

'Bradford-by-the-sea' explores the effects of economic strife as an often fundamental cause in the change of small communities in modern day Britain. By placing a focus on the people of Morecambe whose heritage lies in Bradford, we can summarise why the economy of the time led so many from one place to another.

The work focuses on community and group identity and seeks to show pride in the subculture of people that make up this body of work. The town of Morecambe would not exist in its current form if not for the city of Bradford, with such a large mass movement of people from the city for various reasons resulting in a change in the heritage of the local population, thus the town eventually received the title, Bradford-by-the-sea.



BRADFORD-BY-THE-SEA: A COLLISION OF COMMUNITY

→ MARK ATTWOOD



DEDICATION



*This book is dedicated to those Morecambe locals, whose heritage lies in Bradford.*

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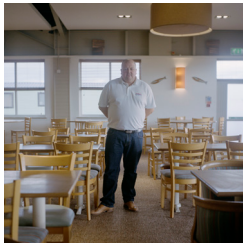
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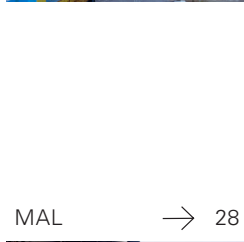
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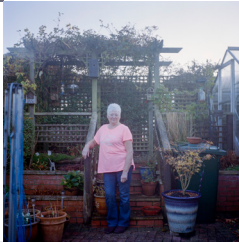
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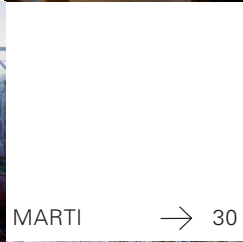
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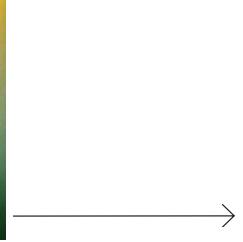
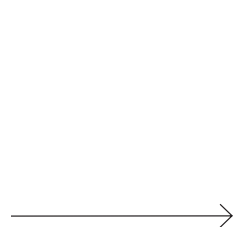
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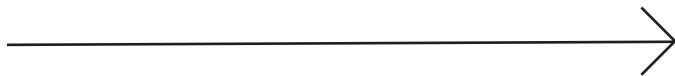
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*Photography is often seen as a singular activity, that of the photographer observing and documenting 'the other'. Photographer Eliza Gregory, however, quite rightly highlights that some of the most interesting if not often hidden elements of photographic practice consist of "relationships, compassion, patience and listening".*

Photography is often seen as a singular activity, that of the photographer observing and documenting 'the other'. Photographer Eliza Gregory, however, quite rightly highlights that some of the most interesting if not often hidden elements of photographic practice consist of "relationships, compassion, patience and listening". Although documentary in its format, Bradford-by-the Sea, is one such photographic project that seeks to highlight the multiple voices present when reflecting upon the migration of community from one place to another. Theorist Jacques Rancière asked, when we make a visual statement about the people and place around us, "from what position do we speak and in the name of what or whom?" Attwood in this instance, does not simply speak on behalf of the 'the other', but part of his own local context. As an individual with his own Bradford by the Sea story, the photographer exists within the very fabric of the community in which he is documenting.

Moreover, the project is formed from Attwood's family's and other local residents' narratives of their move from inner city Bradford to the seaside town of Morecambe. The work exists as a series of intimate personal encounters through photography and shared individual stories. Although focused on the personal, the project speaks more broadly about the wider socio-political and economical factors, which drive us to relocate at some point in our lifetime. Why do we leave one home for another? Is it for an adventure, for following the love and loss of those closest to us, or for a chance to seek something different from what we have always known? From stories of young romance and football pride to neglected surroundings and nostalgia of once booming trades, Bradford By the Sea reflects the ups and downs of building a new home and

finding your place within that community. Attwood has longer term plans to expand the opportunity for participation further. He hopes to invite residents, whose history resonates with his own to not only contribute through personal stories but through contributing their own imagery. 2020 will mark the year in our global history where a pandemic shook the very notion of community and social engagement to its core. Now then, more than ever, we must celebrate and continue to push forward projects, which share the collective storytelling of people and place, from wherever you came from and wherever you now are.

