

CHESHIRE ANCESTOR

CELEBRATING
50 YEARS
OF FAMILY HISTORY

The Journal of the
Family History Society of Cheshire



In this edition

World War Two 80th Anniversary Special Edition

The Day War Broke Out ❖ *In the Navy during WWII*

A WAAF Sworn to Secrecy ❖ *A Village at War*

Plus Leaving School ❖ *Yours, Mine and Ours and more...*

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OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

CHAIRMAN

Victoria Doran
9 Birkett Road
West Kirby
Wirral CH48 5HT
Tel: 0151 345 3816
chairman@fhsc.org.uk

MOBBERLEY RESEARCH CENTRE REPRESENTATIVE

Alan E Jones
7 Beaufort Close
Alderley Edge SK9 7HU
Tel: 01625 584678
research.centre@fhsc.org.uk

PUBLICITY OFFICER

Peter Johnson
57 Helston Close
Sutton Park
Runcorn WA7 6AA
Tel: 07769 575078
publicity@fhsc.org.uk

HONORARY SECRETARY

Howard Martin
2 Roxburgh Close
Macclesfield SK10 3QE
Tel: 01625 613310
secretary@fhsc.org.uk

LIBRARIAN

Joan Irving
62 Orme Crescent
Macclesfield SK10 2HS
Tel: 01625 421545
librarian@fhsc.org.uk

PROJECTS

ADMINISTRATOR

Lesley Smetham
Little Trees
Gawsworth Road
Gawsworth
Macclesfield SK11 9RA
Tel: 01625 426173

HONORARY TREASURER

David Smetham
Little Trees
Gawsworth Road
Gawsworth
Macclesfield SK11 9RA
Tel: 01625 426173
treasurer@fhsc.org.uk

MEMBERSHIP (RENEWALS)

Peter A Mellor
Tan y Celyn, Rhos Isaf
Rhostryfan, Caernarfon
Gwynedd LL54 7LY
renewals@fhsc.org.uk

ELECTRONIC PROJECTS

Peter Davenport
Glenside
One Oak Lane
Wilmslow SK9 2BL
Tel: 01625 533936
electronic.projects@fhsc.org.uk

HONORARY EDITOR

Mrs Rosie Rowley
21 Lavenham Close
Macclesfield SK10 2TS
editor@fhsc.org.uk

MEMBERSHIP (ENROLMENT)

Mrs Angela Moore
6 Woodlands Close
Stalybridge SK15 2SH
(*new members only*)
membership@fhsc.org.uk

BOOK/CD SALES & OUTSIDE EVENTS

David Johnson
91 Stretford House
Chapel Lane
Stretford
Manchester M32 9AY
Tel: 0161 864 1521
book.sales@fhsc.org.uk

JOURNAL DISTRIBUTION

John Lord
17 Rowan Drive
Cheadle Hulme
Cheadle SK8 7DU
Tel: 0161 486 0333
magazines@fhsc.org.uk

GIFT AID

Maurice Stokes
19 North Drive
High Legh
Knutsford WA16 6LX
painter022@yahoo.com

WEBMASTER

Alan Bennett
8 Barford Drive
Lowton
Warrington WA3 1DD
webmaster@fhsc.org.uk

CHESHIREBMD & UKBMD

Ian Hartas
webmaster@cheshirebmd.org.uk

Cover picture: *Crewe Hall, a Grade I Listed Jacobean mansion, now used as a hotel.*

Photo © John M (cc-by-sa/2.0) - geograph.org.uk/p/5003788.

Crewe Hall was built in 1615–36 for Sir Randolph Crewe, and was one of Cheshire's largest houses in the 17th century - see *A Village at War* by Geoff Pritchard on page 32.



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CHESHIRE ANCESTOR

Society website: www.fhsc.org.uk

Contents

Editorial	2	The Day War Broke Out	26
Society Diary Dates	3	A World War II Childhood	30
Chairman's Jottings	4	A Village at War	32
Research Centre News	6	A WAAF Sworn to Secrecy	36
Members' Research		In the Navy during WWII	41
Lookup Service	7	Into the Royal Air Force (Part I)	46
Notice of the FHSC 50th		What's in a Name?	50
Annual General Meeting	8	Cheshire Observer,	
Family History Events	10	2 September 1939	51
Family History News	12	Leaving School	54
Certificate Exchange	15	Yours, Mine and Ours	56
Book Reviews	17	The Computer Section	58
Social Media Officer Wanted	19	Group Events and Activities	68
Help Wanted	20	Unusual Names	75
Following the Drum	21	Membership	76
Cheaper by the (Half)		The Society's Family History	
Dozen (Part 4)	24	Research Centres	78

Cheshire Ancestor is published in March, June, September and December.

Please send items for possible publication to the editor by post or email (see page 3).

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*Our society was founded in 1969—
one of the first family history societies*

Editorial

by Rosie Rowley



Welcome to the September 2019 issue of the **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR**, a special issue commemorating the eightieth anniversary of the start of WWII which includes several articles about life as a civilian or in the forces during that time. There is also a new 'reader challenge' for those who have an ancestor with a record-breaking family - see the *Yours, Mine and Ours* article on page 56.

This issue is also the first of the four issues of **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR** forming Volume 50, and to celebrate fifty years since the society was founded in 1969 these four issues will have a gold cover instead of the usual green.

I am still seeking a replacement editor, so if you are interested please get in touch. The editor doesn't have to live in Cheshire (or even in the U.K.) as most correspondence these days is by email, but you do need to be a reasonably proficient and confident computer user, and have a eye for detail.

STOP PRESS - WILLS

Just as this issue was about to go to press, it was announced that digital copies of post-1858 wills for England and Wales have been reduced in price from £10 to just £1.50 each. I always felt that £10 for a copy of a will was rather excessive and avoided buying any. Since the announcement I have ordered fifteen wills and am now waiting with bated breath to see what, if anything, they reveal about my family - I'm hoping they're not all of the *everything to Mother* kind! Search for and order wills at

<https://probatesearch.service.gov.uk/#wills>

Warning - the search form asks for year of death, but the system actually searches for the year of probate, which can sometimes be a few years after the person died. The probate indexes are also available on *Ancestry* and you may find it easier to search there first.

Society Diary Dates

For Group meeting dates, see the Groups pages at the end of this issue.

For changes and up-to-date news check the website www.fhsc.org.uk

Sun 1 Sep	Exec. Committee Meeting, Jubilee Hall, Little Budworth, 2pm.
Sat 7 Sep	Stretford History Fair, St Matthew's Church Hall, Chester Rd, Stretford, M32 9AJ, 10am-4pm. The society will be represented at this event.
10 Oct	Final copy date for CHESHIRE ANCESTOR , December issue.
Sat 2 Nov	Annual General Meeting, Salt Works Museum, Northwich. This will be a special all-day event - full details on page . We hope that you can join us for this "Golden" celebration.
10 Jan 2020	Final copy date for CHESHIRE ANCESTOR , March issue.

Members who do not have access to the Internet should contact their local or affiliated group for up-to-date information about meetings, etc.

Contact details for all groups are inside the back cover.

ITEMS FOR THE CHESHIRE ANCESTOR

For advertising rates and information, please see last page.

FINAL copy dates are the 10th day of January, April, July or October.

The earlier material is submitted, the more help it is to the editor.

Publication is at the discretion of the editor and is subject to space being available; unused items may be carried over to a later issue. Articles accepted by email (in Microsoft Word, Open Office Writer, or plain text format, using any font type or size), or by post as manuscript. Suggested length 300-2000 words. Please email images (two or three max.) as separate files in JPG format, preferably scanned at 300dpi. Please do not send images printed on normal paper as they will not reproduce well; and **never** send **original** photos by post. Please type all surnames in CAPITALS.

If you have typed your article on a computer, please consider the Editor's workload and submit it by email to avoid the article having to be re-typed.

Please include your name, membership number (if a member), and postal or email address. Please state if you DO want either or both of your postal or email addresses to be published, otherwise they will be omitted, to comply with GDPR regulations - which means potential 'cousins' cannot contact you.

Chairman's Jottings

by Victoria M L Doran



By the time you read this, our Fiftieth Anniversary Members' Competition will have just closed to entries, and hopefully many of you have given the judges a very hard task to choose the winner.

Whether or not you entered, please try to come to the AGM on 2nd November at the Lion Salt Works Museum, Northwich when the winner will be announced. A very interesting programme has been organised for the day, thanks to David Smetham and others for their hard work, and it is always good to meet people with similar interests. The AGM itself does not usually take up much time, and it is your chance to meet and talk with those who run your Society. You may then think to yourself *well, I could help with that!* So come and see us, talk to us and then perhaps consider putting your name forward when the opportunity presents itself, either to help your local group or to take on one of the society positions.

Thanks to the sterling efforts of a team including Joan Irving and Peter Davenport, the work of formatting the many transcriptions that we own to the format needed to sell them via our online shop is progressing well. A lot of effort has gone into ensuring that we have the right to publish them online. The originals are in many different formats, and a few items that we have never offered for sale before have been found in cupboards. Once the team has the files ready for the website, they are handed over to our webmaster, Alan Bennett, who uploads them to the website shop. Alan has also been very busy lately upgrading the look, feel and speed of the website, taking on board suggestions for improvements. Have a look and see what you think. Constructive suggestions are always welcome.

You are possibly unaware that our Society belongs to the Family History Federation (FHF; formerly the Federation of Family History Societies), and to its North-west Group. Sadly our Middlesex Group folded a while ago due to falling numbers. We are now going to try a joint North-west FHS Group in the London area with the Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society and the Cumbria Family History Society. If you live within range of central London, keep an eye on our website to find out about meetings.

Our membership subscription to the FHF is based on our number of members. David Smetham represents us at meetings, and we get feedback on issues and successes from other societies. Our membership fee also provides the liability insurance cover for all we do, from groups to research centres (our assets are insured separately). When appropriate the FHF provides guidance on legal and charity matters, which allows us to concentrate on running the society.

The FHF includes one-name study groups as well as area-based family history societies. If you are involved with a one-name study, perhaps you would consider writing an article for **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR** about what is involved, and the benefits you have found. You might trigger others to have a go themselves!

FHSC Website Shop

The website shop is now fully open for business. You must be registered on the website and logged in to buy items from the shop.

Prices start at just £1 and payment is by card, enabling distant and overseas customers to buy without the expense of delivery charges and difficulty of obtaining sterling cheques.

One free item is available so that buyers can familiarise themselves with the purchase, checkout and file download process risk-free - no payment details will be requested if that is the only item 'purchased.'

Several products are now available as pdf downloads, including:

- **Kelly's Directory of Cheshire, 1923;** price £2.50
- **Downloads which include some church registers:**
 - Congleton Edge Methodist Chapel; price £2
 - Carrington St George's Church; price £3
 - Dukinfield Old Chapel; price £5 - this download includes a huge amount of information, totalling over 3,000 pages.
- **Memorial Inscriptions:**

The shop also has for sale 25 files containing memorial inscriptions for Cheshire churches.

More info is in the website FAQ at https://www.fhsc.org.uk/new-faq#faq_38

Research Centre News

Information about our research centres can be found at the end of the journal.

Mobberley Research Centre

by Alan Jones



As children and grandchildren go back to school now, our librarian, Joan Irving, suggests it might be a good time to get to grips with your family history. Our duty volunteers can help with brick walls and suggestions to find those elusive ancestors. The library has information books on all aspects of research including living descendants, DNA and books by the *Who Do You Think You Are?* team.

We continue to receive donations of Cheshire books, many of which have old photographs of people and places that could stir memories for your family history. Many of our books were printed last century and earlier and give a picture of life, now long gone, in which your ancestors lived and worked. The Internet can be a good source of data but some time spent looking at historical books can provide a wealth of interesting and important reports, or snippets about local people and events not available elsewhere.

A good family history is more than names and dates, so try to spend a little time searching beyond the Internet and check out our great collection of books. You can find a list of our holdings on our website at www.fhsc.org.uk; go to *Research Centres – Mobberley Research Centre – Research – Holdings*

Change to opening days

Due to staffing difficulties, it is with regret that we have to announce a change to our opening days at the Mobberley Research Centre. As from September, we will **not** be open on the **1st, 3rd and 5th Wednesdays of the month**, until further notice.

We will be open as usual, from 10am until 4pm, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month, except for the annual winter closure during December and early January. Dates for this will be published on the website and in the December issue of the **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR**.

Crewe Family History Unit

by Margaret Spate

In addition to our usual Monday and Tuesday openings we will open on

Sat 7th. Sept	9.30 – 12.30
Sat 12th. Oct	9.30 – 12.30
Sat 16th. Nov	9.30 – 12.30

Christmas Closure.

The Family History Unit will be closed from 4pm on Tuesday 17th December 2019 and reopen on Monday 6th January 2020. Note also there will be no Saturday opening during December.

Members' Research Lookup Service

This is a free service for members only.

Upon request we will search our research resources (see the list on the FHSC website) for specific information about one named person. For example: a search for a marriage, baptism or burial record or a search for a memorial inscription. We will also check other indexes we hold.

We will respond as quickly as possible but please remember that the Research Centre is staffed by volunteers who have other duties.

Please note we cannot undertake in-depth family history research. Members wanting that sort of service should engage a professional genealogist.

Requests can be submitted:

- **Online at *www.fhsc.org.uk***
Log in to the website, then navigate to
SHOP > PRODUCTS > SERVICES > RESEARCH SERVICE.
- **By post**
Please remember to include your name, membership number, contact details and a correctly stamped, addressed envelope (at least C5 size).
Requests should be posted to: *Family History Society of Cheshire, Look up Service, Mobberley Research Centre, Rajar Building, Town Lane, Mobberley, Cheshire, WA16 7ER.*

NOTICE OF THE FHSC 50th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the FHSC will be held at
3.00pm on
Saturday 2nd November 2019
at
The Lion Salt Works Museum
Ollershaw Lane, Marston,
Northwich, Cheshire, CW9 6ES

<http://lionsaltworks.westcheshiremuseums.co.uk>

There is ample free parking. The nearest railway station is Northwich, a 30-minute walk.

The meeting will be held in the Thompson Suite; this is upstairs in the Museum and a lift is available. The day will start at 10.00am.

- 10.00am Arrival: complimentary tea and coffee will be served.
- 11.00am First talk: *The Anderton Boat Lift* by David Thomas.
- 12.00pm Break for lunch and free time. Members must pay the usual admission charge (£6.25, or £5.50 for concessions) if they wish to look round the museum.

Please note that only food purchased on the premises may be consumed in the Thompson Suite or museum café.

A limited range of food is available from the museum café (hot and cold drinks, sandwiches, cakes, snacks and ice creams). Please help by ordering sandwiches and cakes in advance (01606 275040).

The Salt Barge pub (www.thesaltbarge.com, 0160 621 2525) across the road will take orders for food in advance. A typical menu will be displayed on the FHSC website nearer the date of the AGM.

- 1.30pm Second talk: *The Lion Salt Works - an Industrial and Social History* by Peter Solan.
- 2.30pm Break for complimentary cream tea with tea or coffee.
- 3.00pm AGM. The meeting is expected to close by 4.00pm.

Note, the constitution requires that:

An Annual General Meeting of the Society shall be held within five months of the end of its financial year for the following purposes:

- To receive a report from the Committee and a statement of Accounts from the Hon. Treasurer for the preceding financial year, together with the report of the Independent Examiner or Auditor, and reports from each of the Groups of the Society.
- To elect the Chairman, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer and other Society officials for the ensuing year.
- To appoint an Independent Examiner or Auditor.
- To decide by simple majority upon any resolution which may be duly submitted to the meeting for consideration. No resolution, other than those relating to the adoption of reports and accounts, shall be moved at the Annual General Meeting unless a notice in writing, signed by the member who proposes to move it and stating its terms, has been received by the Hon. Secretary at least forty-two days before the date appointed for the holding of such Annual General Meeting.
- The Chairman of the meeting shall, at his or her discretion, and with the consent of a majority of the members present and voting, have the power to admit resolutions of which notice has not been given, if such resolution shall not involve any alterations of the Constitution. Such resolution shall be decided upon by a simple majority of members present and voting.
- At least twenty-eight days before the Annual General Meeting, a detailed notice of such meeting shall be sent, by circular or otherwise, to every member of the Society at his/her last known address. This will be by means of the notice in the September edition of **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR**.

First World War Display at Wallasey Town Hall.

A new display case in the Wallasey Town Hall foyer (public waiting area) currently contains a private collection of First World War memorabilia, including items associated with the Town Hall when it was a Military Hospital from 1916 to 1919. A number of the pictures on display are from an autograph book belonging to Alwine Clarisse EDENBOROUGH, a South African volunteer nurse who collected poems and drawings made by soldiers during her time in Wallasey during the First World War.

Family History Events

For news of family history events, see the online calendars at
<http://geneva.weald.org.uk/>
and www.familyhistoryfederation.com/events

Stretford Family and Local History Fair

10.00am - 4.00pm, Saturday 7th September 2019
St Matthew's Church Hall, Chester Road, Stretford M32 9AJ
Admission £2; stands, talks, information.
<https://www.fhsc.org.uk/about-the-group-sale-2>

Open House at The National Archives

Sat 21st September 2019 at The National Archives, Richmond, TW9 4DU
Special tours, including our repositories, explain how we preserve the nation's historical documents for the future. Tours take 75-90 minutes and are first come, first served. Booking not required.
Tour times: 11.00, 13.00, 14.00, 15.00; maximum 15 per group.
www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/open-house-london-tickets-62582588206

Guild of One-Name Studies Seminar: Industry in the Potteries

9.30am - 4.30pm, Saturday 12th October 2019
Whitmore Village Hall, Coneygreave Lane, Newcastle under Lyme ST5 5HX
Situated just south of Stoke on Trent, we shall be exploring all the industries of the north Midlands. It wasn't just pottery in the area - many other industries existed, including salt mines.
Booking essential - Non-members welcome
<http://one-name.org/events> Tel: 0800 011 2182

Rootstech, London

Thurs-Sat 24th-26th October 2019
ExCeL London Convention centre, Royal Victoria Dock, London E16 1XL
The world's largest family history conference is coming to London!
Over 150 lectures - Keynote speakers including Donny Osmond!
<https://www.rootstech.org/london>

Cheshire History Day

“Great Estates of Cheshire - Then and Now”

Sat 26th Oct 2019 at Winsford Lifestyle Centre, The Drumber, CW7 1AD
www.cheshirehistory.org.uk

FHSC Golden Anniversary and AGM

Sat 2nd November 2019 at Lion Salt Works Museum, Northwich.
A special all-day event for members, with talks and complimentary light refreshments to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the FHSC.
All members are warmly invited to attend this “Golden” celebration.

