

The Howey Family of Hepple

Recent Pictographic Historical Perspective



WEST HEPPLÉ farmhouse, about 1890. John Howey (grandfather of Miss Peggy and Mrs Ena Howey) is seated left of the front door, his wife, Mary, sits opposite in black silk and bonnet. Their children, left to right, are Margaret (later Mrs Ralph Hall), William, John, Mary (later Mrs Tom Tully of the Railway Hotel, Rothbury), Isabel (Mrs Hector Herdman), James (father of Peggy, Ena Bolam and Edwin Howey of West Hepple) and Elizabeth.

W. P. Howey

2015

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Foreword

I am motivated to record for posterity (my children and children's children) the recent family history of the Hepple Howey Hierarchy. I have rejected as being in the too hard basket the ancestry origins and early settlement in the area. I have also avoided 'family trees' and concentrated on individuals of note or merit. One unconfirmed account states that the initial pioneer came over from Normandy in 1068 following King William I's successful invasion two years earlier. The archetype appellation may have meant 'Man on the Hill': in which case it has been a downhill journey for the next thousand years or so! The family appear to be of sound basic yeoman farming stock. As famous and pioneering names are few this part of the collage will be brief! Aunty Ena Howey, actually my father's first cousin from West Hepple and later 'Kilnway', said that the Howeys had been in Hepple Village for over four hundred years? I have been either unable or unwilling to establish this fact. Sadly none remain there now; spinster Aunty Ena being the final resident to sustain the surname. I have avoided trolling through church and parish records even by 'Trove'. This account will be more of a photographic montage with some explanatory notes. I have relied on the archive which my late mother garnered and which elder sister Diana so assiduously protected. The photographs not unsurprisingly vary greatly in quality but modern photo-shop technology and manipulation can richly enhance them. I have done this to the best of my ability in my very amateur way.

I have also plundered, plagiarized and purloined from other written printed and published records compiled largely during the early part of the 20th Century. I acknowledge these sources at the end but especially adduce David 'Dippie' Dixon, Joan Gale and photographer W. P. Collier of Bellingham. I have attempted with limited success to confine the dialogue to the story of the Howey Family Hierarchy from a 'broad brush' perspective. Starting with an objective approach the tale gradually becomes more solipsistic and about 'self'. I think this is inevitable. There is no apology. I never kept an adequate diary so the written account is debatable at best. Fortunately photographs do not lie; or do they? I compiled the dialogue based on these photographs and appropriated creative journalistic licence where and whenever necessary. There may be mildly polemical asides. Which family does not have 'warts' and skeletons in the cupboard? I have avoided outright pejorative remarks although some disparaging *minutiae* may have percolated? I carry a few psychological scars even today but I blame nobody but myself. As usual I frequently digress with a few *finale* personal philosophical peregrinations some of which may have resonance and relevance; others will be totally obscure.

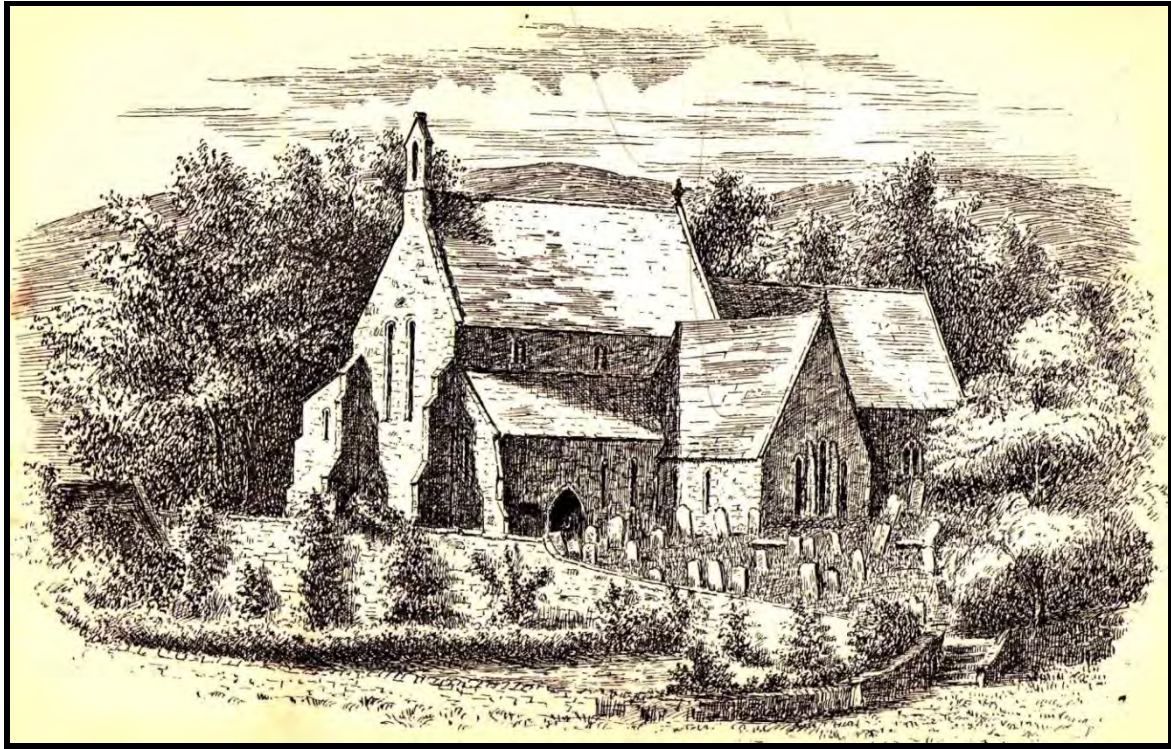
I have expanded at times to include short bios of 'interesting' and even 'famous' individuals who have crossed my/our paths. There are some tangential stories which are more intriguing than the plain and prosaic dialogue of 'dull' family narration. Fortuitously Professor Martin Bulmer emerged from the annals of history at the right time to compose the 'collective memoir' of the 1954 – 1961 Ackworth cohort '50 years on'. His is a most fascinating legend in itself. I end the dialogue at about the time of my graduation at the 'Royal Dick'. The subsequent story is catalogued and enshrined already in my somewhat hysterical ***The Infinitive History of Veterinary Practice in Scone***. I have deliberately avoided resorting to chronological sequential chapters because so many of the modules are overlapping. I've decided I don't much like this foreword but will run with it anyway! Writing this has been akin to catharsis and exorcism. I relish and cherish both.

'I Egbert decree it'

Upper Coquetdale

Farm and Village Life in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries

Alwinton Church



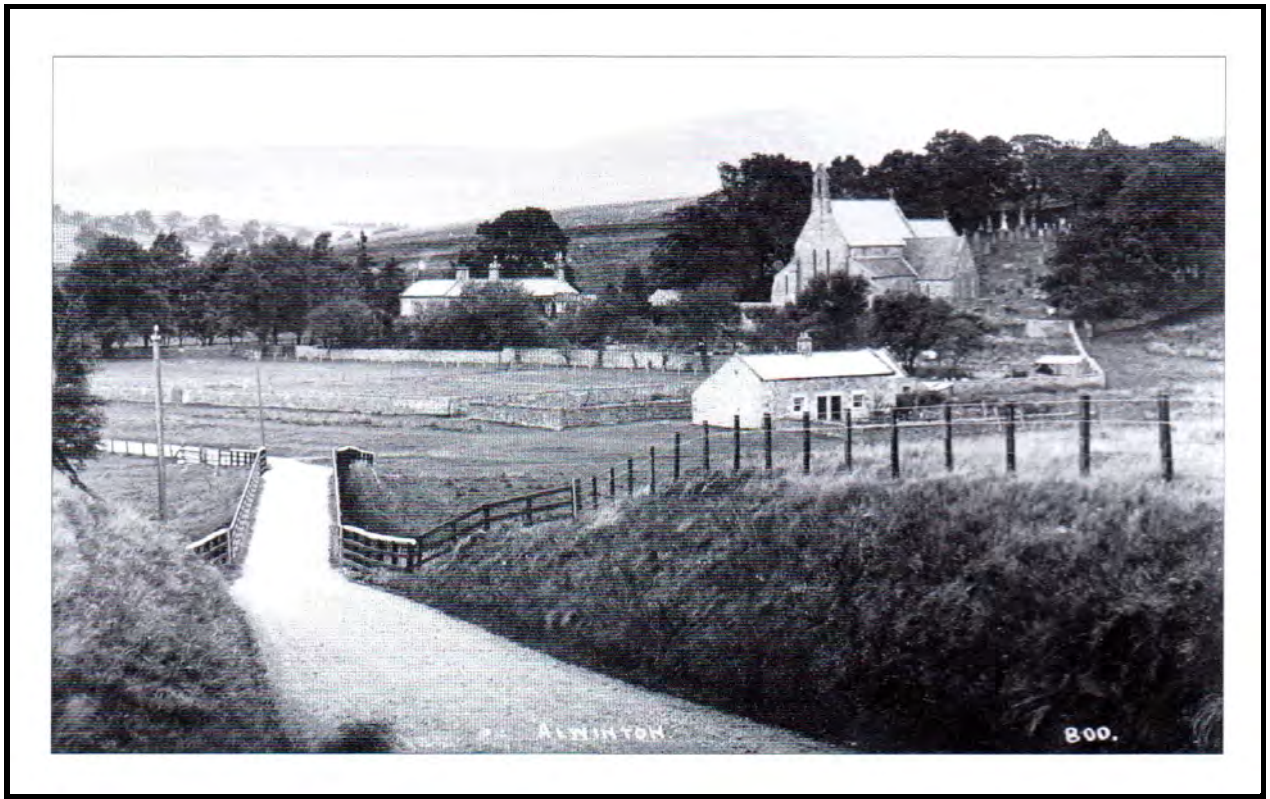
(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Alwinton Church has special resonance for us as small children because we were regular visitors during the time Uncle Wilkinson and Aunt Eleanor lived there. It was rather dark, cold and forbidding but Aunt Eleanor brightened everything and spoiled us rotten!

The Church of St Michael and All Angels at Alwinton is originally Norman in structure. An agreement was made in 1223 between “Magister” Thomas, Rector of Alwinton and the Abbott of Newminster respecting the tithes at neighbouring Kidland which stretched to the borders of Scotland. In 1245 Alwinton Church then valued at £186 13s 4d and the vicarage £13 6s 6d besides the portion of Holystone was in the gift of Gilbert de Umfraville, Lord of Redesdale. William de Lexington was the Vicar. Gilbert de Umfraville was by reputation and action quite a tyrant. No-one was safe including the church vicars who lived in fortified mansions. Four manors or lordships in Upper Coquetdale possessed capital rights: Rothbury, Hepple, Harbottle and Alwinton. Lord Redesdale was not slow in implementing his power over life and death whenever threatened. Naturally he constructed a gallows to enforce his decrees.

Early English builders rebuilt the church on its present lines notably Sir William Selby in 1634. The Church was restored in 1851 by Durham Architect George Pickering who also rebuilt churches at Rothbury and Holystone. The Rev. Aislabie Proctor was Vicar. There have been limited ‘modernisation’ attempts since with some impact. The core remains the same.

Alwinton Village



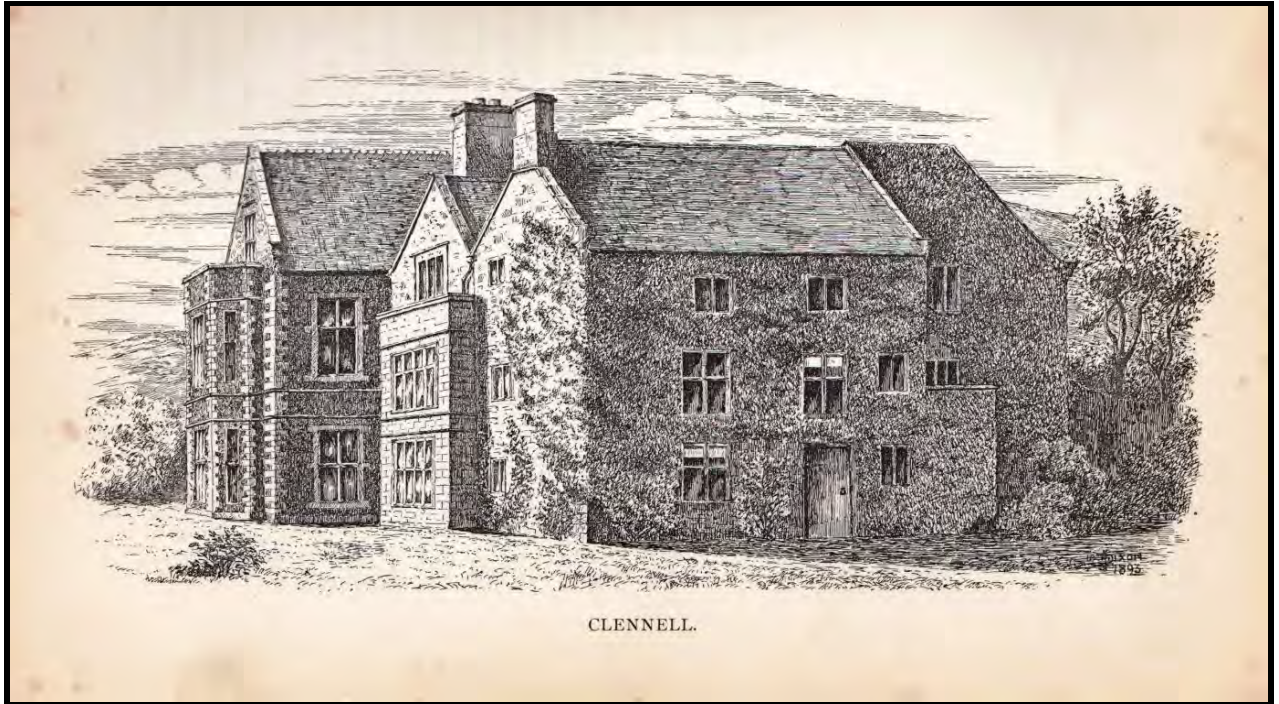
(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

Alwinton Village was always a favourite destination. There was both intrigue and mystery abounding there which was palpable to small children. Possibly we had been listening to parents' tales of murder and intrigue. The Rose & Thistle pub was a major drawcard with its subliminal undertones of Border Reivers skulduggery and smuggling.

The modern bridge over the River Alwin replaced the earliest bridge in 1937. The road was levelled and widened for motor vehicles. Local Alwinton farmer Jimmy Waddell would have appreciated this innovation. He owned a massive Ford V8 Motorcar. He was greatly admired by everyone in the valley 'because of his ability to drive home from the Auction Marts at Rothbury when totally inebriated'. How attitudes have changed! The New Year Day meet of the West Percy Hunt was another local specialty. This was the big day out for local shepherds on their hill ponies. Jock Dunn of 'Kidlandlee' was an icon. The annual Alwinton Show was a 'must' for the locals and visitors alike.

Alwinton was also the turn-around point for the twice daily United Bus Service from Newcastle. It was therefore the meeting place and springboard to the upper reaches of the Coquet Valley as well as Clennell, Kidlandlee and Biddlestone.

Clennell



(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

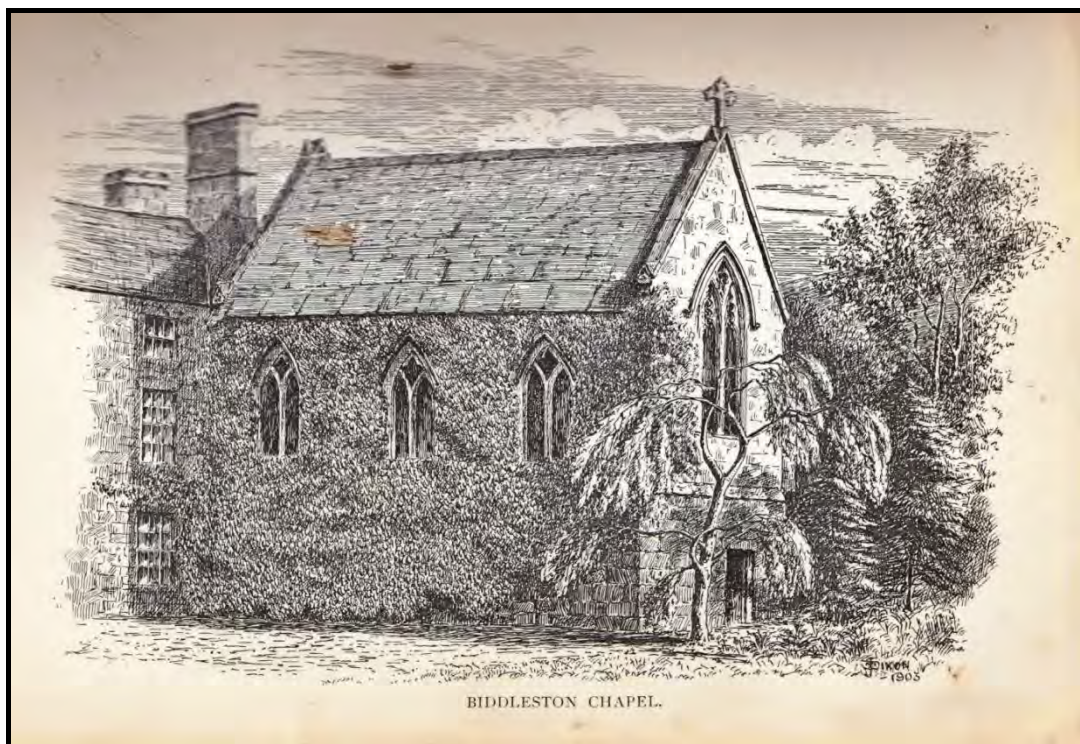
*"And I said, if peace may be found in the world,
That best of all blessings I'll meet with here"*

The ancient village of Clennell is to some extent linked to the history of Harbottle. The Clennell family may have been around since 1228 when according to the *Newminster Cartulary* an agreement was reached between 'Thomas de Clennill' and right of way across his land to Kidland.

Subsequent history abounds with many names some of whom sided with the Scots and others with the English during the internecine struggles throughout the middle ages. Some perished. Others prospered.

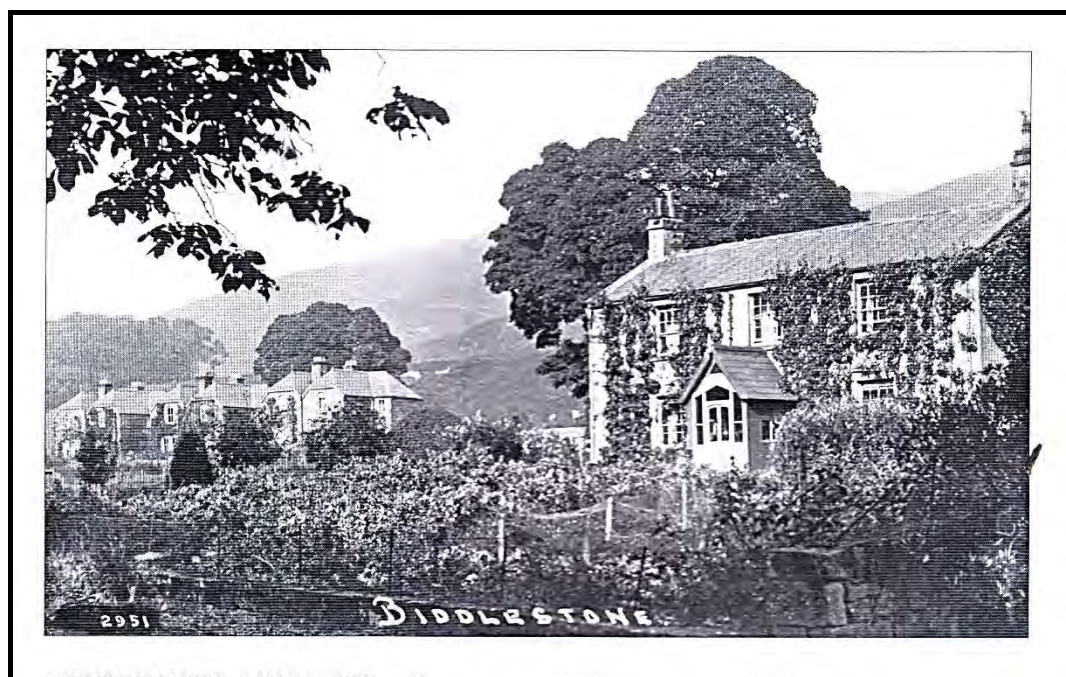
One very colourful Tale relates to the "bonny heir o' Clennell" being stolen by Will Faa the King of the Gypsies. It forms the subject of Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. This is illustration of the lawlessness that existed on the borders in the seventeenth century.

