



B-J NEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE BRITISH JEWRY MAILING LIST
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Welcome to the third edition of B-J News

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EDITORIAL

All I Want for Chanukah...

Well, I would like a new tooth actually, because I have an impacted wisdom tooth which is pushing my other teeth out of line. The pain comes in spurts and proves that until it comes through I am not that wise! But that is not my actual plea: I'd really like a thirty-hour day, please.

It has been quite hard, bringing you this issue of the *B-J News*. We publish at four-monthly intervals, so that we are not constantly working on the next edition. However, between work, the paid kind, and the website going AWOL – part of it seized up – it has not been the easiest of times. (There is a notice about the progress of the site somewhere, sandwiched between the articles.) Our editor, June Solntseff, has done wonders with the editing as always; we would not have a newsletter without her dedication and efficiency. A picture of June is lurking herein! She has roped in her husband Nicholas to convert this edition to its PDF format.

You'll see my overt contributions to this edition have been less. That is because having to earn my living means my life is increasingly complicated. I'm a school teacher, and anyone who thinks that is a nine-till-three job should come and live at my house. They should shadow me for a day: I leave the house at 7.45am and come home around 5 in the evening. Then I sit down to do my "homework", and if I get on the PC by 6 to read emails I feel lucky. I check emails first, making sure the list is OK, that posts are answered, admin queries, including bounces and the "not a subscriber" mails, are dealt with as quickly as I can. Then there are the look-ups, the web page updating, and yes, *B-J News* to attend to.

For those who wonder how the *B-J News* comes to you, an explanation follows. We start by inviting or otherwise twisting the arms of specific people for an article on a specific subject if we have a theme. I send them the guidelines and they return their finished articles as attachments. Sometimes, O Joy!, someone sends us something without being asked, such as Jeremy Frankel's Letter to the Editor. I pass everything to June and we answer any queries.

Sometimes we need our authors – that’s you, folks – to tidy up an article or answer a query for us. Sometimes June throws a conniption and we have to rally all the troops to get an article to her exacting standards; this is usually accompanied by much wailing and gnashing of teeth from all quarters. Oil is poured on troubled waters, and we indulge ourselves with private moans about punctuation, grammar and typing skills: this normally sees us through this sticky patch. Finally, everything comes together and June sends me the edited work (*with a bill for more aspirin, June*).

I copy and paste it all into a word document. I format the text, decide on layout, and add graphics and spacing. When we are satisfied with the finished version, which is usually about 3 days before publication date, I email the word document to Nicholas, who converts it to PDF and returns it to me. I then go into our server and upload both copies of the files. Next I open the webpage; I edit the text and add the links to the documents. Lastly I save all the changes and email the list that the new edition is on the site and ready for download. It truly is all done in cyberspace. June is in Canada and I am in UK.

So now that you know a bit more about the process, perhaps you will consider submitting something to us for inclusion in the next Newsletter. Think about it whilst you are reading this one, won’t you, please? We hope you enjoy our humble (and sweat-stained) efforts. The editor is awaiting your comments!

Sherry

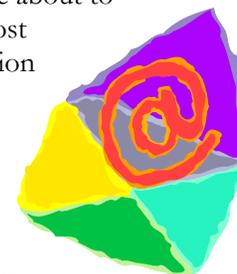
NEXT ISSUE



Our next issue will be out in time for Purim. It will hit the website ready for download on 25 March 2005. Deadline for submissions is Sunday 6 March 2005. Contact Jewish@slanda.fsnet.co.uk with your submissions.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The article, “How to Use the GRO Index” by Sherry Landa (*B-J News, 2 August 2004*) ought to be required reading for anyone about to embark upon their genealogical adventure. It was most illuminating, especially if there is an English connection in the family.



One point I think is worth reinforcing: which quarter to look at. As it was pointed out, the public have 42 days to register “an event”, a birth, marriage or death. However, all marriages are recorded in the quarter year index that they took place. That is, marriages that took place in April, May and June will be found in the index to the second quarter. Births and deaths could be listed in the next quarter after the event. Any birth or death which took place in the second half of a quarter could be registered in the next quarter, because of the 42-day rule. Thus an event, say a birth on 20th November, 1937, could be registered in the first quarter of next year!

I have often used the *Jewish Chronicle* and GRO indexes in consort when looking up an event. Oftentimes I have first found an event in the JC, and then looked it up in the relevant GRO index, so I can send away for the certificate. However, knowing the date of the event doesn’t make life any easier, because it doesn’t mean I know which quarter it was registered in, so I have to look through the indexes of the two quarters.

Using these two databases the other way around, i.e., knowing in which quarter it was registered, still means I would have to look through all the *Jewish Chronicles* for the dates which include the quarter it was registered in, plus the previous quarter. That is assuming the family had paid to have the event announced!

I am reminded that my great-grandfather, Morris Jacob FRANKEL, registered nine of the ten children he and his wife, Tillie née BORNSTEIN, brought into this world. The following are interesting, and show that lateral thinking is an important technique when searching for family members!

Sarah: Mother’s Name: Tilly BITFORNEK
Isaac: Mother’s Name: Millie BORNSTEIN

Israel: Mother's Name: Milly VITFORNIK
Chaie (Anne): Mother's Name: Tilla VITFORNIK
Marks: Mother's Name: Tilla DAMOND
Samuel: Mother's Name: Millie BORNSTEIN
Rosie: Mother's Name: Millie BORNSTEIN
"Harry": no birth certificate yet
Louis: Mother's Name: Millie BERNSTEIN
Reuben: Mother's Name: Millie BERNSTEIN

Jeremy G.Frankel, San Francisco, USA.

BITS & PIECES

Starting with marriages from the Chippenham Register Office, and with many thanks to Diane Waddington and team, October welcomed Wiltshire to UKBMD. Also, no less an achievement, Darlington has also produced a BMD site. Their site is based on their own web design. Both have been added to the UKBMD site along with a few more parish and census sites, so that there are now over 270 sites linked to by UKBMD.

www.ukbmd.org.uk/ SL



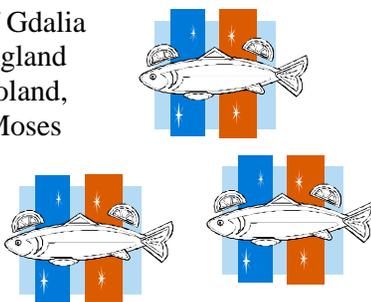
BRICK WALL

I am looking for descendants of the son of Gdalia SCHNEIDER (spelling?), who went to England possibly from Austria, or maybe Russia/Poland, some time during the 1880s. His brother Moses (Moshe) SCHNEIDER went to the USA.

Any help would be gratefully accepted.