Huddersfield & District FHS: Family and Local History Fair

10.00am to 4.00pm, Saturday 16th November 2019
Cathedral House, St Thomas’ Road, Huddersfield, HD1 3LG
Admission £3.00, accompanied children under 16 free
Free on-site car parking - Cathedral House cafe open all day
www.hdfhs.org.uk/the-family-history-fair

FUTURE EVENTS - SAVE THE DATE!

Family Tree Live - 17th-18th April 2020 at Alexandra Palace, north London
www.family-tree.co.uk/ftre/show/family-tree-live
The Family History Show, York - 20th June 2020 at York
<https://thefamilyhistoryshow.com/york/>
THE Genealogy Show - 26th-27th June 2020 at the NEC, Birmingham
www.thegenealogyshow.uk

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Volunteer proof reader for the CHESHIRE ANCESTOR

Tel: 01856-831533 or Email: vestlaybanks@btinternet.com

Family History News

A selection of recent updates to websites, and other family history news. Remember, if you don't have a subscription to *Ancestry*, *Find My Past* or *The Genealogist*, our Research Centres have free access to many of these records.

Bear in mind that record collections on the Internet may not be complete.

Hearth Tax website

<http://gams.uni-graz.at/context:htx>

A new digital hearth tax website has been launched, holding records for parts of County Durham, Westmorland, York and Yorkshire, Middlesex, Westminster and the City of London. The addition of records for other locations is planned.

The Hearth Tax was introduced in 1662, with a charge of 1s for every hearth in a property. Records for many areas are fairly complete making the Hearth Tax the nearest family historians have to a nationwide census for the 17th century. The name of the head of household was listed, along with the number of taxable hearths, and whether or not the money had been paid. In later records the names of those exempt are also included, making Hearth Tax records useful for tracing poor ancestors.

Find My Past has Hearth Tax records for Northamptonshire in 1674 at <https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/northamptonshire-hearth-tax-1674>

The Genealogist

To see what's new at *The Genealogist*, go to www.thegenealogist.co.uk/news
To see a full list of holdings, go to www.thegenealogist.co.uk/coverage

Norfolk Parish Records

In addition to Baptism, Marriage and Burial records for over 250 parishes, these records also include some fascinating Bastardy Bonds, Examinations, Warrants and Orders, with images.

Records of Victorian Convicts

These fully searchable records are from HO24: Prison Registers and Returns 1838-1875 for Millbank, Parkhurst and Pentonville.

Ancestry

To see a list of all record sets included on the *Ancestry* website, go to <http://search.ancestry.co.uk/search/cardcatalog.aspx>.

Click on *Sort by > Date Updated* to see the latest additions.

To find out what's new at *Ancestry*, see www.ancestry.co.uk/cs/recent-collections

UK, Essex Parish Registers

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/essexearlyparish/

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/essexburials/

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/essexbaptisms/

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/essexmarriages/

Various dates from 1538 to 1994. Ancestry states that the records include images, but to view the image a link is provided to Essex Record Office to whom payment must be made. See article in *Net That Surf*.

UK, D-Day War Diaries and Photographs, 1944

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/ukdday

Selected war diaries from D-Day as well as a collection of photographs from the front line.

Wales, Wills and Probate, 1513-1858

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/waleswills

Prior to 12 January 1858, wills in England and Wales were proved in church courts, the location of which may depend on the location of the property left in the will. Seven dioceses (or equivalent) covered parishes in Wales: Bangor, Brecon, Chester, Hawarden, Llandaff, St Asaph and St David's.

This information appears to have come from the National Library of Wales., where the same records may be available free at www.library.wales/search/wills

UK, Absent Voter Lists, 1918-1925, 1939

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/ukabsentvoters

A few absent voters lists for some parts of the following locations -

Glasgow: 1921; Perth: 1920, 1921; Bedfordshire: 1918, 1919, 1921, 1939; Luton, 1918, 1919, 1921, 1924, 1925; Birmingham: 1918; Dorset: 1918, 1919, 1920; London: 1918, 1919, 1920; Tyne and Wear: 1920, 1921.

United Kingdom & Ireland Historical Postcards, 1893-1963

www.ancestry.co.uk/search/collections/postcardsuki

Over 19,000 historical postcards with photos of places in the United Kingdom and Ireland. Each postcard caption has been indexed and may be searched by keyword or location.

Find My Past (FMP)

To see a list of all record sets included on the *FindMyPast* website, go to <http://search.findmypast.co.uk/historical-records>.

To see what's new at *FindMyPast*, go to www.findmypast.co.uk/whats-new or <https://blog.findmypast.co.uk/latest-records/>

UK, Essex Church Records

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/essex-baptism-index-1538-1920>

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/essex-marriages-and-banns-1537-1935>

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/essex-burial-index-1530-1994>

A large number of Essex church records have been added; in this case the records have been transcribed and more information is available than on Ancestry, but the records are not linked to images on the Essex CRO website.

UK, Derbyshire Church Records

www.findmypast.co.uk/articles/derbyshire-parish-list

Records from fifteen non-conformist churches have been added. Mainly covering Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches in Derby, the new records are marked **New* in the Derbyshire parish list.

UK, Lancashire Parish Registers

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/lancashire-baptisms>

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/lancashire-banns-and-marriages>

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/lancashire-burials>

The new records are from the following parishes: Edge Hill, St Nathaniel; Everton, Emmanuel; Liverpool, St John; Liverpool, St Silas, Pembroke Place; Liverpool, St Stephen the Martyr; Newburgh, Christ Church; Seaforth, St Thomas; Stoneycroft, St Paul; Toxteth Park, St Bede.

UK, Greater London Burial Index

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/greater-london-burial-index>

A collection of the Middlesex Burials & Memorial Inscriptions, South London Burials Index 1545-1905, City of London Burials 1754-1855 and Middlesex Burials 1538-1992.

England & Wales Merchant Navy Crew Lists 1861-1913

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/england-and-wales-merchant-navy-crew-lists-1861-1913>

Crew lists and agreements from archives across England and Wales. Over 157,000 of the 570,000 records include images of original documents.

Certificate Exchange

by Jean Jones

This service enables members to share Birth, Marriage and Death certificate information. Due to current legislation, only information from certificates over 100 years old can be supplied. Members can obtain a **transcription** of a certificate by sending your name, membership number, and identifying the required certificate from the published list:

- by email to editor@fhsc.org.uk (marked for the attention of Jean Jones, Certificate Exchange)
- by post (please include a stamped self-addressed envelope) to Jean Jones, 2 Lytham Rd, Ashton in Makerfield, Wigan WN4 9RU.

Unwanted certificates should be sent to the above address. Please ensure you use the correct postage rate for the envelope size and weight. If in doubt, please ask at your local Post Office. Certificates over 100 years old will be listed in the **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR** as soon as possible after receipt. Other certificates will be held until such time as legislation allows them to be listed.

Thank you for donating unwanted certificates to the FHSC.

Certificate type: B= birth; M=marriage; D=death

BURGESS	Mary K.	M 1876 Nov 14	To Edwin Whittingham. Dau of Richard Burgess.	Frodsham CHS.
CHADWICK	Abigail	B 1855 Dec 23	To Samuel & Esther formerly Leach.	Heywood LANCS.
DALE	Edward	M 1869 Aug 24	To Emily Evanson. Son of - - -	Wrenbury CHS.
DARLINGTON	Adam	B 1838 Jul 19	To James & Ann formerly Evans.	Pendleton LANCS.
EVANSON	Emily	M 1869 Aug 24	To Edward Dale. Dau of Samuel Evanson.	Wrenbury CHS.
EVANSON	Daniel	M 1872 Apr 14	To Jane Amelia Hough. Son of Thomas Evanson.	Wybunbury CHS.
GARDNER	Elizabeth.	B 1847 Jul 11	To Richard & Jane formerly Thornton.	Ellel LANC.
GARDNER	William	B 1844 Apr 22	To William & Catherine formerly Bentham.	Preston LANCS.
GARDNER	Mary	D 1908 Apr 14	Age 57 yrs. Spinster.	Gloucester N. GLS.
HEAPS	John C.	M 1865 Oct 22	To Sarah Sandbach. Son of Thomas Heaps.	West Derby. LIVERPOOL.

HEAPS	John	M 1877 Feb 28	To Harriett Smith. Son of Thomas Heaps.	LIVERPOOL.
HOUGH	Jane A.	M 1872 Apr 14	To Daniel Evanson. Dau of John Hough dec.	Wybunbury CHS.
JENKINSON	Aaron	B 1839 Nov 20	To Mathew & Mary formerly Moreton.	Altrincham CHS.
LAWRENCE	Eliza	B 1851 Feb 27	To James & Elizabeth formerly Hagger.	Bottisham CAM.
LIGHTFOOT	Edith	B 1880 Oct 24	To James & Mary formerly Morris.	Famworth LANC.
MADIN	Ann	M 1865 Oct 29	To James Whittingham. Dau of Henry Smith	MANCHESTER.
ORMES	Douglas	B 1918 Nov 2	To Robert & Mary formerly Corcoran.	Runcom CHS.
OWENS	Charles	M 1885 Mar 28	To Ann Sykes. Son of John Owen.	Crewe CHS.
PENDLEBURY	Nancy	B 1841 Mar 16	To Martha Pendlebury.	Little Bolton LANCS.
SANDBACH	Sarah	M 1865 Oct 22	To John C Heaps. Dau. Of John Sandbach.	West Derby. LIVERPOOL.
SHERRATT	Edwin	M 1891 Jun 4	To Emma Sykes. Son of Thomas Sherratt.	Crewe CHS.
SMITH	Harriett	M 1877 Feb 28	To John Heaps. Dau of William C Smith.	LIVERPOOL.
SYKES	Emma	M 1891 Jun 4	To Edwin Sherratt. Dau of Edwin Sykes.	Crewe CHS.
SYKES	Ann	M 1885 Mar 28	To Charles Owen. Dau of Edward Sykes.	Crewe CHS.
THOMPSON	George	B 1851 Jun 2	To Alice Thompson.	Runcom CHS.
THOMPSON	Mary A.	B 1876 May 20	To George & Mary formerly Shinglers.	Runcom CHS.
WHITTINGHAM	James	M 1865 Oct 29	To Ann Madin. Son of John Whittingham.	MANCHESTER.
WHITTINGHAM	Edwin	M 1876 Nov 14	To Mary Kate Burgess. Son of John Whittingham dec.	Frodsham CHS.

Book Reviews

by Lyn McCulloch

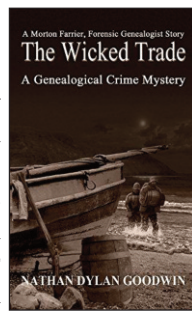


Newly published items on genealogical or Cheshire subjects are welcomed for review. Please send to Lyn McCulloch, Barrymore, Marbury Road, Comberbach, Northwich, CW9 6AU. After review, items are given to a Society library or group.

If you wish to purchase a book (or other items) online, please consider registering with the fundraising website *Give As You Live* at www.giveasyoulive.com/join/fhsc-macclesfield. Shopping via this website generates a donation to the FHSC at no cost to you.

***The Wicked Trade* by Nathan Dylan Goodwin Reviewed by Jackie Jones**

This is another story in the *Morton Farrier, Forensic Genealogist* series, the *Wicked Trade* of the title being that of smuggling, in which we are treated to a tale of poverty, theft and murder. The book begins in 1963 with the discovery, whilst renovations are being carried out in an old public house, of two human skeletons walled-up behind a chimney – the only clue to their identities being the uniform they are wearing. In 2018 Morton Farrier is commissioned to discover information about Ann Fothergill, who wrote a letter in 1827 which is now in the possession of one of her descendants.



As is usual with Nathan Dylan Goodwin's books, there are two tales being told concurrently, one of the investigation Morton carries out and the other of the characters he is researching - in this case, in the 1820s to 1830s. He sets his novel out with a background of true events but with a fictional story. This was a very enjoyable book and I highly recommend it. I have to admit that since reading this I have bought three more stories from this excellent author, who weaves two tales into one, making it difficult to put the book down!

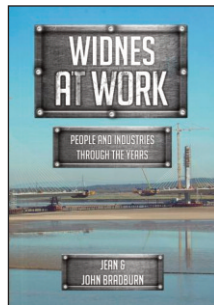
Independently published, 2018. Paperback, 308 pages, £8.99.

ISBN-13: 978-1977083845

www.nathandylangoodwin.com/the-wicked-trade

Widnes at Work by Jean and John Bradburn
Reviewed by Lyn McCulloch

Subtitled *People and Industries through the Years*, Jean and John have detailed the industrial heritage of Widnes. Once a sparsely populated rural area of green fields with the villages of Farnworth, Appleton, Ditton and Upton dotted about, Widnes became a busy industrial town thanks to the development of the chemical industry.



Although then officially in Lancashire, Widnes had strong links with Northwich in Cheshire, thanks to Messrs Brunner and Mond, and also with Runcorn. Once the old ferry boat was replaced by the railway bridge in 1868 and then the new-fangled Transporter Bridge in 1905, the seeds were sown for Widnes to later become part of Cheshire as it is now. This is confusing for those of us born there when it was in Lancashire. Am I now a Cestrian or a Lancastrian?

We now have two more recent bridges crossing the River Mersey to bring us even closer. Jean and John have done an excellent job describing the advent of the chemical industry and the people who contributed so much to it. When I was at school our houses were called Gossage, Muspratt, Deacon and Dennis so these names are very familiar to me.

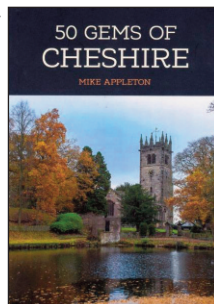
Widnes played a vital part in both wartimes and I found the details in this book very interesting. I also have to thank the chemical industry in Widnes for providing me with a spouse. He also enjoyed the book as it has pictures of his old workplace, Widnes Lab!

Keep up the good work, Jean and John. We look forward to future publications.

Amberley Publishing, 2017. Paperback, 96 pages, £14.99.
ISBN: 978-1-4456-7218-2

50 Gems of Cheshire - The History and Heritage of the Most Iconic Places by Mike Appleton
Reviewed by Lyn McCulloch

If asked to pick our fifty favourite spots in Cheshire, no doubt we'd all come up with a different selection. This delightfully illustrated and well-written volume is one man's choice. Mike Appleton has selected fifty varying places ranging from historic buildings, parks and mansions



to standing stones, woodlands, villages and even mines. Each place is described and its history explained; Mike is very generous in thanking those who provided him with all the information.

The book can be dipped into or read from cover to cover. It will inspire you to go and visit those Cheshire gems that you have so far not been to. The colour photography is wonderful, and anyone with family links with Cheshire will want to have one in their library. Mike has done an excellent job. This is the third *50 Gems* book he has written - The Yorkshire Dales and Derbyshire have already had the same treatment and are well worth reading.

Amberley Publishing, 2019. Paperback, 96 pages, 120 illustrations, £14.99.
ISBN: 978-1-4456-8585-4

Social Media Officer Wanted

Social Media is increasingly being used by organisations to advertise events, notify their members of special offers and to circulate articles of interest.

We already have a Society Facebook page and Twitter account, and some groups are creating their own, but we now need a Social Media Officer to coordinate strategies across our society. We need someone who is:

- proficient with Facebook and Twitter
- able to post regular updates to Facebook and Twitter on behalf of the society
- able to manage and moderate the society's Facebook page and Twitter account
- able to suggest other local Facebook groups we could join to advertise society activities
- able to liaise with and advise representatives from local groups with their own Facebook/Twitter accounts about posting their own updates and online safety and privacy

If you are interested in this role, please email Gay Oliver (Assistant Website Manager) for more information on tameside@fhsc.org.uk.

Facebook: www.facebook.com/CheshireFamilyHistory

Twitter: @FHsofCheshire

Help Wanted

If you are puzzling over a family history problem relating to Cheshire or elsewhere, why not ask on our website forum (<https://www.fhsc.org.uk/new-forum>), or send it to the Editor, and see if other members can help? For queries printed in the journal, you must give permission for your name, membership number and postal and/or email addresses to be printed so members can contact you.

If you are able to help with any of the following requests, please reply direct; if no postal address is given and you do not use a computer, please post your reply to the Editor, marked 'For the Attention of' and the name and membership number of the enquirer.

"Adopted" Children

I was interested in the item about adopted children in the June issue of the Cheshire Ancestor, having tried to trace an adopted daughter, Mary Hannah NEAL, born 1893, who is listed on the 1901 and 1911 censuses in the household of my grandmother's brother George LOCKEN and his wife Sarah. They were married in 1891 and seem to have had no children of their own. I thought Mary might have been the illegitimate child of a relative, but she turned out to be the daughter of Joseph and Catherine NEAL who in 1891 were aged 52 and 41 respectively and had three children aged eight, four and one month.

Can anyone shed light on how such adoptions were arranged in the days before regulations were introduced? Perhaps the NEAL family couldn't afford or cope with another child and possibly they were acquainted with the LOCKENS as both families lived in New Ferry, Wirral. Although Mary is listed under her original surname on the census, she used the LOCKEN surname when marrying George WALKER at St Mark's in New Ferry in 1913. I hope to see the original marriage record some time to find out who is named as bride's father and whether any of the NEAL family appear as witnesses.

George and Sarah, together with two children, appear in the 1939 Register at Station House, Atcham in Shropshire where George was stationmaster. My great-uncle George was an oil mixer at Price's candle factory and Mary was a soap worker at the Sunlight Works, so it looks as if she might have become better off later in life.

Vivienne Pitcher

Member no. 3282

vpitcher@live.co.uk

Following the Drum

by David Clammer

Email: davidclammer@gmail.com

During the Napoleonic period, it was customary for British troops ordered abroad on active service to take some of their wives with them. I have been researching the lives and experiences of these women on campaign using contemporary letters and diaries, official orders and regimental records, but I'd like to know more about what happened to the survivors when they came home at the war's end.

The Adjutant General's Regulations and Orders laid down that

the lawful Wives of Soldiers are permitted to embark in the proportion of Six to One Hundred Men including Non-commissioned Officers.

In an infantry battalion, that usually meant about six women to each company. The rule did not apply to officers, though very few seem to have wished to subject their ladies to the rigours of campaigning in any case.