*Liz Wewiora (Head of Engagement at Open Eye Gallery,  
Lecturer at University of Salford)*

## THE STORY



*The first use of the name 'Morecambe' was in 1771 by John Whittaker, when he refers to the æstury of Moricambe. It next appears four years later in 'Antiquities of Furness', where the bay is described as "the Bay of Morecambe".*





In 1846, the Morecambe Harbour and Railway Company was formed to build a harbour and a connecting railway. By 1850, the railway linked to Skipton, Keighley and Bradford in Yorkshire, and a settlement began to grow around the harbour and railway, thus beginning the long relationship between the city and town. The settlement eventually expanded to absorb Poulton and the villages of Bare and Torrisholme. It was not until 1889 however that legislation was passed to officially name the area 'Morecambe', which officially comprises Bare, Torrisholme, and Poulton.

Morecambe became a thriving seaside resort by the mid-20th century and while the nearby resort of Blackpool attracted holiday-makers predominantly from Lancashire towns, Morecambe had a lot more visitors from Yorkshire (due to its railway connection). Mill workers and business owners from Bradford began holidaying at Morecambe enmasse, with some retiring there.

This eventually gave Morecambe the nickname "Bradford-by-the-sea". When the people who retired to the area brought or had children who grew up and thus had their own children (and on, and on), the population of Bradford descendant locals grew exponentially, meaning that today the population of residents whose heritage lies in Bradford is most likely the majority population. In an article from the Telegraph & Argus, they state that "for more than a century, Morecambe was the place to be for Bradfordians when the city's schools, mills, factories and offices closed for their annual summer break. Known fondly as "Bradford on sea", the Lancashire seaside resort was packed with holiday-makers from the district, and it continues to have a place in many hearts. For years it was also a place that many Bradford people retired to."









My story starts in Bradford, where I was born in March, 1977. I went to Carlton Bolling College when I was a kid, and holidayed a lot up north in Morecambe during my childhood, we loved it here and it became our holiday destination of choice. We came to the town for years and our love for the holidays here never stopped, eventually a large amount of my family made the decision to move to Morecambe, after visiting the place so much during the summer months. We ended up moving to Connaught Road, where there seemed to be a few families who originated in Bradford, including the family of the photographer making this book.

I ended up setting up my own business operating out of the White Lund Industrial Estate as a window fitter, and raised my family in this town, almost all of which have now grown up and are out on their own path. Raising my family here has been a privilege and I think that staying here and raising a family here gives them a unique view on their Yorkshire heritage, considering how much this small town owes to Bradford for even existing.

I work closely with local schools in Morecambe who have been turned into academies in the area, as our children's education means a lot to me. I organised protests against the decision to become academies and helped reverse certain decisions that would have impacted our local schools. I consider myself well and truly a part of this community here in Morecambe and wouldn't change it for anything, I love this town, even with its many faults, and wouldn't want to live



anywhere else. I've also worked for years across both primary schools and high schools as a football coach, and ran Heysham All Stars for some time, which was a football team in the neighbouring village next to Morecambe. Like my brother Dan, who is also part of this project, I am a football and Bradford City fanatic, I've been a season ticket holder all of my adult life and always make the journey across to Valley Parade to attend games, it's become a family get together as we all travel down together and make a day of it every Saturday. This has been our way of staying connected with our ancestral home back in the city, and our way of making sure the future generations know where their proper heritage is.

My daughter, Georgia, set up a charity at age 13 where she started making and selling claret and amber ribbons (the Bradford City colours), of which the proceeds would go toward the Bradford Burns unit, in honour of the 56 people who unfortunately died in the 'Bradford Fire' at a football game in 1985. This has gone viral and was covered in all the news back in Bradford, and Georgia and her ribbons are well respected among the fans, who flock to buy them at the stadium before the games start. So far she has raised over £2000 and the ribbons are still going strong.







I was born in Bradford, and as a child would holiday in Morecambe with my family, I absolutely loved it here. To be precise we would come to stay at Ocean Edge Holiday Park, which was a favourite destination of ours as it overlooked the beautiful Morecambe Bay, and the sunsets were to die for (although the giant power station next door did disrupt it quite a bit). We moved to Morecambe just before I got into secondary school, and so I ended up going to what was then called Heysham High school, one of a few schools in the area of Morecambe that have now become academies.

I got a job as a bartender at Ocean Edge Holiday Park shortly after we moved to the area, and I worked there for a while, slowly working my way up the jobs. I bought a house nearby, on Connaught Road. Which seemed to host quite a few people from back in the city, including my brother Scott, who lived a few doors down. Eventually I became the complex manager at Regent Bay Holiday Park, which was right in the centre of town, and stayed here for a while, during my time there I would stream the Bradford City games in the restaurant area for the locals who couldn't go to the games but were from Bradford and wanted to watch.

