

Bod-Kin

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St Luke's Southern Accommodation Block from North

© Sue Steel

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Bradford Family History Society**

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Many others help the Society from time to time. Without their help, we would not function so well.

Please include your membership number in all correspondence and a SAE if you require a reply unless you are purchasing items that include postage.

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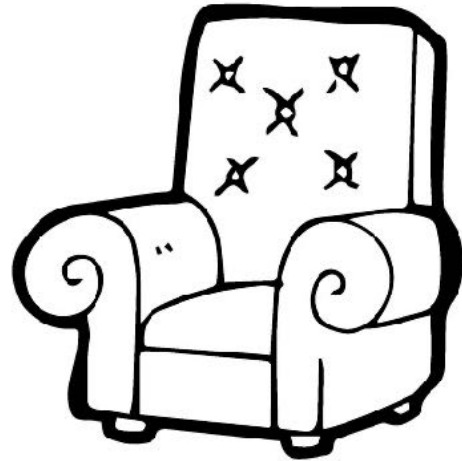
The Editor writes

This is my last Bod-Kin. It has been a pleasure to edit for the last decade. This edition has been a collaboration with your new editors Anne Luciw and Liz Wright, who will be keeping us entertained next year. I have enjoyed reading about and meeting so many people (albeit digitally) both submitting articles and their ancestors and I thank you all for making my life very easy in putting the Bod-Kin together. A special mention to Sue Steel, a woman with endless energy, enthusiasm and stories to write, it would have been far more difficult without you. I wish you all a great festive period. Deadline for articles for the March edition is Monday 5th February 2024.

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From T'Chairman
Sue Steel



I received sad news in October, especially for all those on the committee and last year's Anniversary Sub-committee. Our member and committee member Maureen Logan died suddenly from a stroke, whilst in hospital in Nottingham. We will really miss her lively conversations, enthusiasm for life and suggestions at our meetings. I have passed on our commiserations to her family. It is always very sad to hear of any member's death, as it is like losing a family member. Unfortunately, there has been another such notification this quarter. Another member, Wendy Mickel, died in August and our thoughts are with her husband at this difficult time. But as long as they are remembered, they always stand by our side.

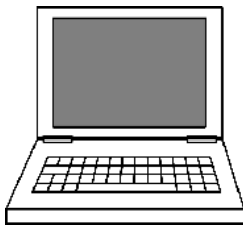
On a happier note, once again, I must thank the group of transcribers for all their hard work on the Bradford Poor Law Union records. They are amazing!

At the September morning meeting I was asked if Bradford FHS was doing anything for Bradford 2025 – City of Culture. This was then asked at the committee meeting the same day. I have to say that I declined to organise anything on behalf of the Society. The reason being that I am heavily involved in just such an enterprise for the Bradford Historical & Antiquarian Society. As I write, that Society is changing its plans for celebrating Bradford 2025 and I'll know more for the next Bod-Kin. But the decision by the committee to offer our help and research expertise still holds. So, watch this space as I may be asking for researchers in 2024.

Did you realise that our committee meetings are not done behind closed doors? Anyone can come along and observe if they so wish (you may get involved in tea or coffee making if you do). But if anyone would like to read the minutes of the meetings, please contact me and I will pass them on. We have added this year's Committee Meeting Minutes to the website in the Members Area under Resources – go take a look.

Don't forget to contact me or any of the committee members if you have a query, Bod-Kin article or anything really.

Wishing you all a good Christmas and Happy New Year.



Digital Archives

Sue Steel



Have you saved your family history research on any of these – laptop, computer, USB memory stick, external hard drive, floppy disc, DVD or CD? Then you have a digital archive.

Over the summer I was invited to take part in a training session with West Yorkshire Archives on digital archives. Its purpose was to show how we can ensure all our documents and photos saved on any of the above devices, can be preserved for the future.

To say that I was concerned and frightened after the course was an understatement. So, I wanted to share what I learned. What you do with the information is up to you.

Why do we need to do anything? Surely once we save our research on the laptop or an external drive it is safe and available for ever? The answer is a categorical NO. Digital records are still at risk just like paper copies – flood, fire are still risks but perhaps not being eaten by mice. Digital images do degrade over time as small bits of the files disappear. This is called ‘bit rot’. Simply, opening the infected file may result in a message saying it has been corrupted and unable to be opened. Another issue is the software and even hardware going out of date – for instance do you use floppy discs now? Or what about MySpace, a social networking group that lost all of its data a few years ago. Or a very old family tree programme that is no longer maintained, if their creator’s still exist.

The good news is that we can do something about it. The bad news is that it needs care and attention and can take time. The easy thing is to save your documents and photos etc. on different devices and platforms – external hard drive; USB sticks; in the cloud on a suitable website such as Google Drive. Personally, as an example; my research is on paper, an external drive, my laptop and up there in the cloud. I just have to remember to save everything regularly. It is recommended that you also change the storage devices you own (hard drive or USB memory stick etc.) every five years as the technology changes quickly.

Now the hard part. It was also recommended that you open each and every (yes, every) file, photo, document annually. This will ensure you can still open them and the details have not been lost through ‘bit rot’. You can then save them in a more up to date file format. So those really old Word documents you have get a new lease of life. I wouldn’t want to do this all at once but a few a week seems workable. Don’t forget to save the checked documents to all the other devices!

Want to know more? The WYAS is hoping to run the same training session I attended. Keep a lookout on their website for workshops and new leaflets - <https://www.wyjs.org.uk/archive-service/events/>

Your descendants will love you for the work you do today. They will be able to see your research rather than a lot of corrupted and inaccessible file.

The Search for Leah Holmes

Brian Spear

My maternal grandfather, James Tetley (1867-1943), died before I was born but my mother said he was an only child raised by his grandmother, a real tartar called Leah. Leah in the Bible was less attractive than her sister, and suffered accordingly, so it seemed a rather odd name to give to a girl. Intrigued, I started research.

My mother Phyllis Ann Tetley/Spear (1910-2002) came from Nelson in Lancashire, saying her father walked to this booming cotton town in the early 1900s from Shelf Yorkshire. Census returns for Shelf quickly found Leah in 1871, but given as the great grandmother of James. Leah Holmes of Shelf had married John Tetley/Tetlow shuttlemaker of Northowram in 1824 at Halifax St John. They were both single and signed X, the witnesses were not obviously related. Their first child Caroline was christened in 1824 at Bradford and they had at least four more before her John died aged 29 and was buried at nearby Coley St John in 1833. In 1841, Leah was in Shelf with five children. Caroline had an illegitimate daughter Ann in 1844 but then married Henry Horn/e/er in 1849. In Shelf in 1851 Leah was 49, a widowed power loom weaver with her three single coal miner sons; William, John and Joseph. Ann was seven and given as Leah's daughter (as she was in 1881 though granddaughter in 1861) while Caroline 26 was there with her 21 year old stonemason husband Henry Horn. Did Henry know Ann was Caroline's daughter? In 1861 Ann was still living with Leah while the Horn/er were elsewhere in Shelf with their two children.

Ann in turn had an illegitimate child, James in 1867 according to the family Bible though no birth certificate was found. James was not christened until 1875 and no father given. James was left with his granny while Ann went off intermittently to work as a servant in various big houses in Yorkshire. James's marriage certificate in 1892 said his father was Samuel Tetley, a wiredrawer. There was a rumour James's father had died while building the St. Laurence Seaway in Canada but that might be fiction. Whatever the circumstances, Leah was no doubt thoroughly exasperated by her granddaughter's lapse and took it out on James who ran away on more than one occasion.

