THE WAKEFIELD KINSMAN

WAKEFIELD & DISTRICT
FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

Winter Edition

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WAKEFIELD & DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

(Registered Charity 1104393)

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Front Cover Photograph: Outwood Institute
Credit: Paul Gaywood

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While the Society always uses its best endeavours to ensure that the information in its publications is complete, errors may from time to time occur. The Society will not be held responsible for the consequence for such errors but will make corrections in future editions.

Opinions and comments expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Society.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

I hope that 2025 has started well for you all and hope that it continues in that vein.

We have had a first gathering of the year on Zoom and I am keenly looking forward to meeting up with many of you either in the hall or online at our live meetings during the year.

Looking back on 2024, we achieved a lot and finished on a high with the meeting in December when **Peter Brears** talked about Yorkshire Christmas fare over the years and illustrated his talk with lots of samples. It was the best attended session in a long while and let's try to build on that success.

In the course of 2024 Wakefield Council launched their Heritage Framework for the District and this included the marketing strapline – "Our Heritage, Our Stories". We played a part by holding the first Heritage Open Day events in Outwood. The first one was called "Outwood People and their Memorial Hall" which told the story of how people in the local community came together firstly to raise funds and later with practical help to make the Memorial Hall a reality. This was coupled to an account of the groups who used the facilities in the early years and those who have benefitted from it over the following years. I was particularly interested by the Nominal Roll of the Subscribers from local families and something else that caught my attention was a reference to a Historical Society covering Outwood, Stanley and Wrenthorpe mentioned by Des Moore as a new group in 2007. There are some rich stories to be found in this area but I have yet to find anyone who can shed light on the activities of this group. Can you help?

The second Heritage Open Day event we ran was titled "200 Years of Connecting People" and this was held at the Outwood Church Institute. It featured information about the Institute itself and the four churches in the North Wakefield Benefice which are the parish churches of Alverthorpe, Outwood, Stanley and Wrenthorpe.

There are so many stories to be told just from these few starting points that we really do need the help of our members to help with capturing them for posterity to enhance the contribution our Society can be making towards celebrating the heritage of our district

Paul Gaywood

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

There were a number of positive comments made about the last Kinsman which were gratefully received. There was one question raised about why we had changed the main body of the journal from "Members Articles" to "Featured Articles" and included a number of articles from non-members. To answer this query I would say that we will always give priority to members' articles as a way of identifying shared interests and connections within our membership. Sometimes such connections may help to solve problems and open new lines of research. However there have been many precedents for including articles from other sources so long as they fit within our charitable objects of education and stimulation of interest in Family History.

In selecting articles for this edition, I included all recent submissions from our members. I have also included an article by **Tony Banks** which was previously published in the Kinsman in May 2010. It was the second instalment in a series of articles. The first one we reprinted last year and it was so well received that it seemed we should provide more information for the many of our members who have mining ancestors. Beyond this I focussed on materials with some connection to Outwood which I hope will stimulate people to provide information and stories about the local area. The area has an interesting history and there are many people living locally who can, through their family histories, build a picture of the development of the community. Thus I hope that we can build upon the research that was done for the Heritage Open Days.

The task of the editor is a challenge when there is a lack of articles being submitted and so I do hope that you will be inspired to use the quiet time of the year to sit down and write your stories for us. You will note that there are a number of longer articles in this edition and hope that they prove to be of interest but I would like to stress that we are interested to receive short articles as well. Ours is a big district and it is good if we can present stories from various parts of the region and reflecting the various occupations and interests of our members ancestors. I hope you enjoy this issue and look forward to hearing your reactions and seeing your contributions for future editions.

Paul Gaywood

REPORTS FROM OUR MEETINGS

Our talk in November last year was “From Calder to Catalonia - The Wakefield International Brigade Volunteers**”** by **Alfie Norris.** The event was beset with technical problems but was subsequently repeated so that a good quality recording exists for any interested member.

Alfie became interested in his subject whilst he was still at St Wilfred’s school in Featherstone and went on to research the histories of several Wakefield volunteers. He started his talk by giving us information about the Spanish Civil War itself; there was a lot of unrest going into the 1930s and uprisings occurred in all the major Spanish cities in July 1936 when the war started. It would continue for three years.

Alfie discovered that some of these men had fought in the First World War and become politicised but some were younger men in their teens and 20s. We learned about **Sgt Peter O’Day** whose father was a trade unionist. Peter had fought in the First World War, joined the Labour Party and later the Communist Party. In 1936 he was working as a butler for a Harley Street doctor who disliked him holding Communist Party talks at his house. He fought between 1936 and 1938 when he was killed in fighting in Caspe, Aragon.

We were told about **John Foster** from Hemsworth, another man who had fought in the First World War. He was a coal miner who had worked in various Yorkshire pits and was involved with communist and left-leaning activities, engaging in strikes and hunger marches in the 1920s and 30s. He fought in Spain, returning home to Hemsworth in December 1938.

George Bennett was from Ossett and he went to Spain when he was 17, lying about his age. He arrived in Spain in February 1938 and was captured six weeks later and held in San Pedro concentration camp until October 1938 when he was repatriated. Alfie was able to meet George’s descendants who showed him a photo of ‘Dad with his Spanish friends’. It seems that George met some of the Basque children who came to England and Wakefield specifically in 1937 and this may have been his motivation for going to fight in the war. He had an illustrious career with the British Army in World War Two and the Korean War, all before he was 30. MI5 kept records on him until 1950 because of his Communist Party membership between 1938 and 1939.

John Spencer, a trade unionist in his early 20s and **Sam Taylor**, a 19-year-old coal miner and trade unionist travelled to Spain together in 1938. Sam was shot during the Battle of Ebro and recovered in hospitals across

Catalonia. They both returned to Wakefield in 1938. **Edward Whittaker** was born in Pontefract in 1906, a fitter and mechanic who joined the Communist Party in 1936 and served in the Spanish Civil War for a year until he was repatriated back home on health grounds. **Robert Brown** was a coal miner born in County Durham who moved to Harworth, Doncaster where he met Hemsworth miner John Foster and the two travelled to Spain together to fight in 1937. He deserted and returned to live in Normanton. **Robert Feasey** was another Durham coal miner and also a member of the Yorkshire Miners' Association. He fought between 1936 and 1938 when he was badly wounded and repatriated on health grounds when he returned to Ossett.

But the man who had started Alfie's research was **Fred Spencer**. Born in Featherstone in 1899 he had served in World War One in the Middle East and France, and had worked at the militant Ackton Hall pit. He married **Mary Trickett in** 1919 but tragically she died giving birth to a daughter in 1920. By 1936 Fred was in the Communist Party of Great Britain and local activist for the unemployed and helped organise a hunger march to London. He was killed in Spain in February 1937 at Jarama while defending Madrid. Alfie was able to show us photos of Fred and Mary and of Fred at an unemployment march. We also saw an image of Fred during the Spanish Civil War and were given some details about his life there; the Battle of Jarama was brutal, most volunteers were killed which led to a decline in the enthusiasm of people to fight.

Alfie gave us some insight into how he had researched his subject and the resources he used, from the Russian Social Historical website where he found images and letters to the Sheffield City Archives who have an interesting Spanish Civil War collection. He told us of how he had been able, through his research to show the 90-year-old half-sisters of a young Jewish volunteer, **David Buffman**, the only images they had seen of their younger half-brother.

Alfie drew to a close by saying he now worked as a teacher in Valencia and how his daily train commute to work follows the same route the volunteers would have used in 1936.

The speaker at our meeting on **December 6th** was food historian **Peter Brears** talking about Christmas food.

Peter started by telling us that Christmas food had nothing to do with Christianity but was a combination of habit and family tradition. He then went back in time, explaining how to make fromity; a 50,000-year-old recipe which

was used to convert grass seeds into edible grain when there was no use of a mill.

We were told that most people could not afford rich food and would mainly have had a diet of oatcake, bacon and white bread, depending on whether they lived in the country or in towns. Peter informed us that carolling originated as a way of 'begging' for money to buy Christmas food. He talked about the tradition of wassailing when young girls would go around town with a wreath of holly decorated with little wax dolls to represent Christ. A cloak would have hidden these and they would be revealed on payment of a penny.

In terms of actually getting the food, some shopkeepers would allow customers to pay in instalments in the run up to Christmas and the market also played an important role; people would wait and wait on Christmas Eve for the price of any perishable goods to come down.

Preparation of the food was a matter of family pride as Christmas was usually a time for family parties and could include individual bowls of fromity and yule cake, although this would have been very hard and flat as it did not contain eggs, yeast or baking powder.

Peter then went on to talk about ginger cake and gingerbread and how they were made. He showed us some beautiful moulds which were used traditionally. This would last a very long time; ideal if you were going to sea. It was usually eaten with cheese in Yorkshire (usually Cheshire) and we were told that Wensleydale was originally a blue cheese.

Traditionally people had goose at Christmas or ox tongue and stuffing, or a Yorkshire Pie would be made. This was a large item, with two-inch thick pastry which would basically form a pot to contain the ingredients. This would include a small bird inside a larger bird and so on, which was then put into the crust. Giblet pie was also made from the goose. Goose was something most ordinary folk very rarely had and usually they would have had a joint of mutton or lamb followed by Christmas pudding. Plum pudding was originally eaten with the meat to mop up the gravy. The pudding would have been boiled and in the 1850s would have been mostly pudding but generations of family competition meant that it evolved to contain much more fruit than pudding. The pudding needed to be boiled for a very long time.

Later in the day, cold meats and Christmas cake would be eaten. In the 1830s a fruit cake would have been very fruity. From the 1850s, baking powder could be used instead of expensive eggs and not as much flour was required.

Festivities would continue until January 6th - Twelfth Night. Peter gave us an idea of what Christmas food would have been like at Harewood House, when elsewhere there would have been very little food indeed.

Peter concluded his very enjoyable talk by reminding us that Christmas food had nothing to do with Christianity. Through the following questions we learned of the origin of the tradition of putting sixpences in Christmas pudding which goes back to the time of **Samuel Pepys.** Others would include symbolic tokens and the recipient had to act out whatever their token symbolised.