Eventually I moved back to Ocean Edge to become their complex manager, where I have been ever since. I do find it funny at times that one of the places that influenced our decision to move to Morecambe, is the same place I now run. I still go across to Bradford every Saturday for the ritual that is football, and that's something I'm really passionate about. We used

to all go across on a minibus as a family with some mates too, it became a real day out for us and still is to this day. I'm really proud of my heritage and don't hesitate to show it, and I don't think anyone should hesitate to show it. Although as much as I am proud of my Yorkshire blood, Morecambe will always be my home.



## CRAIG HOME

*Some Bradfordians will no doubt recall Craig Convalescent Home for Children in Morecambe. Information about the home is scarce, apart from word of mouth from people who stayed at the home, but for many Morecambe locals, Craig Home was how they began their life in the town.*









My Grandparents on my mother's side were from Bradford. As a child we would visit my Great Aunt and family who lived in Bradford and my cousins would spend the school holidays in Morecambe. As I grew older I was curious to know why my family had moved to Morecambe and my Granny was always happy to answer my questions. My Grandad, Walter Speight owned a street of houses in Bradford that he inherited from his father Thomas Speight, a mill owner. The houses were then bought by compulsory purchase by Bradford City Council to make room for modern housing. Around this time my Great Aunt Ethel married George H Petty and they moved to Morecambe to start married life. G.H.Petty became a well known auctioneer and estate agent in Lancaster where he owned properties, one of which remained in the family until recently. My Grandad eventually decided to follow his sister and he and my Grandmother moved onto West End Road.

When my mother passed away in 2013, I found among her things a very black coin the size of a crown. After cleaning, it became apparent that it was some kind of commemorative coin to celebrate Queen Victoria's golden jubilee. Her head was on one side and on the other, the mayor of Bradford. Alderman Thomas Speight and his wife. Wow! My Great Grandad! So I thought I would Google him.



There it was, my Great Grandads picture, along with the picture of the coin. How cool is that? My Granny bless her, had kept a record of deaths, births and marriages and when I looked there was my Great Grandad, father of Walter, who married my Gran-ny Nena Townend at Bradford Parish church. They moved to Morecambe and had my mum and her siblings.







I moved to Morecambe from Bradford in the Autumn of 1963. I was fifteen and not impressed, I was leaving friends, a boyfriend and an apprenticeship in hairdressing, my parents had purchased a business in Morecambe, a butchers shop. The day we left Bradford my mum and I made the journey over the Pennines to Morecambe in the removal van. My dad was already in Morecambe organising the opening of the new business on Green Street. Mum and Dad had organised accommodation, it was an out of season holiday flat on West End Road. The property they had bought was still in the process of being built. Here I was, stuck in an out of season holiday town, no job, no friends and a cramped flat. Around December of 1963 we moved from the flat to a bungalow in Bolton le Sands. At this point things were getting better. I made friends and got myself a social life. Twelve months on I had a boyfriend thanks to a blind date, things were getting better and Morecambe was growing on me.

A few years later Mum & Dad bought a boarding house on Thornton Road to let out as a B&B, Mum ran the B&B and Dad still had the shop. Bit by bit it all fell away, places closed and things began to look a mess and derelict, the old fairground, the shops, Morecambe died and very few holidaymakers made it their destination. My kids were maybe the last 'Sand grown un's' before Queen Victoria Maternity closed. The blind date turned into a long married life and still continues today over fifty two years later, but so much has changed in Morecambe during this time.





I was born in Bradford Royal Infirmary and consider myself 100% Bradford, Bradders, Bratfud, Bradistan or whatever it gets lovingly called. The purists might disagree as to my roots, having grown up in a home with a Bradford telephone number but an LS28 postcode. There is a big difference between Leeds folk and Bradford folk, I definitely fall into the latter category. The people in Morecambe have some of the same qualities and mentality of many Bradfordians, probably why I feel at home here. Now let's get one thing straight before I get misty eyed about 'home', Bradford is a shit hole, it's a dirty, poverty stricken, crime ridden, culturally confused, angry, shit hole. A place full of potential that's seen better times, trying desperately to drag itself out of decades of neglect and decline by reinventing itself. Truth be told, the parallels between it and Morecambe aren't entirely dissimilar. I have spent twenty years in Bradford and twenty years in Morecambe so where exactly 'home' is, I don't know, it seems to change depending on the context. Both my parents have lived in Bradford most of their lives. My mum's Barglowski family moved from Poland after the war settling in West Yorkshire, working in the many Bradfordian cotton mills that the city was built on.