Apart from their irregular domestic arrangements the Tetley clan seem to have been rather a problem judging by local newspaper reports. The Halifax Guardian, 1850 reported that Leah, William and John Tetley, Caroline Horner and Eli Firth, were charged with assaulting Levi North, a bailiff of the County Court. Witnesses said the two sons throttled him, while violence lasted for an hour and a half until the constable came. North admitted that he had not shown the warrant but said that he had served previous processes on her, and had levied an execution on her goods. They were let off this time with a full penalty of £4.4 a large sum for a working class family. Halifax Guardian 1854 reported that a

number of men, including John Tetley, were charged with playing toss on a Sunday in Northowram. Mention was made of Tetley and Tetley's mother. Finally 1865 Leeds Mercury West Riding Court House Halifax, Benj. Smith, John Tetley and Jos Crowther were charged with a violent assault on Samuel Cox. The parties were at the Duke of York Inn Shelf when a disturbance arose and in the course of the uproar the complainant had some of his ribs broken. The defendants were fined 30 shillings each and in default of payment were committed to prison for one month. They were further charged with refusing to leave when ordered to do so by the landlord, for which they were each fined £1, including costs.

There was a multiplicity of Tetley/Tetler/Tetlow in the area around 1800 (the Yorkshire dialect again) so I was soon bogged down on this line, not before convincing myself they were unrelated to the Tetley brewing family of Leeds. However, Leah Holmes was a rare name and judging by the censuses was born around mid 1801 but, alas, there were 2 girls of this name christened in Shelf at the same time, quite possibly related:

Leah Holmes was baptised in 1801 to Reuben Holmes, a collier of Shelf, at Bradford Cathedral - no Mother stated. Given the dates I believe this was my ancestor.

Leah Holmes born in 1802 was baptised at Halifax St John to David Holmes of Shelf - no Mother stated. In 1835, Leah Holmes of Halifax married Mordecai Helliwell of Shelf at Halifax St John. In Shelf in 1851, Mordecai Helliwell comber 40, with his wife Leah 49 (born in Shelf) and his son and three Helliwell children. Possibly her father was the nearby David Holmes, retired coal miner born in Shelf in 1851, Leah claimed to be 68 in 1871 and 73 at her death in 1875, all of which appears to tie in with the 1802 christening.

Bradford Observer in 839 noted that Reuben Holmes of Shelf near Halifax had died aged 79, greatly respected. If he was Leah's father he was more respected than her! A Reuben Holmes was christened in 1768 in Coley, father Joseph, no mother given, who might be the man who died in 1839, depending on whether his death age was accurate and how old Reuben was when baptised. There were a number of Reuben Holmes: a coal miner married in the area in 1791 at Halifax to Susannah Woodhead, in 1793 at Bradford to Amy Holdsworth and in 1791 to Martha Thornton. Also Jonathan Holmes coal miner married Hannah Bateman at Halifax St John in 1784. Leah Holmes daughter of Jonathan was baptised in 1784 Northowram Independent Chapel possibly the Leah daughter of Jonathan Holmes who was buried at Coley St John in 1787.

Clearly there were numerous Holmes in the Shelf area, the men often being coal miners, and all these Leahs were probably related. However, as family members used both Anglican and Non-conformist churches, mothers' names were frequently missing from certificates and many were not christened as infants, no further progress was made.

The question remains why call a girl "Leah".

Bother Wrong Again! Sue Steel

Have you ever come across a record that completely and absolutely confirms that the person on your family tree is not who you thought they were? Well, I did this summer. I'm supposed to be good at this research stuff. Mmmmmm maybe not. It was found purely by accident as well.

There I was, sitting with my sister-in-law (my husband's sister) and messing in her family tree. 'Did you know Nanna worked in a jam factory in 1921', I asked. No, came the reply with little interest. Hang on! What was she doing in Wigton, Cumbria anyway? Her family was over in the Darlington area – or were they?

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF MARRIAGE

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE

Application Number *COE 924*

Registration District *Wigton*

This Marriage solemnized at *St. Paul's Church* in the Parish of *Wigton* in the County of *Cumbria*

No.	Date	Name of Bride	Age	Name of Groom	Age	Rank and profession	Residence at the time of marriage	Name of Bride and her mother	Rank and profession
37	October 27 th 1921	James Steel	25	Jeanie Matthews	29	Spinster	Wigton	Thomas Matthews	Lancaster

Married in the *Parish Church* according to the *Act and Custom* of the *Church of England* after the

Interchange and acknowledgment between us:
James Steel in the presence of *Mary Wilson* *Anna Richardson Matthews* *Thomas* *Richardson*
Jeanie Matthews in the presence of *James Sowerby* *James* *Sowerby*

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned.
 Given at the General Register Office, under the Seal of the said Office, the *24* day of *January* 2007

MB 55C282

This certificate is issued in pursuance of section 4 of the Marriage Act 1993. It is a true copy of the original entry in the Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned. It is issued in pursuance of section 4 of the Marriage Act 1993. It is a true copy of the original entry in the Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned. It is issued in pursuance of section 4 of the Marriage Act 1993. It is a true copy of the original entry in the Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned.

PRINTED AND SIGNED BY THE REGISTRAR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
 IN PURSUANCE OF A P.A.M. ORDER MADE BY THE REGISTRAR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
 PRINTING & PUBLISHING BY THE REGISTRAR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

A few hours later, I decided that all the research from before Nanna's marriage was completely for the wrong lady. I wouldn't mind, I'd checked out these details during the Covid lockdowns. Obviously not well enough. In my defence no one in the family knew her real name. She called herself Jinnie and signed herself Jeanie on her marriage certificate, the daughter of Thomas Matthews born in 1892. But, one of her witnesses at her marriage to James Steel, was Thomas Richardson Matthews, her brother. Checking the births on the GRO website to get the maiden name of the mother I had Jeannie's mother as Took and Thomas's mother as Johnston. But there was a Jane Matthews born in 1892 in Wigton with a mother's name of Johnston.

I re-looked at the death certificate for Nanna to discover her son had written her name as Jane! What was going on? It was definitely the correct death certificate, after all I attended her funeral. But knowing her name was actually Jane and she was from Wigton made so much sense. It explained how Jane and James may have met. Her husband's home village of Hayton is only 11 miles from Wigton which is still the nearest town.

The other and now known wrong lady was born in Barrow in Furness in 1892 (same year) and her father was Thomas Matthews (same name) with similar occupations and who had also died by 1921. So, you can understand the mistake. The moral of the story is look very closely at all documents several times, and if it feels iffy it probably is!

Now I need to rewrite the Steel Family History or at least Jeannie/Jane's part.

Tracing Your Ancestors Using The UK Historical Timeline - A Guide for Family Historians

By Angela Smith & Neil Bertram

Shirley Sura

Initially reviewed this book for Pen & Sword and for another Family History Society but thought I should share it with my Bradford friends as well.

When I first looked at it, I thought it would be an interesting list of dates and events that would help me to put my research into a historical context. Well it is, but also much more. The authors provide not only a guide to what took place around the lives of our ancestors but also what records are available and where to find them.

The book is easy to use and you can read it from cover to cover or just pick out the dates in which you are interested. It is straightforward and informative, with a good introduction, a list of abbreviations, for example TNA is 'The National Archives', and an easy-to-follow subject index.