Efroim Snyder

Our own website www.british-jewry.org.uk has experienced problems over the last few months with members being locked out of the secure



area. The whole area was removed from the site and pages are being brought back to you as soon as possible. Please make sure that you have the latest versions of pages by using the refresh button. (You can set your browser to automatically search for the latest version when opening a page.) Please be patient regarding certain parts of the site which are still not back on line. We are working as quickly as we can.



CHANUKKAH RECIPES

Recipes for Chanukkah are terrific; there are no restrictions and cooking is allowed. Fried foods feature as a reminder of the one-day supply of oil in the Temple lamp.

Peruvian Whitebait Escabeche Serves 4

800g (approx.2 lbs.) Whitebait

1 tsp salt

Juice of 2 lemons

Plain Flour for dusting

Vegetable Oil for frying

2 Onions, chopped and thinly sliced

1 tsp Cumin Seeds

2 Carrots, thinly sliced

2 Jalapeño Chillies, chopped

8 Garlic Cloves, coarsely chopped

120 ml (½ cup) White Wine or Cider Vinegar

3 large pinches dried Oregano

2 Tbs. chopped fresh Coriander

Slices of corn on the cob, black olives and coriander to garnish.

Marinate the fish in the lemon juice and salt for 30 to 60 minutes. Heat the oil and fry the fish in small batches until golden brown, drain and set aside.

In a separate pan heat 2 Tbs oil and gently fry the onion, garlic, cumin, chillies and carrot for 5 minutes, until the onion is softened. Add the vinegar, oregano and coriander, stir well and cook for a further 2 minutes.

Pour the mixture over the fried fish and leave to cool. Serve at room temperature. Garnish with slices of corn, olives and coriander leaves.

Tunisian Almond Cigars (brilliant with mint tea or black coffee)

Makes 8 to 12

250g (½ lb) Almond Paste
1 Egg, lightly beaten
15ml (1Tbs) Rose Water or Orange Flower Water
1tsp ground Cinnamon
¼ tsp Almond essence
8-12 sheets of Filo pastry
Melted Butter for brushing
Icing Sugar for dusting

Knead the almond paste until soft. Put it in a bowl and mix in the egg, flower water, cinnamon and almond essence. Chill for 1-2 hours. Preheat the oven to 190°C (375°F, Gas mark 5). Lightly grease a baking sheet.

Place a sheet of filo pastry on a sheet of greaseproof paper (keep the rest of the pastry covered with a damp cloth).

Brush the pastry with melted butter. Shape about 2 tbs. of the almond paste into a cylinder and place at one end of the pastry. Fold the pastry over to enclose the ends of the filling and then roll up to form a cigar shape. Place on the baking sheet and repeat the process until all the almond paste is used. Bake for about 15 minutes until golden.

Leave the pastries to cool, then serve dusted with icing sugar and cinnamon.

Serve with mint tea or black coffee.



SIX OF THE BEST

Miriam Margolyes' top 6 web sites (excluding British-Jewry of course!)

<http://www.jewishgen.org/databases/UK/> – FREE but donate if you can. www.jewishgen.org is the home of Jewish resources on the net, including databases, news groups and background on places, as well as much more.

<http://www.movinghere.org.uk/> – FREE. A marvellous new website for all immigrants (Jews, Irish, and Caribbean). Deeply embedded within is the Jews Free School Register from the LMA. Invaluable.

<http://ssdi.genealogy.rootsweb.com/> – FREE. This will find your American relatives. Social Security officially was begun in 1937, with some payments being paid as early as 1940. However, the Social Security Death Index is the computerized index to deaths reported and/or death benefits paid out starting in 1962. The SSDI includes a few pre-1962 entries, but the great majority of those included in this index are from 1962 through the present time.

<http://freebmd.rootsweb.com/> – FREE. FreeBMD is an ongoing project, the aim of which is to transcribe the Civil Registration index of births, marriages and deaths for England and Wales, and to provide free Internet access to the transcribed records.

<http://www.1837online.com/Trace2web/> – NOT FREE. Search the entire copy of Birth, Marriage and Deaths indexes for England and Wales from 1837 to 2002, as well as British nationals overseas from 1761 to 1994. Use the indexes to order the birth, marriage and death certificates you need to piece together your family tree.

www.192.com – NOT FREE. The way to find out who is on the UK electoral roll plus Directory Enquiries & Company Directors.

(Ed: Readers are encouraged to send us their Top Six favourites.)



“AT LAST I LOOK LIKE SOMEONE”

Editor's Note: In B-J News 2 (Tu B'Av issue), we announced that a BBC TV series would like to hear from people who have made unexpected, startling or extraordinary discoveries while searching for their ancestors, and if tracing their family tree has changed their life. For those who missed it, we repeat: If you live in the UK, call + 44 208 752 6689 or e-mail tim.whitwell@bbc.co.uk.

As a result of that notice the BBC interviewed Pam Knight, a friend of lister Stan Rose. Stan suggested we might like to know about her search and Pam gave us the following story before the BBC interview. Pam is now a member of the British-Jewry mailing list. Pam's Story aired on BBC4 at 10 pm on Tuesday 26th October SL



At the age of 35 I needed a full copy of my birth certificate, and when I asked my solicitor to obtain it for me he asked me what my birth-name had been when I was adopted! At first I thought it must be a mistake, so I wrote to the man I thought was my father and asked him to sort the matter out for me; the woman I had always thought was my mother had by this time passed away. My father wrote a very nasty letter back to me, thanking G-d his wife was not alive to see this day and although, yes, he had adopted me, if I ever mentioned the matter again he would have no further contact with me. To say the least I was shattered, although it did explain some strange feelings I had always harboured.

I found that it was possible, with the help of a social worker, to discover my original name and obtain my birth certificate. A few weeks later I learned that my mother's name was Elizabeth NABARRO. The social worker thought she must have been an unmarried mother, as the father's space was blank.

At St Catherine's House in London I browsed the Births and Deaths trying to find my birth mother, and eventually found an Elizabeth NABARRO of about the right age; I also discovered that there seemed to be only one family with this unusual name. I came away with Elizabeth's birth certificate.

I went to the library and wrote down the telephone numbers of all the NABARROs I could find, and I discovered that most of the males seemed

to be professional people; being an accountant myself, this gave me a strange satisfaction.

I also realised that the NABARRO family were Jewish, which sent shivers down my spine, because I can remember when I was a very young child, screaming at the smell of pork cooking, and refusing to eat it. They used to tell me it wasn't pork but I was adamant – I would NOT eat it (my adoptive parents were C of E). Also when I was a teenager and most girls were swooning over Frank Sinatra and Frankie Laine, I had a thing for Moshe Dyan, but he was Israel's Minister of Defence at the time! I also found most Jewish boys more attractive than others. Weird, yes? The other strange thing is that I was told that, almost from the day I was born I had to be surrounded by the sound of music. I later discovered that my grandfather was a violinist in a symphony orchestra and that my mother was a professional singer and dancer. Today I spend almost every week-end dancing, just love it!