My dad's family came from Scotland after my Grandma turned down the offer to be a nanny to the Royal Family and in particular a young Prince Charles. My dad worked almost all his life as a plumber, once being interviewed by the police after the Yorkshire Ripper claimed one of his victims Barbara Leach across the road from where my dad worked. My mum



worked in Bradford central police station in the comm's room for about twenty years. We'd visited Morecambe once or twice when I was a child. I have vivid memories of Frontierland, but certainly not a life changing event and certainly not one where I thought "wow, I'd really like to live here!". I came to Lancaster by accident in the end. I'd had an invite when I was about eighteen or nineteen to my university for an audition to study a music degree. I recall the letter had a red rose in the top corner. I left my UCAS application until deadline day, and accidentally picked another uni that had a red rose in its badge, and also happened to have good reviews for cheap average beer prices and a good ratio of females to males! As such I ended up in Lancaster. I was back to Bradford pretty much every weekend. Saturday's were like it had been for the previous fifteen years, all about Valley Parade and the claret and amber church, where many of the experiences I'd been part of there have gone on to define me and the direction of my life. Bradford City AFC were in the Premier League at the time and life was great. Whilst at uni in Lancaster I met a girl there, she'd lived in Morecambe most of her life.

She introduced me to the beauty of Morecambe, the Heysham Barrows and the food at the now closed Battery Pub where she worked as a waitress. We stayed together after uni when I moved back to Bradford and she stayed in Morecambe. When I came to see her, we used to enjoy walks on the beach and the views across the bay which at times were breath taking, right up until you turned around and saw all the derelict B&B's full of crackheads and sex offenders. At the time Morecambe Tandoori did some of the best Indian cuisine around (a strong accolade to someone from the UK curry capital) and I have some fond memories of eating my body weight in food

there. After a while she moved to Bradford too, though we hadn't been there too long when her dad passed away and we both moved to Morecambe to sort everything out. That was the last time I lived in Bradford. The relationship didn't survive but I stayed here, playing snooker most nights at the Devonshire Snooker Hall trying to stop myself from feeling shitty. I thought about moving back to Bradford often, most of my mates were there, my beloved football club was there, but every time I returned, I felt more and more like an alien there. Quite simply I realised I'd moved on but Bradford hadn't.

I have been married for some time now, my wife and I live 500 yards from the sea. Bringing my daughter up here has been a privilege, although once she and I decided to climb onto the shoulders of the bizarre comedy mecca that is the Eric Morecambe statue. We thought it was funny... those watching less so...











My great grandpa and grandma were wealthy mill owners from Bradford and in the late 19th century they moved to Morecambe into a house on Osborne road. They had children here and when they'd grown up, two of them moved back to Bradford. In the late 19th century my great grandma opened the first cafe in Morecambe on Regent road called 'The Green Cafe' and Grandad opened a decorators shop on Queen street. When grandad was in his nineties he came out of the Park hotel after a few beers and got run over by a horse and carriage but wasn't seriously harmed.

This takes us back to Bradford where one of his sons who had moved back married a girl called Emily and ended up having a daughter who would become my mum, when my mum grew up she travelled to Morecambe to visit her grandad when she met my dad at the funfair. My dad was from Lancaster but moved to Bradford to marry my mum.

When I was four my mum and dad divorced which resulted in my dad returning to Lancaster. When I was a teenager I left Bradford to go and live with my dad and so that's how I ended up in the town, in 1986 I went to college in Lancaster, one girl I became friends with was called Ann-Marie, she would become my wife in 2005, it's a funny kind of reason why things happen like they do but that's how I came to stay in Morecambe.









My story begins with the birth of my great Grandma on the 19th August 1895 in Bradford West. Her name was Florence Kenningham. In her late twenties she met Orman Asquith a gentleman fifteen years her senior and already married with children(as family history goes he was related to Herbert Asquith, Prime minister and eventually Lord Asquith of Oxford, however this has never been substantiated.). Florence and Orman went on to have three children. Betty Asquith, Irene Asquith (my grandma) and Vernon Asquith (all out of wedlock the scandalous pair).