We are given an idea as to how far back we can begin looking for our ancestors, for example by surname, as can be seen on page 3 'Surnames began to be used more widely by landowners...' As for where to look, on page 4 we are advised that in 1167, Oxford University began to grow swiftly and that names and places of birth of alumni have been published in printed form as well as online.

On pages 8-9 we are told when gunpowder was introduced into Europe and, very useful to family historians, that the 'earliest Inquisitions Post Mortem (escheats)', date from c1240 and are useful for tracing inheritance of property, family descents and alliances especially between 1270 and 1350 and that many IPMs have been published. In addition, on page 102, we can see that medical registers began in 1859 and are available to search online until 1959. Sadly but importantly to researchers, page 124 advises that in 1941 thousands of records were destroyed during the blitz.

One of my personal searches showed that in 1928, the year my father was born, Alexander Flemming discovered penicillin and that women over the age of 21 years of age received the right to vote.

This 154 page book includes information from 1066 to 2021 and has not only been invaluable to me in my search for records but has provided an enormous amount of interesting information.

Tracing Your Ancestors Using The UK Historical Timeline is available from Pen & Sword at £12.99 and I would recommend it to any family or historian.

Dashing about in graveyards

Liz Wright

Have you ever thought of researching a family other than your own? There's not enough time to research my own, never mind another one, I hear you say. But that's exactly what I did last year and found it made me re-evaluate my research skills and develop new ones.

I enrolled on a WEA (Workers Educational Association) course entitled Graveyard Dash. The idea was to visit a local graveyard, (although there wasn't much dashing on my part), select a grave at random and construct a family tree at least two generations back and two generations forward (if possible). So off I went to my local church and the graveyard. There I found the grave of John Pelham Blanchard Maitland, who died in a military hospital in 1915. Well, I thought, with a name like that he should be easy to find and with a death in a military hospital during WWI there should be lots of records.

So, I set about finding him and here is the story of John Pelham Blanchard Maitland.



He was born in South Cave in 1883, the only child of Pelham Page Maitland (County Coroner and solicitor) and Edith Mary Burland of South Cave. He married Gertrude Mary Greig of South Parade Wakefield on 26 September 1911 at Wakefield Cathedral and they had two children, Eileen Mary who was born on 12 July 1912 and Ian Greig who was born on 4 April 1914.

He practised as a solicitor in Wakefield and at the beginning of WW1 was a Special Constable. So how and why did he die in a military hospital - Beaulieu Military Hospital in Harrogate – on 2 August 1915? One might have surmised that he was wounded, repatriated and died of his wounds. The truth is rather more prosaic. He was a reservist with the King's Own Yorkshire Light

Infantry, not authorised for overseas service and died of pneumonia. Still some research to be done with the KOYLI records.

What of his family? As I've already said, his father was also a solicitor and County Coroner for the West Riding. In researching this branch of the family, I uncovered some of the grisly inquests he presided over by reading Kate Taylor's books about "Foul Deeds and Suspicious Deaths in Wakefield". Possibly more interesting and a line of inquiry that led me to doing another course (more of that later) was his grandmother, Margaret Hutchins Bellasis, who was born in Bombay. So how did she and John's grandfather, also John, meet, because he was a London chemist? A mystery still to be explored.

Margaret's father, Edward, was a Major General with the army of the East India Company and this led me to doing another WEA course on the East India Company – as you can see one thing leads to another.

So, we've gone back two generations, but could I go forward? I succeeded with John's son, Ian, but not his daughter Eileen. I discovered that, like his father, Ian was in the army, but as a regular soldier or conscripted, I have yet to discover. I did find out that he was a PoW in Thailand in 1942, that he survived and possibly went to Africa.

So, I nearly fulfilled the brief and enjoyed my research enormously. I became so involved with the Maitland family that it became much more than an intellectual exercise, and if I ever have the time I might delve deeper into their tree. (3403)



Unwanted Certificate

One of our members has purchased a birth certificate that has turned out not to be one he wanted.

The birth certificate is for George William Smith born 13th March 1891 in Farsley, Yorkshire. His parents are David and Eliza.

If anyone wants the certificate, please contact chairman@bradfordfhs.org.uk.

Sue Steel (4097)

Recycling

Pat Whitford-Bartle

Lots of younger people think that recycling is a modern thing that the ‘oldies’ don’t know about. It is definitely not new.

My mother, born in 1909, and one of nine surviving children (six died, or were stillborn) remembers her mother having a sewing machine. Her father apparently used it to ‘turn’ coats. He unpicked the seams of worn garments, then re-assembled them, sewed them up, then they looked good as new and lasted another year or two. My own father used to put ‘Segs’ onto our shoe soles to make the shoes last longer. I still have his Last. I remember skidding my feet on the pavement to try to make sparks – usually dislodging the Segs.

In the War years, we and most of our neighbours had ‘outside toilets’. I used to sit reading the cut-up newspaper squares that my father had hung on the inside of the door!

I was taught at an early age to darn socks. The fine wool was bought on little cards wound around the middle. The cards said ‘Chadwicks’ and each colour had a number and the Royal Coat of Arms crest. My mother used to unravel old outgrown jumpers and pullovers, then wash the wool carefully in soap flakes. It was then hung on the washing line to dry. In the evenings, I had to sit with the wool held in my hands, stretching as wide as I could, whilst mother rewound it. Once balled up, out would come her knitting needles, and a new pullover or jumper, scarf or bonnet would appear. Even the hated balaclavas; my brother said they itched! Even mittens were knitted from odd bits, easier than gloves.

When we went shopping, mother always took her ‘potato bag’ – the potatoes were usually very dirty, sometimes with clods of earth on. We had a Pig Bin on our road, so I would be sent to put the vegetable peelings into this bin – which the council collected. We gathered blackberries, raspberries, rose-hips and even mushrooms from hedgerows and fields. If we were lucky enough to have a chicken at Christmas or Easter, the bones were boiled up to make soup or a stew. I still do this sometimes, but not having family to meals very much, it’s not often. Even old bread was used to make breadcrumbs for stuffing, if we could get onions and sage (mm! a very evocative smell).

I once tore a new pinafore dress on the park slide. Mother was very cross. She had to buy a roll of ‘Ric-Rac’ tape, which she carefully stitched along the tear, and then all around the skirt. I thought it looked much better than before.

In the 1950’s I remember making a game – ‘Monopoly’. I used cut up sugar boxes to make ‘Chance’ and ‘Community Chest’. A big old cardboard box was the board. For the notes, I cut up mother’s writing pad and coloured the notes with my crayons. I was not popular. Mother treasured her writing pads, which were not easily afforded. I find them difficult to get nowadays – very few people write letters.

Round about the 1950's, mother managed to buy my brother a corduroy Lumber Jacket with a zip fastener. He loved it and zipped it up and down a lot. The zip broke, so I took it out and sewed on buttons, making buttonholes. He wore this jacket for a long time and when he grew out of it, 'handed it down' to someone. Mother couldn't believe that her 'Tomboy' daughter had actually done so well, especially as I had hated the smell of the corduroy.

I am still using Mother's cooling trays when baking – bought a hundred years ago!

So, 'Recycling' is an old idea, really!



Booming from Bradford

Eileen Watson

Can you imagine how surprised I was when I came across this beautiful old canon, guarding the entrance to the Red Fort in Delhi, India to find it had been manufactured in Bradford.

