



# Roberts

## A Family Album





# **Roberts**

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**Photographs, Facts and Recollections**

**Written, Compiled and Edited by  
Graham Roberts  
April 2020**

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# Roberts

A Family Album

by Graham Roberts (born 7th November 1947)

In the fullness of time, some details about one's ancestry are lost, mislaid or forgotten. They can never be recovered.

I am in possession of photographs of my forebears, passed down to me by my mother and father. In addition I have a number of birth, marriage and death certificates as well as other pieces of family history\* which themselves do not form a part of this volume, other than the dates I have gleaned from them.

The photographs are a random collection, the earlier ones being mostly unmarked, so that the subject would be unknown to most, but I wanted to assemble them so they would make sense; Who were these people? When were the photographs taken? How do the subjects fit into the family tree ? etc.

I have included, where they exist, photographs that show fashions of the period, with people mostly at leisure.

Equally important, I have included information about the individuals which has been passed down to me by my parents and grandparents, information which cannot be found anywhere else, but which gives a better understanding of them and the lives they led.

The earliest photograph is probably from around 1900 (photography was a mid 19th century invention)

Some had deteriorated over time; some were torn; some were scratched. A few were retrieved from a waste paper basket, having been discarded as having no interest or value. Some were of poor quality. These have been digitally restored, but only in so far as to repair them whilst still retaining the essence of their age.

This volume is centred on the Roberts family and, partly because of the availability of photographs, also includes my own maternal forebears (the Wilkinson family).

It is written from my own perspective.

## But who is it for?

The volume is primarily for my direct descendants, the youngest of whom is Joseph Isaac Roberts and on whom the continuation of the Roberts line now depends.

I could not resist including images from today's generation. It gives a sense of completion, but it is for that generation to build their own volume, perhaps with their own maternal lines included. At least they will have no shortage of imagery as photography is now ubiquitous.

Graham Roberts, April 2020

Notes: The original photographs and other documents are all separately filed and all the digital images have been stored electronically.

\*Includes invoices for furniture and wedding flowers and receptions, birth announcements, wills, graduation gazette, etc.

# The Roberts Family Line

Joseph-----Sarah



Richard-----Hannah Fielden

Henry (Harry)-----Elsie Elizabeth Twemlow



Cyril-----Vera Wilkinson



Graham-----1.Susan Elizabeth Bell

2.Margaret Cammidge né McDermott



Richard Andrew-----Sarah Elizabeth Murray

Joseph Isaac



## The Roberts Line

The Roberts family originates from Herefordshire and Shropshire. They were working class artisans of no particular note.

There are no images of Joseph Roberts (b 1833). He was my great-great grandfather. He was born in Yarpole, near Ludlow, Shropshire. In the 1861 census, he is shown as living with his uncle and aunt, George and Martha Roberts in Shropshire.

It appears that the family moved to Todmorden around 1863, initially to the Knowlwood area of the town, but by the time of the 1881 census, Joseph, then 48, lived at 28, Pexwood, with his wife Sarah (b1835) and their three sons, Richard James (25), William (18) and Alfred C (15) and their daughter Alice Maria (19).

Father, Joseph, is shown as being a joiner, and son Richard James, my great grandfather, a journeyman printer.

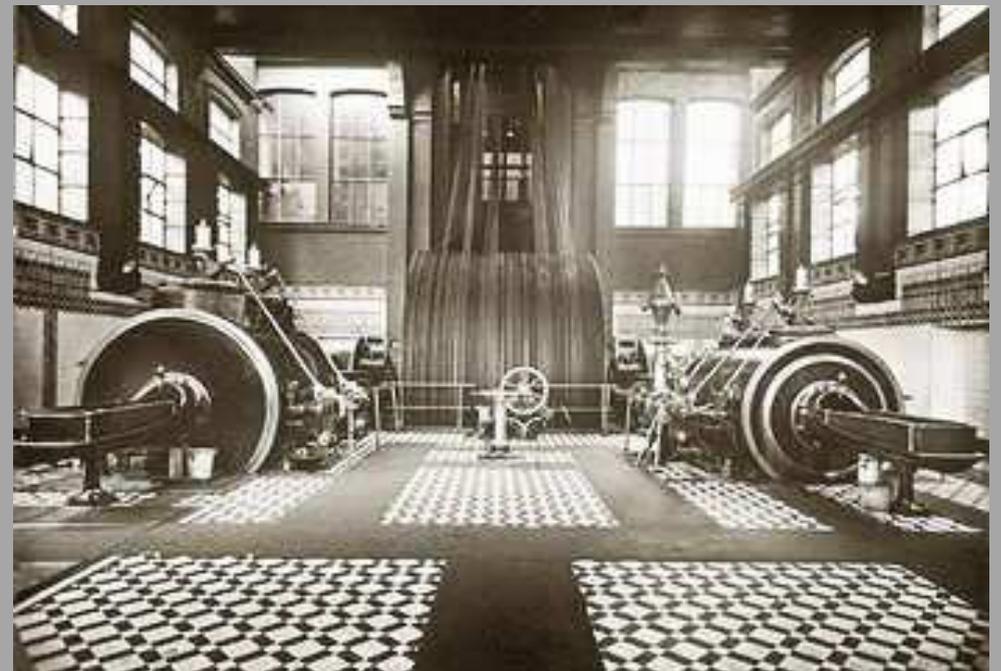
Todmorden was a Lancashire\*\* mill town where many of the family probably worked long hours for low wages in the cotton industry. At least some of them worked at Mons mill. The cotton industry went into steep decline in the early 1950s.

It was my grandfather Henry (Harry) Roberts who, by starting his own coal delivery business in the 1940s, lifted the family from the bottom rung.

\*\*The Yorkshire/Lancashire border ran through the centre of Todmorden, until 1888 when the border was moved so that the town was entirely within Yorkshire.



Mons Mill, Todmorden



Mons Mill Engine Room



Richard James Roberts and Hannah Shackleton né Fielden

This, the earliest photograph in this volume is of Richard James Roberts, my great grandfather, (b about 1856) with his wife Hannah (b1856).

They married in 1883. Hannah was a widow, having been married to a Mr Shackleton, but her maiden name was Fielden, daughter of William Fielden.

Richard James was a Journeyman Printer and they had four children; Martha Alice, Henry (my paternal grandfather), Margaret and Charles Richard. Hannah worked as a cotton weaver.

They lived in the Knowlwood area of Todmorden at 1 Hill Place (presumably now demolished)

Most people in the area worked in the cotton mills and apart from Richard James himself, this is likely to have been the case with the Roberts'

The photograph of Richard James and Hannah is typical of the studio photography of the time and probably dates from about 1900. Richard is seated, his shoes well-shined while Hannah stands dutifully by his side. It is clear that she was a rather large woman and I was told by my father that she was a rather forceful character, which certainly comes through in the photograph.