The wives who were to accompany their husbands were usually chosen by ballot, a tense and harrowing process. Then the regiment marched from its depot to the port of departure, often accompanied by the wives and children who were to be left behind, desperate to remain with their men till the last minute. There are some harrowing descriptions of the tearful final farewells, with men, women and children not knowing when, if ever, they might see or hear of one another again. No wonder that one soldier, witnessing such a scene in July 1809, wrote: *On this occasion my feelings nearly overcame me, and I really could not help rejoicing that I was a single man.*

It's a relief to know that the women left behind were not actually abandoned, but were given an allowance (not exceeding two pence a mile) to enable them to make their way home. The regiment issued each woman with a certificate which was countersigned by a magistrate who made out a route, specifying her destination. As the woman made her way across country, she presented her certificate to the overseer of the poor in each parish, who gave her sufficient money to see her through to the next stage, and who was no doubt all too anxious to see her on her way. Whatever hardships these women endured, on

foot in all winds and weathers, with poor food and accommodation, and perhaps a child in tow, they had little choice. War Office regulations were uncompromising: *Wives of Soldiers not complying with the Regulations...shall be treated as Vagrants.*

The women who were accompanying their husband's regiment had to endure all the hazards and privations of the high seas. Sometimes units sailed in warships; at other times in slow and leaky civilian transports - *drowning machines*, as one officer called them. On long voyages hammocks or bunks were supposed to be provided, but often there was nothing but the deck. In storms, with the hatches battened down, conditions were appalling, with men, women and children crushed together, rolling about, and seasick in the darkness. There were also the hazards of enemy privateers, fire, shipwreck and sometimes childbirth to contend with. Where they were bound for depended, of course, on the government's shifting strategy. It may have been Holland, Egypt, the Cape or India, Denmark, North America or the West Indies. But most often, between 1808 and 1814, it was the war in the Peninsula.

Once in Portugal or Spain, the troops and their wives faced a life of almost constant movement exposed to every kind of weather. The infantry marched, of course, though most of the women managed to acquire a donkey, either to ride or to carry their possessions. There were no tents until the very end of the war, and regiments were either quartered in whatever buildings were at hand or they bivouacked in the open. Clothing and especially shoes wore out: it was often a ragged army. It was also very often a hungry one when supplies failed to keep up. Wives must have been permanently hungry in any case, because women were officially entitled to only one half of a soldier's ration, and children a quarter. It was probably because of this that, despite stringent orders against it, the women were notorious plunderers.

After battles and sieges soldiers' wives often tended the wounded, but they were also determined looters, and shared with their husbands the besetting sin of drunkenness. Occasionally they were taken prisoner - usually soon released - and were sometimes involved in the fighting itself. More often, they had to face the harrowing experience of searching the battlefield for a wounded husband, or his mutilated remains. Many women were widowed, of course, which meant that they were no longer on the strength and entitled to rations. They usually solved this difficulty by quickly marrying another soldier. There were cases of women making arrangements with several men in advance, just in case. It was a matter of survival.

After the war came to an end at Waterloo in the summer of 1815, the regiments and their women came slowly home. And what did the future hold? Married couples who survived stood a better chance of prospering and some lived in reasonable circumstances.

A few women became sufficiently respected members of the community to merit impressive memorials, such as Ann WINZER, buried at Piddleshinton in Dorset, whose gravestone describes her as a Waterloo heroine, or Jenny JONES, who lies at Tal-y-Llyn in Wales, whose memorial records that

she was with her husband of the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers at the Battle of Waterloo and was on the field three days.

But many were widows. Some of these were able to benefit from the public subscriptions raised after Waterloo, but as the years passed many were faced with obscure poverty, begging for parish relief or a place in an almshouse. Some fell into crime.



Grave of Ann Winzer - Nursing Heroine of Waterloo
Photo © Maigheach-gheal (cc-by-sa/2.0)
www.geograph.org.uk/photo/1199641

So my purpose in writing this article is to ask for help. Perhaps someone has traced just such an ancestor, and has knowledge of her experiences on active service, or of what became of her afterwards. And it would be good to know of any more heroines whose graves or memorials record their deeds. I am trying to rescue some of these doughty women from the historical shadows, and if you can help, I'd love to hear from you.

You can contact me via the Editor, or directly at my email address: davidclammer@gmail.com

Cheaper by the (Half) Dozen Pt 4

*Ed.: Two more submissions have been received in response to the challenge set by Gren Dix in the March 2019 issue of the **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR**, to better his total of six members of the same family baptised on the same day.*

BRAZENDALE family, Lymm, Cheshire

In the March issue of **CHESHIRE ANCESTOR** it was asked if anyone knew of more than six baptisms for the same family in one day.

William BRAZENDALE and Catherine PIMLOTT had ten children between 1816 and 1838. They lived in Lymm, Cheshire, where William worked as a bricklayer.

William died, and was buried on 6 February 1839; on 22 February Catherine had all ten children baptized. I made the assumption that baptisms were necessary to get poor relief.

Samuel, George, Peter, William, Ellen, Mary, Thomas, John, Ann and lastly little Joseph born in 1838.

Forename	Date of birth
Samuel	29 May 1816
George	5 Dec 1818
Peter	6 Nov 1821
William	8 Dec 1822
Ellen	6 Jun 1823
Mary	5 Nov 1826
Thomas	5 Nov 1832
John	21 Dec 1833
Ann	12 Aug 1835
Joseph	31 Mar 1838

William was a distant cousin of mine.

Linda Trim

Member no. 9315

Email: trim2803@gmail.com

EVAN family, Dunraven, Glamorganshire

I have just come across these eleven baptisms whilst searching for my EVAN ancestors in Wales. Clearly a cost-effective way of doing things!

I searched the Glamorganshire baptisms on Find My Past for one of the children, Cecilia EVAN, baptised in 1831:

<https://search.findmypast.co.uk/search-world-Records/glamorganshire-baptisms>

In the year 1831, the following children of Sarah and Evan EVAN, a gardener, of Dunraven, Glamorganshire, were baptised at St Brides Major. Their details are listed in the parish register on pages 50-52, entries 399-409:

Forename	Date of birth
Cecilia	14 Aug 1798
Evan	27 Aug 1801
Catherine	14 Apr 1803
Margaret	14 Oct 1805
Mary	23 Aug 1809
Ann	1 Jan 1812
Elizabeth	21 May 1814
Cecilia	22 Aug 1817
William	1 Jan 1819
Irene	23 Aug 1821
Thomas	22 Nov 1822

Bob Powell

Member no. 3271

Ed: Were there really two daughters named Cecilia baptised on the same day? I've seen siblings with the same name when the first one died young, but it does seem rather odd to have two children baptised with the same name on the same day!

I think this challenge has run its course; we have a new challenge for readers - see the article on page 56.

The Day War Broke Out

by *Chester Guttridge*
Member no. 9193

... and that consequently this country is at war with Germany.

These were Mr CHAMBERLAIN's momentous words broadcast on the wireless at 11.00am on the 3rd September 1939. I was fifteen years old. Everyone listened with great concern; the country feared gas attacks from the air, and knew that Germany had a powerful air force with which to deliver it. Adults remembered the horrors of the Great War - soldiers blinded by gas in the trenches - and the devastation caused by Fascist bombing in the Spanish Civil War. In our village, in Church House, Mr KINLOCK, the pharmacist, gave a lecture on poisonous gases and we learned how to put our gas masks on. We were prepared, but fear was real, fed by officialdom.

The air raid siren sounded within the hour. CHURCHILL later described it as two minutes of banshee wailing. We naively expected German bombers to appear over the horizon. The whole country had been alerted because an unidentified plane had been spotted approaching London. An official had been jittery. We stood outside the kitchen door, ready to retreat to safety. We feared gas would fall down the boiler chimney into the kitchen, our planned refuge. Dad's farm man climbed a ladder and tied a tarpaulin over the chimney pot.

It may seem ridiculous now, but memories of the First World War were still fresh. Dad knew many men who had been blinded by mustard gas in the Great War. In the 1920s he had worked for St Dunstan's - the charity for the blind founded in 1915 - helping to set up blind ex-servicemen as poultry farmers. It was a time when young men were starting small specialist poultry businesses - hens were moving out of the farmyard. It was healthy outdoor work. Dad took me as a five-year-old to see one blind man who farmed nearby; he showed us his birds, which were white with black feathers - Light Sussex, I learned later. Dad said it was surprising how much a blind man could do.

As a child, I suffered a recurring nightmare of a man pumping poisonous gas out of a box. I can see him now, turning a handle on the box which stood on a tripod, always in the same place (a real place - I could take you there), some forty yards away from me. The gas cloud rolled down the slope towards me but I always woke before it arrived.

Within a few days of the outbreak of war an old pasture near us was put to the plough. A pair of horses slowly turned a single furrow from green to brown, guided by a plodding ploughman struggling to keep the furrow straight and the plough at depth as it hit large flints. He rested himself and his horses at the end of the furrow. A flock of lapwings followed the plough, feeding on the wireworms that would otherwise have damaged the first few crops the land was to bear. The job took three or four weeks. It was a sight from the past even in 1939. Now a huge caterpillar tractor rips, five, six or more furrows too quickly for birds to do their job.

The memory of the scene reminds me of the first verse of Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard*, published in 1751, one of the few poems that touch me. I am charmed by the ponderous rhythm of its words.

*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

I had witnessed an old way of farming, just as I had seen the late Victorian way of life in my grandmother's Chester home.

Dad's Penge relatives phoned to ask if they could come to live with us in Kings Langley, a safer district, twenty-five miles northwest of London. Of course they could. His three unmarried sisters, Edie, Mabel and Trisse, his brother Arthur and wife Molly with their two children, John and Calanthe, all arrived the next day. Our family - dad, mum, my younger brother and me - were outnumbered seven to four. We were pleased to provide a refuge but had beds for only six. I've no idea where the other five visitors slept, presumably on the settee, chairs or floor. They occupied our spare bedroom and the sitting room. Uncle went home during the week to help keep London's gas flowing and bills posted out, returning to us at weekends. Life was difficult for our visitors but better than being bombed. Nothing was theirs except their clothes.

It was especially difficult for my mother; her home was occupied by my father's relatives. She was outnumbered, four grown-up women to one. Senior aunt Edie helped mum in her small kitchen, but didn't know where to find or put things. Mum's electric cooker was small and slow by modern standards. Our kettle, being fuller, now boiled more slowly on the hob. Chipped and cracked crockery was brought into use. The dining table was too small so the junior aunts and we children took turns to eat from trays on our laps. The junior aunts knew their rank. Aunt Molly was the most understanding of the visitors, accepting my mother's authority, not taking sides. *Where do you keep the vacuum,*

Hilda? Would you mind if I made a pot of tea? Where do you keep the lavatory paper? The bread order was increased and the milkman found a note asking for six pints instead of two.

The village population expanded as local families welcomed relatives from the cities and evacuee children arrived in train loads from London, two or three hundred of them in total. Kings Langley was the first dropping point for evacuees along the LMS railway line to the north. Watford was neutral, neither losing nor receiving them. The billeting lady came along the lane with a teacher and children in tow, but soon saw we had no room to spare. I watched her troupe move on, little children as young as, or possibly younger than, five, a few with big brothers or sisters to hold their hands. Some had never before seen a green field or a cow.

The village shopkeepers thrived. Church congregations expanded. Revd. PARKIN grew in importance. The village school worked two shifts, morning and afternoon. People became more chatty; there was more to talk about. At home, we swapped family gossip. My brother and I had new playmates. The junior aunts were allocated jobs, or assumed them. There were many willing hands. Small problems were resolved, insoluble ones tolerated, but it was hard for us all. The household settled uneasily, but trouble loomed.

The visitors sought improvements to their sleeping arrangements. *Could you spare another blanket please, Hilda?* Favourite chairs were occupied by others. Our cat was unhappy, with never a chair to snooze on. The kitchen stools were low and uncomfortable at the table. Tolerance became strained, tempers brittle. Comments and suggestions began to sound like veiled criticisms or expressions of dissatisfaction, meant or not. Uncle sat in dad's chair at weekends and called him *Podge*, a childhood nickname. We children quarrelled.

One day in the fifth or sixth week the dam broke and a monstrous row burst forth with floods of tears. There were minor irritants that day, too. The milkman was late, comforting tea unavailable. It rained and junior aunt Mabel got wet fetching in the prodigious amount of washing, all done by hand.

The row was not violent, just tearful, emotional, born of stress and taut nerves, but awesome nonetheless. Mother wept in one room, senior aunt Edie in another. At least the principals were apart. Consoling words were useless. The junior aunts' advice was ignored. Dad rushed from weeping wife to sobbing sister, back and forth across the passage, again and again, pausing sometimes to gesture despair. *Oh, Chester*, I remember him saying, further words failing him. His considerable negotiating skills were inadequate. Reasoning fed

distress; it wasn't a rational row. Neither my mother nor my aunt were ready to be comforted. Nothing helped. Apprehension laden, nay *leadened* the air. Eventually the chief protagonists were exhausted - no tears left, only sniffles, red eyes and wet handkerchiefs. An uneasy truce evolved, but no settlement. Everyone thought it best to say nothing and it was. Tears had relieved the stress, exhaustion had weakened belligerence, but the problems were unresolved. Resolution would come tomorrow.

The milkman came. The understanding aunt made tea, timing it perfectly. Too soon and it would have gone cold in the cups, too late and secondary conflicts might have started. The reserve teams had not had their say, nor aired their pent-up grievances. Dad returned to his work outside and we children played again. Lunch was talked about. An uneasy calm prevailed, but the damage had been done.

Next day the visitors left for home with their suitcases and gas masks. There were many thank-yous and some kisses. Family relationships returned to normal - or seemed to. Separation healed. Blood is thicker than water. Our guests found their London homes intact and local shops open. It was the phoney war.

Our house seemed strangely empty. Dad unwound, mother returned to her role. Once again, she darned socks over a wooden mushroom and knitted new ones, a never-ending task for wartime mothers - hardwearing artificial fibres were in the future. We reclaimed our sitting room. Furniture was restored to its customary places and the Sunday roast again lasted three days. I started work, with Wednesday afternoons and one Sunday off in three.

There had been too many of us in a small house, with little immediate fear to bind us in mutual concern. No bombs had fallen, no gas. London was not bombed for twelve months and never gassed. When the raids began, our relatives slept in an Anderson shelter in their garden or under a Morrison table* in the dining room. We had been a household divided, the Londoners and ourselves, with no single pecking order. Mother's authority had been challenged. Good will, of which there was plenty at first, had not been enough.

All the family survived the war, but only I, the oldest of our generation, am still living to tell the tale. My cousin Calanthe died in 2017; I used to enjoy chatting to her on the phone.

** Morrison tables were heavy steel 'tables' on stout legs, providing protection from falling masonry should the house be bombed. The sides were fitted with steel mesh while the top served as a kitchen table.*

A World War II Childhood

Philip E. Lloyd

Member no. 461

email: philip.lloyd2@mypostoffice.co.uk

I was born in March 1934, so was five and a half years old when the war began. We lived in Old Trafford, less than two miles from Trafford Park with all its industry, and Manchester Docks, both targets for enemy bombs. Another target was the Thirlmere Aqueduct where it crossed the Cheshire Lines Railway, only 400 yards away.

I had started school at Kings Road, Firswood, but when the school was evacuated in September 1939 I did not go with them as I had a sister not yet school age, so was allowed to go to relatives of my father in Wilmslow with her and our mother. They lived in Lacey Green in two adjoining houses, my father's aunt and uncle and cousin in one, and his great-aunt in the other. They were Herbert RENDER, Edith RENDER née DICKINSON and Phyllis RENDER. Next door lived Edith's aunt, Sarah GOSLING whose mother's maiden name was ASTINGTON, a name almost totally confined to the Stockport/Hazel Grove area.

I was sent to continue my education at a little stone-built school at the entrance to The Carrs - now, alas, gone. I remember nothing of the actual lessons, but learned to be more wary after a boy invited me to *smell cheese* and I got a punch on the nose. Also, we went as a class into The Carrs and I wandered into a bed of nettles, something I had not encountered in Manchester. We had gardens and trees but nothing as wild as nettles. I also recall seeing red squirrels in the trees going up The Cliff from school to Lacey Green.

After one or two terms at that school we returned to Manchester as there had been no bombing yet. Kings Road school was still closed, so I attended a private school in Chorlton for a term. My mother would see me across the main road then, aged 6, I would walk the rest of the half mile on my own, no problem. Kings Road school reopened in September 1940, just in time for the Manchester blitz in December. Living in a shop, we had cellars, part of which had been reinforced to make an air raid shelter. My sister and I slept down there and could hear bombs falling nearby. We had several windows blown in, including one of the shop windows, but no serious damage.

My father had joined the air-raid precautions (ARP) service as a warden before the war, and later was in the fire service. He did not speak of what he did, but years later I learned from a customer how he had taken a live incendiary bomb from behind her sideboard.

This was in the days of coal fires, and the smogs we got were awful. It was true, you really could not see your hand in front of your face, but it did not stop us from going to school. There was also a great fallout from factory chimneys in Trafford Park and a haze in the air. No lichens would grow in that atmosphere. Sometimes a tank would pass and the whole building would shake to its foundations.

My mother had our groceries delivered once a week on a Monday. A lady would come round in the morning to take the order and it would be delivered in the afternoon. The bill for four of us was less than £1 per week, although this did not include meat, milk or bread.

Due to wartime travel restrictions, holidays were usually spent in the Peak District, staying with the EYRE family at Pindale Farm or Bargate Cottage, Castleton. This was a good experience for my sister and me, living without electricity or running hot water. In the morning a jug of hot water would be brought upstairs from the tank built in to the kitchen range and poured into the china bowl. Sometimes we would stay at my uncle's house in Gatley while they were away and cycle through Cheshire including Styal Woods. This was my mother's brother, Edward SHOLL and his wife Dorothy, née GAMBLE.

On other occasions we visited my mother's cousin, Eric HASLAM, and his wife Maude (née SUTTON), who lived in Broadway, Wilmslow. Eric was chief chemist with the London Oil Refining Company. So, on my father's side I have family who have lived in the Wilmslow area for generations and on my mother's side I have 'incomers'. Once, walking with Uncle Eric, we passed the side of the house of Romany of the BBC, otherwise known as Rev. G. Bramwell EVENS, on Parkway. Uncle Eric stopped to chat to the great man while I just stood there in awe. This was the year before Romany suddenly died in 1943, causing some schools to have to close because of the children's grief.

As a family we were very lucky not to lose anybody during the war and I am very thankful for that, and it did give me some experiences that I would not otherwise have had.

