The Banyan Tree

Spring 2023 No 174

ISSN 0140

Grandma Buckingham and family

The Journal of the East Yorkshire Family History Society

East Yorkshire Family History Society

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The Banyan Tree is published quarterly by the East Yorkshire Family History Society.

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Cover photo: Grandma Buckingham and family

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From the editor

Hello everyone,

The year began with an injury that has slowed me down a lot..I broke the top of my right arm and it cannot be put in plaster due to the break. The NHS want to operate on my arm, clear up the shattered bone and remove the bits of bone floating around in the arm and insert a new joint into my arm
I am sorry that this edition of the Banyan Tree is overdue and shorter than usual. I take the production of the journal very seriously, therefore, I have come up with this delayed editon of the journal.

As a newly invented winter sport (breaking an arm) I cannot recommend it at all. Please excuse the typing errors.

i am trying to produce this edition for you the members of our society.

Pete Lowden's remarks will return later in the year.
Let us begin -
Gwen Baslington looks at School Days.
Hazel Garas tells us about William and Samuel Buckingham.
Geoff Bateman introduces us to Sir Henry Samman.
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Once again, I apologise for this shorter edition of the Banyan Tree. However, I hope that the items which are in this issue prove to be interesting.

Please send in your articles, stories and photographs to me for later editions of the journal.

Edwina Bentley
editor@eyfhs.org.uk

Submissions for the next edition of The Banyan Tree should reach the editor by the 1st August 2023

Memories of School Days in Hull

Gwen Baslington

The arrival of grandchildren inevitably caused me to reflect on the differences in their lives and mine at an early age.
Born in 1931 at 46 Calvert Road Hull into a family with a Methodist background, meant that the early years were strict as to how to behave, particularly on Sundays.

On the death of my Grandfather Harry Hanson in 1935, we moved to live with Grandma at 6 Ancaster Avenue. It was there that my earliest memories were formed.
The house was heated by a coal fire in a Yorkist Range. This also heated a side oven and back boiler which gave us hot water. The house was lit by electricity. Coal was delivered to the house by a man with a horse and rully. Milk was also delivered from the farm, the milkman measuring it out on the doorstep from a large can. Other needs were met by the shops on Fairfax Avenue or Bricknell Avenue. A Tenfoot way gave access to the rear of the property. The opposite side of Ancaster Avenue, was a field at this time and was a safe place to play.

On reaching my fifth year I commenced my education at Bricknell Avenue school. Miss Partridge was Headmistress and Miss Doxy had the reception class. I remember her as a kind and efficient teacher and soon learned to read. We sat at small desks in groups of four learning our sums with the aid of counters kept in tobacco tins. Not much time was given to playing, but I do remember a red tubular steel rocker with grey canvas seats at each end. We had coloured balls, skipping ropes and hoops which gave us a lot of pleasure. On Friday afternoons we were allowed to take a toy from home to play with and share with others. I soon made friends with a girl from my road and we spent much of our free time together. We still keep in touch to this day.

There were no meals provided at school but a long midday break was allowed to enable us to walk the mile home for dinner. We also had a short break each morning and afternoon in order to let of steam. During the morning break each child had a small glass bottle of milk, these had cardboard tops with a centre push out for a straw. Often the whole disk would be pushed in causing the milk to shoot all over like a fountain. Frequently in winter, the milk would be frozen and in summer it would turn sour. There was no refrigeration at that time.

Skipping ropes, balls, whips & tops and marbles, were our main out door playthings. Various routines were acted out to rhymes. Sometimes a few children would skip with an old washing line stretched out across the road. There was very little traffic in those days. We made our own fun

outside playing tig, hide and seek, spits and strides, rounders and many other games.

My friends father was a scrap metal dealer in York Street and he soon provided us with second hand bikes. We would often take a picnic of water, bread and jam and ride as far as Skidby Chalkpits, Hessle foreshore or Wauldby Green. Generally, children could play safely away from adult supervision.
During the winter months we would mostly play in friends houses, but should there be a frost or snow we would out be enjoying it. The low-lying fields along Bricknell Avenue were often flooded and when frozen made wonderful places to slide.

Fishing for minnows and sticklebacks in the land drains was another of our interests. We would make a fishing net from an old stocking or piece of net curtain threaded with wire and poked into a garden cane. A 2lb jam jar with string handle would accommodate our catch. Snuff Mill Lane was a favourite place to fish.

By the time I had passed through Miss Robins and Miss Murrys' class (Miss Murry also taught my mother, Vera Turner, at Lambert St. School!) there were rumblings of war with Germany. The school was closed for some months until long brick Air Raid shelters could be built. The windows and doors were protected by sand bags and sticky tape stuck to the glass. I was sent to Cottingham School during this period, returning the following year.

At home we also had a brick shelter built, but many had concrete or one of corrugated iron covered with concrete. Great wooden ramps were constructed in the ten foot ways to enable the labourers to wheel their barrows of concrete to the height of the shelters wooden shuttering. The concrete was then poured into the mould which when set left a windowless box. Bunks were constructed inside. Many people were then able to spend their nights there in comparative safety during the Blitz.

We were fortunate in having a small coke boiler which heated water to supply a radiator to keep us warm. Other people used paraffin stoves or electric fires. It was quite cosy.

A rota of neighbours kept watch for fires during the night and had instruction on how to put them out with a stirrup pump. A concrete Air Raid Wardens post was built on the corner of Fairfax Avenue and Hotham Road. If the night disturbance was of a certain length, we did not have to attend school the next morning. We then had the opportunity to search for shrapnel which was highly prized.

Although our house was undamaged, the home of my aunt in Ripley Grove, Perth Street, was totally demolished along with the rest of the terrace. I remember going with my mother to see if we could salvage anything. We

were able to retrieve some linen from the drawers at the side of the fireplace. Aunty spent several months in Castle Hill Hospital with a broken spine, she having been sheltering under the table in a neighbours house. Grandma Turner also lost everything when her bedsit in Kingston College, Beverley Road was destroyed by fire.

In 1942 I sat and passed my scholarship at Hall Road School. My education then continued at Newland High School for Girls. Miss Lee was Headmistress and Miss Martin my form Mistress. A dear lady who enjoyed reading to us such classics as The Wind in the Willows at the end of each day. Here I was introduced to gymnastics, hockey, netball, needlework and domestic science, all of which I enjoyed. Unfortunately, maths, French, history and geography had also to be studied. Still, I had a good grounding in these subjects even if I did not excel.

When I became a teenager I was able to join the Hall Road Youth Club. This was run very well by a Mr Atkinson and his sister who were members of St Albans Church. What a debt we owed to their nightly presence and tolerance. There were classes each weeknight from 7.30pm - 9pm in a variety of subjects to suit all abilities. Woodwork, art, drama, plastics and ballroom dancing were those I remember. From 9pm – 10pm we danced to a record player or visited the canteen. Mashed parsnip sandwiches were particular favourite as they tasted like bananas which we had not seen much of during the war.

Although food was rationed, we all had sufficient for our health, complemented by fruit and vegetables from garden and hedgerows. Mum was always bottling and preserving produce to see us through the winter.

For entertainment we had the wireless and occasional visit to the cinema or New Theatre. We even had some performers stay with us when they could not find accommodation in town hotels. A visit to St Ninians May festival was also looked forward to and enjoyed.

We did not have the variety of toys, books and treats which today's children have come to expect. Mostly we made our own fun out of doors with a freedom today's children are unable to enjoy. I remember it as a happy time.

William and Samuel
Buckingham,
two 19th Century
Hull boys with identical
upbringing,
but who led very
different lives.
Hazel Garas

William Buckingham was born in 1854 and Samuel (my great grandfather) on 23 April 1856 in the overcrowded Myton district of Hull. They were the eldest of 15 children

born to Samuel Buckingham and Mary Moor. Both boys were baptised in the magnificent Holy Trinity Church. In a previous article I described the upbringing of the boys and some of their siblings, including the family's move to Grimsby in 1868 and the emigration to Australia of their parents and siblings in 1875. William and Samuel had both signed up as fishing apprentices for five years with J Guzzwell in Grimsby: William on 28 August 1869 and Samuel on 24 May 1871. The boys were aged 16. However, there was an article published in the Kendall Mercury in 1868 which provided evidence that William had been on a fishing trip before he left Hull. The article read:

"The King of Prussia has awarded £5 each to John Cartwright, John Harding, William Buckingham, Masters of a British Fishing Vessel and to Henry Bate, pilot, Hull for their services in saving the crew of the Prussian vessel 'Catharina' ……."

In the 1871 Census, William Buckingham was enumerated on a fishing smack 'Sappho' which was from Grimsby and fishing on the Dogger Bank in the North Sea. He was listed as one of three 'seamen' who were apprentices. The master was Chas. Pettifer, a Lincolnshire man. Mr Guzzwell must have been the owner of the smack, but did not sail in her.

After William and Samuel completed their apprenticeships, their lives diverged with the boys pursuing very different careers. William Buckingham emigrated to Australia, via Melbourne, arriving in Sydney, New South Wales in 1874. One wonders what he had witnessed during his time at sea that prompted him to leave so suddenly. The fishing apprenticeship system in the 19th Century was notorious for the bullying and ill-treatment of young boys. This move pre-dated the emigration of William's parents and siblings in 1875 when they too arrived in Sydney.

William completely reinvented himself after arriving in Sydney. He became a draper – not an obvious career for a fisherman to pursue! After he arrived in Sydney, William, who had no retailing experience, wanted to know where to buy various items. He met Thomas Pepper, a draper, who initially employed him and taught him about the drapery business. In 1878, the two entrepreneurs set up a business as 'General Drapers and Importers'. The business continued for seven years as "Buckingham and Pepper". The business prospered and moved several times in order to expand.