During the war Orman was a General attaché to the government which meant he had to live in London, leaving his now wife Florence with the children in Bradford(I believe they lived on Manningham Lane). On a visit to see her father Irene met a young soldier called Edward who she fell in love with and married. Leaving the family home she moved to London to live with him and his family while they saved for a place of their own and subsequently gave birth to my mother Jackie.

It was 1948 when Orman died and Edward sent my grandma and six month old Jackie back to Bradford saying he would follow soon and they could look for houses together after Orman's funeral. The only thing that did turn up from London were divorce papers after a few months admitting desertion without cause. Florence always had a special place in her heart for Morecambe, because the Kenningham family had spent summers staying with cousins on Granville road and often said that from her cousins back door there were only sand dunes



between them and the sea. Back to 1948, Irene moved back in with her newly widowed mother and they moved into Bridge House in Howarth. Things were very serene and life was pretty good. On one Annual Leave Irene was out celebrating, when she met Wilf, they married very soon after. Florence, Irene and Jackie had become a very strong family unit and so Wilf decided it would be better for them all to live together and moved into bridge-house with them. Everything went well until 1964 when a young fifteen year old Jackie announced she was pregnant (yet more scandal). The 'strong' females in the house decided that if Jackie wanted to keep the baby (me), then they would support her. Wilf was not of the same thinking and walked out. Irene met with him and stated that if he wanted to leave that was fine because her daughter needed her more than she needed him. He moved straight back in, and I was born that September.

As a family we still came to Morecambe every year for our summer holidays and to visit Jackie. Five years later the whole family moved into a house that Wilf had built. Around four years later Florence was diagnosed with lung cancer and expressed a wish to die in a place that held happy memories for her. This was the main reason we moved to this lovely, sometimes moody old town we like to call Bradford-By-the-sea. Florence died late December 1977 in the place she loved with all her memories and family around her. The rest of us have lived here ever since. My children love this place, Morecambe means home. I think it has some magical hold on your soul that keeps pulling you back to her, no matter where you move you always end up coming back.





THE NATURALIZATION ACT, 1906.  
**CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY OF BIRTH.**  
 (For not to exceed Three-pence.)

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the Birth  
 of Irene Asquith born on the  
6<sup>th</sup> day of June One thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven  
 has been duly registered by me at Entry No. 127 of my Register Book No. 27  
 Witness my hand, this 19<sup>th</sup> day of July 1927  
Y. K. Pith Registrar of  
 Births and Deaths  
 District BRADFORD San District MALDEN

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate; or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to Prosecution under the SUGGESTED Act, 1912, or the Forgery Act, 1911.





My story begins on the 24th March 1971 at Bradford Royal Infirmary. Born to a Wibsey bloke and a Halifax lass. By the time I came along Dad(Allen Murgatroyd, a.k.a the Baron of Wibsey as the story goes) was just about ready to leave Bradford and settle by the sea, so off we went. At the time Dad thought Blackpool was too much like a city, Scarborough was too cold in winter, and so Morecambe it was. My Nan and grandad lived on St Leonard's road near West Park in Bradford, and my family still had business there right up until 2016, so there have been a lot of trips back and forth.

Grandad was the one who started my love for Bradford City F.C and football, he took me to my first game in 1982, I don't remember much, but it was Stuart McCalls debut (a Bradford City legend no less), and I still keep the programme to this day. Anyway, back to Morecambe, I could not have been brought to a more stunning location, ok, the town was a bit run down, and still is today, but this applies to practically all the seaside towns in the north, they all have issues and 'Bradford-by-the-sea' is no exception.

But it's on the up, tidier, cleaner, and what it has got is the best view looking over to the lake district and a better sunset than you are likely to see anywhere else in the world. Most of my family in Bradford have left us now, but I still have a few in Halifax that love coming over to Morecambe(in the summer of course). I am bearing down on 50 now, I've done a lot of travelling, seen some nice places, there will always be a place in my heart for Bradford, the people, and the football. It's a very



special city, but Morecambe is my home, and is the place that I see myself staying at until that bloke from Leeds turns up, 'The Grim Reaper' (I had to get something in somewhere about Leeds!). The images that accompany my story were taken at my location of work, Morecambe F.C, where I have been Chief Steward for over 20 years, stewarding for all the first team games in this time, not many can say they've merged their passion for football and their career.