Peter told us that mince pies originated in medieval times and would have been made from lamb or veal. After the Crusades more fruit and spices were added until they are as we eat them now with fruit and suet but no meat.

Our meeting by Zoom on **January 4th** was a look back at the highlights of 2024 and hosted by our Chairman **Paul Gaywood.**

Paul started with a reminder of the talks at our meetings during 2024, including Heritage Open Days. He also reminded us of the other activities the Society was involved in, including networks, archives, family history shows etc.

We were then shown a recording of one of the talks that **Nick Barratt** gave the Society back in September entitled **Family History in the Digital Age**. Nick gave us a short history of genealogy and how it was an elite occupation originally connected to the Crown: the much maligned monarch Richard III created the College of Arms in the 15th century to bring in some regulation. The 16th century was a bit of a Wild West period but with Henry VIII's reformation came the opportunity for people to buy land previously owned by a small number of the population. So in the 18th and 19th century we see land ownership and genealogy coming together.

In the 1960s/1970s there was a big explosion in genealogy with access to more records, family history societies and instructions on how people could research their own family histories and in 2004 *Who Do You Think You Are?* shifted people's perceptions - everyone could have a go. Nick went on to say how digitised sources through the internet had a massive impact and how the pandemic had changed things; Zoom allowed many more people to communicate collectively but something was lost in terms of personal communication with things such as social distancing. Archives had to limit the number of people using resources and the need for documents to be sanitised etc. Austerity resulted in cuts and this had an impact on librarians

and archivists. The accessibility of records online also meant that not as many people were visiting archives for their research. We all have a responsibility to use our archives and help support them.

Nick then went on to give us an overview of how genealogy websites which owned data collected through censuses and the information that we ourselves uploaded made them financially viable but asked us to think about the consequences. Not all information is accurate. He talked about DNA being a useful research tool but there were ethical challenges to this as once DNA has been uploaded it is there and Nick cited the hacking of 23andMe.

He then went on to talk about AI and the implications of this and how it was applied in different ways without permission. About how we need a safe, trusted depository. Are we happy with how we share our own content? Nick's talk drew to a close by reminding us that our legacies were going to be increasingly digital and to think about how we were going to pass this on. We need connection with trusted institutions and he strongly expressed his view that local community archives had an important role in family history in the digital age by maintaining the integrity of stored information.

Paul finished the meeting by giving a brief overview of talks for the first six months of 2025.

Lorraine Simpson Mem 148

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

A WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Mem. No.1581 Shelley Vaisey and Andrew Cox-Whittaker

Mem. No. 1582 Maggie Senior

Mem. No. 1583 Louise Clifton

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GEORGE HEALD – WAKEFIELD'S RAILWAY ENGINEER (1816 – 1858)

George Heald was born June 2nd 1816 at 5 minutes past 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This precise date and time of birth comes down to us courtesy of the entry that his father, **Thomas**, made on the inside cover of the family bible. George had been born into a prosperous upper middle class family who lived close to Lupset Hall in Thornes near Wakefield.

The family comprised his father, Thomas, a merchant in wigs, hats, hairdressing and perfumery, his mother **Sarah**, aunt **Ann** and younger sister **Eliza**. Sarah and Ann were sisters (née Murrey) who were born and raised in Westminster, London, before moving to Wakefield after the marriage of Thomas and Sarah in Piccadilly, London, in 1815. Sarah and Ann were educated women and opened a school under the auspices of the Gaskell family in Thornes. The two children, George and Eliza, had the benefit of being educated in this environment.

The evidence we have shows that George became highly educated in maths and science and he was able to use his skills in the English language to indulge in a poetic spat with **William Wordsworth** in 1847. We also know that he became an eloquent public speaker. George qualified as a civil engineer (M. Inst. C.E) and at the age of just 24 he became the chief engineer for **George Stephenson** on the North Midland Railway that was constructed between Normanton and Masbrough (the black line on the map). Heald was responsible initially for the section from Goose Hill Junction to Royston but he was soon placed in charge of the whole line, suggesting that he had exceptional skills in this industry. The completion of this railway was celebrated with a lavish banquet on July 14th 1841 in honour of the resident engineers. It was held by the contractors at the Strafford Arms Hotel on the Bull Ring

in Wakefield. George Heald was one of the three representatives of the North Midland Railway present at the bash and there was the usual round of speeches and congratulations. It was attended by various other railway notables and many local merchants including those who had invested in the railway.

The picture shows the Strafford Arms in the 19th century.

The Strafford Arms we know today is a new building which dates from 1967. The pub on the corner of Northgate and the Bull Ring has undergone a number of changes since it first opened in 1727, replacing an earlier inn, The Black Swan. As one of Wakefield's main coaching inns, the Strafford Arms had stables at the rear.[1]

The world of railway engineers was limited to a small band of men in the 1840s. The railway era was just beginning. Heald had become part of a group that included **Joseph Locke** who came from Barnsley, **Robert Stephenson** (son of George), **Thomas Brassey**, **William McKenzie** and **George Mould**. These men were railway royalty!

After the completion of the North Midland, Heald was contracted as an engineer on the proposed line from Lancaster to Carlisle and Glasgow – the northern end of what is now the West Coast Main Line. Again he showed his

ability by driving the line across Shap and then the Southern Uplands. He had become the main engineer for the contractor, the Caledonian Railway.

On completion of this northern part, Heald and Locke moved to complete the southern part which had become bogged down as Stephenson had struggled with the administration of it.

It is hard to give a timeline of the projects that George Heald engaged in and there are gaps in the historical record, but we know he worked on the Grand Junction Railway which became part of the West Coast mainline. A letter survives, dated May 5th 1846, that he sent to George Mould in Carlisle from the Imperial Hotel, Covent Garden in London, in which he gives detailed information about the costings of various options for constructing the Little North Western Railway which ran from Skipton to Morecambe and Heysham.

In 1847 Heald was employed as the engineer tasked with building a line from Kendal to Windermere. At the presentation dinner for the opening of the line the resident engineer was **Watson.** But in his speech Watson said, “I must, however, disclaim a great portion of the credit that attached to the completion of the Kendal and Windermere Railway. I have, as most gentlemen present know, only entered into the vineyard at the eleventh hour. The good arrangements of my worthy friend Mr Heald had, I might almost say, left me little to do. Mr Heald was always ready with his assistance…” The railway, while short in length (10 miles) was seen as a triumph of engineering and was viewed as a ‘pleasure railway’ rather than one which would be used for the movement of raw materials and goods.[2]

But not everyone approved of the new railway. It was vigorously opposed by William Wordsworth who bemoaned the coming of the railway. He wrote letters to the editor of the Morning Post and wrote a sonnet deploring the technological and "picturesque" incursions of man on his beloved, wild landscape[3.] Heald didn’t take that one lying down and wrote an equally impassioned response in a poem, accusing Wordsworth of wanting to obstruct the opportunities and freedom that the railway would bring for ordinary people. His poem is dated April 15th 1847[4]. He argues for the democratising influence of the railway and the cultural and social benefits it will bring rather than the economic reasons that might be expected from a railway engineer.

In 1851 he was recorded on the census at Crosby near Liverpool staying in the Royal Hotel accompanied by a land agent which shows he was the engineer for the line through Formby and Southport which was being constructed at that time.

We must assume that George Heald was still active building new railways at the start of the 1850s but there is less evidence. He is mentioned, both professionally and socially, in the diaries of **William McKenzie,** a major contractor of canals and railways. But all was not well. In 1851 he wrote his last will and testament. He was just 34 years old and yet he bequeathed his entire estate to his mother, Sarah, who was 71 years old. It is evident that George was a sick man and didn't expect to live much longer. He had contracted tuberculosis. In the event he lasted another seven years and outlived his mother. His estate passed to his sister, Eliza. In his last engineering project he was engaged as the civil engineer for the construction of the Cannock Mineral Railway by the railway contractor, Taylor Robinson Stephenson. However Heald's health declined further and around the end of 1857 Thomas Brassey was engaged to complete the task. Heald died in May 1858 at Market Street, Rugeley, Staffordshire. He was 41 years old. His death was reported by TR Stephenson.

The Legacy of George Heald

In a short career George Heald made a huge impact. He was one of the leading engineers of the early years of railway construction and worked with some of the major figures in the field, notably George and Robert Stephenson as well as Locke, Brassey and Mackenzie. His position in the hierarchy of railway engineers is mentioned in two contemporary sources. In his book, *The Practical Railway Engineer* (1855), George Drysdale Dempsey states that Heald was one of the key engineers and ranks him with Brunel, Stephenson, Locke and Cubitt[5].

But Heald was so much more than a builder of railways. He was a highly regarded teacher in the field of railway civil engineering. By 1839 he was a qualified civil engineer and made a presentation to the Institution of Civil Engineers in London about the Land Surveyors Calculator. Unlike some of his early contemporaries in the construction of railways who were practical men, George Heald was concerned with the theory and science of railway construction. Two surviving publications demonstrate his interest in communicating the principles of railway construction. In 1838 he published a booklet entitled, "Description and use of Heald's Universal Scale for measuring earthworks". A further book was published by Weale and Co. of London, technical and medical publishers, in 1847, "A complete and much improved system of setting out railway curves. Comprising, at one, brevity, simplicity and accuracy".

Richard Price-Williams (1827–1916) an honorary fellow of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, who in 1866 persuaded the railway companies to use steel rails, cited George Heald on more than one occasion. In an interview given in 1894, Price-Williams said he began his career with “the eminent engineer George Heald who was responsible for the construction of so many of the great British railways”. In Price-Williams' obituary of 1916 the author said that he had been “a pupil of the late Mr. George Heald, M. Inst. C.E., on the construction of the Lancaster, Carlisle, and Caledonian Railways in the forties of the last century”[6].

