

Who'd A 'Thowt It?

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LONG TIME SINCE LAST NEWSLETTER

It is now over a year and a half since the last "Who'd A'Thowt It?" in February 1995. The way things are going in terms of lack of news, both from the various members of the family and my family research, it looks as though I will be hard put to produce one edition per year.

Part of the problem is my involvement in a number of different organizations. I must also admit to becoming quite discouraged last year when what appeared to be a breakthrough on one of our Irish branches of the family fizzled out. Cousin Kevin Fitzgerald managed to contact a second cousin on the McKeown side who lives in Wythenshawe, Manchester. Kevin reported that the lady in question was very nice and very welcoming. He sent me her address together with the address of her brother who was a priest in Chester, and lo and behold, an address of a relative in Dalkey, Co.Dublin where I have been searching remotely with the aid of a local researcher for over six years.

Imagine my excitement then on receiving this treasure trove from Kevin, who suggested that seeing I

had unearthed (so to speak) most of the information on the family, it might be better if I wrote. This I did willingly, and as diplomatically as I could I wrote to all three explaining who I was and how I had come to obtain their addresses. I offered to supply all the information I had on their relatives and asked if they could in return furnish me with family information. That was a year ago last March, and so far I have not had a reply from anyone of the three.

In my 25 years of researching the family I have certainly learned that many people have not the slightest interest in the origins of their family. Most people are interested in hearing about family facts and incidents as they are discovered, and then there are a few who are really interested in the history of their family and those who bequeathed the gene pool that has made us the persons that we are.

I have had a few ups and many downs over my years of research, but the anti-climax of not even receiving an acknowledgement really got to me this time. It would

have been easier to take if a reply had come saying "sorry, I cannot be bothered, I am too busy."

However, I am in touch on the internet and through email with a group of fellow enthusiasts from the Manchester & Lancs Family History Society—taking part in their exchanges and swapping research experiences does not allow one to be too low for too long.

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Chris and I visited the vast record repository at Salt Lake City again at the beginning of June, and we made some progress on my lines, a little more progress on her lines. In any case, we will continue to hope, and do a little more digging as the opportunity arises.

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BIRTH



It's pretty old news now because of the delay in producing this newsletter, but nevertheless I am pleased to report a new addition to the family as follows:

Courtney Ann BRADSHAW was born at 9 pm on the 19 October 1995 and weighed 8 lb 15 oz at birth. Her proud parents are my niece and her husband **Traci and Ken Bradshaw** of Oregon City, Oregon, USA. Courtney Ann is a welcome little sister for **Nicole Margaret** who is a year older than Courtney.

Congratulations to Traci and Ken!



Horace MOORES (1928-1995)

Just before Christmas 1995 I received a letter from Clifford Moores giving the sad news that his brother, my cousin Horace, had died on 1 December as the result of what can only be termed a freak accident. To quote from Clifford's letter, "Horace was just a short distance from home, it was quite windy and a large branch of a tree which was riddled with termites fell in front of his van. He couldn't avoid it and ran over it, it jammed into the left hand back wheel and slewed him into the tree." He received massive injuries which caused his death.

I wrote to Clifford expressing the sympathies of my immediate family for Horace's wife Pat, his

daughter Kerry and his grandchildren, and of course our sympathies go to Clifford and his sister Olive and their families for their loss.

From Clifford's account, the funeral was a touching goodbye from family and friends to a much loved "Horry".

Horace was a year older than me, and in our early teens we used to pal together when we lived quite close to one another. Horace lived with his family on Asheton Road (or Avenue), in the Culcheth area of Newton Heath, and I lived with my family in a little grocers shop on the corner of Ballintyne Street and Culcheth Lane. Later we moved to Mossley and then on to Newhey,

but Horace and I kept in touch right up to going into the army on National Service. Horace was called up in 1946 and I followed in May 1947. We continued to correspond for a time, but what with both being moved around as is the custom in the army we eventually lost touch. I had not seen him since that time, 50 years ago. Nevertheless, I was shocked and saddened to hear of his untimely death. I am sure others would not agree, but apart from his stature, (he was pretty big), he reminded me facially and in some of his mannerisms of a young Mickey Rooney, vibrant, alive, and full of fun. *In my memory he will always be young.*

George BARNARD (1920-1996)



My beloved brother George passed away early in the morning of Sunday 14 April 1996 at the age of 76. His passing was devastatingly sudden and unexpected. He had been fine as far as physical health was concerned but had suffered a number of memory lapses over the last twelve months.