A Village at War

by Geoff Pritchard
Member no. 8347

I was eight years of age when war broke out in 1939. In the twelve months prior to Neville CHAMBERLAIN's broadcast announcing that we were at war with Germany, all the adult talk had been about such a possibility.

Now we knew. But everything seemed the same as yesterday, last week and even last year. I was brought up at Plum Tree Cottage, Crewe Green which was about 100 yards from Crewe Green Church of England School, immediately opposite to St Michael's Church.

Gradually we saw men, who a few days ago had been in civilian clothing, now wearing a khaki uniform. Part of our school playing field was turned into a vegetable patch, and two air-raid shelters were constructed; these were partially below ground level. The curved metal roof was installed and the dug-out soil was used to cover the metal and then grassed over. Each shelter had two entrances, one being a strong wooden door with a few steps down to it and at the opposite end was a conning tower similar to that on a submarine, which had sheer metal steps.

The nearby Crewe Hall, the former home of the Earl of Crewe, was commandeered for military use. The first occupants were British troops of, I believe, the Grenadier Guards. During their time at the hall they had regular church parades on Sunday mornings, attending St. Michael's. There, the vicar of that era gave sterling sermons frequently referring to *that evil man Adolf Hitler* and the fact that good always overcame evil. The conclusion was that no matter how bad things looked for our nation, Adolf Hitler and his nasty Nazis would be beaten.

When the British troops left for the front line their place was taken by troops from the United States. They would be followed around by children who would chant *Got any Gum Chum?* The Yanks were very generous and would hand out their gum to one and all. At that time apartheid was observed throughout the USA and so was also practised here. Shortly after the *White Yanks* went, the *Black Americans* moved into the hall. Some of them were regular

visitors to the church: one of them was an excellent preacher and was regularly in the pulpit, whilst another was a very fine vocalist.

Churches throughout the country were normally very well attended. In fact, at St Michael's we had Sunday services at 7am, 8am, 10.45am, 3pm (for Sunday School) and 6.30pm for evensong. A further service of Holy Communion took place every Wednesday morning. Sometimes extra seating had to be brought in to accommodate those who wished to attend - particularly so when a Sunday was declared to be a *National Day of Prayer*.

As the war progressed, so did the need for Prisoner of War camps. By this time British, American and Commonwealth troops were in a war zone. So, Crewe Hall became a POW camp. Both Italian and German prisoners were interned there. If my memory serves me right, I am sure that they too were never there at the same time as each other. It was said that the hall was restricted to high ranking German officers from influential German families. This, it was thought, would deter Hitler from trying to destroy the close-by main line railway and the important marshalling yards, which were important in the transportation of troops as well as equipment and food.

How we kids hated the Germans and would take an opportunity to call out abuse when they were on a route march from the hall to Crewe Green via the Old Park Road and back along Station road and Weston Road to the hall. Of course, they were marched under armed guard, but it was quite frequent for a prisoner to step out of line to give one of we kids a kick up the backside.

Dad was employed by the LMS Railway Company in their railway works at Crewe and he was exempt from military service as, shortly into the war years, the production of steam locomotives came to a stop in favour of much needed tanks. Even so, he and many of his colleagues went into the Home Guard. I really cannot recall how frequently he was on duty. His working week was from 7.30am until 5.30pm Monday to Friday, 7.30am until midday on Saturday and, if needed, he would sometimes go on Sunday as well. So, after a day at work there were nights when he went out around 8pm for Home Guard duties which finished in the early hours. In addition to all this he turned the front and side lawns into vegetable patches and invested in a dozen hens which were housed in a former pigsty. Thanks to his efforts we became practically self-sufficient as regards fruit, vegetables and eggs. The hens provided more eggs than we could use, so some were preserved in glass toffee jars, and others would be used for bartering. We all had a sweet tooth, and so if a neighbour wanted an egg for breakfast my mother would exchange that for a cup of sugar or a few spoonsful of tea.

Like all mothers in those days, family came first. Although I was an only child I was not, I believe, a spoilt child. We all had a role to play. I had to collect the eggs from the nesting boxes and most days I would have to prepare the food for the hens. This consisted of waste vegetables, potato peelings, the crust off the bread - in fact any mortal thing that could be mashed in warm water and then mixed with bran. All this was taken to the trough for the hens. Nothing was wasted: broken crockery was ground down to a fine dust which was given to the hens as potash which made stronger egg shells. After strong winds I would search the local fields for fallen branches which we could burn on our open fire. Some were cut into logs and stored to eke out the coal ration.

My mother also played an active role in the defence of the realm. She joined the Local Defence Volunteers and as she was the sole lady in the group who possessed a bicycle, she became the village's dispatch rider. As no dispatches were ever received, she never had to deliver them - but she did have a tin hat and an arm band with the letters DR on them.

Everyone in the country was supplied with a gas mask as well as an identity card, two items which it was compulsory to have on your person at all times. Our masks were used frequently in the autumn, but not for their intended purpose. We would sit in the living room with gas masks on and then bring in the onions for pickling. No more streaming eyes as we peeled the onions and popped them into a bowl of vinegar ready for bottling!

Our living room red quarry tiled floor was normally covered with linoleum. Carpets and rugs were in short supply so mother joined an ever-increasing number of people who pegged our own rugs. These were made from a hardwearing hessian which consisted of several hundred square holes. We each had a carpet pegging needle. Old worn out clothing such as trousers, jumpers, or jackets, old blankets, in fact most materials would be cut into strips about four inches long and about one inch wide. All these pieces of material were put into bags and given a good mixing as part of the preparatory work. A strip was put into the pegging clip, pushed into a hole in the hessian, then knotted as you withdrew it. When one mat was finished, another would be started. In this way you could have your very own fitted carpet.

Our cottage had no mod-cons other than a solitary cold water tap over the kitchen sink. No electricity or gas, no running hot water, no bathroom, no W.C. In the living room we had a large black leaded Excelsior range with a fireplace in the middle. An oven was on the right and a hot water tank to the left which had to be filled with water from the kitchen tap using a bucket .

One day my mother answered the door to find a man standing there, followed by a string of children. *How many in the house missus?* he asked, to which my mother replied, *My husband and I, and our son. How many bedrooms you got? - Three. What do you want - a boy or girl?*

That was how we got our evacuee, who came from Liverpool and was called Lizzie. She was with us for a fairly brief period. Where she went, I do not know, but she didn't stay long.

Excitement came when a barrage balloon was brought to the site roughly where the Crewe Green roundabout is now. This was manned by RAF personnel and those RAF boys needed digs to live in. They mixed into our village life so well and one of them, from Belfast, was taken in by my grandparents. His name was Jack ARMSTRONG and he kept in touch with the family for some time.

On the Sandbach side of the Crewe Green roundabout a roadblock was installed. These were concrete rollers that were stood upright and filled with rubble and concrete. They were positioned on the left side of the A534 in both directions giving just enough space for a bus to negotiate at a walking pace.

Everyone of course was affected by rationing. The first commodity rationed was petrol; we had no car so were not directly affected. Many people with cars decided to store them until after hostilities. Quite a number of men, with money and foresight, bought up unwanted cars at well below the prices that had been paid for them and stored them until after the war, when they were sold at a very handsome profit.

In January 1940 bacon (4oz a week), butter (2oz) and sugar (8oz) were rationed, then in March meat was rationed (limited to the value of 1 shilling and 2 pence per week - equivalent to about 1lb 3oz/540g of meat); tea (2oz) and margarine (4oz) followed in July. During 1941, jam, cheese (2oz), clothing and coal were rationed. In 1942 it became the turn for rice and dried fruits, with soap, tomatoes and peas next, closely followed by gas and electricity. Sweets and chocolate were rationed in July, biscuits in August, followed by the humble sausage. Those employed in jobs involving hard manual labour were allowed additional rations, as were expectant mothers.

Then the war ended. Street lights came back on, shop windows were illuminated, church bells could be rung again. But bread, which was never rationed during wartime, was rationed in July 1946. It was not until the early 1950s that most commodities came 'off the ration'. Meat was the last item to be de-rationed and food rationing ended completely in 1954.

A WAAF Sworn to Secrecy

by Rosie Rowley

Member no. 2119

Email: editor@fhsc.org.uk

Several years ago, my late aunt, Joyce SHORT née LOWING, wrote about her time in the Women's Air Auxiliary Force (WAAF) during WWII.

In 1941, when I was twenty-one years old, I was working in Leeds as a dressmaker, and one day we started talking about joining one of the forces. We all decided on the WAAFs as we didn't like the idea of joining the WRENS and being sent to sea, and the thought of wearing khaki in the ATS wasn't very appealing. At lunchtime we went to the recruiting office to pick up the forms to fill in. We were all excited about the idea, and helping the war effort.

The next day at work we asked each other how we had got on with the forms, as those under twenty-one needed to get parental permission to join. One by one, the others said they were not joining for one reason or another, and were surprised when I said I had already sent off my form. There were gasps of *Oh no, surely you will change your mind* and *It's too late now, you should have waited!*

Several weeks went by and eventually a letter arrived, telling me to report to Bridgenorth. Not knowing where that was, I looked it up on a map and found it was in Shropshire. I had about a week to get ready to leave home. I only had an overnight bag as I would be kitted out with everything I needed on arrival at Bridgenorth. On my last day at work my friends gave me a silver chain with a St Christopher, and told me, *Don't forget, keep in touch and let us know how you get on.*

1941: Bridgenorth - Joyce Lowing 2049499

The next day, I set off and arrived at Bridgenorth with some other new girls. A WAAF corporal took us to the camp. We were allocated a hut and told to find a bed, and where to go for a meal. It was strange to be in a hut with about thirty other girls, and most girls got very little sleep that night. Some were crying. Next morning we were all marched off to get our kit. First we received a kit bag, then we passed along the counter getting items of clothing as we went. The kitbag was very full and heavy by the time we reached the end of the

counter. We were also issued with a gas mask and steel helmet, and told to carry these everywhere.

The next job was to mark all the clothing, and sew labels on some things. All this seemed to take ages and there were moans and groans as fingers were pricked, producing comments like *I didn't know we'd have to do all this!* We soon found this was the least of our troubles when we had to go on parade in our new uniforms. That led to giggles and loud exclamations: *Don't we look different! – Is my tie on right?* and so on. The sad part came when we were given paper and string, and told to parcel up our civvies (civilian clothing) that we'd arrived in, and send it all home. That seemed to be the final goodbye to our old Civvy Street lives.

Now the training really began, and although we were only at Bridgenorth for two weeks, we were confined to camp the whole time. From early morning until night we were kept on the go, square bashing, learning how to march, drill, go on parade, etc. If it wasn't that, then it was getting ready for kit inspection; the kit had to all be laid out a certain way. The bed had to be stripped every morning, and made up neat and tidy with the three biscuits (mattresses) stacked on top of each other at the head of the bed. Then the blankets had to be neatly folded on top, with one all around. As soon as we thought we could have a rest, the dreaded corporal would shout another order.

We had a medical inspection and were given our first lot of inoculations. The consolation for this was being excused duties for twenty-four hours. Finally, two days before leaving Bridgenorth, we were given permission to go down to town. We all got ready – and how smart we felt, walking round town! We found a Toc H (a servicemen's club) where we could get a cup of tea, and sat talking to other members of the forces, wondering where we would be sent.

RAF Leconfield

It wasn't long before I found I was being posted to RAF Leconfield, near Beverley in East Yorkshire. There were twelve of us going together. We had to change trains at Leeds station, and while waiting for my train I thought to myself, *So near, yet so far from home.*

Once settled into our new camp, we were taken to our places of duty. I was put in the office at SSQ (Station Sick Quarters). It was very interesting and I was happy there. We had to go on parade at 8.00am every morning. The Group Captain would take a short church service, then we would go to our place of duty. We still had to do the usual kit inspections and gas drills, etc.

Leconfield was a bomber command station, but before I arrived it had been a fighter squadron base. Now when I've heard it mentioned it's a helicopter Air Sea Rescue service. I still say *Good old Leconfield* whenever I hear them mentioned on the news.

On the camp we had a NAAFI (Navy, Army and Air Force Institute - ran shops, cafes and other facilities on military bases) and Salvation Army, so after duty we could sit and talk with our friends over a cup of tea and a stale bun. Sometimes there would be an ENSA concert or a trip down to Beverley. We'd walk there or, if lucky, manage to get the Liberty Bus (RAF transport vehicle). I was later transferred from SSQ to the mail room at SHQ which was busier, filing and seeing to the mail.

One incident I'll remember was when the Salvation Army hut got bombed. We had just left one lunchtime, so it wasn't full, and no-one was badly hurt. I also remember being put on 'jankers' for seven days. The rules were changed so we had to book in and out of the WAAF quarters as well as the main gate. Silly me, I'd booked in at the main gate but forgot to book in at WAAF quarters. So I got seven days jankers. I'm glad it wasn't in the mess, washing up; I had to weed and tidy up the gardens. But after three days, I was let off, as they had checked and found that I had booked in at the main gate. I think a lot of WAAFs forgot to book in at both places, so that rule was cancelled after a couple of weeks.

While I was at Leconfield I met my future husband, Harry SHORT. We were married in 1943.

Tatenhill

My next posting was to Kingstanding Hall, Tatenhill, near Burton on Trent. I had to go on my own, so it meant leaving friends. When I arrived there, I found the camp was about four or five miles from the railway station, and there being no bus service had to walk by country lanes. When I got there, I found a large hall in private grounds. The WAAF were in the hall and the RAF in Nissan huts down the side of the drive. Everywhere were the Nissan huts, toilets, bath huts, cookhouse, SSQ, parachute huts, etc. This was an Air Training base for pilots, and we knew it, as they seemed to skim the rooftops, and there were a few accidents with pilots killed.

At the Hall, we had five in our bedroom: Lily WILD from Bradford, Betty PEARSON from Leicester, Margaret from London, myself, and one other whose name I have forgotten. We all got on well.

I was allocated duty in the SHQ hut. The toilet was in another hut across the road. Primitive – no flush! It seemed a long walk to different places, but if we were lucky we got a bike. Outside the cookhouse was a large tank of hot water, where we washed our mugs and irons (cutlery) after meals. If we were one of the first, it had hot water, otherwise it was cold and greasy with bits of food floating on top. Not very hygienic, but we survived! I remember eating brown stew, cheese pie, dried egg, spam fritters, prunes and custard. If we got a real egg, a big cheer went up.

Guard duty came up once every two or three weeks, which consisted of booking WAAFs in and out of camp. The last one had to be in by 23.59, then the door was locked. We also did early morning calls to get the cookhouse staff up at 4.30am. We had to get them to sign the book to prove they had been woken up for duty. Then we went on parade at 8am and did our own duties.

Betty PEARSON could play the piano. Her favourite piece was The Warsaw Concerto. Once John VALLIER, a celebrated pianist, came. He played Chopin, and I got his autograph. On our days off, we could go into Burton on Trent, or by train to Derby. We had to walk into Burton unless we were lucky enough to get a lift from the American troops stationed in a nearby camp.

From Burton I was posted to Bletchley.

1943: Bletchley Park - "Top Secret"!

When the WAAF officer asked me if I knew anyone at Bletchley, I replied no. It seemed a strange question to be asked, but I later found out the reason. I had to go for an interview at Bletchley, and was told to return to Tatenhill while being screened by security, but I would hear within four weeks if I was to be posted there.

My posting arrived to return to Bletchley, so again I left my friends and went on my own. When I got to Bletchley, I noticed there was no runway, control tower, or any sign of planes. It seemed odd. I was allocated a bed in hut number 123 with about thirty other WAAFs. Next day I was taken to the hut where I would be working. An army sergeant was in charge – that seemed strange! We were told that what we were to do might not make sense, but we had to be very thorough with all the numbers or letters or dates, making no mistakes.

After three or four weeks we were told we would be moved to another camp and had to have another interview. We were taken to a large house, given a lecture, and asked to sign a document. If we were unwilling to sign we could

leave and be posted elsewhere, but once we had signed, no way must we reveal to anyone the work we were doing. We were issued with another security pass with our photo on. We slept in our hut at the other camp, but didn't come under their rules. We worked shifts: 9.00am to 4.00pm, 4.00pm to midnight, midnight to 9.00am, so there was always someone on duty. It took some getting used to, having our meals and sleeping at odd hours of the day and night.

In Bletchley Park where we were working, there were flower gardens, a boating lake, the large house, and all the huts - but we worked underground. There were tunnels which went all over the place; it took some time to learn which tunnel went where. We were runners, taking messages here and there, never seeing daylight until we went for our meals or finished duty and went to our own huts on the other camp. When we were walking through in the dark to return to our camp, if we heard a splash we would know someone had fallen into the lake! On my days off I could visit Luton or Bedford, or take a walk around Bletchley.

The wooden huts may have been cold places to live in, but with thirty WAAFs inside I found them warm and friendly. We seemed to get on so well together, helping each other so that no one felt lonely or miserable. There would always be a joker amongst us, and any worries would soon be shared. I think that's what I missed when I first came out of the WAAFs, the comradeship.

Towards the end of the war I was promoted to Corporal. I was very proud to be promoted. I've never regretted volunteering to serve in the WAAFs, and made some really good friends: Joan SAUNDERS, Harpenden; Kay LITTLE, York; Gladys, Liverpool; Brenda, London; Veronica, Epsom; Janet McALLISTER, Fort William; Betty PEARSON, Hinckley.

Right: Madge, Dorothy, Joan, Kay, Phyllis, Joyce (front) and Elsie outside the hut at Bletchley in 1944.



In the Navy during WWII

by Pat Giannoni

Member no. 8951

Email: pat.giannoni@hotmail.co.uk

My uncle, Norman CARLESS, wrote this article about his time in the Royal Navy as a radio operator during WWII.

I was born in Crewe on 7th August 1922 and had a younger brother Harold and a sister Ursula. My father was Joshua Arnold CARLESS and mother was Emily, née YEOMANS. We had a happy family life, with lots of love and togetherness. It was the *dirty thirties* time with a lot of unemployment and low-paid work, and life was tough for everyone. My father always had a job, working twelve hours a day with a six-day week, which was normal then.

School days were from 9.00am to 4.00pm and children attended school from the age of five, leaving when fourteen. Clever children could go on to higher education if their parents could afford the costs, which most parents couldn't, and apprenticeships could be bought if parents could run the household while their children were paid extremely low wages. The railway company had apprenticeships lasting seven years and after that time, if the company didn't need them, apprentices were let go to find someone who did. Mostly, the company needed them to replace retiring workers – although there were no pensions then! The well-paid jobs were bus drivers, loco drivers, some teachers, postmen and post office workers.