George Heald was a prolific engineer who built many major railways with the Stephensons, Joseph Locke and Thomas Brassey. Notable among these is the northern part of the West Coast Main Line that is still a key element of British railway infrastructure 175 years after its construction. But he also laid the foundations for other engineers by developing techniques such as the land surveyor’s calculator and the mathematical method for calculating curves on railways. He also had the ability to communicate these methods in presentations and through publication. Techniques like these enabled the railways to be built along scientific principles rather than the frequently rough and ready measures used in the earliest days. It was part of a progression to faster and safer rail transport.

George Heald’s personal life

George Heald left no written account of his life. The reason for this was his busy professional life and his early death. In 1850 he was resident in Castle Street, Carlisle (advert for the sale of railway equipment by auction). He also is recorded in London, Crosby and Rugeley; he led a peripatetic life. In his will he is described as ‘of the City of Carlisle’ but the beneficiaries of the will are his family in Wakefield. Being unmarried his only surviving relatives consisted of just two siblings; his sister Eliza who was a spinster and his step-brother Charles who had been estranged from the family having gone to sea as a ship's captain and had led a disreputable life that included bigamous marriage and a spell in a debtors' prison in Calcutta. Heald also did not hold public office like some of his contemporaries. He died away from his origins in Wakefield and it seems nobody wrote an obituary. And yet we can tell much about him. There is no doubt of his intelligence and education. He could switch between advanced maths and poetic riposte with ease. His answer to Wordsworth seems to be the only piece of writing he left beyond his professional engineering publications. It is also evident from the memoirs of others that he was held in high regard and affection by his fellow engineers.

Sources

- *[1]Leaflet 03. Historic Pubs of Northgate, published by Wakefield Civic Society, Sep 2021 – wakefieldcivicsociety.org.uk/03-historic-pubs-of-northgate/ - Strafford Arms Hotel*
- *[2]A well-spent life: Memoir of Cornelius Nicholson, JP., DL, FGS., FSA. With a selection of his lectures and letters. Published 1890 but subsequent reprints including by Forgotten Books, 2024*
- *[3]The Illustrated Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes, P. Bicknell, Ed. (Congdon and Weed, New York, 1984), pp. 186–198. – Wordsworth's letters to the editor of the Morning Post. The Morning Post can also be accessed through the British Newspaper Archive on findmypast.com (£)*
- *[4]Reply to Wordsworth's sonnet on the Kendal & Windermere Railway by George Heald, Orrest Head : s.n. 1847. Located in the Brotherton Special Collections, University of Leeds (Shelf mark: Collection Gen WOR/H)*
- *[5]Book, "The Practical Railway Engineer", by G. D. Dempsey, 1855 – Google Books website*
- *[6]Obituary. Richard Price-Williams, 1827-1916 Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers E-ISSN 1753-7843 Volume 203 Issue 1917, 1917 PART 1 (Available online on the ICE website)*

Wikipedia -The following can all be found on Wikipedia

- *People – George Heald, Thomas Brassey, Joseph Locke, George Stephenson, Robert Stephenson, William Mackenzie (contractor), Richard Price-Williams*
- *Railways – North Midland Railway, Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, Caledonian Railway, Grand Junction Railway, "Little" North Western Railway, Cannock Mineral Railway, West Coast Main Line*
- *Heald's letter to Mould – Transcript at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Talk:%22Little%22_North_Western_Railway. For anyone who would like an image of the original letter, email: counthill@aol.com*
- *More detail including the sonnet of Wordsworth and the response of Heald can be read under the Wiki entry for George Heald*

Peter Holford Mem 1568

A FAMILY PORTRAIT WITH A DIFFERENCE

My paternal grandparents, **William Thomas Edwards** and **Clara Mitchell**, were born in 1874 and 1875 respectively in London's East End. They married in the parish church of St Leonard, Shoreditch, on August 29th 1899 and moved to Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, in the early years of the 20th century, as caretakers of a local school and Rickmansworth Town Hall which incorporated accommodation for the caretaker. My father **William Albert** and his two sisters, **Elsie May** and **Lena Marjorie,** spent their childhood here. My father remembers as a small boy he could sneak up the back stairs of the Town Hall and listen to concerts from the gallery.

A neighbour during this time was the artist **Bernard F Gribble**, who specialised in marine paintings. In 1912 he was painting "The Departure of the Mayflower" from Plymouth, depicting the sailing in 1620 of the Pilgrim Fathers, and my father remembers being paid a florin at the age of six to sit with his arm on a piece of wood representing the gunwale of a boat which was ferrying passengers and cargo from the harbourside to the Mayflower. My aunt Elsie, aged nine, was painted as a little girl amongst the onlookers on the quayside. My grandfather appears to have posed for several male figures both in the boat and on the quayside. A lady in a dark coloured bonnet, facing towards the artist, I believe is the artist's wife. The most prominent figure on the quayside, wearing a black cloak, is a good likeness of my grandfather, as is the man sitting next to the basket of apples and the man rowing the boat.

I believe the picture was acquired by a GP in Plymouth and I was able to see it when it was displayed whilst on loan to Plymouth Art Gallery many years ago. The picture has been used on greetings cards and a jigsaw puzzle, and I was able to obtain a large print to frame. It was also used by the Wedgwood Pottery Group in 1970 on a mug commemorating the 350th anniversary of the sailing. The painting of this significant event which took place so long ago has furnished me with memories of my own family in a very different way.

The picture is shown in an interesting article published at the 400th anniversary of this historical event and shows the picture mentioned above: https://www.theguardian.com/world/2020/sep/20/pilgrim-fathers-harsh-truths-amid-the-mayflower-myths-of-nationhood

Judith Edwards Mem 1239

MORE FROM MY FATHER'S LETTERS

Post Mark June 29th 1942

219433 2/Lt T Staynes

Pioneer Corps

A.P.O

West African Forces.

My dear husband - woman,

It is now Wednesday. Not, of course, that that makes the slightest difference; but there is a ripple of unrest running through the camp. Rumour has it that there may be some mail. Harding left yesterday; out of the old Highland brigade only three of us are left now. The hut is decimated. I am far and away the oldest inhabitant. Luteman and Goldstein are with me; and a doctor and George just out of hospital. The rest of the beds stand empty. The solo school has bust wide open. I'm now in with George and two bosom pals who play under rules of their own. George and I took 18/- off them last night, George is a good lad in his way. He drove a tram in Sheffield until one fateful week in which one man committed suicide under his tram, a second walked under it in the blackout, and on the next night a heavy lorry crashed into him head on. George was thrown clear – and joined the army the next morning. He said tram driving was too dangerous for him. However, having got a commission, he says they'll make him an inspector after the war.

I'm still waiting for a job and blushing unseen like a desert flower; but rumour has it we shall all be out of the camp this week. I must confess I have no strong feelings on the matter one way or the other. Yesterday I was in gaol – the real gaol in town and most interesting it was too; they didn't keep me though. I also went to see the food controller and had quite a pleasant little chat with him.

But these are mere trifles. I seem to remember Rex showing a deep interest in native women. As you know, all women (except one) are alike to me; and the great philosophers show remarkable unanimity in estimating their lack of value and evil influence on the male. However, since Rex wants to know, I will do my best to give him a little information in the matter. You may read it if you wish. All women here may be divided (like ancient Gaul) into three parts – the dressed, the draped and the demi-nude. The first class found solely in the cities, wear cheap print frocks of Japanese make. Some of them wear shoes. Occasionally you see a pair of stockings; but these are

comparatively rare. The second class is equally predominant in both town and suburbs. The stock garment is a blanket, small, or similar piece of brightly coloured material, also made in Japan. One length of cloth is wrapped round the waist and held in position simply by rolling the top six inches downwards and outwards. The thing then hangs downwards to the ankles like a bath towel and a black leg is occasionally visible where the ends of the material overlaps. The upper half of the costume is optional - another length of material draped toga wise over the shoulder, variations on the above theme are:-

(1) blanket beneath armpits instead of round waist, (2) smock affair instead of shoulder blanket worn over or under (3) print frock with waist blanket. Nursing mothers sling their babies in the upper blanket, which is pulled under the armpits; the weight is thus distributed between the breasts and the posterior. This practice, coupled with the largeness of families and the lack of brassieres has a most disastrous effect upon the breasts. They are flattened and lengthened, and the average mature native female has breasts about a foot long and an inch thick which either hang like a fold of skin or, when bending forward, dangle flabbily. Horribile dictu – a repulsive sight. As to be expected, the waist blanket, in the absence of any broach or fastener, comes loose at intervals. The procedure then is to seize it by both ends (natives always carry things on their heads, thus leaving both hands free for this specific purpose), open it out, pull it tight and sling it round again. The careful observer will, on such occasions, be disappointed to find that under the blanket is a white garment resembling a cross between bloomers and French knickers. The third class, or demi-nude are found only at home in the native villages or out in the bush. Wear fragments of cloth, vegetable matter or anything that will keep the dust out. Fuggmeister erroneously claims to have discovered a fourth class of naiads or nude water nymphs. These however, are merely dhoby women – washer women who remove their clothing before getting down to business in the local stream. On the way to the beach there is a pool where the local maidens have their monthly baths. On such occasions if a man approaches within earshot, they scream loudly to ensure their presence will not fail to be observed. For further information as to procedure consult Homer's Odyssey and in particular the meeting of Odysseus & Nausicaa for the correct procedure of maidens when surprised by strange men.

On the question of knobbly knees, it is difficult to express a considered opinion; for whatever else is exposed to view the knee is usually concealed; on the whole I should say that knobbliness is no more common than with

white races. Most noticeable is the fine deportment and naturalness of movement, due to carrying things on the head and being unencumbered by corsets, suspenders-belts, armour-plating etc. The native women have a remarkable swing of the hips, which is one of the sights of the town. Hena Pforgenheimer's dictum "In studying native women as in all else one should start at the bottom". The true black, or Mende, is not very pretty; having thick lips and black skin; flat noses and cheek-bones. The small children have fuzzy hair poking into stiff ringlets or curls – rather like a photo of my wife taken thirty or forty years ago. Another point of similarity is their frequent demanding of pennies – a habit confined to the older females in the white races. Next to the black come the brown – the result of great expenditure of time and energy in these parts by Arab slave traders. These half-castes are lighter in colour with finer features. Hence La Touchefancoult's statement that the half-caste woman is "un petit morceau de toute droit". Finally, there are the Syrian traders – who conform to all the usual Hebrew traits and are in addition the world's most skilled swindlers and profiteers.