Chris and I returned from a holiday in Palm Springs on Thursday 11 April. On the Friday I received a phone call from George Robert, George's eldest son, to say that he George Robert had returned from work to find his Dad collapsed on a settee and unable to get up. We still do not know the cause of the collapse, but it was not a heart attack or stroke.

Chris and I together with my son Gary and his wife Alice dashed over to Burnaby Hospital where only I was allowed in to see George. He recognised me and in reply to my questioning said he felt better but his back "was killing him". He injured his back some time ago lifting loads he had no business trying to lift.

The ward nurse said he was much better than when he was first taken in, and that his blood oxygen level was improving after being very low. We were told that he had developed pneumonia but there was no immediate danger. We all left feeling much better and Chris and I went to see him on Saturday afternoon. He seemed fidgety and said he could breathe O.K. but his back was sore. I again spoke to the nurse and she said

that she would try to get him an air mattress to ease his back. She again assured us that there was no immediate danger and we left feeling things were improving. I informed my brother Neville and sisters Renee and Peggy of George's illness by phone, and promised to keep them posted.

My phone rang at 2:08 am on Sunday morning. I tumbled from my bed to find George Robert was phoning. He was very upset and told me the hospital had just phoned to tell him of the death of his Dad at 2:00 am. It was some time before I could take it in. It appears that the pneumonia had advanced rapidly and his heart quickly gave out.



George Barnard, Chindits, approx. 1943

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George was born 9 January 1920 the third child and firstborn son of our parents, George and Mary Barnard (néé Fitzgerald). He was educated at St. Edmunds RC school in Monsall, Miles Platting, Manchester, where he passed the infamous eleven plus examination to go on to grammar school but never took advantage of the opportunity. He was preparing to leave school as I started at St. Edmunds kindergarten, and for a time he used to take me there on his way to school. On leaving school at 14 yrs of age he worked at a variety of jobs including apprentice electrician and coal delivery in his late teens, the latter a comparatively well-paid but dirty and strenuous job. It involved carrying 112 lb bags of coal, the fuel of choice, at that time, often up two or three flights of apartment stairs.

He was always of a generous nature, and spent much of his hard earned wages on sister Peggy and myself. He also loved animals, and Peg and I were often required to go for corned beef or boiled mutton plus a bottle of milk for our cat. I think Peggy still has a scar produced many years ago when she fell while bringing one of those bottles of milk home.

War Years

Shortly after the outbreak of the second world war in September 1939 when he was 19, George volunteered for the army giving his age as 22 so that he would not need to get Dad's signature. He served initially in the RASC in France as a dispatch rider until the retreat from Dunkirk. Part of that time he rode around with a revolver holster packed with paper to make it look as if he had a revolver. There were insufficient weapons to go round. He was able to get on a boat believed to be somewhere to the

north of Dunkirk and arrived safely in England. In keeping with his fearless and adventurous nature he volunteered for training as a parachutist at Ringway Airport in Manchester, and also had a short stint in the Armoured Corps. He spent some time in South Africa on the way to India with the 2nd Battalion Yorks & Lancs. In India, where he met cousins Ted, Bill and Eric Taylor, also in the forces, he volunteered for the Chindits under General Wingate and found himself on punitive expeditions behind Japanese lines in Burma, where his unit carried on a guerilla type of warfare against the enemy. He suffered from Malaria and Dysentery and in general had a rough time of it overseas.

Home Again

He came home from the army in 1945 to our little farm home in Quikedge, Mossley, in the front of which I had mounted a large Union Jack on a flagpole to mark the occasion. I clearly remember the shock when he came home a shadow of the young man who had left, and I, a 16 yr old apprentice electrician broke down and cried to see my hero return.

George found it difficult to settle to civilian life, particularly after the death of his great army pal, Cyril Bratton, of leukemia. He worked sporadically with my father on the farm we moved to at Newhey, in the greengrocer's shop the family moved to in Middleton, and later with me in an Electrical Contractors business my father purchased for us in Levenshulme, Manchester. That business failed and George, after working with my younger brother Neville in a waste paper collecting venture, eventually obtained a job as an electrician.

He married Dinah (Dianne) Sturme in 1954, and in the early 1960's emigrated to Canada with his wife and three young sons to join brother Neville in B.C. His marriage unfortunately failed about 1972 and George went to live out in Port Coquitlam with his three sons.

