

A Tribute to Stanley (Stan) Wilton 6th January 1944 – 23rd April 2023

Stan was born in the Women's Hospital in Derby on the 6th January 1944, he was the only son of Marie and Stanley Senior.

Stan's parents bought No 57 Main Road, Smalley in 1942 – he lived there continuously for all his 79 years.

For many years he worked at Aitons in Derby travelling daily in and out on the bus. Stan had neither driving licence nor passport but made good use of his bus pass and was always grateful for a lift.

Stan and Gardening.

Every year he would set more vegetables than a family of 4 could ever eat - over 90% would be given away - I believe we've still some of last year runner beans in the freezer. However his passion was for onions and shallots. Sets were purchased early gallons of vinegar stored ready for the harvest to be pickled. Stan's onions were legendary, known and enjoyed across the borough it's even been known for the H1 to stop outside No57 to pick up a jar or two. Unfortunately his secret recipe died with him.

Each spring he would always have a good display of daffs and tulips in his front garden and growing fuchsias from cuttings was his area of expertise. Again he gave away the majority.

Stan and Stamps.

As a youngster after school in the days when we used to get a 2nd post – he used to deliver local letters for the postmistress over the road, maybe this fired one of his many interests - British stamps.

Over the years Stan built up a substantial collection of Wilding stamps in circulation between 1952 and 1971 always attempting to extend and refine his collection by purchasing Kiloware.

When successful he'd gleefully sift and sort a bag containing hundreds of off-paper stamps which he'd then spend hours examining under a UV lamp. I thought he was referring to Killerware so named I thought because going through bags of stamps was a killer of a job. Very often suitable finds were in single digits. He burned out countless UV bulbs to the extent we bulk bought them in the end.

Stan and Football.

Another of Stan's passions. Central Midlands Football League Vice President, lifelong supporter of Heanor Town FC. It was not only the game but the statistics, record keeping and match reports which engaged him. The majority of his records and match stats are beautifully hand written.

Early match reports were thumped out on a typewriter. When ribbons were difficult to come by he switched to a PC, printing and faxing them to various local papers. I kept a stock of second hand keyboards because he used to get through them regularly.

For over 20 years we've been beaming Wi-Fi over the road for him – If you look the white cable hanging in his small bedroom window is not there for decoration it's his Wi-Fi receiver. In typical Stan style he'd let me know if *I'd* managed to knock it off line. It was never the users fault.

Stan and his dogs

As long as my family have known him - 47 years - he's always had the companionship of a dog - I believe all have come from rescue centres. No matter what breed they have all been loved and well looked after – some might say too well pampered. Gyppie was probably the most strange he was so bow legged he wouldn't stop a pig in an entry. Tara his surviving pet is being well looked after up the road by Val. Within a few weeks she'd lost weight and had her collar size reduced by three notches.

Village history and many articles for the Parish magazine.

Stan wrote countless articles for the Parish mag on any topic connected with the parish, the village and surrounding area. He also collected a number of local history books and maps. He had a vast store of local knowledge.

Mentor.

For many years up until COVID Stan would go into school to listen to pupils read and help them with awkward words. Many of his old learners now parents themselves still remember and commented on Facebook of their time reading with Mr Wilton.

Whilst I am deliberately digitally anti-social the number of superb comments on Facebook - over 75 within a few days after news of his death is truly marvellous.

One brilliant comment (*on Facebook*) said Stan was so appalled at the quality of football throughout a Heanor Town match that he awarded the man of the match/star player to the Ball Boy. You can hear him muttering that.

Governor of the Smalley Richardson School Foundation.

This is a charity which awards annual grants towards university courses for ex-pupils and those living in the parishes of Smalley and Horsley Woodhouse.

For many years Treasurer of the Elvaston Castle Steam Rally Society.

Bookkeeping and recording were Stan's meat and drink, everything had to be balanced to the penny and accounted for.

Member of the Smalley Richardson School Old Boys Association.

The school which Stan had proud associations with celebrated its 300th anniversary in 2021

Smalley Parish Councillor for many years

Conclusion

I am not going to comment on his ability to sometimes put mouth into gear before brain or give advice whether asked for or not nor his many other idiosyncrasies which sometimes caused distress. All I'll say was I don't believe there was any malice he just said what he thought and couldn't understand at times why people got upset.

He never forgot birthdays, dates were meticulously noted in his diaries always dropping in a card or present for my grandchildren. He was never alone on Christmas day and always handed out and received presents. No 88 will miss his light displays.

Please listen to the words in the Closing Song for it not only sums up Stan's philosophy but this recording is sung by one of his long time football companions and very good friend - Eddie. (My Way – Frank Sinatra)