

'e-Owls'



Contact us :

Branch Website: <https://www.mlfhs.uk/oldham>
MLFHS homepage : <https://www.mlfhs.uk/>
Email Chairman : chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk
Emails General : oldham@mlfhs.org.uk
Email Newsletter Ed : Oldham_newsletter@mlfhs.org.uk

MLFHS mailing address is: Manchester & Lancashire Family History Society,
3rd Floor, Manchester Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, M2 5PD, United Kingdom

Oldham & District Newsletter Archives : Read or download back copies [HERE](#)

April 2021

MLFHS - Oldham & District Branch Newsletter

Where to find things in the newsletter:

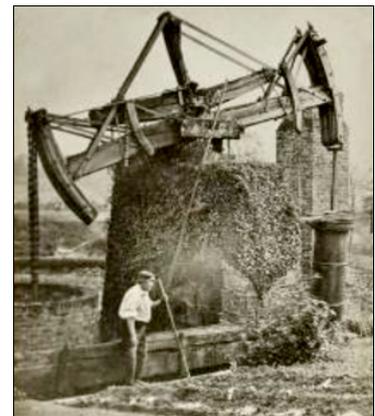
Oldham Branch News :	Page 3	1921 census – Remembering, the	
Other Branches' News :	Page 6	2 years before & after :	Page 26
MLFHS Updates :	Page 6	Peterloo Bi-Centenary :	Page 30
Societies not part of MLFHS :	Page 9	Need Help! :	Page 30
'A Mixed Bag' :	Page 10	Useful Website Links :	Page 31
From the e-Postbag :	Page 25	For the Gallery :	Page 33

Branch News :

Following March's Annual Meeting of the MLFHS Oldham Branch

Branch Officers for 2020 -2021 :

Committee Member : Chairman : Linda Richardson
Committee Member : Treasurer : Gill Melton
Committee Member : Secretary : Position vacant
Committee Member : Newsletter : Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : Webmistress : Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : Dorothy Clegg
Committee Member : Joan Harrison



Fairbottom Bobs, Oldham

Oldham Branch Meetings :

**all M&LFHS Meetings, Branch Meetings and other public activities
are to be suspended indefinitely.**

Please check with the website for updated information.

HOWEVER,

The newsletter will be sent out as usual. Meetings are now in place using the zoom app.
There will be further updates on the Society website Home Page and on the Branch pages.

The Society Journal will go out to members as usual. It relies heavily on Branch reports and what the Society has been doing at events and fairs etc. However, this sort of news won't be there for quite a long time! To fill the pages with interesting articles, it's hoped that more people will write up family stories and contribute them to the journal. Please refer to the page, '*Notes for Contributors*', in the Journal, for information on how to send articles, etc.

The Society Facebook page [HERE](#) and the Twitter page [HERE](#) will be updated frequently.

~~~~~

**Chairman's remarks :**

Hello,

Signs of Spring in the air and a step nearer being allowed out at last.

Our Zoom meetings are going extremely well and we have welcomed members and non-members alike from all over the country as well as overseas. The number of people downloading the newsletter is growing steadily (almost 500 last month, I am told by our newsletter editor).

Just a reminder that, if you have not booked your place to attend the AGM on 21 April, you still have time to get a ticket through Eventbrite.

Our meeting on the 10th April covers holidays in the past (remember your mum and dad sat in deck chairs in their Sunday best clothes?). If you haven't already registered please join us for what, I am sure, will bring back memories with a few laughs along the way.

Wishing you a happy Easter and hope to see you soon.

Best Wishes,  
Linda Richardson

Chairman, Oldham Branch

email me at < [chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk](mailto:chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk) >

~~~~~

Editor's remarks.

Hi Everyone,

As I write this, there is a definite hint of spring in the air. A blackbird appears to be building a nest in the ivy along the fence, near the house, and a wood pigeon is 'calling' (I don't quite know how else to describe it ... certainly not singing! My 'green fingers' of last spring, in the early months of lockdown, are not even beginning to 'itch' ... I think that enthusiasm waned as soon as the weather deteriorated in early autumn! However, what never wanes, is my interest in our family and local history (it's never, 'either/or').

You'll find a new section has been added to the newsletter this month, '1921... a Census Centenary'. Most of us, are impatiently (patiently?) awaiting the 'census reveal'! For many family history researchers this will be the final census record that we see opened. The census returns of 1831, from England, were destroyed by fire in 1942 (as far as I'm aware, the Scottish census of 1831 still exists). There was no census carried out in 1941, during the war, so the next England/Wales census to be released will be the 1951!!

The March meeting should have seen our AGM held before the talk but, as no-one had responded to our offer (in the newsletter) of holding it on zoom and, as no-one had objected to our keeping the same Branch committee in place for another 12 months, things are continuing as before.

I hope you continue to enjoy reading the newsletter,
Sheila

Although I am always more than happy to receive articles, pictures etc., for the newsletter, copyright is always a tricky issue so do please make sure that you have the right to use any text or illustrations that you send! It is also helpful if you include mention of your source material.

You will retain copyright of any contributions that you send unless you decide to waive that right, at the

time of sending.

Editor reserves the right to edit any contributions before publication.

email me at : < Oldham_newsletter@mlfhs.org.uk >

Please note, regarding using the links to website pages or .pdf documents : if clicking on a link when the newsletter is viewed on the internet, without first downloading it onto the computer, the new page opens in the same window so the 'back button' has to be used to return to the newsletter.

~~~~~

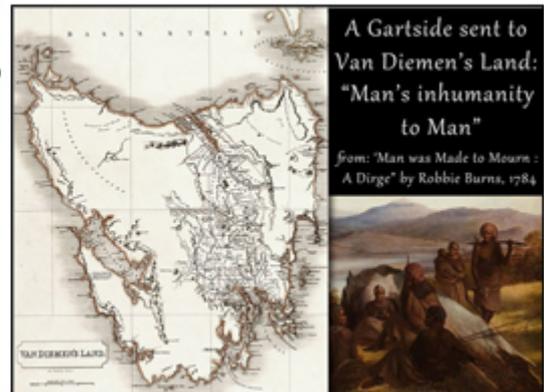
## Oldham & District Branch

### Online Oldham & District Branch Meetings on Zoom

#### Last Month's Branch Meeting :



Saturday,  
13th,  
March  
at  
2 pm



#### ***A Gartside sent to Van Diemen's Land: 'Man's inhumanity to Man'*** (Robbie Burns, 1784)

The transportation of Edwin Gartside in 1832 and the story of Van Diemen's Land, the convicts and the indigenous aboriginal population.

A free, online talk given by Sheila Goodyear

The Branch is now getting into the swing of holding our monthly meetings on zoom. It's becoming almost familiar now ... there are still the occasional panicky moments in case the internet connection is poor but, so far and touch wood, things have gone to plan without any serious hitches!

March should have seen our AGM held before the talk but, as no-one had responded to our offer (in the newsletter) of holding it on zoom and, as no-one had objected, when asked, to our keeping the same Branch committee in place for another 12 months, things are continuing as before.

In March, we had another 'in-house' talk, given by myself, on a subject that has been dear to my heart for many years ... the transportation of my 3x gt. uncle, Edwin Gartside, in July 1833, for the 5 month voyage to Van Diemen's Land, aboard the convict ship '*Isabella*'. I always try to include as many images as possible in a talk (working on the theory that they can hold attention to the narrative!!) and this talk was no exception!

Researching Gartsides, in Saddleworth, is fraught with problems. The name had its origin in that location and so many Gartside children were baptised, with the same forenames, in the same churches and within weeks of one another! The first part of the talk was about how, as a family historian, I set about proving the line going back to this Edwin Gartside, and his birth in 1812 as the first of the 12 children, born to Ben Gartside and Betty (nee Scholfield). Some of this proof relied on researching my 2x gt. grandfather's link through siblings and two samplers which had been passed down the male line. The talk was developed to include contextual background. This came from family history in England, life on the hulks, transportation on board ship, a brief look at the history of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) including the indigenous population and the impact of the settlers and convicts on them. Edwin's own story was interwoven throughout the narrative.

After a lengthy, on-off search, I eventually discovered Edwin in the criminal registers and then in Butterworth's Register of Local News (transcripts in the Local Studies Library in Oldham). In these we learn that, in December 1822 at the age of barely 20, he was arrested and convicted of stealing 5 waistcoats and sentenced to be transported, for 7 years, to Van Diemen's Land which was widely believed to be the 'worst of the worst' penal colonies. In January 1833, he was sent to the Hulks (prison ships), at Chatham. He would remain there, on the '*Cumberland*', until he boarded the '*Isabella*', in July 1833, for the 5 months voyage to Van Diemen's Land. He disembarked, with 299 other convicts, at Hobart, in November 1833. Because he had no apparent skills or trade, he was immediately placed as a labourer to work on public works. What was of paramount importance for this research was the fact that his prisoner's register had survived and was available to view online on the 'Libraries Tasmania' website. On this website, you can search by convict name for records plus all the background information you might need about the history and lives in the penal colony. Another good source is 'Trove the National Library of Australia' website, which includes historical newspapers.

At this stage, in the talk, we looked at the history of Van Diemen's Land from its first being discovered by explorer Abel Tasman (when Van Diemen was governor General of the Dutch East India Company), through subsequent exploratory visits by British and French sailors. The British were the first to claim sovereignty when they established a small colony on the island in 1803. The next 30 years, until Edwin arrived, saw great hardship for both the colonists who were trying to carve out a better standard of living than had been their lot back in Britain, and the convicts who were sent out to what was regarded as a 'Hell hole'.

Those years saw increasing hostility, animosity and murderous acts of aggression between the settlers and the indigenous people, resulting in the steady decline in numbers of the indigenous population during the so-named 'Black War'. By the time Edwin arrived, there were only about 300 survivors of the original, aboriginal population.

His prisoner's record makes harrowing reading as he suffers a series of brutal punishments. These were mainly for insubordination rather than the couple of criminal activities for which he was 'suspected' but not actually recorded as being convicted. At first glance, the transgressions appear to be months apart until it becomes apparent that the subsequent punishments mainly lasted 6 to 12 months rather than days or weeks. These punishments included chain gangs, floggings and transfer to the Port Arthur penal settlement. In 1837, his record shows that his sentence of 7 years transportation had been extended by 3 years.

We know, from the Convict Return, for 31st December 1841, in which all the convicts throughout the colony were listed, that Edwin was assigned to Mr. F. Cotton, of Swan Port where he would spend his final year as a convict. He received his Certificate of Freedom in November 1842. Where he was or what he did during the following year remains a blank. The last record of Edwin, that has so far been found, is a record of his death, in July 1844, age 30, having been a free man, again, for barely 18 months. Cause of death was recorded in the register as 'emphysema' and registered in Campbell Town.

As a last sad comment ... was his family back in England aware of his death? Probably not. In truth he was lost to them in December 1832.

If you want to read the full, illustrated, narrative of the talk, with a list of resources, you can find a link to it on a menu page [HERE](#)

~~~~~

Please try and support the Branch, with your online attendance, as we hope to deliver as much of our 2021 programme as possible, whilst we are unable to hold our meetings in Gallery Oldham. The zoom app is free to download and use.

It would be of great help to us, for the smooth running of the talks (especially if your first!!), if you would look at the two help sheets that we have prepared, [HERE](#) and [HERE](#), one of which will also help you in downloading and using zoom if you are a new user of it. Please be aware

that the zoom app on tablets and phones does not offer as many user-personalisation settings as found on a laptop or desktop computer.