## Henry (Harry) Roberts

Henry "Harry" Roberts (b1889) was my paternal grandfather and was always known as Harry. In fact the first time that I knew he was called Henry was at his funeral when his real name was inscribed on the brass plaque on his coffin.

He was a heavy drinker in his younger days, possibly a bit of a tearaway, but he promised my father that his grandchildren would never see him intoxicated and we never did. He became a reformed character.

He was born in Todmorden and was rather entrepreneurial. He was employed in the cotton spinning industry at Mons mill, Todmorden and became involved in the running and maintenance of the large steam engine which powered the mill and in the maintenance of the fleet of steam powered delivery wagons.

It was his acquired skill of maintaining vehicles and observing wagon loads of coal being delivered to the engine house that inspired him to buy a wagon of his own which he could personally maintain, and start a retail coal delivery business.

H Roberts, Coal Merchants was established.

Henry "Harry" Roberts as a Young Man

Later, as business improved, he brought my father into the business (H Roberts and Son). At this time Henry bought a tipper wagon and started delivering loads of coal to the Mons Mill engine house that he knew so well.

The business grew and at its best it ran four wagons, but it went into decline after the passing of the Clean Air Act of 1956, which significantly reduced the demand for coal for open house fires. The business was sold for a much reduced sum in 1959.

Harry was married to Elsie Elizabeth Twemlow (b 1886, Oldham) and my father, Cyril, their only child, was born in 1913.

I thought a great deal of my grandfather Harry. He was the sort of grandad who wanted to “treat” his grandchildren and was very proud of my brother Peter and me. I recall him making me a sledge in the Winter, a “trolley”, a garage for my pedal car etc. He was always happy for me to spend the day with him in the school holidays, as he delivered tipper loads of coal.

He was keen to travel and in the mid 1950s took a European tour down the River Danube, returning home with memories, cuckoo clocks and musical boxes.

His wife did not want to go, but he was determined, went on his own and never regretted it.



Elsie Elizabeth Roberts né Twemlow



Harry Roberts



Harry Roberts with Cigar

Note the RAC lapel badge. This was in the days when the RAC breakdown men drove a motorbike and sidecar and had to salute approaching RAC members. The sidecar contained tools and spare parts used in regular breakdowns. These photographs were taken by a neighbour who was clearly a competent amateur photographer. They really do capture the essence of how I remember him; a working man who could dress smartly.



Elsie Elizabeth Twemlow (left) with Half Sister Sarah Alice Greenwood



Harry and Elsie Roberts in Blackpool

## Cyril Roberts

Cyril Roberts (b 1913 d 1984) was my father (Dad). He was the only child of Henry (Harry) Roberts and Elsie Elizabeth (né Twemlow). He was born in Nelson, Lancashire, but almost immediately afterwards moved to Todmorden. This is possibly because his mother was in Nelson for her confinement.

I know little about his youth, but straight from school, which he would have left at age 14, he worked at Mons mill in the card room. Carding is a mechanical process that disentangles, cleans and intermixes the cotton fibres to produce a continuous web suitable for subsequent spinning into yarn.

There was a local tradition that young people would go out on Saturday and Sunday evenings on "The Monkey Run". This was an area in the town from the market to the top park gates where they would walk, solely to meet their future partners. The young women would walk linked by the arms and the young men would try to catch their eye. When you "clicked" with someone the couple would walk together along a quiet road at the back of the park golf course called "Lovers' Walk". This is where Cyril met Vera Wilkinson, my mother(Mum).

Their backgrounds could hardly have been different; Dad's father was a heavy drinker and Mum came from a strictly non-drinking Methodist family. Nevertheless they married on 16th September 1939 at Lumbutts Methodist Chapel with an alcohol-free reception in the Sunday School beneath.

After they were married they lived in Peel Street, Todmorden (now demolished). Mum told me that Peel Street was all they could afford. It was rented and had a large black range in the downstairs room, which Mum had to black lead frequently. Dad was still working in the cotton industry and Mum worked in a sewing factory in Hebden Bridge. At some stage they moved to 63 Cambridge Street which they were buying with a mortgage.

Dad joined his father Harry in the coal delivery business, which had started to grow and which was renamed "H Roberts and Son". During WW2 Dad's occupation was "reserved" as he was keeping homes and factories supplied with essential fuel for heat and power.

Dad's was a hard physically demanding job and he developed a body-builder physique, but it was also a dirty job and he would come home with a coal-dust black face every night, sometimes wet through if it had rained all day.

Dad was never a chapel-goer, but being married to Mum, he would attend on special occasions and enjoyed the singing. He would also enjoy the extensive social side of chapel; dances, whist drives, concerts and gift fairs.

He was the opposite of his father in that he did not smoke or drink. "Those who smoke and drink never have any money!" and he instilled in us a sense of the value of money and the advantages of a debt free life. He demonstrated the value of saving by being able to splash out on the latest technology. He bought one of the first radiograms, a Ferguson, with VHF radio and a record turntable with the new 45, 33 and 16 rpm speeds in addition to 78rpm. When I started singing he bought a Grundig tape recorder so he could record me, and we were one of the first houses in the street to have a television in 1953, an Ambassador which cost £100, just in time for the Coronation (our house was full of neighbours). He also bought one of the first colour televisions in the early 1970s, a huge model in a teak case. He thought it marvellous!

The first Ambassador TV was a 2 foot cube with a 12 inch screen and received one TV channel (there were no others). When ITV launched we had to buy a large converter box which sat on the top and enabled us to see the extra channel, although the reception was terrible, even though an aerial dedicated to the additional channel had been attached to the chimney.

Before I was born, Mum and Dad had a motorbike and sidecar. Brother Peter would sit in the child seat behind mum who was in the main passenger seat of the sidecar.

After I was born, Dad bought a series of second hand cars, and with the help of my grandad was able to maintain them. He started with a Morris tourer but I recall two black Standard Twelves, and as the business did well he bought a brand new Ford Prefect in light green. Prior to this, cars were only black, grey, brown or dark blue.

Mum and Dad would take us to Great Yarmouth on two weeks Summer holiday by car and then, every year for six years to the Isle of Wight. This was a real adventure. In the days before motorways (and very few dual carriageways), the 270 mile journey was ambitious and the great excitement was that we would drive through the night arriving in the ferry car park at Lymington the following day, where we would rustle up bacon sandwiches on a Primus stove ahead of catching the 9am ferry to the island



Cyril Roberts as a Young Man with Scouts Lapel Badge

Dad was a really hard worker and very fair in all his dealings with people. To some extent he was too trusting.

