

Bod-Kin

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www.bradfordfhs.org.uk

**A member of the Family History Federation and the
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Chairman	Mrs Sue Steel	9a Grove Ave., Shipley, BD18 3BG chairman@bradfordfhs.org.uk 07855773102
Secretary	Mrs Bobbie Hipshon	1 Norfolk Close, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, LS7 4QB Secretary@bradfordfhs.org.uk
Treasurer	Mr. Stewart Varley	16 Oakleigh Avenue, Clayton, Bradford BD14 6QE Treasurer@bradfordfhs.org.uk
Membership & Members Interests Secretary	Mrs. Andrea Brown	20 Canberra Drive, Cross Roads, Keighley, BD22 9DG membsec@bradfordfhs.org.uk
Publications Officer	Ms Sally Tetlow	Sleepy Hollow, Soaper Lane, Halifax, HX3 7PX
Information Officer	Mr Derek Dyson	07855773102
Committee Member	Mrs Anne Attfield	
Committee Member	Mr Bill Boldy	
Committee Member	Mr Gordon Holmes	
Committee Member	Mrs Anne Luciw	
Committee Member	Dr Gill Overend	
Committee Member	Mrs Shirley Sura	
Committee Member	Mrs Pat Whitford-Bartle	
Committee Member	Mrs Liz Wright	
Non-Committee Member		
Link Scheme Co-ordinator	Mr Ken Kenzie	Contact by letter with SAE, 45 Victoria Road, Eccleshill, Bradford, BD10 8AQ
Bod-Kin Editors	Mrs Anne Luciw Mrs Liz Wright	5 Salisbury Road, Bradford BD12 0AA Bodkin@bradfordfhs.org.uk

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

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

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The Editors

Another edition and another editorial. For December's issue we'd asked for articles about women's sport, following the successful edition about men's sport – this did not prove as popular, but thank you very much to those of you who submitted articles. The rest of this edition contains a mix of articles, some of which include implicit requests for help as members try to knock down the 'brick walls' they have come up against. One way of helping and which is proving to be popular are the open sessions where members talk about their research and where the stumbling blocks are. One such session was the Zoom meeting on Monday 20th October, when we covered a wide range of issues and everybody agreed it had been very useful. Thanks particularly to Sue and Mary for their expert help.

The March 2026 issue of the Journal will have an open theme as it will be taken up in part with various documents and reports ahead of the AGM in April next year. The cutoff date for the next issue is **6 February 2026**. No article is too small or too large. Articles over six pages long may be serialised or placed whole on the Society's website.

We wish you a happy Christmas and a new year full of ideas for Bod-Kin articles.

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From T'Chairman

Sue Steel

In September and November, the committee discussed whether the Society should cease being a Ltd. Co. A review of our position is always a good idea, but with the annual reduction in members and increasing costs over the years, this had become a good time to decide if we wanted to be a Ltd. Co. going forward and the extra costs that entails (accountant, Companies House and HMRC). See September's Bodkin for further details.

Unfortunately, the proposal and EGM was held after the cutoff date regarding articles for this quarter's Bod-Kin. Instead, I will send out emails to members notifying them of the result of the discussions on 17th November, plus include an article in the March edition. Please, if you are not on email and would like to know before March do contact me – 07855773102. The decision will also be placed on our website under News items.

Our 2026 Programme is now available (see the list at the end of the journal) and is on our website under events. Hopefully, there won't be many (if any) changes during the year, but the website will be up to date at all times.

Let me remind you that your membership renewal is due and the form is in the centre of the Bod-Kin. Any issues, do get in touch with Andrea (membsec@bradfordfhs.org.uk).

As ever do get in touch with any comments, suggestions or questions. I'd love to hear from you.

The committee and I wish you all a Happy Christmas and Fantastic New Year.
(4097)



Messages for Members

2026 Membership

Membership is due on the 1 January 2026. You can renew in several ways:

- Go on our website (bradfordfhs.org.uk) click on the 'membership' tab on the top of the page, and then click on 'Renew online now' and follow the instructions and press the renewal button when you logon to the members only page. This will take you to PayPal to pay (you don't need to sign up for PayPal).
- Visit GenFair and renew your membership using a credit/debit card - <https://genfair.co.uk> (click on 'Memberships' on the homepage, type 'Bradford' in the search bar, and the membership options will appear).
- Pay by standing order – Andrea (Membsec@bradfordfhs.org.uk) will help if you need to set this up.
- Pay by Bank Transfer (BACS)

A renewal form containing all the information you need to make your payment can be found in the centre pages of the Bod-Kin

Don't forget if you do not require a printed copy of the Bod-Kin you can renew as an Internet Only Member. There is no difference in the membership apart from how you receive our quarterly magazine.

Please quote your name and membership number (if known) .

Any problems with your renewal please contact:

Andrea (Membsec@bradfordfhs.org.uk) or
Sue Steel (Chairman@bradfordfhs.org.uk).

Wanted – Chairperson

Can you manage a team of 12 adults (although the term adults can be debateable at times); stand up in front of 30 people whilst being filmed (on Zoom so not sure that counts); chair a meeting (they rarely last over an hour); try and make sure any meeting actions are delegated to someone else (I never managed this); and above all, have fun whilst being involved in Family History?

If so, we need you.

In April 2028, I will be stepping down as Chair. So, we need someone to take my place, ideally beforehand so that I can show you the ropes.

