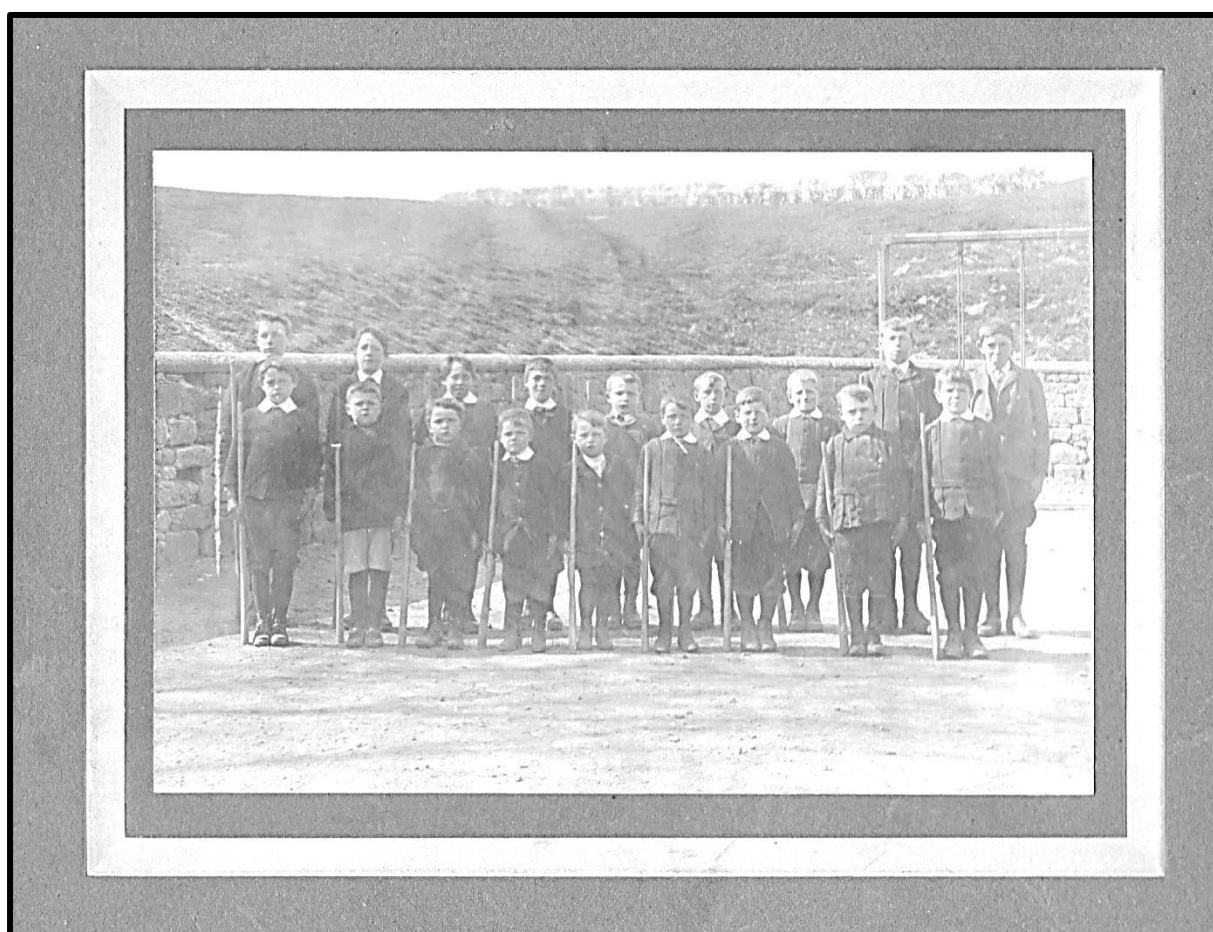


Junior Home Guard



John Robinson Howey is in the middle front row

Kaiser Bill Beware: the Junior Home Guard is well prepared.

We don't know the origin of this photograph or what it represents. It's fair to assume it is a sort of very early junior training group leading up to the major conflict of WWI in 1914. Dad would have been just 10 years old at the outbreak of hostilities but the approach to the contretemps in Europe had been fomenting for a longer period. We do not know the identity of any others in the photograph. They appear to range in ages from 7 or 8 to early teenager. Again it's probable they are all from the Hepple area because of transport limitations of that era. It could be the photograph is taken in the school yard of Hepple Church of England School. It looks like it to me. The Boy Scouts Association was formed in 1910 and it's just possible this was a very early Scout Group. I think I remember Dad telling me he had been in the Scouts? Although the guns look impressive and authentic they must have seemed 'unreal' to their handlers. They are almost certainly impotent remnants possibly even from the Boer War in Southern Africa. The National Mood in the very early 20th Century would have been focused on preparedness for armed infantry combat. The rest is all speculation.

Memoires of Muggers

Aunty Eleanor wrote a beautiful vignette of her very early memories at East Hepple Farm in Hepple Hamlet. She composed this initially when the Vicar's wife based at Otterburn Manse in the 1950s after moving from Alwinton. Aunty Eleanor was a very keen member and strong supporter of the Women's Institute (WI) all her life. She did not produce the document until moving to Matfen with Uncle Wilkinson Renwick in the 1960s.

Aunty Eleanor would have had a basic education at best; first at Hepple then possibly for a short time at Sharp's School (Private) in Rothbury. It is evident from the prose however that she had educated herself very well by reading a lot which I believe she did. I have reproduced the story here in her original long hand and also a typed version by someone at the Matfen WI or at Johnstone House, Longhoughton. The prose says a lot about Aunty Eleanor and her perception but also the generosity and accommodating kindness of Grandfather William Howey. I don't think this carried through later? We were taught to be very suspicious of any itinerant 'rovers'.



Aunty Eleanor & Hound

Uncle Wilkinson & Aunty Freda

1

Memories

I am writing this in the beginning of June, — always the time of year when my mind goes back to the days of my youth, when one of the highlights of my life, was the arrival, in the small village, where I lived, of the "hawkers or muggers, as they were called.

They were not a bit like the "muggers" we hear of today, these were a harmless wonderful type of people.

During the winter, they had been living in their little old stone-built cottages, some of them just over the Scottish border and quite a few from the beautiful old Ducal town of Alnwick.

They would have put in their time during the winter "drying" the rabbit skins which they had brought from the country people during their "treks" in the summer, these would probably have been brought for one penny each — nowadays what would they cost?

They would also have sorted through the sheep's wool, which they would have gathered from the fields during their journeying in the summer, or brought "bits and

2

pieces left over from the sheep-clippings at the numerous farms which they visited.

One of their first jobs when they came out, in the late Spring, or early Summer, would be to journey up to the little old woollen mill at the beautiful historic village of G Herburn, and there, find a ready market for this beautiful pure wool.

There were also tin-smiths and basket-weavers, among these people, the baskets being made, I seem to remember, from a special kind of rush, growing in the Wooller, Annan and Solway districts.

These sort of articles found a quick sale at the isolated farms and hamlets, people seemed to go so seldom away in those days and most of the shopping was done at the door.

I must explain, why my dear old friends were called "muggers", they were so called, because of the crocks and pots, which they carried round with them, always the sort of thing needed by the house-wife. One of their "specialities" was a huge brown glazed earthen-ware jar, often with a lid, this was generally

3 called a "mug" and would be large enough to hold a dozen or so loaves of bread and Gh! how beautifully fresh and crisp the bread kept in one of these.

