

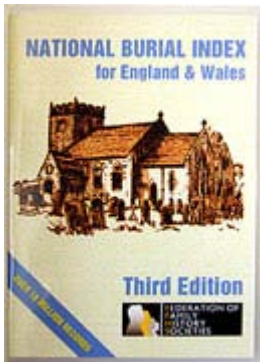


Notice Board

➔ National Burial Index Edition 3

The club now owns the National Burial Index on CD. Which contains information provided in the National Burial Index, taken from parish, non-conformist, Roman Catholic and cemetery registers, this includes the following:

- **County of burial**
- **Parish or cemetery where the event of burial was recorded**
- **Date of burial**
- **Forename(s) of the deceased**
- **Surname of the deceased**
- **Age**
- **The society or group or individual that transcribed the record**



➔ Happy 80th Birthday to Ray Sears for last month

➔ Genes Reunited

NEW fully indexed birth records
www.genesreunited.co.uk

➔ Scotlands People

Scotland's people have updated their website and in addition added many new features to help the user. New records include new Catholic records, modern indexes to 2009, and a major indexing update of all current records.

www.scotlandspeople.gov.uk

SKELETONS IN THE CUPBOARD?



No 90, BRICK LANE E1.

RESIDENCE OF JOHN
JOHNSON, LYDIA JOHNSON
NEE CARLIER, JOSIAH
CARLIER (FATHER IN LAW)
AND CHILDREN.
1861.

There are TV programmes about it, college courses on it, books about it, everyone's at it! Family history, genealogy, there are lots of names for it!

Yes, its fascinating stuff, obsessive, to say the least! Trust me, I should know; I have been "hooked" for years!

Be Warned! Those skeletons will shake, rattle and roll their way out of your cupboards!

It all began for me with my Dad's nose. "It's cos ees part French!" someone in the family chirped. I rightly assumed that it was the shape that was being referred to. Small and straight. "It's 'is back too. Goin' just like 'is father's!" Hmm...Dad did stoop a bit but I had never really taken much notice. My East End relative continued with gusto. It was time for me to "av a word with 'im - 'im being my Dad!"

I was instantly disappointed. Dad mumbled on about French relatives from long ago and something about weaving but soon tired of the conversation and seemed much more interested in the growth of his geraniums and feeding his canaries. Little did I realise at the time, the significance of these innocent pursuits. It would be thirty years later before I was able to document Dad's remarkable family history, my family history. Sadly, dad would not be alive to read it.

It took at least ten visits to the Family Records Office in Middleton Street, London (now relocated at the London Metropolitan Archives) to get me started. With the benefit of hindsight, I should have just asked someone what to do! I just floundered around in a sea of papers until eventually; I worked out the system for myself. As for the microfiche, well, thank goodness for computers, which I discovered soon after!

Family research should be "a doddle" now, I thought, having found the "world wide web", but to my horror, I had forgotten to save my work on more than one occasion and longed for the comfort of those huge, leather-bound quarto volumes!

My tree started to grow rapidly. Parents, Grandparents, Great Grandparents. I had them in place with relative ease. (Excuse the pun!)

I would stare for hours at the beautiful Christian names of my ancestors. Names like Joshua, Jacob, Abraham, Lydia and foreign sounding surnames such as Carlier and Le Fevre. I just wanted to talk to them, find out about their lives, where they lived and what they did for a living.

Initially, the nearest I could get to form a picture of my ancestors lives was by looking at the census returns. A census has been taken in the United Kingdom every ten years since 1801, except 1941 (World War Two was raging at this time) the earliest census returns are not much use to us "genealogists" but those for 1841(now more legible) to 1911 are great. They are all on line now and give enough details to inspire the researcher to look further into their family history. It's not quite so easy before 1837! You need to search Parish records. I had visions of tramping through churchyards and peering at ancient gravestones, just like they do on the movies! Once again the good old computer saved my legs. The Church Of The Latter Day Saints has millions of records on line going back centuries. Although not perfect, most of my search of their extensive database has proved reasonably accurate and very rewarding. I was able to find my ancestors in the eighteenth century quite easily.

Well, now I have got you hooked on this family research obsession, I will bring you up to date with my family history.

My paternal grandmother's family were Huguenots. French refugees fleeing religious persecution from France. In 1685 Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes that was signed by Henry IV in 1598 which had guaranteed religious toleration to the Protestants in France. My ancestors had to leave their beloved France and came to England.

They had many skills including silk weaving and brought their beautiful craft to the East End of London in the eighteenth century. They eventually integrated into society and prospered until importation of cheap silk from the Far East led to their demise.

My ancestors survived the terrible living conditions of the East End at that time and continued to earn a living by weaving gaining work wherever they could. Stopped low in the lofts of the weavers' houses in appalling cramped conditions they remained stoic and cheerful. Drawings and photographs show window boxes full of well-tended flowers and pretty songbirds in ornate iron cages; still a passion with my family today. I am proud of their tenacity and like to think I have inherited some of their amazing strength of character.

I have taken a fantastic journey into the past and I am not finished yet!

Skeletons in the Cupboard! Yes, there have been many. Children born out of wedlock, bigamists, even a murderer? But it's all worthwhile. Who knows what I will find next! Don't let it worry you, be brave and take a look into your past. After all, without all those colourful characters, you would not be here now! Happy researching!

Article by Iris Hill 2010

Historic Fact 1

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot & then once a day it was taken & sold to the tannery. If you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor". But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot they "Didn't have a pot to Piss in" and were the lowest of the low.



Historic Fact 2



...Which used to have gallows adjacent. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course) to be hung, The horse drawn dray, carting the prisoner was accompanied by an armed guard.

Who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would like "ONE LAST DRINK". If he said YES it was referred to as "ONE FOR THE ROAD" If he declined, that prisoner was "ON THE WAGON"

Contribute to the Newsletter

Tell us how your getting on with your research so far and have you discovered any hidden skeletons you want share with us. Have you come across some unexpected Ancestors, lost relatives, a famous Ancestor? Or do you have any old photos and stories you would like to share in the newsletter, it's all history and we'd be happy to hear it.

Email: cheryl@familypast.co.uk