This treatise would be incomplete without a reference to the three girls' schools. The pupils, being still at school and therefore, one hopes, virgines intactae, are distinguished by their neat and attractive dresses – one school wears grass green bordered with yellow, one wears a mauve and white small checked pattern, and one blue bordered with pink. I doubt whether anyone could teach those sixth former girls much however, though frequent expressions of willingness to try may be heard in all parts. Incidentally the average age of natives is 40 – 50 years. Anyone who lives three score years has plenty big juju boss.

Sammy showed me his juju t'other day. It is a small grey-black piece of mineral ore from about ten miles away up the river. He wouldn't let me touch it because, he said, "I was good boss" and he didn't want to die in five minutes. Apparently, you bung the thing in a cup with certain herbs and pray to a particular god and the job finished. I was duly impressed. There is, or was, another quite good juju here a year or two ago. When a native died of small pox, the witch doctor pinched his clothes. Then he tootles off to the next village and offers the headman a sure charm against smallpox. If the chief pays up, well and good. If not, the clothes are left lying about; somebody picks them up; wears them, the epidemic starts; the witch doctor collects a fresh supply of dead men's clothes and tries the next village. They have also a very practical method of midwifery. At the critical moment the unfortunate female is showered with red-pepper; there is one huge convulsion a terrific sneeze and the child is shot out and hits the wall with a bang, This, causes

a scream, thus starting up its breathing. The unfortunate female is either tough enough to survive or else makes way for a new wife. Women are plentiful anyhow. The early years of the child is one succession of malaria, fever and VD and other diseases – acquired or inherited. By the age of eleven the child ceases to be inconvenienced by any of them but is a carrier for the next few years. At this age it is fatal for a white man to have them near since they will infect the flies, mosquitoes and everything else. After the age of about seventeen they are completely immune and cease to be carriers, except the VD ultimately brings them to the grave in the forties helped by the fevers etc of childhood, I have only seen two old men here; and one of these was a veteran of the last war and consequently had the benefit of army medical attention most of his adult life. He is now retired on a pension and supervises the salvage squad.

Quae cum ita sint, and Rex's curiosity being satisfied (though we are always pleased to pass on knowledge – all enquiries being sent by registered post and accompanied by 500 cigarettes. *(Rex Rowley married to my mother's sister Olive)*

I will now turn to a much more important subject; to wit, your husband. Picture, if you can, a winkle – that is to say a wrinkled, half-baked, half-broiled, sundried, bad tempered, regal commissionaire (one, that is, who holds the king's commission) under-paid and scarcely acting, playing a few games of chess in the morning with a doctor, swimming a weak breast-stroke with a tram driver in the afternoon, and playing a devastating game of solo in the evenings with the odd three who can hold their own. The ranks of the solo players are sadly thinned, and we are hard put to in finding a fourth who can stay the pace. The doc plays a queer game of chess; he studies Tarrasch and tries to play according to the book and consequently crumples up when his memory fails him. Then he comes next day and asks me to show him how I developed the scotch gambit. In between times I have acquired certain habits which will no doubt delight you. For instance, on sitting down at the meal table I, like all others, carefully examine all the crockery and cutlery etc to make sure they have been properly washed. The laundry too comes in for careful scrutiny and frequent rejection – and similar endearing habits which will no doubt cheer and enliven your old age especially when heightened by repeated threats of "six for ----" After all, if it works with native servants, it should work with wives, British, one.

I dined out last night. it was like this. Harding, knows a bloke called Hoppy, who knows a bloke called Ross-Smith who knows a bloke called Willie Wilson who invited Hoppy to dinner who said how about meeting Harding so

he (Willie Wilson) went to the Dog & Lamppost for a quick one and said to the radiant Vaughan are you from the transit camp and he said yes and so he said do you know Harding and Vaughan said No but he does (meaning me) and I said he's just gone into the bush on a job so he (Wilson) said come and have dinner on Wednesday night with Hoppy and I said fine and he sent a car to fetch me and I went but Hoppy couldn't go, but the colonel was there and we'd a very good dinner with curry and roast pea-nuts and cocoanut and an Ensa show and beer and I came back in the car about midnight and that was fine. I'm going again too sometime in the near future.

I don't think I've any more news for you. Oh, yes, I've just had another inoculation, but quite painless and harmless. Anti-tetanus, I think. So does the doctor too, but it all looks the same to me. They use the same kind of needle anyway. Old pan is in hospital with DT's and Goldrush has got a violent attack of hiccups. I think he's upset by the news from Egypt. I've done all the crosswords you sent me and read all the letters several times.

I'm going to bed now, it's nearly mid-night and all the others are asleep, but I shan't sleep. I'm going to lie awake and listen to the rain and think of you.

Your own Tommy.

Debbie Staynes Mem 1059

SOLD ON EBAY

My eye was drawn to part of the title on page 32 of the Autumn 2024 Kinsman "Furness Family Photos", and to the photo of great grandmother Furness on the same page, which hangs on my wall. Actually, a few weeks ago I received copies of the same photos, adverts, etc from a family history friend, also bought on eBay for £10, but not from the author of that article.

I agree with **Jane Ainsworth** that it is sad to see these things sold. What is the value of my late husband's family? More than £10 to me.

There are plenty of descendants of "Grandma Furness". She was born **Hannah Holroyd Glassells**. She married **David Furness** in 1874.Their younger son, **Albert**, was my husband David's grandfather. David senior moved to Morley in the 1880s building houses. We know the Furnesses built East Park Street and the lovely villas on St Andrew's Avenue as they owned the land (Registry of Deeds). Judging by the family members who lived on Fountain Street, there was input there too. The history books tell us that the building boom in Morley ended in the 1900s. David and elder son, **Arthur,** moved to Barnsley at that time. We reckon they built Carrington Street. Albert

remained in Morley and diversified: joiner, undertaker, cabinet maker, cabs and landaus for hire.

"Grandma Furness" is described as strict. She had not led a charmed life. Her husband David and his brother **Abraham** had been declared bankrupt in 1880. Her son Albert died of pneumonia in 1912, leaving five children under the age of eleven. As a child she had heard the screams from next door (see Kinsman August 2020). However, we saw the kindly side of her character. There is a collection of cards sent for the birthdays of her sister and great nephews, showing great affection. To my darling sister, from your loving sister, from your loving auntie.

A few years ago, David and I spent some time in Barnsley, finding addresses and visiting the library. There we looked at the Barnsley Chronicle and the electoral registers for family information. Arthur's death was, and still is, a mystery. We found that his name had disappeared from the electoral registers in 1930. David trawled the GRO microfiche and cousin Ian trawled online, finding no death around that time, and being aware that Furness has several spelling variations.

Recent research shows Arthur in 1921 as clerk of works of housing for Pontefract Rural District Council. Perhaps building ended in Barnsley, too. On the 1939 register Arthur is recorded as "not at home". According to Jane Ainsworth, Arthur died in 1934. I would be interested to know more detail. Miranda said she was "married" in 1939.

Ian's mother, nee Furness, was in correspondence with Mabel and Vera until the 1990's. Some snippets have been passed down over the years. One was that a family member was a conjuror.

I can shed some light on **Marie Sinclair** in the photos. "Grandma Furness" was the fifth Glassells child of ten. Her youngest sister by 11 years was **Emma**, who married **Thomas Henry Falkinder**. **Orris** was born in 1880, and I know little of him. Ethel was born in 1890. I have her grandson's permission to reveal that **Ethel Falkinder** was Miss Marie Sinclair. Her husband **Frank Herbert Harris** died just after his son was born, so the baby was given the same names. Ethel needed to earn money, so her mother, Emma, looked after the baby while Ethel resumed her singing career with the Trippellos. Ethel married again and had a son, **Reggie**, who was one recipient of the birthday cards. The photo on page 36 is of Ethel and **Jack Hargreaves** on their wedding day in 1913.

I looked more closely at the adverts printed on page 37. Marie would be 81 when described as “vivacious” and was continuing to be “fabulous” at the age of 89 in 1979. Our records show she died in 1963. Look closely again, and through the article we read Sinclare, Sinclair, and St Clare. Ethel called herself Marie Sinclair. Years later another lady used a similar name. Our Barnsley cousins may have heard the name but not seen it. They did try to label their photos.

I must thank Jane Ainsworth for researching the **Stephenson** family. She has added to our information on **Miranda**’s siblings. We found some details of previous generations and I can add that the Stephensons retained an interest in properties in East Park Street, Morley, for several decades. Jane’s article has rekindled a correspondence with a third cousin which started years ago. So there has been a positive outcome. Neither of us is happy that family information is being sold on eBay. Why not contact your local family history society?

Vicky Furness Mem 1219

GEORGE ORWELL FOR FAMILY HISTORIANS

I have recently read Orwell’s *The Road to Wigan Pier* for a book group I belong to, and realised that it would be of interest to anyone with mining in their ancestry, which must apply to many of our members, myself included. Orwell was a middle class, Eton-educated southerner, disillusioned with the attitudes towards, and ignorance of, the working classes and unemployed of the industrial north expressed by people of his background. So he felt the need to investigate and reveal what life was really like for these people. This was during the mid-1930s, at a time of mass unemployment in the area, and of course while all mines were in private ownership. He felt that coal mines would be the best place to look, as at that time the whole of civilisation was dependent on coal – all other industries, gas and electricity production, everyone’s heating and cooking used coal.