To me, their "crockery" seemed marvellous, there were china dogs, china cows with a hole in their back to pour in the milk and then it poured into ones tea cup, from the mouth of the cow, they had; wonderful (to me) ornate vases, gaily coloured cups, saucers and plates and an enormous selection of combs, pins, elastic, hair-slides, cheap jewelry and what always so intrigued me a vast quantity of leather boot laces, these would be hundreds of narrow leather strips cut to within an inch of the piece of leather at the top, the "seller" cutting them off as they were required.

Their mode of travelling was by a pony, (which they always called a Galloway), and a small flat cart, which was always heavily laden with their goods and chattels.

The name "Galloway" came from this being the original home of the type of pony, which they most often had and never once, did I see their ponies being ill-treated, they were always well-fed and well looked after.

4

We lived on a farm and my father always allowed these "travellers" to stay as long as they wanted, (which was generally one or two weeks) and we got quite used to them setting off on their journeys round the country-side early in the morning and returning, probably after a hard day's bargaining, late in the evening.

They would sleep in one of the barns or a loose-box (empty of horses at that time) and there, they would bed down at night, ever so snug in masses of hay and probably an old horse-sheet on top.

The "kettle" was always boiled for them in the farm-house kitchen, morning and evening and nearly always, my mother, "hook down" the ham from its hook in the kitchen and fried a pan of ham and eggs, + while this was in progress we would get their news of the day, they were what is called "a wonderful crack", that being the Northumbrian expression for a real "good conversation".

What interesting tales, they could tell, with travelling so much about the country, they were really a joy to listen to.

Among our visitors, there was the elderly couple who came from the lovely old town of Yetholm, they,

5 much to our delight, always had a small donkey travelling behind their cart, which in this case was drawn by a huge old cart-horse, we were told that the donkey was kept to keep the horse company and in fact they did seem great friends when they were turned out into a field at night.

The old lady used to come round to the door with an enormous basket, (very much like a laundry basket) and this was packed to the lid with what was called "draperies", pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths and much-embroidered ladies underwear often slotted with pale blue ribbon, my sister + I thought these wonderful, why mother didn't buy the lot, always puzzled us, ~~but I well remember her favourite expression was that they would be like "book-mustins" when they were washed.~~

I always loved when an old "roadster", we called the "Song-man", came, he was a native of Ireland, came on foot and arrived, or nearly always seemed to, when we were busy with our mid-day meal, but we would rush and the greetings over, we would stand grouped round the door listening to this wonderful Irish voice singing songs such as "The Mountains of Mourne" and "Take me home

6

Again Kathleen, he was always given a huge plate of meat, potatoes and gravy, his ~~improvised~~ dining table being the "lid" on the rain-water barrel. This finished, he was given six pence, he then took his departure showering us with thanks and blessings until he was out of earshot. Looking back on our youth, we seem to think the sun was always shining and that there were no wet days and somehow these people, never seemed to arrive wet and miserable and the pace of life was so much slower and their visits with their small pony and cart, their crocks, bins, baskets and the various assortment of small goods which they brought with them, were a great joy to us all.

Alas; they have now all passed on and I think, we, in the country are the poorer for their passing, they were a wonderful, nature-loving, lot of people, truly a bit of "the salt of the earth". 178

~~Miss E. Jones~~ 181
 (4th) Eleanor Renwick 190
~~Elizabeth Williams~~ 190
~~Elizabeth~~ 190
~~Elizabeth~~ 191
~~Elizabeth~~ 191

The crossing out is most likely perpetrated by the Johnson House person who typed the manuscript when Aunt Eleanor was in care. (See below)

Northumbrian memories of a country lady.

I am writing this toward the end of a very cold hard February when wishful thinking, for a long warm summer, seems to bring Spring a little closer. The birds are also thinking of spring and the whirling, squabbling raucous rooks are seeking nesting sites in the old chestnut trees beside the church. The ring doves and the blackbirds, oblivious to the noise above them go quietly about seeking a mate and a thick hedge or less obvious place for their nest. However I don't have to seek a new nest and I can sit quietly and recall the days of my youth and the highlights of those days.

One of the annual events in the small village where I lived was the arrival of the 'hawkers' or as they were known then, the 'muggers'. Not I hasten to add anything like the modern 'mugging' fraternity, but a hard working type of people who all winter lived in their little old stone-built cottages. Many of these were in the old Ducal town of Alnwick, others lived just over the Scottish border.

These 'muggers' would spend all winter drying and cleaning the rabbit skins which they had bought in the summer from the country people they met on their annual 'treks'. The price they gave for a skin was rarely more than an old 'penny' but more often a 'hapenny' for a canny yin. Winter was also the time to sort through the sheeps wool which they had gathered from the fields during their journeying in the summer. They also bought the bits and pieces of wool left over from the sheep clippings at the numerous farms they visited.

Pgge 2. (memories)

One of their first jobs when they 'came out' in the late spring or early summer would be to journey up to the little old woollen mill at the beautiful historic village of Otterburn and there find a ready market for this soft pure wool, so carefully combed and cleaned.

There were also tin-smiths, and basket weavers among these people having learned their skills from their parents and relatives, no 'evening classes' then, life was one long class. The baskets I remember were made from a special kind of rush which grew in the Wooller, Annan and Solway districts and which could be had for the cutting. These articles found a quick sale at the isolated farms and hamlets among the Cheviot hills. We seemed to leave home so seldom in those days and most of our shopping was done at the cottage door.

I must explain why my dear old friends were called 'muggers', they were so called because of the crocks and pots which they carried round with them, always the sort of thing that the housewife looked at and said 'just what I'm needing' having probably dropped the previous one onto the hard flagged floor with dire results. One of their 'specialities' was a huge brown glazed earthenware jar, often with a lid. This was called a 'mug' and would be large enough to hold a dozen or so loaves of bread and Oh! how beautifully fresh and crisp the bread kept in one of these.

As a young girl their crockery to me seemed marvellous, there were china dogs, looking strangely friendly; china cows with a hole in their back to pour the milk into and then it was poured into the teacups from the mouth of the cow. They/

Page 3. (memories)

They also had what to me were wonderful ornate vases, gaily coloured cups, saucers and plates and an enormous selection of combs, pins, elastic, hair-slides, cheap jewelry and what always intrigued me, a vast quantity of leather boot laces. These laces were long lengths of broad leather cut into fine strips to within an inch of one end and the 'mugger' merely cut off as many strips or laces as you required.

The 'muggers' travelled with a small flat cart, pulled by a pony always known as a 'Galloway' no matter what its pedigree was. The name Galloway came from the original breed of ponies but though their pedigree may have been lost, their treatment was never anything but the best, for the true 'mugger' was dependent upon his pony to pull the laden cart all summer over many miles of country roads, most of them muddy and stony, long before the days of tarmacadam..

My family lived on a farm and my father always allowed these 'travellers' to stay as long as they chose, generally this was for two weeks or thereabouts and we as children got quite used to them setting off on their journeys ~~each day~~ round the countryside early in the morning and returning in the evening after a long day's bargaining with the setting sun giving just enough light to see their way over the farm track. They would sleep in one of the barns or a loose box (empty of horses at that time) amongst the hay and straw and probably covered by an old horse sheet.

The kettle was always boiled for them in the farmhouse kitchen, morning and evening, often accompanied by a slice of ham, mother having taken the ham from its hook in the kitchen and cut a few generous slices, eggs too if the hens were laying at home. Whilst/

Page 4. (memories)

Whilst the evening meal was cooking and they supped their tea, we would get their news of the day for they were what was called ' a wonderful crack' (more politely, good conversationalists) What interesting tales they could tell to us children, they being such travellers and we had hardly ever left the village we were born in.