On 21 June 1883 William Buckingham married Hannah Jane Gellatly in Darlinghurst, Sydney, New South Wales and they had seven children. The first three were girls Victoria, Eva and Laura, followed by a son William in 1893, Reginald (1895), Ashley James (1898) and Ivan 1905. All were born in districts

of Sydney.
William and Thomas continued trading until 1894, the final four years as 'William Buckingham, Draper'. In March 1894 W.Buckingham, Family Draper opened in an iconic shop, a new and extensive premises at 171 and 172 Riley Street, Oxford Square in Sydney, which boasted a hydraulic lift, electric light and an overhead cash 'railway' that connected to the central cash desk. The shop, given the grand title 'Buckingham Palace Emporium' was a magnificent white multi story building, and was essentially a department store. It sold an array of goods including boots and shoes, underclothes, corsets, millinery and 'new and fashionable drapery', later branching out into furniture. The Buckingham store is remembered in an archive collection in the City of Sydney Archives. It was burnt down in a spectacular fire in 1968.

William Buckingham did not just sell goods but developed an easy credit system and also loaned money to budding entrepreneurs at low interest rates.
William was a committed Christian and the Buckinghams were prominent members of the Baptist Church and worshipped at Stanmore Baptist Church in Sydney, which opened in 1901. A Baptist layman, William travelled to London in 1905 and gave an address on commercial ethics. The family helped to finance much of the expansion of the Baptist church in Sydney.
Three of William Buckingham's sons joined the business, the eldest William joined in 1905 and was known affectionately as 'Mr Will'.

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Sir Henry Samman,
Hull Ship Owner
Geoff Bateman

There were, of course, many important ship owners in Hull during the city's greatest days as a seaport. Perhaps among the best known is Mr Wilson, founder of Wilson's Line and its 20th century successor, Ellerman's Wilson Line. Another was Henry Samman (1849-1928). He first came to my attention not through his shipping business but because he owned the inn run by my great grandparents in Routh. He was the landlord's landlord I suppose. His obvious association with Routh suggests that he may have purchased other properties there, perhaps while living not far away in Beverley, where he had been mayor. This is a brief history of his life and circumstances. Whilst much of his family history comes from searches on ancestry.co.uk, details of Henry's life come from https://www.deddingtonhistory.uk, as well as from British History Online, Wikipedia and other websites.

Henry Samman was not from Hull, or even from near the sea. His father, Alban Samman (1818-88), was a draper in Deddington, Oxfordshire, where all his children were born. Alban's parents were William Samman (1788-1878), a grazier born in King's Sutton, Northants, and Penelope née Taylor (1795-1867).

Alban Samman opened a drapers shop in the Market Place, Deddington, in 1844. He later became, in addition, a valuer and selling agent for drapery businesses, as well as an agent for insurance companies and for patent metallic coffins. His success in business meant that he left more than £8000 on his death.

Alban Samman married twice. His first wife was Sarah Fallower (1821-55), born in Hammersmith, whom he married at Deddington in 1844. Their children were Frederick George (1840-70), Alban (1847-70), Emily (1849-1914), Henry (1849-1928), and Catherine (1850-?). Emily and Henry were not twins, but were born at either end of 1849. Alban later married Eleanor Marian Graves (1826-1916) in London in 1862. Their children, Henry's half siblings, were Clara Penelope (1863-1931), Agnes Mary (1864-1933), and Charles Thomas (1865-1939),

Henry Samman did not follow his

father into business, but, after an education at Kelvedon School in Essex (1861 census), he went to sea. It is said that he began his career as an apprentice on a tea clipper sailing between London and India. If we follow his census entries from that time, we first find him, in 1871, described as a seaman, with his father on a visit to an aunt in London. By 1881, when he was living at The Manor, Seaton (near Hornsea), he was already a "steam ship owner and broker", and married with three children. He had married Elizabeth Sanders (1849-93) of Kiddington, Oxfordshire, at Deddington in 1877. Their children were Lucy Maria (aged 3), Mary Elizabeth (2) and Henry (1 month).

In 1891, Henry and Elizabeth were living alone (with servants) at Victoria Terrace, Anlaby Road, Hull. Daughters Lucy and Mary were then boarders at school in Scarborough, and young Henry was at Leylands School in Hornsea. Elizabeth died in Beverley in 1893. The family had moved to Walkergate, Beverley, where widowed Henry and daughter Lucy were living in 1901. Daughter Mary was at that time visiting the family of another ship owner, Edwin Fenton, in Sutton (Hull). The girls were back together in 1911, at 29 Woodlands, Beverley. The 1939 Register lists Henry junior (51) as a farmer and land owner, living with his wife Ellis in Cottingham.

Henry bought and commanded his first small, second-hand steamship, Bonnie Kate, in 1876. A few years later he bought Elf and Knight Templar. His first new ship, Oxon, was launched in 1883; it sank in 1889. His subsequent ships were mostly built for his companies but were usually sold on within ten years. The Deddington Steam Ship Company expanded in 1889 with the launch of Deddington, Clifton and Somerton, probably made possible by the sale of the older ships and by the legacy from Alban, who died in 1888. The company owned ten steamships by 1900, all built to order. In all, Samman's companies owned nineteen ships, only one (Garton, 1895-1963) avoiding being wrecked or broken up (during or after Samman's ownership). Among the last of them was Flixton, scuttled in 1944 to block Livorno harbour. Flixton had previously had a narrow escape off Portland in 1918 when a torpedo aimed at it mysteriously surfaced, turned round and hit the enemy submarine that launched it. Anticipating a slump, Samman profitably sold his shipping businesses at the end of World War I.

Earlier, in 1911, he was elected Mayor of Beverley (Conservative), then apparently his home base. I assume that it was during this period that he acquired properties in Routh. He was also vice-chairman of the Hull Chamber of Commerce and chairman of its shipping section, and was for a long time on the management committee of Lloyds's Register of Shipping. Other responsibilities were as a member of the Executive of the Shipping Federation and an Elder Brother of

Trinity House.

After selling his fleet he gave Deddington Chambers, his former offices, to Hull Chamber of Commerce and Shipping, with the addition of a new council chamber. The former ship owner subsequently occupied himself with charitable activities. The Henry Samman Endowment Fund, set up in 1917, continues, I understand, to provide bursaries to assist students to travel abroad to study business or foreign languages, its trustees operating under the auspices of Hull and Humber Chamber of Commerce. Samman was made a baronet in 1921 for public services.

Henry Samman has been described as "pugnacious, argumentative, outspoken and impatient". As a matter of principle he often went to court over disputes concerning small amounts of money; some of these cases are described in the Deddington history website. One of those stories concerns a court case, which he defended in 1927 when he was aged 78. A former employee attempted to sue him for payment for "services rendered". One such service was claimed to have involved handling payments used for buying the baronetcy, as well as payments made to a former housekeeper and her daughter, whom Henry had fathered in his youth. A suggestion of non-declaration of company profits for tax purposes also arose. The claimant was clearly a blackmailer, but the "cash for honours" implication may have stuck.

He evidently liked to travel, and visited Australia in 1921 where, in several interviews, he was outspoken about the depressive state of world shipping and, tactlessly, about how Australia's problems might be put right. The newspapers there apparently described him as "a picturesque character", "larger than life" and "aggressive and mentally vigorous at seventy-two."

Sir Henry died apparently in Cimiez, near Nice, France, aged 78, but is buried in Routh churchyard. His grave is covered by a simple flat stone on which the inscription (cited in EYFHS Monumental Inscriptions, Routh, 1989) is still just about visible. Above the inscription is a representation of a ship, which could have provided the design for the BBC's Blue Peter badge. The grave also includes the body of Henry junior, 2nd Baronet of Routh, who died in 1960. Adjacent stones record the burials of Henry junior's wife (Ellis Samman; 1882-1965), and Henry senior's daughters Lucy Maria (1878-1966) and Mary Elizabeth (1880-1972). The girls were born in Hornsea, and young Henry in Seaton. On his death in 1928, Sir Henry left an estate worth almost £43000, which was said to be the equivalent of £27million in 2020.

The Hull Chamber of Commerce and Shipping building, in Bowlalley Lane, is now called Samman House. A sign hanging outside depicts

Samman's second ship, Elf. Another visible, though perhaps misleading, memorial to Henry Samman is Samman Hall in Routh. The smaller part of the building had apparently been a school, but from 1900 was a reading room, also used for village meetings. A larger village hall, adjoining the original building, was added in 1935 on land given by Sir Henry Samman (so the 2nd Baronet). The joined buildings were later called Samman Hall. It housed airmen during World War II, but was little used afterwards and so was converted to a private house. It is currently nicely maintained as a Christadelphian church, but looking like a modern bungalow.

A Day-trip to Hull on the Humber Ferry

Hazel Garas

As children, my brother and I travelled very little. Our life in the 1950s was lived in the streets of Cleethorpes and along the promenade, beach and foreshore, with the occasional shopping trip to Grimsby. The promise of a day-trip to Hull was a real treat as it meant a journey on a steam train and then crossing the River Humber on the New Holland to Hull ferry. Usually the journey was with Mum, as Dad was at sea on a trawler. We set off early in the morning from Cleethorpes station and bought our day-return tickets to Hull via New Holland, which cost about 7/6. The train was one with a long corridor and closed compartments off one side. We usually managed to get window seats and stared out at the familiar landmarks as they passed. The train pulled out of Cleethorpes Station and followed the bank of the Humber to the Fish-Docks where the strong smell of fish wafted through the windows. The famous dock tower and coal hoists could be seen above a forest of trawler masts. On approaching Grimsby Town Station we passed through level crossings where lines of traffic were held up behind the gates. After passing through Grimsby Town, the railway line curved north past the rows of terraced houses which sprawled across the West Marsh. Suddenly the urban area was left behind and the train chugged out into the open Lincolnshire countryside, the smoke from the engine swirling round in the wind blowing off the Humber. Villages appeared at intervals and each had its own station where the train dutifully stopped. First came Great Coates, then Healing. Stallingborough and Habrough. From the railway there were good views across the marsh pastures to the cranes of Immingham dock and the tall chimneys of the chemical factories being established along the Humber Bank, with the silver slither of the river in the background. In the other direction, the undulating hills of the Lincolnshire Wolds, topped by clumps of woodland, formed the horizon. One might expect that the

journey across the drained marshland of the Humber Estuary would be boring, but the lack of trees and the low-cut hedges enabled one to see for miles on a clear day, picking out details that would be missed in a hilly landscape. The skies of Lincolnshire are enormous and the changing cloud formations a source of endless fascination.