I wrote to a Dr. NABARRO in Harley Street; he sent me a charming letter in reply but he could not help me. I wrote to an accountant in London by the name of NABARRO, who told me that his cousin in America was writing a history of the family, and that he would give him my letter when next he saw him.

One day my husband called one of the many numbers I had taken from the Library and he thought he had struck gold. He spoke with a charming young man who, after a long conversation, said it was just remotely possible he was my brother. His mother had died but there was a big mystery about her early years and she had never talked about them. So we met, and I liked him sooo much! I hoped and prayed he was my brother, we had a DNA test completed, but alas, he was not.

So the years passed and never a month went by without my trying some other ways to find the truth. Then, about twenty years later, I saw a newspaper article about a woman who had helped to find a man's mother; there was a telephone number, so I called her and she agreed to help me. For eighteen months she explored all avenues without success. It would fill a complete book to tell all the tales about this. One day she phoned me to say she had contacted the Musicians Union, who had provided the telephone numbers of all their members named NABARRO. She had

eventually phoned a woman who said, “My husband is dead, but I am sure you are talking about his sister who lives in America. I do not have her address but she visited us a few years ago. Her photo was in the local paper; I have it somewhere and will send it to you.”

Well, when I got that newspaper cutting I broke my heart, for the woman in the photo was my double. I had no doubt it was my mother. BUT how to find someone in America?

A few weeks later, out of the blue, I had a letter from the NABARRO author in Chicago, saying, “My cousin from London has just visited me and given me a letter you wrote to him twenty years ago. The book is almost complete now and, although I cannot help you, would you like me to mention you in it?” I said yes, and he did. But then I decided to ask the lady who was helping me here to telephone him and tell him how desperate I was. He mentioned someone in Canada who might be able to help, and she phoned him. He told her he was positive she was talking about his mother’s sister. He was sorry to say his mother had died, and her sister had also died about six years before. Then he said, “BUT she had three daughters and I have the telephone number of one of them somewhere. Of course she may have moved on, but anyway I will let you have it.”

I made the call, my sister Megann answered. Her first words to me were, “I have waited all my life for this call!” It would seem that my mother had told them all about me, and when she was dying she begged them to find me. After an hour’s tears and laughter Megann gave me my youngest sister Shayne’s telephone number – more tears and laughter. Sadly, my other sister Lorrie had died when she was just 38.

Six months later Shayne came to England. She too is an accountant. She stayed for three years, and married a man from near my home. They moved back to Virginia, but I often visit them and all of my other seventeen family members, including my step-father. Megann is an amazing dancer, similar to my style of dancing. For the first twenty-four hours after Shayne met me, she found it hard to talk to me, she said, because not only was I the image of our mother but I had all her mannerisms, and her voice. I even adore my dogs, just like her.

I then discovered that Sir Gerald NABARRO was related to me. I met all his family in Essex and they had a gathering of all my cousins for me. My sister Shayne gave me no end of memorabilia and many photographs. She even had pictures of my father and mother, who had never married, but I discovered his name was Manny GOLDBURG, a wig maker in London. Then I knew I was one hundred percent Jewish! I have found out a little about my father, but not a great deal, and would love to know more. I know that he met my mother in London not long before she died.

So there you are: that is my story and now I feel complete. I have a proper identity, one that I am extremely proud of, and I have a family that I adore. I have no children of my own and have been a widow for the past ten years, but I am a very happy and totally contented person. Until I found my roots I was unfulfilled and I would look jealously at people who had relations who resembled them. It was my dream just to look like someone.

Unfortunately I do not know my father’s date of birth, although I would guess from his photographs that he was of a similar age to my mother. Also, I was told that after my mother became pregnant she refused any further intercourse with him. The story goes that he contracted syphilis and was unable to produce any other children, and tried to get me back from my adoptive parents. He did marry. I cannot find any record of his death, although my cousins are sure he has died.

This is the only mystery left. I would love to be able to discover more about my natural father, to complete the story. The trouble is I am not absolutely sure his name was GOLDBURG. He was known as Manny, so I assume his real name was Emanuel.

Pam Knight pam@knight2431.fslife.co.uk



INFORMATION

Do you care about the future of Archives?

The Government is now considering the recommendations of a major new report into the future of archives in the UK. Let the Government know what you think archives should be doing for you in the 21st century.

Help the National Council on Archives to show how much you care about using archives offices and record offices by writing to your MP.

For more information on this campaign, please visit

<http://www.ffhs.org.uk/Societies/Liaison/ArchivesFuture.htm>

Geoff Riggs,

Director of Computer & Internet Facilities,
Federation of Family History Societies



HOW TO USE NON-TRADITIONAL SOURCE MATERIAL IN A LIBRARY

Genealogists are often exhorted to obtain the valuable primary source documents that detail the nuts and bolts of our family history – the names, dates and places of those pivotal life events. These primary source documents can be recognised by the fact that they were issued by various levels of government, national, regional or local. This creates a certain standard of authority, though it ought to be realized that even these documents can contain errors.

Documents such as birth, marriage and death certificates often referred to as vital records, along with census returns, voter records, military records, etc., form the basis of our never-ending research. If they are to be the nuts and bolts of our genealogy, then what do they connect? The answer is: the kind of information not found in primary source documents.

In a number of instances I have been able to flesh out a life story by finding information contained in what I refer to as “non-traditional source material”. Although the information I have discovered came from one of the best research institutions in the United States, it is the method of

approach, the old “thinking outside the box” syndrome, which is the important thing here. It can be applied to anyone’s research anywhere.

To engage in this kind of research one needs to go beyond the basic catalogue-searching on line. Yes, it is very useful to get a sense of the kind of material the library or institution may hold but, at best, this kind of searching can only guide you to the potentially useful shelf reference location. Having found several areas that look promising, we must go to the library and start working through the books.

I was thumbing through *East End 1888*, the well-known history by Professor William Fishman. On page 143 he recounts how fires were common in the poorly ventilated, high density living and working conditions in the East End of London. The worst fire of the year apparently occurred at 10 o’clock on the night of 18 October when a five-storey warehouse burned down. Fortunately, all two hundred people still working there got out safely. Fishman stated that the warehouse was tenanted by Messrs. KOENIGSBERGER. (It was actually KOENIGSBERG, which I confirmed by checking *The London Times* newspaper.) Neither the fire, nor the address, nor even “Koenigsberger” were listed in the index! Had I not skimmed the pages [of a physical book], I would never have found the story. This certainly was something that fleshed out my KOENIGSBERG family history. An ironic footnote to this is that William FISHMAN was the same “Bill” FISHMAN I had down in my LEVY family tree, who had married my Aunt Doris!