The name on the side of the canon is John Sturges & Co, Bowling, Yorkshire.

The first foundry was established in Bowling around 1784 by a group of business men who took the name of one of the partners and named the company John Sturges & Co. They did produce guns for the British Army but I have no idea when the canon arrived in India.



The company changed its name in 1849 to Bowling Iron Works so I assume the canon would have been manufactured before that date." (1662)

Windy Ridge - A novel by William Riley

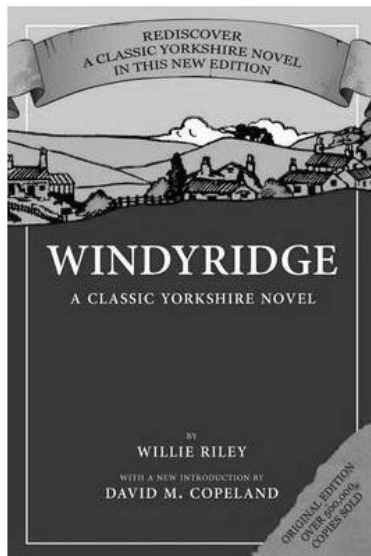
Comment by John Parker

In the presentation to the Bradford FHS about *The Mourning Brooch* by Jean Renwick on Zoom on October 16th this book was mentioned and I was able to make a comment about it. It played a part in my family history search when I read a phrase that set a light flashing in my mind. The words were; 'At Whitsuntide the ladies all came out in their new outfits'. This reminded me of a photo about which I have written before in *Bodkin*. [September 2017]



The date of the photo is without doubt 1900; my father, Herbert Parker, is sitting on the bench, born 1897. Just look at the two older sisters, dressed up in their new outfits. The date has to be Whit Monday as photographers were not allowed to do business in Sundays. The photographer's name on the back is M. Grimshaw, 20 Queen Street, Shipley. The landscape is very much like Shipley Glen, a popular venue for a day out, the family would have taken a bus from the end of Pemberton Drive to Forster Square, then a train to Saltaire, a walk over the river bridge and up the tramway to Shipley Glen and a variety of amusements.

The book centres on the story of an artist and photographer who moves from London to spend a year in the village of Windyridge. This is a thinly disguised description of Hawksworth, about 7 miles from Bradford. Many nearby cities, towns and villages are also easily identifiable from their descriptions. Bradford appears as 'Broadbeck', Leeds as 'Airelee', Baildon as 'Marsland', Guiseley as 'Fawkshill', Ilkley as 'Romantown'. Needless to say, the Squire who lived at Hawkworth Hall comes into the story.



His first career was in the textile business started by his father, then he went into the new field of lantern slides and optical equipment before starting to write; Riley originally wrote the book as entertainment for his wife and two recently bereaved friends to be read to them in weekly instalments in 1911-12. This was the first of his books; he went on to publish 39 books in all over 47 years. Windyridge sold half a million copies, remaining in print until 1961. He retired to Silverdale, Lancashire and died in 1961, aged 95.



The Mourning Broach – Book Two Moving On by Jean Renwick

Book review by Sue Steel

One of our members, Jean Renwick, has been writing a novel trilogy about the lives of her Godmother's ancestors. She has now completed and published Book Two. To remind everyone, Book One of the Mourning Broach followed the lives of Elizabeth Addy's daughters from 1838 to 1876.

Book Two follows the same extended family from 1876 to 1913, as the Victorian age finishes and some family members move away from English soil. I have read both and enjoyed them immensely. Nearly all of the characters in the books really did exist and the events are true. The research that Jean carried out is incredible and knowing that the books are factually correct just adds to their appeal.

The characters and their lives echo the differences in social status, how fragile this can be, the industrial towns of Yorkshire and the world events that affected the UK textile trade. They really made me think about what my ancestors would have felt or even said, about the same events. Being novels based on true events brought the people to life in a way many Family Historians (including myself) cannot achieve.

Both books can be purchased from Amazon as e-books or paperback. (4097)

An invitation to the Gayle Ladies

Roger Emmins

When I was invited to address Gayle Ladies I was quite surprised as it is a long time since I have been headhunted. I wondered what on earth I could speak about to keep them entertained for thirty minutes or so. Several people had asked me what I was going to talk about and I have had to say that I haven't a clue. Having given it some thought I decided that the thing I know most about, apart from my wife, is me, so I'm going to save each of you about £12.99 by not having to buy my autobiography. I'll try my hardest not to bore you but if I see you nodding off I shall know I have gone on long enough!

I was born in Bradford Workhouse in 1948 to an ex Army Corporal and a Royal Navy sailor. More specifically, I was born in St. Luke's Maternity Hospital or 217 Horton Lane to give it its proper address in Little Horton, Bradford.

St. Luke's has its origins in the Bradford Union Workhouse, established under the Poor Laws, the forerunner of the Welfare State, and opened in the early 1850's. Bradford Corporation leased the site in 1920 from the Board of Guardians and opened it, following its use as a military hospital during the 1st. World War, as England's first municipal hospital in April of that year. By the time I arrived on the scene in the late 1940's it had become known as the Maternity Hospital. It's only other claim to fame is that "M" block of the hospital was used for the filming of the TV series "The Royal", presumably little changed from the 1960's when the series was set. What remains of the original building still has the word Workhouse over the door.

*“we spent the next twelve years moving
from one Police house to another”...*

The Army Corporal, nee Smith, was my mother who was a Signals Telegraphist in the ATS and my father was a Chief Petty Officer Gunner and Physical Training Instructor at HMS Ganges.

My early years were spent in Bradford at Waverley Terrace and Hope Avenue. I remember being given some sweeties and a Coronation mug during my first year at school at the ripe old age of four. I committed my first road traffic offence (in small letters) shortly afterwards as I was riding my kiddie car at the bottom of Hope Avenue.

A beat policeman, (remember those?), took me home and spoke to my mother about children driving cars on the pavement. If only he could see what goes on today!

The family moved down to Sheerness shortly afterwards as dad was posted to HMS Pembroke, the Royal Navy Barracks in Chatham. The move came just in time for us to experience the worst flooding in recent memory when large

swathes of the east coast were devastated and I can remember waking up to the sound of empty milk bottles rattling against the front door. We were duly rescued by the Navy.

In April 1953 my dad was discharged from the Navy at the end of his 16 years service. The original 12 year volunteer period plus four years extra and duly joined the ranks of those looking for civilian work. The only jobs going at that time were in the Police Force and we spent the next twelve years moving from one Police house to another all over Kent.

“I was due to fly home from Japan and we were just a few days away when a typhoon had other ideas” ...

While I was at school I went through the usual boyhood phases of wanting to be a train driver, or in the Navy, or a dustcart driver. I still have a letter, written in 1956, addressed to Father Christmas in which I asked him to bring me a fort, some soldiers and a dustcart. My parents later told me that they had scoured the Kent toy shops looking for this toy. It had upward sliding doors on its sides and was my most prized possession.

In 1961 the Russian Yuri Gagarin made the first manned flight into space, closely followed by the American Alan Shepherd. That was when I decided, probably with several hundred other boys, that I wanted to be an Astronaut. That word Astronaut is derived from two Greek words; “Astron” meaning Star and “Nautes” meaning Sailor. Later in my career I came to know these two words a lot better. Having soon realised that I was never going to become a Star Sailor my thoughts turned towards going to sea for a living.