The train steamed on, past the ruins of Thornton Abbey. (What ghosts inhabited the remains of that building we wondered?). Then the train stopped at the large village of Goxhill with its rows of glinting glasshouses, the produce from which was stacked in boxes on the platform to be loaded onto the train and hence to the market in Hull. After Goxhill it was only a short journey to New Holland. The train slowed as the track took it out onto the sturdy wooden pier and to the ferry terminal at the end. As soon as the train drew to a halt there was a flurry of activity as the passengers disembarked. Doors slammed, porters hurried along the platform to unload the goods that were to be transferred to the ferry and passengers walked down the sloping steel gangway to the floating pontoon below, their shoes clattering on the metal. The train was scheduled to connect with the ferry so everyone was sure to catch it. Usually there was a scramble to occupy the best positions on the deck to watch the loading of the Reliant Robins, Morris Minors motorbikes and the odd horse and cart which would be positioned on the open car deck at the rear of the ship. The ships which formed the New Holland to Hull ferry were sedate old paddle steamers, with a very shallow draft to navigate the shifting channels and sandbanks of the Humber, especially at low tide. There were three paddle steamers employed on the crossing: 'Tattershall Castle', 'Lincoln Castle' and 'Wingfield Castle'. Usually there were two in service and one in reserve.

Once we had watched the crew draw in the gangway and haul in the ropes, we made our way quickly below decks to watch the engines through a grill at the side of the engine room. The engine room telegraph rang 'half ahead' or 'half astern' on orders from the bridge and the engineer pulled leavers to release the power of the engines. With steam hissing from lovingly polished brass valves the huge pistons began to move. I was always mesmerised by the beautiful mechanism of these old engines in action – how the long piston rods moved smoothly and silently along the straight greased tracks driving a circular motion at the ends which turned the huge paddle wheels on either side of the ship. The shafts of shining steel worked alternately in poetry of motion and harmony. A roar and rush of water indicated that the paddles were turning, churning the muddy waters like a huge washing machine and releasing a salty tang. The ship began to move, slowly at first and then faster as the steamer left the pier and headed out across the Humber. A sharp blast from the

whistle disturbed rows of seagulls perched along the rails of the pontoon, causing them to soar and wheel around the ship, squawking in protest.

Although I was never bored watching the engines, there was the rest of the ship to explore. If it rained, the second-class passengers could go to the lounge at the rear of the vessel and stare out of the portholes. There was a bar serving various beverages as well as tasteless British Rail sausage rolls or ham sandwiches. Only the first-class passengers were allowed in the fore lounge and you had to pay an extra shilling if caught with the wrong ticket. The best place to be if it was not raining was the long fore deck or the after deck behind the funnel where we could sit on the huge wooden chests which contained the life-jackets. The black plume of coal-smoke from the tall funnel strung out like a funereal veil behind the ship and, occasionally a gust of wind would blow it down onto the deck, choking the passengers in acrid fumes.

The ferry never took a direct route across the river, but had to head either downstream against the flood-tide or upstream against the ebb allowing the tide to turn the bow of the vessel out into the river towards the Hull side. The journey took between 20 and 40 minutes depending on the state of the tide. The paddle steamer wheels could not operate independently and this made the vessel difficult to handle especially if a strong wind was blowing. The vista along the Humber was always different, depending upon the weather. Often there was a mist and the town of Hull with its cranes and landmark church tower would emerge gradually as we approached. On a clear day one could see along the Humber in both directions, its low banks and mudflats stretching off into the distance to merge with the sky. Eventually the paddle steamer pulled in alongside Corporation Pier and some of the crew jumped ashore with the ropes. They were surprisingly agile. Some of these old sailors had served in the war and had weather-beaten faces and muscles like knotted rope. The gangway was lowered and the passengers allowed to disembark before the vehicles. We made our way up from the pontoon, through the ticket barrier and onto the pier proper to set off on a walk to the centre of Hull, through the old market place, past the soot stained but magnificent Holy Trinity Church, where several of my ancestors had been baptised during the mid-nineteenth century. Our journey took us past warehouses, corner street pubs and bomb sites covered in a pink mist of rose-bay willowherb. Sometimes we found ourselves in gardens where the statue of William Wilberforce stood.

Hull's shopping centre was larger than Grimsby's. It had a department store, a British Home Store and C&A - good for affordable clothing. Moving quickly past the rows of garishly coloured nylon nighties, we

trawled the aisles packed with dresses in pastel shades of 'Courtelle' and coarse woollen duffle coats in shades of brown and green looking for a bargain. We usually bought some clothes. (I remember wearing an olive-green C&A hooded duffle coat throughout my university years 1962 to '65 in Sheffield). We usually had a fish and chip dinner before making our way back to Corporation Pier for the return ferry to New Holland.

Sadly, memories of the New Holland to Hull ferry have faded into history. The ferry was made redundant after the opening of the Humber suspension bridge in 1981. The grand old paddle steamers, collectively referred to as the 'Monarchs of the Humber' were retired and suffered different fates. The 'Tattershall Castle' was preserved and converted into a floating restaurant. She is moored on the Thames in London opposite the London Eye. The 'Wingfield Castle' was preserved and is part of the Maritime Museum in Hartlepool. The 'Lincoln Castle' however did not have a happy ending. After being a floating restaurant in Grimsby's Alexandra Dock, it was hoped that the ship would be preserved as part of the collection of the Fishing Heritage Museum. For various reasons this did not happen and it seems that the ship was broken up.

The last time I travelled to Hull via the railway and ferry was in 1965 before I left Humberside and moved south. By then the steam train had been replaced by a diesel shuttle train. I don't know how much of the rail line still exists. The Humber suspension bridge is magnificent and has certainly made travelling between North Lincolnshire and Hull much easier but thinking about the old paddle steamer ferry still evokes fond and nostalgic memories.

Another story behind the stone

Pete Lowden

Walking through Western Cemetery in Hull the other day I noticed a headstone. Yes, I'd seen it many times before but sometimes the image just doesn't sink in. Here it is.

Made of sandstone, and having had its kerb surround taken away sometime in the 1960s, it stands proudly. The inscription reads,.

'In Loving Memory of Capt. John Parker (of the S.S. Modern Greece) who died at Richmond, Virginia September 23rd 1862 aged 33 years
Also, of Ellen the beloved wife of the above, who dies March 24th 1893 aged 62 years

Also, of John William, only son of the above who died at sea May 12th 1875.
He giveth his beloved sleep'

Now I must admit that it was the date of Capt. Parker death that intrigued

me. The month of September 1862 was a pivotal time in the American Civil War. The battle of Antietam occurred on the 17th of that month. General Lee defeated the Union forces at this battle in Maryland, and in hindsight, this was the highest point in the fortunes of war that the Confederacy reached. It is often one of those 'what would have happened if Lee had carried on into Maryland?' Could the South have triumphed? Could slavery have continued and Lincoln been a single term president, ostracised for breaking the USA into two parts?

All interesting conjectures I'm sure you'll agree. I was intrigued that a Hull man was in Richmond around this time and that he died there shortly after the battle. So, I thought I'd find out what the story behind this headstone was and here it is.

One could say that John Parker's future career was pre-ordained. He was the son of another John Parker. This John Parker was also a captain. However, his area of expertise was in whaling. John Parker senior was the captain of the famous whaler Truelove for some time, and he captained other whalers too.

His son was born on the 27th August 1829 and baptised at Holy Trinity that same year. By the time John Parker junior was aged 14 he was apprenticed to become a seaman. His first voyage was in March 1844 and by the time he was 16 he had been given his seaman's 'ticket'. His parents lived on the south side Anlaby Road, quite close to the Female Penitentiary and Elm Tree House and almost opposite the Hull Workhouse.
By 1852 he had married as the marriage registration below shows.

John junior may well have wanted to pursue his father's career in whaling but that enterprise was waning for a variety of reasons. As such he took his opportunities to be a captain in other fields such as mercantile shipping. He became a captain and at the time of this story was a Captain of the 'SS Modern Greece', a ship owned by Zachariah Pearson.

He was also a family man by the 1861 census and as such took what work may be offered even if it was dangerous and potentially illegal. A point we will discuss now.

The outbreak of the American Civil War had quite severe repercussions upon the textile industry in the United Kingdom. The embargo upon the southern Confederate ports effectively stooped the export of cotton from the southern states. The effects of this were felt worst in Lancashire with its myriad cotton mills. Elizabeth Gaskell recounts the trials and troubles of the workers and their families of this period in her novel, 'Mary Barton'. However, the effects of this embargo stretched beyond Lancashire. Hull had two large cotton mills and this war affected them also. Many people were thrown out of work and others

were placed on short time working. As such, and without any benefit system other than the dreaded Workhouse, people were suffering. Zachariah Pearson, then Mayor of Hull, decided that he would try to alleviate some of this suffering by trying to break this embargo with his ships. There may well have been some measure of altruism about his actions. However, the cargo he was hopeful of delivering to the southern states too the form of armaments. As Britain at that time was steadily steering a neutral course between the Union and the Confederacy this was an action that was illegal. The Union would have seen it much more seriously and the death penalty for traffickers of arms to the south was often perpetrated. And of course, the South wanted those armaments badly so it is entirely feasible that Pearson drove a hard bargain as to the exchange rate of cotton for guns. So, I don't believe that the entire enterprise was due to Pearson's concern for the working class.