In another research problem, I was trying to find out something about an American who was given the choice of serving a jail sentence, or going to fight for his country in the First World War. As the story goes, he learned to fly in Canada, then went to England and flew in the Royal Flying Corps, becoming one of the top fighter pilot aces.

Part of my creative catalogue-searching was to imagine that a specific book had been written about this person, so I was amazed to discover that someone HAD in fact written such a book! And the person I was researching was one of the dozen or so pilots who had been written about, complete with a full page photograph of him in uniform plus his squadron history!

Another example that comes to mind: I was researching at the University of California at San Francisco Medical Library. Again, I engaged in some creative keyword searching using the library catalogue and stumbled upon *Model Mothers: Jewish Mothers and Maternity Provision in East London, 1870-1939* by Lara V. Marks, published in 1994. This turned out to be a fascinating account of the East End of London, told from a unique perspective.

Sometimes, just wandering along the shelves, pulling out books with potentially interesting titles may result in some unusual discoveries. Perhaps the most unusual for me was discovering the UK Foreign Office and Commonwealth annual directory. As one might imagine, these list all the embassies, consulates, ambassadors, consuls-general, street addresses, phone/fax numbers, etc. What one doesn't expect to find is a complete listing of every staff member in the A-Z listing at the end of the directory. If this is not enough, every entry includes each employee's year of birth, the name of the spouse, year of marriage, date of birth of any children and their sex, and the year of any dissolution of marriage! Why all these personal data should be included is beyond me, but there it is. This information exists for post-1950 directories. Before that date, the entries are limited to the more traditional chronological listing of overseas postings and employment grades.

So what does this tell us? Well, it says that, in this day and age, there has probably been a book written on most conceivable (an even inconceivable) topics and that there is still a lot of life left in decent academic libraries; also that the Internet still only scratches the surface [of what we want to know]. While most of the effort which went into making the Internet useful has been devoted to creating virtual indexes to the "nuts and bolts" kind of records, there is still much to be learned between the physical covers of books.

Jeremy G. Frankel, San Francisco

THE JEWISH CHRONICLE PROJECT PERSONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS 1900-1909



The Jewish Chronicle Project grew out of the need for an index to the Personal Announcements printed in the *Jewish Chronicle* newspaper, published in London between 1900 and 1909.

This project differs in a number of vital ways from the wonderful work of Doreen Berger, in that it is in electronic format (a CD-ROM), every field is searchable (there are sixteen fields), and the information is printable so that specific search results can be retained.

I became fascinated with the variety of entries in the English *Jewish Chronicle* in 1992 when I moved to Melbourne, Australia. The Secretary of the Australian Jewish Historical Society in Melbourne is a lovely lady called Beverley Davis, who was a mine of information and helped with all my enquiries, both the stupid, and the deep and meaningful.

Beverley suggested I look at the *Jewish Chronicle* on microfilm at the State Library of Victoria, where I could scroll through the films and read about all the happenings in the Jewish world. At the time I was actually trying to find out exactly when my grandmother was born – I have a choice of three dates, all in 1900 – that's why I went to the library the first time. The newspapers themselves are a wonderful source of information, not only personal, but about how the English Jewish community actually viewed itself in a changing world.

The *Jewish Chronicle* began publication in 1841. Like most major English papers of the day, Personal Announcements were printed on the front cover; this was discontinued in the 1960s. The first things anyone would read were the Personal Announcements, consisting of Births, Bar Mitzvahs, Engagements, Marriages, Deaths, In Memoriams, Silver, Golden and Diamond Weddings and Tombstone Settings.

I asked Beverley if she knew whether anyone might have created an index to the Personal Notices. She laughed and said, "No, but it seems like a good idea. Why don't you have a go?" I went home and talked it over with my husband, who was very supportive. We had a computer at home, so I purchased a database, not really having a clue what sort I needed. I was

interested in the first decade of the twentieth century and decided to work on that period. Little did I understand how much work would be involved, and how long it would take to complete that first decade!

The project was slow getting off the ground. It took me a year to enter the first year's data into the database. I knew there had to be a quicker way, but I was working full-time and running a business, so the project was relegated to evenings and weekends. I printed out the first year's-worth of data but I was unhappy with the end result and felt that I had wasted my time. However, I was persuaded to carry on and put the second year's-worth of data into the system. This took another year to do and I was similarly unhappy with the results. By that time I had learned how to print out a report in Access but it was still not really user-friendly, and at that point I gave up in frustration.

As luck would have it, when I became a student of Information Management at RMIT in Melbourne, I took a copy of the database printout with me to the entry interview. The interviewer was interested to learn of my attempts and failures.

At RMIT I came across some wonderful software called InMagic, which is a flat-file database system used in libraries and museums for recording collections. It was perfect for my use but the biggest problem was the cost of the software. I was stumped until I learned that the Jewish Museum in Melbourne had a copy of the software, and they very kindly agreed that I could borrow it, as they were not using it. A couple of years later they agreed to pass the licence to me, for which I am eternally grateful.

Now I was able to create the sort of database that I wanted. It is fully searchable in every field, and uses Boolean logic so that multiple fields can be searched. I found I was able to digitise the data using Word, before dumping the data into the database itself. This sped up the process remarkably, so that instead of taking a full year to input the data I was able to do a year's-worth of entering in just three months.

The database consists of sixteen fields – Event, Date of Event, Surname, Personal Name, Position in Family, Parents' Names, Address, Child's Sex, Fiancé or Partner, Synagogue or Place, Ministers' Names, Relatives or

Friends, Age at Death, Hebrew Date, Notes and JC Issue Date. The database contains just over 31,500 entries at present.

Entries are from all over the world, from South Africa to China, Ireland to New Zealand, America to South America, and all places in between. Placing a Personal Announcement in the *Jewish Chronicle* was the best way to keep family and friends informed about the personal highs and lows experienced by Jewish families around the world.

Copies of the database are now available for sale. Please note that they are PC compatible only. For further details about purchase contact

The Jewish Chronicle Project, 3 Walkers Drive, LANE COVE, NSW, 2066, AUSTRALIA

If you have any enquiries about this CD-ROM, please either write to the above address or email me at: jewishchronicle@tpg.com.au

Miriam Pollak, November 2004



HOW NOT TO DO GENEALOGY or A Rose is a Rose is Not a Rose...

Having spent several months of this year searching for a family member, I felt it would be valuable to tell this story, so that you might avoid the mistakes we made.

Together with our wonderful young relative Saul Marks, who is really the family historian, we set out to find a branch of the ROSE family. Saul has met lots of ROSE family members and knows all the anecdotes, while I am rather at a disadvantage by never having met any of them; furthermore this is my husband's family, not mine.