Biddleston Chapel



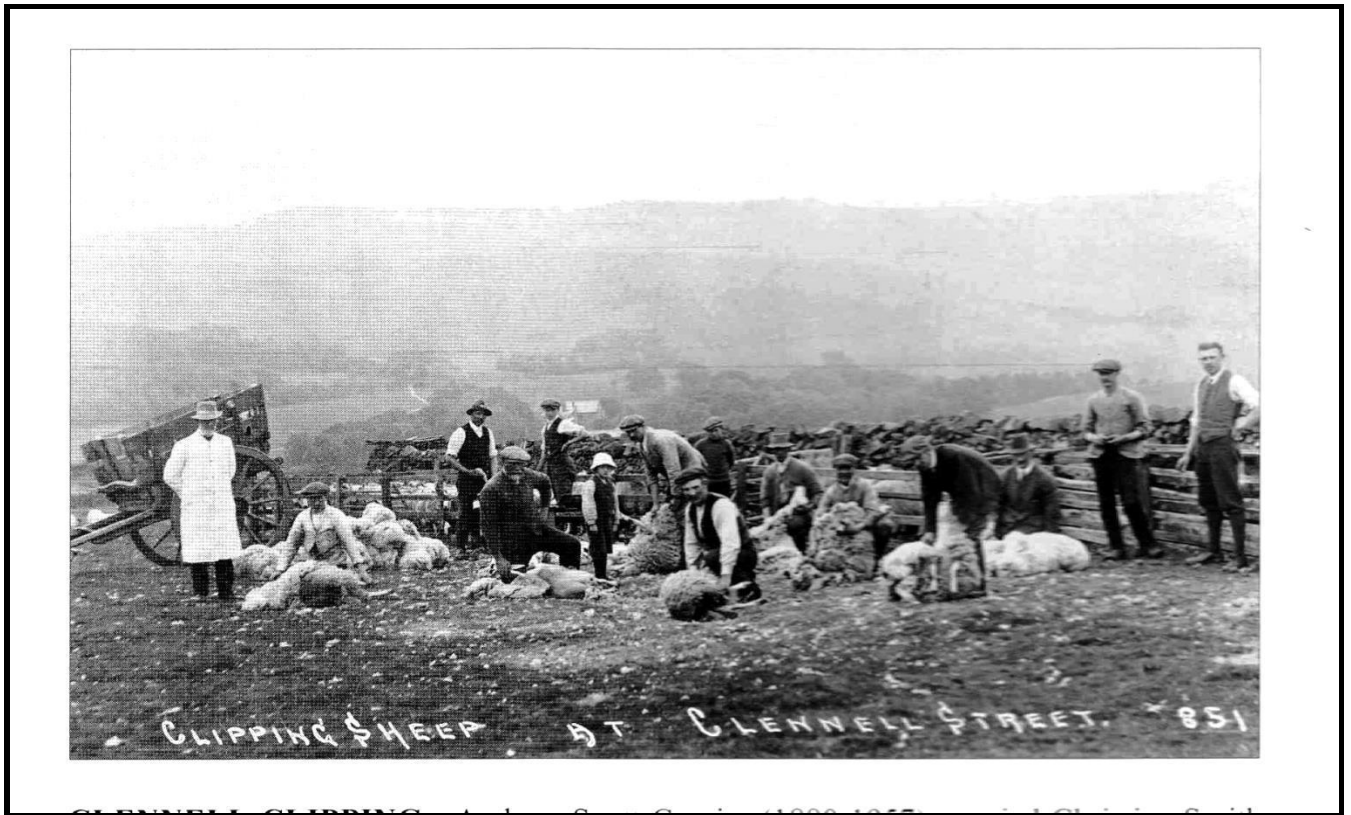
(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Biddleston Hamlet



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

'Clipping' the Sheep

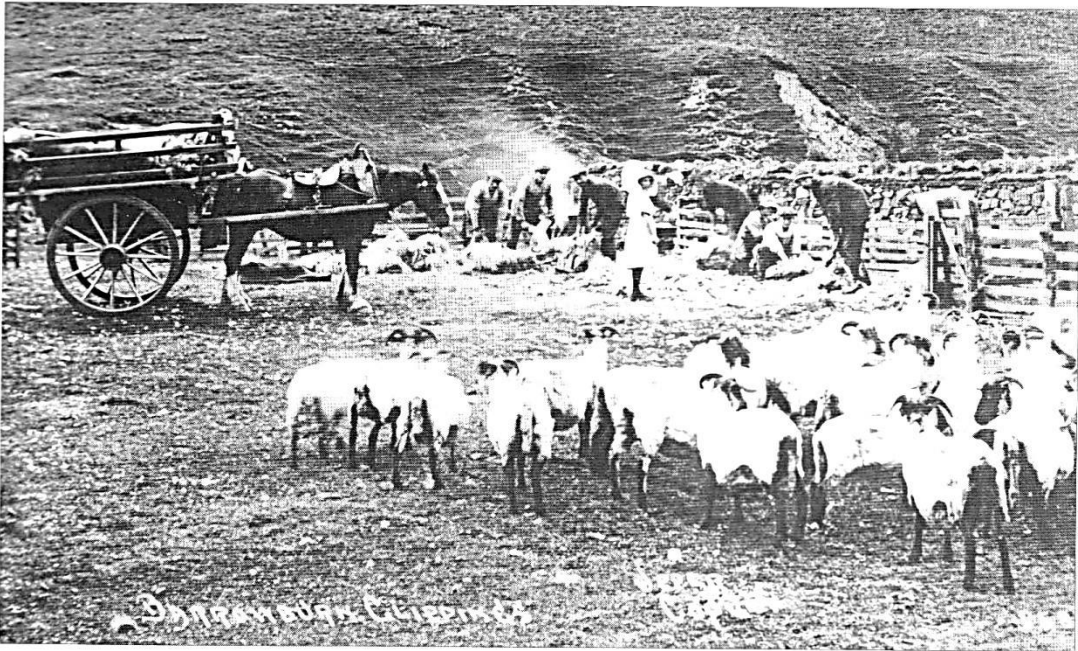


(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

Sheep Shearing was known as 'Clipping' in local Northumbrian argot. It was part of the annual summer ritual on every farm in the area. This photograph was taken around 1915 at 'Rooklands' in the high country of the Upper Coquet Valley. The custom changed very little over the ensuing years however and it was mostly done by hand clipping. There were a few contractors some of whom brought their own generators. Mains power electricity did not reach Hepple until 1955 and much later in the upper reaches of the valley. The introduction of power driven mechanical shearing machines in 1962 expedited the process quite a bit. A lot of precious time was expended by the 'clipper' in keeping his personal shears pristine 'keen' by honing on their individual sharpening stone.

Clipping was hard work and required strong hands and arms. A good clipper with hand shears might clip 100 sheep a day. An exceptional clipper might manage 120. I recall a small clipper Davey Clarke reaching this total and 'upstaging' his much bigger and ostensibly stronger competition.

Barrowburn Clipping



Shepherds are making good progress with these Blackface Sheep in 1916. The fleeces are ready to be tied, fleece side out, and loaded onto the cart or put into wool sheets. They were arranged in such a way that they became huge sacks each holding some 60 fleeces and supplied by the wool firm that collected them. The girl in the foreground is holding a 'busting iron' to brand the newly clipped sheep. This is dipped in tar seen smoking behind her. She would impress the brand mark on the sheep and also cover any nicks made by the clippers to stem the bleeding.

My memories of clipping at East Hepple are rather jaded by now but the photograph depicting 'Rooklands' and 'Barrowburn' summarise the process very well. The sheep were hand thrown by the shearer and the wool removed very much as had been happening for centuries. The fleece was flung over a wooden crate which rapidly became both oily and shiny. There was a characteristic 'woollen' smell. Foreign objects were removed by hand from the fleece before rolling and binding in bales for sale. Clipping at East Hepple had a social component. Gun shearer Willie Atkinson of the Northumbrian Minstrels usually brought his accordion. There some musical evenings around the fire in the dining room with Mum accompanying on the piano. The lunch provided as a routine was also much appreciated by hungry clippers. East Hepple was regarded as *cordon bleu* class in the sustenance stakes.

Local Council at Work 1941



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

I still have a distant recollection of the Council Horse and Tar Boiler fixing pot holes in the road. The roadmen were employed by the Rothbury Rural District Council. Dad was once a Councillor. 'Kitty' looks to me as if she could be suffering from Navicular Disease or possibly mild 'Founder' or Laminitis? I would say that wouldn't I?

"The Coquet Lass"



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

Jack Telford drove the last working steamroller in Northumberland. Jack is seen here in absolutely typical mode. The 'Coquet Lass' followed the Council Horse and Tar Boiler rolling and fixing the repaired pot holes. Jack's son Bill Telfer was a lead piper in the Rothbury Pipe Band.

Sheep Dipping



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 – 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

Sheep Dipping was another farm activity which did not vary much from farm to farm. This photograph was taken at 'Puncherton' in 1913 but it could have been any one of a hundred such Coquetdale Farms including East Hepple. The basic facilities are uniform throughout. Methods did not vary much over the next 60 years at least. The dress and 'uniform' are almost exactly as I remember.

Dipping was usually carried out in August or September a few weeks after clipping when the wool staple was thick enough to retain the active ingredient in the sheep dip. The purpose of dipping was to cleanse the skin of the sheep and kill the ticks and parasites that bred disease. All sheep dips of that era were potentially toxic to humans and some of them cumulative. Oilskins were worn by the active participants but these concessions would not satisfy occupational health and safety legislation today.

I recall assisting with the mustering, penning and drafting of the sheep but little else. I used to feel sorry when the sheep were quite forcibly submerged by the active 'dipper'. Some of them protested plaintively bleating very loudly indeed. The dip quickly became contaminated with sheep dung; also I submit part of protest albeit involuntarily. It was better to be first rather than bring up the rear! We had two dipping facilities on the farm; one near the homestead and the other at the Peel Tower on 'borrowed' land.

The Taxi



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

This picture portrays Henry Swinburne's Shop at Glanton and the first taxi. The shop is very close to where my mother lived for the last few years of her life at 11 Front Street, Glanton. The car is a French model; either a De Dion Bouton or a Panhard. The Swinburne family later relocated to Thropton where they sold fuel (petrol in cans), bicycles, motorcycles and cars. Newspapers and kippers were brought from Alnwick on a Saturday by pony and trap driven by Jimmy Ormston of Snitter. The Swinburne Taxi distributed these around the local district.

Joe the Nip

Joe the Nip was a local legend and noted character. Leprechaun was a quite justifiable sobriquet. He was a returned soldier who served in the Boer War like Dick the Pedlar from Hepple. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder had yet to be invented. He lived alone in the grounds of Sir Donald Scott's house at 'Castron'. Joe was a tiny man who marched the three miles to Thropton to pick up his cheque at the post office on pension day. Joe didn't take the taxi. Well primed by high octane fuel available in the local pub the diminutive Joe would grow immeasurably in stature. With gnarled fists firmly clenched he challenged all and sundry to fight including 'landlord' Sir Donald Scott MP on the front lawn at Castron. There was a lot of pugilistic posturing and blaspheming by Joe but his deft 'involuntary' footwork combined with reticence by the locals kept him safely out of trouble. Joe was a tiny grain on the diverse diaspora of itinerant Irishmen who travelled the country seeking paid work. Sleeping and living 'rough' he came to Coquetdale to hoe turnips or 'neaps'. I recall Dad paying an Irish labourer £1 to do this work at Hepple. I think it was an act of charity by Dad. It might have been Joe the Nip? His real name may have been Richardson or Hewitson? He never returned to Ireland and passed away 'in care' in Morpeth.

Harbottle Village



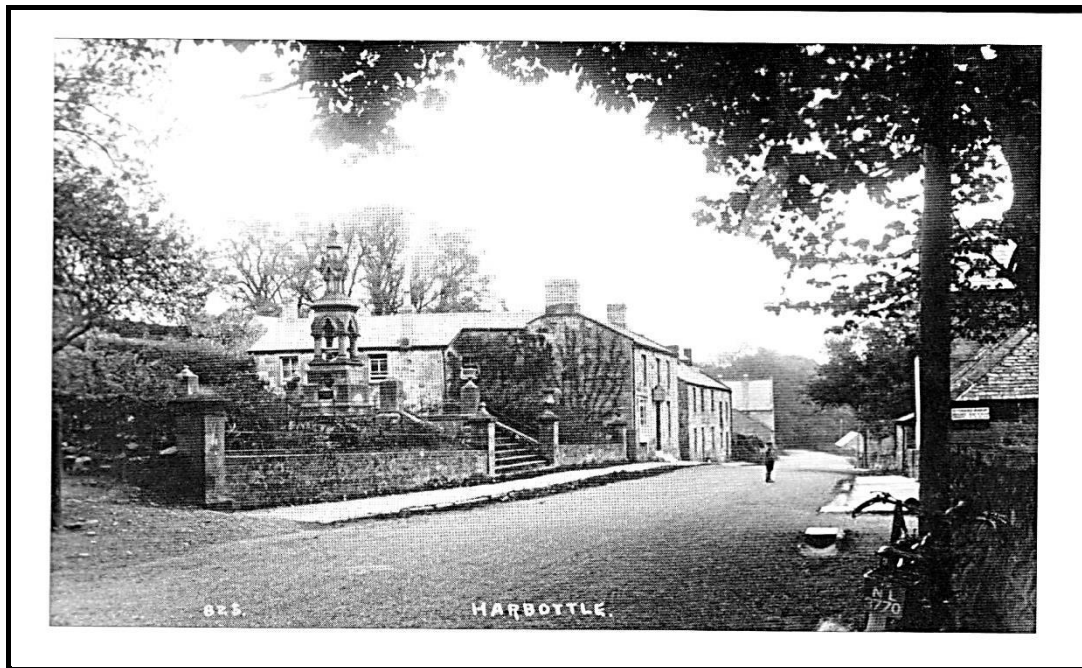
(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Harbottle is richly steeped in history as indeed is most of the Upper Coquet. It formed the main 'thoroughfare' for marauding mediaeval bands traversing in both directions. The ruins of Harbottle Castle dominate the village. It was rumoured Mary Queen of Scots found solace here on one of her perambulations between Scotland and London vying with close relative Queen Elizabeth I for regal supremacy.

Overlooked by the 'Drake Stone', a huge boulder 900 feet above sea level and endowed with magical powers Harbottle consisted of one road lined with small shops. Dr Godfrey Henry Bedford had a surgery (1902 – 1937) near Hernspeth House. He was the first man in Harbottle to own a car but would ride a horse to visit the more remote farms. He was succeeded by both Dr Smail and Dr Richardson. Dr Smail had curly red hair and a complexion to match possibly sustained by Dr Johnny Walker's popular tonic as well as the bracing climate. Dr Richardson was a fine cricketer who occasionally starred as a batsman for Snitter Cricket Club. His son Robin started Veterinary Science with me at the Dick Vet but failed to complete.

District Nurse Wells resided in Harbottle and traversed the whole of Upper Coquetdale administering medicine and advice on health care. I remember she gave my very first injection of penicillin. It stung! Roy Wells and Sandra Wells attended Ackworth School with the large contingent of Howays from Hepple. The 1911 census of Harbottle includes a Squire and his family plus servants, Presbyterian Minister, doctor, schoolmaster, innkeeper, policeman, postmistress and letter carriers, coachmen, carters, chauffeurs, grooms, gardeners, tailor, draper, charwoman, dressmakers, gamekeepers, road repairers, grocers, boot and shoe makers, farmers, shepherds, labourers and boarding house keepers. One hundred years later very few remain.

Harbottle Village



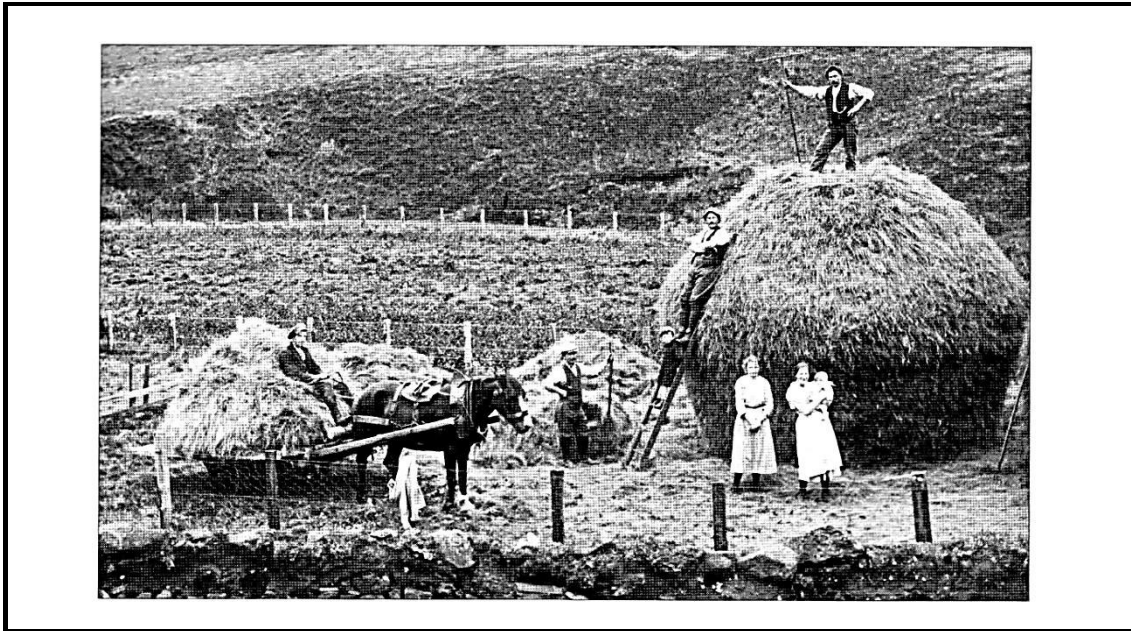
The Gothic fountain is the Clennell Memorial in memory of Penuel Harriet Clennell (1827 – 1879) of Harbottle Castle who *devoted the powers of an active mind, the impulses of a generous heart, and the industry of a busy life to the welfare and happiness of the inhabitants of Harbottle and the neighbourhood.*



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 – 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

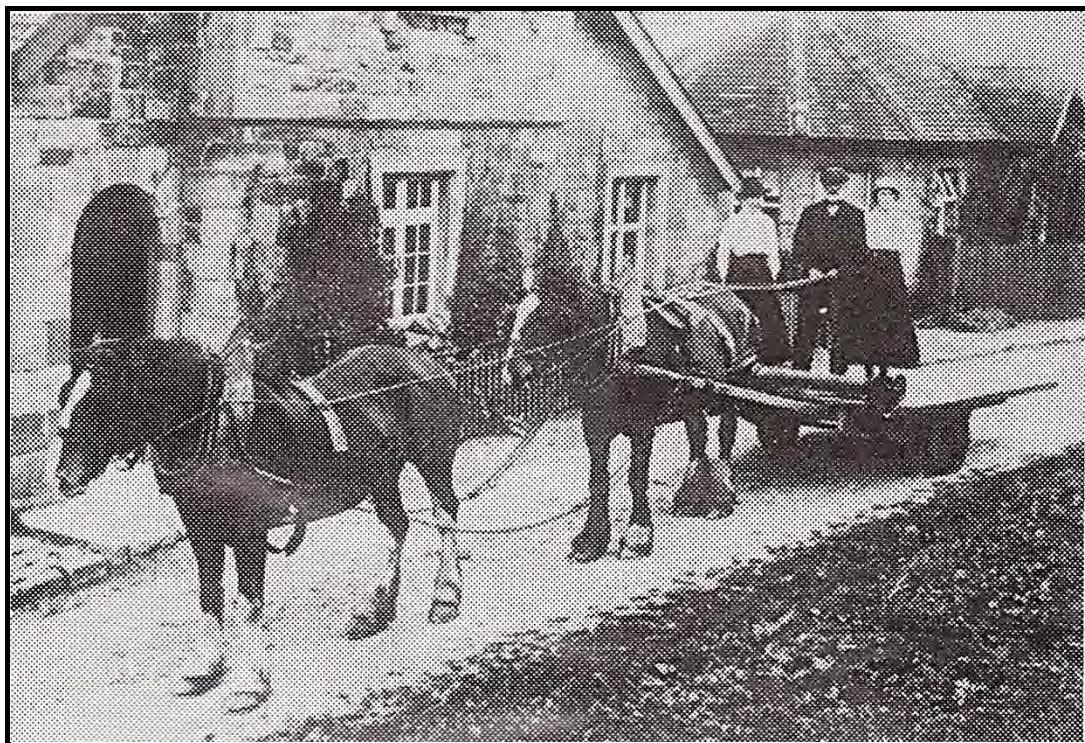
An 19th century doctor also called Dr Richardson who lived in 'Waterloo House' wrote a letter to 'The Times' extolling the virtues and health benefits of living in the Parishes of Alwinton and Harbottle. He adduces vastly superior birth and survival rates as evidence based statistics supporting his premise. Dr Richardson was the proud owner of a champion greyhound 'King Death' (1862 – 1872) who had won the prestigious live hare coursing supreme prize the 'Waterloo Cup' at Aintree.