The story of how Pearson's adventure came to grief can be found in 'Zachariah Pearson; Man of Hull' by Marian Shaw. However, here we are only concerned with the S.S. Modern Greece and the tale of its captain and crew and the consequences of their ill-fated voyage.

Captain Parker had already run the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina once before. Sailing the S.S Retribution, a non-Pearson vessel, he had unloaded his cargo and made his escape with a number of bales of cotton. However, the longer the war carried on the firmer the grip of the Union Navy upon the southern ports.

The S.S. Modern Greece left Hull on April 23rd 1862. It had a crew of 26 and also, somewhat surprisingly had 5 passengers as well. The vessel was bound for St Thomas. An island in the West Indies, at the time it was part of the Danish West Indies, and was a major port in the area. About 50 miles from its destination its engines broke down and it continued the voyage under sail. The engines were repaired and the vessel travelled then onto to the Bahamas and ostensibly to its final destination of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Its real destination however was Wilmington. This port was closely blockaded at the mouth of the Cape Fear River by strong Union Navy vessels. The Modern Greece immediately came under fire and tried to enter the river far enough to be under the protection of the Confederate fort. However, the firing from the Union ships was accurate and Captain Parker had no choice than to order his ship to be grounded on a sandbank and the ship's crew to take to the lifeboats to gain the protection of the fort. The crew pulled to lifeboat up on to a further sandbank whilst under fire. Luckily the shells from the Union Navy's guns hit the sandbanks and buried themselves thus not exploding. It was reported that the holes that the

shells made were, ‘deep enough to bury a horse in them.’

The crew then made their way to the fort which was about a mile away along the sandbank. All this whilst still under fire from the ships. Eventually they reached safety and they stayed in the fort for 17 days during which time they attempted to recover the cargo on the Modern Greece. Once again, this task was undertaken whilst under fire from the blockading vessels. However, the crew managed to recover a great deal of the cargo. Living in the fort and under canvas the crew were subsisting upon the rations the confederate soldiers had. The crew complained that it was, ‘nothing to boast about. The pork was very salty and so full of sand that it was scarcely fit enough for anyone to eat.’

After these 17 days in the fort, they managed to be transferred to Wilmington and then on to Charleston. From there they moved to Savannah where they stayed three weeks. It was here that the crew were offered employment on the Nashville steamboat which was going to attempt to run the blockade. Most of the original crew of the Nashville were injured or wounded which is why the offer was made. The Nashville was hopeful of getting to Nassau in the Bahamas. After some deliberations the Modern Greece crew turned down this offer.

Returning to Savannah and then onwards to Charleston where the crew resided for five months. During this period, they worked aboard the Hero, a confederate ship trying to break the blockade. Also during this period Captain Parker died. Although his stone records his death as at Richmond it occurred in South Carolina in Charleston.

The crew said that after his death they were treated unkindly by the Confederates and if they complained they would have been set ashore from the Hero, where their only hope after that would have been to join the Confederate Army. Whilst in this limbo the agent for the Modern Greece was paying the crew two dollars per day from provisions.

After this long interval some of the crew decided to try to break the blockade on the Huntress, a confederate vessel. It left Charleston on January 18th 1863. Escaping the blockade, the vessel was well on its way when a fire broke out in the cargo, principally made up of cotton which must have been in contact with the boiler. The crew managed to get into the lifeboat with the loss of only one casualty.

The crew were picked up by a Union vessel and transferred to a Union man-of-war. Taken to Port Royal, a fort off the South Carolina coast, they were treated well but also seen as prisoners of war. Eventually they were transferred to New York, and after the intervention of the British Consul, they were shipped back

home to land at Liverpool.

Meanwhile, back at the remaining crew still working in Charleston on the Hero, they too attempted to break the blockade on the Mercury. However, they failed to get past and were captured by the Union vessels. Treated in the same way as their fellows they eventually arrived back in Liverpool a week after their comrades.

Mrs Ellen Parker must have received the news from these crew members as a confirmation. Her husband had been missing for the best part of a year and the sea is a harsh workplace. Yet when she heard that the crew of the Modern Greece had returned, she must have felt a flame of hope in her heart that her husband had returned. This hope was to be crushed by the news of his death.

By the 1871 census Ellen was living at 6 Norfolk Place off Norfolk Street. She had her two daughters living with her. Her son, John William, who had been seven at the time of the last census was now in the Merchant Navy. He had followed his father and grandfather in going to sea.

As can be seen by the image of the headstone, Ellen had her husband death inscribed on a headstone. Later she also had her son's death inscribed. John William was on board the Virago in the summer of 1875 as an Able Seaman when he fell ill. We have no knowledge what caused this ailment but it eventually killed him. The cause of his death is listed as 'Inflammation of lungs'. He was buried at sea.

By the time of the 1891 census Ellen's family had dissolved. Her daughters had left the family home after getting married. She herself was now living as a widow in the Trinity House homes. Ellen herself died just two years later and she was buried in Western Cemetery.

So, the sad truth is that the headstone although having three names inscribed actually lies. The only occupant is Ellen.

Oh! Caroline
Eleanor Hart

When my mother was expecting her first baby, she told her mother she was considering the name 'Caroline' for a girl. The response was, "Oh! Caroline Kelly!!' Grandma was Eleanor Mary Dean (née Ramsbottom) and she was born in Scarborough in 1899. She said that Caroline Kelly was one of Scarborough's legendary but disreputable characters from years gone by, a notorious drunk and general nuisance. Eleanor even had a story about her.

One day, Caroline, who was well and truly drunk at the time, was stopped in town by a young, inexperienced policeman, who intended placing her under arrest and taking her to

the police station. Caroline was a wily character and saw she could wriggle out of this one. Please, she pleaded, she'd be good, she'd only had a drop, and it would be such a disgrace to be seen under arrest and taken through town, so would he let her walk quietly one way to the station, and he could go another, and she'd meet him there so he could arrest her? The trusting policeman agreed; off Caroline went, and off he went. When the policeman got to the station, he asked, 'Is she come?' and was very surprised to hear from his colleagues that Caroline was nowhere to be found. The bemused, young policeman could only exclaim in reply, "Wha, she said she wad!!"

Caroline Kelly got away with it that time, but that was not usually the case. She was a repeat offender and was committed to prison many times.

Caroline Ann Dawson was born into a labouring family, the daughter of John and Maria Dawson (née Frost), her birth registered in the first quarter of 1862, in Hayfield, Derbyshire. She was born in Glossop, and in the 1871 census, she was living there, aged 9 years old, with her parents, an older sister, Mary, and 16 fellow occupants who were listed in a series of sub-households at the same address.

By 1879, Caroline had moved to Halifax, and there, aged 18, she married Francis Kelly, a 20-year-old machine maker from Northowram. Her life of crime can be charted in part from 1881, when she appeared in the census in Wakefield Prison as 'C. Kelly', a Hawker, aged 20, born Glossop.

Caroline probably started drinking at an early age. Whether she drank to escape grinding poverty, or could not escape poverty because of the drink, she seems to have been trapped by her circumstances. Alcohol abuse, criminality, and sometimes violence, became the norm. Her life was complicated, and records show she moved between Halifax and Oldham frequently, in the 1880s and '90s.

In October 1882, Caroline, her husband Francis, and their daughter, Maria Louisa, were admitted to Oldham Workhouse. It was the first of many admissions there for Caroline between 1882 and 1893, mainly due to destitution.

Likewise, Caroline was no stranger to Wakefield prison. Besides being there in 1881, she appears in their records on at least eight occasions between 1884 and 1903. In the absence of a photograph, the written record gives some information about her appearance. She was about 5'5" tall, with brown or sandy hair, and she bore some battle scars: a broken or scarred nose, a scar on her forehead and a broken or bent little finger.

At census time, 1891, Caroline and her family were still in Oldham. The household was headed by her mother, Maria Dawson; then there was Caroline, whose occupation was a Hawker, and Caroline's five children: Maria, 10; William Frederick, 8; Sarah Elizabeth, 5; Mary Ann, 3; and Frank, 1. Both

Caroline and her mother described themselves as married.

So where was Caroline's husband, Francis Kelly? He might have left her. In the same census, a Frank Kelly, aged 31 and born in Halifax, was living in Oldham with a woman named Susannah, who was said to be his wife. In a court hearing in Halifax, in December 1895, Caroline said she had been married twice, that her first husband had drowned, and that she had subsequently married his brother, who died in Godley Cutting. I have found no record of this second marriage, but Patrick Kelly, a homeless labourer aged 31, had indeed died the previous August, having fallen 55' down Godley Cutting, Halifax, after a night out drinking. One report named Patrick's wife as Caroline Kelly.

Among Caroline's spells in prison, some incidents, other than being drunk and disorderly, stand out. In 1892, she appeared in the Oldham Police Court charged with what the Manchester Courier described as, 'Shocking Neglect of Children'. Caroline stood in the dock, holding her baby, 'a poor emaciated little thing', while her five other children, 'thin and ill-clad', were made to stand before the magistrates. It was said that Caroline had gone out drinking, leaving her children with no food. The living conditions were appalling, with rain leaking through the roof onto the apparently only bed. Caroline was sentenced to two months' hard labour, while the children were admitted to Oldham workhouse.

In February 1894, while an inmate of Bradford workhouse, Caroline was charged with assaulting the workhouse master. It was said she had six children with her, and that her behaviour was particularly bad. The Matron removed Caroline's baby from her, saying, 'Poor little wretch, you have a bad mother.' Clearly, Caroline was not fit to care for her children.

In May 1895, while an inmate of Halifax workhouse, Caroline assaulted another inmate, and was given fourteen days in prison. No sooner than she was out, Caroline was back inside. On 17th June 1895, she was in Wakefield prison for cruelty to five children, receiving one month's imprisonment with hard labour. Then, she was arrested and tried at Halifax on 26th July for being drunk and disorderly. This time, Caroline received 14 days in prison, and it was ordered that her children be removed from her till they were 16 years old. The inspector of the RSPCA (sic) said he had warned Caroline about her lack of care for her children, and said 'she was not a proper person to have charge of five little children', something that Caroline denied.