I passed the 11 Plus and went for the interview at Dover Boys’ Grammar School. It was during the interview that I discovered that Astor Secondary School offered Seamanship as a class subject. Needless to say my parents were not too impressed when I turned down a Grammar School place in order to play around in rowing boats in Dover Harbour. This in turn led to me applying to go to the Prince of Wales Sea Training School when I left mainstream education in the summer of 1964. Sixteen weeks of military fashion pre-sea training followed, having cost my parents about £100 to kit me out with the necessary Navy style uniform and reference books. At the conclusion of this training we lads were intended to go to sea as Deck Boys with such well known companies as Port Line, Royal Mail Lines or New Zealand Shipping Company.

For some reason the Captain Superintendent of the school called me into his office about a week before the end of the training to ask me if I would be interested in taking up an apprenticeship. “What does an apprenticeship mean?” says I.

I soon learnt that it meant a foot on the ladder a little bit further up than a Deck Boy. I would be an Apprentice Deck Officer. Another interview followed, this time with the Personnel Manager of a Newcastle upon Tyne company by the

name of Common Brothers. And so it was that I joined my first ship in a dry dock in Hebburn on the River Tyne in January 1965. We left the UK after a few weeks and returned thirteen months and 9 days later via Scandinavia, the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, the Persian Gulf, Singapore, Australia, Japan, the South Pacific Islands and many other exotic places in between.

On one occasion we were carrying winter heating oil to some of the smaller islands in the Japanese Inland Sea. Strange as it may seem we went to a place called Yokkaichi which was where my fellow apprentice's pen pal lived. On arrival he asked our Japanese agent how far it was to the address he had, explained about the pen pal and asked whether it would be possible to visit. Later that day we received a message that the factory manager was coming to collect both of us and take us to see her at work. That was an eye opening visit as not only did Hiroko work in the textile factory but she also lived in accommodation within the factory grounds. We had the grand tour of the factory followed by Japanese hospitality in the form of a Tea Ceremony. We felt highly honoured and although we did have a little time to talk to Hiroko and her chaperone it was kept very formal. I think everyone we met must have put on their Sunday best as all the ladies were dressed in full kimono and the gentlemen wore the male equivalent. Not a bad reception for two 16 year old lads! (We later discovered that we had been the first Europeans to visit the factory since the end of the war.)

Our return to the UK was to Swansea on 30 March 1966 much to the chagrin of everyone except for me and my fellow apprentice, a lad from Hesse. I later discovered that in order to be able to claim back Income Tax you had to be out of the UK for the whole of the Tax Year and we had missed it by a matter of five days, although when you are only earning £174 a year that did not qualify me to pay tax in the first place.

I was going to be a daddy.

On completion of my four years as an apprentice I went to the newly opened City of London Polytechnic opposite the Tower of London to prepare for sitting my first Board of Trade examination. This would entitle me to sail as a fully qualified Second Officer on any size Merchant vessel. A couple more years sea time and back to London for another exam; this time to sail as First Officer then a few more years and I took the exam to become a Master Mariner. Unfortunately, or should I say fortunately, I failed this exam the first time round. The Engineering paper was my downfall; but I didn't want to be an Engineer so I didn't devote as much time as I should have done to studying the subject. Fortunately, because the next time I went to college I met the girl destined to become my wife. She was on the same train to London and working as secretary to one of the legal eagles at Lloyds Bank Head Office. Thanks to her persuasion I was a bit more focussed this time and passed with flying colours. Who knows what might have happened had I passed the first time?

We set a date of 5 January 1980 to get married as I fully expected to be

home in plenty of time but as the saying goes “Time and Tide waiteth for no man”.

I was due to fly home from Japan on Christmas Eve and we were just a few days away from Tokyo when a typhoon had other ideas. It was a case of just putting the ship’s head into the wind and riding it out for the next few days until it blew itself out. I must say that this was one of the most traumatic times in my life as I worried whether I was going to get home in time for the wedding. Needless to say someone was keeping an eye out for me as I made it home with a few days to spare.

At that time it was only the ship’s senior officers who were allowed to take their spouse away to sea with them and as I was now sailing as a Chief Officer, Maureen accompanied me on her first trip. This was supposed to be our honeymoon trip and was intended to be a passage from Naples to Tsingtao in China to inaugurate a regular run between there and Brazil.

A word of advice, if you know any newlyweds planning a sea trip starting in Naples, tell them to avoid Chianti and Spaghetti Vesuvius in the hotels.

Sailing away from Italy and through Suez to the Red Sea and beyond, the ship was ordered into Aden. No, we thought, we are going to China, not Aden. However that idea was soon shattered as we started up a regular run between Aden, the Persian Gulf and back, carrying refined product to the Gulf States and bringing crude oil back to the BP refinery in Little Aden.

Maureen was enjoying this life as she had the company of another Officer’s wife and they both spent time soaking up the sun and using the ship’s swimming pool. When she had some spare time she took her Steering Certificate. This meant that after 10 hours of practical instruction and a further ten hours supervised steering she was qualified to stand her watch as a helmsman. On more than one occasion she steered the ship for an hour at a time, mostly in the middle of the ocean and well clear of land.

Have you ever smelled crude oil? Well just imagine rotten eggs and then multiply it several times over. Maureen was firm in the belief that it was one of either the smell of the crude oil, the Eggs Florentine for breakfast or the salt tablets that we were taking that was making her feel not quite right. A trip to the local hospital in Aden was arranged and it was there that a little Scottish nurse informed me that I was going to be a daddy. We are both convinced that it was that night in Naples that did it!

A flight home from Dubai for Maureen, and, on her arrival home she went to see her mother to announce the news. “Humph, I’m not surprised” was the response from my dear mother in law, but when our daughter arrived she doted on her.

I arrived home about four months later and experienced the joys of having an expectant wife until Sara was born. Just what I wanted, a little girl but I have since learnt to be careful what you wish for.

Not long afterwards it was back to sea and the next time I saw my daughter she was six months old and we had to get to know each other all over

again.

In early 1982 I was on a ship called “Alvega” when the Argentines started to make a fuss about the Malvinas, better known to us as the Falkland Islands. The Ministry of Defence requisitioned the ship and gave all the crew the chance to go home before it was loaded with essential supplies to support the Falklands Task Force. Needless to say, none of the crew wanted to leave. An anchorage off Ascension Island was to become the ship’s home where it was our job to act as a supply depot for high grade diesel oil for the warships, aviation fuel for the RAF and fresh water for anyone who needed it. We made our own drinking water by means of a desalination plant and there was great demand for it. There was even an oil tanker specifically cleaned out in order to carry water supplies for the Task Force. We were also the storage depot for fresh fruit and vegetables, flown out by the RAF on a weekly basis from the UK. If for any reason a ship was unable to collect their stores we were able to give it to the local island population. There is a small farm two thirds of the way up Green Mountain which was able to produce food on a strictly limited basis for the normal island residents. With the arrival of several thousand Service personnel the farm’s produce was soon exhausted...

“she was a bit of a girl”...

Our protection consisted of two old Fishery Protection ships with a small popgun on the bow and a Rapier Missile battery on the top of the highest volcanic peak. Talk about bleak, it is a collection of about 44 extinct volcanic craters, just south of the equator, not quite in the middle of nowhere but close to it; four thousand miles from England, a thousand miles to the African coast, 1400 miles from South America and 3800 miles from the Falkland Islands. After the Argentine surrender we were able to make the occasional trip ashore to sample the delights of the island. One of the highlights was a trip to the NASA Tracking Station to watch the FA Cup Final between Manchester United and Brighton via satellite. This was long before SKY television was even thought of.

