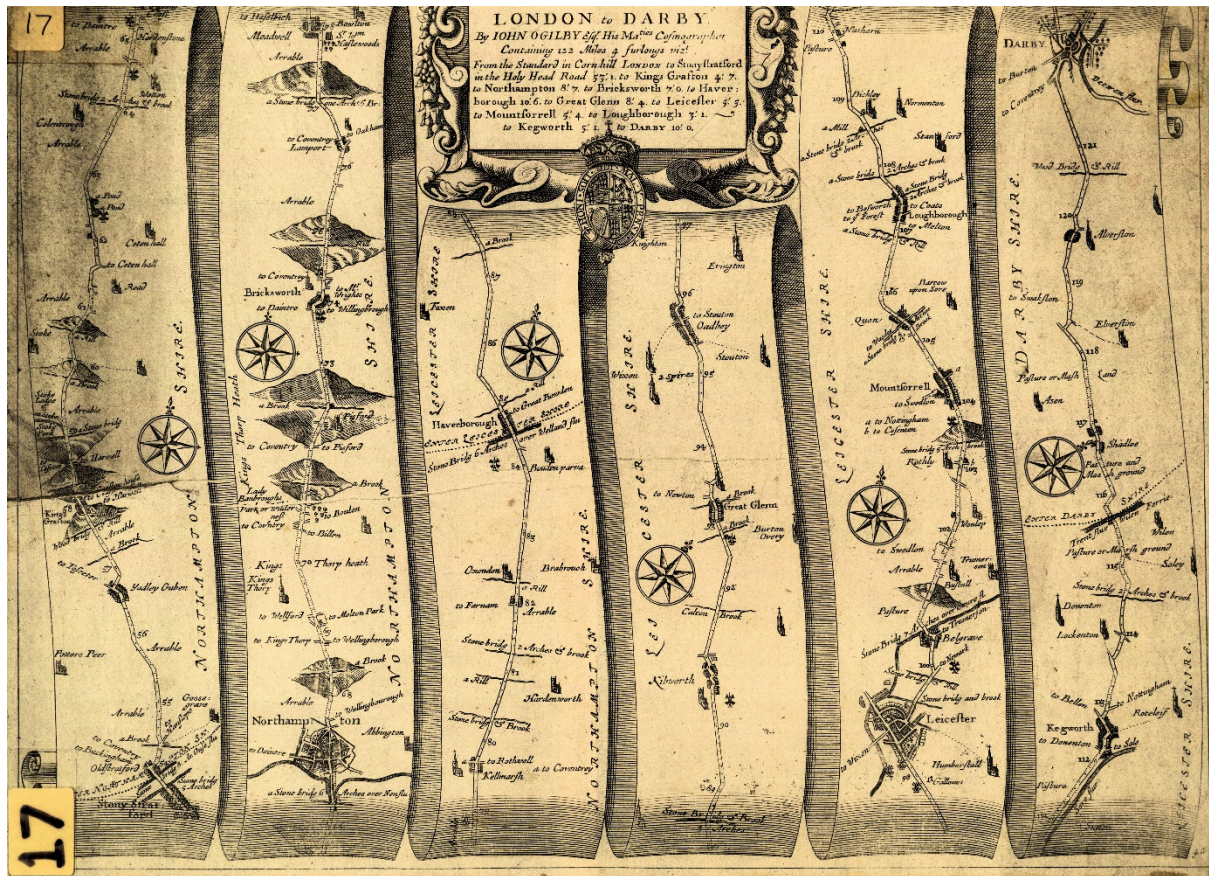


Founded by Francis Ley in 1874, Ley's Malleable Casting Company Ltd was a significant firm at the heart of industrial Derby in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. It was one of the biggest iron foundries of its kind in Europe.

This photo of women working in the core shop was taken during the 1920's. In casting and moulding processes, core making is used to create internal cavities. In 1882 a dinner party was held by Francis Ley for his employees and visitors which included a tour of the foundry. A report of the tour was printed in the *Derby Mercury* on 6<sup>th</sup> December, and of the core making, the article remarks '*they inspected the coremaking, which in this establishment is all done by females, a very unusual sight in a foundry*'.