He took himself off to the industrial north, first to Wigan, later to the Sheffield and Barnsley areas and spent time living among the miners, making friends, meeting the unemployed as well as the workers, and sharing their living conditions and food. He arranged visits to a number of mines and wrote vividly about his experiences. These included going down deep mines to visit the coal face, the struggle underground through low tunnels to reach it, the strength of the men working on their knees to throw great shovelfuls of coal over their shoulders on to the conveyor belt behind them, the heat, the dust and the noise. He was particularly struck by the unfairness of the

wage system. The men were not paid a weekly wage, but paid *per shift*. Each shift lasted 7.5 hours actually working, but they often had to “travel”, usually in a bent position, for an hour or more to reach the coal face, and then return from it after the shift. The work was dangerous and unhealthy. Some pits had introduced more “efficient” machinery to aid the extraction of coal, but the more experienced miners especially felt this increased the danger of rock falls as more coal was cut away at a time, and steel props were used to hold the roof up. These gave no audible warning of buckling as had the wooden ones, and in any case the machines made so much noise, nothing could be heard. He explains why explosions happen and the methods used to attempt to prevent them. Another danger was more insidious: the constant high level of coal or rock dust. He mentions the constant swallowing and breathing of dust, and the effect it had on the eyes, though seems not have realised the danger to the lungs. He explored other parts of the collieries as well, describing the other occupations, and the processes the coal passed through before sale.

After this he moved on to analyse wages, unemployment benefit, household budgets and diet, as well as housing and the attitudes of the tenants of the slums and newer housing estates. Some of this makes shocking reading.

He looked at many houses, highlighting the shortage of decent property. Some tenants had been living for years in accommodation described officially as unfit for human habitation, but with nothing better available. Many were damp, with leaking roofs, cracked walls and windows jammed permanently shut, due to subsidence caused by the amount of mines underneath. Back-to-back houses had only one door to the outside world. Those that were on the yard side faced just a row of dustbins and lavatories, while those on the street side had to walk all the way round the block to reach the lavatories, from 70 to 200 yards.

He described several houses in Sheffield and Barnsley and the families living in them (not named, though the streets are).

Another chapter is devoted to wages and unemployment benefit, noting that in some cases the colliery actually charged the men for the hire of their lamps and for tool sharpening. He moved on to budgets and the kind of food the people ate, commenting that it was not always healthy or economical, but probably dictated by circumstances.

If you haven't read this book, I recommend it, at least the first part, as the second part becomes more of a political tract. But he's such a good writer, and tells a fascinating story.

Joy Joseph, member 972

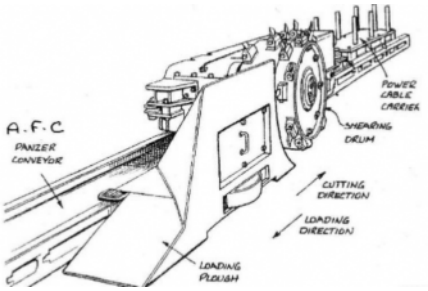
(Much of the above article has already appeared in the journal of the Nuneaton and North Warwickshire FHS)

MEMORIES OF A MINING MAN: PART 2

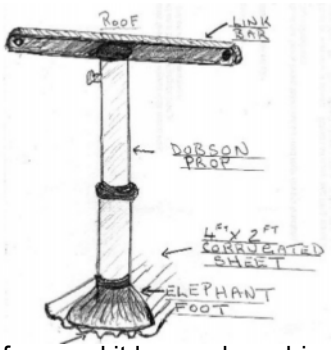
In my last years at the Manor Colliery, the pit started to progress very quickly after 1963 with more machinery and new types of conveyors. Many men with years of experience working with machines came to work in the pit: men like **Ernest Fisher** from Newmillerdam Pit; **Ernest Garside** from Walton Pit; **Jim** and **Don Malley** from Roundwood Pit; **Arthur Greenwood** from Crigglestone Pit and **Les Hepworth** from Shawcross Pit. Also from Roundwood came a development team that consisted of one family, **Clifford Atkinson**, his sons **Arthur** and **Melvin** and son-in-law **Joe Auty**. They were involved with making the main tunnels. Clifford's other son, **Clifford**, who was a friend of mine stayed on at Roundwood to get some experience on the coalface. Still in his teens, he had a bad accident while working at the coal face when a pot hole (fossilised tree trunk) fell from the roof onto his back. He was confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

I married in 1965 and for a few months we lived with my wife's family who had never had miners in their family before. My mother-in-law made my 'snap' up and she must have thought I was feeding the whole pit as she used to put me up a full bloomer loaf filled with boiled ham. We only had 20 minutes for our snap but I had plenty of mates to share it with and because I told her I liked boiled ham I got it every day. I had only been used to two slices of bread and jam before.

The pit changed quickly from hand-filling on long wall faces when men and shovels were replaced by machinery (ploughs, shearers and armoured face conveyors, known as an afc) which required less manpower to run this type of coalface. It looked good on paper but in practice the planning department did not do their homework. We still had the system of supports that needed a lot of manhandling known as linkbars and dobson/dowty props which, due to the wet conditions, had to have elephant feet on the bottom to stop them from sinking into the floor.



Back at our own pit the next day the under-manager, **Mr Huntley**, asked how we had gone on at Walton and we said it was like heaven compared to our hell hole, (not that I have been to either). At this time some bright spark came up with an idea that if we put 4ft by 2ft corrugated sheets down on the soft floor, to set our props on, the sheets may stop the props from sinking. This was another great idea on paper but not in reality. Due to the roof weight on each prop it caused all four corners of the sheet to stick up at an angle and because they were covered with sludge and water we received nasty cuts to our arms and legs as we crawled and dragged our bodies over them. The height of the face was about 36 ins normally but a lot less with the sheets which had sharp corners protruding. This system proved unsuccessful and on one shift the roof weight came onto the face and it lowered, pushing the props into the floor. We got off the face as fast as possible and luckily nobody was injured but it took us weeks to recover the face.



Before work on this new face began, **Harold Sharp**, the Pit Deputy, and myself were told to report to Hawpark shaft at Walton Pit in order to go down and have a look at the working system at their coalface, which was the same type of system that we were going to work on at the Manor Colliery. We were told to report at Haw Park at 6am to ride the shaft, we did not have a clue where this was and on a very dismal misty November morning we set off

from the Manor at 4.30am. Eventually we found Haw Park Woods after being lost several times and by a stroke of luck I spotted a fire in a brazier in the middle of a clearing. We parked the car and walked up to the clearing where a gang of men were stood round the fire. We enquired whether this was the place we wanted, the answer was, "Aye, lads, it is but where have you been? We were just giving up on you". We replied that we had got lost and were just about to go home because who would have thought a pit shaft would have been there. We enjoyed our shift on this face. The men made the job look so easy but the conditions were ideal. The seam floor was hard and dry, not like the wet conditions at the Manor.

The pit went into another area of coal in the Low Haigh seam which was 28ins high but the floor in this seam was a lot harder than the Top Haigh seam on the previous face. On this coalface a plough machine was used to cut the coal. The plough was pulled by a big chain up and down along the face loading the coal onto an afc which was pushed over by hydraulic rams. The secret of success was to keep the face on a straight line. The coal on this face was very hard and we had lots of problems. Later we found out the plough machine was not suitable for the hard coal. During the build-up on this face some of us were sent to Thornhill Colliery to spend a shift on a plough face in order to learn the job.

At Thornhill the men had the job cracked. The seam was about 3ft high, nice and comfortable to work on. Conditions were perfect and the coal soft. Some of the older Manor men who went with us to Thornhill informed us that when this face started production they would have the first chance to work on it and us 'young guns' would have to stick it out on the old shearer face in the Top Haigh.

My first shift on the new face was an afternoon shift with a 1pm start. When I arrived it was like a war zone with men coming out of the mine with arm slings on and bandaged heads. These were the men who said they would have the first pick of the jobs on the new face not the 'young guns' but guess what? After that shift it was the 'young guns' who ended up with the job. Later I found out why the older men were injured. They had been leaning on one the afc pan sides with their heads in their hands watching the plough cutting the coal. Due to the hard coal the plough got stuck, causing the chain to whip over the sides and hit them. These men never worked on that face again.

It was not easy work, the seam height was about 24ins to the roof supports and we worked this face for a long time. One day **Don Woolford**, my brother

Graham and myself decided that due to the rough conditions we had had enough. Also we never knew what time we would get home as the management expected us to stop over our normal shift time. So Saturday morning we went to look for another job. We had a choice of three, one at Newmarket, one at East Ardsley and one at Lofthouse. We picked Lofthouse and were told we could sign on to start the following Saturday. Don and Graham handed in their week's notice and started work at Lofthouse. However, I held back my notice because my wife was expecting our first child. So I worked a little longer at the Manor Pit.

Tony Banks

THE REVEREND JAMES STEWART GAMMELL, MA JP

1826 - 1899

James Stewart Gammell was the eldest son of **Captain James Gammell** of Ardiffery and his wife **Sydney Holmes**. He was born on September 21st 1826 at Beech Hill, Donoghmore, County Down. His second name Stewart was almost certainly given to him as his father's sister, **Mary Gammell**, had married the **Rev. John Stewart** in 1824.

About 1834, when he was around eight years old, his parents moved to Edinburgh, in order no doubt, to ensure him and his brothers a suitable education. James was sent first to Circus Place School, and then to Edinburgh Academy, where he was a pupil from 1837 to 1844. His scholastic career at Edinburgh Academy is worthy of note: he was Dux of his class four times, Dux of the school in 1844; won the Michell Medal in 1843; the Mathematical Medal in 1844, and was "Best" in Greek, Latin, French and Scripture in the same year. From school he went to Glasgow University for further general education and then in 1848 to Jesus College, Cambridge, with a Scholarship in Mathematics. He graduated from Cambridge in 1851 with Honours, and became Master of Arts in 1854.

James Stewart was ordained into the Church of England in 1852, and in the same year became curate in the village of Dolver in Montgomeryshire. After five years at Dolver, he moved to London where he became firstly curate of St Paul's Hammersmith and then curate of St Paul's Vauxhall. In 1860, he was appointed first vicar of the new parish church of St Mary Magdelene at Outwood.