If you are interested, contact me for further details:

Sue Steel – Chairman@Bradfordfhs.org.uk

Samuel Cunliffe Lister
Bradford's Most Eminent Victorian

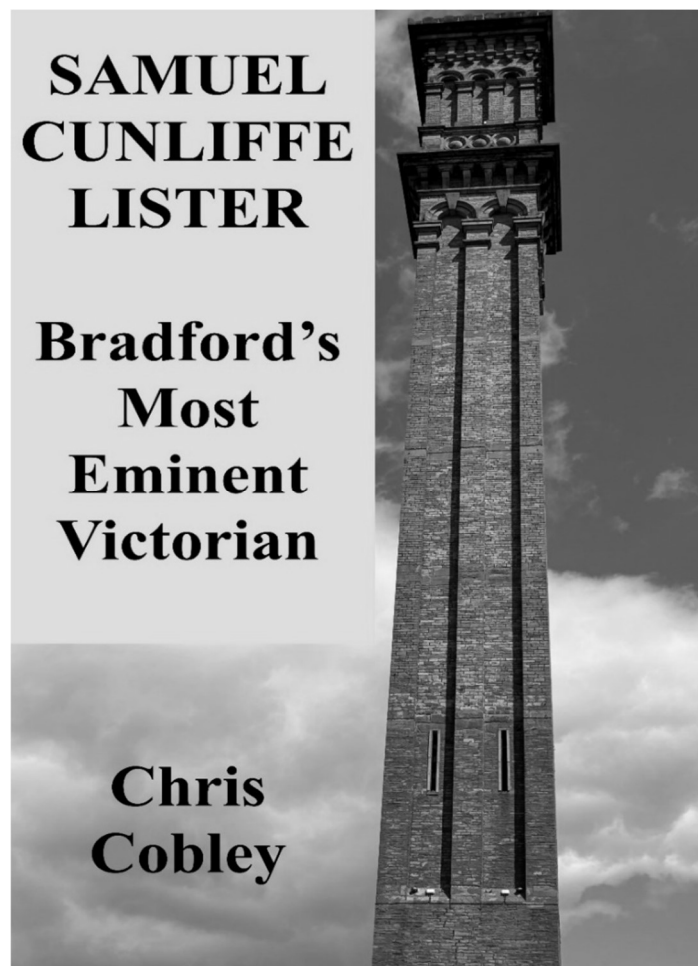
Sue Steel

Chris Copley's book, *Samuel Cunliffe Lister - Bradford's Most Eminent Victorian* has returned from the printers and is now available for purchase at £10 (including p&p).

This sixty-seven-page book includes colour photographs showcasing the personages, places and inventions that played a role in Samuel's life and career. Although it has not been reviewed yet, the author has submitted a brief article about the book to the Telegraph and Argus, along with some of the featured photographs.

To purchase a copy, please contact Chris at ccoble@gmail.com.

(4097)



The Resilient Game: Women's Sport in Bradford

Anne Luciw

When you think of Bradford sport you probably picture men's rugby or football—it's a city famous for its mills and industry sponsored teams, after all! But tucked away in Bradford's history is an amazing, often-missed story about resilient women athletes. Women's sport in Bradford really mirrors the whole country's experience: it boomed when the world was changing (like during the wars!), then got shut down by old-school rules, and now it's making a massive, well-deserved comeback. From those WWI factory pitches right up to today's Olympic athletes, Bradford women have always smashed expectations and proven they're world-class. It's a legacy we should definitely be shouting about!

The most incredible part of Bradford's story starts with the First World War, right there in the factories! When the men went off to war, women stepped up and took their places, especially in the munitions and textile mills. And what happened? They started their own football teams! These weren't just casual kickabouts; they became proper, organised leagues that raised huge amounts of money for charity. Bradford had some serious talent, like Lister's Ladies from Manningham Mills and the super-successful Hey's Ladies from the brewery.



Manningham Mills Ladies' Football Team
(© Photo Archive: Bradford District Museums & Galleries CBMDC)



Heys Brewery Ladies' Football Team (© Kathryn Hey Collection)

Hey's Ladies were regional champions, and they were fierce rivals of the famous Dick Kerr's Ladies. And get this: these games were massive! On April 13, 1921, Lister's Ladies played at Valley Parade and 14,000 people turned up to watch! They brought in huge amounts of cash for things like hospitals and injured soldiers—a total golden age for women's football acceptance. Unfortunately, all that success and popularity started looking like a real threat to the guys running the men's game.

That golden age ended suddenly and brutally. In December 1921, the Football Association (FA) slammed the door shut. They banned women's teams from playing on *any* FA-affiliated pitch, declaring the sport “unsuitable for females”. It was a disaster for Bradford, wiping out the great setups at Hey's and Lister's. Some teams, like Hey's, tried to keep going by switching to rugby pitches or even cricket grounds, but the FA ban choked the life out of the women's game, robbing it of crowds, cash, and respect for five decades. What a shame!

Even though the FA kept the door shut for fifty years, Bradford women didn't stop succeeding! Their talent just moved away from the big-money team sports and focused on amazing individual efforts in 'safer' sports like gymnastics and athletics. We had some truly world-class stars! Take Clarice Hanson, born in 1911, who was in gymnastics at the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Later, Dorothy Hey and athlete Muriel Pletts competed in the 1948 London Games. This shows we've *always* had top-tier amateur athletes coming out of Bradford, even when team sports were being actively crushed.

In the later 1900s, Bradford athletes kept that success streak going strong. Cyclist Yvonne McGregor, born in '61, won a fantastic bronze medal at the 2000 Sydney Olympics—that made her one of the city's most decorated stars! Plus, hockey player Jill Atkins was amazing, playing in three Olympics and bagging a bronze medal for Great Britain in Barcelona in '92. All these individual wins kept our female sporting flag waving high, but the team sports took longer to bounce back.

Luckily, the modern revival of organised team sports started in the late 1980s. Bradford City AFC Women was officially founded in 1988. They had a tough, long climb through the leagues, but they made it! They even won the Northern Combination Women's Football League in 95–96 and briefly played at the highest level in the late '90s. The fact that this club survived through years of hard work and volunteering just proves how much passion there is for football here, giving women and girls a proper route to play.

The 21st century has been all about fast growth and getting the recognition they deserve. In 2021, Bradford City AFC Women finally merged properly under the main Bradford City AFC wing—a huge move that officially reversed that crazy ban from a hundred years ago! This merger gives the women's side solid foundations, resources, and a clear path for girls dreaming of playing professionally. Plus, it's not just about football; the Bradford Bulls Women's Rugby League team is getting lots of attention and sponsorship, showing off the region's big strength in rugby.

Bradford is still cranking out elite athletes, too, like snowboarder Katie Ormerod! She's a huge international star, competing for Great Britain in the Winter Olympics. That kind of success in a non-traditional sport for the north just shows how diverse and ambitious Bradford's female athletes are today. Locally, programmes like 'Girls Into Sport' and the Active Bradford strategy prove the city is committed to making sure competitive sport is easy for all women and girls to access.