More Recently

In his last few years he was somewhat of a loner although he loved to read technical and scientific articles and studied mathematics. He always had an interest in unexplained and futuristic matters, and we had many a heated discussion from often different viewpoints. George spent his Christmases, Thanksgivings, and family birthdays etc., with me, Chris and the children for the last ten years or so, and we enjoyed his company. He was a hearty eater on those occasions and always enjoyed himself.

On behalf of the family I gave the eulogy at his funeral which was attended by his three sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren. His estranged wife attended as did sister Peggy, brother Neville, myself and our families.

A number of George's old friends also attended to pay their respects, and after the funeral, in fulfilment of George's wishes, a piper played the lament.

I loved my brother dearly and suffered to see the memory lapses and mental confusion of his last months. Now he is at peace and we can remember his impish sense of humour, his vigour and strength, and his love of a good old-fashioned sing-song.

I will miss you George and I will never forget the brave, adventurous and proud hero of my youth.

Report - 1996 Visit to Salt Lake City

Chris and I left Burnaby in our trusty motor home for Salt Lake on Monday 24 June and we spent the first night with sister Peggy and husband Don Sanchez in Winlock, Washington. The next morning we left for Portland, Oregon and over the next few days made our way down through Oregon via Boardman, Pendleton, Baker and Ontario into Idaho. We stayed in Twin Falls before the final leg of the journey to Salt Lake City where we arrived at 3:15 pm on Friday 28 June, which incidentally was the 102nd anniversary of my mother's birth.

We relaxed for the rest of the day, buying in supplies and walking around enjoying the beautiful weather with temperatures in the high 90's fahrenheit. During our stay it was to reach 104°F, but we didn't find it as oppressive as high temperatures in Vancouver where it is quite humid when hot.

We went to the Family History Centre early the next morning. It was then we realised that we had slipped up. We had planned to spend all the next week in the FHC but had clean forgotten that it would be closed on the Thursday because it was July 4th, American Independence Day. We decided to get as much done as we could immediately and the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Chris concentrated on her family and I on mine, with both of us periodically checking on the others progress.

The 1881 census index was available for the whole of the UK except for—you guessed it, Lancashire, the county I was really hoping to read. However, I was able to confirm that Thomas and Sarah (Brooks) Barnard's youngest daughter Sarah and her husband George Taylor were still living in Beccles, Suffolk. They now had six sons, five produced by Sarah and one by George's deceased first wife. There was no sign of any of our Barnard family, Samuel, Elizabeth, William, Henry or Harriet anywhere in Suffolk. Of course, if Elizabeth or Harriet had married I didn't know which name to look for anyway.

I continued my search in the counties of Norfolk, Essex, Cambs, Herts, Beds, Hunts, Bucks, Surrey, Middlesex and Kent. The only success was in Essex where I finally found Samuel. In 1871 he was still in Beccles. In 1881 he showed up in Dedham, Essex with a new wife, Ellen, who was a native of Stradbroke, Suffolk, and two years older than Samuel. They were the landlords of a pub, the Marlborough Head Inn! I immediately consulted the 1891 census of Dedham and, would you believe it? neither one of them were

there. In case they had passed away in the intervening years, I checked the local burials, again with no trace.

As for the rest of the Beccles Barnards, I suppose they could have emigrated to elsewhere in the country or abroad. When I get a chance I will check the remaining counties to see if there is a sign of any of them. It would be nice to know what happened to them.

A check of the Stockport 1881 census index turned up gt.uncle Tom Barnard with wife Jane (Aunty Jenny as she was known), and children Thomas, George, Mary and Jackie (or Jamie).

Also in Stockport were Sarah (Barnard) Fox, and Margaret and Mary Barnard. (Margaret was not yet married, and Mary remained a spinster the rest of her life). There was no sign of Bill, George or Hannah. Goodness knows where Hannah was, she was 17 at the time if still alive. Bill was known to have visited America, and at 19 may have been over there in 1881.

Update 26 Sept '96

Yesterday, I was informed by email that a member of our Manchester & Lancs Family History internet group had found George Barnard in the 1881 census index of Lancashire. He gave his age as 28 when in fact he would have been 30 in August of 1881. He was unmarried and working as a pipemaker and together with another pipemaker, an Irishman called John Black, he was living in lodgings at 39 James Street, Manchester, which is believed to be somewhere in the Market Street area. Possibly he was working for McLardy's the pipemakers who had premises somewhere in Shudehill. As soon as the index arrives in Burnaby, I hope to find leads on the O'Neills', the Fitzgeralds', and the McKeowns'.