I mentioned Green Mountain just a minute ago and this was the site of the only natural water supply. As the top of the mountain was quite often shrouded in cloud the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who were stationed on Ascension in Victorian times, had built a dew pond which collected rain and condensation. This was then piped down to the farm.

Just as we thought we were on our way home, the Ministry of Defence sent us off to San Carlos Water in the Falklands, affectionately known as Bomb Alley, to replace one of the tankers which had been in the thick of it.

Shortly afterwards some of the crew, me included, spent a fortnight on an old passenger liner, the Uganda, which had been for many years a schools educational ship, on our way back to Ascension Island. From there we flew to Brize Norton, again courtesy of the RAF, but this time in the comfort of a Lockheed TriStar airliner, previously operated by British Airways. A novel mode of transport in that instead of the seats facing the front of the aircraft they all

face backwards.

With the conflict over and things returning to normal the “Alvega” was sent back to Rosyth to have all the military paraphernalia removed and then given back to its owners. A short refurbishment took place in a dry dock in Lisbon and this time I was accompanied by Maureen and our then three year old daughter. They both enjoyed a free, month-long holiday in Portugal in the days when two pairs of kiddies’ leather shoes cost less than £5 and a bottle of really good Portuguese wine was about 60 pence.

The next 3 years saw me on various oil tankers operating between Central America and the United States with the occasional foray across to the coast of West Africa.

Then the bottom of my world fell away. I was home on leave and I received a very short letter from my employer telling me that I was surplus to requirements and enclosing a cheque for my severance payment.

This was in the days when Britain still had a vibrant shipping industry and I was able to find another job within a few weeks. A chance reunion with a chap who I’d met on the train a few years beforehand led to an interview with British Rail ferries on a Friday afternoon and me joining a ship on the following Monday. This was one of those temporary summer jobs that you hear about. Three months later I had a letter informing me that the company was able to offer me a further 3 months work and if I wanted it to return the enclosed chit. Chit promptly returned as this was a brilliant job; 24 hours on-24 hours off for two weeks followed by 7 days leave. This meant you worked one week in three and got paid for all three, then every six months you got three weeks off. Every three months for the next year I got a similar letter until one of my colleagues in the know suggested that I stop sending the chits back to the office. This temporary three month summer job lasted from 1987 until 2004.

“I am still looking for proof of Huguenot descent”...

By now I had relocated from Kent back to Yorkshire, to Wensleydale just in time for Hawes Millennium celebrations thinking that I could handle the weekly drive to Dover and back. I soon realised that it was a bit too much and when voluntary redundancies were mentioned my arm nearly fell off with the speed at which it was raised. As I was close to the industry retirement age of 61, I decided to retire early and take a lump sum and slightly reduced monthly pension payment. This enabled Maureen and I to take some really wonderful holidays without the thought of having to get back in time for work. They also helped to make up for her somewhat curtailed honeymoon trip 25 years earlier. We had three trips to the Seychelles, two of which were cruises and one where we had a fortnight at a small family run beach hotel on Mahe.

Last year we had a fortnight in Kerala, Southwest India and next year’s plan is two weeks cruising the Norwegian coast in search of the Northern Lights.

When we are not roaming the world I like to delve into our family’s

origins and discover our roots. So far I have gone back 7 generations to 1760 in Shoreditch, London, for Maureen's father's side and to 1680 which represents 9 generations on her mother's side in Kent.

My dear old mother in law always thought that there was a connection with Norfolk and the Huguenots. I have finally established the Norfolk relationship with Maureen's grandmother Rebecca. She has given me quite an interesting time in finding her as she was a bit of a girl by Victorian standards. It would seem that although Rebecca was born to a single mum and took the mother's surname of Rolfe; the mum married the father William Manning three years later just before the birth of her second child. According to the Census of 1871 Rebecca Rolfe, aged 5, was living with her grandparents while her mother and her husband were living in a separate household in the same Norfolk village. 1881 sees Rebecca Manning aged 15 as a servant to two newly married Wesleyan Ministers in the almshouses in Feltwell Road, Methwold. Strangely both these ministers came from Yorkshire. Frederick Charles Moseley born in Huddersfield in 1848 and his wife Martha, nee Snow, born 1857, was from Beverley near Hull.

By 1891 Rebecca has moved into service in a large house on Walmer seafront owned by a Gas Meter Manufacturer. This has given her the chance to meet plenty of eligible young men as the house was but a stone's throw from the Royal Marines Barracks. She managed to get her soldier boy and they married in St. Paul's Congregational Church in Chatham in 1893, but unfortunately he died a few years later in 1896. She remarried in 1898 and gave birth to Maureen's Dad in the same year. Having given me a bit of a headache in finding it was a surprise to find that she and I share the same birth date although 82 years apart.

That takes care of the Norfolk connection but I am still looking for proof of Huguenot descent.

For my own side I can trace my father's side of the family back to a Cambridgeshire chicken farmer born in Burwell in 1640. Samuel would have been my 8 times great grandfather and the farming profession continued through the generations until somewhere between 1756 and 1773. My 4 x great grandfather, Thomas, was a bricklayer born in Chelsea and successive generations continued this line of work right up to my paternal grandfather's decision to join the Royal Garrison Artillery in Portsmouth in the early 1900's. He married my grandmother there and shortly afterwards went off to war in France. He was one of the fortunate ones who returned. Various jobs followed and he retired as a Metropolitan Police Sergeant.

My Mum's side is much more interesting as it stakes my claim to be a Dalesman by birthright if not by residency. Documentary evidence shows that my Clapham family were in Wharfedale from at least 1743 and I am still working to get further back than that. There is a suggestion that we are directly related to the Clapham family which originated in Clapham, Lunesdale in the 1400s. Again, I am still working on this one.

The Claphams were landowners and farmers in the Washburn Valley

between Lower Wharfedale and Nidderdale and their fortunes, or otherwise, can be traced via records in Skipton and other local libraries. My maternal 4 x great grandfather is the oldest one which can be proven so far. Jeremiah Clapham born in 1720, and 100 years old when he died, owned and farmed several hundred acres in Wharfedale and this was passed down through successive generations. My great, great grandfather Joseph Clapham bequeathed an estate worth £1980 4s 6d in 1904 which in today's money is just over £168,000.

Closer to home, James Clapham, my great grandfather owned and ran a dairy farm at Lidget Green, Bradford before the area was swallowed up in the expansion of the town. He proved to be a bit of a disappointment as I had thought I had found proof that I was a proper Yorkshireman, only to find that he had married Sarah Jane Taylor, a girl from Lancashire, so making my grandmother a combination of the two. Her saving grace was that her parents owned a Coaching Inn in Rossendale, which is still in operation. Maureen and I quenched our thirst there a few years ago.

This brings me nicely back to St. Luke's Hospital as great Grandfather James and I were in the same establishment at the same time. Unfortunately he died there, aged 78, just a few months after I was born. I did ask my mother if he had ever seen me but she wasn't sure. I like to think that he did see me.

If any of you are interested in tracing your family history please don't do as I have done and leave it too late to ask people. Many a time both Maureen and I have said "I wish so and so was still alive and then we could ask them things about the family"

Addendum.