The story of women's sport in Bradford isn't just a small detail; it's a huge part of the city's whole identity! It's about the awesome pioneering spirit of those factory teams, the quiet strength of the Olympic heroes from the middle of the century, and the hard work making it happen today. Bradford has always produced female champions, and with all the support growing now, the future looks just as brilliant as that forgotten beginning. The amazing champions of the 1920s paved the way for today's players, who are finally free to build on that excellence without anyone telling them 'No'. (5233)



Football Crazy

Stefan Luciw

When Doreen Luciw, my mum, was a young girl, in the 1930s, she would play football in the street with her brothers and friends. The school playground of St. Josephs was a favourite place for a game of “footie”. Occasionally the ball got kicked up on the roof and whilst older lads stood around with their hands in their pockets Doreen, who was the smallest and youngest, would shin up a drainpipe without hesitation and get the ball back.

Fast forward to the sixties when I was a lad. We spent most of our time playing “footie” on Emsley’s Rec, by the side of Manchester Road, opposite the Craven Heifer pub. Many a time my mum would come along and join in. When we lined up to pick sides Doreen was always one of the first to be picked which as anyone who played any game at that time meant you were thought to be one of the better players. When our friends came knocking at our door to round up football players, it was often my mum they were calling for, not me.

During the late 1960s there was renewed interest in reviving Women’s Football despite the Football Association ban of 1921. Although now in her forties Doreen was as keen as ever to take part. The first team she played for was the Bradford Hotel Ladies on Canal Road near Shipley. They were mostly interested in having a laugh and turning out for charity matches, but it was a start.



Mackintosh Miracles 1971 – Doreen front row, second from right

Doreen went on to play for Mackintosh's Miracles - a team from the chocolate factory in Halifax (anyone remember the original manufacturers of Quality Street, Rolo, Caramac and Toffee Crisp before being swallowed up by Nestle?).

The last team Doreen played for was the Bronte Belles who took the game a little more seriously. In 1971 I watched her play in a final held at Cullingworth where they emerged victoriously. After she hung up her boots the team who were founded by Bradford City FC director Bill Roper in 1968, began playing in the Yorkshire League before joining the *North West Women's League* in 1973. Bronte were invited to join the new Division One (North) in 1991 and won promotion into the national Premier League at the first attempt.

Doreen would have been delighted to see how the women's game has now become established and how the English Lionesses are showing the men's side how it is done.



Bradford Hotel Bullets – Doreen front row, far right

Women and their Sports in My Family

Sue Steel

I was scratching my head to think of any of my female ancestors doing sports of any kind. But they did and I have proof (sort of).

Ada Smith nee Maw my maternal grandmother loved cycling. My grandfather (Harry P Smith) and she would often be seen riding a tandem around Bradford.

They would go out with my grandfather's siblings. I don't have a photo of Ada and Harry on the bike, but I do have one of my Great Aunt and Uncle.



*From left to right –
Mabel Coe nee
Smith (Great
Aunt); Mable
Smith nee
Ackroyd; Clifford
Coe and Francis
(Frank) Smith
(Great Uncle).*

This would have been in the early 1930's as Frank and Mabel Ackroyd on the tandem were married in 1935, whilst the other couple also married 1935. Whether they were part of a cycling club remains unknown.

My mother, Barbara Raistrick nee Smith, also took part in sports – but this time in swimming. She used to go swimming after school (a lot). She received at least two bronze medals for her efforts. Both have her name B Smith inscribed on the back.

The one on the left, is from July 1948 and was awarded by the Royal Life Saving Society. She was 14 years old. The one on the right was awarded the year after and is the Bronze Cross again from the Royal Life Saving Society. Once she left school (aged 15) time for swimming became less and life took over. So, nothing on the professional level but nevertheless having fun and achieving recognition.

(4097)



Book Review

Echoes From The Hills – Memoirs of a Bradford lad, born 1907

By Richard Tempest

Ben Stables

‘Echoes from the Hills’ is a beautiful newly-published memoir of a “Bradford lad” born in 1907 and follows his early life through military service in India until he settled down in Shelf. Richard Tempest born in 1907 gives us a fascinating insight into a world gone by: a world of pop shops and puddlers, soldiers and sanatoria, brass bands and brickyards. Richard wrote many short stories and poems – some of which, narrated by himself, were featured on the long-running *The Northcountryman*, broadcast from the BBC North Region studios in Leeds. The book is an anthology of some of Richard’s recollections and poems.

This self-published book, *Echoes from the Hills: Memoirs of a Bradford lad*, born 1907 (ISBN: 9781036920876), is available to order at bookshops or online for £12.99.

In the following extract Richard describes some of the characters from the area around Pen Street and Quill Street – off Bowling Back Lane – which have long since been demolished:

'Pop Bob' had a one-man business. He put onions to steep and pickle in big stone jars; he sold lumps of yellow scouring-stone, of which article Bradford housewives used more than their fair share on faith-fully-scrubbed-once-a-week front doorsteps; and he also took round bottles of pop, which had gotten him his nickname in the first place.

Everybody knew him as 'Pop Bob', but his proper name was Robert Robinson and, at the time I come into his story, he was bodging along, minding his own business in the second year of the Great War; that is, the one that was to end all wars, the '14-'18 one. Both of us were living, for the time being, in a district that bore a highfalutin note of quality; at least it did on paper, for I dwelt in Pen Street, and Pop's establishment was in Quill Street, where also stood a certain Shakespeare Inn for the delectation of the many who took a drop.

Pop was a spare, red-faced, middle-aged chap of very uncertain temper that flared out in rude, unprintable words, mostly when we youngsters got under his feet - which was almost daily, for we found his stores a very fascinating place, a veritable Aladdin's cave of dark mystery, acrid with vinegar fumes, and gained by uttering some magic password such as 'I've browt some pickle jars back, Mr Robinson' if he looked cross, or please can I rub yer hoss down, Bob? if he beamed at you. His premises were a

high-walled yard with a crude wooden roof laid across from wall to wall; they were dark and ill-lit with paraffin lamps and, so rumour had it, infested with rats, though I never saw any - and I looked hard and fearfully enough behind barrels and crates, and drums and sacks were moved gingerly whenever there was need to do so. Also, at one end of the yard, away from the work and store places, and behind a thin board partition, he housed an old nag and a weathered flat cart on four wheels that stood very high from the floor.