Hay Making



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 – 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

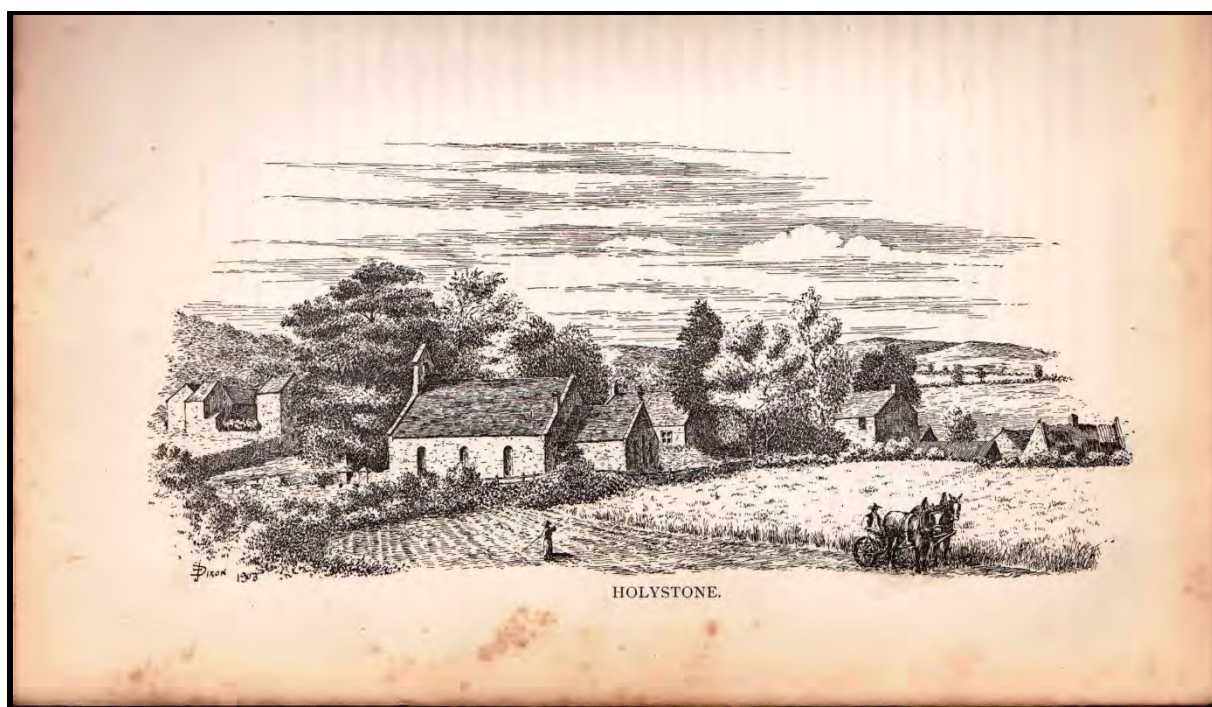
The growing, mowing, raking, drying, forking, 'piking', stacking, carting and storing of the annual hay crop as winter stock fodder was fundamental to all farming enterprises. This shows haymaking at 'Fairhaugh' near Hepple but the set up was the same. The long dresses are a bit of a giveaway.



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

Hay was transported by horse and cart. This is a typical vista accurately reminiscent of the scene.

Holystone Village



(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

The church of St Mary the Virgin stands at the heart of Holystone the home of grocer Isabella Davidson (1826 – 1910) who brought up her grandsons William and Robert after their mother died on 29th August 1890. Beside the burn was Holystone Mill where Joseph Oliver (1786 – 1882) and his son Joseph Hall Oliver (1830 – 1913) were corn millers for over eighty years. Architect Frank West Rich owned much of Holystone. He died on 25th February 1929 and his 2,790 Holystone Estate was auctioned on 29th July 1929 when Major Gustav Renwick (1884 – 1956) bought Holystone Mill and Holystone Grange. Described as 'the perfect English Squire' he built stone kennels on the right for his greyhounds and boarded the puppies at local farms. Catherine Howey was the head teacher when the school closed on 23rd July 1965 with three pupils.

Major Gus Renwick certainly implanted the name 'Holystone' high on the annals of live hare coursing. His chauffeur Archie Scott lived at Holystone and 'doubled' as trainer of his greyhounds. He was successful in the championship Waterloo Cup contested in knockout heats at Aintree Liverpool each year. Holystone Lifelong and Holystone Elf were both winners in the 1950s bringing 'fame and fortune' to the village. This emulated the feat of the late Dr Richardson of Harbottle who won the same trophy (and several others) with his champion greyhound 'King Death' almost one hundred years earlier. There must be something in the water of the River Coquet? Live hare coursing was a gory feudal sport. We relished the opportunity to earn 10/- per day as beaters when races were held at 'The Pike' neighbouring East Hepple.

Major Gus Renwick was also a significant benefactor to Rothbury Race Club in erecting substantial administrative buildings and accommodation for jockeys and horses at the course. This was enough to stave off closure for well after he passed away in 1956; the racecourse finally winding down in 1964.

The Salmon Inn, Holystone



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

The Salmon Inn was constructed in the 19th century on one of the droving routes between Scotland and England. The original building was a Northumbrian long house with a cross passage where the front door now stands. A room for animals was on the right and living quarters were on the left. The original fireplace still remains with a smugglers hole, perhaps for hiding illicit whisky from Scotland. Like many others economic factors and the age of fast transport combined to cause the inn to finally close in May 2000 and it is now a private house. John Littlefair (1877 – 1973) and his wife Agnes (1881 – 1966) were mine hosts when Dad was a frequent visitor to Holystone and where he almost certainly met mother who would have been chaperoned by the Walker family. They owned one of the cottages. I recall a Jimmy Stephens as publican whose son Robbie attended Hepple School after WWII.

We three kids probably spent more time than we should waiting for Dad outside the pub. However it was not all bad news. We loved the regular treat and pacifier of a glass of lemonade and a packet of Smith's Crisps complete with salt wrapped in blue waterproof paper. We also met some interesting locals including an artist who was resident in the pub. Holystone village also had its fair share of incestuous congenital kids who were quite entertaining. We could also visit the Holy Well and guddle for trout in the stream flowing out. I don't think we ever caught any but what fun!

The Lady's Well (Holy Well)



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

Tradition maintains that this spring was a watering place beside the Roman road to Redesdale. Until 1998 it supplied all the water needs of the village of Holystone. It lies in a shady grove of firs entered by a quaint gateway and now tended by the National Trust. This well like many others in Northumberland was originally named after St Ninian, the fifth century apostle of the Border. The name Lady's Well was used after the first half of the 12th century when Holystone became the home of an Augustinian Priory of Nuns dedicated to St Mary the Virgin. In the centre of the oval basin of the pool is a 19th century wheel stone cross bearing the now almost illegible inscription: *In this place Paulinus the Bishop baptised 3,000 Northumbrians, Easter DCXXVII*. Facing the spring is a statue said to be of Paulinus which was brought from Alnwick in 1780.

Many pious and virtuous visitors before us cast coins into the basin in order to create a wish. They were clearly visible in the pristine crystal clear spring water. We had a more acquisitive approach. The exceedingly cold ambient water temperature was a significant impediment to our juvenile fiscal ambitions however. The lightning fast silvery trout were also as safe from our clawing piscine aspirations.

Hepple Village



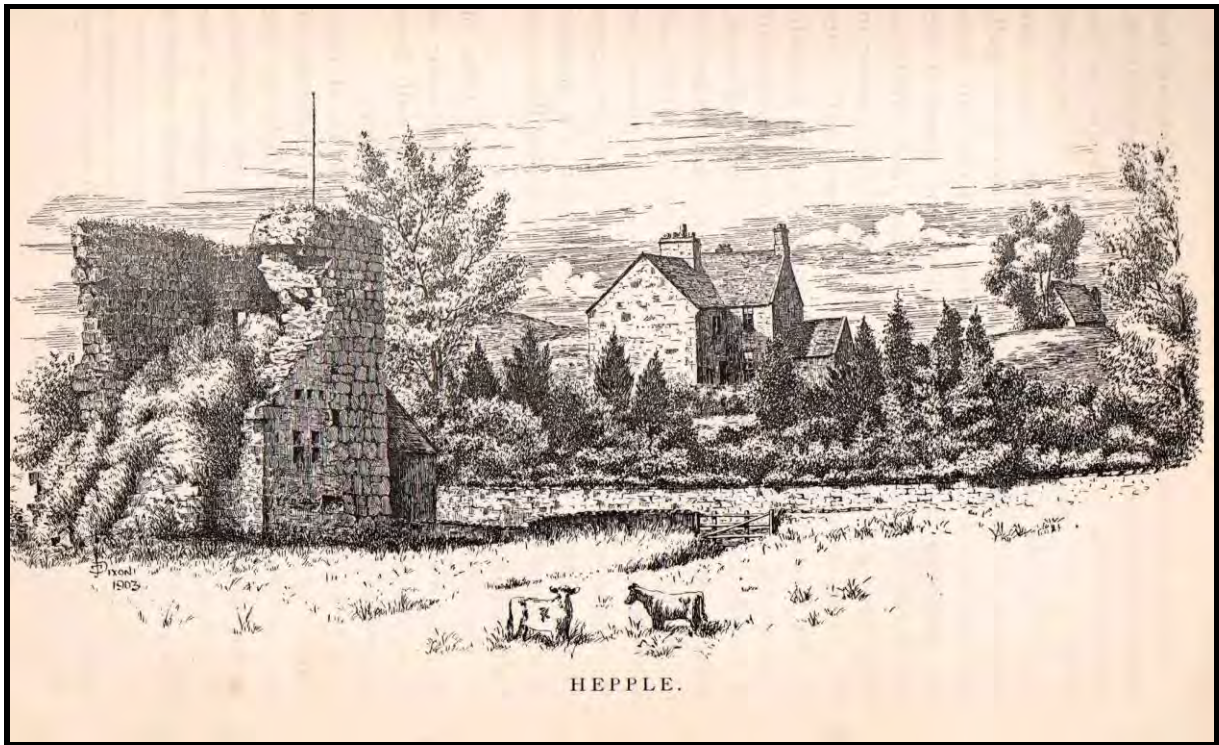
(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

Much of the hamlet dates from the 19th century when Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell (1810 – 1892) built the church, school and houses for workers on his Hepple Whitefield Estate. On the left are East Hepple cottages with the byre at the far end now converted into a two-story house. This was home to the Foggon family for my time in Hepple. Opposite was Hepple Forge occupied by a series of blacksmiths including Newton Kerr (1838 – 1910) and his son George (1865 – 1931) who are buried in the churchyard of Christ Church consecrated on 5th July 1894. Frank Wood from Thropton was the last visiting blacksmith before closing the forge. He used to cycle to and from work each day. The font in the church has a Norman Bowl found at Kirkfield, West Hepple on the site of an ancient chapel. Behind the large trees are Hepple schoolhouse and Church of England school which opened in 1873 for 80 children. The school closed in 1969 and is now the village hall.

Henry and Evelyn Whitfield moved into the school house not long after this. Henry was a gamekeeper for Sir John Riddell. His father Bob Whitfield had also served in the same capacity for Sir John's father. Henry was a beneficiary of Sir John's largesse when the latter financed a holiday for both Henry and Evelyn to visit an ex-RAF WWII colleague who lived in Singapore.

The blacksmiths forge was appropriated and converted to a deep litter house for rearing broiler chickens by Peggy and Ena Howey. This was an adjunct to their battery hen egg laying enterprise at 'Kilnway'. The deep litter house was the scene of an infamous slaughter of 'chooks' one night when two of George Foggon's ferrets escaped from their cage to commit mayhem! It took quite a while for the furore to cool down in the village!

Hepple Peel Tower



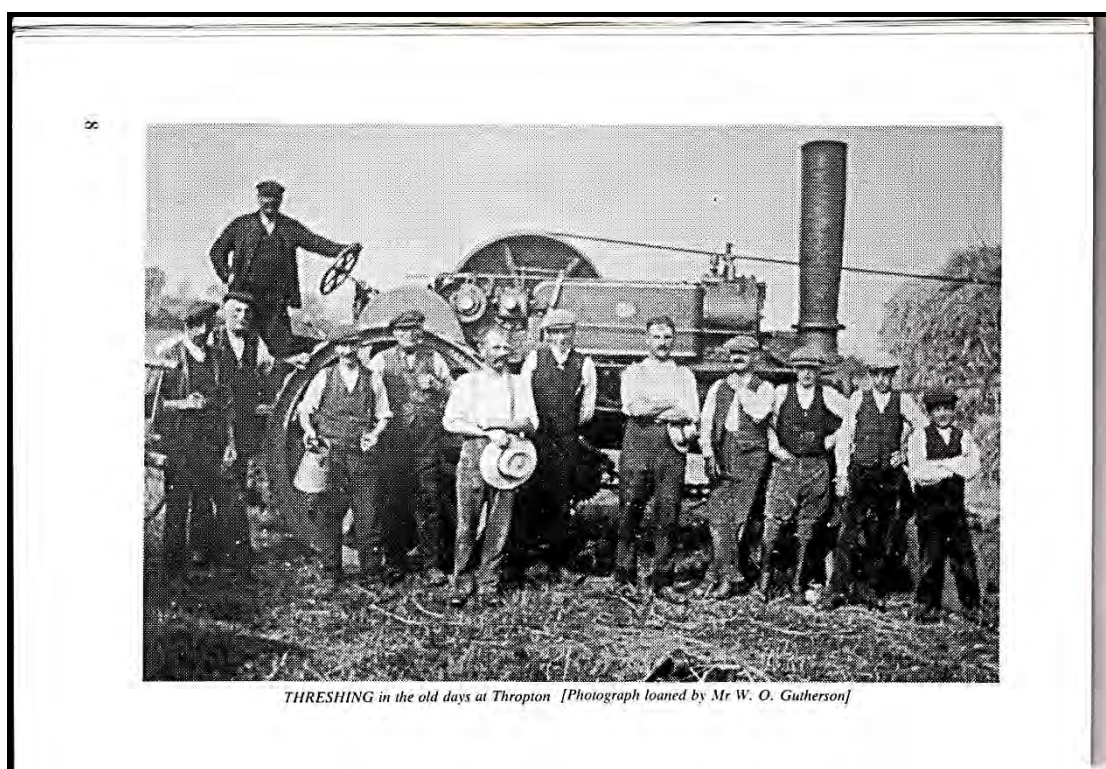
(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Standing on private land between the former garage and shop of Charles and Adam Beattie and the Old Parsonage built in 1888 this was one of a series of towers built as a barrier against the marauding Scottish Borderers. Dating from the 14th century the great arched vault on the ground floor and the massive walls, eight feet thick, three of which stand forty feet high, bear witness to the importance of this ancient stronghold of the Lords of Hepple. The tower, which once carried battlements and turrets was built in the troubled times before the union of England and Scotland. William Tomlinson wrote (1888) that the tower was almost demolished in the 19th century for stone to build a local farmstead *but workmen found it easier to cut stone from the hardest quarry than to separate the massive blocks from the cement in which they were embedded.*

The surrounds of the Peel Tower were regarded as part of the farm by us. We had sheep and cattle yards there as well as granaries for storage of grain. Parts of the environs were also appropriated for shelter for farm implements and machinery. It was 'assumed' to be right of way for use by us although I'm not sure this actually applied? Old Dick the Pedlar lived in a hut at the back. Teams of gypsies occasionally camped there on their summer perambulations by caravan. We created the pejorative name 'Nelson the Robber' for one group.

As children growing up in Hepple it was a magic playground albeit not without its dangers. We were blissfully oblivious to any such risks.

The Threshing Machine



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony'. Original photograph lent by Mr W. O. Gutherson)

Threshing Day was a huge event on the farm. The corn (oats) had been safely harvested by reaping, binding, stooking, carting and stacking in late summer. 'Brother' Tommy Mason brought his rig to the farm on the nominated fine day. The threshing machine which literally separated the oats from the chaff and straw was belt driven by a magnificent Field Marshall Tractor. Tommy's father had purchased the outfit from Lord Armstrong in the 1920s as a threshing, sawing and steam rolling contractor. The tractor itself was started with a lit-cartridge and swinging the mighty starting wheel. It invariably spluttered into life following quite a bit of exertion. There was a lot of noise and excitement accompanying the threshing process. Field Mice were there in their hundreds much to the delight of the ever vigilant marauding Border Terriers which dealt with them in some style. The oats was collected into large hessian sacks and secured with binder twine. I famously went to sleep on the stored sacks on one occasion!

Tommy Mason was another local character. He is seen standing at the back in the photograph with his hand firmly clenching the steering wheel. Born in 1900 few knew that he had joined up with the Royal Fusiliers when only 16 in 1916. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry at Murmansk in Northern Russia during WWI. He kept the medal in its original package and never produced it. Tommy may have acquired his proclivity for greeting people as 'brother' or occasionally 'comrade' from his experiences in Russia. Tommy was the most unlikely communist! He always stopped for supper at the farmhouse and drank his tea after pouring it into the saucer! He occasionally had a game of dominoes with us. Tommy was a renowned pub aficionado of dominoes but we beat him on more than one occasion. I worked briefly with his son Thomas when with Milburn & Storey, Builders of Thropton.

Thropton



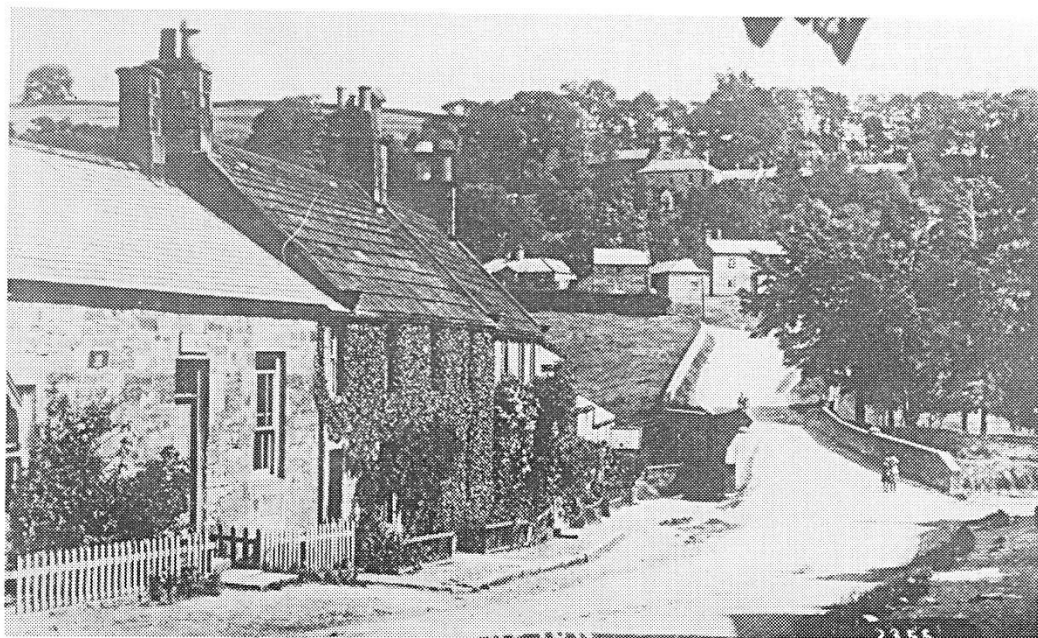
By Joan Gale

The cover photograph was taken by Mr John Worsnop of Mr Robert Ashton of Tosson Mill resplendent in top hat and coat. The occasion was the visit to 'Cragside' by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud in 1884. This was just about the apogee of Empire and a visit by the future King of England was celebrated with appropriate fanfare. Mr Ashton has a plaid rug over his arm made at Tosson he presented to Princess Alexandra. The 'Cragside' visit evoked a special supplement of the Newcastle Journal which reported effusively on the most notable event.



*THROPTON in 1900, with horse drinking from trough near village pump, it stood where the telephone kiosk is now.
(Loaned by Chris Foggon).*

(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')



THROPTON bridge end with old reading room on left, around the 1930's.

(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

This view of Thropton has changed very little even today.



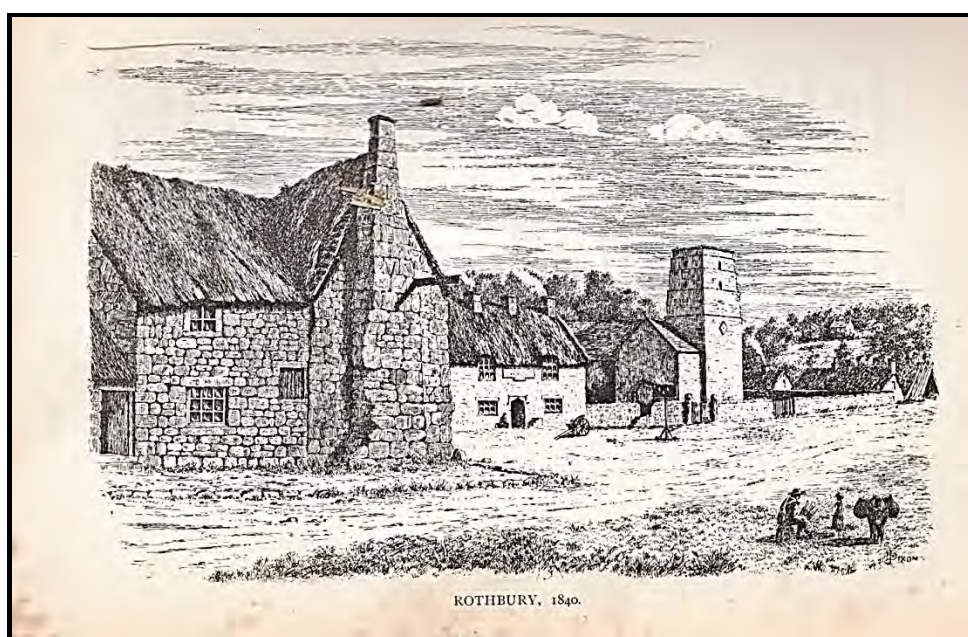
(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Thropton was our nearest shopping village. Like Harbottle almost everything had been available in the many small shops and businesses up until WWII. Things gradually declined thereafter as people began to move about more restively with the increasing introduction of both public and private transport. Thropton was the terminus for the United Bus Company s' return journey to Newcastle when the Alwinton service was discontinued.

Not a lot of local history of Thropton is written down but there are whispers of ancient happenings in the village. The oldest recorded building is the Pele Tower at West Farm first listed in 1415 as "Turris de Thropton – Willm Grene". Members of the Green family are reputed to haunt the village still. Over the years Thropton accommodated blacksmiths, a mediaeval hospice, and all manner of small businesses and shops. Thropton enjoyed the sobriquet 'Tattie Toon' the origin of which is debatable still. The favoured version is that it was the first place to plant potatoes presumably after Sir Francis Drake's discovery in South America. Several sects of the Christian Church were entrenched in Thropton society including Presbyterian, United Reform Church, Church of England, Catholic (Cartington Castle) and notably 'The Brethren'. The latter still celebrates the Breaking of the Bread at its Meeting House in the town centre.