However, the Clean Air Act of 1956 reduced the demand for house coal and his business declined. In 1959, he virtually gave the business to his faithful remaining employee, David Henry, who ran it with a friend for a couple of years until it closed.

Mum and Dad then bought Lydgate Post Office in the town which was a sub post office and grocers. With everything he did, he was fastidious and he improved the business considerably, but after some health problems and seeing the start of the demise of the corner shop, they decided in 1967 to sell up and start a new life in Cleveleys, near Blackpool. They bought a semi-detached house on Kirkstone Drive at Norbreck.

Whilst there, Dad worked for a dairy and Mum worked at Palm Court, a Methodist guest house on the promenade and later in a sports shop.

Although they said they liked living there, there seemed to be little sense of community, and they appeared to be somewhat unsettled.



Cyril Roberts as a Young Boy



Cyril Roberts: All toddlers were dressed as little girls until about four years

My brother Peter and his wife Carole also moved to Blackpool and started a family, but later returned to Todmorden.

After Dad's retirement in 1978, they realised that they missed their home town and all it had to offer, so returned to Todmorden living near to Peter and Carole and their two grandchildren in a refurbished cottage on Ramsdenwood Road.

During retirement Mum and Dad visited old friends in Sydney, Australia, staying for three months in what was the trip of a lifetime.

In the early 1980s, Dad battled with cancer, passing away on 8th April 1984 at Birch Hill hospital, near Rochdale and was cremated at Burnley crematorium, shortly afterwards.

Mum and Dad were working people from working class backgrounds. They were good people who had high standards who would help anyone.

They worked hard for what they got from life and they had a long and strong marriage and were exceptional parents to my brother Peter and me. They took great pride in our achievements and we never let them down.



Cyril and Vera at the Seaside



Vera Roberts né Wilkinson



Cyril Roberts and Vera Roberts né  
Wilkinson



Cyril and Vera's Wedding 1939

A formal studio wedding group. Back row l to r: Walter Brierley, Fred Davies, Cyril, Vera, Charles Thomas Wilkinson, Norris Wilkinson: Front row l to r: Connie ?, Olive Brierley né Wilkinson.

The wedding was held in September 1939 at Lumbutts Methodist Chapel, with which the Wilkinson family was associated for the whole of their lives. The reception was in the Sunday School, below the chapel. Toasts were made using cups of tea!

Fred Davies was best man and a lifelong friend of Cyril and Vera who, with his wife Gladys, emigrated to Australia as a "£10 Poms". Connie was a work friend of Vera.



Cyril and Vera in a Photo Booth?



Cyril and Vera with Fashions of the Day

The photograph above left shows Cyril wearing a double-breasted suit and a shirt with stiff detachable collar. On the right Cyril's Oxford Bags and matching cap were all the rage and Vera's white shoes and socks and Cyril's two-tone brogues were very fashionable. Photographs taken in the 1930's.

Cyril and Vera at a Lumbutts Wedding



Cyril and Vera Cutting a Celebration Cake



Vera



Cyril from a Passport Photo about 1975

## The Wilkinsons

My mother Vera was a Wilkinson. The Wilkinsons were Methodists and life-long members of Lumbutts Methodist Chapel near Todmorden. Charles Thomas Wilkinson (b 1886), my maternal grandfather (left), was “upright” and the treasurer of the chapel for many years. Some might say they were “narrow minded”, others, “high principled”; but they were good Christian people. My mother, Vera was similarly minded for many years, but in later life she perhaps realised she was missing out and enjoyed the lighter side of life.

In December 1915, Charles Thomas enlisted as a private (6179) in the West Riding Regiment in the 1914-1918 war, serving in the front line trenches, but was invalided out, suffering from trench feet on 25th October 1917. He rarely spoke about the war except to say that “It was awful” and he was pleased to “get his ticket back to Blighty” but then spent 6 months in hospital in danger of losing both feet.

He was born at 13, Lumbutts, the son of Crossley and Sophia Wilkinson and married Annie Mary né Roberts in 1911. They had three children; Norris (b 1914), Vera, my mother (b 1916) and Olive (b1921).

He worked as a grocery manager for the Cooperative Wholesale Society for the whole of his life at various branches in the Todmorden area. He had a long and happy retirement and died at age 87 while temporarily living with his daughter Vera near Blackpool.

Norris married Edith Wilkinson and had 2 children, Alan and Mary. Olive married Walter Brierley and had 4 children; Gillian, Valerie, David and Geoffrey. These were my six cousins.



Charles Thomas Wilkinson



Lumbutts Methodist Chapel

Crossley Wilkinson was born in 1861 in Lumbutts shortly after the construction of (the current version of) Stoodley Pike above the village.

He worked as a labourer in the textile machinery manufacturing industry. In his spare time he was an amateur entertainer, going to churches and concert halls, which was where much of the entertainment was to be had. He even wrote and had published, a simple song called "The Old Pedlar".

Crossley's father, my maternal great-great grandfather was Thomas Wilkinson (b 1833), a farmer of 16 acres from Erringden, between Todmorden and Hebden Bridge. He was married to Sally and they had eight children.

Norris, his wife Edith, Crossley and his wife Sophia are all buried in the Wilkinson family grave at Lumbutts Methodist Chapel



Wilkinson Family Grave at Lumbutts Chapel



Stoodley Pike

# The Wilkinson Family Line

Thomas-----Sally

Crossley-----Sophia Jackson

Charles Thomas-----Annie Mary Roberts



Vera-----Cyril Roberts



Graham-----1.Susan Elizabeth Bell

2.Margaret Cammidge né McDermott



Richard Andrew-----Sarah Elizabeth Murray

Joseph Isaac





The photograph above was taken in 1960 when Charles and Annie Wilkinson were in their mid 70s. To the right they are seen on holiday in Cromer, a place they went back to again and again. Note the 3-piece suit, formal compared with today. Above right are Vera and Norris aged approx 4 and 6 years. Olive would be born within the year.



Annie Wilkinson with Children Vera and Norris



Walter, Norris and Cyril with Olive, Edith and Vera

Walter and Olive Brierley



Norris and Edith Wilkinson

1939-45 war uniforms for Walter and Norris. Olive, who was in the St John's Ambulance Brigade, became a war-time nurse.