Beside himself there were two small ladies - so old and shrivelled, they looked to us lads - who wore an external air of being blue with cold; in fact, one could have imagined them being pickled, long ago, in the all-pervading atmosphere of vinegar, with brine added for good measure, and to the total exclusion of sun and fresh air from their stunted lives.

None of us ever knew where the women slept or lived, for they seemed to be there at dawn, and they were still at it in the late evening, peeling and pickling and bottling those small onions without ever an eyelid fluttering in damp sympathy. Straight away, it always became evident to any lad getting a tentative foot inside Bob's that he was not welcome, leastways not by those two, and we lads, by common consent, gave them the cold shoulder, being more than a little convinced these two unusual ladies were not far removed from witches; indeed, one lad had it - bitches.

Whenever we could escape the venomous glare of the little women - and not forgetting the redoubtable Pop Bob himself, who boasted he had eyes in his rear - we thought it real smart to mouth an onion and bolt it without giving ourselves away, for the onions were so sharp one almost involuntarily screwed one's face up, and then got a sharp reproof to 'keep thy ruddy hand aht'. Another thing with them: if you went the whole hog and ate a few, they tended to dry the roof of the mouth into hard corrugations, though the cure for this was not far away with a quick swig of Bob's celebrated pop, and a lad was back to normal again.

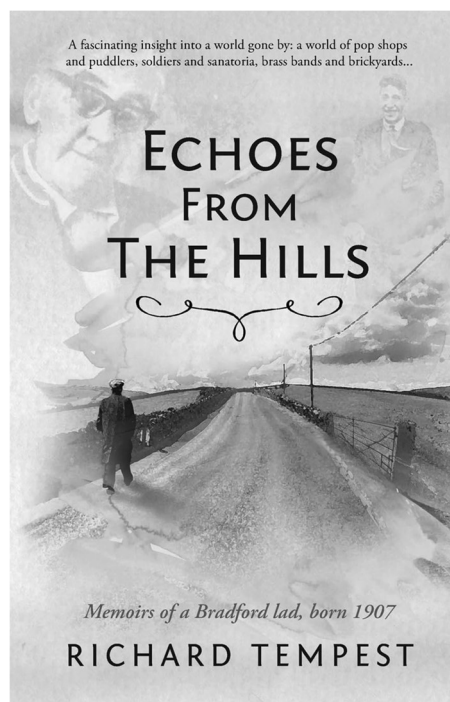
But Bob's big day was Saturday, and on this morning we youngsters could always rely on him taking one of us along with him on the Saturday round, and there was keen rivalry to go with him, more especially in the nice weather, for winter was not a popular season for perching on the high open cart as it made its long way round mean city streets and rutted country lanes. No, we were pretty ungrateful little beasts come frost or snow, being then more inclined for a penn'orth at the Saturday afternoon picture, with its appealing warmth and laughter.

Yet, except in the very worst weather, he never lacked a lad to help fetch and carry the jars and bottles and big lumps of scouring-stone to the many houses he called on regularly, and every lad knew that at midday Bob would stop at a coffee tavern and stand treat to a pint of scalding tea and a fat teacake stuffed with lean meat. And there we'd sit, eating

and supping noisily like the rest, and listen dead quiet to the menfolk talking. It was so novel and fascinating hearing them, for they peopled a strange, altered world from ours. A world of beer and betting, and football and fighting, women and dirt - and when they got to that last subject, Pop Bob would grimace in disgust, suck noisily at the tea leaves in the bottom of his pot, grunt a short 'Away, lad!' to his youthful companion, then hasten away on the long afternoon round, muttering a half-apology for the muck men talk. It might be well past teatime when he got home, though he would still be another hour unloading the cart and seeing to his horse, long after he'd sent his youthful helps home, with a mutual promise of seeing each other again on the morrow, though Bob would only be in on Sunday to see his 'galluwur, as he called his ancient horse.

And that was the way, and the day, of the one-man outfit, when chaps earned a living off a proverbial shoestring and were quite happy doing so. Now Pop Bob is no more, his old shed and traps and 'gallu-wur are gone; the two ladies took their broomsticks and flew away this many year since, left without any trace, one might say. Though they are not without a little remembrance now and then, for they, and Pop Bob, always spring readily to mind whenever casual talk turns to unusual, stodgy jobs and, as talk so casually turns, I find myself telling of the quaint affinity of scouring-stone to pop, and pop to pickles, and so on.

Extract from: Echoes From The Hills by Richard Tempest



(5314)

In September 2025's edition of Bod-Kin, Chris told us about his search for his ancestors, James Wright and Ruth Wilkinsons. In part two of his tale, he describes the brick wall he faces and asks for your help to break it down. Below is the Wright paternal line chart that was included in part one of Chris's article.

Gen.	Name	Born	Died	Married
1	Jack Wright	4 Dec 1922 Bradford	29 Nov 2009 Gloucester	15 May 1948 at Bradford Winifred Mary Lancaster (1924-2008)
2	Fred Wright	1 Jun 1882 Bradford	8 Aug 1940 Bradford	29 Aug 1914 at Bradford Mary Ann Ambler (1883-1957)
3	Abraham Nicholl Wright	30 Dec 1856 Bradford	2 Jun 1914 Bradford	29 Sep 1877 at Keighley Hannah Haggas (1858-1917)
4	Thomas Wright	~1823 Allerton	27 Feb 1871 Keighley	28 Oct 1854 at Bradford Elizabeth Nicholl (1828-1859)
5	James Wright	~1800 Allerton	28 Mar 1883 Birkenshaw	13 Aug 1820 at Bradford Ruth Wilkinson (~1800-1854)

Wrights of Allerton – Part 2

Chris Wright

The Brick Wall

In Part 1 in the last edition, I recounted in some detail what happened to James Wright after his first wife's death in 1854, partly because it's a curious tale, but also because, without it, I would not have any evidence that his father was called David. It's a chink of light passing through the keyhole of the door in my brick wall.

Now I have:-

- Sufficient evidence to show that James Wright and Ruth Wilkinson were my 3x great grandparents;
- A few mentions of Allerton in the census returns as a place of origin; and their son, Joseph, baptised in 1821 at Bradford, abode – Allerton;
- James' father's name was David Wright, a farmer or cart driver.