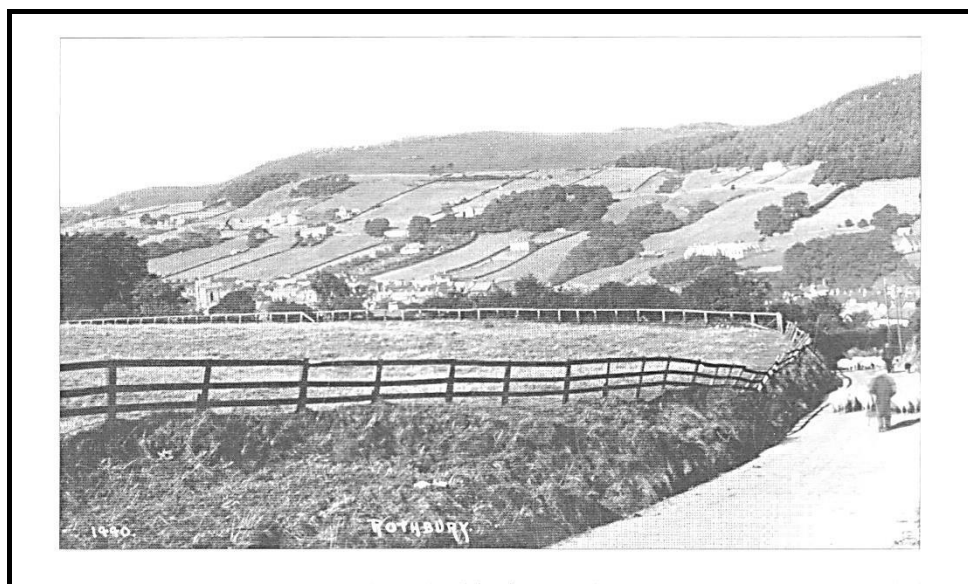
I retain fond memories of Thropton. The annual agricultural show was unique. Dad used to win prizes for turnips and Nana was the champion in the best shoe cleaning class. I won a small prize for my hand writing when still at Hepple Church School. I think everyone was rewarded. I also participated in my one and only foray into Cumberland & Westmorland Style Wrestling. I came a very poor second to Billy Smail of Rothbury. Thomas Foggon progressed well through the rounds. I also played in 5-a-side football at the show and represented Thropton United Amateur Football Club for a few years. Dances, concerts and Hunt meetings were held in the Thropton Village Hall. In the 21st century Thropton has converted to a 'gentrified' dormitory commuter village for professionals from Newcastle as Joan Gale rightly predicted.

Rothbury



(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

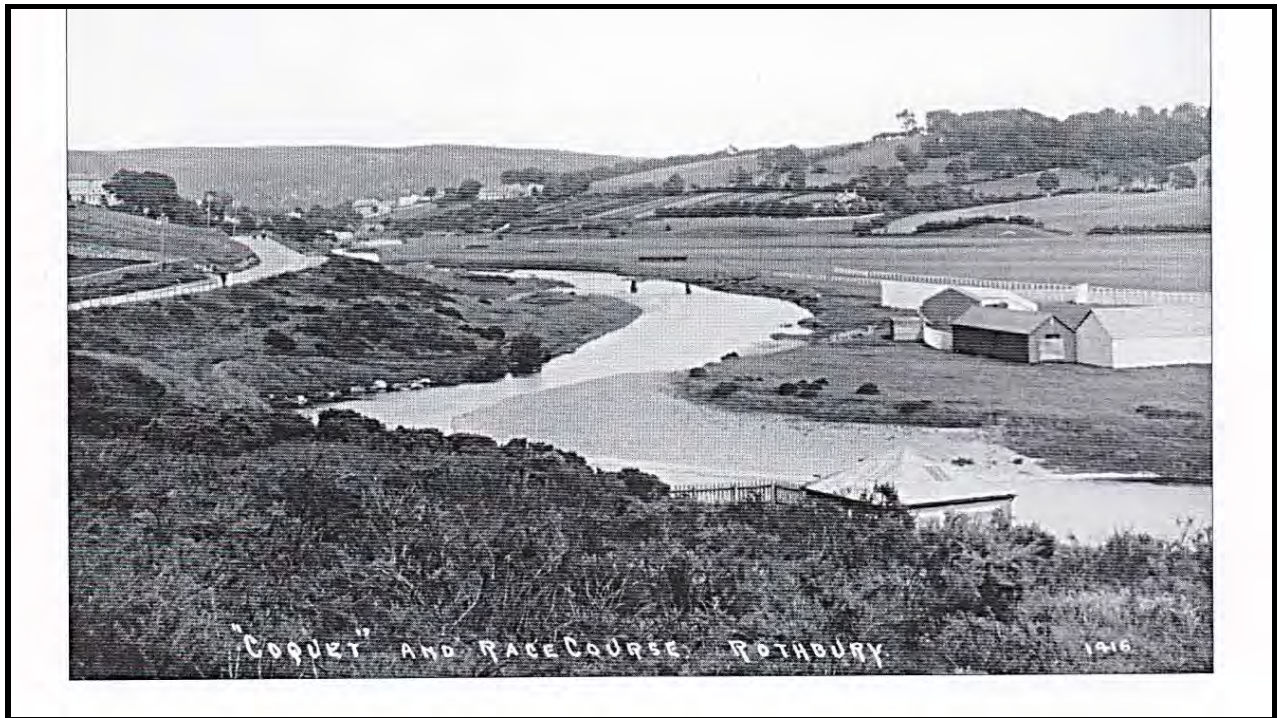
Rothbury was the 'capital' of the Upper Coquet and home to the Rothbury Rural District Council. It was and still is a very vibrant market town. It boasts five pubs: rather too many for my mother's liking especially Dad's favourite the Turk's Head.



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

It was almost the end of the journey for these sheep as they descend Garleigh Road for Rothbury Auction Mart opened of the 21st February by Robert Donkin. Sheep would be driven for miles to be sold at Rothbury at Rothbury. I recall walking with a mob from Hepple the eight miles via the back road to the Mart. Sheep also arrived by rail until this avenue closed in 1963. The Mart was disbanded in 2001 following the Foot & Mouth outbreak that same year.

Rothbury Racecourse



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

On one day of the year in late spring this was Dad's favourite playground. The races were run on the tight course on the right of the picture which also traversed farm land in the distant right landscape. The course buildings are seen bottom right. Most of the plebeian viewing crowd watched the races across the river from 'Beggars Rigg' embankment on the left. This was free. There was a footbridge across the river which is visible in the centre distance. The last meeting was held in 1964 when the course was closed for ever. Safety and lack of support from the racing authorities were adduced as valid reasons. Rothbury Races were an institution for more than a century. The demise of any facility inevitably removes a segment of the supporting public. The closing of the rail line in 1963 for passengers arriving for Rothbury Races by train was a significant blow to the club.

Major Gus Renwick of Holystone Grange had generously provided finance to facilitate the construction of administrative buildings and other supporting infrastructure. This delayed the guillotine for a few years. During the remainder of the year the main course proper was used as a Golf Club which endures today. For a time the racecourse buildings were converted to be used as a clubhouse and storage for the Golf Club. Later a new clubhouse was built at the other extreme of the course nearer the town of Rothbury and accessible from High Tosson Road. The racecourse buildings were subsequently flooded and gradually fell into terminal disrepair. It signalled the end of an era.

Cragside 1870

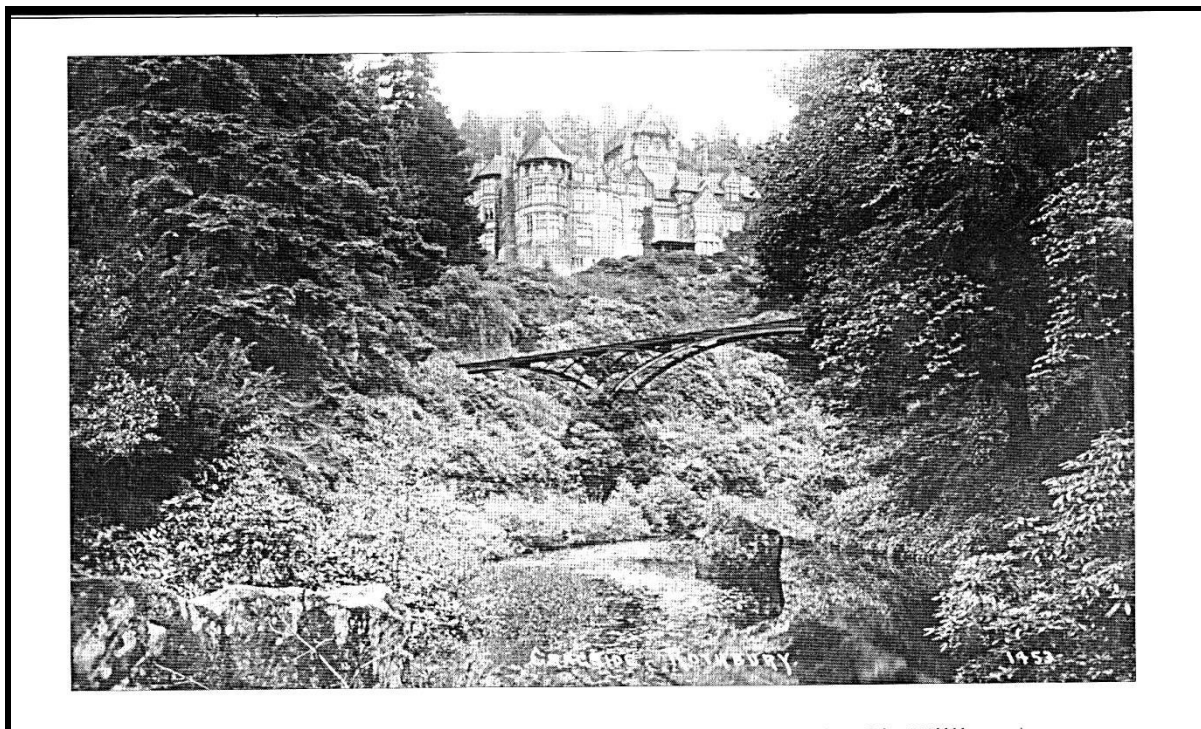


(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

Created 1st Baron Armstrong of Cragside in 1887 Sir William Armstrong (1810 – 1900) built up a vast industrial and armaments complex at Elswick near Newcastle. In 1863 he bought 20 acres of exposed hillside near Rothbury on which he built a modest country retreat. In 1869 he employed Richard Norman Shaw (1831 – 1912) to create the mansion of Cragside, the first house in the world to be lit by electricity generated by water power. The masterpiece of Victorian Architecture was graced with 1,729 acres of woodland and five lakes. The once barren slopes were planted with several million trees and shrubs and encircled by 31 miles of scenic drives and walks. Cragside stands on a plateau high above the Debden Burn crossed by an arched steel footbridge 150 feet long. The estate was transferred to the National Trust in 1977 and opened for visitors two years later.

The visit by Royal party of 1884 was rapturously recorded by a special edition of the Newcastle Journal. The guide gives every detail of the royal visit, the bonfires, the decorations, the speeches, the joyful enthusiasm which lit up Coquetdale to celebrate the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters. Ten thousand small glass lamps were hung upon the rocky hills. As many Chinese lanterns were swung across the leafy glades of the Cragside estate on either side of the valley. There were coloured fires, purple, crimson and gold, burning in the woods and the entire population of the district crowded as near as they could to the marvellous spectacle. The fireworks and bonfire could be seen as far away as Alnwick and Newcastle upon Tyne. Millionaire Sir William Armstrong certainly had plenty of resources at his disposal. Manufacture of heavy artillery, guns, gunpowder and ammunition was a profitable enterprise in the late 19th Imperial century.

Cragside 1953



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 – 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

In 1863 Sir W. G. Armstrong (later Lord Armstrong) selected a site on the outskirts of Rothbury near Debden to construct his ideal 'Highland Home'. Lord Armstrong was a leviathan of the early industrial era with extensive engineering and steel construction works on the Tyne including ship building and armoury.

A Rothbury village poet eulogised the construction thus:

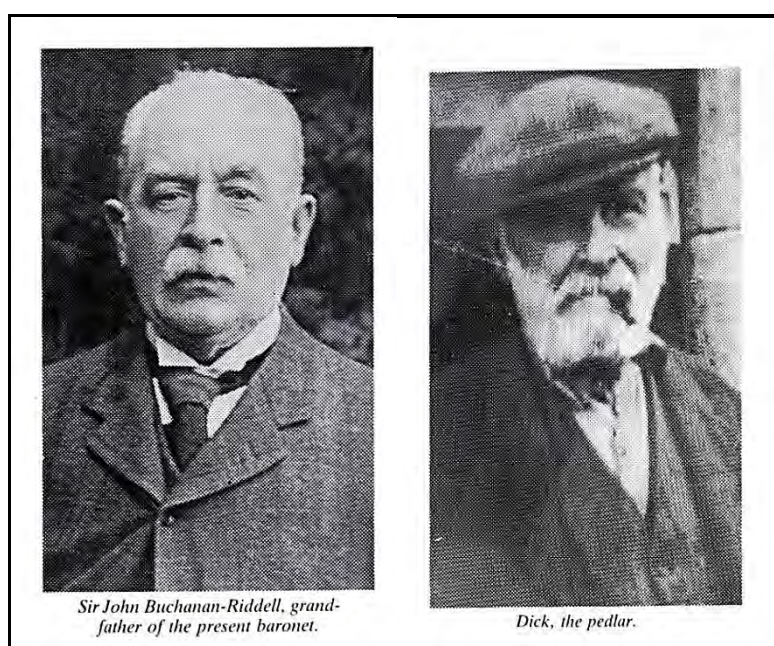
*"And on you brown and rocky hill
See princely 'Cragside' lies
Where boundless wealth and perfect taste
Have made a paradise"*

'Cragside' became one of the most famous large houses in the Nation. It was the first to have installed electric light. On completion in 1884 'Cragside' hosted a visit by the then Prince and Princess of Wales with their entourage including the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud. This was a major PR and political coup for entrepreneur Sir William. Could it have influenced his subsequent elevation to the Peerage? The house is justifiably world famous for its grounds and gardens featuring a magnificent display of imported Rhododendrons. Dad was once deputed to take us three children on a visit which I remember to this day. I think there may have been some *contretemps* at home and the only family outing I remember *sans* mother was a 'get out clause' for Dad?

The Hepple Barony

Hepple Village is defined by its Church, School and Squire. They are closely interrelated. There was never a 'pub' as far as recent accounts attest although this is far from certain. Hepple Village is very much older than its Church. It was part of the Barony of Hepple owned from around 1206 by the earliest recorded titleholders the Talbois Family, descendants of Charlemagne. The old Barony of Hepple embraced manors and hamlets at Great Tosson, Little Tosson, Bickerton, Warton, Flotterton, Newtown, Fallowlees, Nether Trewitt and Over Trewitt. Sir William Talbois made the ultimately fatal mistake of being on the wrong side in the War of the Roses. He lost both his head and his lands as a consequence. A University of Newcastle Archaeological Department dig conducted by Roger Miket at West Hepple in 1972 uncovered a gravestone bearing the name of Lady Margery Talbois known to be alive in 1250. 'Kirkhill' on West Hepple was the site of an original chapel. It was burned on successive occasions by internecine marauding Scots and Border Reivers then subsequently rebuilt. The dig also uncovered a Bronze Age urn. Prior to that a stone font was taken from Kirkhill to the modern church where at least three generations of Howeys were baptised including Diana, John and me.

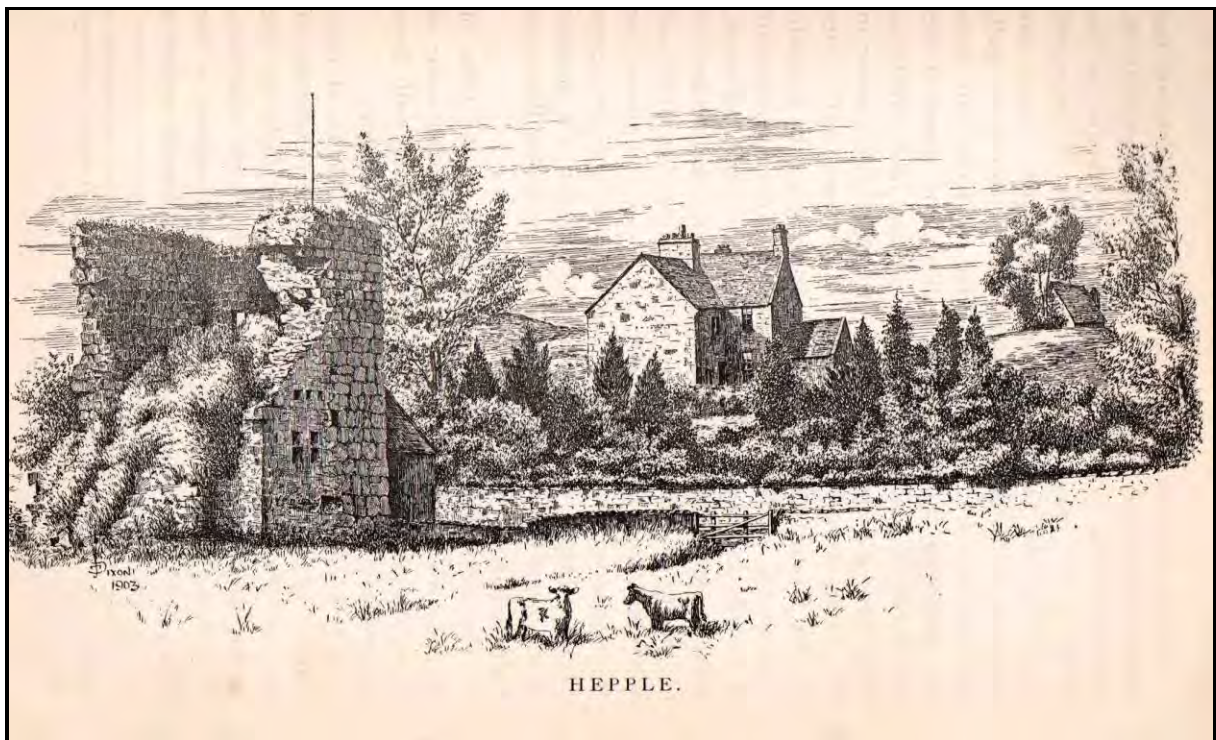
By the time the Howeys appeared on the scene the Hepple Barony was in the hands of the Duke of Portland. He sold it in 1803 to Sir John Buchanan Riddell of Teviotdale for £80,000. Sir John was succeeded in 1819 by his son Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell who died in 1892. He was in turn succeeded by his nephew Sir John Buchanan Riddell. It was Sir Walter the 10th Baronet who started the scheme to build Hepple Church and his heir who supervised the scheme to completion. Sir Walter took his duties as Squire very seriously also implementing the building of Hepple Bridge over the River Coquet to replace the old Swing Bridge demolished by floods in 1872. Sir Walter contributed more than 50% of the estimated £1,700 8s 2d required. Sir Walter also leaned heavily on his aristocratic friends and acquaintances. Other notable subscribers included the Duke of Northumberland (£125) and Lord Redesdale (£75).



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

Sir John Riddell and Richard Overhead ('Old Dick' or 'Dick the Pedlar') were at opposite ends of the social spectrum. However both earned and enjoyed equal overarching community approval. Old Dick was a veteran of the Boer War and a native of Essex. Sustained by an army war pension he somehow made his way to Hepple where he settled in a shack at the Pele Tower. It was his home for the last 40 years of his life. I clearly remember him pushing his pedlar's cart with a large trunk containing a wide variety of *bric-a-brac*, beads and buttons for sale. He passed away at the ripe old age of c. 86 at Rothbury Cottage Hospital. Hepple locals insisted that he be brought 'home' to be buried in Hepple Church graveyard.

The Hepple Pele Tower was built in mediaeval times as part of a barrier fortress system stretching from the Scottish Borders to the Coast at Warkworth where the River Coquet meets the North Sea. The first notice of a tower at Hepple is in the list in 1415. It is described as the tower of Sir Robert Ogle, 'one of the six border towers of which Sir Robert Ogle was the owner'. It appears that the Ogle family acquired Hepple after the demise of the Talbois family? They were at least three stories high with provision for stock (sheep, cattle) on the ground floor, storage of feed and fodder on the second tier and people facilities on the top floor. It was reputed boiling tar was poured from this level onto the marauding hordes as a major deterrent! Dating from the 14th Century, the great arched vault on the ground floor and the massive walls, eight feet thick, bear eloquent witness to the importance of this ancient stronghold to the Lords of Hepple. The tower which once carried battlements and turrets was built in the troubled times before the union of England and Scotland. William Tomlinson wrote (1888) that the tower was almost demolished in the 19th century for stone to build a local farmstead *but the workmen found it easier to cut stone from the hardest quarry than to separate the massive blocks from the cement in which they were embedded*. Sadly part of the stone from the ruinous fragment has been removed comparatively recently to build a modern house nearby.



(With acknowledgments to David Dippie Dixon: 'Upper Coquetdale 1903')

The Parsonage or Vicarage is clearly depicted behind the Pele Tower. This was occupied at one stage in the 1940s by Reverend Uncle Wilkinson Renwick and Aunty Eleanor. The surrounds at Pele Tower were used as sheep yards for East Hepple Farm where a sheep dip was established. There was also a storage granary for grain (oats) just behind the main tower. As children this was one of our favourite play grounds where much mischief was enacted!