I was apprenticed on the railway and when World War II started in September 1939, many of the railway workers were called into the Forces. I was seventeen at the time and consequently I was drafted as a fireman on steam locomotives. Along with many other youngsters, we were given a crash course on how to fire a steam engine. I loved the job and was good at it, keeping steam up under varying conditions, but the quality of coal we had then made this a challenge. It was wartime and the railways were often bombed, with trains falling into bomb craters on the track, killing the engine crews. When we left the sheds we never knew when we would get back home. I was on freight trains mostly and we were often shunted into sidings while troop trains roared by. Sometimes there would be other freight trains in front of us and we would be sitting there for many hours worrying whether we had enough water to make steam if we

ever got moving again. We would be cold and hungry just sitting there way out in the country. The fire would be low to conserve coal and water and the wind blew through the cab. One time our engine was a target for a German bomber but he missed and hit a house at the trackside.

Later I had the desire to go to sea as a Radio Officer, so I pleaded with the railway company and they let me go - it was wartime, after all, and ultimately the Government decided who worked and at what! I graduated as a Third Officer in the Merchant Navy but the Royal Navy wanted me, so they paid my mother all the expenses she had paid out for me to attend radio college. The Navy gave me a test to see if I was officer material but I came from the wrong side of the tracks and when I said my Dad worked for the railway end of the interview! I had been advised at college to refuse to be an officer in the Navy because of the expenses involved. I didn't mind - I felt safer in the Navy because we had big guns!

My first trip was to Gibraltar on a destroyer. We broke down in the Bay of Biscay and we were a sitting duck while the engineers replaced a broken drive shaft. The Captain had all the crew lining the deck looking for enemy submarines. Every little wave or a bit of wreckage caused someone to call out, *There's a sub!* We must have seen hundreds of imaginary subs! Of course, none of us had ever seen a submarine periscope so we didn't know what we were looking for. We stayed like that for quite a few hours until we got going again. Arriving at Gibraltar was like entering heaven; the street lights were on, the shop windows were lit up, there was fruit and other things to buy in the shops, and the weather was really warm. England was cold and blacked out, with no lights anywhere because of the bombing at night. I bought bananas and oranges because we couldn't get them in England.

From Gibraltar we went on convoy duty, taking merchant ships to Russia. It was fighting all the way there and all the way back; many ships were sunk. We stayed on the Murmansk run for several trips and were very lucky. Many torpedoes were fired at us and each time our look-outs saw them coming so we were able to do a fast turn and they missed us. Not all the ships were so fortunate; out of a flotilla of twelve ships only five survived the war.

While working on Russian convoys, we detached from the convoy and went down a fjord where there was a German pocket battleship, the *Tirpitz*. The object was to tempt him out to sea but he opened up with his big guns and we ran back to the convoy. What we didn't know was that the *Tirpitz* was badly damaged and its hull was resting on the bottom of the fjord. A bomb had dropped down the funnel and blown the bottom out of the ship, and it was

being used as a training ship. On the way back we almost ran into a U-boat that was on the surface charging the batteries. We heard the klaxon sound on the sub as she crash-dived. We had just changed our watch and the new crew did not have their night vision and failed to see the sub until too late; we had to swerve to avoid hitting it. Later, the brave guys on our ship were asking why we didn't ram it. The skipper got on the intercom and told them why! Our duty was to the convoy and the safety of the merchant ships. Had we rammed the sub we could have sunk ourselves or been badly damaged in the enemy's back yard. We dropped a couple of depth charges then left a big surprise for him in the shape of a delayed action extra powerful depth charge with a half hour delay. Later we heard a sub making a distress call that she was badly damaged. We had a special radio operator monitoring submarine frequencies who was trained in German procedures.

Leaving Iceland in company with two other destroyers, I happened to be the cook of the day and it was my lot to prepare the midday meal and take it up to the galley, where the ship's cook did his stuff and put the meat in the dish (horse meat). On the way to get the food, the ship started rocking and rolling and over the intercom came the call to clear the decks and batten down the hatches for the force nine gale. I thought, I've never seen a force nine gale (that is the strongest one) so I went to a place under the bridge and I saw the sea at its wildest. I looked up at a wall of sea just as it came crashing down on the deck. I saw the deck disappear under the ocean, just like a submarine. I was fascinated with the black sky and horrible grey sea bashing the ship and I marvelled at the engineering that went into the building of the ship. How could it stand all that punishment without breaking up? First there would be a wall of sea on the starboard side that crashed down on us, then a wall on the port side doing the same. I couldn't take my eyes off it. Then there was a big bang. A depth charge had rolled off the stern of the ship right into the path of the ship following us. He lost a mast. We had been at action stations just after leaving Iceland and the crew had cleared the deck quickly, leaving one depth charge primed and ready to roll.

Remembering the dinner for the guys, I got the tray from the galley and struggled with it trying not to drop it as the ship tossed and rolled. I had to pass through the seamen's mess deck and I couldn't believe my eyes. There were these tough guys praying, holding prayer beads, moaning and groaning and being seasick. I didn't get the impression that they were enjoying this trip. To get to my deck, which was at the bottom of the ship, I had to go through a circular hatch and down a ladder, all the while holding tightly to the dinner dish. At the bottom I saw the same scene - men praying, moaning and lying on the deck. I couldn't believe it. I called out, *Who wants dinner?* and nobody

answered, so I sat at the table and filled my boots with all the food I wanted. I pondered on why I hadn't been seasick; I think it was because I had been up on deck, watching the sea doing its stuff. An old sailor once told me that the way to avoid sea-sickness was to stand on the deck looking at the land disappearing into the distance. It was certainly an experience that I will never forget.

Arriving back in England, the ship went into dock for repairs and the crew was paid off, except for a few of us who were detailed care and maintenance party. Our job was to look after everything and eat all we could because we had food for the regular ship's crew - we lived like Lords! Then the day came that the ship needed moving and there were only two seamen with us. They gave instructions and we obeyed and somehow we got the ship moved to another dock. After that we turned the ship over to the dockyard men and went home on leave. I was sorry because I was enjoying my war - nothing much to do but listen to the radio and eat.

After my month's leave I was drafted to Algiers on a troopship. I was amazed by the organisation needed to provide food and a space to sleep for hundreds of troops, and everyone had a number. Many of the guys slept on deck just in case the ship was torpedoed. In Algiers we all stood on the dock in the blazing sun until an officer came and gave orders to someone, to get these men out of the sun. Boy, it was hot! A truck came and whisked away the sailors to a school that was now a Royal Navy ship, HMS *Hannibal*. It was a lovely posting and we had a bus ride every day to a hotel commandeered by the Americans as General EISENHOWER's HQ. That was our radio station, communicating all over the Mediterranean. We had passes stating that we were EISENHOWER's staff. Every day we had to be spiffy with clean tropical uniforms. We did six-hour watches, then had some free time on the beach. Other times we had Navy stuff to do, such as clean the ship - and make it look as if we were busy doing something! During the heat of the day we were allowed to rest, except if we were on duty at the hotel. Algiers was a beautiful city, very modern.

In 1943 I was drafted from Algiers to Italy and we went in style on an Italian Cruiser. It was fast like a motor boat, with a big bow wave, and was being used as a ferry to take troops from Algiers to Taranto in Italy. It was a different story in Italy as I was being driven over the mountains. There were hundreds of graves alongside the road bearing rifles and helmets of the dead with tanks and trucks all over the mountainsides. The road wasn't very wide, either, and there were *poor bloody infantry* footing it up the mountain - I had the feeling we were going the wrong way! Finally, we met up with another group of sailors heading for Ancona to set up a radio station. After some miles, during which we didn't

see any more soldiers, a military policeman on a motorbike came and stopped us. *Turn around, you are behind enemy lines!* Arriving in Ancona, we found the station all set up and I was put in charge of one watch. I was given an Italian prisoner of war whose job was to liaise between the Navies. I never saw him do anything but he was friendly towards me. Every day someone would go and get cakes from the NAAFI downtown and we all chipped in. I asked the prisoner if he wanted a cake and he said *That's a day's wages for me*, so I bought him cakes every day. He was a good repairman so I had him repairing radios.

When we arrived in Ancona the front line was just up the road and the town was in ruins. At night time, when we were on watch at 2.00am and had to walk to the station in the dark, it was scary. The front lines moved on and we stayed where we were. The town was empty but when the fighting moved on hundreds of people suddenly appeared trying to find food. There was an Allied food depot in a warehouse with food for the people but all I saw was private trucks going in and out, and black marketeers. Plenty of food if one had the money.

Then one day the war ended and we were wondering what to do. I had the job of broadcasting a message to all German ships to go to the nearest Allied port, and for U-boats to remain on the surface with navigation lights showing and to go to the nearest Allied port. All of a sudden, a squadron of German E-boats came belting into the harbour with battle ensigns flying. After tying up, the crews came ashore and waited for instructions. A single sailor with a rifle guarded them. One of the Germans asked to look at the rifle and took it from the guard and as he tried to get it back they passed it one to another. I never saw the ending of that! Some U-boats scuttled themselves before surrendering. I believe that about 240 of them surrendered.

It was a bit confusing for us when the war ended. Some of the officers disappeared and we had no idea what to do next, but we did keep radio watch for a time until we found out nobody was listening! The Petty Officers took charge and a few of us took the radio vans and equipment down south to Bari where we put them on an LST (landing ship tank) and sailed off to Malta. We were put in barracks in Malta and had a ball swimming and walking around the town.

Later we were put on a ship to Naples where we were not allowed ashore. A passenger liner came into port and some of us were asked if we would like to be stewards on a trip to Liverpool. I jumped at that, thinking of my three years in the Med and a chance to go home. I was a First Class Steward after a little training from the only real Steward on the ship. I enjoyed that job and the

passengers were appreciative of the service the Navy provided. I still remember the instructions - serve from the left, pick up from the right.

Arriving in Liverpool, I was all for getting off the ship until the Steward told me to wait awhile. Then the passengers came to the dining room with tips for me. So, it was a pleasant trip with tips and pay from the ship's Purser - I was rich! In Liverpool there was a Naval Officer waiting to give us rail tickets to Plymouth and Devonport barracks. One night in barracks and I was told to go to the demob clothing store to get civvie clothes. On the way out of the store I was pointed towards an Officer who wanted me to re-enlist and go to a spy school in Scotland. I said I needed time to think about it and he said, *You've got a month's leave, think it over.* My princely reward for my war service was one month's pay, plus £150, which was 'prize money' for all the subs we sank!

Into the Royal Air Force (Part I)

by Chester Guttridge
Member no. 9193

The following are my recollections of events and circumstances I experienced over seventy years ago. Memory is widely recognised as fickle, selective at best. You will not read of heroics.

Poultry keeping was a reserved occupation* in the Second World War for those over the age of 25, and my call-up was delayed for six months to 18½ years of age. I wanted to be an engine mechanic in the RAF. I could volunteer for aircrew later if I wished. The chances of becoming a mechanic or even of getting into the RAF were greatly increased by being in the Air Training Corps (ATC).

The nearest ATC unit was at Watford Grammar School, where I had been a pupil from 1932 to 1939, so I enlisted there in 1941 and was issued with a uniform. I rode the five miles there every Tuesday evening on my auto bike to learn such things as Morse code, aircraft recognition, the internal combustion engine cycle, and simple metal work in the school's woodwork room.

Our spirits rose when an old Rolls Royce Kestrel engine arrived, perhaps taken from a Hawker Hart or its derivative the Hawker Demon, which had been Britain's primary fighter planes in the inter-war years. We examined it, had its workings explained and did a little minor dismantling. It was a forerunner of



At home, wearing ATC uniform

the famous war-winning Merlin engine that in various forms powered Spitfires, Hurricanes, Mosquitos, Lancasters, motor torpedo boats, tanks and the American Mustang fighter plane. On one Sunday morning a month we drilled in the school playground for an hour or more before the class work. I don't think the school masters knew a great deal about the subjects they had to teach us.

Our unit was invited to visit Bovingdon American Air Force base, where they flew Boeing B 17 Flying Fortresses on daytime raids. They gave us tea in their mess and a bag of sweets to take home - several week's ration for us. The Boeings flew low over my home on their return from raids. I remember one with a huge gap near the wing base. I hope it landed safely. Although bristling with guns, B17s carried only a quarter of the bomb load carried by British Lancasters.

One day a letter arrived. I was to attend a medical examination in St Albans on 27 May 1943. I passed A1, the A being for sight. The grade was

confirmed on 27 June, presumably after examination of my medical samples. I suppose it was during the interview that I expressed my preference to enlist as an engine mechanic in the RAF and told the board of my eighteen months or so in the ATC. Some three weeks later my call-up papers arrived with a travel pass.

On 27 July 1943 an apprehensive, naive young man caught a train from Kings Langley to Bletchley, then changed to the Oxford-Cambridge line to go to Cardington, Bedfordshire, an RAF recruitment centre. On that day I became an Aircraftsman in the Royal Air Force. I was nineteen years old. Cardington had been the home of airships R35, R100 and R101 (I had seen them all in flight) and was now the centre of barrage balloon production.

My fellow new recruits and I soon found ourselves on parade, examined by a medical orderly for venereal disease and hernias (both embarrassing), sworn in, issued with a service number (mine was 3006180), kit, kit bag, uniform, two pairs of boots (one for walking, the other with studs for drill and route marches), water bottle, darning kit, mess tin and irons (cutlery) with which to eat, a large and a small valise and lots more. We were allocated beds and met the corporal who was in charge of our hut and all within it, animate or inanimate. He showed us how to lay out our kit on our beds for inspection. Everything had to be set out neatly and exactly in its place, blankets perfectly folded, placed centrally on the stacked biscuits (the three parts of the mattress), spare uniform - precisely folded - with brass buttons polished and spare boots gleaming. Then we made an attempt. An officer inspected it; none was perfect.

We were instructed to apply dubbin (a greasy leather waterproofer) to our marching boots one day, and in the evening were expected to 'spit and polish' them for inspection next day, but they remained dull, try as we might. We parcelled up our civvy clothes for posting home.

After three or four days we moved on. We packed our kit; with careful attention to folding and much muscular pressure, most of it went into the kit bag, with the tin hat forming a lid. The two valises took the rest. With instructions and train pass in hand, I set off fully loaded for basic training at bracing Skegness, my service identity pass in my pocket and my fire and waterproof number tag round my neck in case of the ultimate disaster. I belonged to the King.

Skegness

At Skegness, I and about nine others were billeted in an erstwhile guest house down a side street not fifty yards from the sea front, with its sandy beach mined and protected from invasion with barbed wire. Occasionally - and reassuringly - a mine blew up and hairy pieces of dog flew over the barbed wire to land on the promenade for wiser dogs to cannibalise.

Being the oldest by a few months, I was put in charge of the others in the billet, a status known as *Leading Man*. I didn't want to be, but had no choice. I exercised my authority only once, when I had to march my colleagues to breakfast in the cookhouse some half a mile away. Normally we gathered with others billeted nearby to march under a corporal. *Squad, by the right, quick march*, I ordered. On the way, a staff car approach with an officer sitting rigidly upright in the back seat of the open car. I was marching on the offside of my squad. *Squad, eyes right*. I turned my head to the right and saluted smartly. The officer saluted back with statuesque dignity; anxious, I suppose, to encourage a rookie trying to do

his best. He was no humble junior officer but a man with gold braid on his cap, possibly the commander of RAF Skegness.

We drilled most mornings, over a hundred of us. *Lep, right, lep, right, lep, - , lep, pick 'em up!* bellowed at us for hour upon hour. The sergeant was never satisfied in all of six - or was it eight - weeks. Sometimes drill was replaced by PT. One lad was so puny he was sent on a toughening up course.

The afternoons provided a variety of activities - or inactivities. Among the latter were visits to the cinema, not to see the latest romance or heroic North Atlantic saga, but documentary films whose subject-matter I remember not, except for one rather horrific film about venereal diseases in which we viewed a penis half rotted away with syphilis and another dripping with gonorrhoea infection. The opening credits announced *Not to be shown by WAAF projectionists*.

Fatigues were a constant threat. The cinema lights would come on suddenly during an uninteresting film to reveal airmen dozing after a morning's drill in the bracing Skeggy air and a satisfying lunch. With an element of misfortune, a few unwary dozers found themselves in the cookhouse that evening attempting to scrape years of accumulated rock-hard gravy off mammoth roasting tins for three hours or so, irrespective of other plans they may have had for the evening. I got caught once but made little impression on the gravy.

One night I and others stood guard duty on Skegness pier, each of us with a bayonet and a clip of five rifle rounds with which to confront the enemy. At midnight a coastguard came from the pier end, as expected, but he was able to satisfy us as to his identity.

Among other afternoon activities were rifle shooting, route marches and, on one occasion, medical injections. We lined up with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder to be vaccinated against smallpox in one arm and injected with diphtheria serum in the other. A medical orderly passed from man to man plunging the same needle, thicker than a pencil lead, into every arm in the line. We had sore swollen arms for several days but only one day off duty.

Another time I fell victim to a tummy bug. Of necessity I reported sick. The female MO (Medical Orderly) gave me a dose of No. 9 - castor oil - and a very necessary day off duty. The pain and urgency that followed were agonising. Three or four days of discomfort were compressed into a few excruciatingly painful hours as every bug - both friend and foe - in the bowel pell-melled to the exit. Mussolini's Italian Fascist Regime were said to have used castor oil to torture political prisoners in the 1930s.

We were issued with rifles and bayonets but not ammunition, thankfully. We spent an afternoon on the twenty-five-yard rifle range where I scored second-best out of about fifty. A week later on the 200 yard range, I did badly and was disappointed. I had yet to find something I was good at beside saluting. We fired Sten guns from the hip, after having first learnt to dismantle, clean and reassemble them. When fired they pulled strongly up and to the right, a consequence of the rifling in the barrel. Then we dismantled, cleaned and reassembled them again.

We went on two all-day route marches, the second carrying full kit, water and sandwiches. Water in the water bottle caused the nut that held the cork to its attachment to rust, later resulting in our inspection sergeant suffering near-apoplexy.

Evenings and Sundays were free times. Some Sundays I walked across the town to listen to classical music on 78 rpm records in an airman's home. At the end of our road a property with a concert hall was available to us, where cups of tea and wads of cake were sold, and musical airmen got together to play popular tunes.