I'm originally from Undercliffe in Bradford, and I have many snippets of life back there, it's a city that 'should have been' and could be, but it needs other cities to stop sucking up all the funding and the council to right the wrongs of the past. From being one of the worlds richest cities to todays often run down and needy areas wasn't the longest of trips as times changed but Bradford does have a lot to offer in places and you carry a sense of pride being from there, it puts something inside yourself that stays regardless of where you happen to be in that part of your life. Morecambe is a similar case, it was prosperous but then fell off the ladder as the world changed and at no point received anything like the help it should have had. A lot is riding on the 'Eden Project' and if it's successful then Morecambe's ascendancy will accelerate, if it doesn't happen Morecambe will shrug its shoulders and carry on, hopefully upward. Both these surroundings certainly contributed to the person I am today, but as to actually how, that's one to work out. I am quite proud of my heritage whilst recognising its faults.

For my mum's health, we used to holiday in Morecambe and when the decision came to move from the city it was either here or the lakes, my dad took work here so that was it. To be honest it's not too bad a place despite all the bad press, I went away to study and work in London, but got fed up with it and headed back up north – when you're a northerner it's kind of within you. My mum sadly passed away in Morecambe some time ago and my dad ended up moving down south to a sea-side town there. I still go back to the city, with many friends



and family over there, but my most formative years were here on the wrong side of the Pennines, because of this my Bradford accent is a thing of the past, but I keep a few “Bratfud” things which I get ribbed for over here and sometimes my accent gets questioned back in the mother City but often it’s completely ignored. So it’s weird that your dialect can be seen to define part of you but in my case is often completely bypassed. Mark, the creator of this work who also happens to be my son, was born in Lancaster and spent his younger years where we lived in central Morecambe, but whilst here he schooled in Heysham on the basis that it was where his sisters went, plus the school was decent. While in these younger years Mark did follow us over to the ‘mecca’ of Valley Parade on quite a few occasions and got to experience the Bradford thing first-hand, even being taken to where I myself spent my early years. We immersed Mark in the culture of Bradford and yes, this included the pubs and curries.

Later in years we made the move as a family into a bigger house on the fringe of what might be called Morecambe’s notorious west end, this was the area I grew up in after moving here from Bradford, a decent working class area with a large contingent of guest houses, b&bs and some larger hotels. Sadly this area bore the brunt of the economic plunge, but I have seen much worse.

Mark didn’t travel so much over with us as travel sickness reared its ugly head, this was an affliction his sisters suffered with and his mum still does. The connection was kept through in-frequent visits though, and we like to think that the family connection to Bradford and West Yorkshire has made its way into Mark’s persona and we can forgive him training in his teenage years with Lancashire cricket club. His early years as

an aspiring photographer were helped along by frequent visits to the Bradford Camera exchange where a fair bit of his earnings were passed over the counter, so you could say even in his art that that little part of West Yorkshire has nudged him along the way.









## A COLLISION OF COMMUNITY BY ELLIE LAUDER



*When asked to create a series of illustrations for my side of this project, I wanted to produce something that captured both the “industrial” appearance of Bradford and the “holiday sunshine” of Morecambe. A Collision of Community represents a very physical disruption of both areas, resulting in a creation that mirrors the collision of the people of Bradford and Morecambe. Whilst both areas are vastly different in appearance, these images seek to represent both areas as one in the same through the production of purely imagined landscapes.*

















# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Firstly, I'd like to thank Elizabeth Wewiora, a person who is inspiring to me outside of this work anyway, who so gladly lent her skills to author the foreword for the book. The foreword acts as an analytic introduction to the work and I think it is crucial for understanding me and my work. I'd like to thank Timothy Stewart for producing this book with me. Getting a graphic designer on board is always a crucial part of my journey from concept to final piece, and having Tim's skills on board was vital to making Bradford-by-the-sea flow in book form in the best way possible, in trusting him with the design of this book he became a vital collaborator for the production of this project. I'd also like to thank Ellie Lauder, who worked in response to my initial idea and images. Through her 'A Collision of Community' project, we are able to physically see the collision of communities that took place over many years, and her work is an effective metaphor for the conjoining of these communities. Finally, I'd like to thank all the people who without which this project simply wouldn't exist, the community of people in Morecambe whose heritage lies in Bradford, who were so kind enough to let me venture into their lives and document it.