Hepple had its fair share of characters and colourful identities. Some go so far back they cannot be pinned to exact dates but the legends persist. Robert Snowdon was celebrated because he fought and slew a famous Scottish champion in a pitched battle with swords at a place on the borders. Young Robert did not enjoy his fame for too long because he was himself murdered a short time later. While attempting to recover a favourite stolen horse which recognised his voice from its hiding place hovel Robert was stabbed to death after rushing in too soon

Another famous or infamous character from the 18th century was Will Allan, otter hunter, fisherman, and owner of a renowned pack of dogs. His son James was born at 'Woodhouses' and like his father was a skilled player of the Northumbrian Pipes. His adventures were recorded in a book about his escapades and published by a Blyth publisher in the 19th century. Young Jimmy Allan was supposed to serve with the British Army in India but presumably absconded. On the run as a deserter and accused of stealing a horse he was protected by villagers who erected farm barrows across the road to impede his pursuers. Jimmy escaped. Sentenced to death on one occasion Jimmy Allan was reprieved on a plea from the Duchess of Northumberland because of his piping skill. He died in Morpeth Gaol in 1810.

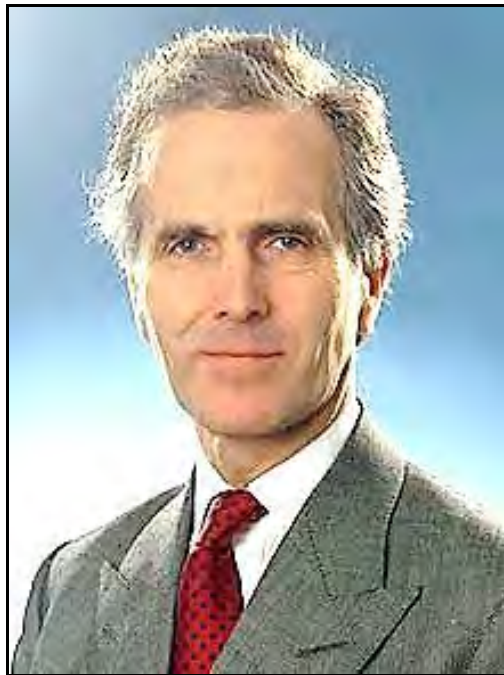
Jimmy Allan was reputed to be of gypsy or Romany blood? There was along association of so called gypsies in the district. One such outstanding individual was Andrew Richardson Faa Blythe. Born of Gypsy stock at Kirk Yetholme ('Home of the Gypsies') young Andrew lost his left arm in a shooting accident. He trained as a teacher and shortly after the census of 1871 he arrived to teach the children in Upper Coquetdale. He taught in primitive school buildings such as a cow byre before proper schools were built. He served for over 40 years at 'Windyhaugh' eventually dying in Kirk Yetholm where he was an Elder of the Kirk aged 82 on 19th April 1933.

Gypsy visits were a regular feature which I recall from early childhood in the late 1940s. A large group used to travel from Berwick in their traditional horse drawn colourful covered wagons and make camp at the Pele Tower. Whether this was 'legal' or not was never determined as far as I knew but it had been a long established tradition. We used to refer to them as 'Nelson the Robber' but I do not remember if there was any proven theft although suspicions were aroused. Old Dick (Richard Overhead) said he kept an iron bar in his shack just in case! I seem to recall the local Rothbury constabulary 'invited' them to move on after certain period. They did their own thing and did not commune with the locals. It is likely they lived off the land possibly borrowing a few items as they moved along. This was a summertime escapade when there was abundance in the hedgerows?

Sir John Riddell 13th Baronet

If Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell was the great squire benefactor then his successor the 13th Baronet Sir John Riddell was arguably Hepple Village's most erudite, distinguished and accomplished graduate? His obituary in 'The Telegraph', London 29 July 2010 reads:

"Sir John Riddell, 13th Baronet, who died on July 24 aged 76, was a financier and served as Private Secretary and Treasurer to the Prince and Princess of Wales in the late 1980s. The role of Private Secretary to the heir to the throne was normally considered a plum job, but Edward Adeane had left after differences in 1985, at which point David Roycroft took over; but he failed to establish a rapport with the Prince and soon returned to the Foreign Office.



Sir John Riddell 13th Baronet

The Prince decided that he wanted a man from outside Palace circles. A long search was instigated, which was not helped by the low salary on offer and rumors of disarray in the office – not to mention the growing tension between the Prince and Princess of Wales. Accepting the post, Riddell conceded that they were 'pretty desperate'. He was given a five-year contract, with an offer to renew. Riddell, a man of wit, elegance and charm, proved a skillful courtier with a light touch; he was less stuffy than Adeane and more high-spirited. He related well to the Prince's key interests – regeneration of the inner cities, the Prince's Trust and the Prince's Youth Business Trust – and respected the commitment the Prince showed in these and other endeavors. Riddell was also impressed by his employer's enormous stamina when his enthusiasm was engaged, and enjoyed the royal tours. For his part, the Prince of Wales found Riddell a refreshing companion with a "delightfully positive attitude". These were the years in which the Prince became increasingly confident about his various projects, delivering a large number of speeches and attending many seminars and receptions. He began lobbying public figures, energetically winging off letters, and became a dedicated fund-raiser. Riddell was occasionally caught out when the Prince went "off piste" from the notes which his Private Secretary had prepared for him – as when, in his role as president of Business in the Community, he warned that Britain might end up as "a fourth-rate country".

It also fell to Riddell to warn the Prince against some of the dubious fund-raising offers of Dr Armand Hammer, notably when the controversial American billionaire offered \$1 million for Operation Raleigh in exchange for the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at a ball in Los Angeles in 1985. Riddell was, however, unable to solve the administrative problems that threatened to bring the Prince's office to a standstill (they were not properly resolved until Sir Michael Peat took over many years later). In 1990, invited to become deputy chairman of Credit Suisse First Boston, Riddell left the Palace with six months of his contract still open.

John Charles Buchanan Riddell was born on January 3 1934, the son of Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell, 12th Bt, and Rachel Beatrice Lyttelton, daughter of the 8th Viscount Cobham. John succeeded in the baronetcy (created for another John Riddell in 1628 by Charles I) at the age of only five months when his father died following a riding accident. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he read History, Riddell carried out his National Service between 1952 and 1954 as a second lieutenant with the Rifle Brigade. Having earlier qualified as a chartered accountant, Riddell moved to Washington to take up a post with the World Bank in 1969 – the year of his marriage to Sarah, daughter of Gordon Richardson (later Lord Richardson of Duntisbourne) who was then chairman of Schroders and in 1973 would become Governor of the Bank of England.

In 1972 Riddell joined the New York investment bank First Boston, and three years later he became a director of its London arm – which evolved into the powerful joint venture Credit Suisse First Boston, a leading player in the Eurobond market. He remained a director of CSFB during his years as private secretary to the Prince and Princess, and returned to executive duties as a deputy chairman of the firm from 1990 to 1995. In the City he was also a director of the UK Provident Institution, Alpha Bank and Govett Strategic Investment Trust. His skills as a financier were also called upon in the north-east, where he served on the boards of Northumbrian Water and Northern Rock. In 1992 he became deputy chairman of the latter, at that time still a mutual building society deeply attached to its Newcastle roots.

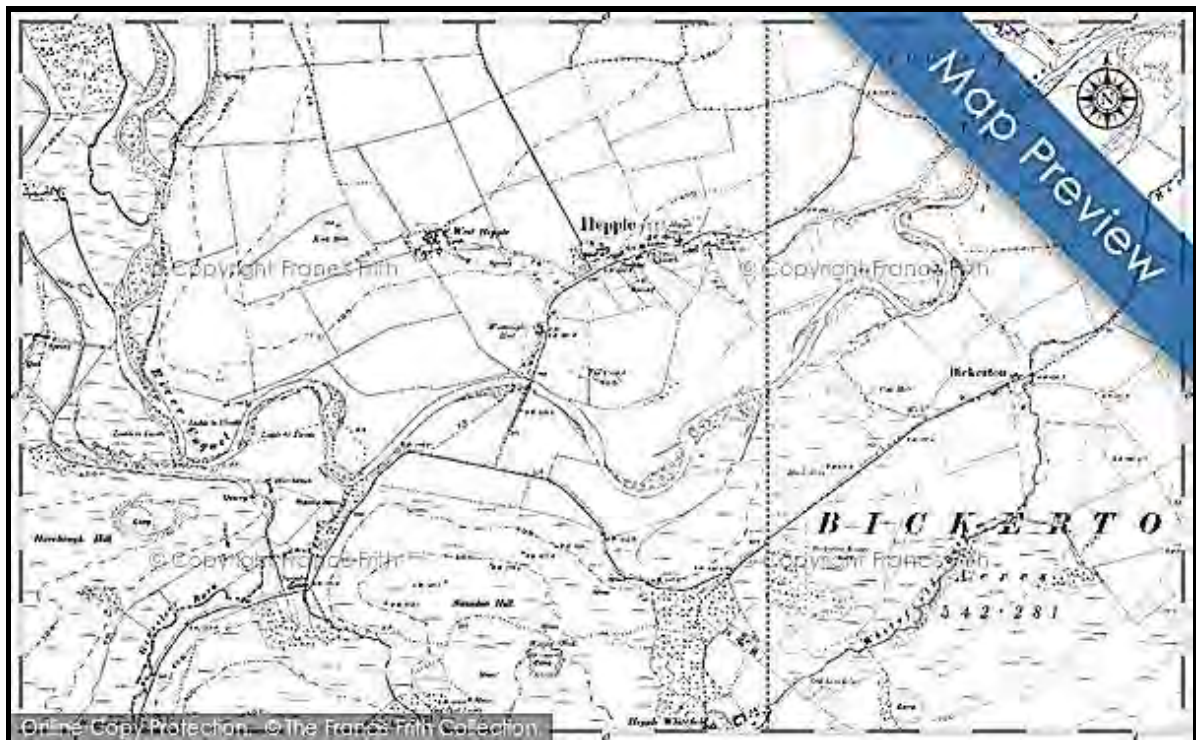
He joined forces with the then chairman, the 4th Viscount Ridley, to oppose a merger with the larger Britannia Building Society, based at Leek, Staffordshire. Riddell was heard to remark that he had no desire to be part of 'a frightfully boring society in a frightfully boring place like Leek', and the merger proposal quietly faded away.

Nevertheless, Northern Rock was ambitious to develop. In 1994 it took a step up by acquiring the North of England Building Society, and between 1995 and 1997 Riddell helped steer it through the process of demutualization and listing on the stock exchange. Board members who were uneasy about this change were won over by the proposal to vest 15 per cent of the shares, and five per cent of annual profits, in the Northern Rock Foundation, a charity which would henceforth support a range of good causes in the north-east. Riddell became chairman of Northern Rock in 2000 – the year in which the bank's transition from a local building society to a thrusting national high-street mortgage lender was capped by entry into the FTSE-100 index of leading shares, and in which it also celebrated its 150th anniversary. He retired in 2004, long before any signs were apparent of the troubles which would overwhelm Northern Rock three years later, when panicking depositors queued around the block to withdraw their savings. Riddell did, however, preside over the appointment in 2001 of Adam Applegarth, the chief executive whose aggressively expansionist policies were widely blamed for the collapse. Riddell unsuccessfully contested Durham North-West for the Conservatives in February 1974; he stood again, this time in Sunderland South, in October, that year's second general election. He had been an Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales since 1990 and was Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland from 2000 to 2009. He was appointed CVO in 1990 and KCVO in 2009. John Riddell's wife Sarah survives him with their three sons, of whom the eldest, Walter John Buchanan Riddell, born in 1974, succeeds in the baronetcy".

Sir John was a good friend to both my parents and especially my mother. Mum was organist at Hepple Church. This position guaranteed close association with the Riddell family. Lady Rachel Riddell (Sir Walter's widow and Sir John's mother) was the Churches' most devoted parishioner always occupying the same left front family pew wearing a large black overcoat and magnificent furs. She lived in apparent gracious penury for the latter part of her life driving an ancient Ford motorcar. Sir John was smart enough to pursue a career away from Hepple Whitefield Estate which would not have provided a lucrative family income. His sisters also married well into the Upper Middle and Diplomatic Castes.

I always looked forward to Sir John's infrequent visits to Whitefield. It usually meant the opportunity to earn the princely sum of £1 par day as a 'beater' at Sir John's Grouse Shoots. As is customary for his genre, gender and class it was *de rigueur* to invite one's similar caste cohort to these shooting parties. For us minions it represented a golden commercial opportunity. £1 was a considerable sum in the immediate post-WWII era with a lot of buying power. £1 was the recommended amount of pocket money per term at Ackworth.

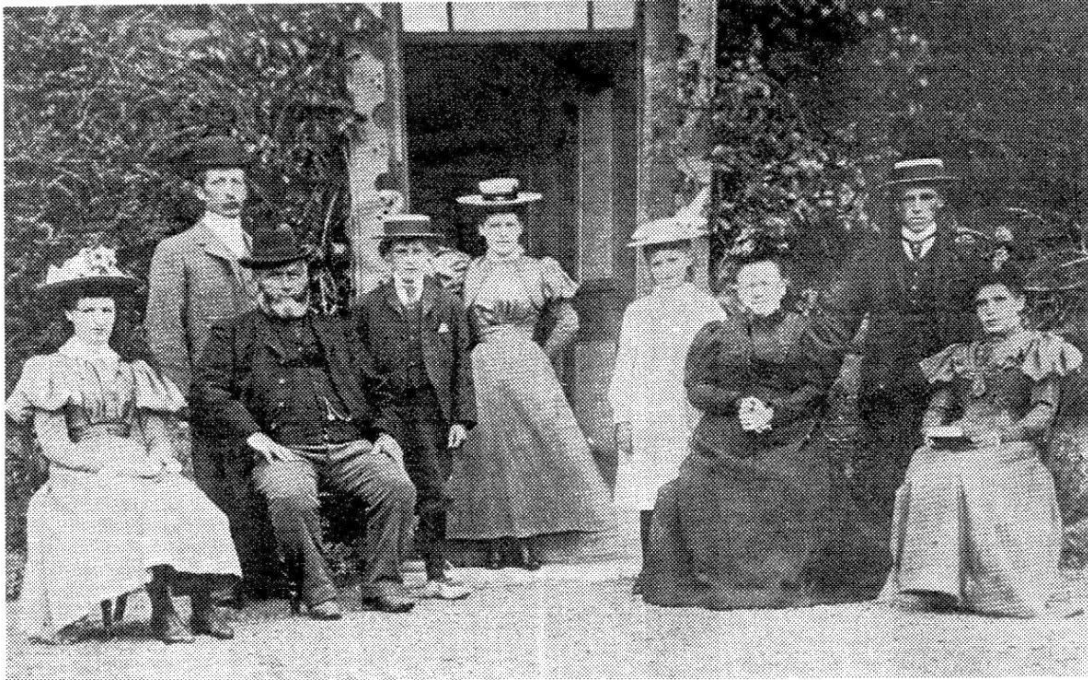
Historic Map of Hepple



(With acknowledgement Frith Ordnance Survey Maps)

In 1791 the Board of Ordnance established a body to survey Britain; the first 1-inch map, which showed Kent, was produced in 1801. The other counties of the United Kingdom followed. These first-edition maps were updated as the Victorian age progressed; new roads and railways were added, and major new buildings such as factories, gas and water works marked. It is from these enhanced 6-inch maps that the Frith Ordnance Survey maps have been created

Howey Family of Hepple



WEST HEPPLÉ farmhouse, about 1890. John Howey (grandfather of Miss Peggy and Mrs Ena Howey) is seated left of the front door, his wife, Mary, sits opposite in black silk and bonnet. Their children, left to right, are Margaret (later Mrs Ralph Hall), William, John, Mary (later Mrs Tom Tully of the Railway Hotel, Rothbury), Isabel (Mrs Hector Herdman), James (father of Peggy, Ena Bolam and Edwin Howey of West Hepple) and Elizabeth.

(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

John Howey was a church warden in the village before the present church was built as a chapel-at-ease to the parish church of All Saints, Rothbury. Previously services were held in the school hall first opened in 1873. Christ Church, Hepple was consecrated in July 1894 by the Lord Bishop of Newcastle, the Right Reverend Ernest Wilberforce. The foundation stone was laid by Lady Buchanan Riddell. An Anglo Saxon font was placed in the little stone-built church although its origins go back many centuries. The font used to be in the rockery of the garden at West Hepple and flowers were grown in it. The font had been 'ploughed up' by John Howey from the ruins of the old chapel at Kirkfield, West Hepple and placed as an ornament in the garden. As far as I know all the Howey children of Hepple were christened at this font. A Norman grave cover from the same antique source was built into the church wall above the font.

Much of the stone from the ancient chapel was removed to build the farmhouse at West Hepple which seems sacrilegious today. As farmers and as pillars of the Church the Howey family have been involved in all the village happenings since they first came to Hepple in the early nineteenth century. Bolam Howey (son of James) sold West Hepple Farm in 1972 and was the last Howey to farm there. My grandfather William and father John farmed East Hepple as tenant farmers until it was sold vacant possession in 1974 to Frank Walton of Flotterton. It intrigued me how my grandfather as the oldest male of nine siblings did not acquire West Hepple by primogeniture succession? If you compare the mien in the family portrait above there might be some clues?

Grandfather William Howey was known as a very gentle and kindly man; 'canny' in Northumbrian argot. James Howey on the other hand appears much more focused and 'acquisitive'. My father would claim this as the Clark legacy on the dam's side?

Marriage of William Howey & Hannah Toward Robinson 28th December 1898

Page 100

18 98. MARRIAGE Solemnized at St. Andrew's CHURCH, in the Parish of St. Andrew Auckland, in the County of Durham.

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
<u>199</u>	<u>28th Decr.</u> <u>1898</u>	<u>William Howey</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>Bachelor</u>	<u>Farmer</u>	<u>Hepple Rothbury</u>	<u>John Howey</u>	<u>Farmer</u>
		<u>Hannah Toward Robinson</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>Spinster</u>		<u>Auckland Park</u>	<u>Henry Robinson</u>	<u>Wrightman</u>

Married in St. Andrew's Church, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church after Banns by me, Edwin Price Vicar.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, William Howey and Hannah Toward Robinson in the presence of Henry Robinson and Elizabeth A.T. Robinson Henry Westcott

The above is a true and correct copy of the entry so numbered, made in the Register Book of Marriages of the Parish of St. Andrew Auckland, in the County of Durham; extracted this 28th Decr. 18 98. Witness my hand, Edwin Price

The Marriage between William Howey (Bachelor Farmer) of Hepple, Rothbury and Hannah Toward Robinson (Spinster) of Auckland Park took place at St Andrew's Church in the Parish of St Andrew Auckland in the County of Durham on 28th December 1898

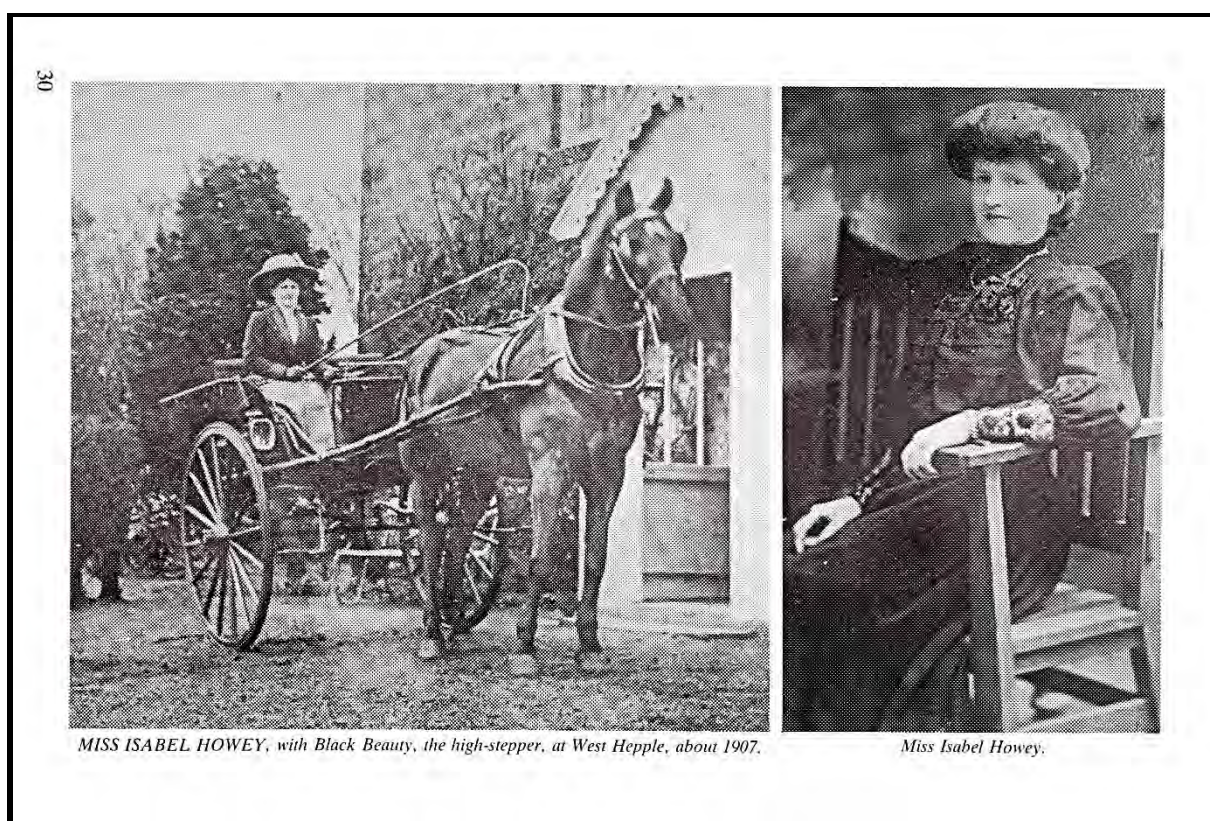
Henry Robinson born July 10th 1837
Mary Ann Toward born July 13th 1842
Married August 10th 1861