Our course completed, we prepared to leave. Our drill sergeant wished us luck, saying what a grand bunch of lads we were and easy to train. No doubt he said it to every leaving group. It had been a sunny summer and I had enjoyed the fresh air and the comradeship of lads sharing circumstances, hard or pleasurable. We were fitter, stronger, more confident, instantly responsive to orders. We were given a week's leave before our next posting. But where were we going?

It was Withybush for me, about as far from Skegness as one could travel westerly on land. I went from east coast late summer sunshine to cold, rainy, windy, cyclonic, autumnal west Wales. *(To be continued.)*

**See <http://anguline.co.uk/Free/Reserved.pdf> for a list of WWII reserved occupations.*

What's in a Name?

Researching my husband's great-uncle, James HARTHEN/HARTHORN, born 1860, I found James married Betsy BUTTERWORTH in Pendlebury in 1882. Betsy's father was named Butterworth BUTTERWORTH on the marriage certificate and also on various censuses. But on the 1871 census he is named Simeon BUTTERWORTH. Did the enumerator standing on the doorstep not believe his name and when Butterworth said "the same one" it was written down as Simeon? - *Submitted by Marion Hall, member no. 9303*

Cheshire Observer, 2 September 1939

Full details can be found in the newspaper on Find My Past.

LIGHTING RESTRICTIONS IN CHESHIRE - Chief Constable's Advice to Householders

The Chief Constable of Cheshire (Major J Becke) has made a tour to see how householders are complying with the lighting restrictions. He was delighted to find that the majority of persons had completely screened their windows. There were some, however, who had used material that was too transparent. They should either have additional covering, or use brown paper, to ensure that their windows will be completely obscured in the event of an emergency.

More volunteers are required for the Auxiliary Fire Services in the county. Volunteers are required for first-aid parties. The number of wardens in the county is above war establishment and no further wardens will be trained at present.

DO NOT BUY MORE FOOD THAN USUAL: APPEAL TO HOUSEWIVES

People are asked by the Food Defence Plans Department not to buy more food at the present time than they usually do - in other words, to restrict their purchases to their normal requirements. Those who have already built up a special reserve of foodstuff in their home should keep this store. This request does not mean there is a shortage of food. The object

is simply to prevent abnormal demand being made on shops.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY FOR CREWE - Age limits between 38 and 50

Instructions have been received from the War Office to raise a Territorial Light Anti-Aircraft Battery, which will be known as the 135th Light A.A. Battery, in the Crewe district. The establishment will be eight officers and 120 other ranks.

ILLUMINATIONS OR BLACK-OUT - Chester Prepared for the Best - or Worst

Despite the possibility of war and the likelihood that the whole of Britain will have to be "blacked out" for air defence purposes, Chester Corporation have gone ahead with their plans for the city's scheme of autumn illuminations. Although the scheme is similar to previously, there are some differences. The town itself is not included, the illuminations being confined to the river. The Cathedral, Town Hall and Barracks are left out, and only that part of the Castle visible from the Dee is lit.

The display extends for three miles, ending at Heron Bridge, and altogether 8,000 lamps, 360 floodlight fittings, and fifty miles of cables have been used.

CHESTER'S REACTION TO CRISIS

- Prevailing Attitude of Calm

Confidence and determination seems to be the mood of people in Chester. Our preparedness for what might happen has given people deep-seated assuredness, helping to keep calm.

ENTERTAINMENTS AS USUAL

The newsreels have been received with a concentrated interest; showing that the audiences are prepared for anything and are quite reconciled.

Wednesday's football match drew a large number of people, despite the troubled times, and among the spectators were quite a number of men in uniform and members of the Womens' Auxiliary Territorial Service. There have been the usual number of weddings, although it has been noted that many guests who had accepted invitations were unable to attend because of extra duties.

A.R.P. TRAINING

Training in A.R.P. has been going on apace; members of all the cinema staff in Chester, including the managers, have been having intensive training and all precautions have been taken. There has been an increase in the number of A.R.P. volunteers although many people have tried to withdraw from the obligation of having children billeted upon them. Those who had not previously collected their respirators have been quick to claim them this week, and all demands have been met with the exception of small respirators and babies' helmets, which will be available shortly.

LORD WOOLTON'S APPEAL

Lord Woolton asks readers to help Sir Warren Fisher, Regional Commissioner for the North-West area, in providing blankets for children who, in the event of war, are to be evacuated from dangerous places. Lord Woolton says this problem has arisen because, in trying to equip the Army, he has cornered the supplies of all the manufacturers in this country.

CHESTER SCHOOLBOYS ON THE CONTINENT

Unsettled international affairs in Europe today cost a party of City Grammar School boys, spending a holiday in Switzerland, several days of their visit. On the advice of the British Consul, they returned to England a number of days early. They experienced no trouble on their return journey, but a member of the party commented on the extra care taken by Customs officials. Instead of just tapping the baggage, all luggage was given a thorough search.

QUEEN TO LAUNCH HMS DUKE OF YORK - September 16th

The Queen has given permission for the launching ceremony of HMS Duke of York to be broadcast on September 16th. This tremendous battleship is being built in John Brown's Yard at Glasgow. Her last broadcast in Canada was heard clearly throughout the British Isles in recorded form. At the launch, listeners will hear the Queen's voice when she names the ship.

THE HIDDEN FLAG - Thrilling History of Cheshire's Miniature Colour

A tiny flag occupies a place of honour in the Officers' Mess at the Depot of The Cheshire Regiment in Chester Castle.

On each anniversary of Mons Day (August 24th) a telegram is sent by the Regiment to Monsieur Dupont, Communal Secretary of the Mons District, to commemorate his part, and that of his collaborators, in the preservation of the Miniature Colour. And thereby hangs a thrilling tale.

The little colour, a replica in miniature of the Regimental Colour, was made and embroidered by ladies of the 1st Battalion at Londonderry in 1912. It was a shooting trophy to be competed for annually.

In August 1914, it was taken by "B" Company to Mons. When retirement was ordered, part of "B" Company was left behind by mistake, and taken prisoners. A wounded soldier handed the Colour for safety to a nursing Sister, who in turn sought the aid of the local priest. The good priest first concealed the trophy in his presbytery; but later, feeling that it was hardly safe there from prying German soldiers, he placed it in the inviolate sanctuary of his church.

Months went by and the Cure of Audregnies began to fear for the safety of the little silken flag. Even the sanctity of his Church might be violated by invaders seeking materials for munitions.

Monsieur Georges Dupont, the Communal Secretary, advised that the Colour should be bricked up in a garret of the Girls' School. The little flag and its staff, in a waterproof case, were enclosed in an iron pipe sealed with wooden plugs.

From some mysterious source, the German officer in command of the district received an anonymous letter informing him that a British Regimental Colour was concealed somewhere in Audregnies.

Realising the value of such a trophy the commander offered a reward of two thousand Marks for information leading to its capture, and he ordered a systematic search which took five days. Many people must have known about the little flag yet not a soul betrayed that trust.

Four years passed. Six days after the recapture of Mons, the 1st Battalion of The Cheshire Regiment found itself once more only twelve miles from Audregnies. Few of those who had been with the Battalion in its early battles in France were with it then, but the Colonel had been told of the fate of the little flag.

Alas, shell-fire had reduced the school to ruins. Nevertheless, willing hands cleared away the debris, and the sealed pipe was found. When it was opened, the little Colour was found to be perfectly preserved.

A deputation from The Cheshire Regiment later presented Pere Sudan and Monsieur and Madame Dupont each with a silver rose bowl as a token of gratitude and appreciation.

Leaving School

by Gren Dix
Member no. 4174

While researching the PETTY family in Steeton, Yorkshire, I found in the 1861 census an eight-year-old working in a factory.

Robert PETTY Son Aged 8 Scholar & Spinner in a Worsted Factory

The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the <i>Parish of</i>						
Parish of	Municipal Ward of	Parliamentary Borough of	Town of	Hamlet of		
Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of		Rank, Profession, or Occupation	
			Males	Females		
<i>Robert Petty</i>	<i>Son</i>		<i>8</i>		<i>Scholar & Spinner in a Worsted Factory</i>	
<i>Ann Miller</i>	<i>Daughter</i>			<i>11</i>		
<i>James D.</i>	<i>Son</i>			<i>2</i>		
<i>Elizabeth D.</i>	<i>Daughter</i>			<i>2m</i>		

This set me thinking. What was the school leaving age in 1861, and when did it change? I was surprised to find that education was not compulsory until 1870. Here is a brief history of education in Britain.

A statute of 1512 required that boys aged 7 to 17 be provided with bows and arrows.

In 1616 in Scotland, every parish had to have a school.

Prior to the nineteenth century there were very few schools, and many were church-related.

Elementary Education Act, 1870 (known as Forster's act). Children aged 5 to 13 should to go to school, although there was local discretion whereby they could leave at an earlier age in agricultural areas. The decision to make education compulsory was up to local school boards.

Elementary Education Act, 1880. Attendance compulsory for 5 to 10 year olds.

Elementary Education (School Attendance) Act, 1893. Raised the minimum leaving age to 11.

In 1899 the school leaving age was raised to 12 (but see the *1903 Employment of Children Act*, which sought to regulate the number of hours children may work when not at school, with a focus on street trading).

In 1900 the Board of Education wanted children to stay on at school until the age of 14 but still be allowed to leave at 13 or even 12 to start a manual labouring job.

The *Education Act, 1918* (the Fisher Act) enforced compulsory education for children aged 5 to 14, but also included provision for compulsory part-time education for all those aged between 14 and 18.

The *Education Act, 1944* (introduced by Labour's Rab Butler) included raising the school leaving age to 15. Because of the war it was not implemented until 1947. This act also introduced the tripartite system (secondary, grammar and technical education) and the 11+ examination. The tripartite system lasted until the 1970s when comprehensive schools became the norm.

In 1964, preparations began to raise the school leaving age to 16. Eventually the decision was taken in 1971 that the new upper age limit be enforced from 1 September 1972.

Between 1976 and 1997, the minimum school leaving arrangements were:

- A child whose sixteenth birthday falls in the period 1 September to 31 January inclusive, may leave compulsory schooling at the end of the Spring term (i.e. the following Easter).
- A child whose sixteenth birthday falls in the period 1 February to 31 August, may leave on the Friday before the last Monday in May.

Education Act, 1996. Produced a new single school leaving date from 1998. This was set as the last Friday in June in the school year in which the child reached the age of 16.

Education and Skills Act, 2008. Came into force in 2013-14; it initially required participation in some form of education or training until the school year in which the child turned 17, followed by the age being raised to the young person's 18th birthday in 2015. This was referred to as raising the "participation age" to distinguish it from the school leaving age which remained at 16.

Now children can leave school in June if they will be 16 by the end of the summer holidays but they must do one of the following:

- Stay in further education
- Start an apprenticeship or traineeship
- Spend 20 hours a week or more volunteering while in part time education

A lot has changed since 1861 when young Robert was a worsted spinner in a factory at the age of 8.

References

Wikipedia: *Raising of school leaving age in England and Wales*
<http://www.educationengland.org.uk/history/timeline.html>

Yours, Mine and Ours

by Thomas Wardle
Member no. 8924

This re-written story was originally printed in both the North Cheshire and Liverpool and S. W. Lancs journals about five years ago. Those of you who have longer teeth than normal will recognise the title; if not, read on.

My mother's grandfather was George Theodore A'COURT - also written as ACOURT - born in Bedminster, Somerset in 1867. In the late 1880s his father George, wife Elizabeth and children Alfred William (b 1855), Thereza (b 1858), Henry James (b 1863) and George Theodore (b 1867) moved to Warrington.

By the time of the move, Alfred William had married Elizabeth (née BULLOCK) in Bristol on 19th May 1872, when he was about 17 years old. Their first child was Lily Theresa Louisa (fabulous name I think), born on 14th February 1873. A son, Henry, was born in Warrington in 1878 but by 1881 the family had moved to Wavertree, Liverpool.

In the early 1890s daughter Lily started courting Frederick BEWES (b 1867) and in 1892 their son Henry James was born. It appears that his birth was never registered; at least it has not been found under the surname of either parent - he should have been registered with the surname ACOURT, as his parents were not married.

Frederick BEWES and Lily ACOURT married in West Derby register office on the 9th November 1892. Frederick's age was recorded on the marriage certificate

as 22 (he was actually 25) and Lily said she was 21 - she was actually only 19.

A daughter, Violet May, was born in 1895 and the two children were baptised together at Holy Trinity Church, Wavertree. Unfortunately their dates of birth were not recorded in the parish register, which can be seen on *Find My Past*. Henry James was baptised as Henry James Acourt BEWES.

In the 1901 census, the family lived at 14, Cambridge Street, Wavertree.

BEWES	Frederick	Mar.	age 33	Head Porter, Hotel	b. Liverpool, Lancs
	Lilly	Mar.	age 26		b. Bristol
	Henry	Single	age 8		b. Liverpool, Lancs
	Violet	Single	age 5		b. West Derby, Lancs
	Frederick	Single	age 3		b. West Derby, Lancs
	Elizabeth	Single	age 1		b. Bristol
ACOURT	Elizabeth	Wid.	age 47		b. Bristol

By 1911 they were living in Lancaster and had a third daughter, Rose, born in 1902; in 1915 Frederick died, leaving Lily to care for their children alone.

Not far from the BEWES family lived Robert Nelson PARKER, his wife Annie and their nine children; Annie died in 1912.

In 1918 Robert PARKER married Lily BEWES and they set up home with a combined total of fourteen children. Not content with that, they had two more children together, making **sixteen** children in total.

To further complicate the family tree, in 1920 John Stanley PARKER, born 1899 - one of Robert PARKER's sons - married Rose BEWES, born 1902 - one of Lily's daughters!

Yours, Mine and Ours was a comedy film title starring Lucille Ball, who played a widow with eight children, and Henry Fonda, playing a widower with ten children, who married and then proceeded to have child number nineteen.

Ed.: Here's a new challenge - I think a family of sixteen children will take some beating! Has anyone ever come across a larger family during their research? If so, please write and tell us!

Net That Serf

The Computer Section

Compiled by Geoff Johnson

Email: nts@fhsc.org.uk Tel: 01829 760422

Contents

From the Desktop	58	DNA research	64
New Data Releases	59	The Dreaded Update Issue	65
Comments on Previous Issues	62	Still want to upgrade	
Finding Places and People who Lived There	63	to Windows 10?	66

From the Desktop



This issue of NTS is a little bit thin, and I'm going to have a bit of a moan! There is far too much *Me* and not enough *You*. So please let me know what you're up to, what problems you have, and above all any wild successes.

The one very positive response from the previous issue is that I now have two members working in the background to generate an index to *Net That Serf*. Thanks to Joe Dunn and Stephen Hawkes.

The steady stream of newly-released data from the main genealogy websites make me ask for help in trying to validate the accuracy and value of what is being offered.

The piece on identifying locations rather than people in the census is entirely generated by my own interest, but it may prove helpful to some.

Member problems concerning updates usually come to me verbally, and it worries me that several people want to prevent them. Updates are important, and hopefully I've provided some helpful hints. For those still running Windows 7 or 8.1, quite a few members have already followed the guidance provided by the last article below. If you're still operating with Windows XP or Vista, I do hope you don't do too much stuff online; there are security risks, and I suggest that you should seriously think about upgrading your system.

New Data Releases

by Geoff Johnson and Computer Club Members

Every few weeks, I receive emails from the three data suppliers that I subscribe to - *Ancestry*, *Find My Past*, and *The Genealogist*. Seemingly they have our interests in mind, but extending their datasets must obviously be to their own commercial benefit! They continually add new data, as well as updating existing stuff, and it's becoming increasingly difficult to keep up with who's doing what.

Every now and again I am prompted to revisit datasets where I have previously found nothing for my research. Occasionally a 'ripe plum' appears, and I can download an original record image - one that may well have cost me a significant sum if I'd gone to the relevant record office or other repository. However, such events are rare!

Many of the new additions are in areas where I have no known interest. I do however tend to forward all interesting emails to Computer Club subscribers, and sometimes ask them to check the data to see if there is any significant value.

I'd also been critical of the seemingly never-ending string of new additions from all the main suppliers. It seemed to me that, since they were stated as being *new*, one could be led to believe that it was another major and very complete set of data. Experience these days shows me that they are often a bit of a codge, to kid me into looking at something that may well not be as complete as their offer suggests.

The following member observations stem from my asking members for a critique on a recent announcement by *Ancestry* of new datasets covering Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Essex.

Peter Deakin said:

I've been giving thought to your query over the value of the endless releases of historic data sets by *Ancestry*, *FMP* etc.

There will be the occasions when a new release leads to one of those breakthroughs we all seek, but my own experience is that most of the data adds up to millions of items of marginal relevance to almost everyone. The companies are as interested in the numbers of records added as the actual quality of what they are adding.

I looked at the Staffordshire records you mentioned, as far as I could. I immediately hit the snag that most of my Staffordshire ancestors came from Stoke, and Stoke records are excluded from the *Ancestry* data! What do these records offer that isn't easily available through the superb *staffordshirebmd.org.uk*, *freebmd.org.uk*, or *familysearch.org*, and the existing access provided by the paid-for sites? My conclusion is that there are two items of possible importance.

The first observation is that they are the local records, thus avoiding mistakes generated during the sending of records to GRO each quarter [although, of course, these are the same records that are indexed on *staffordshirebmd.org.uk*]. I've just seen a GRO-transcribed record for a 1965 marriage in which the groom's name is listed as SXAN; it should have been SJAB. It's difficult to quantify such mistakes, but I suspect the number has not been that great. The second item is the contemporary aspect of the records, covering 1837-2017. Other record sets might only cover the period up to the late twentieth century. However, are we really searching for *ancestors* when we want to know of family members born, married or dead in the 21st century? Arguably this is snooping, prying, or (more benignly) satisfying our curiosity in regard to family matters where we don't have personal contact with family members that perhaps we ought to have. Is that what genealogical research is coming to?

Margaret Hughes observes:

I am not impressed with the new *Ancestry* parish records of Cheshire. As *Ancestry* already has full knowledge of my Cheshire records, these are just churned out as soon as I enter a name.

As I knew the name of my maternal grandfather's lifelong friend, I entered his name into the Cheshire search giving his date of birth to +/- 2 years. The only results came from Congleton and as he had lived in Davenham all his life, this was useless. A search on *Find My Past* bore fruit, with his marriage at St. John the Baptist Church in Chester. I'll give it another go sometime.