Among our regular visitors was a lovely old couple who came from Yetholm, they much to our delight always had a small donkey behind their cart which was drawn by a huge old cart horse, the donkey we were told was company for the horse and this was very obvious when they were turned out to graze. The old lady used to come round to the door with an enormous basket (very much like a modern laundry basket) and this was packed to the lid with what she called draperies. These were pillow cases, towels, table cloths and much embroidered ladies underwear, often slotted with pale blue ribbon, my sister and I thought these the most wonderful creations and could never understand why mother did not buy the lot.

I always loved when an old 'roadster' we called the 'Song--Man' came. He was a native of Ireland and travelled on foot and always seemed to arrive when we were busy with our midday meal, out we would rush and the greetings over we would stand grouped round the door listening to this wonderful Irish voice singing such songs as the 'Mountains of Mourne and Take me home again Kathleen. He was always given a huge plate of meat, potatoes and gravy and using the lid of the rain barrel as an impromptu table he would clean the plate. He left after being given a sixpence and would shower us with blessings and thank yous until he was out of earshot

Looking/

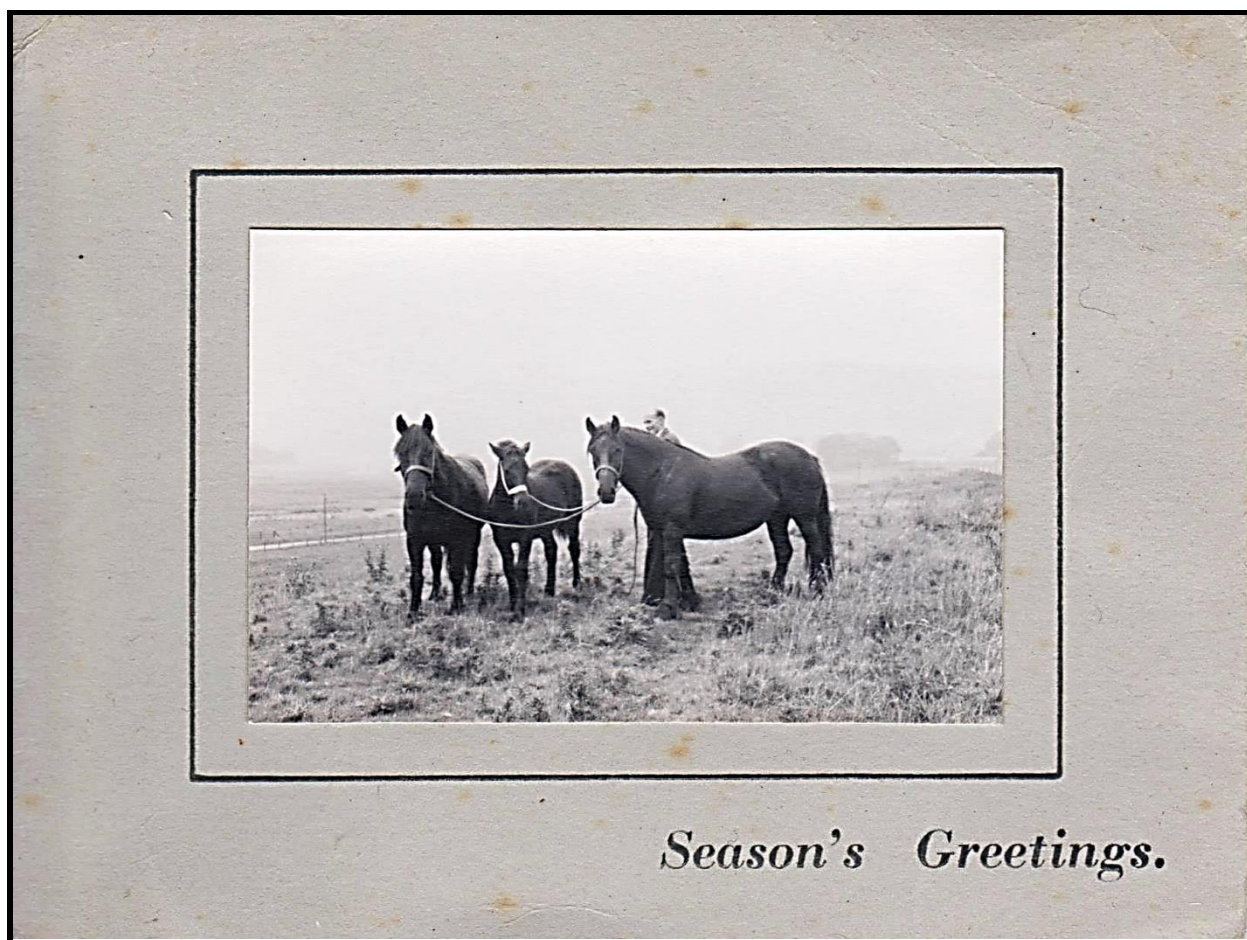
Page 5. (memories)

Looking back like this I seem to think that the sun was ever shining, that there were no wet days and the 'muggers' never seemed to arrive cold wet and hungry. They seemed for ever happy and the whole of their lives and ours were set to the pace of the 'Galloway' and cart. Our delight in handling their crocks baskets and assortment of goods seemed far deeper than the shallow entertainment of the television screen. The muggers were some of the salt of the earth and I am sure I am the better for having known them. However they have gone, as winter has nearly gone and looking forward to spring and summer must also mean looking forward in time, ~~hoping that~~ like the busy nest builders, ^{hoping that} some of the things I have said and done will have brought some benefit to someone.

Eleanor Renwick.

Johnson House.

Longhoughton.



This is a Christmas Greeting Card depicting Uncle Wilkinson and his Fell Ponies. He used to ride these when visiting outlying farms and villages during his ministrations while at Alwinton. He also used to ride them in local shows with some success although competing against many professional breeders. Fell Ponies were noted for their durability and surefootedness especially in the winter months. They were also extremely adept at handling wet and freezing conditions with very large hooves and lots of fetlock 'feather'. They also had excellent temperaments well suited to carrying intrepid peregrinating parsons!

Life on the Farm



East Hepple Farm c. 1900 – c. 1960

I think nothing changed very much for most of the early part of the 20th century. This is the farm house with its dirt road approach that Grandparents William & Hannah (nee Robinson) Howey moved into soon after they were married. It doesn't vary much from the same farm we vacated in the early 1960s.