Saul decided that our job for 2004 would be to find Philip ROSE, b.1882, his wife Janie and their son, possibly named Charlie. He knew that a certain young Harold ROSE was said, in the language of the time, to be 'not normal' and might have been unable to hold down a job or manage alone without adult guidance. Perhaps he would nowadays be diagnosed as autistic or withdrawn. Saul knew this family had left England to settle in the USA, so his search began with the Ellis Island Database. He found a listing

for the arrival in 1922 of Philip, his wife Jenny and their son Harold, who went to Jenny's brother in Michigan. The name Jenny was slightly different from Janie but their ages were consistent with what we knew about them, and Harold was listed as having been born in Melbourne, Australia.

Melbourne is my home town and it was easy to find Harold's birth record. There he was, born in 1914 to Philip and Jenny, his father's occupation: Auctioneer. Our Philip was accomplished at many things, so this could easily fit his abilities. The birth certificate indicated that his parents were married in England in 1913 but, even after appeals for help through B-J, we were disappointed that no marriage could be found for Philip and Jenny. On we go.

At this stage I decided to start looking in Michigan for more information and came across an obituary for Philip ROSE, December 1939. What a find! It described his life, his wife and son and place of burial. The year of birth was correct, along with a connection with California and a host of other things. The obituary stated he was born in London; our Phil was born in Stroud, Gloucestershire. However, at the time of his birth his parents had just moved from London, so we felt he may subsequently have genuinely thought he was born in London. Not enough siblings were mentioned either; Philip came from a large family and most of the siblings were still alive at this time. The other thing that didn't fit, though quite spectacularly, was the year of death. Saul has spoken to a number of ROSE family members who recall Phil and his son visiting Leeds in the late 1960s, so it was not possible that the date of this Philip's obituary can be right. We started wondering if our ancestor had invented time travel and died during a voyage, or even faked his own death, in order to start a new life! We knew he was a very intelligent and forward-thinking man, so anything was possible!

A curious piece of information on the ship's manifest mentioned Philip's mother, Mrs E. ROSE, in London. His mother was, indeed, Mrs E. Rose but, although Philip had fallen out with her prior to his departure for the U.S. she was already deceased by 1922. Also, our ROSE family lived in Leeds. A bit odd, we thought.

Furthermore, Jackye Sullins had found a Social Security number for Harold and if Saul's information was correct, Harold could not have held down a job. This was really weird.

I had a brainwave – I'd get photos of Philip's grave and if the father's name was on the stone we'd have further confirmation. However, the inscription was disappointing to say the least – it simply stated, "Philip Rose" and his date of death. Nothing else!

I made contact with the synagogue in Battle Creek, Michigan, where Philip and Jenny lived and asked if anyone in the community knew the ROSE family. After a couple of weeks of impatient waiting I received a reply that there was a family who was well acquainted with Phil and Jenny, who would contact me. Saul came into the picture here and he found the family's phone number. He spoke to them at length and made the awful discovery that there were two families with the same names – Philip ROSE who married a Janie, and Philip ROSE who married a Jenny. This is NOT our family.

Now it all falls into place. There were two Philip ROSEs, who were unrelated. They were both born in England in the same quarter of 1882, and both their mothers had the middle initial E. They both married a girl called Janie or Jenny, they both went to Australia, and they both had just one child, a son. They both later went to America, they both spent time in California and they both worked in a number of fields during their lives! The chances of there being two men with so many matching details must be millions-to-one. However, these experiences clearly prove that nothing is impossible. We made the fatal error of trying to explain oddities in dates as probable mistakes when reporting events to authorities.

We still don't know the name of our Philip's son. We don't know when his wife died, but, thanks to a new lead, we now think Philip died in 1969, which would fit in with the legend around this branch of the ROSE family.

Not all the research was in vain though. The ROSE family who still reside in Michigan and places further afield were most grateful to receive all the information we had gathered on their family, and they were tickled pink we knew so much about them!

Naomi Barnett and Saul Marks



ADVENTURES TO A NEW LAND

Imagine the scenario: my grandfather Avigdor GUREVITZ, aged 27, studying Torah in his spare time while working as a tailor to support his wife Sara Rivka, daughter Hannah, aged 2, and son Yehuda, 6 months. They lived in Shklov, in Belarus.

I don't know much about Avigdor – he was the son of Yehuda (who must have been dead by the time his grandson was born and given his name). I am told there was a brother who was a carpenter and he made a wedding present for Avigdor and Sara, a very large mirror with a heavy carved wooden frame. Proudly he carted it on his back through the streets of Shklov. I believe there were two sisters, one a doctor the other a nurse – unusual to say the least, for the date was 1904.

Avigdor had done his stint in the Russian army but the Russo-Japanese war had broken out in February. Did he receive his call-up papers for the reserve? The Kishinev pogrom had been the year before.

Sara's brothers Alter and Sam had already gone to the USA, to Hartford in Connecticut. The shipping companies had slashed the fares from Libau, Latvia, to New York via Copenhagen. He could afford the fare to Libau, and his brothers-in-law sent him pre-paid tickets for the sea-trip.

On 18 June he reached Libau, where he and 232 other Jews, mainly from the Pale of Settlement, boarded the "SS Thyra". Two days later they landed at Copenhagen and spent two days in an emigrant lodging-house before they boarded the 3,300-ton "SS Norge" of the Scandinavian-American Line.

During those few days Avigdor wrote three postcards, which I have, the last one bearing a photograph of the wrong ship. It showed the "SS Olav", belonging to the same company but somewhat larger. Why did he send that card? Was it the only one in the shipping office, or did he want his worrying wife to see a bigger and therefore safer vessel? We will never know. In all the postcards, Avigdor warned Sara to safeguard her eyes: any hint of trachoma would prevent passage, as the USA was terrified of introducing the disease which frequently caused blindness.

After leaving Copenhagen they picked up more passengers at Christiania in Sweden, and Kristiansand in Norway, for a total of 727 passengers and 68 crew. There were two possible routes round the top of Scotland, one north and one south of Rockall, 240 nautical miles west of Scotland. Captain

Valdmar Gundel chose the hazardous southern route and at 7.45 am on 28 June the ship hit an obstruction and sank within 20 minutes.

Imagine the terror. The ship's seaworthiness had been examined. She carried eight lifeboats, three more than the law required for that tonnage, but only enough for 250 people. There had been no lifeboat drill. The Jewish passengers, with Yiddish as their first language, might not have understood instructions, if indeed there were any. They saw at least one lifeboat, containing passengers, dashed against the side of the ship and overturned. Another lifeboat which did get away was never found; only six escaped, without compasses and little food or water. And my grandfather Avigdor was not amongst them.

Most of the survivors landed in Stornoway, on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides, where they were treated with great kindness by a tiny fishing community accustomed to the tragedies of the sea. Nine survivors (eight children and an adult) died on the island and were buried at a local cemetery in a common grave, alongside a child who had died in a lifeboat. Four of the children and the one adult were Jewish.