Saturday,
10th,
April
at
2 pm



Memories from Holidays Past

a talk given by Chris Helme

"With no holidays allowed at present, we can at least look back at holidays we have enjoyed. This presentation will take you back to those childhood holidays in a caravan, Guest House and Butlin's. Everything from knobbly knee competitions to calamine lotion. From Sunday School annual treats to outings at Blackpool, the 1960s package holiday and then to futuristic holidays and a few laughs on the way."

Details of the talk are on the 'Meetings' page of the Branch website [HERE](#) .

Booking for an online talk is essential and booking is on [Eventbrite](#) or by email to the newsletter or website editor.

**The talk will be free to members and non-members alike.
Wherever you live, Welcome!**



Saturday,
8th,
May
at
2 pm



Confessions of a Country Lane Researcher ...

A free illustrated talk, on interesting family and local history items, from over 40 years as a researcher.

A talk given by Tony Foster, Saturday 8th May 2021, at 2pm.

Free booking on [Eventbrite](#) from 3rd April or by email to the newsletter or website editor.



MLFHS Branches delivering their monthly meetings and talks on-line

Anglo-Scottish Website Pages [HERE](#)

MLFHS, ANGLO-SCOTTISH BRANCH ONLINE MEETING	Thursday, 15th April, at 2 pm	Ancestral Brickwalls: a branch discussion and social meeting
------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------

Go to the Anglo-Scottish website for more information and booking details.

~~~~~  
**Bolton Website Pages** [HERE](#)

|                                              |                                              |                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MLFHS<br>Bolton Branch<br>online<br>Meetings | Wednesday,<br>7th<br>April,<br>at<br>7:30 pm | <i>Quakerism<br/>in<br/>Bolton</i><br>A talk given by<br>Gordon Benson |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Go to the Bolton website for more information and booking details.

~~~~~  
MLFHS updates

The MLFHS Family History Help Desk ...

is closed under current restrictions

As situations change, almost by the hour, there is no certainty of anything!

For updated information, please check the website [HERE](#)

However, there is still a Virtual Help Desk [HERE](#)

~~~~~  
**MLFHS, Manchester Ancestors**

|                                         |                                                |                                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MLFHS<br>aka<br>Manchester<br>Ancestors | Wednesday,<br>21st<br>April,<br>at<br>10:30 am | <i>Manchester<br/>Street Names</i><br>A talk given by<br>Ray Hoerty<br>+ AGM |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

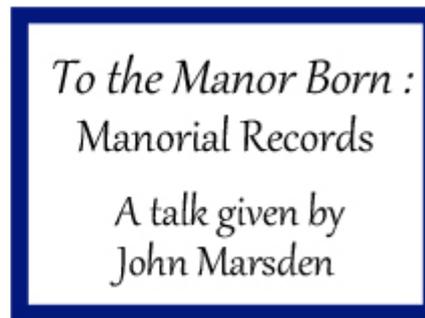
Booking on [Eventbrite](#)

~~~~~

MLFHS, Manchester Ancestors



Saturday,
24th
April,
at
2 pm



Booking on [Eventbrite](#)

MLFHS, Manchester Ancestors



Saturday,
1st
May,
at
2 pm



Booking on [Eventbrite](#)

MLFHS Online Bookshop: Is OPEN for business again [HERE](#).

with CDs, Downloads, Maps, Registers, Local Interest Books, More General Publications, Miscellaneous Items with MLFHS Logo etc., and Offers.

MLFHS & Branch e-Newsletters

MLFHS and each of the MLFHS branches publishes a monthly e-newsletter which provides useful news items and articles etc. The e-newsletters are free and available to both members and non-members of MLFHS. Society members receive the MLFHS newsletter automatically; non-members can find them by following the links, below.

To sign-up, for a Branch newsletter, to be emailed each month, simply click the appropriate link below and complete the short form on the e-newsletter page, where you will also find copies of all past issues.

[MLFHS](#) [Bolton](#) [Oldham](#) [Anglo-Scottish](#)

MLFHS Updates to the Great Database (in the Members' area of the Website)

Emails to the Members' forum, from John Marsden (webmaster), listing the updates.

* Ecclesiastical Directories

Another addition to The Great Database, courtesy of Joe Hilditch. This is a collection of 321 names, addresses, positions and churches of ministers of churches in Manchester and Salford taken from Kelly's Directories for 1929 and 1933. These are also in the Document Collection (General - Trades and Professions) together with a listing of Manchester (CofE) churches taken from Crockford's Clerical Directory for 1898. This latter names the ministers and curates as well as providing some interesting data on the local population and number of seats in the church.

~~~~~  
\* This data set consists of a transcript of 1,304 burials from the combined **Baptism, Marriage and Burial Register for St. Mary, Prestwich, 1752-1768** and was compiled by Susan Mayall.

~~~~~  
* Hi All

I have just added another 4,244 records to the Great Database. These consist of an **index to testators of 'Supra' wills** (those whose estates were worth over £40) proved in the Chester Consistory Court between 1838 and 1858, when the probate responsibility transferred to civil probate registries.

Thanks are due to Geoff Edge and his volunteers for creating the index and to Chris Willis for processing the listing document so that references link directly to the online scanned images on the Family Search site.

~~~~~  
\* Joe Hilditch has extracted the **names and addresses of Manchester public houses** together with the names of publicans listed in Slater's Directory of Manchester 1879 and Kelly's Directory of Manchester, 1933.

These are available in the Member Document Collection - General - Trades and Professions.

~~~~~  
* I have just added another 1,488 records to the Great Database.

These are **birth, marriage and death announcements published in the Manchester Courier during 1828**. Thanks to Linda Bailey for this substantial extension to her previous work, which now amounts to 14,167 references.

* One of the criticisms of the Memorial Inscription database is that there is no way to browse all of the memorials for a particular cemetery.

Thanks to Cheyenne Bower, this is on the way to being addressed. Cheyenne is working through the records to produce listings of the memorials which are to be appended to the descriptive documents. A start has been made, but there is still much to be done. I will keep you updated as the work progresses. The first ones completed are:

GraveYard No.	Name
M080	Manchester, Gadsby's Chapel, Rochdale Rd (Owen)
M085	Manchester, St. George, Oldham Road
M088	Manchester, New Cross, St Paul
M090	Manchester, Cannon St Chapel
M091	Manchester, Great Bridgewater St. Wesleyan Chapel
M092	Manchester, Upper Brook St. Unitarian Chapel
M095	Manchester, St Michael, Angel St
M099	Manchester, Ancoats, Christ Church, Every Street
M100	Manchester, Ancoats, All Souls
M101	Manchester, Ardwick, St. Thomas
M106	Manchester, Newton Heath, All Saints
M111	Manchester, Failsworth, Dob Lane Unitarian Chapel, Oldham Rd
M150	Trafford Park, St. Cuthbert
M155	Manchester, Moss Side, St. James
M180	Manchester, Cheetham Hill, St. Luke
M279	Manchester, Ardwick, St. Benedicts
M280	Manchester, St. Saviour, Plymouth Grove
M300	Manchester, Rusholme, Platt Unitarian Chapel (1974 Transcript)
M301	Manchester, Rusholme, Platt Unitarian Chapel (2000 Transcript)
M311	Manchester, Rusholme, St James, Birch in Rusholme
M336	Manchester, Chorlton-on-Medlock, St Clements (Owen)

~~~~~  
\* Another addition to the Great Database. This is the final part of the **admissions to Manchester Grammar School** transcribed by Linda Bailey and Chris Hall and consists of 637 index entries 1807-1823. These entries can contain anywhere from a date of admission only up to a fairly lengthy summary of the subsequent career.

Thanks to Linda and Chris for a valuable project conceived and completed.  
~~~~~

* Details of 2,178 **burials at Christ Church Bible Christian Church Hulme 1827-1839 (with a gap 1837-38)**. Transcribed by Geoff Edge and Mark Harrey.

These are particularly interesting as they include in many cases the cause of death.
~~~~~

Visit the '*What's New in our Record Collections*', in the Manchester pages of the website, for links and information [HERE](#)

If you are a member of the MLFHS, you can sign up to the Members' email forum [HERE](#)  
~~~~~

Meetings and Talks at other Societies &/or Venues

Please note ...

the relevant society/group websites or organisers are still being included, here, as they can be checked for further information or for on-line resource material and activities.

All public, activities are, of course, CANCELLED until further notice.
~~~~~

**Oldham Historical Research Group: ... Online Meetings on zoom**



Wednesday  
21st  
April  
at  
7 pm



**'Cotton, Curry and Commerce, the History of Asian businesses in Oldham',**

An illustrated talk, given by, Kashif and Mohammad Ashraf, with Roger Ivens .

Booking on Eventbrite [.HERE](#)

Your support for us would be appreciated and, if you would like to join us for our meeting on zoom, or need more information, please email me at < pixnet.sg@gmail.com >.

Website [HERE](#)  
~~~~~

Library Events & Gallery talks at Gallery Oldham; Curator talks [HERE](#)
on [Eventbrite](#) and [Instagram](#)
~~~~~

**Saddleworth Historical Society & Saddleworth Civic Trust**

At the Saddleworth Museum, High Street, Uppermill.  
~~~~~

Family History Society of Cheshire : Tameside Group meeting.