Riddell Wedding

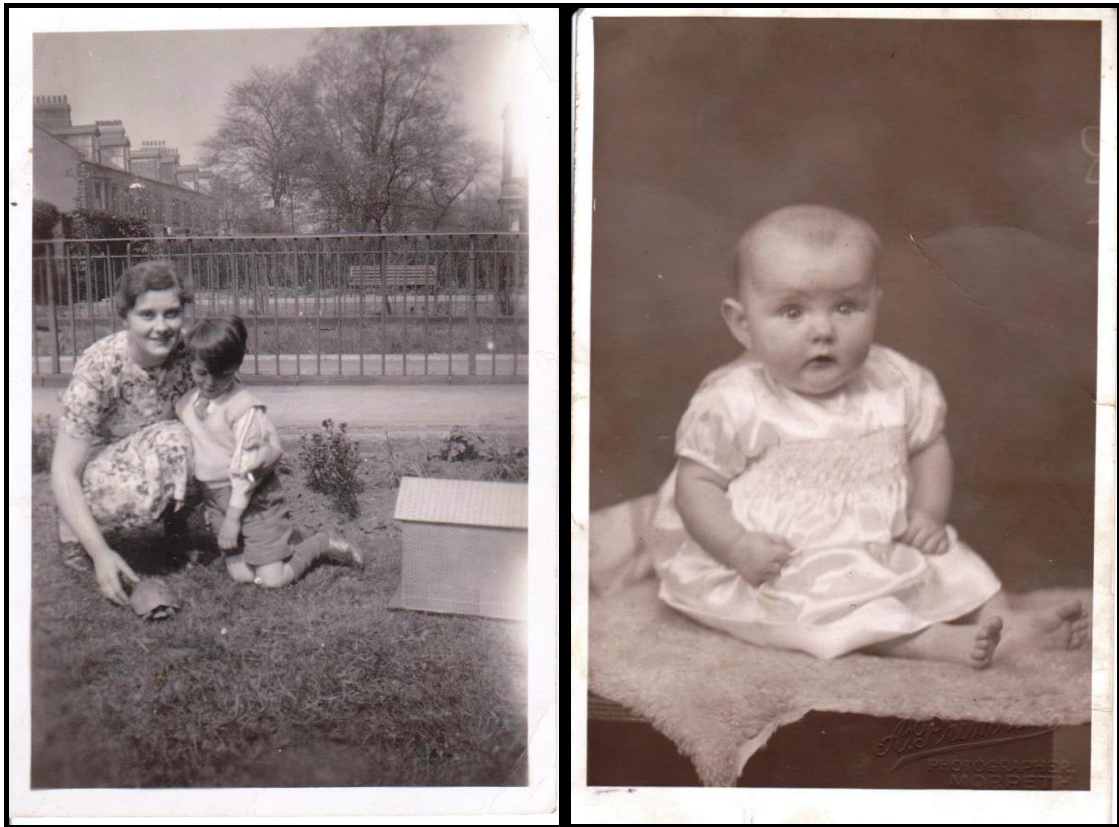


Sir Walter & Lady Riddell Wedding 11th October 1916

My grandparents would have been thrilled to be invited to the wedding of the incumbent local Baron Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell. This would be seen in the village as a major social coup. It's quite probable that the young Hannah Robinson from Bishop Auckland in County Durham had been an employee at Hepple Whitefield. No matter it was very kind indeed of Sir Walter to send this post card as a memento. Diana is quite certain that both my Grandparents attended the ceremony which would have been the greatest excursion and adventure either had ever undertaken or ever did again.

This magnanimity of the Riddell's was typical. They were very popular and highly respected in the community almost to the point of fawning reverence. They did not abuse this exalted pinnacle of regional hegemony. Sir Walter and later his son were munificent benefactors even when they appeared to fall on hard times. Keeping up appearances was paramount despite any perceived lack of fiscal resources.

Family Comes Along



Mum & Gordon Walker 1940

Baby Diana 1941



Joy Chesterton 'Tandy' Mum Moira Walker with niece

These were arguably halcyon days for mother. It was tougher from here on as the family grew.

Family Expansion



This collage shows Grandfather Howey with baby Diana and various snaps of Uncle Billy and Auntie Freda's wedding and 'reception' at East Hepple Farm. Uncle Billy seems to find something quite hilarious with Auntie Freda wheeling Diana in the perambulator. It certainly 'captures the moment' in photographic terminology.

Mother's Union

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—*St. Matthew* vii, 7.

Prayer for the use of Parents.

O FATHER and Creator of the world, Who dost send Thy Holy Spirit from above to renew Thine image in our souls, inspire the heart of every Parent in the land to love and follow Thee; and awakening our minds to a loyal sense of our duty, take possession of our Hearts and Homes, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen.

Prayer for my Children.

DEFEND, O LORD, my Children with Thy Heavenly Grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until they come to Thine Everlasting Kingdom, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen.

Prayer before Bible Teaching.

ALMIGHTY GOD, pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon me, that I may teach my children to know and love Thee. O LORD, take my mind, and think through it. Take my lips, and speak through them. Take my heart, and set it on fire with love to Thee, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen.

Diocese of.....*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*.....

Member's Signature.....*Nancy Hume*.....

Name of Branch.....*Christ Church, Hepple*.....

Enrolling Member's Signature.....*B. Horley*.....

Admitted by.....*Wm. A. French (Priest-in-Charge)*.....

Date.....*6th May 1943*.....

Motto for Mothers.

"Be yourself what you wish your children to be."

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—*Proverbs* xxxi, 28.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*St. Matthew* xiv, 14.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—*Phil.* iv, 13.

The Mothers' Union.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—*St. Mark x, 9.*



MEMBER'S CARD.

(Revised 1912.)

Objects.



- 1.—To uphold the Sanctity of Marriage.
- 2.—To awaken in Mothers of all Classes a sense of their great responsibility in the training of their boys and girls (the future Fathers and Mothers of the Empire).
- 3.—To organise in every place a band of Mothers who will unite in prayer and seek by their own example to lead their families in purity and holiness of life.

I DESIRE to acknowledge that by my marriage vow I have pledged myself to love, to help, and to be faithful to my Husband till death us do part.

I DESIRE to remember that my Children have been made Members of our Lord Jesus Christ in Holy Baptism, and dedicated body and soul to His Service, and that it is my duty so to train them that they may continue His faithful Soldiers and Servants unto their lives' end.

I DESIRE BY GOD'S HELP—

1. To guard my Home, to the utmost of my power, from the dangers of Infidelity, Impurity, Intemperance, Betting, and Gambling.
2. To teach my children to pray daily, to read the Bible with them, especially the four Gospels, and to instruct them in our Holy Christian Faith.
3. To lead them to hallow God's Day, and to worship Him regularly in His House of Prayer.
4. To train my children to be obedient, truthful, pure, self-controlled and industrious, and to set them a good example in word and deed.
5. To guard them from bad and doubtful companions, influences, and amusements, and to discourage slander and gossip in my Home.
6. To be very careful as to the books, periodicals, and papers which they read, and which are seen in my Home.
7. To encourage a spirit of reverence by precept and example.

GOD grant that I may so use the means of Grace, that united to our Lord Jesus Christ, and abiding in Him I may be enabled to fulfil my duty as a faithful Wife and a wise and loving Mother.

Special Prayer for Communicant Members.

GOD grant that I may so use the means of Grace, that united to God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and being continually strengthened and refreshed with the spiritual Food of His most Blessed Body and Blood, I may fulfil my duty as a faithful Wife and a wise and loving Mother in the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

The Mothers' Union Prayer to be said daily.

O LORD, fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, that we may firmly believe in JESUS CHRIST, and love Him with all our hearts. Wash our souls in His Precious Blood. Make us to hate sin, and to be holy in thought, word and deed. Help us to be faithful wives and loving mothers. Bless us and all who belong to the Mothers' Union, unite us together in love and prayer, and teach us to train our children for Heaven. Pour out Thy Holy Spirit on our husbands and children. Make our Homes Homes of peace and love, and may we so live on earth, that we may live with Thee for ever in Heaven; for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—*Joshua xxiv, 15.*

"I am the Vine, ye are the Branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."—*St. John xv, 5.*

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*St. Matthew v, 8.*

Clearly Granny Howey decided it was time mother joined the Women's Union. She would have been brave to have resisted! It seemed like a good idea at the time.

Work Goes On



Grandfather and Father with helpers

Johnny & Nana

They are generations apart but the show goes on. Johnny was not always overly willing but Nana could coax the very best out of him even when he 'threatened a sit down strike'. I think Johnny was 'politically aware' at an early age and knew the power of withdrawing labour. This was an attitude which did not sit well with Dad!