In Denmark a court of enquiry found the captain "guilty of want of caution and of faulty actions" but in essence he was exonerated. There was little publicity about the verdict.

Two American descendants of the survivors visited Stornoway: Abraham Zimmerman in 1974 and Carol Brown in 2002. Renewed interest was aroused in the town, and the local townsfolk who had provided a gravestone at the time cleaned up the stone and its surroundings. Newspaper articles appeared and that's when I first heard about Carol Brown.

Carol put me in touch with a young Norwegian history student, Per Sebak, who had written a book on the "Titanic" and then wrote one about the "Norge". Incredibly, the "Titanic" disaster, only eight years later, suffered from the same shortage of lifeboats. Everybody has heard of the "Titanic" but very few know of the "Norge", yet it was the biggest shipping disaster in the emigration run in World War I.

Together, we organised the centenary commemoration held in June 2004. Thirty-three descendants, Jews and non-Jews, gathered in Stornoway where, once again, the town greeted us with great hospitality and sympathy. We came

from Norway, Denmark, the USA and the UK (my daughter and I). In recognition, they gave me a plaque of the town crest.

With us was Reverend Malcolm Weisman, Minister to the Small Communities, who, together with a Presbyterian Minister, Angus Morrison, spoke eloquently of the significance of the event and the bonds of friendship forged by the events we shared. They recited Psalm 23 in English, Gaelic and Hebrew. And at the cemetery we recited Kaddish.

And what of my grandmother? She wouldn't have heard of the shipwreck for many months, but when the news eventually came one can imagine her anguish. Compensation claims were made to the shipping company, but how did she claim? Apparently the company had hired a Yiddish-speaker to help with translating the letters.

She claimed for herself, her two children and an unborn child. Did Avigdor know she was pregnant when he left? The postcards make no mention of another child. Would he have gone if he had known? By December she received eight portions, one for each member of her family, amounting to the sum of £56 that is £2,240 in today's money. There is certainly no trace of that third child: it does not appear in the photo I have of Sara with her parents, Hannah and Yehuda, dated about 1907. Her father said that everyone has to eat, so she opened a grocery shop.

One day, her son Yehuda, my father, went missing and, according to his sister Hannah, was found sitting in a rowing-boat on the bank of the River Dnieper which is very wide at that point, and might resemble the ocean to a very small boy. He was waiting for his father to come home.

In 1907 Sara joined her sister Bunya in Leeds. Again, what courage she displayed in travelling with a 5-year old and a 3-year old! My father's memories were of three things – being hidden under a bed during what he later assumed was a pogrom, travelling through the Kiel Canal on the journey, and his first banana on the docks in Hull.

They settled in Leeds. I well remember my grandmother Sara, a formidable lady who spoke little or no English.

But that's another story.

Elaine Goldman



JUST FOR INTEREST...

Handwriting genes?

When I was a child and was learning to write, I had great difficulty with the upper-case 'H' in our name, HART: it always looked awkward. There is an example of my youthful handwriting on the flyleaf of a book which has survived the years. It says, "This book belongs to June Hart, 3 Norton Road, Hove 3, Sussex", and my eye is always drawn to the two clumsy upper-case letters 'H'. Over time, as I obtained copies of various ancestors' certificates and looked at their signatures, that same ugly capital H kept jumping out at me! And when I examined the signatures of my father and brothers, there it was again!



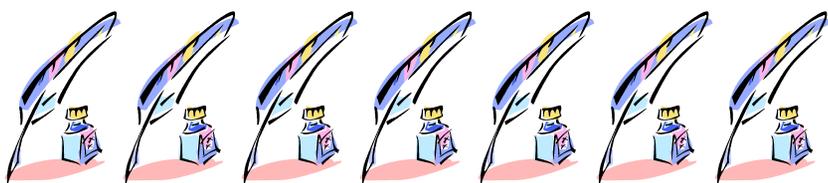
One should not be surprised. Our genes, those mysterious managers of our very selves, evidently don't stop at freckles or hammer-toes, both of which are handed down in my family. I just never thought of handwriting genes.

My fourth-cousin Dave HART posted the useful reference, <http://www.british-genealogy.com/resources/census/#pro-ref>, and I quickly skimmed through it before taking the time to read it thoroughly. Amongst all the fascinating information it contains, I was delighted to see that someone actually accepts the phenomenon of familial handwriting. I excerpt his comments below:

*"...how the census was carried out
...William Neep is enumerated as William Heap. The answer is very simple.
He always wrote his upper case 'N' in a way that looks like a large 'n',
which the enumerator took for an 'H'. (My grandfather, my father, and I all use that
same large 'n' in our signatures! It was something that was passed down through the
family)"*

I wonder how many more Listers have discovered little gems like this in their research. And just in case I should ever be asked to prove my lineage, there will be no need for DNA tests. I can just make a statutory declaration to the effect that my ancestors wrote funny aitches just like me!

June Soltseff



ON VISITING FISHPONDS AKA RIDGEWAY CEMETERY

One of the first pieces of advice I heard when I started researching my family's genealogy was to ask a ton of questions from those relatives who are still living. Unfortunately, both of my grandparents were in their late 80s at the time, and this was not an easy task. My grandmother kept insisting that her Michael LEVY family members were from Sussex, England. I just could not find any connections no matter how hard I searched.

When my grandmother died I helped my aunts sort through her belongings. I came home with a suitcase full of photographs, wills, and miscellaneous papers and when I actually got up enough nerve to carefully remove a couple of the photographs from their album, I made a remarkable discovery. They were taken in Bristol and Kingston-on-Hull. I quickly headed for my online encyclopaedia. Sussex is not exactly close to either of those towns, genealogically speaking.

Somehow my brain's synapses kicked in even though it was 2 o'clock in the morning (isn't that when we all find time to work on genealogy?) and I remembered seeing a new link on JewishGen for the Bristol Cemetery. My great-great-grandmother Rose LEVY was married to Frederick LEVY and, sure enough, a Rose LEVY was listed in the database.

Now you have to understand that I wasn't too hopeful, as there are a lot of Rose LEVYs out there, but as the screen started filling with a headstone I sat there stunned. "Rose Levy relict of Frederick Levy died..." goose bumps rose on my arms. I stumbled into the other room where my husband had fallen asleep on the couch. (His favourite activity while I'm working on genealogy.) I couldn't get my voice to work and dragged him to look at the computer screen. He still didn't get it so I sent off e-mails to both of my aunts. I never did get to bed that night! Each headstone gave me more

information; I discovered the online copy of the Bristol deaths and I regretted that my grandmother wasn't alive to share in my discovery.