See their website [HERE](#)
~~~~~

## Tameside History Club :

Meetings on zoom.

Website and programme [HERE](#)

&

## Tameside Local Studies and Archives - Regular Sessions and Events

Website and programme [HERE](#)

## Moorside & District Historical Society

## Regional Heritage Centre :

Website [HERE](#)

## 'A Mixed Bag'

More pages from *Oldham Town Centre - through the 'Brierly Map'* by Gary Millward, which is such a fascinating glimpse into early Oldham and its townfolk in 1815. In the June newsletter, 'Mixed Bag', we included the newspaper article from 1880 about it and the descriptive text which accompanied the map when it was displayed in the Local Studies some years ago. June newsletter [HERE](#)

To help fill in the 'story' of the map, you can see an enlargement of it [HERE](#), in 4 parts, with a transcription of Brierly's own notes from the back of the map. Each month, there will be a link to a .pdf download with the most relevant quarter of the map together with the Butterworth map of Oldham, circa 1817, which helps to put Brierly's map into context.

### the final part, continued from the March newsletter :

Today, there is a flight of stone steps that descends from the war memorial area to the pavement at the Iron Railings on Yorkshire Street.

The original steps in Brierly's time stretched all the way down to road level but, because of the road works at the time, descended into the quarry. Brierly remembered how he nearly fell down these steps into the quarry one night and that they numbered ten or twelve.

Today, between Clegg Street and Greaves Street, stand the old Town Hall and the bus station, which at the time of writing is due to close. A new one has opened on Cheapside, and an extension to the Town Square shopping centre is proposed for the old station.

The War Memorial site and the area between the tops of Greaves, Clegg, and Yorkshire Street were once known as Mill End.



Section of map showing the south side of Yorkshire Street,  
with the timber yard and smithy on the site of the old Town Hall

Long before the turnpike committee had decided to build Yorkshire Street, there stood, what is

believed to have been a corn mill in this area. This is from where Mill End obtained its name. Mill Street, which runs down the bus station side of the Town Hall, is now the only tangible reminder.

Brierly has illustrated that, in 1815, a timber yard and a smithy occupied the area between the tops of Greaves and Clegg Streets. *Jack Radcliffe*, the blacksmith, used a portion of the ruined corn mill for business purposes. He had taken over the smithy from his father *John*, who had died in 1811 aged 61.

On Wednesday 12th December 1832, the town's first parliamentary election took place in one of the buildings belonging to the blacksmith. The land on which the ancient corn mill stood, and *Jack Radcliffe* had his smithy, is now occupied by the old Town Hall.

John Clegg, the timber merchant who had moved his business there, from Market Place in 1789, once occupied most of the rest of what is now the old bus station area. Yorkshire Street was about to be opened up around this time and he must have been the first, or certainly one of the first, traders to show faith in future business prospects in the new street.

*John Clegg* had a son also called *John*, who died whilst bathing at Liverpool around the year 1790. The timber merchant himself died at Manchester in 1825 aged 72.

Brierly has drawn in two heavy vertical lines on his illustration of the timber yard, which probably identifies the existence of Mill Street.

A large public house, called the '*King's Arms*', was built on the site of the timber yard in the early 1820's.

On the other side of Greaves Street was a block of houses known as *Mark Field*, named after the land they were built on. Brierly identifies the first two residents in the block on his map.

On the other side of Greaves Street was a block of houses known as *Mark Field*, named after the land they were built on. Brierly identifies the first two residents in the block on his map.

Returning to the register, taken around the year 1800, for the purpose of counting those capable of fighting for their country, some interesting details come to light regarding the residents of *Mark Field*. *John Whittaker*, who lived at the Greaves Street corner of the block, on the site of the present NatWest Bank, was 36 years old and was a Quaker. He was incapacitated and exempt from serving in the local militia by reason of "losing two fingers of his right hand". He also owned a small cotton manufacturing concern. *Henry Hindle*, who was a reedsman, lived next door. He suffered from rheumatism and had three children to support.

Brierly has illustrated a property between *Henry Hindle* and the *Hare and Hounds* that he does not identify. But on the register there is a man called *Henry King* who resided at *Mark field*; he was also a Quaker, but could not take up arms because he was very lame. It is very possible that it was *Henry King* who was the other neighbour of *Henry Hindle*.

There has been an inn called the '*Hare and Hounds*' since the middle of the 18th century. The one that stands today is on the same site as the one identified on the Brierly map, and may be the original 18th century building. Indeed, parts of the fabric of the building at the rear are certainly very old. However, the environment of the area would have looked very different in the 1750's. The tarmac of Yorkshire Street would have been coarse moorland type grass. The '*Hare and Hounds*' would have been an edifice isolated from the rest of the village, only reached by a dirt pathway. Fields stretched out, 'far and away to the rear', covering Union Street, which would not be developed for another sixty years. To all intents and purposes, it was an inn in the countryside, therefore it is no surprise that the hunt set off from there.

The innkeeper in 1815 was George Wright, who also happened to be Oldham's head huntsman, a position he held for over forty years. He was born in 1749 and was a natural horseman. He worked with horses as a stable boy and groom before becoming the keeper of the '*Hare and Hounds*' around 1786. Not only did *George* have an affinity with horses, it was

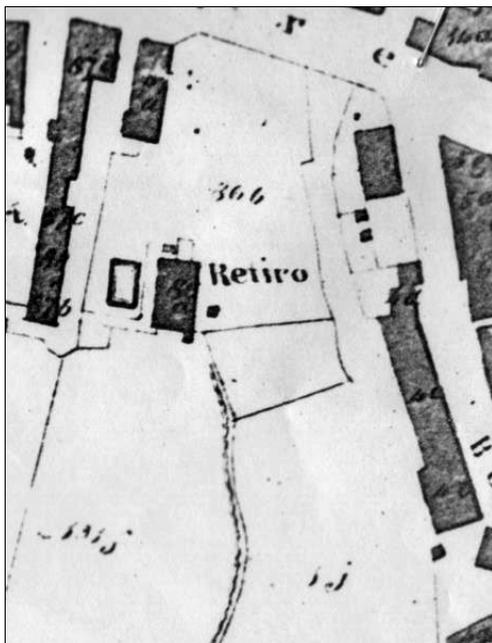
said that he knew every dog in the pack and conversed with them as if they were old friends. The Oldham Hunt Headquarters were at the '*Hare and Hounds*' whilst the inn was in *George's* tenure, and any new dogs joining the pack were solemnly christened there.

*George Wright* died on the 23rd August 1826, aged 77. It was said of him. "He was a nimrod to the end of his days, for during his last hunting season he filled his position with all the alertness of a young man of twenty". He was borne to his grave, by nine fellow huntsmen attired in scarlet, and 600 people attended his funeral. A portrait of *George* can be seen within the collection of the Oldham Art Gallery.

According to *Brierly*, the house that kept "store for provisions for the poor" stood abutting the '*Hare and Hounds*'. The only problem with this, is that he does not acknowledge the existence of Hunters Lane, the narrow street that runs at the side of the public house. The lane definitely exists because it appears in *Butterworth's* map of the town in 1817. Of course, Hunters Lane, named after *George Wright's* hunt, could have been laid out in 1816. Making it possible that the store for the poor did abut the '*Hare and Hounds*'. But, in all probability, *Brierly* is mistaken and it stood on the site of the '*Yates Wine Lodge*'.

The store for the poor was known as the warehouse before *Brierly* was born. During the years 1802-1803, the inhabitants, of the district at that time, revived a joint stock company originally formed in July 1795. It was set up for the purchase of food and other necessities upon a scale as economical as possible. The price of provisions being very high at this period, *Rowbottom* recorded on Feb 20th 1797. "Uncommon good meal sold at 15 pence per peck at the warehouse, Oldham". On March 18th of the same year the price had fallen to 13 pence per peck. This association was known as the United Friendly Society but they fell into difficulties with their creditors in 1804. This suggests that the townsfolk had taken up a Co-operative ethic as early as 1795. The earliest recorded attempt, at Co-operative style trading, was in Birmingham in 1777, and by Robert Owen at New Lanark a little later. But they were more of a benevolent act, by a wealthy party. (Could this be the earliest recorded, real attempt at a store with a co- operative ethic?)

According to *Edwin Butterworth*, the society appears to have stopped functioning by 1808 and must have been given over to charitable purposes. *Brierly* distinctly remembered that, "The poor people were not allowed to have more than a certain quantity of flour, according to the number of the family, not even if they would pay for it".



from *Dunn's* map from the late 1820s,

Next door to the poor provisions store was the house of *John Kenyon*, a hat manufacturer, whose house was separated from his hat works by Queen Street. The hat works was on the site of what is now a licensed premises known as *Baileys* and the *Demolition* cloths shop, and it extended to Plate Street.

The last building identified in this area of the map is Retiro House, that once stood in its own grounds on the left-hand side of Retiro Street, which was named after the house. The name itself is Spanish in origin and is named after El Retiro or Parque de Madrid, the main park of the Spanish Capital. In 1815, the Spanish park was known as Parque del Buen Retiro, translated as "*pleasant retreat*". Retiro House was the residence of *Dr James Cocks* who was quite an entrepreneur. He possessed two small cotton mills and owned the '*Black Swan*' public house at Bottom o'th Moor.

His daughter married *Thomas Oldham Barlow*, the renowned engraver and artist.

In 1815 all the land on Yorkshire Street, in front of Retiro House, between Waterloo Street and Retiro Street, was gardens known as Spring Gardens. They must have reminded *Dr Cocks* of the park in the Spanish capital.

Where at all possible, I have tried to give a history of the buildings identified on the Brierly map. The most important building, in any parish, is that of the church. Unfortunately, however, the history of the ancient Parish Church is mostly unknown. Numerous local historians, over the past two hundred years, have tried to shed light on the subject with varying degrees of success. The origins, of the first church on the site, are totally unknown. There was once a couplet that existed, concerning the age of the ancient Parish church. *Edwin Butterworth*, the scholar of local history, thought it not worthy of mentioning, but the editor still added it, as a footnote, at the bottom of the page. It ran.

Old I am, old is my name,  
The oldest church in Christendom.

Of course the statement, as a fact, is absurd, but it does give an idea as to the antiquity of the place, and must have been handed down, unchallenged, for many generations. Realistically, the oldest possible age, of the original church, would be in the reign of King Stephen 1135-1154. *Butterworth* himself opted for a later date of erection during the reigns of either King Richard or King John 1189-1286. The first explicit reference, to a church in Oldham, occurs on Sunday, May 3rd 1336. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, Richard de Tetlowe was leaving the church with his wife Alice when, somewhere on a stretch of pathway, maybe Church Lane, they were ambushed by nine men who had lain in wait. Richard was murdered by an arrow fired into the middle of his body from a longbow. He fell into the arms of his wife, where he died. The murderer, Geoffrey de Trafford, and his fellow assassins, fled the scene but were eventually caught and were summoned to appear at Nottingham in the September of that year. Only Geoffrey and Thomas de Hoppewode appeared on the day; the others were then considered as outlaws.



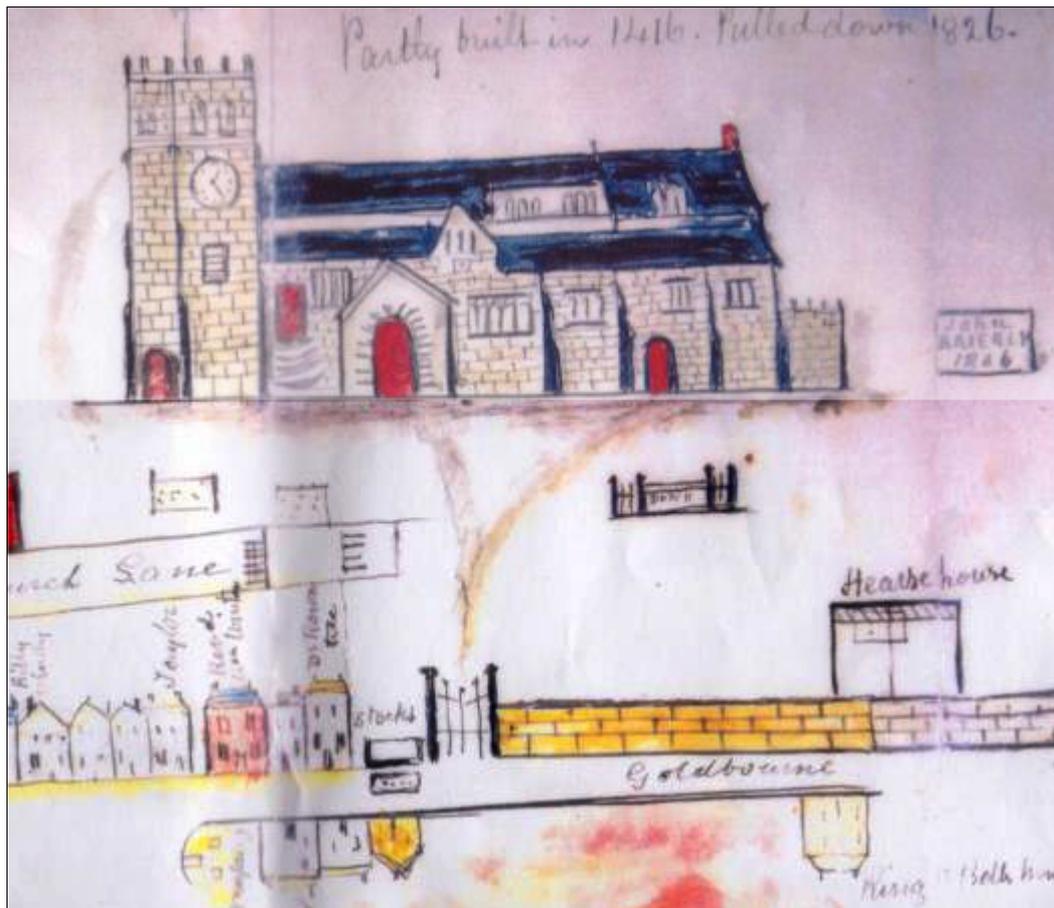
*The ancient font*

In 1476, it appears that the main body of the church, the nave, was rebuilt. The building specifications on the indenture state that the building was to have four arches upon either side of the church; "with wyndows, dure, and a porch. All dures, wyndowes, boterassez etc to be of hewn stone." The total cost of the building work was £28 6s 8d, and the masons employed were *William and Rauf Hamond and Miles Alenson*.

*Dr J.V Watson*, who had made a study of the church before its demolition, thought that the tower had not been rebuilt in 1476 and was of a much greater antiquity than the rest of the fabric of the church. *James Butterworth* noticed that, "The north wall of the old church was manifestly erected at three different periods of time, as was clearly traceable, on examining its exterior face and the portion from the tower to the fourth buttress which was the most ancient. From the fourth buttress to the fifth, and from the fifth to the sixth were successive enlargements". One of these enlargements was probably built during the reign of King James I 1603-1625.

In 1486, three new bells were added to the existing bell. In 1722 these four bells were taken down for repair. Another two bells were added when they were re-hung, and these six bells were still in use up until the time of demolition in 1827.

In 1753, a large, gold coloured weathervane, in the shape of a cockerel, was erected in the centre of the flat roof at the top of the church tower. Strong frames, hidden from view by the castellated wall around the tower roof, supported it. The last major development occurred in 1777, when much needed vestries were built onto the east wall.



*The church as depicted on the map.*

There was once a horse drawn hearse, that belonged to the church, and it was kept in a building specially erected for it. It was known as the Hearse House and it was built in 1741. It was sited on a high bank in the churchyard, against the churchyard wall in Goldburn. The sexton, who cared for the church and churchyard, lived on the upper floor of the two-storey stone building. After the demolition of the old church, and during the building of the present one, services were transferred to the sexton's house. The Hearse House closed around 1850 and was later demolished.

Until the end of the 18th century, the old churchyard was the only place in the district to bury the dead. In 1805, the old churchyard was deemed too small for the rapidly growing town and an extension to the burial ground was needed. This was accomplished, by securing the addition of 4029 square yards, using two church crofts which lay to the north of the church; and another piece of land, which lay to the east, and required the demolition of six stone cottages which nestled near the old church.

The old churchyard had three footpaths, that crossed the burial ground, and they all met at the church tower. To traverse these footpaths after nightfall was often dangerous, owing to the uneven nature of the ground, especially when the sexton had opened a grave for an interment, and it had been left unprotected during a moonless night.

Just before the old church was pulled down, Charles Barry, later Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament, was invited to produce plans for the new church. Had they been accepted, the town could have boasted one of the finest Gothic Revival churches in the country. Barry's design, although far superior, was rejected and the ancient church, with its long history, was "ruthlessly demolished so that, literally, excepting a part of the foundations, not one stone was left upon another".

The tower, at first, seemed to be impregnable, as though it was made from solid rock, so explosives were brought and the tower was blasted apart.



Antiquarian and learned men denounced the savagery upon the ancient church, saying the tower, at least, should have been amalgamated into the new design. They aimed their anger at the, “pretentious upstarts who had grown rich out of cotton bags, coalmines and hatters pans”.

Brierly has written that the church was partly built in 1416, and pulled down in 1826. It was actually demolished in September 1827.

Eventually, the plans of a *Mr Lane*, of Manchester, were used for the Parish Church that stands today. It was described as being, “debased and perpendicular,” at the time of completion, and it opened for service on Sunday 12th December 1830.

Even though it is now 175 years since the old church was torn down, there are still tangible reminders. The old font, whose age has never been determined, is in the care of the Local Interest Centre and the old weathercock, now blackened and frail, is stored at the church.

Occasionally, there are open days at the church, when you can be guided down into the crypt and there, rarely seen and mostly forgotten, still supporting the west wall and the tower of the present church, are the foundations of the original tower of the ancient Parish Church of Oldham.

Today, the buildings that fill the void between Church Street and Yorkshire Street have their entrances at the high pavement level of the Iron Railings. In 1815 this site looked very different. The '*Greaves*' now stands at the head of this particular site and, as mentioned previously, was known as the '*Blue Ball*' in the late 18th century. It stood on a piece of ground known as Windy End, named because of its elevated and exposed position at the top of Goldburn. Edward Greaves, from whom the pub and the street opposite get their name, owned it. Some time between 1804-1817, the inn was taken down and the site remained empty for a number of years. Brierly does not show any evidence of the inn, on his map, for two reasons. The first is the site was probably undeveloped after the demolition of the original inn and, secondly, to all intents and purposes, Brierly had probably intended to finish his illustration with the church and he only identifies the '*Ring O' Bells*' inn, further down Goldburn, because it shows the extent of

the stone quarry.

Between the empty site that had been the '*Blue Ball*', and the '*Ring O' Bells*', stood a row of three ancient cottages that faced the church wall in Goldburn. They were all two-storey stone dwellings with mullioned windows. The first two cottages, each had three panes of glass in their mullions. The last of these cottages, had smaller mullioned windows, with only two panes. Between this dwelling and the '*Ring O' Bells*', was sandwiched another two storey cottage that was lower in height than the rest. It was in a poor state of repair. The roof was bowed inwards, due to its age, and it had a window set in the roof tiles to allow light into the small attic.

The '*Ring O' Bells*' was two storeys and made of stone. It must have been very dark inside as the Hearse House towered over it, only five metres away in the churchyard.

The Freemasons opened the Lodge of Friendship there, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, on Wednesday 2nd September 1789, and the masons would continue to meet there on the Wednesday of, or the first Wednesday before, the full moon every month.

The Lodge had been established during *James Lees'* tenure. In 1815, his son *Abraham* was the innkeeper, by which time Yorkshire Street had been opened up. With the new thoroughfare now being part of the main route through the town, the back door of the inn became the main entrance. ,

The buildings were only small, in comparison to the ones that stand today and, between the backs of these structures and the quarry on Yorkshire Street, there was a piece of spare ground known as Sandhole, which had quite a slope. The '*Ring O' Bells*', therefore, was four metres higher than the road level, on Yorkshire Street, and was reached by a steep flight of steps. These steps faced the top of Queen Street and, halfway up these steps, there was a water pump that probably belonged to the quarry owners.

andhole was an untidy piece of ground, with timber and other bits of rubbish strewn all over; again, probably belonging to the quarry, which ended at the steps. Near the bottom of the steps stood a milepost, that read "7 miles to Manchester" and, at the top of the steps there was a bench, thoughtfully placed under the bay window of the '*Ring O' Bells*' main drinking room, where weary visitors could rest and get their breath back after the steep climb to the front door.

The '*Ring O' Bells*' is the final building identified on the illustrated map and, therefore, my research into the Brierly map is now at an end. I hope the people and places on the map have become more vivid, more real, and that they will live on, if only in the imagination. But we are lucky, the illustration still survives. Brierly was not totally satisfied with his work. "I was nearly burning this sketch it is such a botch". The early history of the town has been greatly enriched by his decision not to reduce the map to ashes.

Courtesy of and ©, Gary Millward

Please note: Although extensively researched, few resources (other than Butterworth and Rowbottom) are identified so opinions expressed, have to be regarded as such, ie., opinions and not proven fact. This research, 'labour of love', was probably completed around the late 20th century, before family and local history material was so widely available on the internet. Many of the modern shops and businesses identified as 'now' have also disappeared from the streets of Oldham (as of 2020).

#### Links :

\* Full map and transcription from the back of it [HERE](#)