Nana had an affinity with and genuine love of animals as well as children. She never gave up on any task. Here she is caring for poddy calves including twins. The scene in the background is typical of the solid steading surrounding the farm. These farm buildings incorporating housed dairy, granaries, stables, hay barns and the like are now all converted to up-market residential accommodation for commuters and holiday homes.

Hopes and Dreams

A massive amount of emotional energy and capital was invested in a young thoroughbred we named 'Niggy'. He was the product of a grey mare called 'Tall Story' and stallion called 'Border Legend'. The latter was owned by Earl Percy (Duke of Northumberland) and travelled the district in a horse float to cover mares on behalf of the Hunter Light Horse Improvement Society or similar. Dad had won the mare on the toss of a coin in a pub for nothing! She was old (26) and had been an irregular breeder. The owner was disgruntled and had lost faith. 'Niggy' was later sold to a local trainer Jim Wilson of 'Wooperton' for £200 and raced as 'Border Sparkle'. Diana believes his poor racing form might have been due to the irregular practices of Glanton horse breaker Hedley Hunter in 'pulling them over' as part of early education? This is debatable but also possibly true. Brother John is with Dad in the third photo. This was an unusual combination.



The collage shows Dad attending to 'Niggy' and his dam in the bottom photograph. He earned his sobriquet for his propensity to 'niggle' at anything offered to him or else a loose sleeve or shirt cuff. The South Country Cheviot Ewes are typical of the breed favoured by Dad. It would not be unreasonable to claim that 'we bred fast sheep and slow horses'. The ewes could certainly run!

Dealing with Quads

Quadruplets were rare but not impossible in our sheep. This must have been a very fecund Blue Headed Leicester (Hexham Leicester) ewe. They were Dad's favourite breed. He may have been prescient because at the time of writing (30/09/15) I have just returned from a visit to Diana. We attended the Kelso Tup (Ram) Sales. This breed is now VERY fashionable. Dad achieved a long standing ambition to sell Blue Heads at Kelso.



Dad's working dress is quite typical with a type of light brown overcoat tied with baler twine

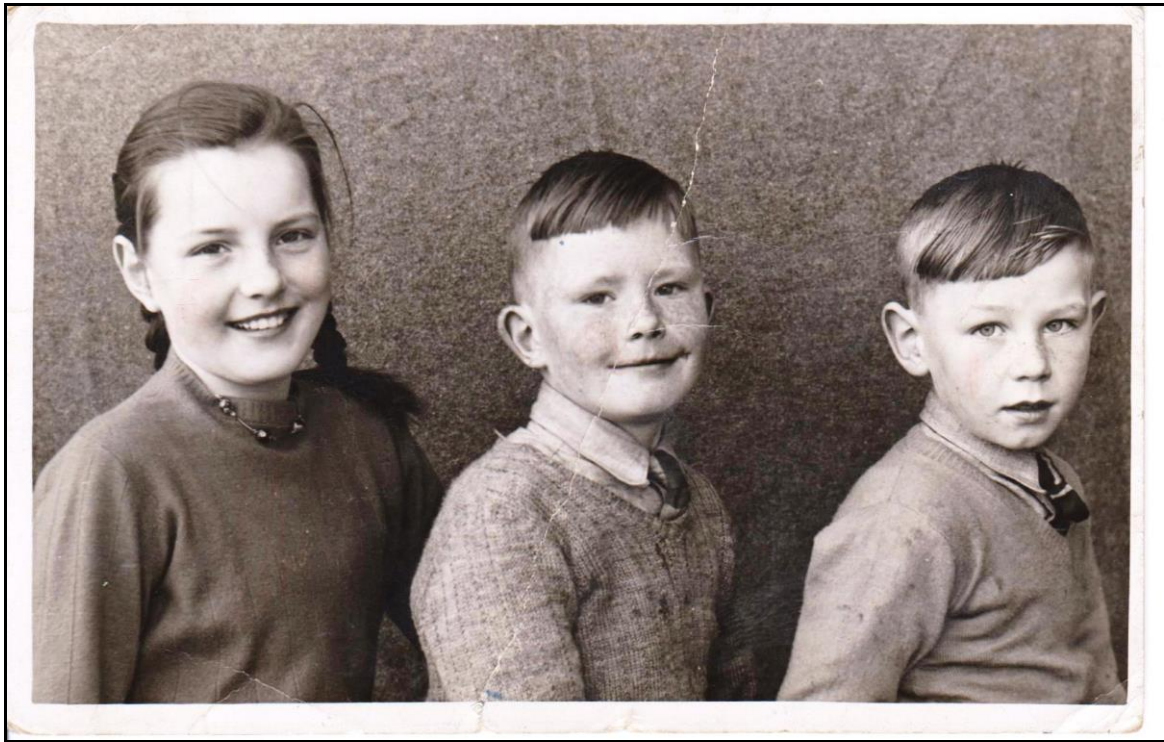






Mum was good with the lambs. When we re-joined the 20th century with an upgrading of the kitchen to include an AGA Coke fuelled stove we might have as many as 15 or twenty hypothermic lambs being re-heated on any one morning. The lambing was done outside and vernal weather in Northumberland could be extremely challenging to the survival of the newborn. Diana was by far the best of the three children at lambing time. She was always willing to brave the elements in order to check the ewes and lambs no matter the weather or how early. It's a bit of a modern tragedy she did not 'score' a local farmer which is what would have been her optimum and preferred metier?

Growing Up



In some ways this is my favourite. There is something whimsical, wistful and ephemeral about it; or am I being a trite too poetical? Waxing lyrical? Who? Me? I'm probably glad it's not in colour. I was red-headed and covered in freckles at this age. Sobriquet 'Fatty Howey' I did not appreciate. I remember being very sensitive and self-conscious about my looks. I don't think I liked it. Maybe I never have?



Diana on Nelson



Diana on 'Dolly' (Cob)

Dolly was on loan from friend Elsie Holmes. Diana didn't mind so long as she was mounted. Compared to most she had to make do with whatever was available and/or affordable.



Diana on 'Unity'

Diana pursued her inculcated goals with determination and no little success. She always aspired to follow the path well-trodden for many decades if not centuries. This was the 'farming-hunting-racing' coterie in the local Northumbrian idiom. It comes at a cost and requires a continuum of resources not available to many. With limited supply of the latter Diana did very well. She and Raymond Blythe filled senior positions on the West Percy Hunt Committee: Diana as Honorary Secretary for a record 18 years and Raymond as Honorary Treasurer. Diana also followed Aunty Peggy in the pathway of excellence with the Women's Institute (WI). She represented Northumberland County WI in a National Quiz Competition reaching the Grand Final in London. Di excelled in any activity involving general knowledge. She was a formidable contestant at any level having successfully inherited the 'bossy' gene (her word) via Ballybay!



1954 Boxing Day Meet of the West Percy Hounds

"Three Wheat Heads Hotel", Thropton

This was just about the 'Apogee of Empire' for a 14-year-old farmer's daughter growing up in the Upper Coquet Valley. Diana had been at Ackworth for 2 years which carried its own social cachet. I had just started and 'endured' my initiation first term away from the security of home.

Betty Miller is the other girl mounted in the photograph. Betty's father Kerr Miller of 'Eslington Hill' was the amateur (unpaid) 'Whipper-In' for the West Percy Hounds. He was very highly regarded as an excellent farmer in the district often vying with Dad over who achieved the highest prices for their Scottish Half Bred lambs at Rothbury Mart's annual production sale. Sadly Kerr was another casualty of the 'lifestyle versus way-of-life' conundrum. Like others closer to home he failed to achieve the balance. It was a huge surprise when the Miller family had to 'come out' of Eslington Hill due to financial collapse ('gone bust'). Sadly there were more to come.