But, I don't have:-

- A birth / baptism record for James in about 1800; or Ruth Wilkinson around the same time; or Thomas (my 2x ggf) in about 1823; or
- Any evidence that James or Ruth had siblings or other relatives, apart from their children.

Possibilities

Searching the Bradford parish registers, I found a few candidates named David Wright:-

- Mary, baptised 30 March 1788, daughter of David Wright of Allerton, Husbandman.
- John, baptised 5 July 1805, son of David Wright of Bradford, Comber.
- Mary, baptised 21 August 1807, daughter of David Wright of Bradford, Weaver.
- Jonathan, baptised 22 May 1793, son of David Wright of Clayton.
- William, baptised 12 September 1804, son of David Wright, Miller of Shipley, Corn dealer.

The first Mary looked promising, but I have not been able to trace her further. The Clayton Wrights also looked likely candidates, but this David lived at Queensbury and is not the one I'm looking for.

There was also a baptism in 1792 for a Joseph, son of Jonathan Wright of Allerton, but this led nowhere either.

The British Newspaper Archive had a few references to a David Wright of Allerton, including the following extract from a notice on page 2 of the Leeds Mercury of 20 July 1839:-

Sale by Auction

ALLERTON, near BRADFORD. – By Mr. G. T. LISTER, on Monday, the Fifth Day of August next, at the Bowling Green Inn, in Bradford, at Five o'Clock in the Evening:

The VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATES hereafter mentioned, subject to Conditions, in the following or such other Lots as may be agreed upon at the Time of Sale:-

Lot 4 – PART of the LOWER PIKELEY FARM, lately in the Occupation of Mr. David Wright, deceased :- 29 Farm House, Gar-den, & Homestead 0 0 27

<i>30 Croft</i>	<i>0 0 25</i>
<i>31 Garden</i>	<i>0 0 11</i>
<i>32 Upper Ing</i>	<i>2 1 23</i>
<i>33 Lower Ing</i>	<i>2 1 13</i>
<i>34 The Brow</i>	<i>1 1 5</i>
<i>35 Shrogg</i>	<i>0 0 19</i>

Lots 5 and 6 gave similar reference to David Wright deceased, relating to three fields and three closes of land.

Intrigued by this, I found the death certificate for this David Wright. He had died on 14 May 1839 at Allerton, aged 83 years, a farmer, of old age. The informant was Jonathan Holroyd of Allerton, present at the death.

The thought has occurred to me that, assuming this David was James' father, his death occurred just at the time when James and Joseph acquired the cash to stake on their pedestrian ventures. Just a thought. There must have been some livestock to sell, even if the land was owned by someone else.

I wondered if Jonathan Holroyd, the informant on the death certificate, was a relative of the deceased. There was a Jonathan Holroyd aged 43 at Pinch Beck, Thornton, in the 1851 census. He was married to Mary, also 43, and with a daughter, Tamer. Jonathan and Mary (née "Ferranside") were married in 1828. Tamar was born on 22 December 1828 and baptised at Kipping Chapel. There was also a baptism of another daughter, Martha, in 1834 at the same chapel. This stated that they were living at Allerton Green at the time. Lower Pikeley Farm is at Allerton Green. Neighbours, then?

Looking at the 1841 census, I was surprised to find Martha, aged 8, living at Upper Green, Allerton, with John Wright, 60, (labourer), Martha Fearnside, 60, and Jonathan Fearnside, 30.

In 1851, John Wright, Unmarried, aged 72, Retired Farmer, born at Allerton, was living with Jonathan Fearnside, Nephew, Unmarried, aged 46, Hand Loom Weaver Worsted, born at Thornton.

Was there a connection between the Fearnside and the Wright family further back? Yes. On 1 January 1804, Betty Wright married John Fearnside at Bradford, St. Peter. One of the witnesses was John Wright. Were John and Betty father and daughter? Or siblings?

Who was the John Wright in the censuses? Born about 1779, could he have been a son of David Wright? I can find no record.

In the Bradford parish register for Thornton Chapel, there is a baptism for "David and Jno. S of James Wright of Denham" on 20 November 1757. It seems likely that this was the David Wright, who died in 1839. I haven't been able to trace the brother John.

James Wright of Denholme was baptised on 20 October 1734 at Thornton, son of Peter Wright. This James married Lydia Hainsworth on 22 September 1754 at Bradford.

Peter Wright married Hannah Tasker on 22 May 1727 at Bingley. They also had a daughter, Agnes, baptised at Thornton on 5 December 1736. Peter was described as a "Weaver of Denham".

Agnes married (yet another!) David Wright at Bingley on 23 March 1761. David and Agnes had 7 sons between 1762 and 1774 (Joseph, John, James, David, Peter, Jonas and another David after the first one died) and lived at Twitcher

Clough. I cannot find out where this was located but it may have been at Hewenden, between Wilsden and Cullingworth, where the reservoir was built. According to the Bradford Observer of 8 April 1875:-

Hallas Cote, another old homestead not far from Hallas Hall, with which it was probably at one time connected, was for generations occupied by the Wrights, of which family we have handed down the names of Jim o'Peter's, Adam, and John. This family were at one time very numerous in the vicinity.

The distance from Hewenden and Hallas to Lower Pikeley Farm is no more than three miles via Egypt. (I can show you on the OS map!) Is it even possible that my missing father of James Wright is linked to these "Bingley" candidates, rather than Allerton proper?

On consulting the tithe map for Allerton, there is only one David Wright mentioned and that is at Lower Pikeley Farm. Two fields extend on the southern side of the farm down to Pitty Beck and one beyond the beck towards Salt Pie on the Thornton border. A further three were on the western side of Long Lane towards Mustard Pot, and yet three more near Bell Dean Lane Head.

There is a John Wright shown as the owner of several fields, beyond the ones above, at Bob Lane near Harrops. Whether this is the John Wright at Upper Green in the 1841 census, I cannot say. These fields were occupied by Rebecca Robertshaw. Upper Green John was a labourer, so it's unlikely he owned land. Unless, of course, he had just received an inheritance? Alternatively, the owner of the fields may have been John Wright from the Twitcher Clough family. One of that name ran the Hewenden corn mill with his brother Joseph.