Also in 1881 Stockport, I found the former Elizabeth Walton, who we had last seen with her mother Margaret (Tunercliffe) Walton in 1871 when Elizabeth called herself Hopwood, was unmarried and had three children. When her mother died in 1877, the informant on her death certificate was her son-in-law Squire Bardsley. Chris and I wondered which of the eligible daughters he had married, Sarah or Hannah. Well, it was neither of them. Elizabeth's new name was Bardsley, and she and Squire had 6 children, the three formerly called Hopwood plus an additional three, presumably fathered by Squire, and all six now sported the Bardsley name. Wow! how involved can you get?

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Meanwhile, Chris had listed a pile of information on her family names in Cardiff and in Eastington, Gloucestershire, which we have yet to unravel, but indications are that she will be able to go at least another generation back in Eastington. We know there is a great deal of information in Gloucester record office which is not available in Salt Lake. Anyone know a better excuse for another trip to England?

Please, drop us a line to include in the family newsletter—let's keep in touch! (Any ideas for a family reunion?!)

TRACING THE BARNARD FAMILY — PART 6

The Ancestors of Sarah Brooks

Poor Sarah! As related in the last edition of the newsletter, she is the ancestor that Chris and I have followed for the longest period of time. We were both very sad when we discovered that her life ended in the dark and forbidding interior of the workhouse in Shipmeadow near Beccles. Hopefully her life was not always sad and she must have rejoiced that most of her family survived to adulthood, and at least two of them provided her with grandchildren.

Life for Sarah began two hundred years ago next February, on the 21 February 1797. She may have been born in Beccles or its close vicinity, and perhaps not in Arminghall as stated in the last edition, but wherever she was born she was baptized on Sunday, 5th March 1797 in the church of St. Mary the Virgin in the little village of Arminghall, a couple of miles from the centre of Norwich and approximately 18 miles by road from Beccles where she eventually married and lived for most of her life.

Her parents, Thomas BROOKS and Elizabeth CUSHEN you may recall were married 24 January 1797 at St. Mary's Church, Gillingham, Norfolk. Beccles, a lovely little market town, hugs the south side of the River Waveney which for a great part of its length is the border between Suffolk and Norfolk. Gillingham is about a mile away from Beccles on the other side of the river in Norfolk. Thomas and Elizabeth produced five daughters of which Sarah was the eldest. (It's perhaps as well they didn't have bathrooms in those days...but how did they manage?)

Sarah's sisters were Elizabeth (1799), Lydia (1801), Esther (1803) and Harriet (1808). Lydia may have been the Lydia Brooks that was a witness at sister Sarah's wedding in 1821.

After the birth of her youngest daughter Harriet in May 1808, Elizabeth Cushen died three months later in

August. Just over a year later on 18 September 1809, Thomas Brooks married his second wife Mary Ann THOMPSON, and who can blame him left with the care of five young daughters? The oldest was 12 years old and the youngest 18 months old. There were many BROOKS in the Beccles area and quite a bit of work is still required to find who were family and who were not.

To put the times in context, four years earlier the threat to Britain of Napoleon Bonaparte had been lessened somewhat by Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, and the peninsular war was well under way where Napoleon's weaknesses would be further exploited. Six years after the marriage of Thomas and Mary Ann, the battle of Waterloo was to take place where Wellington and his allies would finally end the Napoleonic threat. The residents of East Anglia had been in the frontline of the threat of invasion for many years and must have been relieved at its final end. I do not know of any relatives who took part in these battles, but it is a distinct possibility that some did.

Looking further back to the birth of Thomas Brooks on 1 January 1774. He was born in Beccles and baptised there by Joseph Heptinstale on 17 February 1774, the son of Thomas Brooks and Sarah his wife. We do not yet know anything more about the elder Thomas and Sarah, but they must have been born around 1850 and so far are the extent of the BROOKS line.