## John Ogilby's London to Derby Map



John Ogilby's map from 1675 showed wayfarers how to get from London to Derby. Starting at the bottom left, the roads run north in strip sections. He notes landmarks along the way that would be significant to seventeenth century people travelling by foot or horse, such as water courses, bridges, churches and hills.



## The Humble petition of Joseph Webster, 1771

To the Mayor, Recorder, last Precedent Mayor, Town-Clerk, and other Justices of the Peace  
in the Corporation of the Borough of Derby, and to all other worthy and humane Persons,

### The humble PETITION of JOSEPH WEBSTER of Derby, a pauper, in the gaol belonging to the said borough, and of SARAH his wife,

SHEWETH, That your Petitioners having four children, your Petitioner the said Joseph Webster was some time ago arrested, at the suit of Joseph Copestake and Robert Gaunt, for L. 12, 4s. by virtue of a writ issuing out of the borough-court. That the said Joseph Webster being in a distressed situation, and not able to pay the Plaintiff's demand; and having lain in gaol till such time as he might have been discharged, for want of the Plaintiff's filing a declaration against him, (*which Mr Lockett, the Town-clerk for the borough, acquainted the Mayor and court in the town's hall on Monday last*), the said Sarah Webster went to Mr William Fallows, one of the attornies of the said court, to desire he would take proper steps to get the said Joseph Webster out of gaol: when Mr Fallows told her, if no declaration was filed (which there was not) he could do so; but he must first have 8s. 6d. or more if she could raise it, before he would do any thing for the said Joseph Webster. That the said Sarah Webster having, with great difficulty, borrowed 8s. 6d. of several people, she took it to Mr Fallows, which he received; though he then said, *Be sure to get me some more money, for surely you cannot be in such very bad credit but you may borrow a few more shillings*: but instead of taking the necessary methods for the said Joseph Webster's discharge, Mr Fallows gave Mr Greenwollers, the Plaintiff's attorney, leave for further time to declare against the said Joseph Webster, Mr Fallows at the same time saying to Mr Greenwollers, *Go on, lad, let them go to law*, or words to that effect, which he hath since declared to the said Mayor, as your Petitioners have been informed by the said Mayor. That, by the inhuman, cruel, barbarous, mean, little, avaricious conduct of Mr Fallows, and betraying his trust, the said Joseph Webster is still kept in gaol, in the most deplorable circumstances, whilst his family are almost starving; on which account your Petitioners most earnestly implore the charitable donations of all well-disposed persons, and hope the Magistrates of this borough will, on the score of humanity, strike Mr Fallows off the list of the borough-attornies, for his dishonest, unmerciful, and double-handed dealing to your poor Petitioners; and they shall, as in duty bound, ever pray; and so forth.

DERBY GAOL, 1771.  
November 20. 1771.

JOS. WEBSTER and  
SARAH WEBSTER.

Signed in the presence of  
Jn<sup>o</sup> HIND.

*Saturday November 30 1771*  
*Recd as directed*  
*by J. H. and*  
*only post and*

A petition is a formal request made to an authority such as the monarch, the mayor, or a government department. Joseph Webster was in Derby Gaol. An attorney at the court told the prisoner's wife, Sarah, that Joseph could be released—for a charge—as no claim had been made against the prisoner by the plaintiff. Sarah raised the money (with great difficulty) but the attorney broke his word – he kept the cash and encouraged a declaration to be made against Joseph instead of working for his release.

### The Humble petition of Joseph Webster, 1771 (Transcript)

To the Mayor, Recorder, last precedent Mayor, Town-Clerk and other Justices of the Peace in the Corporation of the Borough of Derby, and to all other worthy and humane Persons,

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SARAH WEBSTER.

Signed in the presence of

JNO HIND.