Eleanor Robinson born June 4th 1862
Do died June 4th 1862
Margaret Robinson born July 24th 1863
Eleanor Robinson born Oct. 20th 1865
Jane Toward Robinson born March 28th 1868
Elizabeth Toward Robinson born March 12th 1870
Do died Do

Kate Anne Toward Robinson born Sept. 4th 1872
Hannah Toward Robinson born Nov. 14th 1874
Henry Rochester Robinson born January 8th 1877
Do died January 29th 1880
Elizabeth Ann Robinson born Dec. 3rd 1879
Alice Mary Robinson born
Do died

Hand Written Account of the Robinson Family Tree from 1837

Miss Isobel Howey

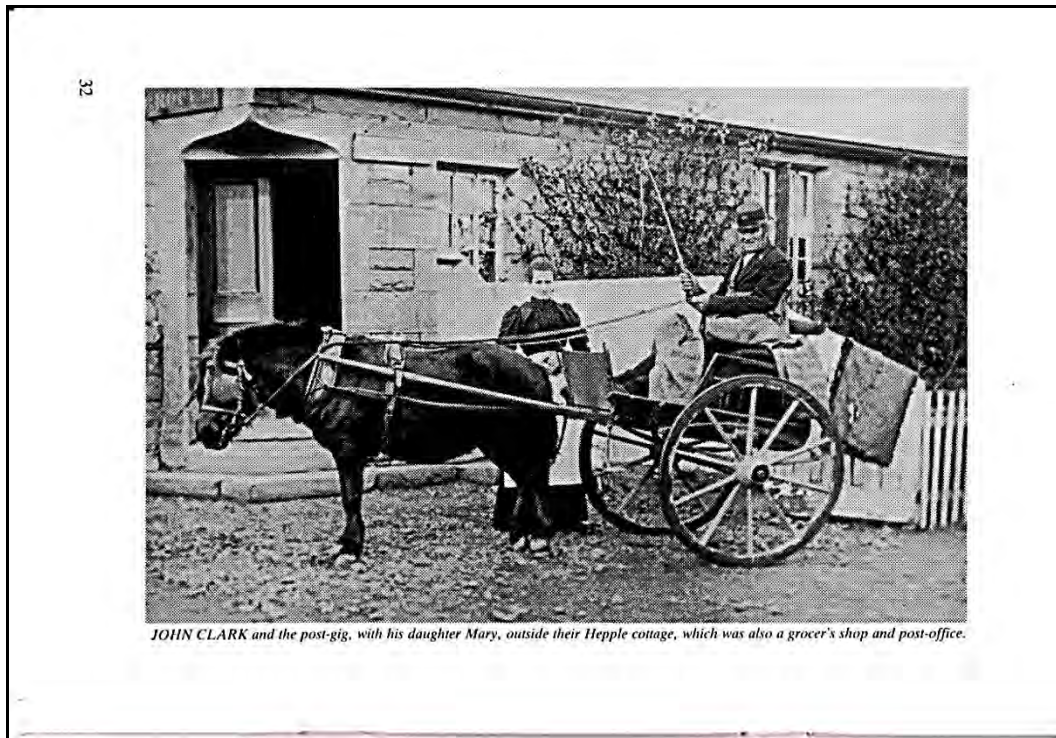


(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

Isobel Howey married Hector Herdman in Hepple Church in 1907. She was an emancipated woman of her time and a self-admitted 'flirt'. She would drive her smart gig to Rothbury at a good clip and even attend dances at Elsdon where she met her husband-to-be. Isobel claimed she and her sisters were 'brought up as young ladies' although she sometimes had to milk the cows. They did little other work on the farm. The Herdmans farmed on the Tyne and were eventually drowned out by the Derwent Reservoir. Isobel survived to the ripe old age of 96 and lived independently in comfort in a modern flat in Ponteland during her nether years.

Isobel no doubt visited her sister Mary at the Railway Hotel in Rothbury owned by her husband Tom 'Kit' Tully. I have very fond memories of a very diminutive and spritely Aunty Mary pacing about Rothbury shopping always dressed in black with a hat and veil. She was as sharp as sharp can be and energetic to boot. My father told me a story of playing a very long game of dominoes in the Railway. He was losing badly by the early hours of the morning and down by £50. He offered to play 'double-or-quits' – and won! He never told my mother although I suspect she knew? £50 in the 1940s was an enormous amount of money which we did not have. Dad was always a bit of a gambler and thought it worth the risk. I don't think he ever gambled beyond his means but he certainly spent a lot of time both studying and following the form. He always said his idea of a perfect retirement would be the ability and the means to attend a race meeting somewhere every day.

John Clark



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

The Howes of Hepple were intimately related by marriage to the Clark Family. John Clark of 'Harehaugh' ran a grocer's shop which later became the Post Office. John Clark acted as rural postman driving around the countryside in his little pony gig. There had been a John Howey extant in July 1813 as evidenced by a watch bearing his name. It was made by J. W. Stott of Rothbury, clock, watchmaker and jeweller. Another watch of solid silver belonged to W. Howey and was dated 1847. I suspect this is the pocket watch belonging to my grandfather supposed to be bequeathed to me? It used to be in family possession but may have been stolen on one of the many occasions when mother was burgled at Shawdon? I never saw it again.

Miss Margaret Clark still ran the post office in Hepple until 1962. This was at the cottage near Hepple Bridge depicted in the photograph. She used to keep lemonade and other treats which as small children we were allowed to have about once every two weeks. 'Pop' Thompson delivered the lemonade and we always knew when he was coming. The postmen rode twice per day from Thropton by bicycle to both pick up and deliver the mail and parcels. It was a very reliable and prompt service in all weather. Jack Redhead was one of the postmen I recall. The shop opened by Mrs Beattie at the garage largely filled the gap when the post office closed but there was no mail service provided. All other services were available in Hepple by van delivery. Grocers, Butchers, Drapers, Confectioners and Fishmongers all came though on a regular basis. There were even French Onion Sellers complete with Gallic berets and turbaned Indian Sikhs. The United Bus Service from Newcastle was a twice per day passenger provision which turned at Alwinton for the return journey. It was possible to shop at Rothbury, Morpeth or Newcastle and be back by late evening. Mr Foggon had time to catch the afternoon bus on Saturday: alight at Holystone; enjoy a pint or two at the 'Salmon' and catch the bus on its way back! He had about one hour!

Morris Dancing



The photograph shows Dad (John Robinson Howey) 3rd from left rigged out for Morris Dancing probably at Hepple Whitefield. **Morris Dance** is a form of English folk **dance** usually accompanied by music. It is based on rhythmic stepping and the execution of choreographed figures by a group of **dancers**, usually wearing bell pads on their shins. Implements such as sticks, swords and handkerchiefs may also be wielded by the **dancers**.



(With acknowledgments to Joan Gale 1988: 'Thropton and Hepple Barony')

Morris Dancers from Hepple Village in the grounds of Whitefield Hall. Miss Olive Buchanan Riddell is at the piano. Dad (unidentified) is probably in the picture.

East Hepple Farm



This is the farm I remember. It was a traditional mixed farm where methods had not changed very much; probably for over two hundred years until the mechanisation of agriculture which Dad stubbornly resisted. The paradigm shift to more intensive agricultural systems such as grain fed beef and concentrated cropping were rejected as newfangled aberrations. Dad's first cousins from West Hepple Peggy and Ena Howey on the small holding 'Kilnway' next door were among the first to explore and exploit these changes. They introduced a battery hen egg laying unit as well as deep litter broiler chicken production in the defunct blacksmith's shop and forge. It may be that they extracted as much income from their compact small holding as we did from c. 250 acres.

The range of produce on East Hepple included mutton, lambs, hoggets, wool, beef, milk, butter, eggs, pork, poultry (including turkeys), geese, ducks, hay, corn (oats), potatoes, turnips, kale and other winter forage and cash crops. We even had the odd thoroughbred such as 'Tall Story'; a grey mare Dad acquired on the toss of a coin in the pub. 'Mistress of Ceremonies' was another who caused more heartache than financial reward. Her first foal died of meconium impaction; a condition which was to become very familiar to me later in my professional life. It was quite a heady mix and somewhat constrained by the tenancy agreement which Dad despised. We also trapped, snared, shot and 'felled' rabbits at harvest time as well as poaching some pheasants and the occasional salmon! Wood Pigeons ('Cushats' in our patois) were also 'shot-for-the-pot' to make delicious pigeon pie on occasion. John and I were sometimes but rarely successful in landing the odd trout or two from the River Coquet. I think we'd have gone hungry if we came to rely on them.

Life on the farm was perennially episodic and followed a very regular pattern year in and year out. Beginning in mid-winter (January) it was time to hand feed all the dairy cows lined up in the byre where they were housed during winter. Oaten straw was used as bedding which required daily or more frequent replacement. Meadow Hay was a staple as were the turnips we had to chop up with a hand driven wheel-chopper. This was quite hard work for a juvenile but a matter of pride to succeed. Mucking out the cows and removal of excrement to the midden heap was the job of George Foggon and Dad. The midden heap was used as fertilizer for the fields in the spring using a muck spreader.

Winter and spring supervision of the sheep flock was pivotal to success. The in-lamb ewes especially were fed on complementary stored oats together with additional mineral supplements. Dad used to carry this in sacks on his back and pour it out into long wooden feeding troughs. Lambing was a tough time and such was the potential value of the lambs this was an almost 24 hour timetable often in seriously inclement weather. Diana was Dad's best helper by far and she seemed to relish this job opportunity. When a coke fuelled AGA Cooker was installed in the kitchen of the farm house this was the signal for conversion to an all-out paediatric ward for lambs. I recall as many as 15 newborn lambs being warmed and resuscitated in front of the warm stove. Brandy per os was the medicine of choice; for the lambs not the minders! Oats and other crops including potatoes and turnips were planted in the spring after suitable preparation of the ground. Harvest would come later in autumn or winter. Towards summer hay making became the big event. There was one crop per year and successful hay making was paramount. It was a difficult job to make good forage with constant raking and turning to secure adequate drying. Harvesting ripe oats was greatly exciting. A rich harvest of rabbits was also assured with all of us patrolling the ever diminishing sweeps of the reaper and binder to 'fell' entrapped rabbits with our specially prepared heavy wooden sticks. The binding and stooking of the sheaves of oats was quite demanding and required dexterity and skill, George Foggon was the master at making water resistant oaten 'stacks'. Large heavy weight gloves were required because of Scorch Thistle in the oats. The oats were later 'threshed' and the bagged with the straw retained as bedding for both cows and horses.

Hay was also built into quite sizeable stacks by raking and hand forking. These stacks were then hauled up onto the back of horse drawn trailers and again forked into safe and dry storage in the steading buildings at the farm or the Peel Tower. Oats were stored in the granaries at both locations. The preparations and sale of fat lambs, hoggets and gimmers took place in late summer and autumn. We always washed the faces of the Scottish Half Bred Gimmers with domestic washing powder to improve the 'whiteness'. Mum said 'Tide' was best. Dad was a master at the production of sheep for sale. This was his forte. Harvest thanksgiving was one of the biggest and best attended church services of the year. The church was decorated with the produce of both farm and garden. We provided sheaves of oats, bales of hay, turnips, potatoes and the like. Towards Christmas the killing and preparation of the various items of poultry for the Christmas table took precedence. Nana was in her element. The poultry and game if any were killed by wringing their necks. Plucking the feathers was the big part. Goose and Duck feathers seemed to go on forever. We helped: I think? Nana was expert at cleaning and gutting the carcasses. One year at least we had raised a whole batch of turkeys which Mum had earlier in the year collected from the 'Tilsheds' as small chicks. This was a very long walk for us 'midgets'. I have not forgotten. We must have been vile by the end. The sale of turkeys was supposed to provide extra 'liquidity' for Mum; but I have my doubts? Tasks like trimming hawthorn hedges were done in winter. The farm cycle then began to repeat itself but there was always something to be done; "Never a dull moment" in fact.

Many of the agricultural pursuits were quite labour intensive and relied on outside 'neighbourly' help during the busy times. The 'permanent' farm staff amounted to Dad, George Foggon and Nana (Eliza Rogerson). Dad always claimed that when running the dairy the farm was most profitable. However this relied on hand milking the cows 2 x per day for 365 days a year. Only Dad and Nana milked the cows. Electricity did not arrive until 1955 unless you had a private plant. We didn't! The dairy was the cleanest building on the farm and required the utmost care in guaranteeing milk that would survive scrutiny by the health authorities. We relied on draft horses for much of the farm work until a second hand tractor was acquired in the early 1950s. Dad believed that the use of horses was much better for making tidy drills for planting potatoes and turnips. He was right but it took much longer. Time had no monetary value.

The yearly cycle on the farm was emulated in the gardens at the cottages especially by George Foggon. He was an expert grower of vegetables and meticulous in their preparation and harvesting each year. This was vitally important to feed the family as supplementary to the meagre agricultural wages which Dad resented! The growing of prize Leeks was the main hobby. It was a matter of great pride and honour to win the major prizes at the Annual Leek Show in Thropton and elsewhere. The significant prizes were also a great bonus. I think the sale of leeks might have provided Mr Foggon with a few shillings with which to indulge himself on his brief visits to the 'Salmon Inn' @ Holystone via United Bus Service on a Saturday evening in summertime.

The principal activity on the farm was sheep production for mutton, lamb, hogget and wool as a bonus. This was Dad's forte and he was regarded as a 'very good sheep man'. We kept a flock of South country Cheviot Ewes and crossed these with Border Leicester Tups (Rams) to produce Scottish Half Bred Lambs. The tups were joined in the autumn with lambing to commence in the subsequent spring; usually late March and April. This was a very busy time and required serious supervision. The lambs were sold in the autumn. Quite often Dad would achieve best prices at Rothbury Auction Mart. Another enterprise was to 'buy in' ewe lambs and grow then out to sell as breeding 'gimmers' the following year. This often meant a trip to Hawick Auction Mart to buy the right article. Dad was very astute at this value adding exercise and a good judge. Again best prices were obtained. It was quite a thrill to watch the sales although we quickly became bored! Mum did not; a lot depended on the outcome!

Dad had an ambition to sell tups at the big Kelso Tup Sale in the late summer each year. This was one of the biggest tup sales in the country with about 15 different breed-specific sale rings in operation. Border Leicesters and Suffolk Tups were the stars but Dad liked Hexham or Blue Headed Leicesters. They had to be the ugliest sheep in the world but Dad persisted and achieved his ambition which was possibly a marginally successful financial enterprise. Kelso Tup Sales was one of our big family outings each year. I had a brief foray into breeding Border Leicesters using some tups Uncle Wilkinson Renwick gave me. Unfortunately my career was short lived when Aunty Peggy's Suffolk Tup forced his way into our paddock and broke the neck of my prize exhibit in a head butting contest. I have always detested Suffolk Sheep ever since!

William Howey



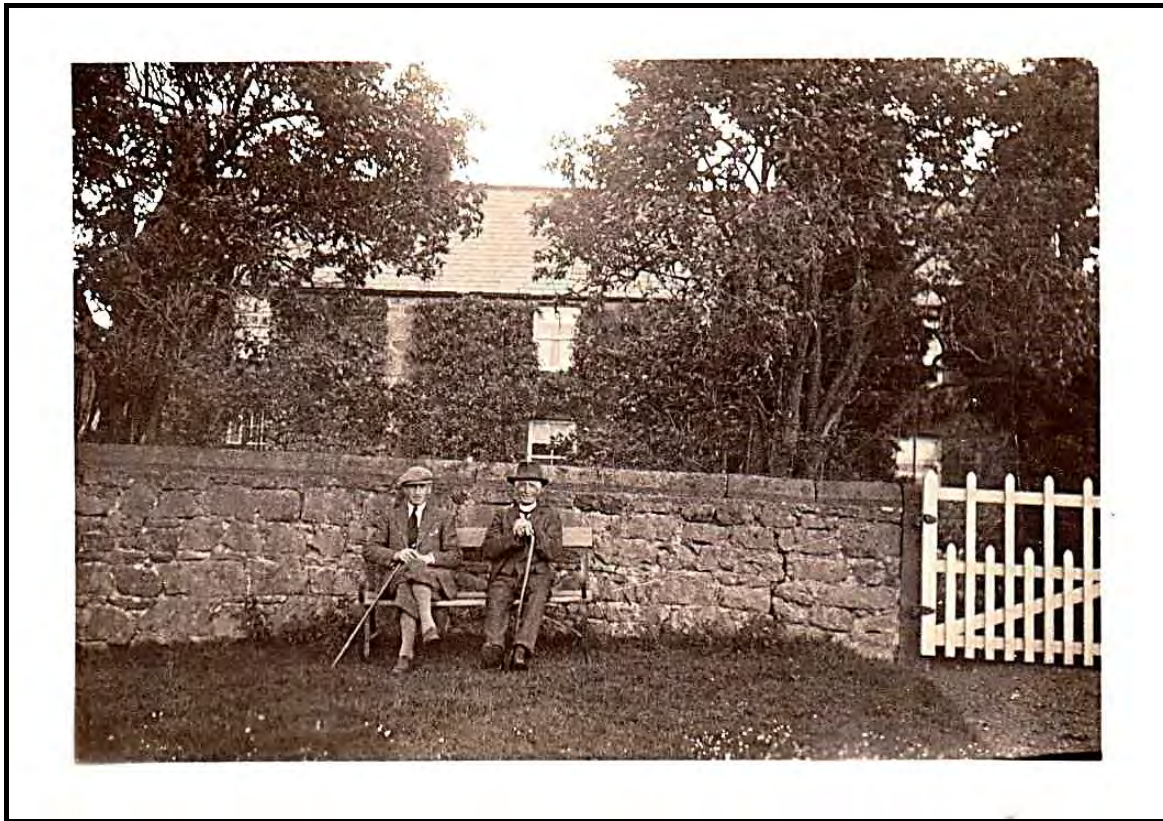
‘Nature’s Gentleman’

It was universally acknowledged that grandfather William Howey was one of nature’s true gentlemen. The epithet suited him ideally although I have only vague recollections of him. Diana has written on the back of this photograph: ‘A lovely old gentleman’. Here he is seen in typical dress and pose carrying fodder for a young horse with the omnipresent walking stick to hand.

Grandfather Howey attended the Village Classes run by Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell and his daughter Miss Olive Buchanan Riddell before WWI. The night classes using oil lamps were held in Hepple School. Woodcarving and country dancing were the main subjects taught. Grandfather Howey was a very skilled woodcarver. He had an immaculate set of carving chisels. I recall a carved oak fireplace coal box which I think my brother John has acquired. Hopefully it will go eventually to Jonathon.

I’m not sure exactly when William Howey moved to East Hepple. Presumably younger brother James Howey acquired West Hepple. I do recall Dad saying that he and grandfather had attempted to buy East Hepple Farm but were ‘beaten by the global depression’ in the late 1920s and early 1930s brought on by the Wall Street crash. They had taken out a mortgage (what’s that?) with a bank guarantee but were either unwilling or unable to maintain the payments. This allowed the sale to Newcastle Solicitor Mr Foster of ‘Burradon’. Dad called him ‘snake-in-the-grass’. This may have something to do with the onerous restrictions imposed by the tenancy agreement but which both Dad and Grandad had signed in good faith. Dad broke the rules anyway by selling hay and other produce to neighbouring farmers.

William Howey & Son



Dad and Grandad sitting on a garden seat just outside the front gate of the walled garden at East Hepple. This would have been some time after both had signed the tenancy agreement. As my brother John said it would have seemed like a very good deal to Dad. He was unencumbered by bank debt and 'had a job for life'; or so it seemed. This proved not to be the case and the sale of the farm to 'friend and neighbour' Frank Walton of 'Flotterton' in 1974 was a defining moment. Dad had presumed that 'he went with the package' but this was indubitably not the case. Frank Walton insisted on vacant possession and leaving 'home' was a bitter wrench. Dad felt very let down by some of his so-called friends. One (Edward Gair) actually told him: 'I wouldn't employ you either John'. Dad was 59 and Mum 45 or 46. It was the end of the true family home. There followed a difficult year at 'Crawford John', near Biggar in Lanarkshire then a few short years at 'Cockle Park', Morpeth. The reality was that Mum was more employable and became the breadwinner especially at Cockle Park. Fortuitously Diana had graduated from St Hilda's College, Durham University and secured a good job as teacher. I was half way through my veterinary degree and John obtained part time work at Butlins Holiday Camp (Minehead, Somerset) and London Docks prior to attending Goldsmiths College at London University. Diana was very generous in supplying unifying emotional and financial support to us all during difficult times. This is why I have dedicated this record to her in recognition. I actually realised early in the piece that I was NOT included on the tenancy agreement and nor was my brother John. Even at a tender age this resonated with me. I knew instinctively I had to do something else other than farm. This may have been my good fortune: 'Just as necessity is the mother of invention so is motivation the precursor of achievement'. I think I made the decision at about age 8 picking potatoes in the bottom End Law next to Beattie's garage. 'There has to be an easier way'?

John Robinson Howey



Dad would have regarded these as his halcyon days. He was single and 'available'. He did join up briefly at the outbreak of WWII but was only in the regular army for about 6 months. Farmers were required back home on the farms to produce food for the Nation and its troops. He was otherwise a member of the Home Guard known as 'Dad's Army' ready to repel any local German invasion.



Dad had a friend called Freddie Jackson with whom he played golf @ Rothbury. This may be him or possibly Jim Spours?