Mine host in the foreground is Jack Baker of the "Three Wheat Heads Hotel", Thropton. He is offering the traditional free 'stirrup cup' distributed at such gatherings. I notice Diana is not refusing her 'drop' although it may well have been an alcoholic 'Percy Special'? Jack Baker had previously held the licence at the County Hotel in Rothbury which had been the pinnacle in the Upper Coquet. By this time the 'County' was in terminal decline and now operates as a retirement care home for RAF veterans and other servicemen. Note the huge crowd in attendance. This meet was a 'major' on the local social calendar.

Bathing & Other Recreation Pursuits



Diana & John Howey Norah & Rosemary Beattie Me submerged in front



Johnny Howey Norah Beattie Diana Howey Rosie Beattie & Me in front

There were rare halcyon days bathing in the River Coquet on warm summer days. We could not swim but Norah Beattie (senior girl then at Ackworth School) was considered responsible enough to supervise us all.



I think this is mother in an earlier but similar scenario? The assisted child looks distressingly like me?



This is Johnny's best friend 'Sparky' at East Hepple. Nana provided additional compassionate and emotional support to both.



'Team Hepple' 1954?

Back row: Unknown Unknown Unknown (possibly Charles Dagg)

Middle Row: Joan Foggon; Andrew Milburn; George Rogerson; Thomas Foggon; David Howey

Front Row: Unknown; Marjorie Welton; Johnny Howey; Stewart Whitfield; Unknown



John

Diana

William

I am wearing my 'Dick Vet' tie so it must be c. 1961. Mother and Granny Clarke are in the front porch. Johnny would just have started at King Edward IV Grammar School Morpeth.



Border Hunt Dance at Otterburn Hall Hotel; January 1961

Peter & David Stott Penelope ('Pooh') Allen Unknown Diana & William Howey

Apart from when Diana and I were invited to one of the Vining Girls coming-of-age party at Trewitt Hall this would have been the 'pinnacle' of societal recognition. This photograph appeared in the social pages of the 'Newcastle Journal' ostensibly depicting the young guns of the Coquet Valley Hunting Set at play. As far as I was concerned all of this was false. I was simply a coolly compliant acolyte and very uncomfortable. I believe the picture captures this mood. Diana would have viewed it differently.

David Stott was the object of Di's attention and was *'the love of my life'* (her words). This was reciprocated for a time but the relationship did not fully mature or develop to fruition. At this time I was in my final year at Ackworth and Head Boy. David had completed at Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh and was effectively a 'free man'. Peter was still at Merchiston. 'Pooh' was my age and attended a Private Girls School in Edinburgh. She has brought along her 'posh friend' (Di's words) for support. Di was in the final year at St Hild's College, Durham University completing her teacher's training. The Stott family farmed at 'Elilaw' very productively. Peter took over the home farm with aplomb and made a great success of the venture. David moved over the border and was not so constructive eventually capitulating. The Allen Family farmed at 'Prendwick' and seemed very secure. This was not the case. Dallas Allen enjoyed a 'wee drop' all too frequently and later had to 'come out' of Prendwick. Mrs Joan Allen's brother W. I. D. Elliott was a farmer in the Melrose area and captain of the Scotland National Rugby Team. He led them to a famous 3 – 3 draw versus the marauding NZ All Blacks at Murrayfield; Scotland's best ever result. Again Dougie Elliott, as he was known, also tumbled victim to the Accountant forcibly having to vacate his farm. It seemed to be a recurring theme? I was well warned!

Whitefield and Whitfield



Whitefield Fete 'Fun & Games'

Johnny & Nana extreme left Mum (checked coat), Auntie Freda & Uncle Billy (hands in pockets)



Unknown Joe Whitfield Henry Whitfield George Rogerson & Thomas Foggon

Shooter unknown

These fetes hosted by the Riddell Family were a great summer feature and eagerly anticipated. I think they were the high point for Nana. She loved the competition of 'bring-and-buy sales'. I had trouble understanding the logic.



The Whitfield Family of Hepple
 Joe Whitfield Henry Whitfield
 Dora & Bob Whitfield

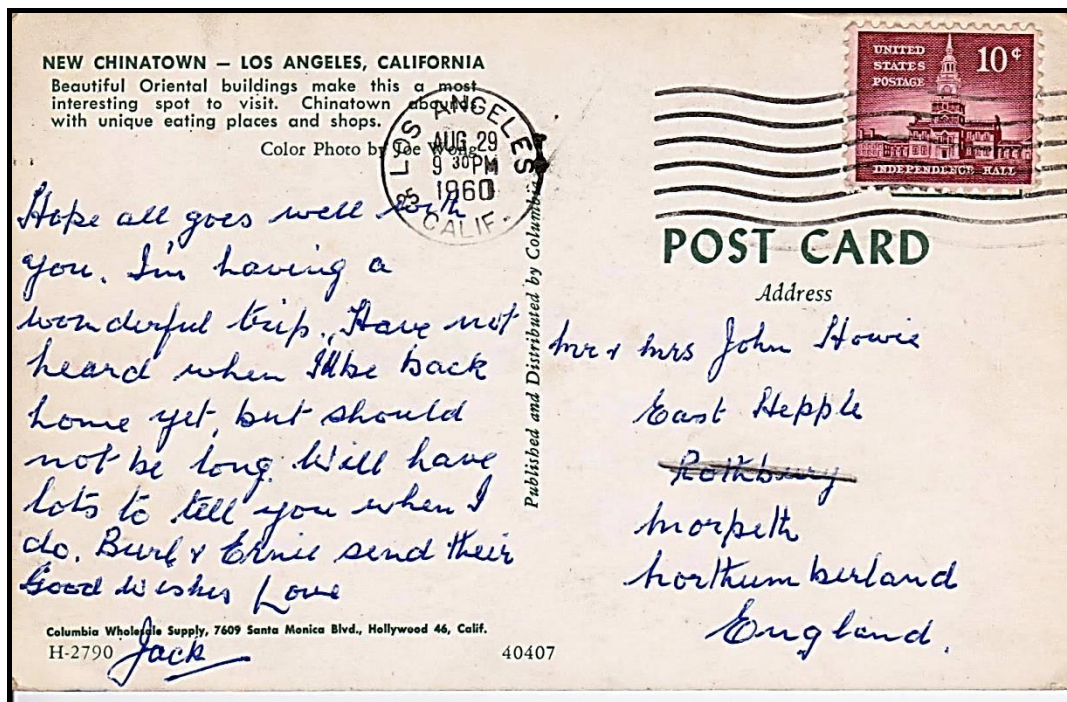
The Whitfield family of Hepple and the Hepple Whitefield Estate of the Riddell family were virtually synonymous. It is even possible the surname derived from the place name as was common in pre-Victorian England. For several generations they had been loyal servants to the Barony especially in the specialised area of game keeping. This required maintenance of the 'shoots' for both grouse and pheasant particularly the former. Grouse nest naturally only under the right conditions of heather growth on the moors. It was necessary to organise timely 'burn back' of woody mature heather to allow for regrowth and the best conditions for nesting and breeding braces of grouse.