Norris Wilkinson



Mary and Alan Wilkinson

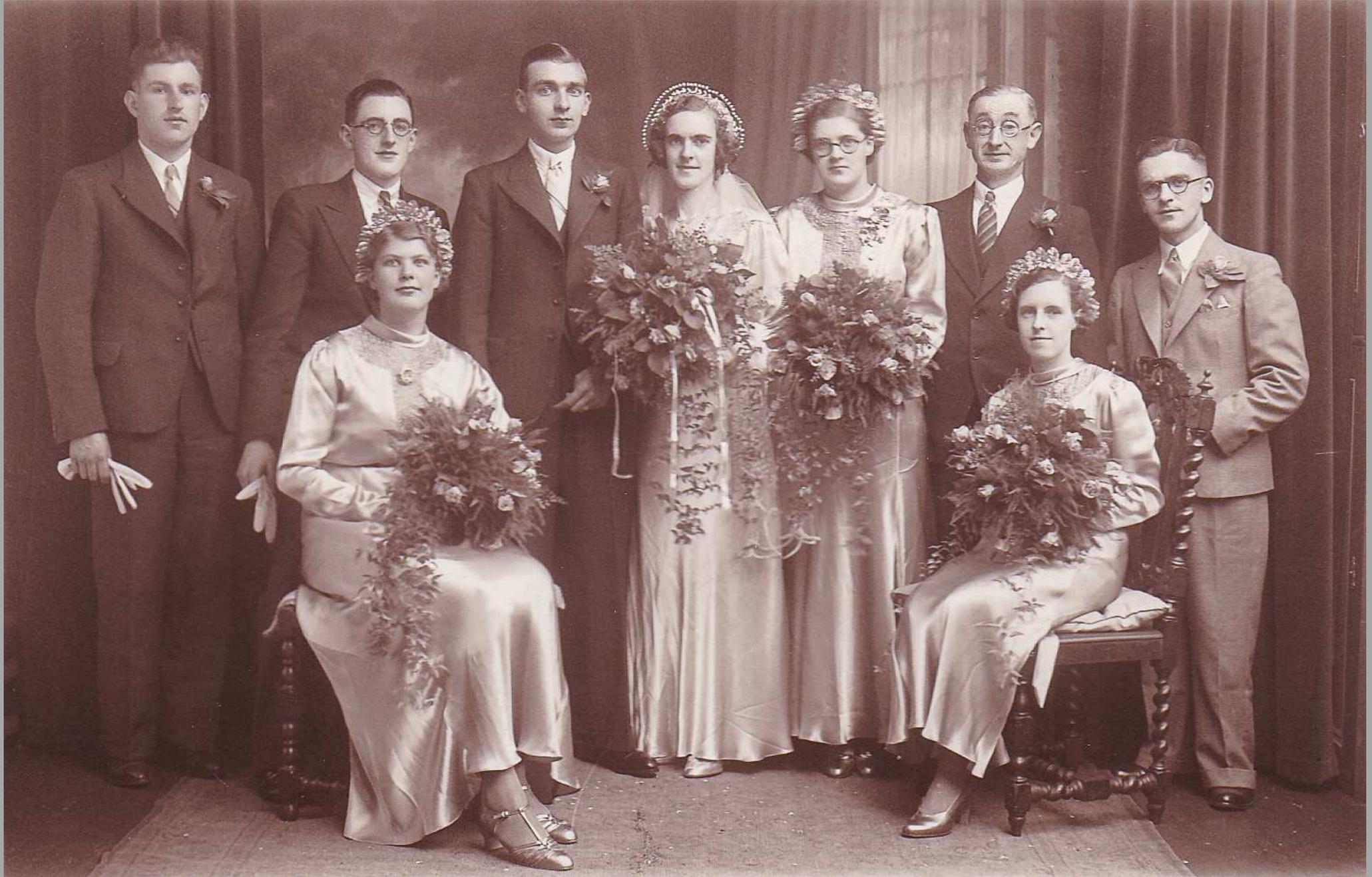


Walter and Olive Brierley



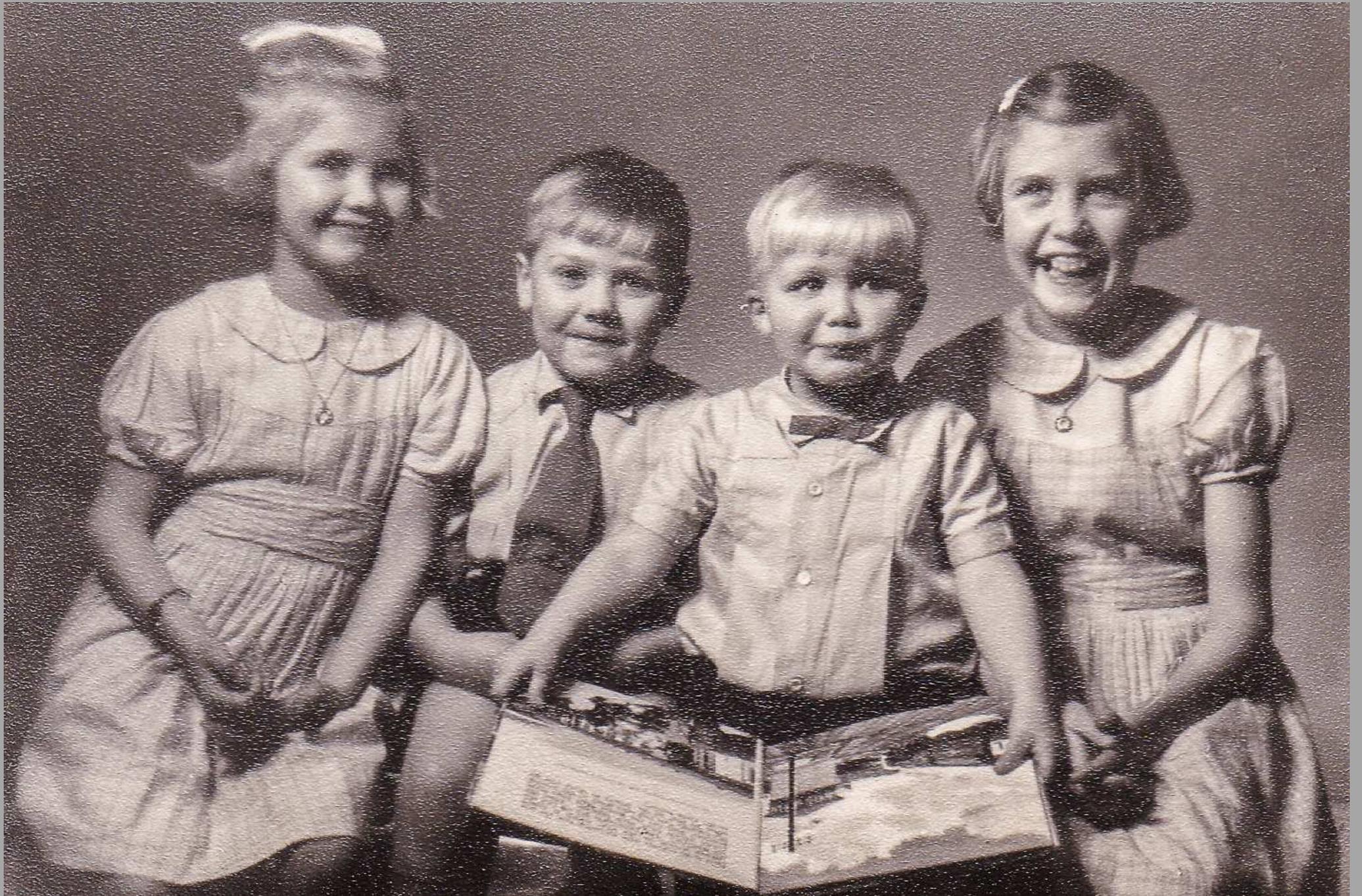
Olive Brierley in St John's Ambulance Brigade Uniform

Walter Brierley was a very competent artist and railway modeller. In later life, he and Olive gave photographically illustrated talks on the holidays they had taken.