The Wedding



Mum and Dad almost certainly met at Holystone where the Walkers had a holiday cottage. The wedding took place at Hepple Church on either January 18th or January 20th 1940. Mum was only 21 and Dad 35. The picture on the left shows the bridal party outside the Church. Edmund Peel was best man and stands on the far left. He was later my godfather and sent me a brand new 10 shilling note every Christmas from the bank where he worked: Lloyds Bank in Rothbury. I had to write thank you letter every time. I hardly knew him but he was a 'favourite' godfather. Grandfather William Howey is next to Edmund Peel and then Dad and Mum. Jack Armstrong is at the back with bridesmaid Auntie Eleanor with the flower posy in front.



This second photograph shows Uncle Edmund and Grandfather paying more attention. The inverted horse shoe carried by Mum was considered to be a good luck charm. I think my mother cherished it initially until the luck appeared to have run out or expired. Am I being a tad cynical?

The Reception



The wedding reception was held at the Railway Hotel (later the Coquet Vale) near Rothbury Mart. Diana later held her 21st birthday party at the Coquet Vale on 30th November 1961. There was clearly a lot of snow on the ground. Dad was a regular visitor to the Coquet Vale following the Livestock Auction Marts held by Robert Bolam & Son just down the road.

The photograph the bridal party on the left shows from the left: Auntie Geordie Howey (West Hepple), Vivian Walker, Mr & Mrs Walker, unknown lady behind, Dad & Mum holding Gordon Walker's hand (Page Boy), Uncle Wilkinson Renwick behind Auntie Eleanor in front (Bridesmaid), unknown gentleman behind, Auntie Freda with Moira Walker in front and Uncle Edmund Peel (Best Man). The photograph on the right appears to show Grandfather Howey, Mr Walker, Auntie Eleanor, Dad & Mum, Uncle Wilkinson and Edmund Peel struggling in the snow!

Mum had been extraordinarily lucky to meet up with the Walker family from Jesmond in 1934. Mr Walker was a 'society' dentist and the family were considered as professional quite well-to-do. They were a very genuine family and Mum made lifelong friends with all of them especially Vivian who sadly pre-deceased her. The Walkers had a holiday cottage at Holystone where it is highly likely Dad made their acquaintance on one of his many visits to the 'Salmon Inn'! It was the beginning of a fine romance with his introduction to the young and striking Irish *au pair*. Marrying a local farmer might have seemed like a very good move for my mother. I do not recall a honeymoon ever being mentioned but perhaps with a war in progress this would not have been unusual.

The other Jesmond family to also own a holiday cottage at Holystone were the Kendalls. Dr Kendall was a high ranking Doctor in Newcastle. He maintained a Private Box at High Gosforth Park Race Course which was considered *haute bourgeoisie* in the North East of England. I do not know if the Kendall family were at the wedding but it seems likely they were. Both the Kendalls and the Walkers enjoyed their 'rural and remote retreats' to mix with the bucolic locals on their own turf. Later they ventured much further afield including Gibraltar, Spain and North Africa. It was then that they appeared to relinquish their interest in holidays at Holystone? I recall eldest son Dr John Kendall migrated to Canada at about the same time as I did to Australia.

The Mystique of the Northumbrian Minstrels



'The Northumbrian Minstrels'

Uncle Jack Armstrong (5th left) wrote on the back of this photograph: *"To Nancy, John, Diana & Bill; Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; Jenny & Jack"*. It is possible I am 'Billy' but it could be Uncle Billy Clark? It is probably Christmas 1943/1944 because Johnny was born in January 1945 (19/01/45) and there is no mention of him? Mum would have been about 25 or 26 and may well be the youngest in the group.

Identification:

From the left: Unknown in kilt; Jack Thompson (fiddler from Powburn); Nancy Howey (Hepple, pianist), Walter Wilson (Alnwick); Jack Armstrong; Robbie Hall (Pipe Maker); Unknown lady perhaps Patricia Trevelyan; Willie Atkinson (Accordion); Unknown; Unknown; Geordie "Dord" Taylor with fiddle; Unknown in kilt. It may be some were visiting Scottish Pipers? The characters in the photograph were identified via Martin Bulmer by Patricia Trevelyan's daughter Janet Hall and her grandson Jonathan Parker. Remarkably Janet Hall now lives in Thropton. Janet Hall wrote Patricia's obituary in 'The Guardian' newspaper. Based on the photograph of Patricia Trevelyan on her wedding day Janet and Jonathan do not think it is Patricia but they concede; 'It's the right arms and watch but the face is wrong'? It may well be Patricia Trevelyan. Jack Armstrong and Patricia were known to be very 'close'. Jack Armstrong spent his nether years living in a flat at Wallington where Patricia Trevelyan also had her own 'inherited' suite. The people in the photograph were identified by an elderly lady Hannah Hutton who *'used to love dancing to the music of the Northumbrian Minstrels'*. Hannah Hutton was a contemporary of Patricia's daughter Janet Hardie/Hall who is now resident at 'Westfield Cottage', Thropton.



Patricia Trevelyan & Philip Cheswright's wedding in 1942 and 'Uncle' Jack Armstrong @ Alnwick Castle. Philip Chesworth is in military (Naval) uniform and on active service.

Martin Bulmer's Letter: Patricia Trevelyan & Jack Armstrong

19/3/15

Dear Bill,

Good to hear from you, and very opportune for various reasons. It is a small world indeed, and lives intersect in quite unexpected ways. I am not sure that the lady in the centre of the photo is Patricia Trevelyan. It could be, and in later years she was certainly a friend of Jack Armstrong. She lived at Wallington until the age of 98, and only died in 2013. There is an obituary of her by her daughter Janet which emphasises her association with the Northumbrian pipes at:

<http://www.theguardian.com/theguardian/2013/jun/16/patricia-jennings-obituary>.

Janet herself, who lived for many years in Devon, recently remarried a widower who she had known in her youth, and now lives in Thropton. Small world indeed! The attached photo was taken by my mother in 1942 at her wedding at Cambo Church and shows Patricia and her husband Philip Cheswright. You can judge whether it is the same lady in the photo. I am doubtful as the lady in your photo looks slightly plumper.

There is another connection. My mother and I lived in a cottage in Wallington Courtyard. After her death in 1957 I moved away to North Shields. Patricia was by then running the café upstairs up the stone steps. The first floor of our cottage was then incorporated into the café, and provided its offices. The ground floor, however, remained as a flat, and it was let as a result of Patricia's influence to Jack Armstrong! He lived there for some years, possibly until his death, and occasionally played with Patricia in the café upstairs. (Note: I suspect Martin means musical instruments!)

Patricia incidentally did not have the title Hon, which is used if the father is a nobleman, but Sir Charles was a baronet and persuaded his father not to accept a title, as this would have kept him out of the House of Commons when he inherited it, and he was set on a political career from an early age.

You sent me an email a while ago about Percy Sykes, telling me of his death and attaching one or two obituaries. I recently was in touch with his niece Dr Wendy Sykes, and wondered if you could locate the email and send it to me again, so that I can forward it to her? The indexing system in my version of Outlook has failed and it makes finding old emails very difficult.

I find Facebook rather intriguing, and claim to be friends with large numbers of people most of whom I have never met. Did you know that there is an Ackworth Old Scholars Association Group on Facebook ? Look it up and you will find many photos of the buildings, photos of sports teams from the 1970s, and class photos and staff photos, with quite a lot of exchanges as to who is who. There is a lady often on the site called Zephyrine Barabarchild who is a member of the School Committee, whom I discovered to my amazement is Neale H-S's younger sister! Apparently at some point in her adolescence she fell out so badly with their father that she changed her last name permanently to "Barbarachild" [Barbara was her mother's name] - and also I think fell out with Neale, maybe about this, as they do not seem to be on speaking terms today. The whole subject of reminiscence is a study in itself, why do people try to re-live the past via groups like this? I have never found the AOSA gatherings to my taste- I did not run the Badsworth when I was at school and don't want to do so at reunions! - but it is an interesting question why it means so much to some people. There are few people who were there sixty or more year's active on the site, but a lot from thirty or forty years back producing photos and swapping reminiscences. So it you would like a wider audience for some of your old sporting photos

Best wishes

Martin

Patricia Jennings Obituary

Janet Hall

The Guardian, Sunday 16 June 2013 21.32 AEST



Patricia Jennings was president of the Northumbrian Piping Society

My mother, Patricia Jennings, who has died aged 98, was the daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan Bt and his wife Molly, owners of Wallington, a magnificent estate in Northumberland which had been in the hands of the Trevelyan family since the 18th century.

In 1941, Charles signed a deed of settlement leaving the house to the National Trust. After the deaths of Charles and Molly, Patricia was the only one of their six children to remain at Wallington, thus maintaining the family link, and she lived in a flat in the west wing there until the end of her life – taking part in many different activities connected to Wallington, the NT and Northumberland.

Her lifelong passion was playing the Northumbrian small pipes. She played for over 80 years, often accompanying her great friend Jack Armstrong, the Duke of Northumberland's piper. She loved traditional music, encouraged young people to learn the pipes and led a small group of pipers in her flat at Wallington for 50 years. She was also president of the Northumbrian Piping Society until 2005.

She imbibed from her parents her deep love of the countryside and was happiest when out of doors. Her greatest pleasure was picking flowers in the walled garden at Wallington. She farmed the land on the Wallington estate both during the Second World War years and in the 1950s.

In 1961 Patricia created a successful tearoom, The Clock Tower, in the courtyard at Wallington and ran it until 1985 with enthusiasm and flair. The Clock Tower gave employment to local farmers' wives who cooked there and the girls in the area vied with each other to become waitresses.

Patricia had an innate warmth and ability to get on with people, treating everyone as equals. She managed a youth club in the village, took part in the local WI, was a JP for 10 years, and ran a "better living" group. She was always willing to take part in NT activities, happily performing opening ceremonies, making short speeches and cutting ribbons with aplomb. She would often say: "I am so lucky to be here."

Patricia was very sociable and loved a party. She delighted in large Trevelyan family gatherings at Wallington whenever she reached a significant birthday. She would enjoy the traditional bonfire in the woods and encourage adventurous activities such as damming the river and rope swinging across the Wansbeck. She developed an unusual hobby, making more than 200 fiendishly difficult wooden jigsaws which are now passed round the family.

She married Philip Cheswright in 1942, who was serving in the RNVR; and both her children were born at Wallington while Philip was at sea. He eventually returned from the Second World War but died of leukaemia in 1946. She married Rod Jennings in 1949, divorcing in 1960.

Patricia is survived by two children, Hugh and me; four grandsons, Philip, Jonathan, Sebastian and Rupert; and eight great-grandchildren, Thea, Paddy, Yorke, George, Jamie, Matthew, Eve and Illeana.

Footnote: One of my mother's final outings was when we took her to a Northumbrian Musical Folk Festival at 'Wallington' hosted by Patricia Trevelyan.

Martin Bulmer's Parents



(With acknowledgements to Laura Trevelyan: 'A Very British Family'. The Trevelyan and Their World. I. B. Taurus & Co. Ltd. 2006)

"If he were an obscure person living in a small street, it would not matter. But he is a very prominent person.....His good name will suffer".

Sir Charles Phillips Trevelyan with his lover Edith Bulmer greeting the writer George Bernard Shaw at Newcastle Central Station 1936. Courtesy of *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

We used to see Edith Bulmer at Newcastle Central putting son Martin Bulmer on the train back to Ackworth School at the beginning of every term. Similarly she was there to pick him up at the end of each term. Very occasionally Sir Charles would come to Ackworth to visit Martin with his mother. I recall Edith Bulmer as a very imperious type of lady. She was immensely proud of Martin. I did not know she died in 1957 (see Martin's letter) which was quite early in our school careers. Sir Charles and Edith Bulmer were well to the 'ideal' left of main stream politics even as far as embracing Communism. I believe they spent some time together in Stalinist Russia. Many of the intelligentsia were including the Cambridge Spy Ring of McLean, Burgess, Philby and Blunt. There was a Trevelyan connect at Kings College, Cambridge.

The Hunt Ball and Other Parties



This looks more like a wedding than the Hunt Ball where long dresses were *de rigueur*. Dad really quite enjoyed dressing for a ball or any special occasion. He could be quite vain at times and took meticulous care with his appearance before venturing out. He was especially careful to try to hide the developing bald patch towards the crown of his head. This photograph was taken outside the front porch at East Hepple Farm House and has been 'double exposed'. Diana has somewhat ruefully annotated this snapshot on the back: "*Champagne lifestyle on a lemonade income*".

Nana used to polish Dad's shoes and it was matter of great pride to her to achieve a mirror-like finish. I remember dad had a favourite pair of brown brogues with metal studs which 'lasted forever'. Nana used to win the best polished shoe competition at Thropton Show every year with these shoes. Mum had very limited resources with which to 'glam up' but she was well used to making do with little. It was to her great credit that she always looked so good. In English society class competition is fierce and even enshrined in Law with the Order of Precedence Act of Parliament supported by the Warrant of Precedence on social occasions. This made it very difficult indeed for the 'lower minions' to match it with the 'higher social orders'. The excellent BBC TV situation comedy production 'Keeping Up Appearances' captures this beautifully as does 'To The Manner Born'. I have been more than happy to 'butt out' but for Mum and Diana who were 'County' and who were not was seminal. Uncle Billy Clarke underpinned this view when he once asked me with more than a touch of irony 'whether my mother and Diana were still as concerned what Colonel So-and-so had for breakfast'. Father and mother had some very firmly entrenched right wing opinions. Dad's political heroes were Sir Winston Churchill and Enoch Powell ('Blood in the streets'). 'All Germans, Jews, Blacks, Catholics and Japs should be shot' was Dad's mantra. Due to xenophobia, bigotry, isolation and ignorance the chosen few were those safely sequestered in the Upper Coquet Valley! Mother once shocked Kirsty: 'The Williams Sisters (Venus and Serena of tennis fame) should be back swinging from the branches of the trees in the jungles of Africa where they belong'!



Uncle Reverend Wilkinson Renwick & Grandfather William Howey

I think this is a particularly apposite photograph. Uncle Wilkinson and grandfather Howey are at the pig sty! Uncle Wilkinson was the Vicar at Hepple and had just become grandfather's most recent son-in-law by marrying Aunty Eleanor. This was to be a very successful but childless marriage. Both Aunty Freda and Aunty Eleanor married very late. We usually kept the odd pig to be killed for food. This was a very exciting time for small boys! I recall Thomas Foggon and myself 'wagging school' to watch the pig killing. It was a gory ritual but we liked the squealing and mess! Bacon and pork were cured and heavily salted to be hung from the ceiling in the kitchen. Blood was collected to make 'Black Pudding' which we loved. Intestines were harvested and cleaned to make 'White Pudding' using barley as carbohydrate bulk. Nothing was wasted.

Uncle Wilkinson was later appointed Vicar at Alwinton where he and Aunty Eleanor lived for a number of years. We used to love to visit them at the Vicarage. There was always a great tea with lots of bread, home-made butter, jam, scones, sandwiches and cakes. Aunty Eleanor always referred to Uncle Wilkinson as the 'Parson'. At Alwinton he travelled his extensive hill parish using Fell Ponies. They were excellent in the snow and wet weather. He also used them to hunt at local meets of the hounds. Other parishes were Otterburn followed by Matfen near Newcastle. I don't think Aunty Eleanor enjoyed leaving the Coquet Valley. She was to outlive Uncle Wilkinson by several years. She spent her last few years in considerable comfort in an Aged Care Home near the Northumbrian Coast north of Alnwick.



Mum, Aunty Eleanor and Uncle Wilkinson plus Hounds at East Hepple

Mother is shown here in riding gear but I never remember her on a horse? Aunty Eleanor is in jodhpurs also. I think this would have been the early 1940s. It is probable that the young Hound is a 'Puppy' from the West Percy Pack. 'Puppy Walking' was a cheap way of feeding and educating young hounds before they are ready to re-join the main hunting pack. It was a service provided gratis by the hunting fraternity; usually on farms.



Uncle Billy Williams & Aunty Freda's wedding. Grandfather and baby Diana at East Hepple.

The wedding snapshot of Uncle Billy and Aunty Freda is the only one we have showing grandmother Howey. Grandfather Howey, Dad and Granny Howey are behind the newlyweds in the Church vestry. Diana thinks Hannah Robinson from Bishop Auckland; County Durham was most likely a 'domestic' for the Riddells at Hepple Whitefield. She would have considered marrying a local farmer as a 'step up' the social scale and developed a persona to match this perceived progression. I think she was known in the village as a bit of a martinet? Grandfather was the compliant and complaisant chaperone. I have very little memory of either but I do recall being chastised by Granny Howey with a poker for some misdemeanour involving her fireplace in the cottage where she and Grandfather lived. They moved to the cottage from the farm house after I was born, swapping places with Mum and Dad. Johnny was born at East Hepple Farm house. All of us were home births.

I believe Dad never approved of Aunty Freda marrying Billy Williams? Aunty Freda had been a teacher at Tod Le Moor School cycling to and from work each day. Local farmer Cyril Healey from Netherton Burn Foot was a keen suitor. He was rejected by Aunty Freda in favour of Uncle Billy. Uncle Billy Williams was Kennel Huntsman for the West Percy Hounds based at Callaly High Houses. Colonel Vining of Trewitt Hall was the MFH at the time. We greatly enjoyed visiting the kennels for two reasons: Aunty Freda was generosity personified and spoiled us rotten plus Uncle Billy was great company. He was totally responsible for housing, feeding, training and maintaining the whole West Percy Pack of Hounds. It was fairly lurid business at times. It involved killing, skinning and butchering old and decrepit horses and cast-for-age cows. Any sudden deaths in local farm herds were picked up by Uncle Billy in a truck or else delivered to the kennels. You could smell the kennels a mile away and the hounds made a baleful howling noise at feeding time which was like Pavlov's dogs. It was Uncle Billy who taught me to shoot my first horse (a small pony) using a special euthanasia pistol.

We were Aunty Freda's surrogate children. Both the Renwicks and Williams used to spend Christmas at East Hepple until my mother protested at all the extra work; which there was! Uncle Billy was a very keen fisherman and both John and I probably spent more time fishing in his company than with Dad? Later on Aunty Freda and Uncle Billy moved to Hedgeley Cottages near Powburn when Major-General Sir Ralph Carr-Ellison of Hedgeley Hall took over as MFH of the West Percy Hounds. It was Sir Ralph Carr-Ellison who I passed in the hunting field one day. 'Simply not done old chap to pass the MFH in the hunting field'. At least I doffed my cap as I shot past Sir Ralph's lumbering Hunter on my steel-mouthed mare 'Mabel' who I could not hold: '*Good morning Sir!*' At least Sir Ralph was a good sport. Being 'in at the kill' at Netherton Burn Foot (Cyril Healey's farm) he made me a blooded member of the West Percy Hounds. It was a signal honour to be daubed with the blood on the brush of the recently defunct fox. Uncle Billy pointed out my initials were in fact WPH! While Diana adored hunting and I liked it Johnny completely rejected the concept. Was it Oscar Wilde who described it as 'the unspeakable in pursuit of the inedible'? Bloomsbury Vanessa Ball disparaged her sisters-in-law (Clive Bell's sisters) as 'totally committed to the ultimate destruction of all British Wildlife'! Apparently their only dinner time conversation centred round 'hunting, fishing and shooting'.

Aunty Freda passed away with diabetic complications in her mid-60s. She was always overweight but enjoyed a full and productive life. She was immeasurably popular in the whole district. Uncle Billy survived much longer finally being placed in an Aged Care Home near to Aunty Eleanor.

Growing Up on the Farm



Diana 'Centre of Attention' 1943

Grandfather

Uncle Wilkinson & Aunty Eleanor with Diana

Aunty Freda



Diana & I in about 1943

Diana and I a few years later in rubber boots (Wellingtons)


The first photograph is a posed portrait in a studio in Morpeth. The second is *au naturel* in the environs of the farm buildings and steadings which were constructed from stone and very substantial. We seem very happy.

Holiday in Ireland 1946

PAGE 1

Nº 318817 548650x

**TRAVEL IDENTITY CARD FOR
GREAT BRITAIN,
NORTHERN IRELAND and EIRE**



Name of Holder Mrs Nancy HOWEY

Maiden Name Clarke

Country of Residence England

Issued at Liverpool

Date 29 JUN 1946

It was a surprise to all of us to discover mother's Travel identity Card for Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. This was to be the only family holiday we ever had; even then it did not include Dad. It is clear that following the severe restrictions on travel during WWII (Eire was a 'neutral' country) Mother wanted to make contact again with her extended family in Eire known as the 'Free State'. None had attended the wedding 5 years earlier. I'm not sure if mother had ever revisited her family between 1934 (the year her father died) and 1940? I vaguely recall the long train journey overnight on the 'Boat Train' from Newcastle Central to Heysham in Lancashire to take us across by ferry to Belfast. I seem to remember being put to bed in Belfast which was a huge cultural shift for a 3 year old! I recall little else. Apparently Dad accompanied us by train from Rothbury to Newcastle which was a passenger service still in operation by British Rail in 1946.

PAGE 2


Occupation.....

Place of Birth..... *Bally Bay*

Date of Birth..... *3 May 1918*

Home Address..... *East Hepple Farm, Hepple, Morpeth, Northumberland.*

Photograph and Signature



Nancy Douney

National Registration Identity Card.