It was in Outwood, where he was to remain for 20 years, that his main work for the church was carried out, where he was to be married and where his

four children were to be born. He was married in Outwood Church, just six years after he went there in the summer of 1866, to **Ann Bramley** second daughter of **Henry Alcock Bramley** and his wife **Elizabeth (nee Cooper**) of The Haugh, Silcoates. Henry Bramley and his wife are both buried in the churchyard at Outwood. The East window, and the one immediately next to it, form a memorial to them, given by their four children, one of whom was of course Ann Bramley/Gammell. This family of Bramley was an old established Yorkshire family, based in Addington, near Skipton, where Ann was born on May 9th 1841. Ann's grandfather had been Mayor of Leeds in 1806/7. James and Ann had four children as follows, all born at Outwood, while their father was the vicar there.

Sydney James	b. June 25th 1867	d. February 25th 1946
Elizabeth Marion	b. 1871	d. December 20th 1959
Jessie Bertram	b. 1872	d December 31st 1874
Rosamund Alice	b. 1875	d. 1964

As has already been stated, James Stewart was the first vicar of Outwood, and the uphill struggle he had to get the church established is best illustrated in his own words, preaching when the church was enlarged in 1888:

“You will remember when this church was talked about, how little encouragement there was in many quarters; how you were laughed at. What!, you are going to build a church? How many people will you get? Five and twenty, fifty? I have heard Mr. Burrell tell the story. He had the first of the battle to bear; he was laughed at; he was ridiculed, he was opposed, aye, and the opposition went on for long after. When I first came here there were few people whose hearts were thoroughly in the work. We knew where we were going, and what we were aiming at. Although the church was built in order to be enlarged, we did not expect to see it accomplished in our days, but, thank God, it is there and full.”

During his ministry, he saw the building of the vicarage, completed in 1867, a vicar's room in 1874, and a Sunday school built on a site near the church capable of housing 300 pupils – in 1860 there had been 25 pupils – with the vicar himself as the teacher.

A tribute to the work done by James Stewart while he was at Outwood was given by the then vicar when he announced his death at the end of his sermon in November 1899. His words were as follows:

"Within the last few days the news has reached us that one who was the first vicar of Outwood, and who laboured in this parish for God and man, the most part single handed for the long space of twenty years has been called away to his rest. James Stewart Gammell will always be remembered for his indefatigable zeal and untiring energy, and for the deep love of all to whom he ministered. He came to this parish when there was just little church life in it. He banded together a community which were a blessing not only to himself, but to those who succeeded him in his labours. He laid such a foundation of church doctrine and Christian principles that it has been comparatively easy to build up the superstructure, and to make Outwood church life such as we see it at the present day. He came to this parish when education was little thought of and when there was no such thing as either compulsory or assisted education. That which is now recognised as a part of the Government Educational System was then taken up voluntarily by him: I mean the Night School. This was no easy task; it was dull and monotonous, but he took it up cheerfully and willingly, and it was to him a great delight. Many a lad may attribute his success in life to what he learned at the Night School. We all know that he was compelled to resign his parish due to ill health, but he did not forget it and when fortune shone on him, he remembered the parish in which he laboured. For ten years he contributed considerably towards the maintenance of an assistant curate, and when our church was enlarged in 1888, he built our neat side chapel in thankful remembrance of twenty years work for God and man in this parish."

The following extracts are also taken from *A Short History of the Parish Church of St Mary Magdelene, Outwood* published to mark the centenary of the church:

The Gammell family was very generous to the church, even after Mr Gammell retired. In 1889, Miss Bramley, Mrs Gammell's sister, gave another stained glass window on the south side of the church in memory of her nephew **Henry Wyatt-Smith**, drowned while boating in Hampshire. In 1890 Mrs Gammell gave the church its bell. When the church was enlarged in 1888, Mr Gammell had given the church £250 for the building of the "Gammell Memorial Chapel" where you can read on a plaque the inscription that he himself had scripted.

The foundation stone for the Gammell Memorial Chapel and the new south aisle was laid on Tuesday July 19th 1887 by the Revd JS Gammell in the presence of a large number of spectators at the close of a very bright afternoon service in the church. On this occasion, Mr Gammell referred to

the first time he came to Outwood, and only a few people came to church. He understood afterwards that a number of very respectable people were angry with him because he said he would like to know how many had come to worship God and how many had come to see the new building and to see what the parson was like. His words went home to many of them and the congregation was a very small one for a long time after.

James Stewart left Outwood owing to serious ill health in 1880 and moved with his family to Clifton, near Bristol, where he took up residence in Oakfield Road. On his departure from Outwood he was presented by the parishioners with a handsome half hunter gold watch, suitably inscribed; this was a very fine gesture, and emphasises his popularity, when it is remembered that practically the whole of his congregation consisted of miners. The watch in question is still in the hands of Sheila Gammell Gourlay.

Just why James Stewart moved to Bristol is not clear, but it may have been to enable his son Sydney James to obtain a public school education at nearby Clifton College where, in fact, the young man went in May 1881. He may also have been influenced by the fact that his father, by this time a widower, was living in nearby Bath. As far as we know, he did not take up church work in Bristol, probably owing to his health, but the fact that he must have known by this time that he was heir to his ageing uncle, **Andrew Gammell** of Drumtochty, may also have influenced him against taking on immediate ecclesiastical commitments.

His uncle Andrew eventually died on March 18th 1883 and James Stewart came into the properties of Drumtochty and Countesswells in Scotland as well as a cash sum which we can estimate as upwards of £50,000. Family tradition has it that he hired a special train to take him, his family and his possessions from Bristol to Scotland, but whether there is any foundation for this is not known. On the death of his father in 1893, he inherited the estate of Ardiffery in north Aberdeenshire, but in this instance no cash, his father understandably deciding that his other sons were in greater need than James Stewart.

James Stewart was a man of culture and intelligence as his scholastic record shows, and also a kindly and lovable character as his record as vicar of Outwood demonstrates. Thus it is doubtful whether the change from parish priest to a very substantial landed proprietor was altogether to his liking, and almost certainly the financial implications at a time when agricultural depression was looming on the horizon were lost on him. It is

not surprising therefore that when he became a seemingly rich man, he spent liberally. He did not undertake much direct church work in Scotland, other than becoming chaplain to the Bishop of Brechin, but devoted a great deal of time and money to ecclesiastical and charitable undertakings. He built and endowed the Episcopal Church of St Palladius at the gates of Drumtochty; a rectory and church hall to go with it, and a lodge for his blind organist, **George Goodair**, whom he brought up from Outwood. At the same time, as has been stated above, he was generously supporting the cost of a curate and other activities at his old parish of Outwood. Before the church of St Palladius was completed, he conducted services twice every Sunday in the billiard room at Drumtochty, with his wife at the organ, so as well as giving monetary help, he also personally lived an active church life. In his obituary notice the following appears:

"It was frequently said of him that the poor never appealed to him in vain. He was a large and unostentatious contributor to numerous institutions and charities and assisted many poor congregations. The castle was also the home for a short stay to clergymen and deserving young men whose health had broken down through overwork, while he also considered the members of his old congregation at Outwood in their sickness, and colliers from Yorkshire could frequently be seen enjoying the pure air in the Glen of Drumtochty."

Despite all the ecclesiastical and charitable work that was going on, James Stewart did not neglect his estates. He built new kennels and a gamekeeper's house, a new carriage drive to the castle, and laid on a water supply to kennels, church and lodge cottage. He also had constructed two tennis courts, which involved excavating solid rock, and employing a large force of labour to level the site. It is thus hardly surprising that by the time he died, much of the cash he had inherited had been dissipated, and that the estates had had mortgages raised on them, particularly as he had settled £9,000 on his impecunious younger brother Frederick and £5,000 on each of his two daughters.

James Stewart died on November 2nd 1899 at the age of 73. He had not enjoyed good health for a good many years, and contracted pneumonia on a trip to Glasgow. Although he partially recovered, he was never himself again and died about three months later. The estates passed on his death automatically to his son Sydney James Gammell under the deed of entail. His personal estate, which had dwindled to only just over £10,000 from the £50,000 plus he had inherited some 16 years previously, was subject to several large legacies, and most of the contents of Drumtochty were left to

his wife. He also specified that Countesswells was to be put at the disposal of his wife either as a dower house or to be let for her account. This last clause, as it turned out, was never implemented, but nevertheless, Sydney James can have received practically nothing in cash to serve as working capital in the running of the estates.

James Stewart was buried in the churchyard of St Palladius, the church he had built at the gates of Drumtochty. His wife Ann decided to leave Scotland, and take up residence with her brother, a bachelor, and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral. This brother, Canon **Henry Ramsden Bramley** lived at Nettleham Hall, just outside Lincoln. Ann died at Nettleham in the summer of 1916, just a year after her brother, with whom she had lived for close on 17 years. The carriage and pair in which Ann and her brother used to drive around Lincoln, was reputed to be the smartest turn-out in town, and the coachman's buttons, complete with crest and coat of arms, are still in the possession of Sheila Gourlay.

Evelyn Ellis

DICK AND ALF HALLAS

The Hallases ran two farms. Outwood Hall Farm, where Dick lived, had huge rooms furnished with fine antique furniture bought at local sales. His dining room, for example, could seat a dozen around its huge mahogany table, with a massive Chinese armchair (which he later gave to me when they left the Hall Farm) for himself at the head. There were large pictures around the walls, most in elaborate gilt frames. When he left Hall Farm (around 1955?) he moved into the much smaller farmhouse just south of the Victoria bend on the Leeds Road. This had always been their dairy farm, based on a large mistle (cow-house, milking parlour).

The photo on the following page shows their new milk float in the adjoining field. Behind them the stone-roofed building was the farm lavatory, set over the small stream that ran from the park, under the road and down the field boundary to Ouchthorpe Lane. These were “dry” toilets, emptied through hatches in the back wall into the yard behind. Beyond this, the roof of 8-12 Newton Lane appears, these being built as deputies’ houses for the Victoria Colliery. In the 1940s they were owned by **Mrs Dickinson** who, with her husband **Robert**, lived in no. 14 (to the right). He was the village joiner/undertaker, his woodyard and joiner’s shop being in the stone cottages on the Leeds Road close to the Bolus Lane junction. Every morning he walked up there, collecting any gossip, which he then repeated back to his

wife for distribution and comment! When in conversation he would often take out his ruler and measure you for your coffin – just in case! He did no practical work but maintained a regular supply of work doing anything from building large garden sheds to fine, French-polished cabinet work.