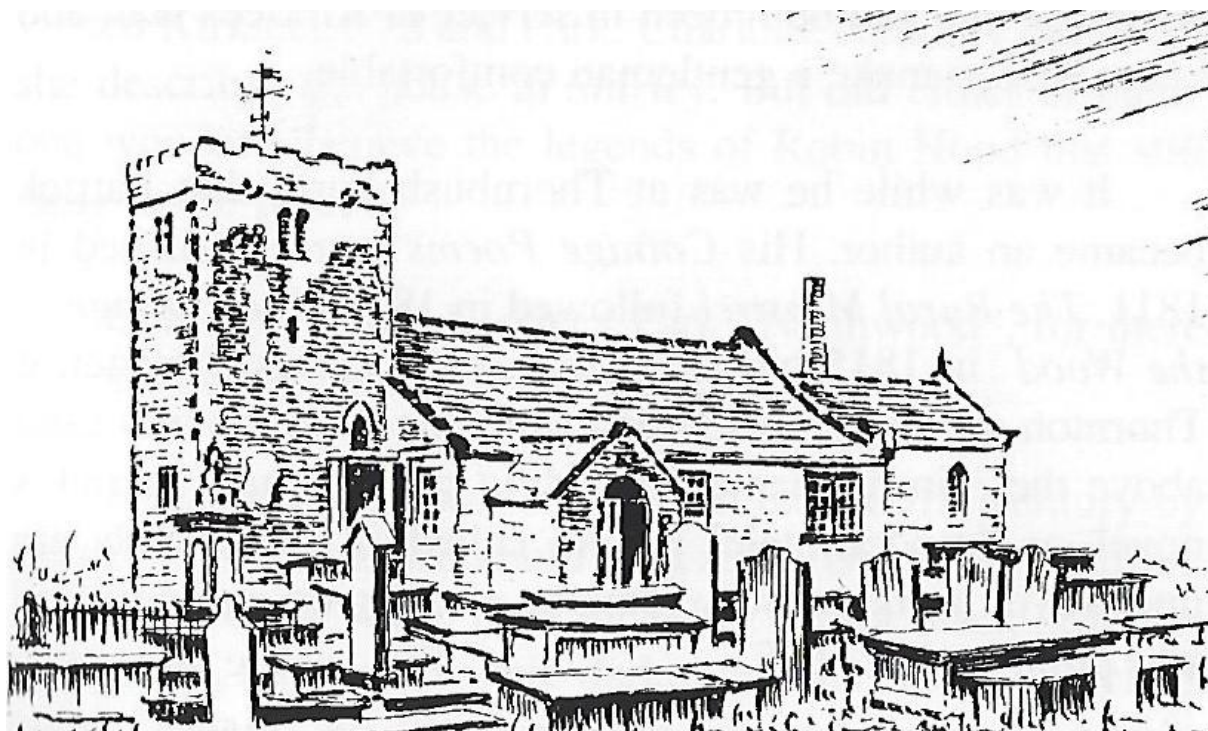
On my mother's Smith side of the family it would appear that William Smith, born circa. 1770, of Wooler Northumberland and Mary Towers, born circa 1768, of West Boldon are my 4 x Great Grandparents. Henry, their first son, and my 3xggf was born on 27th. August 1814 and baptised in the Scotch or Presbyterian Church on Bridge Road in Monkwearmouth, Co. Durham on September 17th. 1814. William's profession in this documentation is given as Sawyer.

Henry (1814-1859) married Isabella Lacey (1817-1894) in Bishopwearmouth, County Durham, on 31st. July 1836. The 1841 Bradford census sees that the family has increased by three sons, William, George and Henry, aged 4, 3 and 1 respectively all living at Church Buildings, Victoria Street, Horton. They went on to have three more sons and a daughter. Ten years later the family was living in Stocks Hill, Shipley where Henry died. Their third son, also a Henry, my 2xggf was born at Adelaide Street, Horton on 23rd. February 1840 and went on to marry Ann Elizabeth Baines (1848-1894) a lass from Coneythorpe near Knaresborough.

Hartshead family relatives and connections

Sue Carson

The earliest ancestor on my great grandmother's side, that I have been able to trace, was Joshua Holdroyd, who married Deborah Smith on Christmas Day, 1705 at St. Peter's Anglican Church, Hartshead.

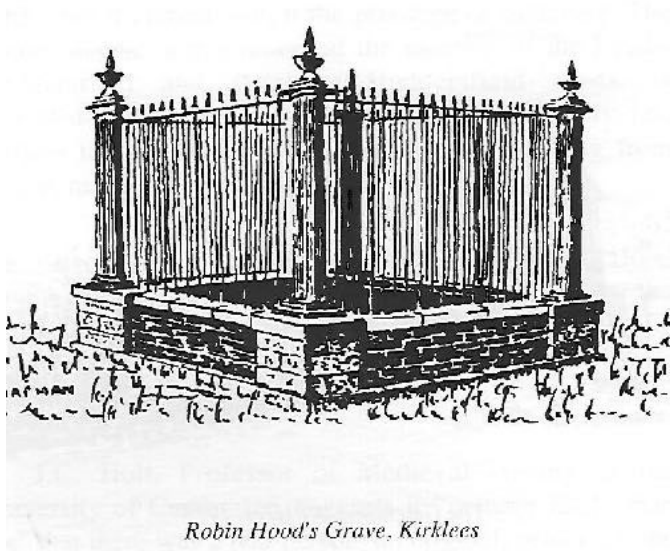


Hartshead Church is famous as it was Patrick Bronte's first Yorkshire parish where he served as curate 1811-1815. He was married there, and his two older daughters were baptized at St. Peter's. Patrick Bronte's three famous surviving daughters, Charlotte, Emily, and Ann are associated with his last parish in Haworth, Yorkshire. Patrick Bronte was the officiating minister at the wedding of one of my ancestors, the daughter of David Holdroyd.

My mother, Nancy, worshiped at St. Peter's during her Land Army days and she and my dad, Aleck Glendon, were married there. Later my brother was baptized at the church. Although the graveyard is now overgrown again, for the few years when the briars were cut back my explorations revealed many family graves.

Hartshead is also famous as the burial place of Robin Hood, under the name of Robert, Earl of Huntington, who died in 1247. His grave is on private land, but a few members of the public are allowed access once a year. Nancy, my mother,





Robin Hood's Grave, Kirklees

was able to see it during the War as she worked on the Armytage Farm, Kirklees, as a Land Army Girl.

Robin Hood is associated with Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, which would have stretched north into Yorkshire in the 13th century. The legend told of his death is that when he was injured by the Sheriff of Nottingham's men, he escaped to the home of his cousin, who was prioress of the Kirklees Nunnery. As was the usual

treatment then she bled him – whether intentionally too much or not is unclear.

When he knew he was dying he reportedly shot an arrow out the window of the gatehouse and told his men to bury him where the arrow fell.



The gate house at the Kirklees priory as seen today.

From the map of the area, it is unlikely that Robin could have shot an arrow from the gatehouse B to the distant grave spot at C as the angle doesn't seem possible. But all good myths may have some truth in them



Albert Sachs (1842-1886) a photographer of Bradford **Jennifer Butler**

Bradford Museum has a collection of the work of Albert Sachs. His life story and many examples of his work can be found online, including on Leeds and Bradford Photographic Studios 1840-1910 website.