Joe Whitfield and his family were resident at Whitefield while Henry and Evelyn Whitfield plus Bob and Dora occupied the twin cottages at the foot of the village hill provided by the Riddell Estate. Henry and Evelyn later moved to the vacant School House when the School closed its doors. Sadly Joe died very young not long after this photograph was taken. His grandson Darren is still resident in Hepple and works at Whitefield. Darren Whitfield is a star of the ancient sport of Cumberland & Westmorland style wrestling. He is a local and 'national' champion assisting as coach at the popular wrestling academy in Rothbury. Dad and Henry Whitfield did not always see eye to eye. This reached a crisis when Henry 'objected' to non-pasteurised milk from our dairy being provided for the children at Hepple School. This much was true. With modern recognition of diseases like Brucellosis and Tuberculosis being transmitted through untreated milk Henry may have been correct? I think it led to the cessation of our farm supplying milk although Dad's interest in the profitable dairy had also waned.

Hollywood Connection



New Chinatown LA



I discovered this post card dated August 29 1960. It is from Uncle Jack Armstrong in Hollywood. He was there as the guest of Burl Ives to whom he refers in the script. I described originally how legendary Burl Ives had been a guest at East Hepple Farm. I seriously doubted some of Uncle Jack's 'tall tales' about having a high old time such as partying with Marilyn Monroe. I'm sorry Uncle Jack! You have provided proof positive. How could I ever doubt you? Note the incorrect spelling of our surname 'Howie'?

WILLIAM CLARKE — THE BALLYBAY PIPER

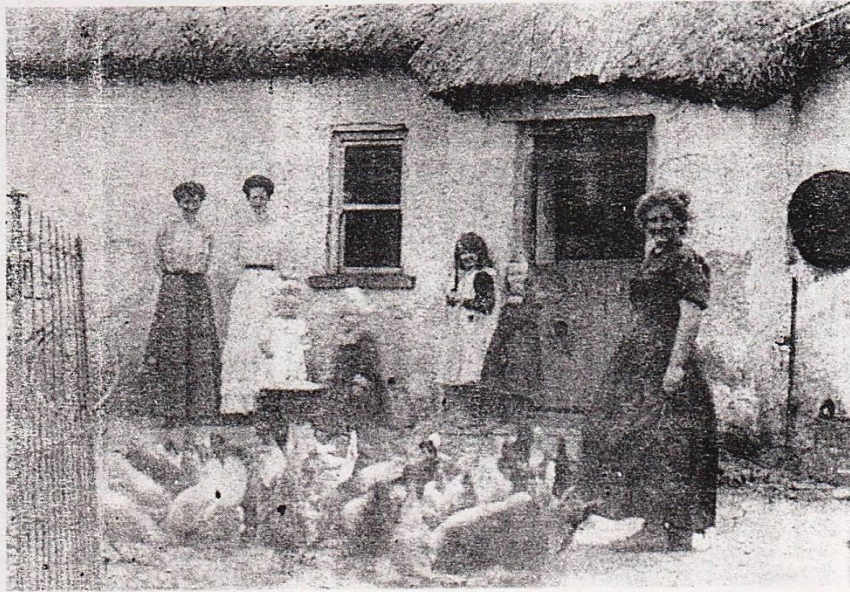
HARRY BRADSHAW



William Clarke

He was one of the 50 pipers who played for the R.T.E. radio series.

Grandfather Willie Clarke



An early photo of the Clarke home in Dunmaurice.



The shop in Main St., Ballybay where Willie Clarke carried on his business.



The Clarke children, Nancy, Tom and Bill.



Ballybay Pipe Band : Willie Clarke 3rd from left, George McCullagh boy piper behind Bass Drum.



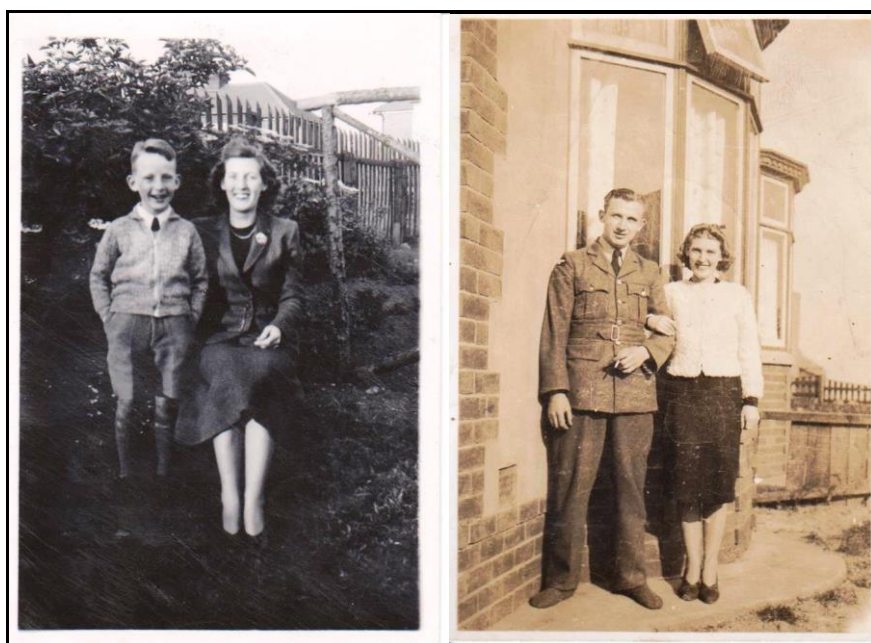
William Carolan



Photograph in Ballybay Cemetery courtesy of Greg Scott, Moonan Flat



This depicts three snaps of mother in whimsical mode at 'Ballybay' when only 16 in c. 1934?
Mum is on the extreme right in each shot.



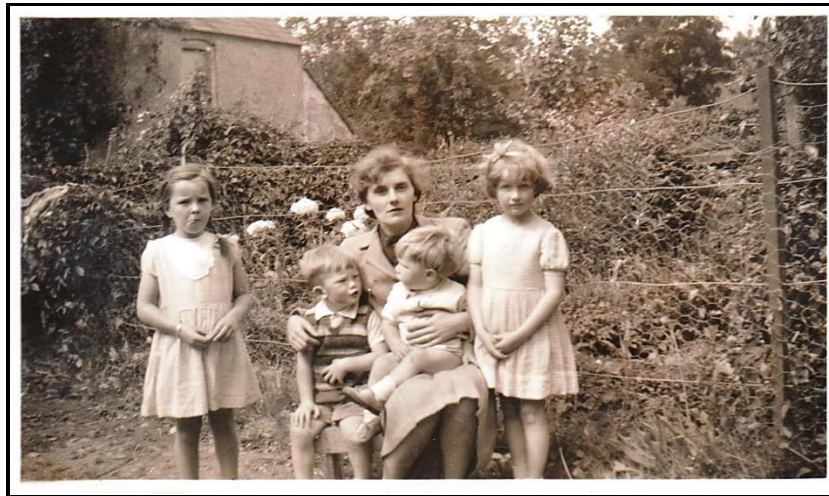
Cousin Billy & Aunty Mary

Uncle Tom & Aunty Mary



Baby cousin 'Lilmar' (Lillian Margaret Clarke)