~~~~~

Mary Ann Higgs, O.B.E. (née Kingsland) 1854 - 1937

As we know, local author Carol Talbot gave a talk, on suffragette Annie Kenney, to the Olham & District Branch of MLFHS, at the February meeting. However, a few days later, she also gave a talk, to Oldham Historical Research Group, on another Oldham woman, this time one largely forgotten, named Mary Higgs. I found that Mary had written three books and, in last month's

newsletter, I transcribed some pages from one of them. The three titles that I found were all related to her lifelong aim to provide decent and safe accommodation, especially for women in poverty, exposing the evil circumstances in which so many were forced to live.

Last month we included extracts from the opening chapter of, '*Glimpses into the Abyss*' and, the first part of '*Five days and nights as tramp among tramps*', I. '*A Night in a Municipal Lodging-house*'.

(note ... in the following transcription, the term, 'man [of African descent]', has been inserted into the text instead of a descriptor that, today, would be considered offensive)

Continued :

FIVE DAYS AND FIVE NIGHTS AS A TRAMP AMONG TRAMPS

II. A Night in a Common Lodging-House

The morning was fairly fine, though grey, and we inquired our way to a town on our route, about nine miles distant. We left the road for the canal side, and sat down in the fields to rest a little, and then walked on. We passed some men who were working in a barge ; they shouted to us, and invited us to come to them. We walked away and took no notice, but repeatedly on our journey we were spoken to, and I could not help contrasting the way in which men looked at us with the usual bearing of a man towards a *well-dressed* female. I had never realised before that a lady's dress, or even that of a respectable working-woman, was a *protection*. The bold, free look of a man at a destitute Woman must be felt to be realised. Being together, we were a guard to one another, so we took no notice but walked on. I should not care to be a *solitary* woman tramping the roads. A destitute woman once told me that if you tramped, "you had to take up with a fellow." I can well believe it. About mid-day we dined on our loaf and butter, as well as we could without a knife. A woman, also tramping, came to sit by us; she was going to seek her husband, she said, in the town to which [we] were also going. She was accustomed to tramp, as he went to different towns in search of work, and she was anxious to push on to get there early. As she seemed to know the neighbourhood, we asked her about lodgings. We had determined to sample a common lodging-house, as we were not yet sufficiently destitute to claim the workhouse. She told us of two lodging-houses where single women were taken, but one was "very rough," and the beds so crowded that heads almost touched heels. She recommended the other one "on t'hill" as a respectable lodging-house, suggesting that we could get a married couple's furnished room for sixpence a night. We decided, therefore, to make for this respectable lodging-house.

Towards one o'clock, after we resumed our route, it began to rain hard. We found a path off the main road that led into a wood, and managed to rest and shelter under the trees till the rain began to drop heavily upon us. We then began to walk again, and found that outside the rain had moderated. We were rather stiff and cold, so as soon as we came to the houses we looked out for somewhere to get a cup of tea, and were fortunate enough to find a coffee-shop, where we got a mug of hot tea each for one penny, and ate some more of our loaf. We still had a good walk, through outlying streets, before we reached the town, and by dint of many enquiries we found the lodging-house. We first asked a postman (after sending a post-card home, which we wrote at the post-office). We gathered from his looks that, if respectable, our chosen lodging-house was nothing very special ; but it was "Hobson's choice" apparently, for a man in charge of another lodging-house, where we made enquiries, said it was the only place where they took single women, the "rough" place having given up taking them. So we found ourselves, between six and seven o'clock, at the door of the house, which was not bad-looking outside--an old-fashioned, roomy-looking, stone house, which might once have been a farmhouse and seen better days. The landlady, a stout, pleasant-faced woman, received us cheerfully. She told us that the "furnished apartments" were not in order, but we could have a boarded-off apartment and sleep together for eightpence the night. The bed would be clean. This sounded just as good as we could expect, so we paid her eightpence and turned in. I shall never forget this interior. Fortunately it was getting dark, and not till morning did we fully realise the state of the

place. We found ourselves in a double room, consisting, probably, of a kitchen and front room thrown into one, each possessing a kitchen firegrate, and the back room a tiny sink. Round the wall was a wooden seat, and wooden tables and benches completed the furniture, except that the corner was occupied by a large cupboard. Numerous articles of apparel were hanging from lines; saucepans, teapots, etc., were to be found on the kitchen mantelpiece and over the sink (all more or less dirty), and mugs, to be had for the asking. Two perambulators partly stopped the large opening between the two rooms; one belonged to a mother with children, the other to a blind man and his wife, and contained their musical outfit and belongings. Two doors led into this double apartment; one gave access to the entrance passage and the landlady's rooms, the other to a small yard. In this was the only sanitary convenience for at least forty people, the key of which hung by the fire-side - one small water-closet, *perfectly dry*. The stench in it was enough to knock you down; one visit was enough to sicken you. Yet some of the lodgers had been there *six weeks*. This and the small sink by the fireside were the only provision we could discover for sanitary purposes of all kinds.