According to a 1902 newspaper report, Caroline moved from Bradford to Scarborough c.1899. And what was Bradford's loss, was Scarborough's gain, and for all the wrong reasons. Caroline was soon in trouble, and she was not afraid of venting her feelings.

In March 1900, Caroline and some other women were in court in Scarborough for refusing to work while inmates of the workhouse. Caroline said the food was unfit to

eat: she had only been given gruel and mouldy bread, and she would not work without a meat lunch. She complained the workhouse gruel gave her, 'wind and liver complaints', which made the court laugh. For this offence, Caroline was sent to York Castle for seven days.

When the 1901 census came, Caroline was living at 6, Mission Hall, Scarborough. She was described as a Licenced Hawker, aged 40, born Glossop. Despite the custody order made by the Halifax Bench in 1895, Caroline's daughter, Mary Ann, aged 12, was living with her.

In 1902, Caroline was back in court, having broken six windows with a tea-pot, at the house of her son-in-law, Whitakker Smith. Caroline claimed her daughter, Maria Louisa, had taken 8 ½d from her house, without permission.

In 1904, less than ten years after arriving in Scarborough, the papers described Caroline as a 'well-known local character' and 'the terror of Dumple Street,' where she lived. This time, the charge was being a 'habitual drunkard'. Caroline was said to be dangerous, and it was claimed she had threatened suicide many times. She was therefore sent to the Northern Counties Certified Inebriates' Home for three years, and her name was added to the 'black list'. This meant her name and description was on a list, circulated in the area, of those to whom alcohol must not be sold. Caroline responded by some choice language aimed at the Chief Constable, telling him he would need a coffin when she came out.

The attempt at drying out failed. In July 1907, a fortnight after her release from the Inebriates' Home, and now back in Scarborough, Caroline was sent to Hull Gaol for drunkenness. "They had to Carry Carrie" was the headline, and she was conveyed, having caused a scene in court, to the cells, where she proceeded to rip her clothes in frustration and anger.

And so, Caroline's life continued in Scarborough. In 1910, she stood in court, complete with a basket of kippers and haddock, on a charge of using obscene language, and took umbrage when the Chief Constable suggested she was still drunk.

Caroline also diversified her repertoire of crime, turning to theft, not that she displayed any talent for it. In 1912, she was arrested for being drunk, but when searched, was found to have some silverware on her. She had taken the opportunity to nip through the unlocked door of a house on North Marine Road, Scarborough, and had taken some sugar tongs and a pickle fork. Unfortunately for her, the house belonged to an ex-policeman, who had seen her nearby that day. Caroline denied the theft, claiming to have bought the items from some Whitby men, but was found guilty and was sentenced to a month in prison with hard labour.

Sometimes, Caroline was not the perpetrator, but the victim. In November 1913, her own son, Francis Patrick Kelly, aged 26, of Globe Street, Scarborough, was charged with attacking his mother, striking her head with a poker and causing 'extensive injuries'. Francis said he had punched his mother

but claimed the other injuries were caused by her falling when drunk.

In 1915, a court case described how one of Caroline's binges ended up with her, 'squaring up to fight, and jumping about like anybody mad,' outside the Oxford Hotel. The landlady had refused to serve Caroline, but Caroline would not leave the premises willingly. She was said to have threatened to, 'put out the landlady's lights' with a hat pin. She was then ejected, and 'She went sprawling through the door into the street and fell.'

By 1917, Caroline had taken up with a younger man, Charles Cross, both living at 11, Dumple Street. Their lives had much in common and they 'worked' together. A 1917 newspaper report of the theft of a drinking glass by Charles Cross described his previous convictions, '28 in all, beginning in 1899, and including burglary, drunkenness, assault on the police, wilful damage, etc'. And as Charlie was also an alcoholic, there was no likelihood of Caroline improving her ways.

This same case described how the police saw Charlie and Caroline's life: 'He (Charles Cross) is living at present with Caroline Kelly, and together they go about begging - it cannot be really called begging - cadging, and so earn a living. I don't know what can be done at all, it seems hopeless.'

The pair worked together in 1917, stealing cauliflowers. Being war time, food was scarcer, and there had been a spate of thefts from allotments. Caroline denied the charge but was found guilty. The magistrate's attitude was harder because of the War: both Charles and Caroline got four months with hard labour. Caroline was unrepentant, however, retorting, 'It will be a nice rest in war time. I hope the Germans give you Germans before I come back.' She left the court shouting and stamping. Later in the year, she was also convicted of stealing an apron and received a one-month sentence.

1920 saw more trouble. In February, Caroline's partner, Charlie, was convicted of hitting her with a pair of tongs, and stabbing her arm with a carving knife. Then, in August, Caroline hit a Norfolk fisherman over the head with a poker, causing serious injury, because, she claimed, he had called at her house, 'and offered her a pound note.' In each case, the behaviour was driven by drink.

In August 1924, Caroline was back in court for being drunk and disorderly. This was her 78th court appearance, it was said. Unfortunately, the available newspaper coverage does not allow me to take Caroline's story much further at present.

These are just some glimpses into Caroline Kelly's life. She was poor, addicted to alcohol, and most of her life seems to have been squalid and chaotic. Yet, she had had some education. She signed her marriage certificate well, and prison records show she could read and write. What went so badly wrong for her?

Caroline Kelly was made of stern stuff. Despite the drunkenness, violence, degradation and poverty,

living on the margins of society, she made it to 77 years old. Caroline died in mid-December, 1938 and was buried at Manor Road Cemetery on the 17th. There, she rests in peace, perfect peace.

Do other people still remember Caroline Kelly as we do? She has had a lasting influence on my family, and it is due to her that my sister was named 'Elisabeth', not Caroline.

As for Caroline's partner in crime, Charles Cross, he was up before the Scarborough magistrates again, charged with being drunk and disorderly, just a few months before her death. He explained he'd not drunk for a while, but did so now, because he thought war was imminent. This was Charlie's 86th court appearance, and the mayor asked, 'Now Charlie, we know coming here is like coming home to you. Are you going to go straight?' Charlie said he would, and the case was adjourned to see if he could comply.

Charlie was right about the coming war. He lived through it, however, and like Caroline Kelly, he proved to be a real survivor. He lived on till 1958, dying in Scarborough in the first quarter of the year, aged 88.

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1. Family stories

2. GRO Birth Registration for Caroline Ann Kelly; Sub-Registrar's District Hayfield. Ref. 7b-613. March Quarter, 1862.

3. Glossop PR, Derbyshire Record Office, County Hall, Matlock, DE4 3AG. Via Ancestry.

4. 1871 census, Glossop, Derbyshire, RG10-3641, f29, schedule 27 (8, Old Cross). Family of John and Maria Dawson. Via Ancestry.

5. Halifax PR, WYAS, West Yorkshire Joint Services, Nepshaw Lane South, Morley, Leeds, LS27 7JQ. Via Ancestry.

6. 1881 Census, Wakefield Prison, WRY. Ref. RG11-4579, f.112, p.86, no.23 (C. Kelly). Via Ancestry .

7. Oldham Workhouse Records, Oldham, Lancs, Local Studies and Archives, 84 Union St, Oldham OL1 1DN. Via FMP.

8. West Yorkshire Prison Records. Reference C118: Wakefield Prison. West Yorkshire Archive Service, Wakefield, England. (Caroline Kelly or Kelley, c.1881-1903.) Via Ancestry.

9. 1891 Census, Oldham, Lancs, RG12-3305, f.16. Schedule 149 (8, Rowbottom St., Dawson/Kelly Household.) Via Ancestry.

10. 1891 Census, Oldham, Lancs. RG12-3303, f.56. Schedule 68 (18, Fletcher St., Kelly Household.) Via Ancestry.

11. British Library Newspapers Collection (via FMP.)

12. Verbal information from Woodlands Crematotium, Scarborough, January 2023.

FORUM CORNER

Sharing information is the cornerstone of a Family History Society. If you need help with any research problems or can respond to some ones enquiries, please use this section of The Banyan Tree.

We start with a request from Australia, Can you help Trudy Hardy.

Like all non-indigenous Australians, my family heritage lies across the seas, making the pursuit of such knowledge even more arduous. But not to be put off - the rewards are well worth it when the brick wall becomes a pile of rubble!

For a long time I struggled with my mother's family line - SELLER.

Thomas Seller married Elizabeth Davies nee Evans 6th August 1822 at St Mary Newington Southwark. They had two sons, Thomas b 1825 and Frederick b 9th October 1827. Thomas was a carpenter and the young family emigrated to Australia in 1833 arriving in Sydney aboard the "Edward Lombe". Elizabeth gave birth to a daughter, Elizabeth, in 1834 and according to a letter that she wrote to her brother, Josiah Evans, she struggled with homesickness, loneliness and the general difficulties that a gentlewoman had to cope with in a raw, rough and struggling colony filled mostly with convicts suffering all manner of deprivation.

In 1839, Thomas secured a government position as Foreman of Works on Norfolk Island, a convict prison 1400kms off the east coast of Australia in the Pacific Ocean. A desperate and dangerous place, housing the "worst of the worst" convicts. Thomas prospered here, designing and building many beautiful sandstone buildings that are still there today. He left his family in Sydney, living alone with his manservant, a convict named William Jenkins. He lived in a tent for five years until his own living quarters were completed - no. 10 Millitary Row (now called Quality Row). Thomas was an accomplished artist, painting and drawing scenes and buildings on Norfolk Island, now housed in The Australian National Library.

His family visited him over this time, travelling by ship and he returned to Sydney in 1846 to live out his life with Elizabeth and his boys. He died in 1878.

Thomas and Elizabeth Seller are my 3 x great grandparents through their son Frederick.