Help!

I can't find a will.

Apparently there are no other 'independent' records for Allerton before 1835. I have taken DNA tests with Ancestry and Family Tree DNA. There are lots of matches with distant cousins descended from various branches of my family. With some, I have a common ancestor in Abraham Nicholl (father of Elizabeth Nicholl, my 2x ggm), so the line is clear back to my 2x ggf Thomas Wright. But I cannot make the link to others further back, although they may be in my matches list. (Lots of people who test don't have trees.)

- Any ideas or information?
- Recognise any of the families I've mentioned?
- Am I on the Wright track?

I'd love to hear from you.

(5338)

You can contact Chris by writing to the Bod-Kin and your message will be forwarded on.

The Forgotten Epidemic: How Infected Milk Disabled and Killed Generations of Children

Helen Parker-Drabble

If your Bradford ancestors were children during the industrial era, particularly between 1850 and 1960, there's a significant chance that bovine tuberculosis touched your family. Yet these children often remain invisible in our genealogical records, their stories hidden behind euphemisms and shame-filled silence.

A Hidden Public Health Crisis

In July 1937, two-year-old Harry Drabble was playing in his Sheffield council house garden when his mother noticed him limping. That small observation would lead to years of separation, with Harry confined to hospital, strapped to frames and encased in plaster. His illness? Bovine tuberculosis, contracted from infected milk—a disease that affected hundreds of thousands across Yorkshire and beyond.

Harry's experience illuminates what historians have called Britain's most sustained food-borne epidemic. Between 1900 and 1950, bovine TB killed over 800,000 people nationally and disabled countless more. Bradford, like Sheffield and other industrial cities, saw many cases among its working-class children.



Harry with his father

The Disease That Came with the Morning Milk

Bovine tuberculosis, caused by *Mycobacterium bovis*, spread through unpasteurised milk from infected cattle. Unlike pulmonary TB, this form commonly attacked children's bones and joints, causing permanent disability and sometimes death. In 1934 alone, England and Wales saw at least 4,000 new cases annually, with about 2,000 deaths.

The tragedy is that prevention was possible. Pasteurisation, the gentle heating of milk to kill nearly all disease-causing bacteria, yeasts, and moulds, had been available since 1865, yet political inertia and economic interests meant infected milk continued reaching working-class homes for decades. To protect farmers, the British government and local authorities did not tell mothers they needed to heat the milk to make it safe for their children. Instead, working-class families, especially mothers, were blamed, and their children were stigmatised. One parliamentarian noted in 1931, of 100,000 farms in the country, only 400 produced tuberculosis-free milk.

Finding These Hidden Stories in Your Family Tree

For family historians researching Bradford and Yorkshire ancestors, several clues might show bovine TB in your family:

- Hospital admission registers revealing TB diagnoses
- Death certificates mentioning 'surgical tuberculosis', 'Pott's disease', or 'tubercular disease'
- School log books recording extended absences
- Family photographs with absent children or showing them wearing leg braces, built-up shoes, or positioned to hide affected limbs
- Stories of children who were 'sent away for their health' or spent years in orthopaedic or long-stay hospitals

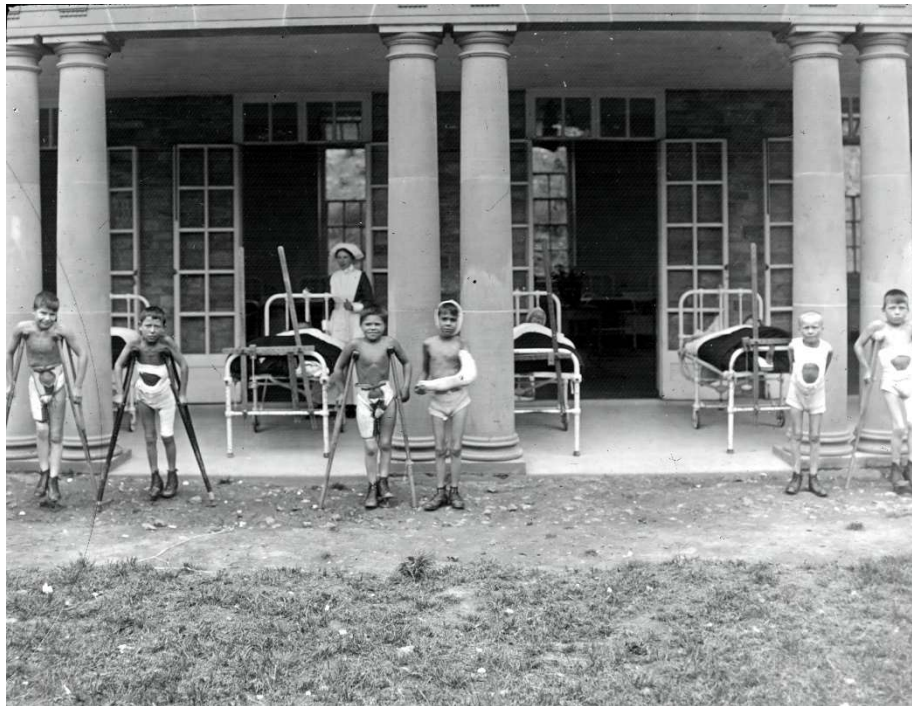
Bradford's proximity to rural dairy farms and its dense working-class population made it particularly vulnerable. Local newspapers from the period reported on milk safety debates, providing valuable research sources.

Beyond Statistics: The Human Cost

Harry spent over six years hospitalised during childhood. Hospital regimes were harsh. If visiting wasn't cancelled by postcard—one parent could visit for just one hour monthly. Children endured months immobilised in frames or plaster, with 'fresh air treatment' that meant being wheeled outside in all weathers.

Despite being written off by society—'It's not worth educating cripples' was a common attitude—Harry fought for education and built a meaningful life. He became an accomplished violinist, married, raised a family, and had a successful

career, all while facing daily discrimination. His story, recorded in collaboration with his daughter before his death in 2022, offers rare insight into these forgotten children.



Boys outside

Preserving These Stories

As genealogists and family historians, I believe we have a responsibility to uncover these hidden narratives. Behind the statistics are children who suffered not just physically but emotionally from prolonged separation from their families. Some recovered and built meaningful lives despite society's dismissal. Others never recovered from the trauma.