In the summer of 2001, my aunts treated me to a trip to England as a reward for all the hard work I'd done on our family's genealogy. We visited the addresses where they lived and worked, cemeteries where they were buried and temples where they worshipped. It was the JewishGen link to the Bristol Cemetery that helped me find my family.

Despite warnings, I had no problem understanding anyone's accent; all the people we met were extremely friendly, and I loved the food. Why would eating in England be any different from what I eat at home? Tasted like the same Thai food, Chinese food and hearty breakfasts that I'm used to eating. Being the navigator, as my aunt tried to drive the wrong way around a couple of roundabouts was a bit unnerving, but luckily we were in rural areas at the time and only the cows would have noticed.

The one major difference we encountered was cemeteries. In the United States, cemeteries are for the most part open. This means anyone can wander in, take grave rubbings, visit loved ones, take photographs of curious epigraphs, etc. This is not true of the cemeteries we visited in England. We found most of them to be behind 10 foot walls, often with an additional drop behind that wall. There were gates with locks barring entry. Who had the keys? Ah, that's a very good question. At two of the cemeteries we were told the key-holder had died. Yes, we started telling jokes. Who could resist? But we used our American ingenuity. Take for instance the Fishponds Cemetery in Bristol. We visited this cemetery on a particularly stormy day, the kind of day that turns your umbrella inside-out. I'm from Arizona, so I wasn't used to this type of weather.

Following the directions from mapquest.com, we spotted the gate across the front of the cemetery. A road crew was working about ten feet down the road from the entrance. Two neighbours came out of their homes in the pouring rain. They were very excited to know if we had a key, as they hadn't seen anyone go into the cemetery in years. Ah yes, I forgot to mention that there's a chain wrapped around the bars in front of the cemetery with a lock securing the chain. The neighbours invited us in for a cup of tea and a chance to use the telephone in an attempt once again to

reach the person listed as the key-holder. They seemed to have heard that he had died, which later proved to be true, depending on who we spoke to.

We had no luck with the phone-call and, turning down the kind offer of tea, we did a quick walk around the outside wall. The Fishponds cemetery terrain, combined with rain, did not lend itself to a quick walk, or a dry one, and one thing was quite clear. We weren't going to gain access by scaling the wall – there's quite a drop on the other side. One of the road crew suggested that we make a note of the type of lock on the gate and visit the local locksmith. We took this excellent advice and drove into town. I was so cold that all I wanted to do was to blast the heater, but wouldn't you know that makes the windows fog up. Did I mention that I've lived in Arizona for almost 30 years? I don't even know if my car has defrost available.

It turns out that the local locksmith was a former police officer. After also trying to phone the key-holder, his advice was to cut the chain and use a new lock to link it again. Hey, he was the former police officer, who were we to argue? We bought the lock complete with four keys, borrowed his chain cutter, and returned to the cemetery. It was still pouring and the road crew had now progressed five feet closer. They laughed hysterically at the American women with the chain-cutter and within seconds they used a chain-saw to cut one of the links.

We spent over an hour wandering from headstone to headstone, saying prayers for our many relatives who were buried there. The rain stopped and the sun attempted to break through for the entire time we were in the cemetery. It wasn't until later in the trip that I reached the conclusion that we were being given out-of-this-world assistance throughout our trip, but since this was the first time, I didn't recognize the help for what it was.

We left the Fishponds cemetery with a shiny new lock on the chain, wondering whether or not anyone else is alive with relatives buried there. Little did we know as we headed into Bristol that it was the cemetery visits that would become the highlights of our trip.

Paula Listzwan



ISAACS AND ISAACS – TWO FAMILIES AND AN IRONWORKS

Moss ISAACS was a South London businessman and a great benefactor of the Western Synagogue, financing a major refurbishment to the building, for which he was greatly honoured. He was the youngest of the eight known children of David ISAACS, the others being Lewis, Elizabeth, Hannah, Jane, John, Henry and Elias who were all born between 1802 and 1823. A possible marriage for David (son of Feiver [Philip?] Lemon Man) is recorded in the register of the Great Synagogue for 31 Aug 1796, indicating that there may have been earlier children born between 1797 and 1801. David was deceased by 1849. The ISAACS of this story fall into two broad family groups, almost certainly related. The question is, what is the nature of the relationship?

Moss ISAACS owned an ironworks on Bankside, London, close to the site of the former Power Station. Remarkably little is known today of the history of the site prior to the construction of the power station in the early part of the 20th century, but the ironworks is clearly shown on Victorian maps; The National Archives have a number of maps which Moss had submitted in support of planning applications for proposed new structures. Clearly the iron foundry business was a lucrative one, for he lived at Fairlawn, Herne Hill, Dulwich, in South London, a prosperous area in the late Victorian period.

It is the ironworks which provides the link to the other ISAACS family group. In April 1874 the *Jewish Chronicle* records the death of Charles ISAACS at the early age of 37, describing him as “late of the firm of Moss ISAACS & Co of Bankside”. Further investigation shows Charles to be one of at least four siblings, the others being Samuel, David and Julia. With birth dates between 1826 and 1837, they appear to be one generation later than Moss and his siblings. Their father was Philip ISAACS, and it may be calculated that a reasonable birth date for Philip could have been around 1800. Arguably, Philip could have been an older brother to Moss, and Charles could have been his employer's nephew. The proof, however, remains elusive.

Why is it so likely that the two family groups were related at all? Firstly there is a strong occupational link. Not only did Charles work for Moss at the iron foundry, but his brothers Samuel and David were also iron merchants. David makes a non too complimentary appearance in Charles Dickens' *"Our Mutual Friend"*. He lived and worked at 22 Smith Square, and in Chapter 18 Dickens describes his characters walking into Smith Square where "...they found a tree near by in a corner, and a blacksmith's forge, and a timber yard, and a dealer's in old iron. What a rusty portion of a boiler and a great iron wheel or so meant by lying half-buried in the dealer's forecourt, nobody seemed to know or want to know." Another romantic family history shattered by the reality of contemporary writing!

Secondly both families share similar name patterns. The names Hannah, David, Philip, Julia, Samuel and Moss appear repeatedly in both groups. Unusually for Ashkenazi families, they appear to have had no hesitation in naming their children after a living relative.

The final link may well be the ANGEL family, ancestors of the well-known London theatrical costumiers. There are numerous marriages between members of the ISAACS and ANGEL families, suggesting that the two ISAACS family groups may be closely related.

Any evidence to show that Philip ISAACS (born c. 1800) was a son of David/brother of Moss would be greatly appreciated. Please e-mail the author at <bergville@clara.net>.



WITH CONSTABULARY DUTIES TO BE DONE...