Norris and Edith's Wedding

Cyril, on the left was a Steward, Vera (to the bride's left) and Olive (seated, left) were bridesmaids. This is an interesting photograph showing that three piece suits were in fashion for men, with wedding gloves. Satin dresses were the fashion for women along with large bouquets and ornate headresses. This pre-war (approx 1938) wedding does not have the military uniforms, common place just 18 months later.



L to R: Valerie, David, Geoffrey and Gillian Brierley

My four Brierley cousins lived in Industrial Street, the next street to us, so we were very close. Valerie was very talented in amateur musical performance. David, following a work accident, became a quantity surveyor on international construction projects and Gillian, having married her second husband David, assisted him in his optician practise. Geoffrey decided, in his early forties to distance himself from the family. No-one understood why and it caused his mother and father in particular, real distress, but he never attended any family functions from then onwards and kept his whereabouts secret.

## Graham Roberts

I was born at 63 Cambridge Street, Todmorden, in the West Riding of Yorkshire on Friday the seventh of November 1947. My mother Vera, told me that I was born in the afternoon and that she required gas and air during the birth. My brother Peter apparently arrived home from school and excitedly asked "Has he come?"

I was the second of two boys, my elder brother Peter having been born 5 years earlier in 1942

Number 63 was a stone terraced house with a small fore-garden at the front and a yard at the back. The front of the house had a small gate which led to the footpath. The front street was cobbled and the house faced similar looking houses on the other side.

The fore-garden rarely had anything growing in it. We were not gardeners, but neither did it have any weeds. Just black soil. The back yard had a gate leading into the cobbled back street. In the yard were a coal shed and an outside toilet. The latter had a Bakelite seat which required a great determination to sit down on it in winter months, it being very cold and therefore a shock to the system. A toilet roll holder held a roll of hard and shiny Izal or 3 Hands toilet paper. There was a lead lined water box above on the wall, attached to which was the chain with black Bakelite handle. During freezing days it was sometimes necessary to break the ice on the water in the box, to get it to flush.

The coal shed was never used as such, for the coal was dropped down a grate into the coal cellar which went under the back yard. When I was older, on the occasions that I had locked myself out, I would lift the coal grate, jump down onto the pile of coal in the cellar and feel my way through the pitch blackness up the cellar steps into the house.

The house is best described as a two up two down. On the ground floor there was a kitchen at the back and a front room. Upstairs there was a front bedroom, a smaller back bedroom and a landing with a flight of stairs up into the attic. Each bedroom had a wash basin. There was no bathroom as such, but there was a pink-painted boarded off area in the attic with a large slipper bath, necessary because my dad, Cyril, was a coal man and came home every night always coal-dust black, but often completely soaked through with rain. Around 1955 we installed a bathroom on the first floor which used part of the back bedroom and the landing.

Originally the downstairs floors had large Yorkshire stone flags, but since these did not prevent the ingress of cockroaches, people gradually replaced them with solid "composition" floors, a sort of interior tarmac of a dark red brown colour or, in our case, with terracotta floor tiles which needed polishing regularly.

The downstairs front room was used for TV viewing and special occasions, but the kitchen was where it nearly all happened; cooking, washing, ironing, eating. There was an open coal fireplace in the corner with a fire back boiler to produce hot water. There was a sink in another corner with draining board. Later we had a fridge installed under it. A large washing machine, a Hotpoint Empress, stood next to the sink. It had an enamel top cover so when not in use it became a work surface. Next to that, beside the back door was the Canon gas cooker. Green enamel with four gas rings and below, an oven and grill. Opposite was a fold down table, attached to the wall and covered with that most modern of easy-wipe materials at the time, Formica. Finally, a "kitchenette" stood against one wall. This was a cream and green floor standing unit with a cupboard with glass-fronted doors at the top, solid door cupboards at the bottom and a pull-down section in the middle much the same as a writing desk, containing storage shelves. It also had a couple of drawers. The kitchenette was for us a larder-cum-work top-cum-crockery-and-cutlery-store.

Monday was washing day and I would get up to be welcomed to a kitchen of activity and steam. My mother would share this weekly demanding task with my granny Wilkinson. The laundry would be washed in the Hotpoint Empress and squeezed through its wringers. The whites would be given a special treatment with a “dolly blue” whitener in a large zinc tub and eventually the whole lot would be hung out to dry across the front street. Everyone washed on Monday so the whole length of the street from end to end had washing across it on washing lines with sturdy props. There were few cars on the road, and those that existed had owners who knew not to venture down the street on Mondays. On rainy days washing was dried inside in front of the fire on a wooden clothes horse and on a rack up at ceiling level. Housewives dreaded wet Mondays. The invention by Hotpoint of the first toploading automatic washing machine cum spin drier around 1960 was a boon and my mother couldn't wait to get one.

I went to school in 1952 to Roomfield infants and junior at the top of the street, and to Sunday School at Central Methodist Chapel in the town. Later I went to Calder High School in Mytholmroyd.

In 1959, Dad, having sold the coal business, became sub-postmaster at Lydgate post office in Todmorden where we lived behind and above the shop.

As a boy I had a talent for singing which gave me interpersonal skills which served me well in later life. Mum had the never ending job of polishing the silver trophies which sat proudly on the sideboard.

After university in Newcastle where I graduated in Chemistry in 1970, I worked for Steetley in Hartlepool, a minerals and chemicals company, then from 1972 in Cambridge for Pye Unicam who made scientific instruments.

I married Susan Elizabeth (Sue) Bell, a chartered physiotherapist on 1st May 1976 at Buckden Parish Church, near Huntingdon having bought a flat at 2 Cambanks, Union Lane, Cambridge in 1975.

In 1977 I joined Alcan Aluminium, relocating to Harbury, near Warwick. We had three children; Richard in 1979, Gemma in 1982 and Amy in 1984. At the time Amy was born, we significantly extended the house on both floors.