He was born Gustave Wilhelm Albert Sachs in Sophien, Prussia in 1842. His father was Heinrich Julius Franz Sachs and his mother was Marie Dorothee Henriette Grunewald. Albert married Hannah Wilman of Thornton in Bradford in 1871. They had 2 sons but one died in infancy.



In the early 1870's Albert worked for German born James Hertz, a Bradford photographer. However, James Hertz was accidentally killed in New Station, Leeds in 1872, and although Albert continued to work for James's widow for a short while, he started his own business at Westgate, Bradford in 1873 and later moved to Manningham Lane. After his death in strange circumstances in 1886 his brother Oscar continued the business until 1920.

Most of his work was studio portraits, including artists who appeared at the nearby Theatre Royal, and local dignitaries, but occasionally he photographed local events and outdoor scenes. He experimented with printing processes, and the use of electric lighting and other techniques in his studio images.

The picture attached to this item is in a carved wooden frame with metal scroll insets and measures approx. 63cms x 52cms. The caption along the bottom reads Albert Sachs, Bradford. There appears to be a crest over the door of the house but it is not clear. Possibly his wife and surviving son are depicted in this photograph, or alternatively it was a commission he undertook for a local family. There may be more information on the reverse of the actual picture but I have no wish to remove the back.

I would like to pass it on to anyone who thinks they may have a connection to the house or family or who is interested in carrying out further research.

Heritage Project Update – December 2023

Sue Steel



As you all know by now, we have been transcribing the Bradford Union Workhouse records to be found at West Yorkshire Archives (Bradford):

Admissions	1857-1860	Ref BU6/1/1
Discharges	1857-1860	Ref BU6/1/1
Baptisms	1912-1916	Ref BU6/2/4
Births	1838-1853	Ref BU6/2/1
Deaths	1838-1853	Ref BU6/2/1
Punishment Records	1888-1914	Ref BU6/5/1 & BU6/5/2
Minute Books	1857-1861	Ref BU1/7 & BU1/8

The hard-working transcribers have completed the Births, Baptisms and Deaths. The Punishment Books were half way through and the Admissions / Discharges three quarters of the way through at the time of writing. But we are still trying to work out the best way of transcribing the information in the Minute Books.

As part of receiving the Heritage Lottery Fund grant, we agreed to publicise the project and show the public what we had achieved. So, on 30th November 2023 at Bradford Local Studies Library from 1.15pm until 2pm, I will be speaking about this project and the records involved as part of their series of Autumn Lectures. I will also be handing over photo images and transcription details for our completed work (births, baptisms and deaths) to Fiona Marshall of West Yorkshire Archives. This means that the staff at Bradford Archives will be able to answer family history queries about who was born or died in the Union Workhouse in the early years of the Union.

The work on the database in our Members' Area of the website still continues and I hope to let you all know more before the end of the year. We are also still looking at stories hiding in these records and I hope to tell more in the next Bod-Kin.

So, my thanks go out to several of our members who have made all this possible - Anne Attfield; Ray Greenhough; Andrew Hepworth; Bobbie Hipshon; Aileen Kerr; Anne Luciw; Eileen O'Farrell; Dennis Renshaw; Richard Tetley and Diana Tottle – thank you so much. (4097)

Meeting Programme 2023/24

Please check the website in case meetings have been cancelled or changed.

Meetings will be held via Zoom and/or at the 2nd Floor, Mechanics Institute, 76
Kirkgate, Bradford,
BD1 1SZ

The venue is small wheelchair accessible and there will be a PA system.
Zoom Meetings may be charged at £2 and all face-face meetings at £1.50 per
member.

Morning meetings open at 10:00 am with the formal meeting from 10.30 am.

Evening meetings open at 7:00 pm with the formal meeting from 7.30 pm.

Month	Date	Time	Description	Speaker	Type of Meeting
Dec	7	AM	History of Entertainment in Bradford and the surrounding area	Tish Lawson	Hybrid
Dec	18	PM	No Meeting		Zoom Only
Jan	4	AM	Fortified by 45s - With the aid of selected songs/tunes Geoff takes a look back at local and national life in the early to mid- 1960s	Geoff Twentyman	Hybrid
Jan	15	PM	Apprenticeship Records - This talk goes through some of the key legislation relating to apprenticeship, the various key sources and includes a case study showing how they can be used in practice	Richard Holt	Zoom Only
Feb	1	AM	Catholic Records and How to Use Them	Robert Finnigan	Hybrid
Feb	19	PM	Ragged, Poor and Mischievous or Young Thieves and Street Arabs - Researching Criminal Children	Linda Hammond	Zoom Only

Month	Date	Time	Description	Speaker	Type of Meeting
Mar	7	AM	From Tsingtao to Skipton: This is the story of two German naval officers who were captured in Tsingtao, China in 1914 and taken prisoner to Japan. Using the men's own diaries, Anne will give details of their escape from Fukuoka and their attempt to get back to Germany, during which they almost circumnavigated the world.	Anne Buckley	Hybrid
Mar	18	PM	A Yorkshire lad does well.... Thomas Footer crosses the pond – His story and how Sue used him as way to find more family information	Sue Barry	Zoom Only
Apr	4	AM	A Female Bigamist - Not Once But Twice! Aunty May's Secret Past	Lorraine Birch	Hybrid
Apr	15	PM	Quaker Family History – Ben has Quaker Ancestry on His Mother's Side Right Back to the 17th Century	Ben Beck	Zoom Only
May	2	AM	Factories and Fevers - Child Health in the 19th Century	Emma Storr	Hybrid
May	20	PM	Making the Most of a Will - This talk considers the deceased, the testators, the bequests, other documents and records and how combining information from more than one will produce surprising results	John Titterton	Zoom Only
Jun	6	AM	Drop-In-Session at Bradford Local Studies Library		Face to Face Only
Jun	17	PM	House History – Who Lived in the House at Saltaire?	Sue Steel	Zoom Only
Jul	4	AM	No Meeting		
Jul	15	PM	No Meeting		
Aug	1	AM	No Meeting		
Aug	19	PM	No Meeting		

Month	Date	Time	Description	Speaker	Type of Meeting
Sep	5	AM	Lion Stores to Hillard's – From a Cleckheaton corner store to a Northern Supermarket Chain.	Caz Goodwill	Hybrid
Sep	16	PM	Open Meeting		Zoom Only
Oct	3	AM	Life and Death on Yorkshire's Waterways	David Scrimgeour	Hybrid
Oct	21	PM		TBC	Zoom Only
Nov	7	AM	They Came From Far and Near - True Bradford Family History Reflecting the Growth and Wealth of the City in the Late 19th Century. Including Overcoming Brick Walls Along the Way	John Kennedy (TBC)	Hybrid
Nov	18	PM	Old Poor Law Records at the Borthwick Institute	Laura Yeoman	Zoom Only
Dec	5	AM	Central Bradford Chapels and What They Have Taught Me	Derek Barker	Hybrid
Dec	16	PM	No Meeting		

Details of Meetings were correct at the time of writing, but things do change. Please check the website for any alterations.

N.B. The Society holds liability, but not personal accident insurance. Members are therefore responsible for their own personal accident cover, and attend meetings and are involved in Society activities at their own risk.

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St Lukes Main Block from East © Sue Steel

Red Fort, Delhi © Eileen Watson





Old Buildings of Bradford © Sally Robinson