On the other hand, little Thomas's first wife to be, Elizabeth CUSHEN was baptised 2 April 1775 in the same church in Arminghall where her oldest daughter was to be christened 22 years later. Elizabeth CUSHING as the name was spelled in the register, was the daughter of William CUSHING and Sarah GOOCH who had been married in that self same church on

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2 March 1773. They had at least one more child, son William CUSHING who again was baptised in Arminghall on 3 April 1777. The spelling of the Cushing name varied at that time as did most names in this age of illiteracy, and the cleric spelled the name as it sounded to him. CUSHAN, CUSHEN, and CUSHION were common spellings probably due to a tendency to drop the 'g' at the end of CUSHING.

Again, William Cushing and Sarah Gooch must have been born about 1750, and with Thomas and Sarah Brooks (c.1750) are the oldest known ancestors of the BARNARD family, being four of my 64 great-great-great-grandparents.

That is all I can tell you about the Barnard and associated families for the moment, although I hope to discover more in the future.

Recent discoveries

Most people have heard of the *Internet* and the many disparaging reports about its contents, access to pornography, hate literature and so on. As a longtime computer buff and computer teacher I have to admit that there are many questionable sites on the 'Net, but on the other hand there are thousands of sites where knowledge on virtually any subject under the sun may be found if one has the desire to 'root' it out. Genealogy is one of the areas that is benefiting from the *World Wide Web* or the *Internet*. It is now very easy to get in touch with thousands of fellow genealogists all over the world. It certainly does not replace the need to visit record offices, libraries, and other record depositories, but it does make access to advice from more knowledgeable searchers freely available. Following is an instance of the benefits.

I remember as a child and a teenager listening to my Dad tell about his experiences in WW1. On a number of occasions he told of his cousin George Keegan who had been sent to the Dardanelles, and who had died on the beaches at Gallipoli.

Last April, while browsing through the UK+Ireland Genealogical newsgroup, I came across a message from one Patrick Gariepy who was asking for details of relatives in Commonwealth forces who had taken part in the Gallipoli campaign. At 5:45pm on 15 April 1996 I sent the following email to Pat:

Patrick,

Your messages regarding Gallipoli remind me of a research possibility that I have not yet followed up. I remember my father (George Barnard) telling me that when he enlisted in the army in WW1 his cousin, George Keegan (Keagan?) enlisted with him and his aunt asked dad to keep an eye on his younger cousin. My dad finished up in France where he was wounded in the Somme. George Keegan was sent to Gallipoli and was apparently carrying a box of ammunition when he was blown up and killed by a direct hit. I think that they were both originally in the Manchester Regiment although dad finished up with the Seaforth Highlanders.

If you could give me any pointers on discovering more about George Keegan I would be very grateful. Regards, Alan

Lo and behold! At 6:48 am the following day I received this reply:

Dear Alan,

Many thanks for your message, and I can add just a bit.

Your uncle(sic) was killed on May 29, 1915, in the Helles sector of Gallipoli while serving with the 1/7th Battalion (T.F.) The Manchester Regiment. I also have recorded that he was born at Miles Platting, Manchester, and enlisted at Manchester. He has no known grave, and so is today commemorated on the Helles Memorial at Gallipoli.

I am in a bit of a hurry ('wife just got home), so I will forward my standard list of questions to you tomorrow. If you have any other questions, please send them my way.

Until later, Pat.

In such a short time I knew George's regiment, the fact that he was in the Territorial Forces, the date of his death, and the location of the memorial containing his name. Later correspondence elicited his regimental number, 1841. Pat is compiling a record of all those who fell at Gallipoli. Apart from the fact that he lives in Eugene, Oregon, I know nothing more about him, yet he gave his help freely *and thanked me for the little information I was able to give.*

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Although I knew that George Keegan and George Barnard were cousins, I did not know who his parents were or the date of his birth. I suspected that his mother might be one of the sisters of grandmother Catherine O'Neill. When Chris and I visited Salt Lake City in July, I looked up a number of birth, marriage and death references in the UK Civil Registration Indexes so that I would be able to send for the appropriate certificates. One of those was George Keegan's birth.

I received his birth certificate from the Manchester Registrar's just one week after sending a request accompanied by a money order. George Keegan was born in Ancoats (not Miles Platting) on 11 November 1894. His parents were Richard and Elizabeth (Née O'Neill), the latter being Catherine's older sister.

So you see, deciding to reply to a message that I chanced to see in an Internet newsgroup had helped to fill in some of the detail in the family tree. Poor George Keegan. He was 20 years old when he was violently deprived of his future in the war to end all wars.



*Scotland, Milgate,
Old Manchester,
approx. 1890*



Who'd A 'Thout It

is produced by Alan Barnard
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