Alcan gave me a good career and eventually at age 41, in 1989, we moved to Portinscale, near Keswick in Cumbria as I became Marketing and Sales Director for two of the group companies. Through a major corporate rationalisation, I was made redundant in 1993. There being no well paying jobs in the area, I had a complete career change, joining Jones Cable Group of Leeds Ltd., a major start-up in the rapidly growing cable telephone and television business (now Virgin Media). I was Marketing and Sales Director.

At the same time, my marriage to Sue ended and I relocated to Harrogate, but visited the Lake District regularly to see the children, having bought a sailing boat, “Trio Eto” moored on Lake Derwentwater.

I met and later married Margaret Cammidge (né McDermott) on 25th April 1998

I continued to work in the telecommunications field, even starting my own business (Everywhere Broadband, a satellite broadband delivery service, which was a victim of the rapidly changing market), until my retirement in 2007 at age 59.

During retirement I was nine years Chairman of the Harrogate West End Park Association, a community group, but was also able to concentrate on my photography hobby and was President of Harrogate Photographic Society 2017-18 and was appointed Hon Life Vice President in April 2020.



This photograph of Graham Roberts was taken professionally in monochrome. It was subtly hand coloured, presumably also professionally, as was the fashion.



Poly Photos of Graham



Peter and Graham. Note the Hair Oil and the Smocked Shirt



Donkey Rides. Graham None too Happy

Outside number 63 Cambridge Street at  
Graham's Birthday Party



Graham wearing Siren Suit with Toy Fire Engine



Birthday Tea with Mum and with next door  
neighbours Harry and Alice Turner in the  
doorway



Peter and Graham who looks a bit scared

Graham on a Cold Day at Blackpool South Shore



A Family Group: Cyril, Vera, Peter and Graham



Graham Dressed as Jimmy Edwards for the Todmorden Carnival



Vera, Peter and Graham plus Hired Bike at the Seaside

Talent Competition. Harry Hudson was well known on the radio with Wilfrid Pickles



Hand Coloured Photograph of Graham



Elphin House Vice-Captain



Peter and Graham in heavy snow drift at Lumbutts around 1957



Christmas at Cambridge Street front room. Peter taking trumpet lessons



Two Cowboys. A Force to be Reckoned with

Graham's First Trophy



Building a Collection



Almost Too many to Polish



Three Blackpool Trophies including the Rose Bowl

*Festival judge's tribute at Blackpool*  
**GRAHAM (13) WINS THREE TROPHIES**

**THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD** Graham Roberts, of Todmorden, sang his way through three contests at Blackpool Musical Festival yesterday—and won as many trophies, the last being the coveted Bentley Silver Rose Bowl.

Of his singing of Maurice Green's "O, Praise the Lord," the adjudicator, Dr Herbert Howells, CBE, said, "He has already proved tonight that he is fit to grace this or any concert room in Britain."

Graham, whose ambition it is to become a teacher of mathematics and science, told an "Evening Gazette" reporter that yesterday's trophies brought the total he has won at singing to 25.

"I think the competition tonight has been very hard," he added.

The other two trophies which Graham won earlier in the day, thus qualifying him to compete for the Bentley Rose Bowl, were the John S. Lomax Cup, for chorister's solo, and the Broadhead Trophy (boy's solo).



Graham Roberts

A Good Night at The Opera House, Winter Gardens at the Blackpool Musical Festival October 1961

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION  
 Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester, 1

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES: BROADCASTS, MANCHESTER, TELEX \* INTERNATIONAL TELEX: 66451  
 TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 8444

12th December, 1960.

Dear Graham,

We would like you to take part in a "Young Artists" programme on Saturday, January 14th. The rehearsal will be at 2.30 p.m..

Please will you let me know about this date as soon as possible?

Yours sincerely,

*Denness Roylance*  
 (Denness Roylance)

Assistant to Children's Hour Organiser,  
 North Region.

Master Graham Roberts,  
 63, Cambridge Street,  
 Todmorden,  
 Lancs.

Invitation to appear on BBC Radio Childrens Hour

Roomfiel Junior and Infant School. Graham Back Row 1st from Left



Calder High School Lower 6th Form. Graham Back Row 3rd from Right



Calder High 6th Form Basketball Team, Graham Front Row 2nd from Right

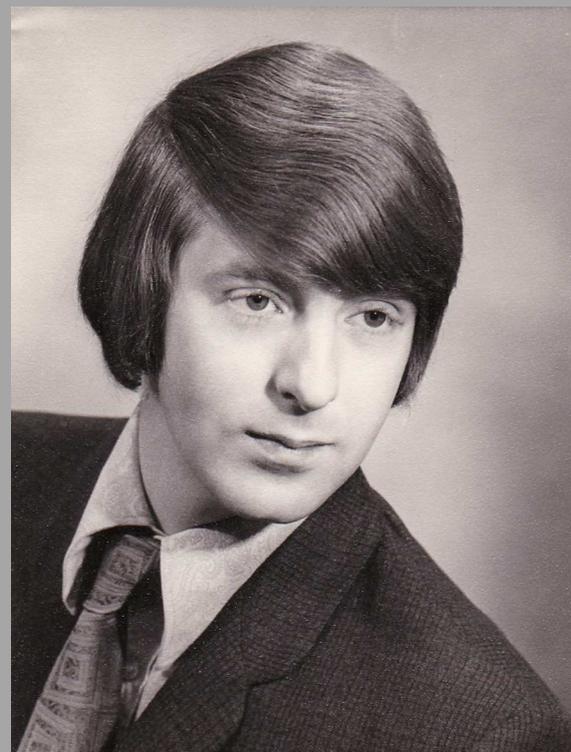


Calder High School Pace Egg Play, Good Friday. Graham as the Doctor

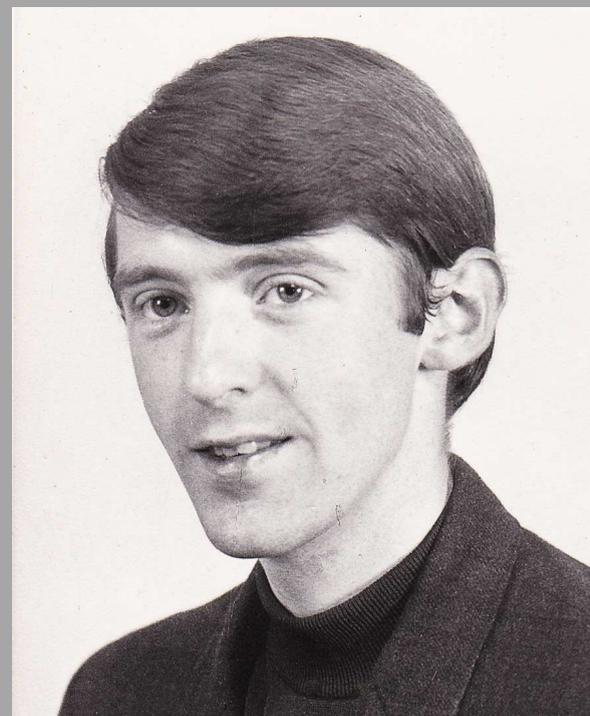
Head Boy and Girl (Susan Crabtree) at Calder High School Speech Day