After much searching I found that Thomas was originally from Hunmanby Yorkshire and is the son of Thomas Seller and Mary Dodson. He is one of seven children - Ruth, John, Mary, Thomas, William, Dodson and Johnson. His brother John mentioned in the aforementioned letter from Elizabeth to her brother. His paternal grandparents are Thomas Seller and Ruth Johnson, also of Hunmanby but from there it gets more hazy.

Here's where I beg for some guidance. If anyone can help I will be forever grateful.

My husband and myself are travelling to Uk for a holiday in September and hope to visit Hunmanby and perhaps attend one of your meetings.

I just received my "Banyan Tree" and have devoured every word.

Thankyou.

Sent from Trudy and Ray

Muriel Hutton wrote to me asking for a bit of advice.

At the age of 6 years (approx), her mother took her from Scarborough to Hull, to visit her mother's sisters, Muriel will not forget the devastation of wrecked houses and buildings which were burnt out during the war. Still the bomb sites were good to play on!
Perhaps someone can suggest where to place an autograph album? It was my father's, he went to sea on SS Orlando in 1926. It sailed to S Africa (with different cargo). Thereare names of the crew who wrote in it, one of which is a pencil sketch of the ship by G.E Hopper, who I think was a marine artist. He did in fact paint a fairly large picture of that ship and it was hung in our house for many years. One of my grandma's sisters married a chap called Hopper. I there an archive which would ike the album?

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Request from the editor.

Following the first world war were any of your ancestor's named after certain battles?
Apparently, this was a popular thing to do. at the time A newspaper snippet asked this question.
Can anybody tell me.

Also have you or any members of your family been a 'Gongoozler'? I you have please let me know.

_____
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HARRY SHOOSMITH
Brian Pollard

Background:

Both my parents attended Craven Street Municipal Secondary School, Hull.
My father b.1908 would be there about1918 to 1923.
My mother b.1912 would be there about 1922 to 1917.
I remember them talking about Harry Shoosmith. He was headmaster at Craven Street from 1922 until 1932 when the school moved to newly built premises in James Reckitt Avenue and was renamed Malet Lambert School. Shoosmith was the head master there from 1932 until his retirement in 1951.
I see from the Hull Daily Mail on the British Newspaper Archive that he is often mentioned because of his other interests [eg Save the Children] so I guess my parents noticed these and that's how his name came up when I was growing up.
I set out to find his background.

RESULTS:

The first red herring was that there is another Harry Shoosmith with a Hull connection born about 1865, whose marriage to Lilian Newton of Hull was announced in the H D Mail. He was an engineer and lived in Kent. So this is another of these coincidences which never cease to surprise me in this work.

As a teacher Harry Shoosmith registered under the Teachers

Registration Council [on Find My Past]. Not all teachers did but when they did it's extemely useful.
I attach a copy of his card which shows his career up to 1922.

I find that 'our' Harry has a rather mysterious background.
I think his father was William Shoosmith b abt 1835, a baker [more precisely a 'muffin and crumpet maker'!!] who married Alice nee Evans [MI: 1855/4 Brighton 2b, 329 William listed as Shosmith] and they raised a family. But William also had a family with Elizabeth Alderman Debney. who was over 20 years younger than Alice

I base this on the fact that although William is never with Elizabeth in a Census, she says in the 1891 Census that she calls herself Elizabeth Shoosmith, and says she is the wife of William Shoosmith , a baker.

Alice Shoosmith died in 1895 [DI: 1895/1 Brighton 2b, 182] and then William was free to marry Elizabeth. They married in the next quarter: her full name is Elizabeth Alderman Dabney [MI: 1895/2 Brighton 2b, 329.] Note that even after this, in the next Census (1901) William is not with Elizabeth.
Elizabeth died in 1911 [DI: Elizabeth A Shoosmith, 1911/2 Steyning 2b, 193]
Then in the1911 Census William, now a widower, age 76 , still a muffin and crumpet maker, is living with dau. Elizabeth (23) and son George (14). These are children of the right age to be those who were living with Elizabeth in the 1891 and 1901 Censuses.
In those censuses our Harry is also listed as the son of Elizabeth and, I presume, William.
By 1911 Harry was in London. He had gained a BA from London University in 1907 and an MA in 1911. In the 1911 Census he is lodging in Wandsworth and isl isted as a teacher.
In November 1911 he marries Emily Louisa May Hackman at Preston, Sussex and gives his father as William Shoosmith, 'a muffin and crumpet maker'.

Emily died in 1942 agesd 55, and then in 1944 Harry married the maid Leopoldine Hasengst. He died in 1973 and Leopoldine died in 2006..

This may tell you more than you wanted to know about Harry!

Memories
Janet Bielby

My grandmother, ElsieLongman was born in May 1899, to Clara Winn and Harry Longman. In 1901 they lived at 6 Lizzie Grove, Harrow Street. Harry was an engineer. In 1911 they were now at 17 Ripon Street on Hedon Road and by 1921 had moved to 47 Granville Street on Anlaby Road. Harry was an engineer at Needlers sweet factory on Bournemouth Street, Sculcoates Lane and Elsie was a chocolate packer there. Elsie may have met her husband to be through St Matthews church or a similar situation. I have photos of them both in fancy dress so they may have been in a drama group. But George Norman Banks (known always as Norman) lived

just a couple of streets away from her, at 4 Laurel Avenue, Perry Street with his mother Amelia Blanche (nee Knowles). He was a engineering draughtsman and in 1921 worked at the Earle's Shipyard, Hedon Road. They were married in May 1921 and lived for a time with the Longmans in Granville Street and then with Amelia in Laurel Avenue. However, in 1926, Norman's uncle George Knowles - a chemist & druggist in Smethwick, bought them a shop at Marfleet, the only proviso being that the shop was called "G. Knowles". This shop was 2/4 Frodsham Street, on the corner of Delhi Street. "G. Knowles" was a typical 'Open all hours' corner shop that sold anything and everything.Norman and Elsie lived there with his mother Amelia and their 2 sons - Leonard Ernest & Geoffrey Harry - my father - born 1921 & 1924. In 1939 - on the register - Elsie and Amelia were alone at the shop - Norman lived with his brother in law at Park Lane Cottingham - possibly due to being in a reserved occupation as a engineering draughtsman for Hull City Council. Geoffrey had been evacuated to Thorne and Leonard was either still at Hull University studying Physics or had started work with the Ministry of Defence at Malvern. Marfleet was next to the docks, which were badly bombed in WW2. An incendiary device set fire to the shop roof. My father joined the Home Guard once he was old enough.

After they married in 1947 my parents lived with Clara and Harry, who were now at 6 Maple Street, Queens Road - a 2 up & 2 down terraced house. Then after I was born in 1949 they moved to 4 Model Avenue, Temple Street. By 1954 they had moved to their own home at 36 Delhi Street - just 3 houses away from the shop. My father was a Merchant Marine engineer and away from home a great deal, and my mother - Betty (nee Carver) - work in the shop. Because of this my brothers - Stephen & Anthony - were farmed out to various neighbours. I went to "Granny" Woomble but the majority of my time was at the shop or at nursery. My earliest memory is of refusing to have a post lunch nap at the nursery at the Methodist Chapel on Marfleet Avenue. I would just sit on the camp bed and look at books. I can still remember the smell of disinfectant that was used. I was taught to read by my grandparents by the time I was 4, and when at school (Marfleet Primary School) by the age of 7 the headmistress had me teaching the slower readers! I spent many evenings with my grandparents - listening to records (Kathleen Ferrier was grandads favourite), the Radio - the Archers or Top of the Form (I would get 1d for every question I answered correctly or 6d if the question was to a student older than me!), playing draughts or cribbage or watching grandad roll his cigarettes for the next day.

As soon as I was tall enough to see over the counter I was given the job of serving children with sweets from the 'penny tray'. I could also make up 1d bags of 'Fairy Drops' which were Rice Krispie type sweets covered in coloured crystals. I would fetch and carry for my grandma, mother or Carola - their assistant who had been with them since she was 14. I was forbidden to go near the bacon

slicer and not allowed to serve ladies with sanitary products which were discretely put into brown paper bags. I was soon promoted to weighing potatoes - half a stone (7 pounds) at a time. By the age of 8 or 9 I was the delivery girl - grandma had one of the first shopping bags on wheels to appear in Marfleet, and I took out the shopping orders for elderly people, who would give me a couple of pennies for taking it!

In September/October my gran would go to a wholesalers to choose various Christmas items. Over the year the local women would pay any spare cash into a Xmas club. The items were laid out on the sideboard in the living room behind the shop, and covered with a cloth. Once I was old enough to know there was no Santa, I was allowed to stay in the room when the women came to pick the items they would spend their Xmas club money on. I was sworn to secrecy about what had been bought.

I continued to serve in the shop in my teens, though I also supplemented my pocket money by looking after 2 small boys as their parents worked different shifts at Fenner's factory - one went out at 4.30 pm and the other came home at 7.30 pm. I got £15 for 3 evenings - giving the boys their tea, making sure they came in before it got dark and getting them ready for bed. One of the boys still remembers me fondly - I think I was a bit of a soft touch at times!

I have very fond memories of the shop and it's staff and customers. It closed in the early 1970's when that type of shop was going out of fashion, and grandma was in her 70's.

AGM Meeting Report

EAST YORKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY
Minutes of the 46th Annual General Meeting
Held at the Carnegie Heritage Centre, Anlaby Road, Hull Present – 13 members

The meeting was opened by the Chairman, Peter Lowden in the absence of the President, Tom Bangs at 2pm.