The story of the first(?) Jewish English Police Constable

Whilst I admit that I have not made an extensive study of Jewish participation in the British Police Force, I am inclined to believe that my maternal great-great-grandfather, Samuel WOLFSOHN (aka WOOLFSON) was the first professional policeman to come from any provincial British Jewish community. The first professional police force was established in London in 1829, and Parliament waited until 1856 to order police forces to be set up in provincial towns, so it is quite possible that Samuel was the first ever Jewish policeman in the entire United Kingdom! I should be interested to hear from any readers in a position to contest my claim with a police ancestor of their own from an earlier period.

Samuel WOLFSOHN was born c.1832. His place of birth is unknown. His father was Wolf WOLFSOHN, a general dealer. I once found a Wolf WOLFSOHN born in 1790 in the Posen area, with a son Samuel; there is a fair chance that this is the family I am researching. It is possible that Samuel's father's name dates from c.1800 when Jewish families in Central and Eastern Europe adopted family names. According to the 1861 census, Samuel WOLFSOHN was born in Poland, but I have found no trace of any naturalization.

It is puzzling to me how any foreign-born person could have learned sufficient English to be accepted for work as a policeman, even if his foreign birth did not disqualify him. The town's police force had a high manpower turnover in its early years; the wages were well under a Pound a week, and the town had a violent reputation. It may well have been that the Sheffield police force's desperate search for new recruits enabled my poor and unskilled ancestor to get work. Other possibilities that come to mind are that Samuel WOLFSOHN was actually born in England, or came to the country as a child.

The first evidence I found of Samuel WOLFSOHN in Sheffield is his signature on an 1859 letter to the *Jewish Chronicle* in support of Rev. Albu, the dismissed minister of the Sheffield synagogue. A kind member of the British Jewry List sent me details of what became known as the "Albu affair", a dispute that resulted in the splitting of the Sheffield community. In his letter, Samuel WOLFSOHN is listed as a synagogue seat holder who

apparently had the right to sit in a particular place but had no say in the running of the congregation. Only synagogue members who presumably paid higher fees could make administrative decisions. Samuel's status might reflect his economic position. However, his signed letter to the *Jewish Chronicle* might indicate he was fluent in English, and that he was not a recent immigrant.

At the time of the 1861 census, Samuel WOLFSOHN was a lodger with the family of Abraham HERMAN or HASSMAN in Malinda Terrace, Sheffield. HERMAN's occupation is quaintly defined as "Jewish Rabbi". This family was sufficiently prosperous to have a servant, 16 year old Mary Massingham. Samuel's occupation is given as "policeman", aged 29. On 17 August 1861, he married Jeanette BASCH, aged 19. One of the witnesses was Sheffield cap-maker Jacob BASCH, quite likely the brother of the bride. The BASCH family has been settled in Sheffield since at least 1855 (see *B-J News*, 2 August 2004). The marriage was performed in the Register office and there is no record in the surviving Sheffield synagogue archives. I would like to think that they solemnized their marriage in the breakaway synagogue whose archives have been lost to us.

Many years ago, one of my uncles had photocopies of Samuel WOLFSOHN's appearances in the Sheffield police punishment book. Once he was fined one Shilling for turning out late on parade, and another time he was fined Sixpence for turning out on parade with a dirty lamp. With the exception of these lapses, family stories give a picture of a successful police career. His fellow police officers used to gather in the WOLFSOHN home and take snuff together. He once caught a burglar who was escaping across the Sheffield roof tops by biting him on his hand. Today such an incident might result in an investigation into police brutality but in the 1860s it earned him the award of a ceremonial truncheon (baton). Unfortunately, the baton and all original documentation relating to Samuel WOLFSOHN have been lost over the course of the years.

The WOLFSOHNs had several children born to them in Sheffield, including my great-grandfather Isaac, born in 1862. Lewis was born in 1864 and Sarah in 1868. My understanding is that he worked as a police officer throughout this period, and some time between 1869 and 1871 the family moved to Manchester. It is likely there was a connection between this

move and Jacob BASCH's business bankruptcy in 1869. The BASCH family subsequently emigrated to New York.

In Manchester the WOLFSOHNs changed the spelling of their name to WOOLFSON, and they settled at 40 Fernie Street in Redbank. This was a notoriously poor and unhealthy neighbourhood and suggests to me a decline in the family fortunes. Samuel WOOLFSON made a total change in his employment and opened up a business as a fishmonger. By 1881 the family had moved to nearby 17 Park Street. I am not sure if the move indicates any improvement in their financial situation.

Samuel passed away in Park Street on 14 December 1885, with his son Isaac present. The death certificate records his age as 50. His widow Jeanette continued the fishmonger business until she died c.1903. Isaac and his daughters developed the business further into poultry dealing, and this continued into the 1950s. Although the family have an number of descendants in Manchester and other areas, none of them carries the name WOLFSOHN or WOOLFSON today.

Shimon (Steven) Fraiss

Shimon@bigfoot.com

(Readers will notice many assumptions in this article, though they did not detract from its interest. We warn Listers of the hazards inherent in this practice! Ed.)

FROM THE PROVINCES



Yorkshire, Hull

<http://www.war.hullwebs.co.uk/> The Hullwebs database of those who died in the service of our country lists all known residents, ex-residents, close neighbours, visitors and those who served the residents of Hull and her neighbours. The database

has been many years in the making but the reward is in knowing that the webmasters have helped ensure that the memories will continue to live on. They appeal for photos and further details of anyone that you may know of.

Yorkshire, general

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/jeffery.knaggs/YD.html> is a great site which has death notices from many of Yorkshire's local papers.

TNA NEWS

From January 2005 TNA will provide a Freedom of Information research service, with the help of temporary staff, until such time as the nature and volume of FOI enquiries can be defined more precisely, probably after 6-12 months. Prior to the introduction of the FOI service in January 2005, we shall launch a pilot paid research service from 1st October 2004. The charge will be £15 per 15 minutes research, including VAT. See <http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/> for further details.

FAMILY HISTORY FAIRS

There is not a lot going on in the UK in the winter. List below taken from GENEVA site <http://geneva.weald.org.uk/>

Dates to note December 2004-March 2005

December	11	SoG, LND	<u>Advanced Palaeography (full-day)</u>
December	24-28	<u>SoG, TNA(PRO) and FRC</u>	<i>Closed for Christmas Holiday</i>
January	1-3	<u>SoG, TNA(PRO) and FRC</u>	<i>Closed for New Year holiday</i>
January	30	Bracknell, BRK	<u>The Bracknell Family History Fair</u>
February	13	Crawley, SSX	<u>The Sussex & South London Family History Fair</u>
February	20	Bath, SOM	<u>The Bath & Somerset Family History Fair</u>
March	13	Port Sunlight, CHS	<u>The Cheshire and Merseyside Family History Fair</u>
March	19	Pudsey, YKS	Family History Fair

We hope you have enjoyed this edition of the B-J News. If you have any comments or suggestions please email us B-JNEWS@slanda.fsnet.co.uk