Graham Age 23



Kissing the Blarney Stone on School Trip, about 1961



Graham Age 24



Peter and Carole Roberts at Lumbutts Chapel Gate

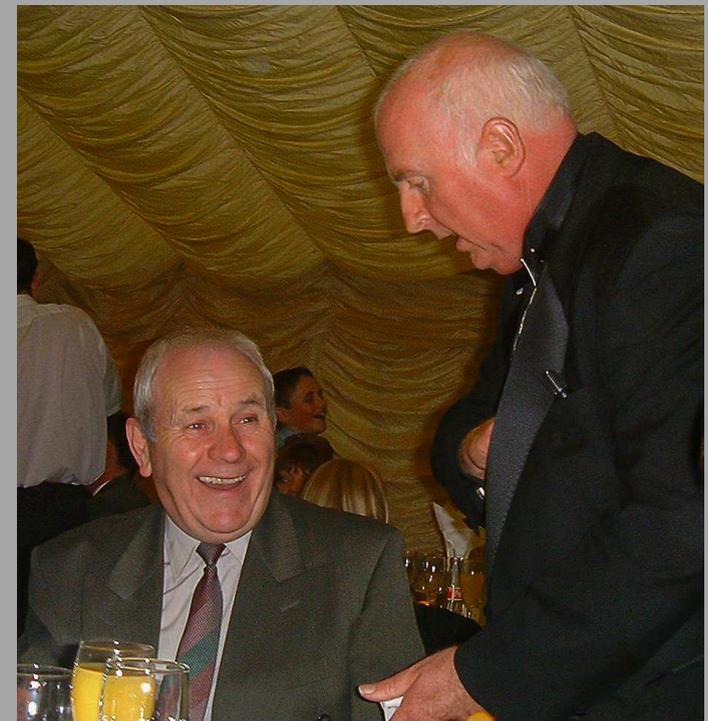


Peter with one of his Guitars

Peter Roberts and Peter Lingard: "The Two Peters"



Peter Roberts, Magician



Tony McDermott Enjoying the Magic



Graham and Sue's Wedding 1st May 1976 at Buckden Parish Church, Huntingdonshire with Reception at the Lion Hotel



Richard Roberts, Not Yet One Year Old



Vera and Cyril, Proud Grandparents of Richard



Godparents of Richard; Peter Roberts with Ted and Jenny Neal



Richard in Early Years

Grandad Ray, Grandma Joan and a Family Group with Richard and Gemma and Mum and Dad