1 President`s Opening Remarks

Hello, my name is Pete Lowden, and I am the chair of the East Yorkshire Family History Society and I`d like to thank you all for attending this AGM today.
For this meeting, I am wearing two hats for it`s not usually the chair who would preside over an AGM. It is usually the President. Unfortunately, our President Tom Bangs, cannot be here today. As such, I am left with this dual role. Forgive me if I may at times forget which hat I am wearing and I am relying on the Secretary and the audience to call me to order if I drift.
On 18th March 2023

So, let me start with the President`s remarks.
First of all, I would like to give my apologies for not attending. I am at present having daily treatment at hospital and do not want to mix with lots of people as my immune systems are low.
I would like to welcome all those who are here and hope that there is a bigger turnout than last year.
I will make this report brief as most of the comments I want to make will be covered in this meeting.
Membership is approximately the same as last year. Of course, it would be nice to have a lot more members, but it is a sign of the times that younger people are no longer joining family history societies.
The Society is financially sound. The income from subscriptions and gift aid covers our absolute essential expenditure of Carnegie rent and the Banyan Tree publication.

Regrettably the attendance at our Hull meeting has dropped and it is not viable to continue with the same formula. For 2023 we have decided to have quarterly meetings on a Sunday in the early afternoon. Our members are getting older and following "lock-down" there seems to be a reluctance to go out in the evenings. Our meetings in Scarborough continue, but again the attendance is dwindling.

The Editor and Webmaster continue to work hard producing the excellent Banyan Tree and updating the website. Unfortunately, Edwina has recently had an accident but is itching to get back to her editing.

Monumental inscription transcribing has continued although Dave and his team will soon run out of graveyards!
Publication sales have continued as last year.
Finally, I would like to thank the c ommittee and all others who work hard on behalf of the members.
2. Apologies for Absence
Chris & Alan Brigham, Sandra Cradock, Tom Bangs, Pam & Richard Walgate

3. Minutes of the 45th Annual General Meeting held on 11th June 2022
There were no amendments, and the minutes were passed unanimously.
4. Matters arising from these minutes.
There were no matters arising.
5. Chairman`s report (Pete Lowden)
Apologies for Absence
Chris & Alan Brigham, Sandra Cradock, Tom Bangs, Pam & Richard Walgate

Last year I began my report with the positives of the previous year. I wasn`t here to deliver it but on reflection after the AGM I thought this approach was fundamentally wrong. I thought I should leave the membership with an upbeat message rather than a tale of doom and gloom. To leave you all smiling rather than wringing out your handkerchiefs. I can`t promise to achieve that but let`s start with the gloom and I can assure you that skies will brighten towards the end.

So, let`s start with the negatives. I`ve noticed, as I`m sure you all have, that there is a growing tendency in modern society to want to take the easy route to whatever goal is available. From ordering a takeaway to having Amazon Prime. There is nothing wrong with this approach and I am sure we have all shrugged and said "I`ll have it delivered to my home". However, this tendency manifests itself not just in shopping. The EYFHS is a victim of this change. If one looks at Ancestry, Find My Past and the other subscription sites available they are, effectively, delivering what the customer/family researcher wants, straight to their door. I am afraid that in that market the EYFHS cannot compete.

We are akin to the small, bespoke delicatessen in opposition to Tesco. We may be able to give personal service, resolve many "brick walls" that people encounter in their own research and generally leave our customers very pleased with the results. We cannot however, deal in bulk nor do we do home visits to assist people resolve their family history issues. Inevitably, when meeting this obstacle, the customer returns to the "easy route" of sitting beside the fire at home with their computer rather than attending meetings of the Society and perhaps even taking on a role in helping the Society flourish.

Last year I touched on this issue. It has not gone away, nor I doubt it ever will now. It is something the society must live with as best it can. If the membership has any thoughts on how we can escape this "devil`s bargain" then I assure, then the Committee would be grateful for any suggestions made.

The other point that I made last year, following on from Margaret Oliver`s perceptive remarks from the previous AGM, is that societies like us are mainly peopled by the over fifties, and if I am brutally honest, more like the over sixties. This trend is not just related to us. Even some of the keep fit classes I see taking place when I attend meetings at the Garden Village Clubhouse are of people, mainly women, who are of a "mature nature". It is an interesting point that most of us would have joined societies like ours in our twenties and thirties. Now that doesn`t appear to be happening. Is it because the twenty- and thirty-year-olds of today have joined the media sites instead? A topic for a Ph.D. student, I guess.

Anyway, we are in an aging group. As Tom said to me earlier this year, "More of us are going out one end than coming in the other". Succinct and to

the point.
And sadly, quite accurate. Again, this is something, as a society, we must live with. And like the last point, if anyone out there has any bright ideas of how we could reverse this trend then please don`t be shy and let the committee know.

Judi Bangs mentioned to me that the Scarborough branch of the Society, which had recently started up again, was finding the going difficult. We hope it may continue but we also understand the obstacles it faces in flourishing.

On a brighter note, although becoming "more mature", the membership numbers appear to be relatively stable now, hovering around the 500 marks. From my involvement in, and with, other societies this is a very healthy number. Thank you for valuing the Society and continuing your membership.

The Society`s evening meetings were becoming a trial, not least because of the drop in attendance. There were many factors that impinged upon this decline, some real and some more imagined. The committee looked at numerous ways in which we could reverse this decline, and finally decided that the best way would be to change not only the day of the meeting along with the number of meetings a year but also it was decided to move them to an afternoon. As such last weekend was the first such meeting. It may take time to reclaim attendees, but we are hopeful this change may do it.

However, I can tell the AGM that it was a resounding success, and it gives hope for the future.

In January we had a book sale here, and this too was a great success. The funds generated from it were a welcome boost to the Society. We intend to hold another one in June. The refreshments appeared to be a success, and no one has sued the Society yet as a result of eating some of the cakes so that is a good thing. We will keep our fingers crossed.

The usual activities of the Society continue to work well. Our Help Desk continues to help struggling family historians and, as a by-product. It generates donations from those helped. The MI team is running out of cemeteries to transcribe now, as it has been so successful, but I am sure that Dave Mount will rustle up one or two. Judi Bangs brings in welcome funds for the Society by selling those MI books and Charlie Cradock`s family history courses continue to attract people who want to explore their family`s past.
Other committee members I

would like to commend to this meeting are Janet Shaw who quietly gets on with the job of administering the membership including gift aid and Pete Glover who administers the Society`s funds and produces monthly and yearly accounts. You have no idea how gratifying it is as the chair to look at a balance sheet and see that we are solvent, I won`t have to re-mortgage the house.

There are other unsung members of the Committee who go about their business keeping the Society a viable entity. Voluntary work can be rewarding but it can also be thankless task and I would like to take this opportunity to thank them all for their hard work this year and every year. Margaret Oliver, Chris Brigham, Sandra Cradock, John Ferguson, Hannah Stamp and Barbara Watkinson. Without you all I`d look at bigger fool than I usually do. Thank you. And of course, there are always vacancies on the committee for others to join in.

On a more serious note, our Editor of The Banyan, Edwina Bentley, suffered a freak accident in January whilst putting a bag in her outside bin. The result was a broken shoulder joint which needs replacing. As such, although making valiant one-fingered efforts to compile and process the May edition, eventually she had to resign herself in accepting defeat. She will undergo surgery later in the year and she expects to be back, fighting fit by Summer. This injury has meant that the May edition will not now be sent out to members. However, Edwina has said that the members will get four editions of the Banyan this year and it would be a brave person to dispute this with her. That concludes my report for this year.
Thank you.

6. Secretary`s Report (Barbara Watkinson)

Since the last AGM held in June 2022, we have had four committee meetings when the minutes have been recorded as true.
I have received emails to the Secretary from people requesting assistance in researching their family histories, which have been forward to Janet Bielby at the Help Dek with excellent results.
In August 2022 we were contacted by Rachel Bellerby who is the author of “Tracing Your Yorkshire Ancestors”. She has been commissioned to write a follow up called “Tracing Your Yorkshire Ancestors on the Internet”,

and our Society will be included, which hopefully will encourage readers to take out membership in order to benefit from what our Society can offer.
In October 2022, we were asked to attend the Skidby Village Hall "coffee & Cake event", this proved to be a very good PR exercise. As did our book fair/help desk even in January which also proved to be very successful. Again, I hope that with the support of our members, the Society will continue well into the future.

9. Election of Officers

Peter Lowden was nominated as Chairman by Margaret Oliver and seconded by Judith Bangs. This was put to the vote and was passed unanimously.

Barbara Watkinson was nominated as Secretary by Judith Bangs and seconded by Janet Bielby. This was put to the vote and was passed unanimously.

Peter Glover was nominated as Treasurer by John Ferguson and seconded by Janet Bielby. This was put to the vote and was passed unanimously.

10. Election of Committee

10.
Election of Committee
The following stood for election –

Chris Brigham, John Ferguson, Dave Mount, Janet Shaw, Charles Cradock, Judith Bangs, Janet Bielby, Sandra Cradock and Hannah Stamp. Richard Hooke proposed that they all be elected and was seconded by Dorothy Ferguson.

This was put to the vote, and they were duly elected unanimously.
11. Election/Appointment of Examiner of Accounts
Judith Bangs proposed the continued appointment of Nigel Coyle & Co. This was seconded by Margaret Oliver.
This was put to the vote which was passed unanimously.
12. Previously Notified Business
There were no previously notified items.
13. Any Other Business
Richard Hooke wanted to thank the Committee for all the work they do for the Society.

The meeting closed at 2.30pm

N.B

Please note that the finance report can be obtained from the Treasurer

Book Review

The North Yorkshire Moors Railway

in these troubled times it is easy to get nostalgic about days that have gone by.
This book does reflect upon the pst -It is a book (111pages), there are a lot of photos to look at. The map could
have been handy if it had been on page 9 not page 23 because you could get a map of the area to follow.

This well illustrated book does tell the story of a railway system from its origins in the 1830s through to the challenges, compromises and changing proprieties inherent in running a heritage line in the 21st century.

Published. 2017 ed 2022
Author. Michael A Vanns.
Price. £14.99
ISBN 9781 399077248.
Pub by. Pen & Sword.