Peter Collinson:

I did put in a search for William SHARRATT at Davenham parish and came up with one that I think is relevant to my studies. He has John and Martha as relatives. However, I did not proceed to the *Ancestry* free trial stage, which I do not want to be bothered with, avoiding market forces! I might sign up when finances allow.

Judy Kay:

Have just tested the Essex bit. A friend has just renewed her subscription to Essex Record Office - some £90 per year now - so was a bit miffed about finding them now on Ancestry.

HOWEVER, it is set up a little strangely, and even a subscriber to Ancestry will need to pay to see the image on the Essex RO website.

So, one does a search, looks at the results, clicks on a name: up comes the usual transcription of person's name etc. There is no image available, but one clicks on a link to Essex RO where one can see a thumbnail of the relevant image. Underneath is the following:

For the full-sized image, click here.

You will need an email address and a credit or debit card.

One image will cost £2.99, including VAT at the current UK rate where applicable.

Please note that we are not able to accept pre-paid payment cards.

If you prefer, you can register on Essex Archives Online and take out a timed subscription to see all our images.

As I was only doing a test I didn't pay, but I did click on the *Register* link where, if one has a subscription (like my friend's), one can log in. The Essex RO system does not have auto-renewal, so once you have renewed the period doesn't start until the first time you use the system.

The Essex RO system is NOT indexed at all; one has to know the parish and period, and take a guess as to which image might be the right date - rather like using microfilms at the RO itself, but with the difference that all the images on Essex RO that I've seen have been newly digitised from the original registers so they are in colour.

This is the same kind of deal *Ancestry* seems to have with *Deceased Online*, where again one can search online at *Ancestry* and be taken to the *Deceased Online* website to view a result. I have a subscription to this so it can be useful. The difference is that *Deceased Online* have indexed their database fully, so it's much easier to use than the Essex RO system.

My friend with the Essex RO subscription is mildly miffed! Although she consoles herself with the fact that the Essex RO website does give her access to more than just BDMs, and it could be pricey to buy lots of records individually instead of having the annual subscription.

John Haslehurst said:

I have tried the new Essex records and the ones I researched were not images, just an interpretation of what was scanned. I know that some other records provide the images, which can help with getting the fine detail that helps with further research.

Hazel Rugman observed:

I have an interest in Essex parish registers and I know that most of them can only be accessed through the Essex Record Office by subscription. I checked *Ancestry* and as they had nothing for many of my Walthamstow ancestors, I think that these records on *Ancestry* come from LDS records and are somewhat incomplete. *Familysearch.org* does have some records so if someone is thinking of getting *Ancestry* for Essex records, they may be better looking at *Familysearch* (I would need more time to check whether there is some correlation between those I found on *Familysearch* are now on *Ancestry*), and then considering whether they may be better off paying for a short subscription to Essex Record Office. I note that the small print on *Ancestry* seems to indicate that their records are from the USA.

Comments on Previous Issues

RootsChat - Kay Brown from Mobberley writes:

I'm so pleased to see that other people including yourself have had some good results from *RootsChat* ever since I introduced you to their site.

I have been researching the Australian branch of my mother's family, and have been able to purchase and download a couple of death certificates and two wills which have given me a great deal of information. They cost just over £14 each which is really good value considering the amount of information they contain.

The links I have been directed to by RootsChat have been invaluable. I have even found a living relative who I have written to. He may not be interested in our family history, as I have not had a reply as yet. But time will tell.

Next project will be the branch of the same family who emigrated to New Zealand.

Finding Places and People who Lived There

by Geoff Johnson

From time to time it is helpful to be able to find properties in a particular locality to see if there is an obvious source of information. A good source of properties in that locality, and people who lived in them, are the annual censuses.

We are quite used to looking for people in a census, but recently I was talking to a friend who has for some long time been living in an 1870s cottage in what we would generally call a hamlet. We were both wondering what its history might have been. We had no idea of the names of people, all we knew was its locality name, and often that is not even the parish name.

The *Find My Past* census allows you to search for an address. The difficulty is that the first question that it wants to know is the street name - most rural hamlets probably didn't gain street names until well into the twentieth century! I found that the key to the search is to start from somewhere that you do know in that locality: hamlet name, a pub, church, mansion or even a known person perhaps. Anything in order to establish the right census piece number, thus enabling you to establish the range of schedule numbers. In most cases you have to blunder your way into the right locality. Once you get into that general locality you can then move backwards through the each of the displayed census pages until you get to the first few numbers in the schedules. Once you get to schedule 1, go backwards three or four pages to display the enumerator's guidance information: his *walk list*, the number of people in the folio group, and information about the locality.

The *FMP* process is relatively easy if the image display of the website you're using is reasonably prompt, but at some busy times I've found that stepping back through their census pages can be a very protracted process; quite readily causing the search to hang.

Ancestry makes things slightly easier. They restrict the enumerator information to just the *walk list* page. *The Genealogist* also allows you to search for an address but again it wants a street name.

I found that of all the three main websites - *Ancestry*, *Find My Past*, and *The Genealogist* - by far the easiest to use was *The Genealogist*. Apart from its relative slickness, there is little doubt that their image quality is consistently by far the best of the three.

Moving three pages back from the first schedule of the census pages generally describes the *walk list*, and this will usually give a reasonably clear picture of how the enumerator progressed through his census area.

DNA research

Vivienne Pitcher, Bebington group member, writes:

I finally invested in a *Living DNA* test after having followed the various items in *Net That Serf*, and have just received the results. The DNA profile differs quite widely from that suggested by my researches, so either I have even more *Non-Parental Events* than I was aware of, or the profile is very inaccurate. My own estimate was:

- 25% for East Anglia
- 25% for North-west England
- 19% for the West Midlands
- 19% for Wales
- 12% for London

The DNA test result was:

- 34% for Wales (though judging from their tiny map, this also includes a slice of England)
- 24% for Yorkshire
- 15% for North-west England
- 9% for South Central England (appears to be Somerset, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire area)
- 14% for GB unassigned
- 2% for the Iberian Peninsula
- 2% for Northumbria.

While I was expecting a few small percentages from areas unknown, I was surprised that there was no trace whatsoever of my East Anglian and London ancestors, but I'd apparently acquired quite a lot of unsuspected Yorkshire ones and some extra Welsh ones instead. At least the Lancashire and Cheshire ancestry shows up on both, and they also agree on a complete lack of Irish ancestry.

Now I'm hoping that there may be some matches with distant cousins that will prove to be more helpful.

The Dreaded Update Issue

by Geoff Johnson

I frequently receive comments from members concerning the problems they have with the seemingly endless supply of interruptive updates. I must admit I am very keen to always keep my own systems fully up-to-date.

Microsoft generally releases a batch of their monthly updates on the second Tuesday or Wednesday of each month. Invariably these consist of security updates against malicious software attacks. It's my opinion that, if you choose to ignore these, you are increasingly leaving yourself at risk. They don't do such updating for no reason at all. It's in your interest as much as theirs.

The other reason of course is that periodically you are asked to download and install longer updates to the operating system process, and often these are intended to be improvements in the way that things get handled.

It's important not to lose sight of the fact that *Windows* and *Apple's iOS* system are working operating systems used by millions of computer users. The vast majority of these users are not like you and me, but are companies, having thousands of computers used by their staff, and controlled by their computer management team. They, above all, are more interested in keeping tight constraints on the way that the staff use the systems, but more importantly they wish to avoid attacks from undesirable hackers and the like. *Microsoft* and *Apple* are in the strongest position to have knowledge of current trends in criminal activities. They will consider their security updates to be highly important for everybody.

Ignore my advice by all means, but be prepared to take the risk of attacks. I strongly recommend that you maintain a regular practice of updating. At times it does mean leaving your system switched on more than normal, but the update process will slowly make progress alongside you in your daily work, eventually leaving your system in a position where it needs to restart. The restart process is usually key to the proper installation of the updated software.

All too often, in talking to members having problems, I find that their difficulty is that the updating process never seems to complete. It keeps on going round and round, trying unsuccessfully to finish the update. I would like to stress a few common reasons for these problems.

It's always good to be aware of the timing of the *Windows* monthly download, i.e. the second week of the month. Periodically check the position in your

Windows Settings. From the *Start* button find the *Settings* option, and select *Update & Security*. You can see from there the last time your system checked for updates. Below that, it may well indicate that it's trying to update or awaiting a restart. Be prepared to leave your system switched on. A common problem with a laptop is that the power management settings will readily allow the machine to go into *Sleep Mode*. Find and click on *Settings*, select *System*, and scroll down to *Power & Sleep*. It'll provide you with two choices depending on whether your laptop charger is connected or not. Your system may well be set to go to sleep after, perhaps, one hour. I'd advise setting that to *Never* when your laptop is plugged in to the mains. Following a major update, you can easily go back and change it to the previous setting. In my case my laptop will quickly go to sleep when it's left with the charger plug not connected, but never when it is.

Ed.: Another setting to look at, to avoid *Windows* trying to restart at an inconvenient time, is the *Change active hours* setting, found under *Update & security*. Here you can tell *Windows* what time you start and finish 'work', so your system won't automatically restart between those hours. Of course, you must then leave your computer on outside those hours to allow the update process to complete.

At present, *Microsoft Windows* is being developed and rebuilt approximately every six months. The download and installation process for that is invariably quite lengthy. The current big update is version number 1903 (that's 2019, month three). On my systems that update takes over two hours to complete.

Still want to upgrade to Windows 10?

Do you still have a *Windows 7* or *Windows 8.1* computer that you would like to upgrade to *Windows 10*? The free upgrade offer for *Windows 10* officially ended in July 2016. But today, two full years after the free upgrade offer supposedly ended, you can still upgrade to *Windows 10* from *Windows 7* or *Windows 8.1* and claim a valid digital license, without being forced to pay. I discovered this thanks to a useful alert in a *Lost Cousins* newsletter, which included a link to this website:

www.zdnet.com/article/heres-how-you-can-still-get-a-free-windows-10-upgrade

A number of computer club members have successfully done just that. The *Lost Cousins* article said it was really easy (but sensibly suggested you should make sure you have a backup of your data, just in case).

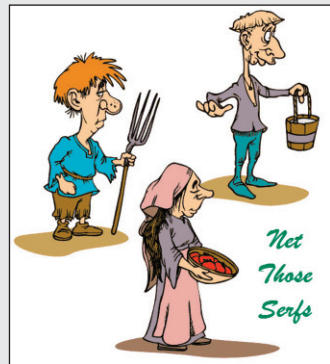
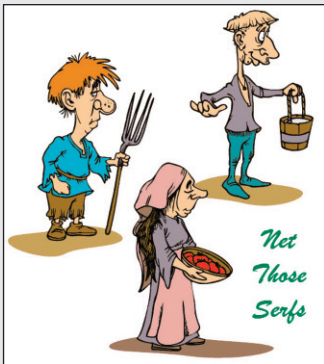
Computer club's **Mike Grose** sent me a follow up to the May 2019 *Lost Cousins* link about *Windows 10*. He says it's still freely available. The *Windows 10* download is version 1809.

However, his old laptop (32-bit) still wouldn't work due to lack of certain drivers. There are no new *Windows 10* compatible drivers to download. The original version had worked partially on this laptop, but screen drivers wouldn't work properly with *PowerPoint*. So, he's left it on *Windows 7*. But the newer machine that Mike had donated to the Crewe Family History Unit was on *Windows 7 Ultimate*. This machine has just been upgraded to *Windows 10 Pro* (Ver. 1607) – after a bit of a fiddle. Mike says it works fine with all the existing installed software working without any problems.

So that's it! Without your input I can't keep this forum active. I really need to see some responses to what is written here, or to past issues, or articles on something that we haven't covered before.

So, let's be hearing from you please!

- GJ



Group Events and Activities

For changes and up-to-date news check the website
www.fhsc.org.uk

Alsager Group

by Hazel Rugman

Future meetings:

16th Sept *Annual General Meeting* followed by a short film or talk (TBA)

21st Oct *History using Sources - Ian Doughty*

Ian is the Congleton Museums Collection Manager.

18th Nov *Tales from the Workhouse - Elizabeth Morris*

Elizabeth will come dressed in character to tell us Lizzie's story.

December *Members only Christmas Lunch*

Date to be decided.

Alsager Group meets at 7.30pm on the 3rd Monday of the month (except August and December) at Wesley Place Methodist Church Hall, Lawton Road, Alsager, ST7 2AF. Admission is £1 for members and £2 for non-members. Refreshments are served after the talk, when there is an opportunity to discuss family history with other members. There is a large car park (free) opposite the church. Visitors are most welcome.

Bebington Group

by Bob Wright

Future Meetings:

23rd Sept *History of the RNI - Brian Jordan*

28th Oct *Wirral from the Air - Gavin Hunter.*

25th Nov *The Great British Christmas - Barry Humphries.*

9th Dec *Members' Christmas Social*

Bebington Group meets at 7.30pm on the 4th Monday of the month (excluding Bank Holidays) at Bebington Civic Centre, Civic Way, CH63 7PN. Admission is £1.50 for members, £2 for visitors, including refreshments.

Bramhall Group

by Janet Phillips

Future meetings:

- 12th Sept **AGM plus *Wit and Wisdom in the Churchyard* – David Guyton**
The AGM followed by a light-hearted talk from David about findings in the graveyard! This evening the group will be celebrating its 20th birthday.
- 10th Oct ***Given with Freedom and Cheerfulness and Not Grudgingly* – Claire Moores**
Claire will be looking at almshouses and charitable giving in Cheshire. Almshouses have been an important part of the fabric of this country since Anglo-Saxon days.
- 14th Nov ***Tracing the Footsteps of Heroes* – Gordon Longworth**
Gordon will be recounting his research into the lives and deaths of two WWI soldiers, one his great-uncle and one who died on the last day of the war. His book *Where the Poppies Weep* was published earlier this year.
- 12th Dec ***Christmas Social Evening and Talk***
Our traditional, friendly social evening, combining festive food and drink with an enlightening tale from one of our members.

Meetings are held at 7.30pm on the second Thursday of each month in the United Reformed Church Hall, Bramhall, SK7 2PE (corner of Robins Lane and Bramhall Lane South). Admission charge £2. All visitors are most welcome.

Chester Group

by David Guyton

Future meetings:

- 26th Sept ***Sir William Brown, the Man who made Liverpool* – David Hearn**
- 31st Oct ***We will not fight* – Mike Royden**
Conscientious objectors in both wars in Merseyside and Cheshire.
- 28th Nov ***A Seasonal Miscellany***
- December **NO MEETING**

Group meetings are held at 7.30pm on the last Thursday of the month in the Church Hall, All Saint's Church, 2 Vicarage Road, Hoole, Chester CH2 3HZ. There is a small charge for admission and parking is available. All members and visitors welcome. We have a family history help desk at 10.30am to 12.30pm and 1.30pm to 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Fridays at Grosvenor Museum, and 10.00am to noon on Tuesdays at Chester Library at Storyhouse.

Computer Group - The Society's Computer Club

by Geoff Johnson

Meetings take place at 7.30pm on the 2nd Wednesday of the month at Hartford Methodist Church Hall, Beach Road, Hartford, Northwich, CW8 3AD. There is no charge - even the tea and biscuits are free! Open to ALL members, we focus on a wide range of genealogy/computing topics. Discussions are informal and audience participation is encouraged. Access to all the main family history websites is available at our meetings. With all attendees suggesting search ideas, members often go home with some family history information they have been struggling to find.

We seldom pre-arrange meeting topics, preferring instead to discuss new websites, members' own current problems, or generally educating members on getting the best from their computers. The subject of each meeting is usually announced the week before, by email or on the Club's events web page.

Congleton Group

by David Smetham

Future meetings:

17th Sept *AGM plus Workshop - 1939 Register*

15th Oct *Studying the Three Rs - Claire Moores*

An introduction to school and education records for family history research.

19 Nov *Talk - To Be Announced*

December *NO MEETING*

Meetings take place at 7.30pm on the 3rd Tuesday of each month at Congleton Library. Non-members are welcome. There is ample parking and access to the Library is by the lower entrance.

Crewe Group

by Margaret Spate

Future meetings:

10th Sept A short *AGM* followed by *History of Funerals*

Addition contributions by members. Refreshments to include homemade cakes.

8th Oct *Bed Plaques of Crewe Memorial Hospital*

Information about people who donated to the cost of beds at C.M.H. before the NHS came into being.

- 12th Nov *It's the Ink in My Blood - Sheila Mitchell*
The *Johnson's Almanac Story*, rearranged from April 2019.
- December *No Meeting*

Meetings are held on the 2nd Tuesday of the month at Jubilee House, St Paul's St, Crewe CW1 2QA. Suggested parking at the adjacent Victoria Centre Car Park, CW1 2PT where there is free parking after 6.00pm. Please check the Crewe pages on the FHSC website for further information on meetings.

Crewe Family History Unit

Please see pages 75 - 76 and elsewhere in this issue for details of the Society's research centres.

Macclesfield Group

by Jean Laidlaw

Future meetings:

- 24th Sept *AGM* followed by
Display of WWII memorabilia with short talks by members.
- 22nd Oct *Not Forgotten - Geoff Archer*
How, why, for whom, and by whom, were local war memorials produced?
- 26th Nov *Quarries, Mines and the Macclesfield Canal - David Kitching*
The construction of the Macclesfield Canal allowed industries to reach existing markets more easily and also encouraged expansion to new markets.
- December *No Meeting*

Meetings are usually held on the 4th Tuesday of the month at The Salvation Army Hall, Roe Street, Macclesfield, SK11 6UT. Doors open at 7.15pm and meetings start at 7.30pm. Entry is through the main door facing the Churchill Way car park, and we meet in the ground floor room. Admission is £2 including refreshments and a ticket for the FHSC members-only draw for a small gift.

The complete programme for 2019 is available on the Macclesfield page of the FHSC website www.fhsc.org.uk, where you will also find the latest group news. A monthly update and reminder about meetings is emailed to subscribers on our newsletter list. If you would like to be added to our newsletter list go to the Macclesfield page on the website and click on *Add Macclesfield to My Groups* or send a request to macclesfield@fhsc.org.uk.

Middlesex Group

by Victoria Doran (FHSC Chairman)

We are going to try to set up a joint North-West FHS Group in the London area with the Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society and the Cumbria Family History Society. If you live within range of central London, keep an eye on our website to find out about meetings.