Yet it was not the place itself, but its inhabitants, that are quite unforgettable. We sat down on the wooden bench behind a table, and immediately facing us was a huge man [of African descent] with a wicked face. By his side a quiet-looking woman, who had a little girl and boy, was sitting crocheting. An old woman, active and weather-beaten, was getting supper ready for her husband, a blind beggar, who shortly afterwards came in led by a black dog. A woman tramp was getting supper ready for the man [of African descent]; she wore a wedding ring, but I question if she was his wife. Several young children, almost babies, were running about, or playing with the perambulator. A young man on the seat near us was tossing about a fat baby born "on the road," whose healthiness we duly admired. It was not his own, but belonged to a worried-looking woman, who also had a troublesome boy. The next room was full of people, whom we could hear but not see distinctly. The little boy of two caused much conversation, as he was always doing something he should not, and caused disgust by his uncleanness, freely commented on. His mother made raids on him at intervals, but neither cleanliness nor discipline was possible in such surroundings. The most striking character, was a girl, apparently about twenty. She wore a wedding ring, and belonged to some man in the company, but from the character of her conversation I doubt if she was married. The man [of African descent] told some story, and she capped it with another; evidently she was noted for her conversation, as she was laughingly offered a pint to keep her tongue still! Her face would have been handsome, but for a crooked nose and evident dissipation. All the stories were more or less foul, and all the conversation, on every side, was filthy or profane. The man [of African descent] told how he had outwitted a harlot who tried to rob him. The whole story of his visit to her house was related in the most shameless way, with circumstantial details, no one appearing to think anything of it. He told how he discovered where she kept her money - in a flower-pot - and hid his money there, shammed sleep, and watched her surprise when she found nothing in his pockets, coolly took all her money in the morning, driving off in a hansom after a good breakfast. He said he bought new clothes, and danced with her the same night, being taken for a "tof," and hearing the story of her wrongs, but refusing her blandishments! The girl told, sitting on the table near the man [of African descent], how she had got her nose broken by an admirer and made him pay for it. A conversation sprang up about the treatment of wives, and it was stated that a woman loved a man best if he ill-treated her. This theory was illustrated by examples well known to the company. The girl related that she had lived in the same house with a man who used to beat his wife. If he came home singing a certain song his wife knew she was in for it. She used to try to hide, but one day he caught her and beat her severely with a red-hot poker. The police got him, but *she refused to bear witness against him*. Similar instances were given both by men and women. Such sentiments augured no very good treatment for wives of this class - in fact, the position of a mistress seemed preferable. All the conversation was unspeakably foul, and was delivered with a kind of cross-shouting, each struggling to make his

or her observations heard. A man read -or tried to read - amid frequent interruptions, replied to by oaths, the story of the execution of the Moat Farm murderer that morning, and other interesting police news, freely commented on. Little children were running about all the while, and older ones listening. As time went on more and more came in, including the landlady and her children, and a married daughter with a baby. It could not be possible for a woman to exercise any effective control under such circumstances, as it would be her interest to keep on good terms with her lodgers. The strongest man might be needed as a "chucker-out" if there was a row. All present that night were "down in their luck." A gala day at the park near by had been very unsuccessful owing to the wet, and there was but little drink going; otherwise we might have seen and heard still worse. One could imagine how swiftly a brawl would arise. A rascally - looking "cadger " came in from his rounds, and proved to be the father of the troublesome boy and husband of the worried mother. He and a companion had been doing a regular beggar's round, but had missed each other. His luck was so bad that his wife had to borrow his supper. All the company except a few appeared to be of that sort that preys upon society. The man [of African descent] had been on board ship; he was powerfully made, and looked cruel and lustful. I avoided his eye, he kept staring at us. His mistress was, however, kind to us; she brought us a mug of their tea, which we drank for courtesy with considerable difficulty, eating some of our food with it. I suppose the company thought us very poor, for almost everyone had something tasty for supper, and the smell of fried bacon, onions, potatoes, and beefsteak, the steam of cooking and drying clothes, mixed with tobacco smoke and the stench of unclean humanity, grew more and more unbearable as the doors were shut and all gathered in for the night. The continual shouting made one's head ache, and no one seemed to think of putting a child to bed. At last, about nine o'clock, we decided that upstairs would be preferable. I may say that no one interfered with us or questioned us, except one old woman, who was satisfied when we told her that we had spent the last night in a Model, and were going on tramp to a neighbouring town. She saw we were new to "the road," and descanted on the *healthiness* of the life, pointing to the baby in proof of it, and assuring us we should "soon get accustomed to it." She told us this was a very decent lodging-house, and that there were "nice, clean beds." We hoped so, and asked the landlady to show us upstairs. After we left the fun waxed still more fast and furious. Just before we went upstairs a man in the inner room propounded the question, "Who was Adam's father?" The conversation on the subject seemed to cause great amusement. Afterwards they began to sing, not untunefully, various songs; amongst others several hymns. I wished almost that we had stayed below to ascertain what led to the singing of "Jesu, Lover of my soul." It sounded odd, sung lustily by lips so full of profanity; yet I could not but thank God that there was *One* who loved sinners, and lived among them.

Upstairs we found rooms full of beds, but we were to have a "cubicle." Apparently it was the only one, and it was very imperfectly partitioned off. The door fastened with a wooden button, but by the head of the bed was an entrance, without a door, to a compartment which held a bed occupied by a man, this again being accessible by an entrance without a door to the rest of the room. Anyone could therefore enter if so disposed. Three beds, occupied by married couples and their children (who shared the same bed), filled the room, and beyond was another apartment crowded with beds, and, so far as we could see, without partitions. The landlady told us not to mind the man who slept in the next bed, for he was blind! He slept there, and so did his dog. The other occupants of the room, who came to bed later, we could not see, but we could hear them plainly. From the conversation we think

the man [of African descent] and his mistress slept just outside, and next to them (no partition) a married couple with a baby and a child. A third couple would be round the corner. The room barely held the beds and partition, with room to stand by the side; there was no ventilation but a chimney close to our bed. We could hear someone continually scratching himself, and the baby sucking frequently, and other sounds which shall be nameless.

When we first went to bed, however, we were in peace, except for the noise from below. We

found our sheets were clean, and fortunately could see no more by the light of the candle, without candle-stick, which our landlady gave us. For two hours the noise went on downstairs; comic songs and Sankey's hymns alternately came floating up the stair. Then, at about eleven o'clock, suddenly everyone came to bed with a rush. It almost seemed as if they were coming on top of us, so great was the noise, and all was so near. The blind man stumbled in so close, and half-a-dozen people, all talking, got to bed close by. My companion woke frightened and clutched me. A candle flickering in the next compartment revealed a huge bug walking on the ceiling, which suddenly *dropped* over a neighbouring bed! By degrees, however, the noises subsided, and my companion and I fell into an uneasy slumber. I woke in an hour or two, in dim daylight, to feel *crawlers*. The rest of the night was spent in hunting. I had quite a collection by the time my companion woke. They were on the bed and on the partition. I watched them making for our clothes; but there was no escape till morning was fully come. Besides, my companion was resting through it all; so I slew each one as it appeared. We found that the clean sheets concealed a *filthy* bed and pillows.

About five o'clock two working men were roused by their wives' admonitions, and got up to go to work. We rose at six o'clock, leaving our neighbours still slumbering. We searched ourselves as well as we could (with a sleeping man next door, audible if not visible). We could see him if we stepped forward a pace.

We thankfully bundled up our things, including food, which we had brought upstairs to be safe, and we crept downstairs, hoping for cleanliness. The kitchen fire was lit - apparently it had never been out - and a kettle was on the bar; a working man was getting his breakfast ready; a girl, the landlady's daughter, apparently about 12, was sweeping the floor. We could now see the filth. The floor was strewn with dirty paper, crumbs, and *débris*, and dirty sand. All the cleaning it got was that it was swept and then freshly sanded by this small child. It then *looked* tidy. "Appearances" are proverbially "deceitful." But what we were not prepared for was, that all the wooden benches were occupied by *sleeping men*. The small child sweeping was at first quite alone with them. There was no place to wash but the small fireside sink: one man considerably cleared out from its neighbourhood, and I thought we were alone in that half of the room till I looked and saw a slumbering man on either side. They moved, as if uneasy on their hard couches. Of course, it was utterly impossible to attempt cleanliness, except hands and face. Yet our fellow-lodgers had some of them lived there for weeks, and it was reckoned by their class a superior lodging-house. I can hardly describe the feeling of personal contamination caused by even one night in such surroundings. Yet we escaped well, finding afterwards only two live creatures on our clothes. Cleanliness of person would be so impossible under such circumstances that it would soon cease to be aimed at. Yet most of the inmates had fairly clean hands and faces, and the tiny sink was used for washing clothes, which were dried in the room, and were hanging overnight from lines. Is it any wonder that such places are hot-beds of disease? How can one of this class possibly avoid spreading contagion under such bad sanitary conditions? It struck me that public money would be well spent in providing lodging-house accommodation under good sanitation and management, rather than in extending small-pox hospitals.

We did not feel inclined for breakfast, but the kettle was boiling, and a working-man showed us where to find things. We carefully washed the dirty-looking teapot and mugs, and borrowed a knife and spoon: no one insulted or questioned us. If our stay had been longer, however, doubtless we should have been obliged to get on friendly terms with our fellow-lodgers. We ate our food at the table farthest from the sleeping men, the sweeping still going on, and then we bundled up our things and left without seeing our landlady again.

The fresh air was sweet. Nowhere inside *could* be clean. Vermin might harbour in the wooden seating, doubly used by day and night: the imperfectly washed clothes, the unwashed humanity, the crowding, the absence of proper sanitation, would break down personal cleanliness in a very short time if a respectable woman was forced to sleep in such a place. Yet two shillings

and fourpence a week, at fourpence a night, should surely finance some better provision for the needs of a migratory class. It must be considered that social conditions have entirely altered since the days of railway travelling have loosened social ties to particular neighbourhoods. Work is a fluctuating quantity, and men and women have to travel.

My own experience had taught me that single women frequently get shaken out of a home by bereavements or other causes, and drift, unable to recover a stable position if once their clothing becomes dirty or shabby. The question, To what circumstances and surroundings will a respectable destitute woman drift if without employment? is one which concerns society deeply, as immorality must be fostered by wrong conditions.