## An Airman's Letter Home from India

1519799 CPL.  
R.A.F. STATION PALAM,  
S.E.A.A.F.  
10th Dec. 1945.

Dear Ma, and the folks at home,  
As I have said before, quite recently, (have I?) the receipt of mail out here is pretty grim, and has been for some few weeks past, but I don't suppose conditions will improve very much until the Christmas rush is over at least. The last a/c I had from you was dated 16th Nov., one which I have not had time to answer yet, though it has been in my hands for some ten days, for during that time I have been frantically dashing together a few lines of festive greetings and whisking them off to the four corners of the earth.

I had hoped that my 'cushy' day job would last until the coming Xmas jubilation, but had been left behind, but much to my sorrow and dismay, it came to an abrupt end a week ago, and now I'm back on the old, old shift system, which probably means that I'll be working at least one evening over Christmas, when my time should be spent in more pleasing surroundings, and directed along pleasanter channels. However, there is a rumour (one in which I myself have very little faith) going the rounds to the effect that all aircraft are to be grounded over Xmas, which means that even our section will be able to shut up shop altogether for two or three days (an unprecedented occurrence), I hope so - but, we shall see!

At the time of writing this I am on duty - the hour is 0215 a.m., and I'm wondering if I'll manage to keep awake for another 5 hours, when my spell of work finishes for 5 1/2 hours - three days, almost, of bed! As you can tell, 'duty' does not necessarily mean 'bore' in the true sense of the word, - these next few hours will be very slack - hence my penmanship at this unearthly hour. Through the windows of my little cabin come the howls of a jackal on the search for food, but he will pass by after a minute or so - unwarded - and the night will again return to its peaceful, silent state. Inside here I can just make out the tickings of the clock on the wall, above the atmospheres and occasional cheeps of noise which come floating over the earphones which encircle my neck. From time to time one of the four telephones on the desk at my side will give a tinkle but no one seems to want to speak to me. The thermometer on the wall reads 64°F, which is rather cool for this thin-blooded creature, but outside the temperature must be twenty degrees lower, for I have a calor stove roaring away at my side exuding a somewhat stifling heat, smelling strongly of kerosene. The atmosphere is almost ideal for letter-writing, but I'm afraid my powers of concentration are not at their best in the middle of the night and very shortly I'll have to put away my pen and take up a novel to help the hours pass away more quickly. So much for my present surroundings, now let me answer a question or two from your most recent a/c.

It is more than likely - in fact it is almost certain - that when I do take the natives' advice and 'quit India', it will be under repatriation (termination of overseas tour which at present stands at 3 yrs. 6 months) and not demob. However, at the present rate of release in my trade, I'll only have a couple of months of service life facing me when I do get back, so it won't be too bad. My own group number is 42, and group 32 is to be in Croy St. by the end of January.

A few days ago I got a letter from Ron Storer - the first in almost two years. Apparently he has just been posted to some place near Cairo, but I don't think he'll be there long enough to get his knees brown, as his demob number must be only a few behind mine - I don't know how far the Army have got though. The past week has also brought a further crop of Xmas cards, including one from Kate and Harold - a little nearer the mark than those from 98!!

The camp cinema is due to be opened one day next week, but I took a look inside yesterday, and have my doubts of it being ready for the 25th. There are no seats in place, the stage is still being worked upon, and there are one or two doubts of paint on the wall which may have found their way there by accident, or else the nucleus of a wild mural. The cook-house project seems to have been abandoned altogether as have V-J celebrations!

Bye, bye for now  
Jack xxx.

SECURITY: THINK—BEFORE YOU WRITE!!

BY AIR MAIL FORCES MAIL

AIR LETTER

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS CARD WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

MRS.

98, ST.,

DERBY,

ENGLAND.

I.A.F.F.—1083

Name

Rank

No. 1519799

Written in (Language) ENGLISH

THIS LETTER IS FOR THE USE OF H. M. FORCES ONLY

In December 1945 in the immediate aftermath the Second World War, an RAF airman from Derby writes home from his station in India, where he has been posted for just over three years.



## An Airman's Letter Home from India (Transcript)

10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1945

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Jack xxxx