The bovine TB epidemic wasn't eliminated in Britain until 1960. Some of the last affected generation are still with us, but their stories remain untold. By researching and recording these experiences, we restore these invisible children to their rightful place in our family histories.

In Harry's words: "People with disabilities were kept away from 'normal' people. We were feared . . . So they didn't take kindly to us appearing among them." It's time these children were seen, heard and remembered.

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(5354)

If you have ancestors who were affected by bovine TB or spent time in Yorkshire's orthopaedic hospitals, the author would be interested to hear from you. Her email address is: helen@helenparkerdrabble.com



*Harry on holiday with sister May and
parents Margaret and Harry*

Helen Parker-Drabble is a former counsellor who explores family history through a psychological lens. Her book 'Yet': A Story of Triumph Over Childhood Separation, Trauma, and Disability tells her father Harry's story. For more information about childhood separation and disability in family history, visit:

www.helenparkerdrabble.com

Facebook: @FactualTales

Bluesky: @helenpdrabble

X (formerly Twitter): @HelenPDrabble

LinkedIn: Helen Parker-Drabble

Holidays

Pat Whitford-Bartle

Oh, I do like me holidays, now and again,
They seem to help with life's stress and strain,
A week in Scarborough by the sea, and especially,
Fish and chips for tea.

Now a while ago I fell and smashed me teeth,
Oh my, I were consumed wi' grief,
Me lovely gnashers, most were gone,
I couldn't smile or gnaw a bone.

My cousin took me off to Wales,
"Don't worry" said she – "you'll be ok.
You'll live to chew another day.

T'hotel chef in Porthcawl Bay,
Liquidised me food each day.
That holiday just got me reet,
I even put back some lost weight.

I got me teeth fixed, what a job;
They certainly cost me a few bob!
Me cousin saw me smile again,
Said she "you now have nowt to lose,
I'm going to take you on a cruise!"



(2980)

Another Foundling's Tale

Vicky Furness

As soon as I saw Rob Barley's "A Foundling's Tale" in the September 2025 issue of the Bod-Kin, I wondered, "Did their paths cross? Did they know each other?"

My foundling ancestor was presented to the London Foundling Hospital on 4 May 1758, four months and eight days before Archibald Gore, as number 8368. So, 1449 children were accepted in that time. I can see from the register page that at least five of the 11 children registered on 4 May died soon after.

This was the time of the General Reception. The Government subsidised the Hospital on condition that all babies were accepted.

The baby's token was a piece of paper stating that he was:

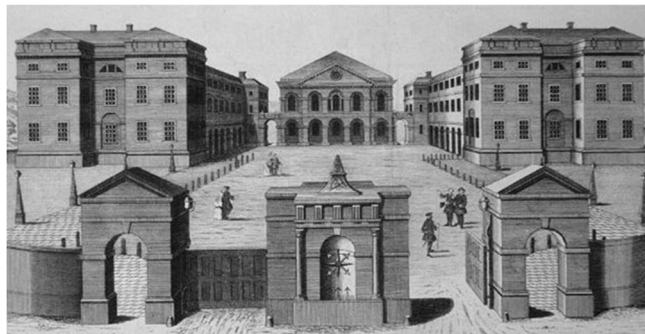
*Thomas Hewheuet, born on December ye 14 1757,
crisined ye first of January at ye parish of St Giles in ye
Fields, and registered*

Newly baptised as William Reading, he was the first baby recorded that day and was immediately passed to Elizabeth Green of St Mary's Parish, Reading as his nurse (a coincidence?). Elizabeth returned him to the Hospital on 17 August 1764 when he began a brief experience of the discipline of the establishment.

On 24 June 1765 William was transported by "caravan" to the Ackworth Hospital. He was educated there until he started his apprenticeship with William Dobson, farmer of Whigginton (sic), York, on 28 May 1767, aged 9. He was there for fourteen years.

By the time William married Mary Thackray of Nether Poppleton in 1784 he recalled his surname as Reather or Reader and variations. My line is Reeder.

So, perhaps William did not meet Archibald, having left London earlier, and apprenticed a year before Archibald arrived at Ackworth. I have sometimes wondered whether lasting friendships were made or possible, in the regimented conditions in which the Foundlings were brought up. (4091)



The Foundling Hospital, Holborn, London: a view of the courtyard. Engraving by B. Cole, 1754 [Source: ©Wellcome Collection - public domain].

Unusual Occupations

Liz Wright

Have any of your ancestors had unusual occupations? My maternal great grandfather, John Lobley Turner and my maternal grandfather, Joseph Hodgson, known as Joe, were both pawnbrokers. Joe was born in Bradford on 30th July 1879. His parents were James Bonnell Hodgson and Judith Hannah Hodgson, nee Blackburn, living at 103 Kershaw Street in the east end of Bradford. He was the youngest of 6 children, all born in Bradford.



Joe Hodgson © Liz Wright

Joe lost his parents at a young age; Judith died in 1885, and James died in 1888: both from phthisis (pulmonary TB). Joe, along with his unmarried sister, Edith Emma, and his brother, John James, went to live with his eldest sister Annie, something that I believe was quite common at the time, when children lost both parents.

Joe, although only 11 was listed as a worsted spinner in the 1891 census, (interestingly, his niece Ethel Mary was still at school, although she was 12). Joseph doesn't figure on the 1901 census because in January of that year he joined the 4th Company of the 1st battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry and was serving in South Africa. He was discharged in September 1902 when he returned to the UK

and took up his occupation as pawnbroker (why the move from spinning to pawnbroking?) – assistant to John Lobley Turner, his future father-in-law. How they met and how he got the job I do not know. Further research is needed as to whether John Lobley Turner's father was also a pawnbroker; as they say, watch this space!

On 27th September 1905, living at 4 New Lane, Laisterdyke, Bradford, he married Phoebe Alice Turner (daughter of the above John Lobley Turner), at St Lawrence Church, N. Bierley. There is a detailed record of the wedding in the Pawnbroker Gazette and Trade Circular, and it is obvious from the description of the wedding, the guests and the gifts, that Joe married 'above his station', or to put it another way, Phoebe married 'down', out of her social class. (My brother and I often speculate about what happened to the family fortune.) After the wedding Joe and Lally (as she was known) lived at Rock House, 91 Smalewell Road, a property, one of several, owned by John Lobley Turner.