The morning was fairly fine, though grey, and we inquired our way to a town on our route, about nine miles distant. We left the road for the canal side, and sat down in the fields to rest a little, and then walked on. We passed some men who were working in a barge ; they shouted to us, and invited us to come to them. We walked away and took no notice, but repeatedly on our journey we were spoken to, and I could not help contrasting the way in which men looked at us with the usual bearing of a man towards a *well-dressed* female. I had never realised before that a lady's dress, or even that of a respectable working-woman, was a *protection*. The bold, free look of a man at a destitute Woman must be felt to be realised. Being together, we were a guard to one another, so we took no notice but walked on. I should not care to be a *solitary* woman tramping the roads. A destitute woman once told me that if you tramped, "you had to take up with a fellow." I can well believe it. About mid-day we dined on our loaf and butter, as well as we could without a knife. A woman, also tramping, came to sit by us; she was going to seek her husband, she said, in the town to which [we] were also going. She was accustomed to tramp, as he went to different towns in search of work, and she was anxious to push on to get there early. As she seemed to know the neighbourhood, we asked her about lodgings. We had determined to sample a common lodging-house, as we were not yet sufficiently destitute to claim the workhouse. She told us of two lodging-houses where single women were taken, but one was "very rough," and the beds so crowded that heads almost touched heels. She recommended the other one "on t'hill" as a respectable lodging-house, suggesting that we could get a married couple's furnished room for sixpence a night. We decided, therefore, to make for this respectable lodging-house.

Towards one o'clock, after we resumed our route, it began to rain hard. We found a path off the main road that led into a wood, and managed to rest and shelter under the trees till the rain began to drop heavily upon us. We then began to walk again, and found that outside the rain had moderated. We were rather stiff and cold, so as soon as we came to the houses we looked out for somewhere to get a cup of tea, and were fortunate enough to find a coffee-shop, where we got a mug of hot tea each for one penny, and ate some more of our loaf. We still had a good walk, through outlying streets, before we reached the town, and by dint of many enquiries we found the lodging-house. We first asked a postman (after sending a post-card home, which we wrote at the post-office). We gathered from his looks that, if respectable, our chosen lodging-house was nothing very special ; but it was "Hobson's choice" apparently, for a man in charge of another lodging-house, where we made enquiries, said it was the only place where they took single women, the "rough" place having given up taking them. So we found ourselves, between six and seven o'clock, at the door of the house, which was not bad-looking outside - an old-fashioned, roomy-looking, stone house, which might once have been a farmhouse and seen better days. The landlady, a stout, pleasant-faced woman, received us cheerfully. She told us that the "furnished apartments" were not in order, but we could have a boarded-off apartment and sleep together for eightpence the night. The bed would be clean. This sounded just as good as we could expect, so we paid her eightpence and turned in. I shall never forget this interior. Fortunately it was getting dark, and not till morning did we fully realise the state of the place. We found ourselves in a double room, consisting, probably, of a kitchen and front room thrown into one, each possessing a kitchen firegrate, and the back room a tiny sink. Round the

wall was a wooden seat, and wooden tables and benches completed the furniture, except that the corner was occupied by a large cupboard. Numerous articles of apparel were hanging from lines; saucepans, teapots, etc., were to be found on the kitchen mantelpiece and over the sink (all more or less dirty), and mugs, to be had for the asking. Two perambulators partly stopped the large opening between the two rooms; one belonged to a mother with children, the other to a blind man and his wife, and contained their musical outfit and belongings. Two doors led into this double apartment; one gave access to the entrance passage and the landlady's rooms, the other to a small yard. In this was the only sanitary convenience for at least forty people, the key of which hung by the fire-side - one small water-closet, *perfectly dry*. The stench in it was enough to knock you down; one visit was enough to sicken you. Yet some of the lodgers had been there *six weeks*. This and the small sink by the fireside were the only provision we could discover for sanitary purposes of all kinds.

Yet it was not the place itself, but its inhabitants, that are quite unforgettable. We sat down on the wooden bench behind a table, and immediately facing us was a huge man [of African descent] with a wicked face. By his side a quiet-looking woman, who had a little girl and boy, was sitting crocheting. An old woman, active and weather-beaten, was getting supper ready for her husband, a blind beggar, who shortly afterwards came in led by a black dog. A woman tramp was getting supper ready for the man [of African descent]; she wore a wedding ring, but I question if she was his wife. Several young children, almost babies, were running about, or playing with the perambulator. A young man on the seat near us was tossing about a fat baby born "on the road," whose healthiness we duly admired. It was not his own, but belonged to a worried-looking woman, who also had a troublesome boy. The next room was full of people, whom we could hear but not see distinctly. The little boy of two caused much conversation, as he was always doing something he should not, and caused disgust by his uncleanness, freely commented on. His mother made raids on him at intervals, but neither cleanliness nor discipline was possible in such surroundings. The most striking character, was a girl, apparently about twenty. She wore a wedding ring, and belonged to some man in the company, but from the character of her conversation I doubt if she was married. The man [of African descent] told some story, and she capped it with another; evidently she was noted for her conversation, as she was laughingly offered a pint to keep her tongue still! Her face would have been handsome, but for a crooked nose and evident dissipation. All the stories were more or less foul, and all the conversation, on every side, was filthy or profane. The man [of African descent] told how he had outwitted a harlot who tried to rob him. The whole story of his visit to her house was related in the most shameless way, with circumstantial details, no one appearing to think anything of it. He told how he discovered where she kept her money - in a flower-pot - and hid his money there, shammed sleep, and watched her surprise when she found nothing in his pockets, coolly took all her money in the morning, driving off in a hansom after a good breakfast. He said he bought new clothes, and danced with her the same night, being taken for a "tof," and hearing the story of her wrongs, but refusing her blandishments! The girl told, sitting on the table near the man [of African descent], how she had got her nose broken by an admirer and made him pay for it. A conversation sprang up about the treatment of wives, and it was stated that a woman loved a man best if he ill-treated her. This theory was illustrated by examples well known to the company. The girl related that she had lived in the same house with a man who used to beat his wife. If he came home singing a certain song his wife knew she was in for it. She used to try to hide, but one day he caught her and beat her severely with a red-hot poker. The police got him, but *she refused to bear witness against him*. Similar instances were given both by men and women. Such sentiments augured no very good treatment for wives of this class - in fact, the position of a mistress seemed preferable. All the conversation was unspeakably foul, and was delivered with a kind of cross-shouting, each struggling to make his or her observations heard. A man read - or tried to read - amid frequent interruptions, replied to by oaths, the story of the execution of the Moat Farm murderer that morning, and other

interesting police news, freely commented on. Little children were running about all the while, and older ones listening. As time went on more and more came in, including the landlady and her children, and a married daughter with a baby. It could not be possible for a woman to exercise any effective control under such circumstances, as it would be her interest to keep on good terms with her lodgers. The strongest man might be needed as a "chucker-out" if there was a row. All present that night were "down in their luck." A gala day at the park near by had been very unsuccessful owing to the wet, and there was but little drink going; otherwise we might have seen and heard still worse. One could imagine how swiftly a brawl would arise. A rascally - looking "cadger" came in from his rounds, and proved to be the father of the troublesome boy and husband of the worried mother. He and a companion had been doing a regular beggar's round, but had missed each other. His luck was so bad that his wife had to borrow his supper. All the company except a few appeared to be of that sort that preys upon society. The man [of African descent] had been on board ship; he was powerfully made, and looked cruel and lustful. I avoided his eye, he kept staring at us. His mistress was, however, kind to us; she brought us a mug of their tea, which we drank for courtesy with considerable difficulty, eating some of our food with it. I suppose the company thought us very poor, for almost everyone had something tasty for supper, and the smell of fried bacon, onions, potatoes, and beefsteak, the steam of cooking and drying clothes, mixed with tobacco smoke and the stench of unclean humanity, grew more and more unbearable as the doors were shut and all gathered in for the night. The continual shouting made one's head ache, and no one seemed to think of putting a child to bed. At last, about nine o'clock, we decided that upstairs would be preferable. I may say that no one interfered with us or questioned us, except one old woman, who was satisfied when we told her that we had spent the last night in a Model, and were going on tramp to a neighbouring town. She saw we were new to "the road," and descanted on the *healthiness* of the life, pointing to the baby in proof of it, and assuring us we should "soon get accustomed to it." She told us this was a very decent lodging-house, and that there were "nice, clean beds." We hoped so, and asked the landlady to show us upstairs. After we left the fun waxed still more fast and furious. Just before we went upstairs a man in the inner room propounded the question, "Who was Adam's father?" The conversation on the subject seemed to cause great amusement. Afterwards they began to sing, not untunefully, various songs; amongst others several hymns. I wished almost that we had stayed below to ascertain what led to the singing of "Jesu, Lover of my soul." It sounded odd, sung lustily by lips so full of profanity; yet I could not but thank God that there was *One* who loved sinners, and lived among them. Upstairs we found rooms full of beds, but we were to have a "cubicle." Apparently it was the only one, and it was very imperfectly partitioned off. The door fastened with a wooden button, but by the head of the bed was an entrance, without a door, to a compartment which held a bed occupied by a man, this again being accessible by an entrance without a door to the rest of the room. Anyone could therefore enter if so disposed. Three beds, occupied by married couples and their children (who shared the same bed), filled the room, and beyond was another apartment crowded with beds, and, so far as we could see, without partitions. The landlady told us not to mind the man who slept in the next bed, for he was blind! He slept there, and so did his dog. The other occupants of the room, who came to bed later, we could not see, but we could hear them plainly. From the conversation we think the man [of African descent] and his mistress slept just outside, and next to them (no partition) a married couple with a baby and a child. A third couple would be round the corner. The room barely held the beds and partition, with room to stand by the side; there was no ventilation but a chimney close to our bed. We could hear someone continually scratching himself, and the baby sucking frequently, and other sounds which shall be nameless.

When we first went to bed, however, we were in peace, except for the noise from below. We found our sheets were clean, and fortunately could see no more by the light of the candle, without candle-stick, which our landlady gave us. For two hours the noise went on downstairs;

comic songs and Sankey's hymns alternately came floating up the stair. Then, at about eleven o'clock, suddenly everyone came to bed with a rush. It almost seemed as if they were coming on top of us, so great was the noise, and all was so near. The blind man stumbled in so close, and half-a-dozen people, all talking, got to bed close by. My companion woke frightened and clutched me. A candle flickering in the next compartment revealed a huge bug walking on the ceiling, which suddenly *dropped* over a neighbouring bed! By degrees, however, the noises subsided, and my companion and I fell into an uneasy slumber. I woke in an hour or two, in dim daylight, to feel *crawlers*. The rest of the night was spent in hunting. I had quite a collection by the time my companion woke. They were on the bed and on the partition. I watched them making for our clothes; but there was no escape till morning was fully come. Besides, my companion was resting through it all; so I slew each one as it appeared. We found that the clean sheets concealed a *filthy* bed and pillows.

About five o'clock two working men were roused by their wives' admonitions, and got up to go to work. We rose at six o'clock, leaving our neighbours still slumbering. We searched ourselves as well as we could (with a sleeping man next door, audible if not visible). We could see him if we stepped forward a pace.