His practical joiner was **Sid Fowler**, who lived at no. 8 with his large family, which enabled them to get a council house in 1949, when we moved in. Sid was also the leader of a very popular amateur dance-band that played all around Wakefield, particularly at baths such as Normanton, which were boarded over for dancing in the cold winter months. My dad was the band's drummer, this connection enabling us to take over Sid's tenancy and move out of his parents' home at Thorpe. This was considered to be a great favour, since housing was in very short supply. Next door, at no.10, lived Mr and **Mrs Lockwood** and their sons **Derek** and **Robert**. **Mr Lockwood** was a collier, but suffered from his years down the pit. Like others, he used my dad's medical skills for some relief, I used to go with him up into the Lockwoods' front bedroom as he massaged the bed-bound Mr Lockwood's back, and was given a few cigarette cards as a treat. No. 12 was the home of Mr "**Snowy" Heslop**, his wife and children **Donald** and **Norma.** His pale blond hair gave

him this nickname. Unfortunately, Norma suffered from epilepsy, her attacks leaving her family in complete panic, thundering on our back door at all times for dad to care for her until she had recovered.

The three families shared the long back yard, which, except for a strip of flags next to the houses, was of ashes, stones and bare earth. They also shared the wash house at the west side, with its coal-fired boiler, communal wood-rollered cast iron mangle, slopstone (shallow stone sink for scrubbing) and clothes-props. Each family had its own washday and use of the yard for drying. A pair of fairly recent water-closets behind no.12 had replaced the old dry ones at the bottom of the yard by the 1940s. Coal was delivered in one-ton loads by **Dick Hallas**, using a coal-cart drawn by a large horse. Our coal hole was in the yard, the cart having to come down the narrow entry, turn round and reverse up against the kitchen window before tipping out its load. It then took one person in the yard, and another down in the cellar to get the coal down the chute. The ashes and all the rubbish that could not be burned on the fire was put into our bins halfway down the yard. Since the Hallas' pigsties were close by, this is where rats tended to appear. If anyone saw one, they just shouted "Rat!" This brought everyone out with a yard-brush and, if they had one, a dog, for a furious hunt that only ended when it had been killed.

The houses seen to the right of no.14 was Green's Place, a long row of two-up and one-down cottages, each with a narrow stair just inside the front doors along their west side. There were neither doors nor windows in the back wall. Although they had sinks and taps to the front side of their properties and tall built-in cupboards at the other, the only toilets were a block at the bottom end, close to the stream from the Hollow.

Having described the setting of this photograph, there remains the Hallas' new milk float in the foreground. The photo was taken about 1925, when it had just been bought. Dick (Richard) Hallas holds the horse's head. He was aged about 17 at this time, and was always really interested in horses, always keeping them, their harness and carts in immaculate condition. He enjoyed visiting the local horse fairs, especially those at Lee Gap in West Ardsley. His brother **Alf**, then 14, holds the reins, the youngest brother, **Tom**, being a baby. I remember the brothers still running the dairy side of their farm in the 1940s-1960s. With my friend **Mike Steele** we used to play around the farm in the early 1950s, watching Tom hand-milking. The farm cat used to come up and sit by us with its mouth open for Tom to deliver a squirt of milk straight from the teat. By the mid '50s we were kept busy after the evening milking, carrying the milk in stainless steel buckets up to the dairy under the

farmhouse, there to pass it through a strainer and into a vertical water-cooled cooler into stainless steel jugs. Using these, we then filled the glass milk bottles and applied their aluminium caps in the crates, ready for the morning delivery. The milk-float and bottles were used for the outer parts of the round – for the area around the farm Tom carried a pair of stainless steel milk cans, each with a 1pt and 1/2 pt measure hanging inside, around the streets using a wooden yoke. Everyone left a 2pt jug on their window ledge with a saucer on top to keep out the birds – for there were then huge flocks of sparrows, as well as tits etc.

It was when delivering milk in this way that Tom saw a stuffed fox that I had been given by **Billy Leather** who ran a carting/house clearing/scrap yard between our house and the Hallas' farm. Putting down his yoke and cans, he asked to borrow it, and so we went down our yard through the old lavatory hatch into the part of the farmyard shown in this photo. Here there was a high chicken-wire hen-pen enclosing a big wooden hen-house, and where a fox had recently killed a few hens. Knowing that Dick would be having his dinner in the room overlooking the farm, Tom gave me a stick and told me to bang the shed as hard as I could, sending hens squawking in all directions. Meanwhile he shoved the back end of the fox to-and-fro round the corner of the henhouse. On seeing this, Dick sprang up, sent the dishes flying, grabbed his shotgun and discharged a couple of cartridges in our direction. At this point the "fox" retreated, sticking out a white flag on a stick as a sign of surrender! When Dick recovered from his initial dumb amazement, his comments were quite unrepeatable.

Peter Brears

A WALK DOWN COACH ROAD OUTWOOD APRIL 1911

None of the properties are numbered and very few go by the name of Coach Road, pure and simple, but as we walk from top to bottom and back, I hope to show you a little of what the street is like in 1911.

On the left-hand side, as we walk down from Leeds Road, we find Pleasant View, followed by Clarkson's Buildings. Then, there are three properties, including the Stanley Urban District Council offices, which are called Coach Road. Freemount Cottages follow, then a house and shop with a Coach Road address, then Ladysmith Place, Belle View and Wright's Buildings.

Once we reach a point opposite what is described as the football ground, there are no further houses along the left-hand side of Coach Road itself although there is Hatfeild Row (Long Row) which faces over the fields to Rook's Nest Road.

Without including Hatfeild Row, the number of properties on this side of the road is 29, and they house 123 people. You might find it interesting to know that in 19 of the 29 houses, at least one person has an occupation associated with the coal mining industry.

Now, let's cross over at the bottom of Coach Road and make our way back up towards its junction with Leeds Road. On this side of the road, after the football field, we will meet 38 properties, 14 known as Coach Road Cottages, two known as Coach Road, and 22 called Woodbine Terrace, in that order, as we walk back up the hill.

Some of the Coach Road Cottages are houses in what you will know as Binks Street, along with former council houses nearer the football ground and others opposite Hatfeild Row.

We complete our walk by passing along the front of Woodbine Terrace, which is a row of houses which runs alongside Coach Road on its left-hand side as we walk up towards Leeds Road.

There are 65 people living in the 14 cottages in 1911, plus six living in the two houses named Coach Road and 121 people are living in the 22 houses of Woodbine Terrace.

This accounts for 192 people living on this side of Coach Road; and at least one person has an occupation associated with the coal mining industry in 26 of the 38 houses.

In summary, then, our walk along Coach Road in April 1911 has taken in a total of 67 properties and in 45 of them at least one person has an occupation associated with the coal mining industry.

The 67 houses are occupied by 315 people, which is an average of about five people per household, but one house in Clarkson's Buildings has 11 residents and, on the other side of the road, there are two families of 10.

I hope you found the walk interesting.

David Simmonds Mem 1439

THE OUTWOOD INSTITUTE CLOCK

I recently took over the responsibility for winding and regulating the clock on the tower of the Outwood Institute. My trainer in this role was a lady called **Janice Allen** who had decided that the stairs and ladders you had to climb were just too much for her. An interesting snippet of family history emerged as she told me that she had taken on the task when her father, **Don Morton**, after 50 years performing the duty, was no longer able to do it. He in turn had taken on the role from his father, **Clifford**, and thus up to 2024 the public service had been provided by that family since the installation in 1906. This inspired me to seek out information about the background to the clock and I found the following account of the ceremony to bring the clock into action from church documents of the time:

"First of all there was a dedication service in the church, the Vicar (the **Rev. T. H. Bywater**) officiating. He gave a short address on "Time". Subsequent to the service, a large crowd assembled opposite the Institute to see the clock – admirably designed and executed for public service. The clock strikes the hours on a sweet toned bell, weighing 153lbs, which is also made to be rung separately for Sunday School, and in case of fire.

For the winding up ceremony a rope was suspended from the clock tower to the Institute porch, and tied with a blue ribbon the cutting of which would set the clock in motion. **Mrs Bywater** rang the bell a score of times and then a little presentation was made. **Mr H. P. Tuffley**, for the Clock Committee, presented Mrs Bywater and her daughter with a set of silver scissors to mark the event.

Then **Miss Phyllis** took her scissors to the porch to cut the ribbon, the clock commenced to go, the minute hand flying over the final three minutes from 4.55 – for the time had been allowed to slip by – and the crowd sent up a hearty cheer. A wait was made until the hour of five struck clearly upon the bell – another cheer – and then **Mr S. C. Tuffley** moved the heartiest vote of thanks to Mrs Bywater and to Miss Phyllis who had played such a prominent and graceful part in the ceremony.

Mr H. L. Pullan seconded the vote to Mrs Bywater and her splendid little daughter. It was Mrs Bywater's idea and energetic support that had ensured them the public clock, which would be of greatest benefit to the people of Outwood."

Paul Gaywood Mem 1496

SOCIETY NOTICES AND INFORMATION

FUTURE MEETINGS

For easy reference the listing of speakers at our future meetings is reproduced on the back cover.

HELP REQUIRED

There used to be a regular feature in the Kinsman where members could advertise for help in developing their research. To start the ball rolling I thought I would take this opportunity to ask for help in some areas that are of interest to me.

This picture was printed in *The Wakefield Express* and is stated to show the committee of the Outwood Memorial Hall in 1946 at the time of beginning to clear the site for building and they are admiring the stump of a significant tree that has been felled. A list of names is provided but it is not complete so can you identify any of the people in the line up? The paper listed the following in its caption: “Among those pictured are [left to right] **Walter Morton**, **Newton Reeve**, **Mr Tallant**, **Mr Huswit** (Stanley UDC Surveyor), **Fred Burton**, **Tom Colley**, **Fred Dixon**, **Margaret Moody**, **John Illingworth** and **Mr Kaye**". If we accept that the names are right up to Margaret Moody then two of the remaining four men are to be identified.