In the early twentieth century, pawnbroking was an important part of everyday economic life, particularly for working class communities in industrial cities. Pawnshops offered one of the few ways for ordinary people to access short-term cash. A pawnbroker would lend money against a pledged item – often clothing, jewellery, tools or household goods – on the understanding that the item would be redeemed once the loan and interest had been repaid.

The shops were a financial safety valve for families facing irregular wages or unexpected expenses and because wages were low or insecure, pawning became a cyclical habit with items pawned at the beginning of the week and redeemed after payday.

Public attitudes towards pawnbroking were mixed. Some viewed it as a respectable, even necessary, service that prevented destitution; others associated it with poverty and moral failure. Pawnbrokers themselves occupied an ambiguous social position – part businessman, part money lender, although given his relative wealth and the description of his daughter's wedding, John Lobley Turner seems to have fallen into the first category.

The family stayed in Smalewell Road until at least 1911 and were prosperous enough to have a servant – 15-year-old Fay Taylor. She was possibly employed to help look after the children and do simple domestic tasks. In 1916, Joe and his family were living at 55 Thornton Lane, Horton, Bradford, and he gives his occupation as Master Pawnbroker.

There appear to be no records of what Joe did in WWI. Pawnbroking was not a reserved occupation, and he was of an age to be called up when the Military Service Act of January 1916 was amended in May 1916 to include married men. I made the assumption that he had been in the Royal Navy or the Merchant Navy, mainly because of the anchors tattooed on his arms, but after his service in South Africa, would he have joined the Army? I have found no records of any sort.

By 1921 he and his family had moved to 540 Manchester Road, Bradford, where Joe, still giving his occupation as pawnbroker, had his shop.



540 Manchester Road today

The shop was still there in the 1950s, because I have memories of visiting it, and also staying there. I found it quite gloomy and frightening for a little girl but enjoyed playing with the dog – a liver and white Clumber Spaniel, I think. Being so young I can't remember whether it was still a pawnbroker's or not.

So, pawnbrokers in the family. I find this an unusual occupation given that Bradford was first and foremost a textile town, but you may not agree.

(3403)



Did You Know?

Ken Kenzie

The September 1939 census has many heads of household and their sons unrecorded because they had been called up for the armed services. The Autumn 1939 edition of the Bradford Ward Rolls has a section of 'Absent Voters' which lists members of H.M. Forces together with their arm of service. The details of rank, regimental number, R.A.F. station or R.N. (Royal Navy) also listed, are often a basic requirement for further research in service records.

(1082)

Meeting Programme 2025/26

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

Hybrid Meetings will be held by Zoom and in person on the 2nd Floor, Mechanics Institute, 76 Kirkgate, Bradford, BD1 1SZ

The venue is small wheelchair accessible.

Zoom Meetings may be charged at £2 and all face-face meetings at £1.50 per member.

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

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

Month	Date	Time	Description	Speaker	Type of Meeting
Dec	4	AM	Any more fares please - Stories of Bradford from my father's book.	Mary Twentyman	Hybrid
Dec	15	PM	No Meeting		
Jan	8	AM	Family networks of suffragettes in Bradford	Jennie Kiff	Hybrid
Jan	19	PM	The Victorian legacy – the lives and times of our ancestors through the messages they wrote and the postcards they sent.	Helen Baggott	Zoom
Feb	5	AM	Drop-In-Session - Local Studies Library	Visit	In Person
Feb	16	PM	In Search of Your Scottish Ancestors Learn the basics to start finding your Scottish ancestors.	Christine Woodcock	Zoom
Mar	5	AM	Emma Jane Ingham - Born of boat people, suffered a major industrial injury and had a long life.	Lorraine Birch	Hybrid
Mar	16	PM	My ancestors were Irish, or were they? The origins of Irish surnames.	Natalie Bodle	Zoom
Apr	2	AM	Henry Seebohm - a Bradfordian, who became one of the most important ornithologists and steelmakers of the Victorian period.	Paul Hobson	Hybrid
Apr	20	PM	AGM – Exploring the Secret World of your Freemason Ancestor	Yetunde Abiola	Zoom
May	7	AM	Fulnek, the long journey - Stepping back through history to explore how Moravians travelled to Fulneck and beyond	Mary Holmes	Hybrid
May	18	PM	Getting More Out of Family Search	Alison Spring	Zoom
Jun	4	AM	W. E. Forster: The Man who sent us all to School	Dr. Simon Ross Valentine	Hybrid
Jun	15	PM	Electoral Registers for Family Historians	Sue Steel	Zoom
Jul	2	AM	No Meeting		

Jul	20	PM	No Meeting		
Aug	6	AM	No Meeting		
Aug	17	PM	No Meeting		
Sep	3	AM	Life on the stage: the story of Sam Ranson and Blanche Slater who toured the country as music hall artistes.	Anne Mealia	Hybrid
Sep	21	PM	Buried deep but not lost forever: Discovering your Ancestor's final resting place	Linda Hammond	Zoom
Oct	1	AM	Looking Up in Bradford	Geoff Twentyman	Hybrid
Oct	19	PM	Researching' before 'a novel - The Mourning Broach - A novel based on true life ancestry from 1839 to WW2 - Part 3	Dianne Page	Zoom
Nov	5	AM	Lawless Ladies: a thousand years of female criminals	Trish Colton & Diane Holloway	Hybrid
Nov	16	PM	Open Evening – bring your queries, problems and discoveries to the Zoom meeting	Sue Steel	Zoom
Dec	3	AM	The History of the English Canal System, including the now closed Bradford Canal.	Eric Jackson	Hybrid
Dec	21	PM	No Meeting		

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

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Bowling Cemetery, Bradford
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*Where would your Bradford ancestors have preferred in the Winter –
the Bradford hills or a tropical beach?*



Winter Scene – View Over Bradford © Anne Luciw



(© Wikimedia Commons – author unknown)



*At the age of 86 Doreen was still eager to play football.
© Stefan Luciw (see page 7)*



*Doreen's 1971 football competition winners medal
© Stefan Luciw (see page 7)*