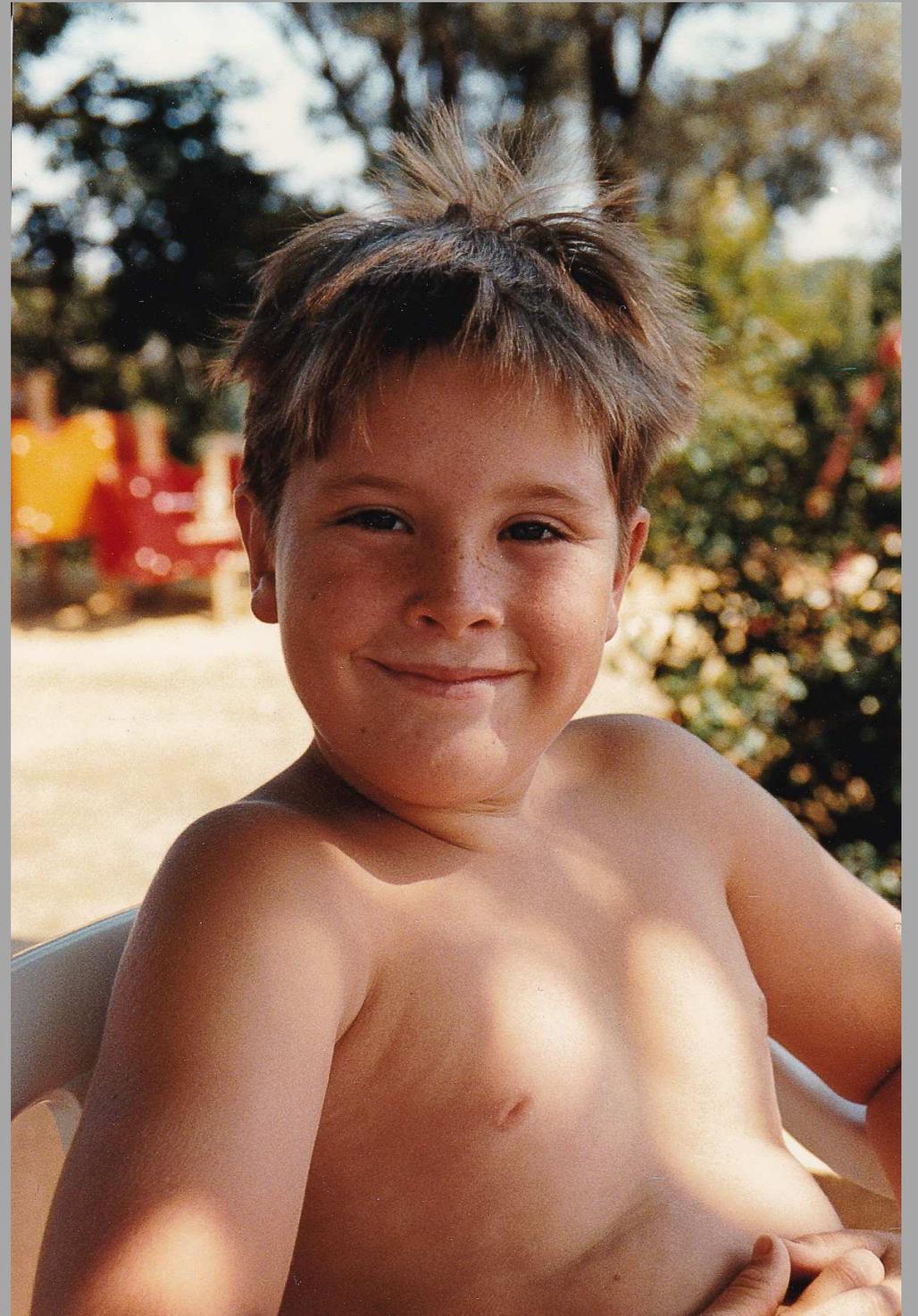
Grandma Vera, Grandad Cyril and Richard



Gemma in Early Years



Amy at Seahouses



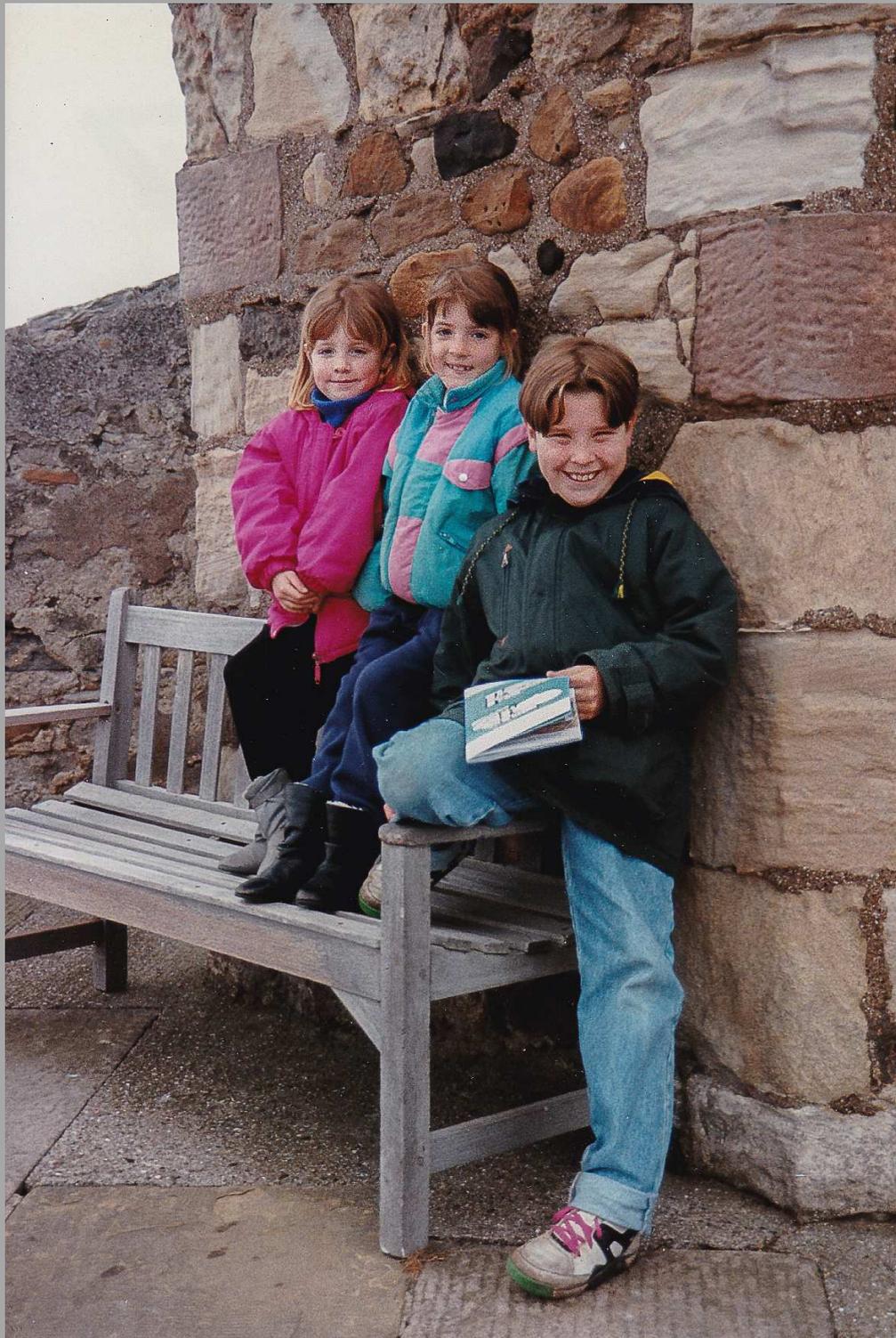
Richard in France



Richard, Best Cub Scout Prize, Keswick, about 1992



Richard, walking in Harbury, about 1981



Good Friends



Above the Dordogne



Clockwise from top left: Gemma, Richard, Amy, Gemma



Dad's Standard 12; Early 1950's



VW Beetle 1200, 1970, My First Car



Triumph Spitfire Mk 4 1973, My Fun Car



Mercedes E Class Elegance 2001, Most Loved Car

Each car has a memory. Some are more memorable than others. These are my most memorable.



My first “owned” home (1975-77) was a flat at Cambanks, Union Lane, Cambridge. Top right is 38 Temple End, Harbury, Warwickshire (1977-88) before we extended it in 1984. Bottom Right is Oak Dyke, Portinscale Near Keswick (1989-94) and above (1994 to date) is 30 Park Avenue, Harrogate



On leaving Keswick in 1994, Graham bought a sailing boat, named Trio Eto, moored on Lake Derwentwater. Richard, Gemma and Amy were able to enjoy sailing weekends coupled with overnights on board





Graham and Margaret's Wedding 25th April 1998, Aldwark Manor, near York



On holiday on the Isle of Wight, 2018



Graham at Margaret Jackson's 100th Birthday Party, 2017



Graham at Bell Cablemedia (now Virgin Media) 1996



Leah aged 13



Margaret with Statement Hair

Graham, Margaret, Richard, Gemma and Amy at (Graham's niece) Michelle's Wedding in Todmorden



Richard, Gemma and Amy at a Family Party

At Gemma's Northumbria University Fashion Show for Final Year Students





Gemma and Amy across the years



Richard and Sarah's Wedding 2014



Alice



Alice as a Baby



Two Christenings. Alice Francesca Roberts (top 2017) Joseph Isaac Roberts (bottom 2019)



Two Generations: Richard with Joseph Isaac at his Christening, 2019



Alice Growing up with Mum and Dad, Richard and Sarah



The Roberts/Cambridge family November 2017 after a Harrogate Family Lunch: left to right; Margaret, Graham, Rachel, Sally, Gemma, Dawn, Leah, Richard, Emma, Garry, Sarah, Alice, Amy

This photograph was taken on 12th November 2017, around the time of my 70th birthday. Margaret created a family roast beef lunch for all the family.

When Margaret and I married, we brought two families together. We feel blessed that one whole new family has been created; a family who are truly as one. Since this photograph, Joseph Isaac Roberts has been born and Dawn is soon to be married to Matt.

I have enjoyed creating this volume. It is long overdue and I hope it proves valuable to future generations.

Graham Roberts, April 2020







Todmorden from the Rochdale Valley