Another identity parade:

This is **Miss Spencer**'s class from Outwood Junior School in 1952. The tallest lad in the centre of the back row is **Peter Brears** our speaker last December. Do you recognise yourself or anyone else in this photograph?

Another interest of mine is cricket and I was interested to hear recently that **Brian Close** the well-known player and in his time captain of Yorkshire and England had also played football including for a time playing for Outwood Stormcocks, a feeder team to Leeds United. Searching through old newspapers online I came across the following article from the *Huddersfield Examiner* from November 16th 1946 highlights of which are summarised below:

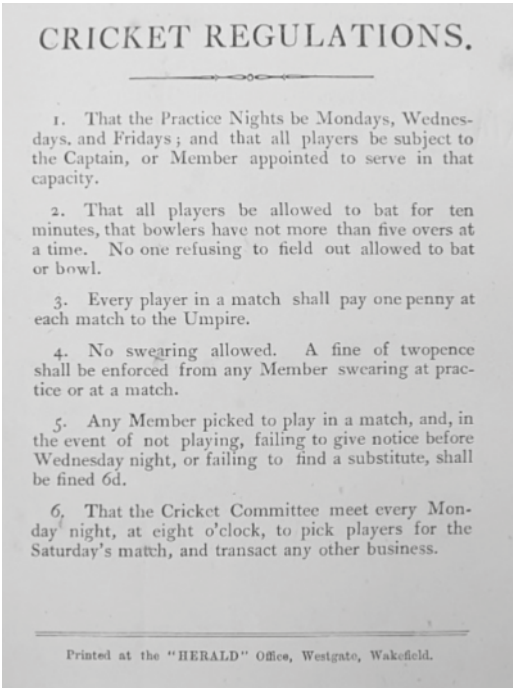
"From Wakefield comes a challenge to any under 16 team in the country! It is sent out in the name of the Stormcocks, members of the Leeds and District Under 16 League by the club secretary **Mr J Pickersgill** of 10 The Avenue, Outwood who wonders if there are any clubs in the Huddersfield district who would like to take up the challenge. Any acceptors of the challenge will certainly find a considerable task in front of them. The Stormcocks had up until last Saturday scored 115 goals against 6. For over 20 years during which time Mr Pickersgill has been the trainer they have been prominent in the junior game and besides turning out players who have ultimately found their way to big clubs they have established records in the winning of trophies. In one record breaking period they went nearly three

seasons without defeat and it was common for them to register over 200 goals in a season. A crowd of 5,000 watched them play and win the Leeds and District Minor Cup last season."

This certainly sounds to be a significant for a team coming from this area. Do you have any information to share about this team or indeed sportsmen or sportswomen in your family?

Going back to my interest in cricket, I was very interested to note that when raising money to build the Memorial Hall that the first fundraising event was a cricket match at Lofthouse Cricket Club. This happened for a number of years and a significant source of income was the sale of cigarettes!

After that I was researching the history of Outwood Institute and came across a rule book for Members from 1877 and sure enough on the very back page as an appendix were the regulations for their cricket club. I couldn't resist adding the photograph below of those rules because the fines set out seem very severe and go to show how seriously they took their sport in those days.



CRICKET REGULATIONS.

1. That the Practice Nights be Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and that all players be subject to the Captain, or Member appointed to serve in that capacity.

2. That all players be allowed to bat for ten minutes, that bowlers have not more than five overs at a time. No one refusing to field out allowed to bat or bowl.

3. Every player in a match shall pay one penny at each match to the Umpire.

4. No swearing allowed. A fine of twopence shall be enforced from any Member swearing at practice or at a match.

5. Any Member picked to play in a match, and, in the event of not playing, failing to give notice before Wednesday night, or failing to find a substitute, shall be fined 6d.

6. That the Cricket Committee meet every Monday night, at eight o'clock, to pick players for the Saturday's match, and transact any other business.

Printed at the "HERALD" Office, Westgate, Wakefield.

Any information about cricket or sport generally in the area would be very much appreciated.

What would you like our speakers to tell you about? The Committee is asking what subjects you would like to have speakers for. The Society is yours, and the Committee would like you to become more involved in choosing speakers at our Saturday morning meetings. Please pass on your suggestions to either a committee member or email: editor@wdfhs.co.uk. Please let us know if you would like to recommend someone, know of a speaker or volunteer yourself – or indeed if there is a subject that you would like to be covered in one of our meetings.

Distance Search for WDFHS Members:

We now have offers of help from members who are willing to undertake specific research in the following areas: Bristol area, Keithley, TNA, The Society of Genealogists, Metropolitan Archives, Glasgow, Central Scotland Members wishing to use this service or who are willing to help, please email joyjoseph105@gmail.com or contact her at Joy Joseph, 105 Bartholomew Square, Bristol, BS7 0QB.

PRINCIPAL WAKEFIELD INFORMATION CENTRES

West Yorkshire History Centre, 127 Kirkgate, Wakefield, WF1 1JG.

The Archive has a unique collection of original documents but you must book an appointment to consult them. Be warned at the moment that the earliest available appointment is usually several weeks after you make contact. You can examine their website online to discover documents relevant to your research and they will normally ask you to confirm the documents you want to examine shortly before your visit.

Opening hours:

Mondays	10:00am – 4:00pm
Tuesdays	10:00am -- 4:00pm
Thursdays	10:00am – 4:00pm

On Fridays the Exhibition space is open (but not the search room to view originals) 10:00am – 4:00pm

Please email wakefield@wyjs.org.uk or call 0113 535 3040 to book

Wakefield Library, Wakefield One, Burton Street, Wakefield, WF1 2DD

Local Studies Tel: 01924 305 356.

Monday	9:00am – 7:00pm
Tuesday	9:00am – 5:00pm
Wednesday & Thursday	9:00am – 7:00pm
Friday	9:00am – 5:00pm
Saturday	9:00am – 4:00pm

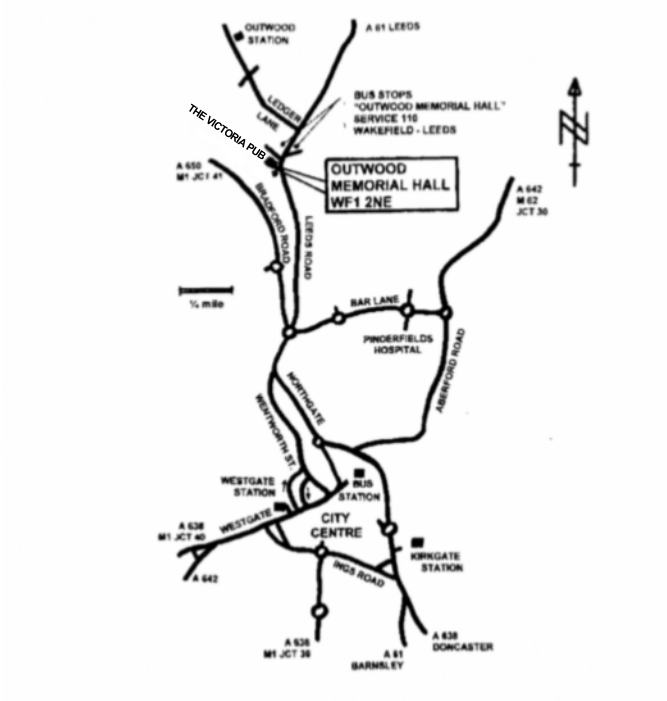
Wakefield Museum, Wakefield One, Burton Street, Wakefield, WF1 2EB. Tel: 01924 302104.

The opening hours are the same as the library except for Monday when the museum closes at 5pm.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

All are welcome at our monthly meetings held on the first Saturday of each month (except January) at **Outwood Memorial Hall**. These feature a guest speaker and doors open at 9.30am with the talk starting at 10.30am. We encourage people (visitors are welcome at no charge) to come to the live meeting to socialise with fellow members and to benefit from the expertise of Society volunteers and other benefits. At every meeting in the hall there are bookstalls, a library, help desk and information on computers. Tea and coffee are available. There is also a special display of artifacts and records, and each month has a different theme.

However, for those who cannot come to the hall it is possible to join the meeting over the internet using the Zoom platform. Please request access by emailing chairman@wdfhs.co.uk and you will receive a message with the necessary link. The Zoom broadcast begins at 10am**.**



See over for a listing of forthcoming events

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Exchange Journals & Library Assistant:
June Jamieson

Help Desk:
Stella Robinson, Carol Sklinar, Dave Bradley,
Tony Banks & Debbie Staynes

Meeting Reporter:
Lorraine Simpson

Minutes Recorder & Assistant Librarian:
Jacqueline Ryder

Publications Stall:
Ros Bartle

Publications Stall Assistant:
Deborah Scriven

Refreshments Organiser:
Sue Vasis

Refreshments Assistant:
Mary Buttigieg

Printed by Alderson's Print:

Wakefield & District Family History Society

WAKEFIELD & DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

Registered Charity No. 1134361

Programme to June 2025

SATURDAY MEETINGS

at Outwood Memorial Hall

Doors open 9.30am - Talks begin 10.30am

Jan 4th — **WDFHS LAST YEAR / THIS YEAR**
A ZOOM MEETING
Members discussion

Feb 1st — **STRUGGLE AND SUFFRAGE**
Gaynor Haliday
The background to her book

Mar 1st — **HENRY BRIGGS COAL KING OF OUTWOOD**
Paul Dawson
Outwood hall resident who initiated much local industry

April 5th — **TAKE THREE GIRLS**
Jackie Depelle
Nothing to do with TV series of this name

May 3rd — **MY IRISH FAMILY**
Sheron Boyle
Includes story of ancestor with ticket for Titanic

June 7th — **WENT THE DAY WELL**
Dr Phil Judkins
A different aspect of the well known story

For further information about this event, please scan the QR code

wdfhs.co.uk