We thankfully bundled up our things, including food, which we had brought upstairs to be safe, and we crept downstairs, hoping for cleanliness. The kitchen fire was lit - apparently it had never been out - and a kettle was on the bar; a working man was getting his breakfast ready; a girl, the landlady's daughter, apparently about 12, was sweeping the floor. We could now see the filth. The floor was strewn with dirty paper, crumbs, and *débris*, and dirty sand. All the cleaning it got was that it was swept and then freshly sanded by this small child. It then *looked* tidy. "Appearances" are proverbially "deceitful." But what we were not prepared for was, that all the wooden benches were occupied by *sleeping men*. The small child sweeping was at first quite alone with them. There was no place to wash but the small fireside sink: one man considerably cleared out from its neighbourhood, and I thought we were alone in that half of the room till I looked and saw a slumbering man on either side. They moved, as if uneasy on their hard couches. Of course, it was utterly impossible to attempt cleanliness, except hands and face. Yet our fellow-lodgers had some of them lived there for weeks, and it was reckoned by their class a superior lodging-house. I can hardly describe the feeling of personal contamination caused by even one night in such surroundings. Yet we escaped well, finding afterwards only two live creatures on our clothes. Cleanliness of person would be so impossible under such circumstances that it would soon cease to be aimed at. Yet most of the inmates had fairly clean hands and faces, and the tiny sink was used for washing clothes, which were dried in the room, and were hanging overnight from lines. Is it any wonder that such places are hot-beds of disease? How can one of this class possibly avoid spreading contagion under such bad sanitary conditions? It struck me that public money would be well spent in providing lodging-house accommodation under good sanitation and management, rather than in extending small-pox hospitals.

We did not feel inclined for breakfast, but the kettle was boiling, and a working-man showed us where to find things. We carefully washed the dirty-looking teapot and mugs, and borrowed a knife and spoon: no one insulted or questioned us. If our stay had been longer, however, doubtless we should have been obliged to get on friendly terms with our fellow-lodgers. We ate our food at the table farthest from the sleeping men, the sweeping still going on, and then we bundled up our things and left without seeing our landlady again.

The fresh air was sweet. Nowhere inside *could* be clean. Vermin might harbour in the wooden seating, doubly used by day and night: the imperfectly washed clothes, the unwashed humanity, the crowding, the absence of proper sanitation, would break down personal cleanliness in a very short time if a respectable woman was forced to sleep in such a place. Yet two shillings and fourpence a week, at fourpence a night, should surely finance some better provision for the needs of a migratory class. It must be considered that social conditions have entirely altered

since the days of railway travelling have loosened social ties to particular neighbourhoods. Work is a fluctuating quantity, and men and women have to travel.

My own experience had taught me that single women frequently get shaken out of a home by bereavements or other causes, and drift, unable to recover a, stable position if once their clothing becomes dirty or shabby. The question, To what circumstances and surroundings will a respectable destitute woman drift if without employment? is one which concerns society deeply, as immorality must be fostered by wrong conditions.

More next month.

~~~~~

## From the e-Postbag

From the '*I Love Oldham*' Facebook page, kindly sent in by Gill Melton ...

"We're looking for the names of soldiers who are connected to Oldham during World War Two but whose names have been missed off the Municipal War memorials.

Two years ago we found 2,500 names of men who died in World War One and those names are now proudly displayed on plaques in the 'Garden of the Forgotten' in the grounds of Oldham Parish Church.

We're looking for family members and friends to come forward and send in names of soldiers connected to Oldham during World War Two whose names might not be on official records.

Please pass on any names you might have and we can check if they are missing and add them to our list."

Email the names of soldiers from Oldham to < oldhamremembers@oldham.gov.uk > or < Mayors.office@oldham.gov.uk >

~~~~~

Can you recognise this soldier, assumed to be from WW2?



An email kindly sent in by Malcolm Pearce, who writes, "[This photo] turned up in my late parents' photos, but I have no idea who this soldier is as we have no connection with Oldham (assuming he was from the area ?)

I appreciate it's a long shot, but hope one day it might be possible to reunite him with his family if they are searching... "

Printed on the back of the photo is ...

A Photograph by Frank Brierley, Empire Studio.

Also, rubber-stamped on the back, is ...

F. Brierley, Photographer, 98 Union Street, Oldham

If anyone recognises this soldier please email me and I will pass on your details to Malcom.

~~~~~

**Protestation Returns** an email kindly sent in by Anne Grimshaw

"I listened to a Zoom meeting the other day in which Protestation Returns of 1641/2 were talked about. I asked the speaker if there were any for Lancashire. He said, "Yes," and I found them – more specifically for Oldham. In the run up to the Civil War 1640s, this was a list of all men, over 18 years old ... It's hard to read but you can read some names quite easily:

This [LINK](#) tells you about the Protestation Returns, what they were, etc.

This [LINK](#) is to the lists of names - scroll down to read.

~~~~~

A Russian connection

I was contacted by a young, Russian, family history researcher, in St. Petersburg, who was looking for information, on behalf of her friend, who had an Oldham family connection.

I'd come across stories, of skilled Oldhamers going out to work in Russia, before (a couple of their stories are [HERE](#) and [HERE](#) but this was a new one.

Svetlana was looking for information on the Collin/s family and I was able to put her in touch with a member of that same family, Glyn Collin, who was able to point her in the right direction for her research. However, in the course of our correspondence, she kindly shared so much of the story, with postcards and photos, which she has allowed me to use in the hope that someone else might find a connection.

Extracts from the emails ...

"Tatyana's distant relative, one of the sisters of Tatyana's great-great-grandfather called Pelageia was in a relationship with one Job Collins (photo in the Gallery), born in Oldham on June 17, 1860, a carder by profession, who was invited to Sobinsky cotton mill in the village called Undol, in Vladimir region of the Russian Empire. He was to provide the tech support for the new equipment that had been brought there from Great Britain. The locals called him "Osip Osipovich Collins", so his middle name might have been Joseph (though he had no middle name listed in his passport). He most probably had a family in the UK, at least one son who once came to Russia to visit his father (there's a photo of him taken in a Russian photo studio in Moscow) whose name may have been Tom and possibly a daughter or granddaughter called Lydia Lees Collins ... Some names mentioned on the cards are:

Goodwin, Clegg, Fred Collins, Edith Collins, Lydia Lees Collins, Tom Collins, James J. Bancroft, Ned Blomley, W. Prenton, B. Harrop, A.S. Haze

Some of the addresses mentioned:

- 1) (possibly the son's address) 318 Washbrook, Hollinwood, Oldham
- 2) 6 Lincoln St. Oldham - the address of one B. Harrop.

Job Collins himself, as far as Tatyana knows, never left Russia even after the October revolution, and died in 1920s in Vladimir region. The letters, the postcards and Collins' passport were left in Pelageia's family. There was also a family legend that Collins' son and his wife had no children, so they took home to the UK the child of Collins-senior and Pelageia (but that is quite possibly just village gossip).

If you happen to know anything about this family, or any other families mentioned on the postcards, we'd be glad to learn more about them.

I found a very interesting article on one of the gentlemen mentioned in the postcards, another Oldhamer named John Clegg. He came to Russia to work at a cotton mill, got married here in 1911 and his descendants still live in Russia (and have the same last name). The article is in Russian, but let me forward it to you in case you ever need any information from it. It has a lot of interesting details, and you can always just use Google to translate it. [HERE](#)

If anyone else can add anything to the story so far, email me and I'll pass on your details to Svetlana.

I've included some of the pictures mentioned in the Gallery.

There's a ps., to an email, that is relevant to, and in, our new '1921 ... Centenary Section'

~~~~~

As all we family history enthusiasts are well aware, the 1921 census should have been released this year ... however, for obvious reasons, it won't be! Hopefully, we can look forward to its release in 2022.

In the meantime, we can just dream about brick walls being demolished! However, we can also use the waiting time to look at what was happening, both at home and further afield, which would impact the lives of our not so distant ancestors.

On the Members' forum, was a notification that MLFHS would be using this period of time to do just that ... follow the links to the short video [HERE](#) and blog [HERE](#) on the website (they're on the public access pages).

What a good idea! We could start with some regular '1921 pages' in the newsletter!

To create more context we thought we could include the two year before and after 1921, ie., from 1919 (when servicemen were returning home, after the war, with high hopes for a better future) to the end of 1924 when the full reality of a damaged economy was being suffered.

Amongst our Family History collections, most of us have 'snippets', anecdotes and little stories, personal ephemera such as birthday, christmas or memorial cards, postcards, holiday photos, event programmes, marriage invitations, letters etc., etc., from those years. Many war memorials were erected; there were organised visits for families to visit the battlefields; there will be local newspaper clippings (once we can get back to the Local Studies Libraries); photos and so much more.

Now, the success of these 1921 pages will largely depend on what you, our friends and readers, can bring to light and share with us! Please, get in touch with me through the newsletter email address either to ask questions or contribute scans of ephemera, photos or narratives (long or short!).

I'll start the 1921 pages off with a few 'bits' from our own family collections and also some newspaper items referencing Oldham & the district.

~~~~~



Martha Keates (nee Whitehead)

A Visit to the Battlefields on the Western Front.

The photo shows my great aunt, Martha (Matty) visiting the War Graves in France. My grandmother, Florence, went with her on an organised visit to the Battlefields.

The name on the memorial cross is that of their younger brother, Edward Garside Whitehead. He was a machine gunner with the Guards and died as a result of a direct hit from a German shell, on the 31st July, 1917. It was the first day of the Battle of 3rd Ypres, also known as Passchendaele. The cross serves as one of many similar memorial markers, in Duhallows Cemetery. They are for men, such as Edward, whose body was never recovered and are now remembered on the Menin Gate Memorial at Ypres.

Not sure of the photo's date but I think the visit was in either 1922 or 1923.

~~~~~

### **A ps. on an email from Svetlana, in St. Petersburg (see e-Postbag) ...**

Are you a football fan? A fun fact we learnt about the first football club in Sobinka (that's the name of the town with the big textile factory where Job Collins was sent to work): the first football team there appeared in the early 1920's, and it's believed to be inspired by the football

matches the Englishmen in Sobinka were having back before the revolution [HERE](#) Since at least some of the Englishmen there were from Oldham, you could say that your city is responsible for the existence of Sobinka's football team.

~~~~~

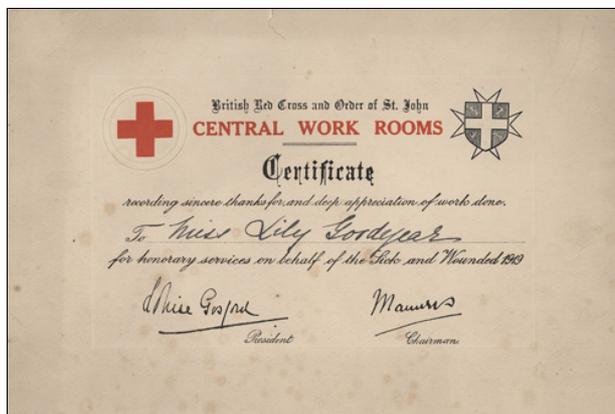
Newspaper item :

**Princess Marie Louise's Visit
Lancashire Arrangements**

The Manchester Guardian January 13th, 1921.