More Irish



Dunmaurice 1946

Diana William Mum Johnny Unknown



Dunmaurice 1946

Diana



Dunmaurice 1946

East Hepple c. 1960

Mum & William + Granny Clarke & Diana

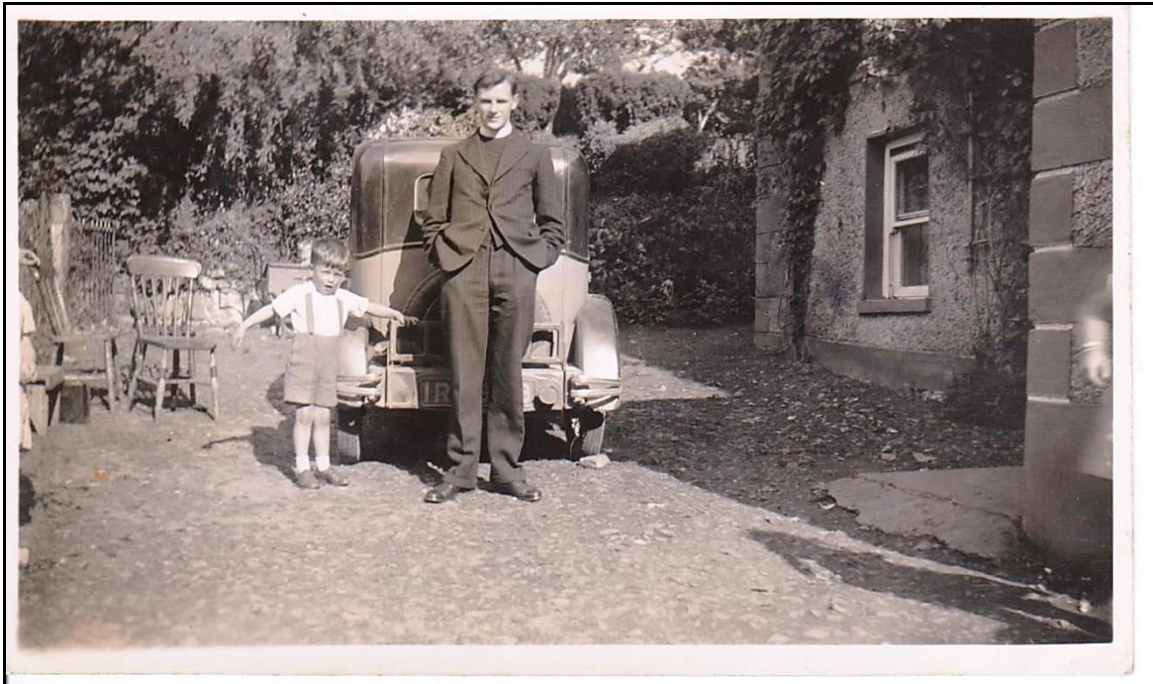
Mum + Granny Clarke + Diana



Uncle Billy & Liam @ 'Blackrock'



Uncle Billy & Liam



William Howey & Curate Uncle Billy Clarke



Cousin Liam & Aunty Alice

Cousin Liam



'The Manse', Dublin Road, Dundalk, Co Louth, Eire

Home of Uncle Billy & Aunty Alice for many years

'Snipe' & Granny Clarke



Granny Clarke second left mounted on holiday in Norway

This is perhaps the most surprising of all the rediscovered photographs! None of us ever knew Granny Clarke had been anywhere near a horse let alone mounted!

Finale Trivia



Hound trailing @ Alwinton Show: Dad in his element with stick in foreground



This is Dad's crony ex-jockey Billy Griggs in the Turks Head in Rothbury. Billy had been a friend and rival of the great Sir Gordon Richards which 'elevated' him in the local social hierarchy.



Rothbury Fair 1960

Jill Renwick (Holystone Grange) & Diana: Who produced the monkey?



Peter Stott & Diana @ Wooler Show 1987. Enough said!



PHOTO BY ERNEST A. COOK, EALING, W.B.

<i>Back row :</i>	W.P.Goss LIFE VICE-PRESIDENT	J.Mayell Q.M.C.	J.C.Howe GOLDSMITHS	B.P.Callington GOLDSMITHS	R.Alexander WOOLWICH	M.Clayton GOLDSMITHS	P.Revett I.C.	J.M.Clarkson HON. VICE-PRESIDENT
<i>Front row :</i>	K.Ball REARDECK	A.Quig I.C.	I.Goldsmith GOLDSMITHS	R.Murray GOLDSMITHS	G.Squire I.C.	G.Tyler GOLDSMITHS		

This team represented London University @ University Championships in 1967/1968 where they were runners up to Scottish Universities Select losing 1 – 0 in the Grand Final. This was arguably the highest level in sport achieved by a Hepple school product?

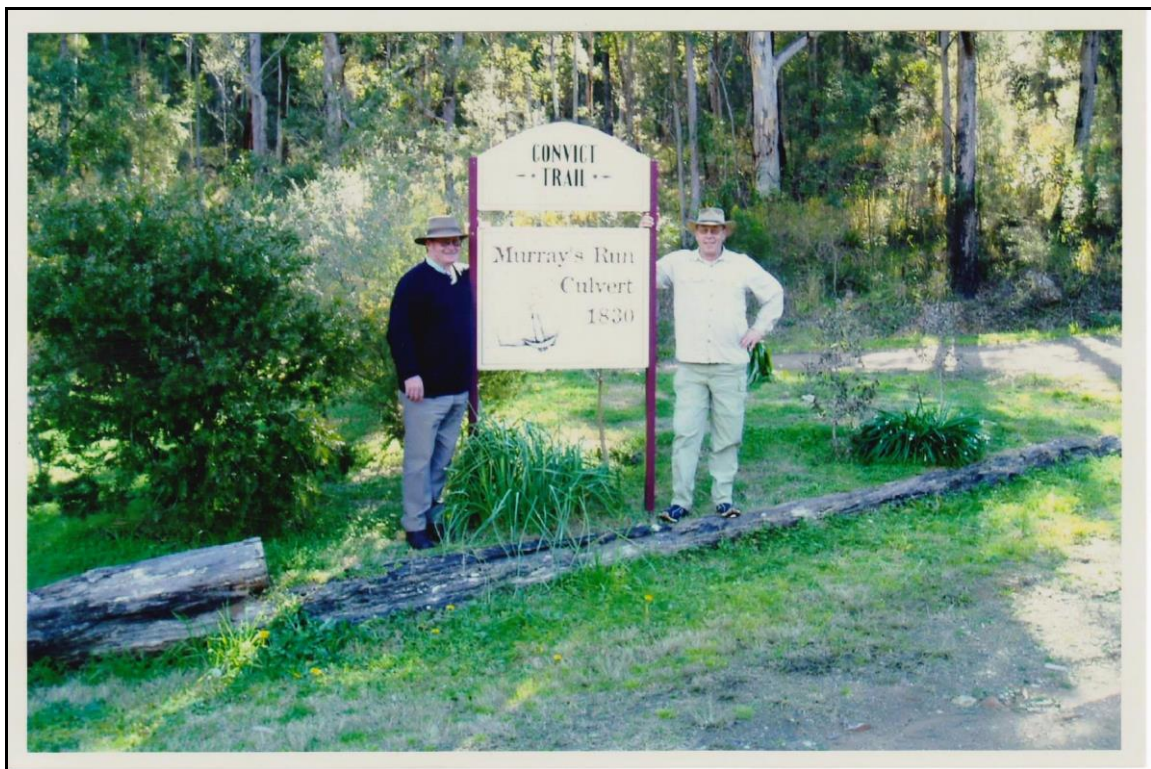


John & Val's wedding; Howes left; Broadhursts right.



John & Val's Wedding

Bridesmaid Diana Best Man Dad Mum John & Val Mrs & Mrs Broadhurst et al



Dedicated to my brother John who did it tougher than the rest of us but came out on top

At last he has found his true metier. 'It takes one to know one'? Who did the runner?