Birthday Cards
Mike Young

The reference to Charles Maxwell Strachan, Chartered Accountant, immediately rang a bell with me, as it would with anyone in my profession who was in Hull in the 1950s, because he was the senior partner of Hodgson Harris & Co, then the leading firm in the city. Furthermore he was the representative for Hull and the East Riding on the Council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales.

By June 1955, at the age of 23, I was in my third year of serving articles with the smaller but more venerable Carlill, Burkinshaw and Ferguson and I was told that it our turn to provide the leadership of the local CA students' society, i.e. the President and the Secretary, so the latter would be my role. It was my first taste of such professional activities and the start of a lifetime in such roles.

A year later I was re-elected for a further year and, rather to general surprise, Mr Strachan said he would be happy to be our President and so, of course, he was so elected. He would the be in his 70th year and I can only assume that it was

something on his bucket list that had never been done. I was quite nervous at first but we students found him genial and engaging in private and, of course, very efficient.

Two of his sons, Roger and Malcolm, both Chartered Accountants, in their thirties, were also familiar figures in our circle.
Mike Young Member 293

I belong the East Yorkshire Local History Society and recently received their latest publication,"The Manorial Court Rolls of Swanland 1507 to 1579 by Geoffrey Collier. At first I thought this wouldn't really be of much use, family history wise, until I remembered, how could I forget, that my 9th Great Grandfather Peter Acy lived in Swanland and died in the area of Kirk Ella, West Ella and Swanland. Parish records were either at North Ferriby or Kirk Ella as Swanland doesn't appear to have had a parish church and the first church to be built was in 1804 for the Congregationalists. Swanland is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey though a chapel existed in the medieval period, in the 12th century or earlier. As the Manor Court records confirm, the Aceys farmed in the area for many years.

The book has many names and looking at the Aceys only those who were fined are mentioned. Peter Acey was fined on 3 occasions for not attending meetings. Thomas Acey was fined for taking or cutting wood without leave. William Acey was amerced for affray or assault, and on several occasions fined for trespassing with horses, trampling crops or land underfoot, failure to maintain fences, aiding or abetting an offence, involved in a plea of debt, trespassing with ducks, failures in animal husbandry and unauthorised ploughing. If I lived in those years and he was a relative, I think I would have disowned him!

I had a look in the Hearth Tax returns for 1672-3 for Swanland and Peter Acy has one hearth.

For anyone with ancestors in the Swanland area this publication would be very useful. It also gives a feel for what life was like during this time, an idea of the trials and tribulations. There are 42 transcriptions of Wills. The price is £10 and here are the purchase details:- http://www.eylhs.org.uk/product/413/tudor-records-of-an-east-riding-manor

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After seeing the article in the Banyan Tree entitled Boatmen to Butchers, it struck a chord, as in my family it was the opposite, butchers to boat men.

I was visiting York, the land of my forefathers to celebrate my birthday, it seemed appropriate, as my 6 x Great Grandfather Nathaniel Langdale was born in 1751 in this street, once known as Fleshammel (butchers shops) and shortened to The Shambles. He was a butcher and married Frances Robinson a tenant farmer's daughter from Kexby. Their son John left home to train as a woodturner and then on to Hull becoming a blockmaker for ship building, by laying the blocks for a ships keel and also made pulley blocks. It was in the time of the Industrial Revolution and the new Dock (the Kingdom's largest) is where it was all happening. John's place of work was Red Lane, N. Side Old Dock and his home address was 22 Trippett Street. Their daughter Frances married John Hodgson a Shipwright (carpenter) and their son Henry Robinson Hodgson, who married a Hatter's daughter Caroline Whetton, (is this why I like wearing hats) had his own tugboat on the River Hull. Their daughter Caroline married a fisherman from the Hessle Road in Hull and their daughter Hannah born 1881 my Great Grandmother, who I knew, married a fisherman too and they moved to Aberdeen which is the reason why my maiden surname is McDonald! My Grandmother Jeannie married a fish merchant in Blairgowrie, Perthshire. They had a wet fish shop by day which turned into a fish and chip café by night.

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Another book review

On Tour For Steam
A Pictorial Railway Journey Across Britain in the 1960s
Author: Howard Routledge Highlights
Good Photographic Coverage, High Quality Railway Photography, Useful to Modellers, Interesting Locations, Informative Captions

By the turn of the 1960s, steam traction on Britain's railways was within its last decade and for a group of young enthusiasts living in Carlisle, there was always the urge to travel to other parts of the country to photograph steam locomotives, which in most cases would never have appeared in there own locality.
Visits to certain parts of Scotland, the North East of England and parts of Lancashire, could be achieved in a day, using a day return ticket.
More distant parts of Britain, would require more planning usually using an all lines rail rover ticket, these visits and trips could be done on an individual basis or with a group of like minded friends, or even with a railway club or society.
The benefits of visits with railway society's or clubs, were that such organisations could arrange group shed permits, where as individuals had to arrange such things by themselves.
As the 1960s progressed time started to run out for the photographer to capture the last embers of steam across the country and things became ever more urgent, with the end in sight.
This book depicts visits to many locations undertaken during this period when time was running out for steam traction.

We travelled from Aberdeen to Weym
outh to record the dying days of a form of traction that served the railways of Britain, from the 1820s through to the late 1960s.

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What's On?

Hull Meetings

It has been decided as a trial next year, that the Hull talks meetings would be Seasonal - ie - Spring (March), Summer (June), Autumn (September) and Xmas.
Also - we are having them on a Sunday from 2.00 - 3.00pm - doors open at 1.30 pm
To start that off we are cancelling the January and February meetings.

Hull meetings are now to be held on the 2nd Sunday of the following months - 12th March; 11th June; 10th September and the 10th December - in the Carnegie Heritage Centre, 342 Anlaby Road, Hull. HU3 6JA - from 2.00pm. The doors will open at 1.30pm to allow for personal research

Always check the eyfhs website Events Diary for more details.

11th June 2023 - Colin Bradshaw. Life at Beverley Workhouse.
10th Sept 2023 - Richard Clarke: The Aldbrough Hutments Community.

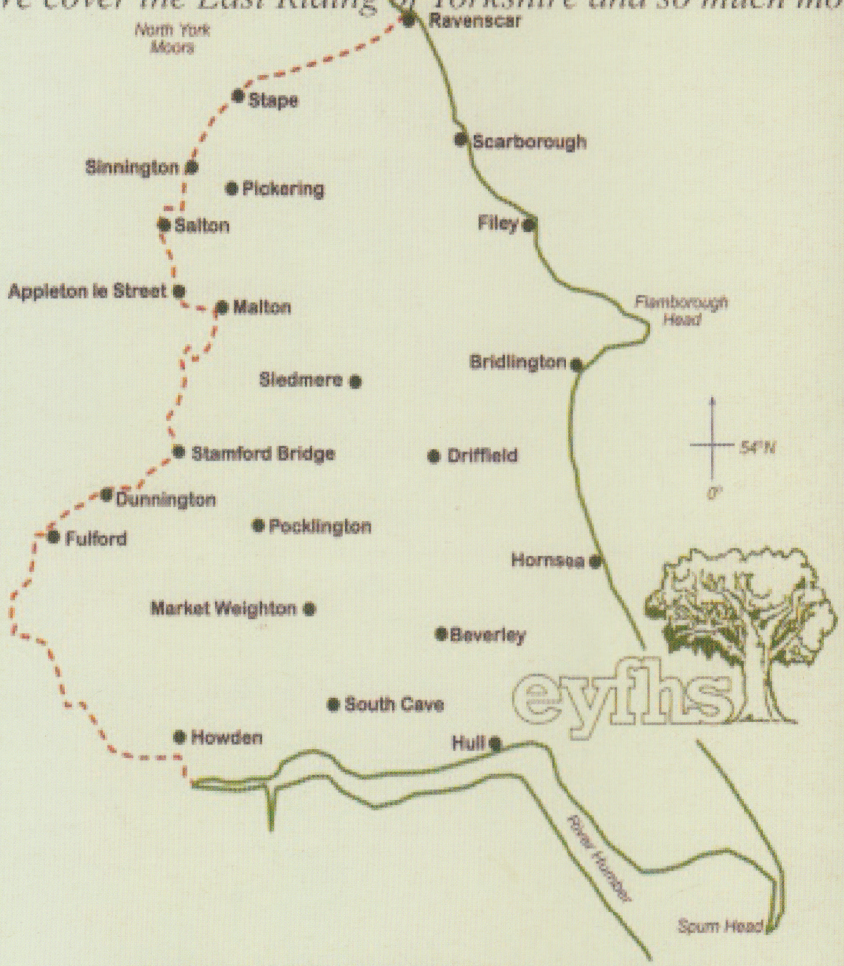
Scarborough Meetings are held in the
St Andrew's Church, Ramshill Road,
Scarborough. YO11 2LN

Entry to the church hall is via the back door on Albion Crescent, either up the steps from the bottom iron gate, or by a pathway from the top iron gate. There is plenty of disc parking on Albion Crescent and Grosvenor Crescent, for 3 hours. The number 7 bus from town stops opposite the church, outside the St Catherine's Hospice Shop; the number 17 from the Eastfield/Filey Road direction stops just above the church.

Unless otherwise stated, doors open at 1pm for research and meetings start promptly at 2.00 pm. Tea/coffee and biscuits will be available for a donation.
If you wish to wear a mask, please feel free to do so, ditto hand sanitising.

East Yorkshire Family History Society

We cover the East Riding of Yorkshire and so much more!



The EYFHS Help Desk

Email your questions to helpdesk@eyfhs.org.uk and we will do our best to assist. Postal enquiries may be sent to our Hull address. Please see inside front cover.

The East Yorkshire Family History Society is a member of the Federation of Family History Societies. The Federation oversees the interests of all family historians and genealogists as well as supporting the work of member societies. You can visit the Federation's web site, and access their extensive resources, at: www.ffhs.org.uk