Nantwich Group

by Sheila Mitchell

Future meetings:

17th Sept *The Mainwarrings of Peover Hall - David Young*

15th Oct *AGM followed by My Great-uncle: The First World War and Memorial - Terry Barber*

19th Nov *Baptists and Buttons - Alan Paterson*

December *No Meeting*

Meetings are held on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at the Nantwich Methodist Church Centre, Hospital Street, Nantwich CW5 5RP. Doors open at 7.15pm for a 7.30pm start. Admission is £2 for members and £3 for non-members including refreshments. Ample parking nearby.

Nantwich Family History Workshops at Nantwich Library

If you have a query or need help with starting your family tree then please come to one of our workshops. We meet on Mondays from 2.00pm on the following dates: 23rd September 21st October 25th November

Everyone is most welcome at all of our meetings and workshops.

Northwich Group

by Dave Thomas

Future meetings:

9th Sept *AGM followed by group discussion*

14th Oct *Before Parish Registers - David Guyton*

11th Nov *Further Anecdotes of a Registrar - Carole Codd*

9th Dec *Hotpot Supper and Quiz*

Meetings are held on the 2nd Monday of the month at Hartford Methodist Church Hall, Beach Road, Hartford, Northwich CW8 3AB. Doors open at 7.00pm for a 7.30pm start. Admission is £1, and non-members are most welcome. Car park available.

Runcorn Group

by Peter Rowley

At the AGM on 3rd July, the following officers were elected:

Group Leader - Peter Rowley

Secretary - Pat Eastup

Treasurer - Christine Keith

Committee Member - Linda Wilding

Committee Member - Maurice Littlemore

Unfortunately Linda has been forced to resign as Group Leader due to ill health. She held the post for seventeen years, and we are grateful for all her efforts running the group during this time. We would all like to say well done and thank you.

Future meetings:

4th Sept *Castles & Churches - Gordon Roxby*

4th Oct *Tracing my Ancestors - John Beecham*

6th Nov *TBA*

4th Dec *Christmas Social*

Meetings are at 7.30pm on the first Wednesday of the month (except January) at Churchill Hall, Cooper Street, Runcorn, WA7 1DH. All will be made very welcome. Refreshments - tea, coffee and home-made cakes, parking available. We have speakers occasionally, but encourage group participation in helping others to knock down their brick walls. We have parish records available to view, please ask a committee member.

Sale Group

by Marion Hall

Future meetings:

11th Sept *Carrington: a Township and a Peat Bog - Charlotte Starkey*

9th Oct *Tiptoe through the Tombstones - Rina Tillinger*

Dead interesting inscriptions and epitaphs!

13th Nov *Long Lane Tragedy - Angela Jenkinson*

A personal family history tragedy.

Meetings are held at 7.30pm, for talk at 8.00pm, on the 2nd Wednesday of the month at Trinity Methodist Church, Trinity Road, Sale M33 3ED. Visitors are always welcome. Admission is £2 for members and £2.50 for non members.

Tameside Group

by Gay Oliver

Future meetings:

11th Sept **AGM plus *Topic to be decided.***

9th Oct ***Quarter Sessions - Claire Moores***

Quarter Sessions covered most aspects of County Council and Church Court records, including bastardy and criminal records.

13th Nov ***The Life of Neville Cardus - Christopher O'Brien***

A book full of new insights about Sir Neville Cardus, who transformed cricket writing while also being a music critic. Note that this is an afternoon talk, as Christopher lives in Nottingham.

11th Dec ***Christmas Social and Crime in WWI - Kate Booth***

Criminal extracts from the First World War taken from the Reporter; nothing changes.

Meetings are held on the 2nd Wednesday of the month in the Old Chapel Schoolrooms, Dukinfield - doors open at 7.00pm. There is disabled access and both members and non-members are welcome. Admission is £2 for members and £2.50 for non-members. For more information, go to www.fhsc.org.uk and navigate to the Tameside pages to see the programme and sign up for our newsletters.

Why not come along to one of our helpdesk sessions in Tameside Local Studies and Archives Centre on the first and third Tuesdays each month between 2.00pm and 4.00pm, where our team of experts can help you to break down those brick walls or get started from scratch.

Wallasey Group

by Dave Beck

Future meetings:

17th Sept ***Letter to a wrong Egremont address - Jo McCourt***

Jo explains how the letter reveals a fascinating family history. The research includes university archives, probate and wills, medical developments and a knight of the realm.

15th Oct ***Members Evening***

19th Nov ***History from the Air - Gavin Hunter***

His latest talk - a fascinating look at Wirral's history through the medium of aerial photographs from the last hundred years.

December ***No meeting***

Meetings are held at 7.30 pm on the 3rd Tuesday of the month except December

at Claremount Methodist Church, Claremount Road, Wallasey CH45 6UE.
Access via car park in Taunton Road. Visitors are always welcome.

We hold a helpdesk from 10.00am to 1.00pm on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at the Wallasey Central Reference Library, Earlston Road, Wallasey CH45 5DX. At these helpdesks we are able to give individual help with family history research. There is access to the library via a ramp and internal lift for those who are less mobile or using a wheelchair. All members and non-members are welcome.

Unusual Names

by Rosie Rowley
Editor

Have you come across any unusual names in your family tree?

What do you think about the son of Ann and Joseph COPE, an engine fitter, who was baptised on 23 Aug 1863 at St James the Apostle Church, Temple Normanton, with the given names *Leicester Railway*? According to his birth certificate he was born in a railway carriage at Leicester railway station.

Friendless was the name given to the son of Jane and James BAXTER, born in Leeds in 1871. I've heard of babies being named Friend before, but never Friendless; a quick search of baptisms and birth registrations on *FindMyPast* revealed eight instances of the name.

The son of Alice and Thomas DAY, born in 1899, was given the names *Time Of*. This unusual name was a family tradition - both his grandfather and great-grandfather had the name.

William and Eliza CASTLE (nee KING) chose to name their daughter, born in 1876, *Windsor*. Clearly a family with regal pretensions!

Another royal name was given to *King Arthur* JOHNSON, born in 1885, whose mother's maiden name was KNIGHT.

Supplied by Neil Fraser, the TV heir hunter, and found on the website www.buzzfeed.com/lukelewis/insane-british-names-from-the-19th-century

Membership

Angela Moore



New Members

If you receive a printed journal, the label on the mailing envelope shows your membership number and subscription renewal date. The additional numbers are "sort numbers" used by our mailing agency. If you change your contact details, please update them on the website or advise Peter Mellor.

Peter Mellor



Renewals/Changes

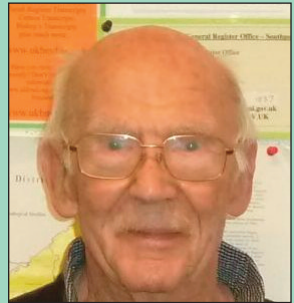
If you do not wish your address to be stored on the Society's computer database, please inform Peter Mellor (see inside front cover).

The "M" Team

Obituary

We regret to announce the death of Geoff Oultram who passed away peacefully on 12 July 2019, aged 92.

Many members will remember Geoff for his work with the computer group, including acting as treasurer for many years. Geoff worked on setting up and maintaining the computer systems at Alderley Edge and Mobberley Research Centres. He was also active in transcribing and preparing information for group projects, assisting with IT facilities online, and demonstrating research possibilities at family history fairs.



Geoff was always helpful and unassuming in his support for FHSC. In August 2017 Kay Brown, of the FHSC Mobberley Research Centre, presented Geoff with an engraved paperweight in recognition of the work that Geoff had done for the society (CHESHIRE ANCESTOR Volume 48, Issue 2.)

The society sends its condolences to Geoff's family.

New Members

We welcome the following new members to our society and wish them success with their research:

#10074	UN	Mrs Norma E	REANEY	South Yorkshire
#10075	UN	Mrs Joanne	SCOTT	Australia
#10076	CR	Mrs Michelle	STEWART	Australia
#10077	UN	Mrs Kathryn	MORRIS	South Yorkshire
#10078	WA	Mr David	BRADLEY	North Wales
#10079	UN	Miss Jessica	THOMSON	Cheshire
#10080	WA	Ms Jean	TAYLOR	Wirral
#10082	NO	Mrs & Mr Susan & David	CATTELL	Cheshire
#10083	CH	Mr Robert	STOCKWELL	West Sussex
#10084	UN	Mr Philip	EVANS	West Midlands
#10085	UN	Mr Mrs & Miss Eric Hazel & Hannah	WALLER	Cheshire
#10086	UN	Mrs Angela	McGUINNESS	Australia
#10087	MC	Mr Edwin	UPTON	USA
#10088	CR	Mrs Patricia S.	GREY	Cheshire
#10089	MC	Mrs Rosemary	NEEDHAM	Cheshire
#10090	WA	Mr John M.	O HARE	Wirral
#10091	UN	Mrs Denise	HAGUE	Lancashire
#10092	UN	Mrs Barbara	YOUNG	Lancashire
#10093	Un	Mr Christoper	STARR	Suffolk
#10094	CR	Mrs Angela	BAKER	Cheshire
#10095	UN	Mrs Catherine	BERGG	Dorset
#10096	UN	Mrs Karen J	COX	Cheshire
#10097	UN	Mrs Carolyn	GANDER	Devon
#10098	UN	Mrs Brenda M	WOMALD	Kent
#10099	BR	Mrs Anne	HOLLOWAY	Cheshire
#10100	UN	Mrs Mary M	OWEN	Cheshire
#10101	UN	Mrs Margaret	SCOTT	Australia
#10103	UN	Mr Brian	SMITH	Cheshire
#10104	CR	Mr & Mrs Orlando & Jane	ZIGGIOTTI	Cheshire
#10105	CR	Mr & Mrs Brian & Jackie	EVANS	Cheshire
#10106	CR	Anthony S.	BRIERLEY	Cheshire

The Society's Family History Research Centres

Both locations offer free access to *FindMyPast*, *The Genealogist* and *Ancestry* websites, and hold a large collection of microfilms, microfiche, books and documents. Manned by experienced volunteers, visitors can obtain help and advice on family and local history research. Do you have your own microfiche but no reader? Bring them to us and view them using our fiche readers!

CREWE FAMILY HISTORY UNIT



**2nd Floor, Municipal Building,
Earle Street, Crewe, CW1 2BJ
Tel 01270 685699**

The Municipal Building is situated near the market and opposite Memorial Square and the old library. Crewe Register Office is in the same building.

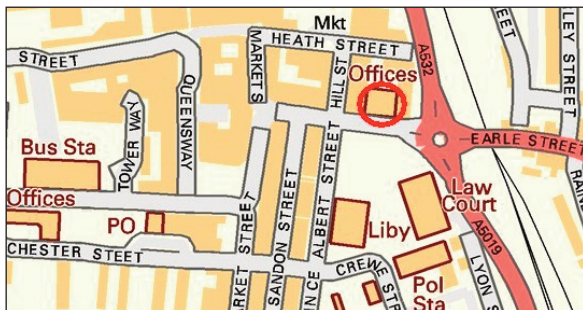
All visitors must sign in and out at reception. You will be directed to the second floor; a lift is available.

FREE access to *FindMyPast*, *Ancestry* and *The Genealogist*
Local parish registers on film - extensive library of books
Crewe and District and South East Cheshire local history archives
See the Crewe FHU Library Holdings lists on the FHSC website

**Usual opening hours: 10am-4pm Monday and Tuesday
plus one Saturday morning each month**

For Saturday dates, and changes to usual opening hours, please see this issue's *Research Centre News* or the FHSC website www.fhsc.org.uk.

Non-members visiting for the first time will be offered (for a small donation) time with a volunteer to explain the facilities available and advice on family history research. Membership of the Society is encouraged for further visits.



MOBBERLEY FAMILY HISTORY RESEARCH CENTRE



**Rajar Building, Town Lane,
Mobberley, WA16 7ER
Tel: 01565 872210**

The Rajar Building is situated on the corner of Town Lane (A5085) and Ilford Way. The entrance is at the front of the building on Town Lane, and the Research Centre is on the first floor (access by stairs - no lift).

FREE help and advice from our experienced duty volunteers
FREE access to *FindMyPast (World)*, *Ancestry* and *The Genealogist*
Local parish registers on film (some of which are not available online)
Extensive library of books on all topics, covering many areas of the UK
(See the Mobberley Library Holdings lists on the FHSC website)
Searchable digital archive of family history magazine back-issues and data
Nominal charge for printing and photocopying
Fiche/film and A2 scanning available – please enquire.

***Usual opening hours: 10am-4pm on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,
and on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month.***

Closed on the 1st, 3rd and 5th Wednesdays of the month, bank holidays, and over the Christmas-New Year period. For changes to usual opening hours, please check this issue's *Research Centre News* or the FHSC website.

Daily admission charge (per person) £3 for members, £5 for non-members (refundable on joining the Society on day of visit). Non-members preferably should phone in advance. FREE tea and coffee provided - sandwiches etc may be purchased at nearby shops.

Suggested on-street parking on Ilford Way, Marion Drive, and on Pavement Lane, across the road from the Rajar Building.

Bus stop (Bucklow Ave) nearby for the *D&G Bus 88/89* services from Knutsford, Wilmslow, Macclesfield, Altrincham and Northwich. See www.dgbus.co.uk.



ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

UK INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP with a printed CHESHIRE ANCESTOR	- £18.00
UK INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP with an electronic CHESHIRE ANCESTOR	- £13.00
UK FAMILY GROUP MEMBERSHIP (all at the same address)	

Above rates plus £2.00 per family

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIP with an electronic CHESHIRE ANCESTOR	- £13.00
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Special arrangements will be made for overseas members who need a printed copy.

The Society year commences on 1st July.

Membership commences on the day of receipt of an application.

- New members joining between 1st July and the following 31st March inclusive will receive all four journals of that society year; renewal date is 1st July following joining date.
- New members joining between 1st April and 30th June will receive a complimentary journal; renewal date is 1st July the following year.

Cheques, etc., should be made payable to "FHS of Cheshire".

Please ensure your payment date on your standing order is set to 1st July.

New member applications should be sent to Membership Enrolments:

Mrs Angela Moore, 6 Woodlands Close, Stalybridge, SK15 2SH

Renewals, or changes of address, should be sent to Membership Renewals:

Mr Peter A Mellor, Tan-Y-Celyn, Rhos Isaf, Rhostryfan, Caernarfon, LL54 7LY

*Why not ADVERTISE your
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in this space?*

Just £14 per issue, or £50 for four consecutive issues

(see below for full details)

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Half-page: £25 per issue; £90 for 4 issues

Quarter-page: £14 per issue; £50 for 4 issues

Please send a cheque payable to "FHS of Cheshire" to the Treasurer, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope if a receipt is required. Advertising copy to be emailed or sent by post to the Editor, preferably as a PDF file (addresses inside front cover).

Note: final copy dates for adverts are TWO MONTHS prior to publication date, i.e. 1st January for the March issue and so on.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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GROUP CONTACTS

ALSAGER GROUP

Hazel Rugman
157 Sandbach Road North
Alsager
Cheshire ST7 2AX
Tel: 01270 876386
alsager@fhsc.org.uk

CONGLETON GROUP

David Smetham
Little Trees
Gawsworth Road
Gawsworth
Macclesfield SK11 9RA
Tel: 01625 426173
congleton@fhsc.org.uk

NORTHWICH GROUP

Dave Thomas
1 Arley Court
Wrenbury Drive
Northwich CW9 8RX
Tel: 01606 46938
northwich@fhsc.org.uk

BEBINGTON GROUP

Bob Wright
9 Lough Green
Bebington
Wirral CH63 9NH
Tel: 0151 334 6345
bebington@fhsc.org.uk

CREWE GROUP

Margaret Spate,
FHSC Crewe Group
Municipal Building
(second floor)
Earle Street
Crewe CW1 2BJ
crewe@fhsc.org.uk

RUNCORN GROUP

Peter Rowley
2 Norton Tower Cottages
Norton Lane
Runcorn
Tel: 07984 603936
runcorn@fhsc.org.uk

BRAMHALL GROUP

Ian Bickley
Lumb Cottage
Lumb Lane
Bramhall
Stockport SK7 2BA
Tel: 0161 439 5021
bramhall@fhsc.org.uk

MACCLESFIELD GROUP

Jean Laidlaw
47 Sycamore Crescent
Macclesfield
SK11 8LW
macclesfield@fhsc.org.uk

SALE GROUP

David Johnson
91 Stretford House
Chapel Lane
Stretford
Manchester M32 9AY
Tel: 0161 864 1521
sale@fhsc.org.uk

CHESTER GROUP

David Guyton
Springfield
22 Lache Lane
Chester CH4 7LR
Tel: 01244 675978
chester@fhsc.org.uk

MIDDLESEX GROUP

Vacant
middlesex@fhsc.org.uk

TAMESIDE GROUP

Gay Oliver
26 Woodville Drive
Stalybridge SK15 3EA
Tel: 0161 338 5241
tameside@fhsc.org.uk

COMPUTER GROUP

Geoff Johnson
Garth Nook, Well Lane
Little Budworth
Tarporley CW6 9DA
Tel: 01829 760422
computerclub@fhsc.org.uk

NANTWICH GROUP

David Higham
1 Heywoods Ridge
Audlem
CW3 0EF
Tel: 01270 812069
nantwich@fhsc.org.uk

WALLASEY GROUP

Sheila Hamilton
10 Church Gardens
Wallasey
CH44 8HF
wallasey@fhsc.org.uk



The Family History Society of Cheshire
www.fhsc.org.uk

Location of Groups

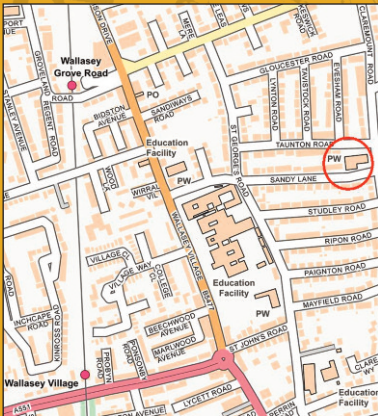
(see inside back cover for contact details)



GROUP FOCUS

Members may attend the meetings of any of the Society's groups. If travelling some distance to attend a particular talk, please check with the FHSC website or the group leader in case of a last-minute change.

WALLASEY GROUP



The Wallasey group meets at 7.30pm on the third Tuesday of every month (except December) at Claremount Methodist Church, Claremount Road, Wallasey, CH45 6UE.

Non-members are always welcome.

For full details, please see the Wallasey group information on page 74.

We hope to see you soon!

Future Wallasey Group Meetings

- | | |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 17th Sept | Letter to a wrong Egremont address - Jo McCourt |
| 15th Oct | Members Evening |
| 19th Nov | History from the Air - Gavin Hunter |
| December | No meeting |