Arrangements for the Lancashire tour of H.H.Princess Marie Louise are now nearly completed. During the visit, which extends from Wednesday January 2, until Saturday, January 29, her Highness will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bankes, whose place at Winstanley Hall, near Wigan, will be a convenient centre for reaching the various towns to be visited. On Wednesday the 26th, the Princess will arrive at Preston, and proceed by car to Blackpool. An afternoon meeting will be held in the North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool, and an evening meeting in St. Anne's, while between these engagements a visit will be made to the pensioners at Squires Gate Camp. On Thursday the 27th a visit will be paid to Manchester to open the enlarged premises of the Central Y.M.C.A.; and in the evening a call will be made at Orrell, and the Orrell Institute will be formally declared open. On Friday the 28th a visit of inspection will be made to the Emmott and Walsham Vale Mills at Oldham. the afternoon will be spent at Werneth Park, the residence of Dame Lees, where the Lancashire Women's Auxilliary of the Y.M.C.A. will be opened and a public meeting held in the Town Hall. On Saturday the Princess will visit Whalley to attend a public meeting in the Y.M.C.A. Institute hut, afterwards calling at Radcliffe to inaugurate the new Y.M.C.A. buildings and open the Parish Church Bazaar. Her Highness will then proceed to Manchester to catch the London train.

~~~~~



**British Red Cross and Order of St John**  
*Central Work Rooms*  
**Certificate**  
*recording sincere thanks for and deep appreciation of*  
*work done.*  
**To Miss Lily Goodyear**  
*for honorary services on behalf of the Sick and*  
*Wounded 1919*  
**Louisa Gosford / President, Chairman / Manners.**

Lily Goodyear was 12 years old in 1919 and was part of Failsworth Wesleyan Church's 'War Comforts Society' of which her mother was the President.

~~~~~

Newspaper item :

**Profiteering in Soda
Five Firms Fined**

The Manchester Guardian January 20th, 1921.

At the instance of the Complaints Committee under the Profiteering Act, several firms were proceeded against at the Manchester City Police Court yesterday, for making an unreasonable profit upon sales of soda crystals, or washing soda, in contravention of the Act. Sir William Cobbett prosecuted each case. Messrs. William Bostock and Sons, Ltd., Burlington Street Mills, Ashton-under-Lyne, who were represented by Mr. Ray, barrister, were alleged to have sold to the Textile Colour Company, Manchester, soda crystals at £12 5s. per ton, which they had purchased for £5 10s. per ton.

The Managing director of the defendant firm said the Textile Colour Company's representative who called upon him with a view to purchasing soda was told that he could not have any. The material was very short in supply at the time, and was rationed. The representative said that unless he could get soda the works would have to stop, price was no object and he was prepared to pay £10 or £12 per ton. Witness told him he could not afford to pay £12 per ton, and he could sell him some at £10 per ton. There was no haggling about prices and the representative appeared delighted with the purchase. The witness had not dealt before with the firm which the traveller represented. In reply to Sir William Cobbett, the witness said the man was so persistent that he took his order to get rid of him. It never struck him that there was any profiteering in the matter. There was the risk of disappointing his own customers.

The account goes on to name the other firms as:

Thomas Bennett and Company, Stockport;
John Smith Oil Company, Ltd., Ducie Street, Manchester, drysalts;
Messrs William Henry Standing trading as Standing Brothers, Parliament Street, Colne;
Mr. Francis Duckworth, provision merchant, Parliament Street, Colne.

With the exception of Mr. Duckworth, who was fined £10, together with £10 costs, all the defendants were fined £20, plus £10 costs

~~~~~

**A short selection of entries from the MLFHS FACEBOOK PAGE [HERE](#) ...**

since the last newsletter :

\* Interactive map of Manchester blitz bomb sites shows where civilians were killed in 1940

Christmas attacks

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* Unveil of the Alan Turing £50 polymer banknote

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* Aerial Bomb Maps Explored

[HERE](#)

Many of the further links are no longer active (or re-located) but provide clues as to where to look.

~~~~~

* National Archives ... Locked down but not locked out!

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* 'Death-bed disinherison by so foul a practice': Parliament, the Vanlore heiresses and an early modern whodunnit

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* This video is about an abandoned place. The Hulme Hippodrome abandoned theatre in Manchester. The Hulme Hippodrome was built in 1901 and was part of the Broadhead chain of theatres. Bringing Theatre and music hall to the working class masses around Lancashire and Northwest England.

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* Just a reminder to those involved in Irish genealogical research about the work of those behind the Beyond2022 project. A Digital project to recreate public record office destroyed by Four Courts fire

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* BBC Radio Manchester

Places around Manchester that tell a story of World War One

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* THIEPVAL MEMORIAL CLOSING AHEAD OF MAJOR RESTORATION

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Archives+ Online Memory Box: International Women's Day

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Read the true story of the Pendle Witches:

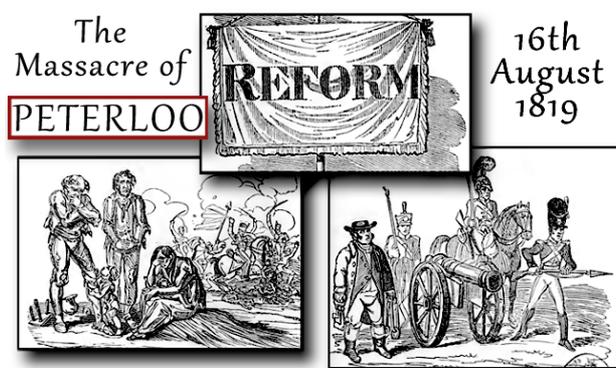
[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* For much more, visit the MLFHS Facebook Page : [HERE](#)

And [HERE](#) is the link to the MLFHS Twitter page.

PETERLOO : the Bi-Centenary

Visit the website for **The Peterloo Project** with particular reference to Oldham, people, accounts, life at the time and more ...



at [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

~~~~~  
Although the long-anticipated Bi-Centenary has come and gone, there are some Peterloo websites still active with history, news, photos and reports.

You can make searches on websites such as :

**Manchester Histories - Peterloo 1819** ... Manchester Histories have created a website which publicises all that is happening, or has happened, around the region.

Visit their website [HERE](#)

**Peterloo Memorial Campaign Group** ... to find out more about the memorial etc. organised by the Memorial Campaign Group, visit their website. [HERE](#)

## Need Help!

**Coronavirus Pandemic**

**Oldham Local Studies and Archives is closed.**

**However the restrictions are subject to change at short notice.**

**Check the website [HERE](#) for up to date details and information.**

**Local Studies and Archives at 84 Union Street, Oldham, [OL1 1DN](#),**

**In normal times** there are regular Family History Advice Sessions every Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 2-4pm.

There's no need to book. Just turn up with all the information you have and the resident family

history experts will be on hand to help.

Archives are unique, original documents created in the course of everyday activities. Oldham's date from 1597 and cover an enormous range of subjects and activities :

- Hospital records
- Poor Law Union records
- Coroners Court records
- Local Authority records including Chadderton, Crompton, Failsworth, Lees, Oldham, Royton and Saddleworth
- Schools and education records
- Records for statutory bodies like the police force
- Church and religious records
- Business records
- Solicitors and estate agents records
- Trade unions and associations records
- Co-operative Society records
- Sports, entertainment and leisure records
- Personal, family and property records
- Society and Association records
- Records of Oldham communities

There is no charge to look at archival records although you would need to bring proof of your name and address (e.g. your driving licence) to do so.

Most archives can be produced immediately, with no advance booking required. However, some archives are stored off-site, in which case at least 2 days' notice is required in order to see them.

**Other archives may be closed due to their fragile condition, or because they contain confidential information.**

There are regularly changing displays in the Local Studies Library.

[Opening hours and contact details.](#)

~~~~~

Website Links

Other Society Websites

Catholic Family History Society – www.catholicfhs.co.uk

Cheshire Local History Association – www.cheshirehistory.org.uk

Chadderton Historical Society (archived website) – www.chadderton-historical-society.org.uk

Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society - <https://www.lfhhs.org.uk/home.php>

Lancashire Local History Federation – www.lancashirehistory.org

Liverpool and South West Lancashire FHS – www.lswlfhs.org.uk

Manchester Region Industrial Archaeology Society – www.mrias.co.uk

Oldham Historical Research Group – www.pixnet.co.uk/Oldham-hrg

Peterloo - [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

Ranulf Higden Society (Latin transcription) - [Ranulf Higden Soc.](#)

Royton Local History Society – www.rlhs.co.uk

Saddleworth Historical Society – www.saddleworth-historical-society.org.uk

Tameside Local History Forum - www.tamesidehistoryforum.org.uk

Tameside Local & Family History - <http://tamesidefamilyhistory.co.uk/contents.htm>

The Victorian Society - [Manchester Regional Website](#)

Some Useful Sites

GENUKI - [Lancashire](#)

Free BMD - [Search](#)

[National Library of Scotland](#) - Free to view, historic, zoomable maps of UK :
1891 - Oldham and locality [HERE](#)

Online Parish Clerk Project : Lancashire - [HERE](#)

British Association for Local History - [HERE](#)
and for their back issue journal downloads - [HERE](#)

Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, website, [HERE](#)
and for their back issue journal downloads, website, [HERE](#)

Internet Archive ... The Internet Archive offers over **24,000,000** freely downloadable books and texts.
[HERE](#) There is also a collection of 1.3 million modern eBooks that may be borrowed by anyone with a free archive.org account.

Made in Greater Manchester (MIGM) [HERE](#) and Research guide [HERE](#)

Historical Maps of parish boundaries [HERE](#)

Some Local Archives

Barnsley Museum & Discovery Centre – www.experience-barnsley.com

Birkenhead – [Local & Family History](#)

Bury – www.bury.gov.uk/archives

Chester - [Cheshire Archives & Local Studies](#) (linked from Discovery at the National Archives)

Derbyshire - [Local & Family History](#)

Leeds - [Leeds Local and Family History](#)

Liverpool Archives and Family History – <https://liverpool.gov.uk/archives>

Manchester - [Archives & Local History](#)

Oldham - [Local Studies & Archives](#)

Oldham - [Oldham Council Heritage Collections](#)

Preston – www.lancashire.gov.uk/libraries-and-archives

Stockport – www.stockport.gov.uk/heritage-library-archives

Tameside Local Studies and Archives - <https://www.tameside.gov.uk/archives>

York – www.york.ac.uk/borthwick



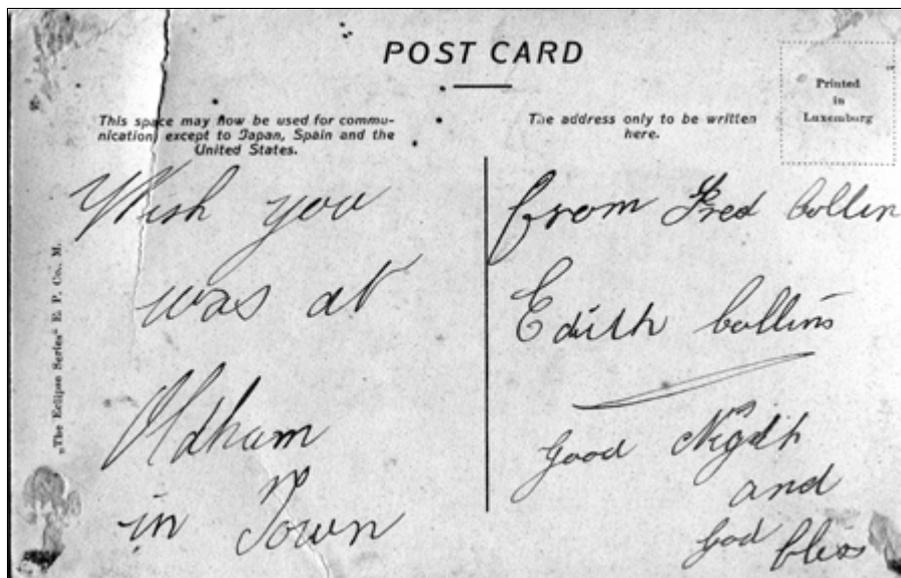
Oldhamer Job Collins in Russia (see e-Postbag for story)



Russian Photographer's stamp on the back of the photo above

'Monday Afternoon, Tommyfield Market, Oldham'

Enclosed in a letter to the Collins family in Russia



Back of the postcard, above

(see e-Postbag for story)