GD.TJ	15	3
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PAGE 3

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Nº 318817

Diana 30. 11. 1940. F. GFYA 277

William P. 25. 11. 1942. M. G.FYA 428

John. C. 19. 1. 1945. M. GFYB 86

Proof of our 1st trip to Ireland

Mum wearing her Beaver Lamb coat, which Dad gave her as a wedding present

Dad always claimed that mother's family in Ireland wanted 'proof' that he existed and there was only one of him! All three children were different in colouring with Diana turning dark, me a ginger redhead and Johnny a light blond! I'm not sure if fears were assuaged or not? Diana writes: *Mother is wearing her beaver lamb coat which Dad had given her as a wedding present*



Three urchins at 'Dunmaurice' Castle Blayney

'Favourite Portraits'



Johnny

Diana

William

This was another posed portrait photograph taken at Primrose Studios. I remember being spruced up and prepared for the trip to Morpeth. The studio was A. Primrose & Sons, Photographers, 31 Bridge Street, Morpeth. We were to be on our very best behaviour and avoid dirt! I think the image reflects my mood? This is a rare occasion when Johnny seems to be the more compliant and complaisant.

I have never welcomed the camera from either in front or behind. This might have been the genesis of my inhibitions fuelled by subliminal simmering resentment at the discipline required. I would never have dared to protest strongly which Johnny might do later. Diana was always the most photogenic which I think this portrait adequately purveys?

‘The Three Musketeers’



William Howey

George Rogerson

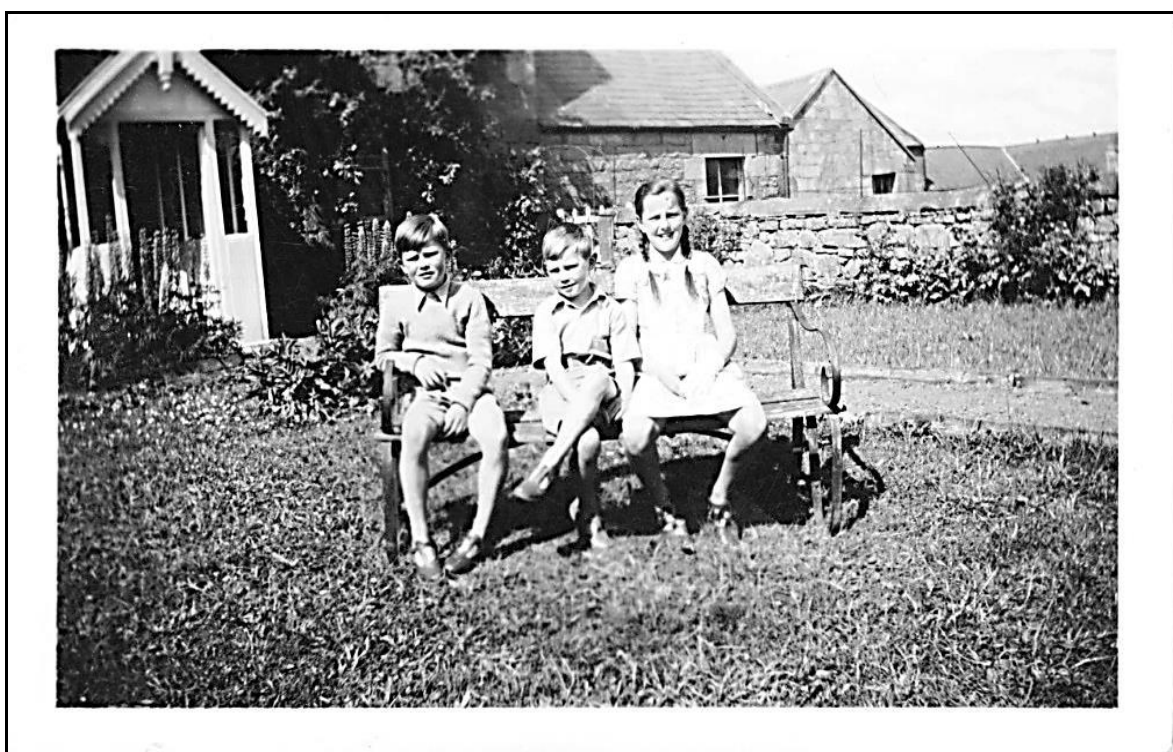
Thomas Foggon

Who wins the prize for the best dressed? We three were much the same age with George the eldest by about three months, followed by me and then Thomas. We did what all little country urchins did growing up: bird nesting, fishing, fighting, hunting, bathing, football, making things such as bows and arrows and all the rest. I had an air gun and was allowed out on my own with the dangerous double barrelled twelve bore shot gun which once belonged to Uncle Tom. A lot of our fun was self-generated. George took over his father's carpentry, cabinet making and undertaking business. He was the only one to remain in the village. George officiated at both my father's funeral (January 1975) and my mothers' in June 2005. Thomas was an outstanding sportsman and might have made it in professional football. He established his own building and construction business and later bought a house at Low Trewitt, near Thropton. I worked with him at Milburn and Story Builders.

Family Snapshots



This is a delightful family group although 'double exposed'. I think this one and the one below indicate my inculcated reticence in front of the lens?



As usual Diana appears well pleased whereas Johnny and I are not so amused? I think she is trying to show us a good example which she usually did.



This is a genuinely spontaneous 'happy snap'. We are sitting on the wooden fence at the back of the Farm House. Between us and the house was basically the 'chook yard'. The large solid stone wall behind us is the back wall of the tractor, tool and storage shed. By this time we had caught up with the 20th century and acquired an old blue Fordson tractor. George Foggon was responsible for all machinery maintenance and I believe was quite good at it. Dad definitely preferred to work with animals and crops. Mr Foggon appeared to avoid stock work but it may not have been part of his job description. Later at 'Flotterton' he had a lot to do with the feeding of housed cattle.

The yard behind us was a sheep yard with some pens at the rear which appear to want some TLC. Leading off on our left was a wooden race where we washed the gimmers faces with household 'Tide' washing powder prior to sale. This is one of the farm activities when my mother was anxious to take part. The yards were used for crutching and various procedures. I never remember drenching sheep for parasites but it may well have been done. Dipping took place at another set of yards where there was a sheep dip. We also had another one at the Peel Tower.

The rest of the 'steading buildings' at East Hepple Farm extended well to our left off screen to the RHS. They were quite substantial and provided winter housing for dairy cattle, stables for horses, granaries for grain storage, hay lofts and other fodder such as turnips to feed the dairy cattle. Today all these buildings have been renovated to provide a number of luxury residential units either for sale or rental to tenants and visitors. East Hepple Farm is now the rough equivalent of a 'dude ranch' for urban dwellers and professionals. They are the sort of people like the Walkers and Kendalls from Newcastle who formerly owned holiday homes at Holystone.

The Back Field



Johnny Howey

Diana Howey

William Howey

The 'Back Field' was one of our main playgrounds. Here Diana is mounted on 'Crumb' and I'm on 'Nelson'. Significantly Johnny is not mounted. He decided very early in the peace that one fall was enough. There was no real need to 'get back in the saddle'. Walking was much safer. Both Diana and I were members of the West Percy Pony Club run by Lady Mary Carr-Ellison. I dutifully went through the ritual until boarding school at Ackworth curtailed these activities. I must confess I enjoyed hunting which Diana adored all her life. 'Nelson' was reasonably competitive and liked the sound of the hunting horn. We had to 'hack' to all events because a horse float was beyond our means. 'Nelson' was not always so well-mannered; he had a unique ability to fart at every step which caused great mirth to a certain clique including me and Bobby Gray. Lady Mary Carr-Ellison was indubitably not amused! Diana feigned acute embarrassment.



Johnny Howey

Diana Howey

William Howey

The three of us are arraigned with a new Border Collie Puppy who may have been 'Spot'. Again the photography leaves a bit to be desired. On his own admission training working sheep dogs was not Dad's forte. Dogs like 'Spot' were generally capable of rounding up sheep in a confined area but little else. 'Spot' was always stopping to 'cock his leg' much to Dad's annoyance and chagrin. I recall Dad successfully showing off to Diana's 'posh' school friend Mary Shrouder. 'Spot' was going quite well before an intrigued Mary until he stopped yet again by a thistle. Acutely embarrassed Dad could barely respond civilly to Mary's rapturous enquiry: *'What's he doing now Mr Howey'?*

Although we never took family holidays (except for Ireland in 1946) we were luckier than most with our leisure activities. We were never without a car albeit some 'jalopies' carried very high risk. I don't think Dad ever took a long holiday in his life although it could be claimed he lived the life anyway. Annual visits to agricultural and country shows included Wooler, Kelso, Corbridge and Bellingham as well as the 'locals' at Harbottle, Alwinton and Thropton. Point-to-Point races were *de rigueur* in both Northumberland and Roxburghshire. Occasionally we ventured to 'posh' High Gosforth Park in Newcastle. Johnny and I were fortunate to be allowed (and financed) to watch most of Newcastle United's home games at St James Park in the school holidays. We usually travelled with Jack Phillips for Rothbury but sometimes by United Bus public transport. The other 'outings' were to local marts (sheep and cattle auctions) at Rothbury, Scot Gap, Wooler, Kelso, Hawick, Bellingham, Newcastle and Hexham. These were more 'boring' but imperative for Dad. He usually managed to combine business with pleasure at most venues.

The special treats were in spring and summer to the Farne Islands near Seahouses. These are bird sanctuaries *par excellence* and we relished the trips by open boat from Seahouses harbour. I even managed to steal some Seagulls eggs for my collection on one trip! Sometimes we took the car to Lindisfarne ('Holy Island'). It was a religious sanctuary from where Christianity was introduced to England by St Columba. If you were caught by the tide it meant a longer stay on the island where the pub was not scrutinised by local police and so could 'stay open all hours'. This fact was not lost on Dad! We all had great fun anyway! How lucky were we?

Important Visitors



Jack Armstrong

Burl Ives

Legendary American folk singer Burl Ives was arguably the most famous visitor to East Hepple Farm. Shown here he was at the height of his fame when 'Uncle' Jack Armstrong brought him to Hepple. This was the early 1950s before we had mains electricity. Songs such as 'Pearly Shells' and 'A Little Bitty Tear Let Me Down' had made him an International superstar of his genre and generation. He was the first American I ever met. I did not know what to expect as our parents had turned us against the 'Ugly Americans'. They resented American claims 'that they won the war'. Winston Churchill himself might have agreed with them?

Burl Ives was a massive man who turned out to be a genuine charmer. He was intensely interested in all forms of folk music and hence his connection to Uncle Jack and the Northumbrian Pipes. He sat in a large lounge chair in our sitting room where there was a large oil fuelled chandelier-like light suspended by chains from the ceiling. Burl Ives could not take his eyes off it repeatedly proclaiming: '*I love that lamp*'. Years later when we had electricity installed Mum kept the lamp just in case he ever returned. He never did.

The corollary for Uncle Jack was that he was offered the behind-the-scenes and off camera part as the piper in the yet to be made movie 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin'. Burl Ives was assigned the title role. Uncle Jack had a trip to Hollywood out of it but the movie was never made. I recall Uncle Jack 'boasting' about partying with the likes of Marilyn Monroe and others but this may have been imaginative or wishful thinking? It could also be true. Reading between the lines I think Uncle Jack may have developed something of a reputation as a louche *roué*. My parents never ever discussed such matters in front of us but Uncle Jack gradually disappeared from our purview. Only recently did I learn from Martin Bulmer that he spent his later years as a resident at Wallington close to Patricia Trevelyan.

West Hepple Connection



Aunty Geordie Howey's 70th Birthday May 23rd 1953 @ 'Kilnway'

This photograph is one of very few showing any connection between the East and West Hepple Howey families. Aunty Geordie Howey did attend Mum and Dad's wedding because she appears in the photographs. This picture is taken outside 'Kilnway'; Peggy and Ena Howey's new bungalow constructed on a few acres at the boundary between East and West Hepple. Aunty Geordie is in the middle at the back. Ada Howey and Edwin Howey are the other adults. Bolam and Rene Howey (West Hepple) are not present. David Howey stands on the extreme left. David's younger sister Susan stands in front of her Uncle Edwin. I am in the middle. On my right is Malcolm Howey who was Edwin and Ada's eldest son. The other unidentified girl and smallest boy are younger children of Edwin and Ada who farmed near the River Tyne closer to Newcastle and Hexham. I think the youngest boy in the photograph at one stage was later mine host at the Queens Head Pub in Glanton?

Significantly I am the only representative from next door. I do not know why this was so. Because David and Susan did not attend Hepple School they were somewhat isolated from routine village life. This was probably on purpose by their mother's direction. Later David followed me to Ackworth in the year behind me. We were in the same house and played in many teams together including 1st XI cricket when I was captain. David also 'broke the shackles' and took up a career in acting and theatre. At last count he was in Philadelphia USA where he is Associate Professor at the University of the Arts. (See later). Co-owner of 'Kilnway' Aunty Peggy Howey was a leader by any measure. She was awarded the MBE for her community services and especially the National Women's Institute.



Dad drove and mother didn't. As far as I know she never attempted to learn to drive? Father was not the greatest instructor in the world and he didn't want his car subjected to rank amateurism at the wheel either. Dad's second hand cars had minds all of their own anyway. They were customised to his whims. It took a lot of ingenuity to keep some of them on the road. Any motorised family outing always came with some risk and much angst; sometimes considerable. I recall one episode driving the vintage Rover Shooting Brake home from Wooler Show. Mum had to sit on the bonnet and keep the fuel pump primed in order to reach home. It was an excruciatingly cold journey for mother! Maybe it put her off driving?

We were thrilled with Dad's solution. He purchased the old Rover in the photograph for £14. That was quite an amount of money but he must have considered it to be well worth it. We could drive the car down the back fields and anywhere else off roar as far as Beattie's Garage at the top End Law. All of us practiced in this way. We at least became familiar with the workings of a manually operated vehicle driven by an internal combustion engine. It was incredible fun even if we did not really learn the rules of the road. It was a different world in the Back Field.

The puppy Diana is holding while sitting on the bonnet is a Border Terrier called 'Sparky' which I think belonged to Johnny? We had a succession of Border Terriers over the years. They were ideal pets and could double up as terriers to be used during the Hunt to eject foxes that had 'gone to earth'. They were also dab hands at killing rats which we trapped. In addition they were handy adjuncts in any rabbiting adventure. They loved to hunt themselves and had great temperaments. Diana said growing up in Hepple was 'idyllic'. I might have agreed if there wasn't so much tension in the home.

Granny Clarke & Diana

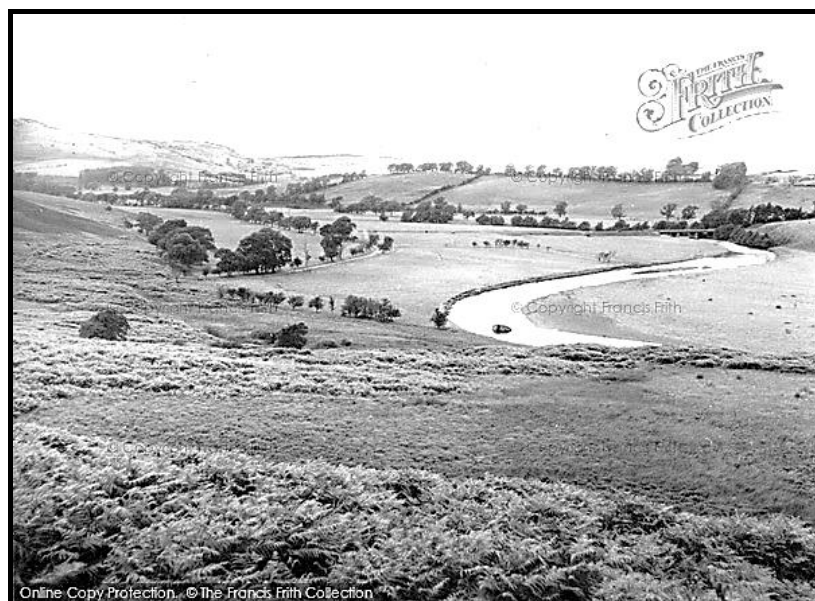


This might have been Granny Clarke's last visit to East Hepple? Diana is in her Ackworth uniform and probably about 16? The photo is taken on the brae in front of the homestead looking over the two farm cottages and the school roof behind to the left. There is a large Elm Tree between which was a favourite playground area. The trees in the churchyard are just visible at some distance behind Diana. There some Horse Chestnut Trees there which provided us with our 'conker' ammunition every autumn. We became adept at hardening up the green chestnuts with exposure to heat ('fire'). You had to know exactly how much but not too little or too much. It was a consummate skill. The 'conker' was suspended on string by boring a hole through the middle with a secure knot at the end. The weapon was ready. It became a matter of pride in the schoolyard how many your conker had conquered by smashing one against the other. The score was cumulative. Anything above a score of 50 carried considerable cachet. There was an unofficial championship every year. The 'craze' lasted for about 2 weeks while the supply line and interest were still intact.

Diana's Ackworth uniform reminds me Di had a difficult start at boarding school. She was diagnosed with 'Glandular Fever' in the summer of 1952. This was a relatively 'new' condition and poorly understood at that time. It delayed Diana's entry to school by several weeks. This was difficult for an 11 year old in her first big adventure away from home.



Hepple School & Village in c. 1955 exactly as I recall
(With acknowledgements Francis Frith Photography)



Hepple Haugh in c. 1955 with River Coquet
(With acknowledgements Francis Frith Photography)

The bottom view is from Hepple Whitefield looking across to Hepple Bridge. West Hepple Farm is in the background with East Hepple and Hepple Village 'off screen' to the right. In the 1950s on any fine summer Sunday there was an invasion of 'Toonies' from Newcastle. We once counted as many as 250 cars. They were trespassing but no-one either said or did anything. The phenomenon later evaporated as quickly as it evolved. The object in the river is a concrete 'Pillar Box'; the remnant of WWII defence infrastructure to repel Hitler's expected invasion of the Northumbrian Coast and incursion inland up the River Coquet corridor.

Rothbury Cup 1960



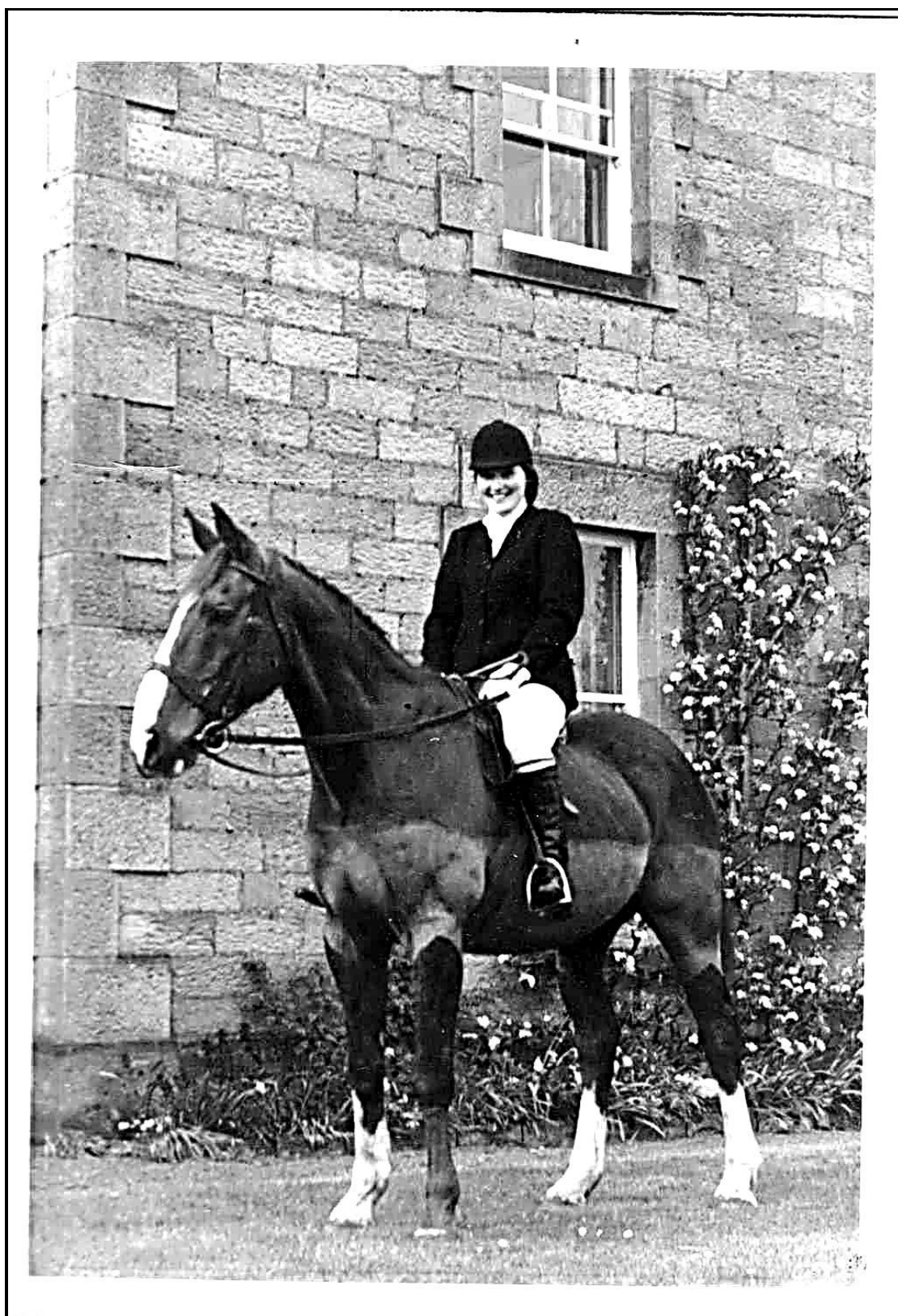
John Howey presenting the Rothbury Cup to George Reed on 9th April 1960

Winner: Grey Mare "Megsbridge" bred, owned, trained and ridden by George Reed

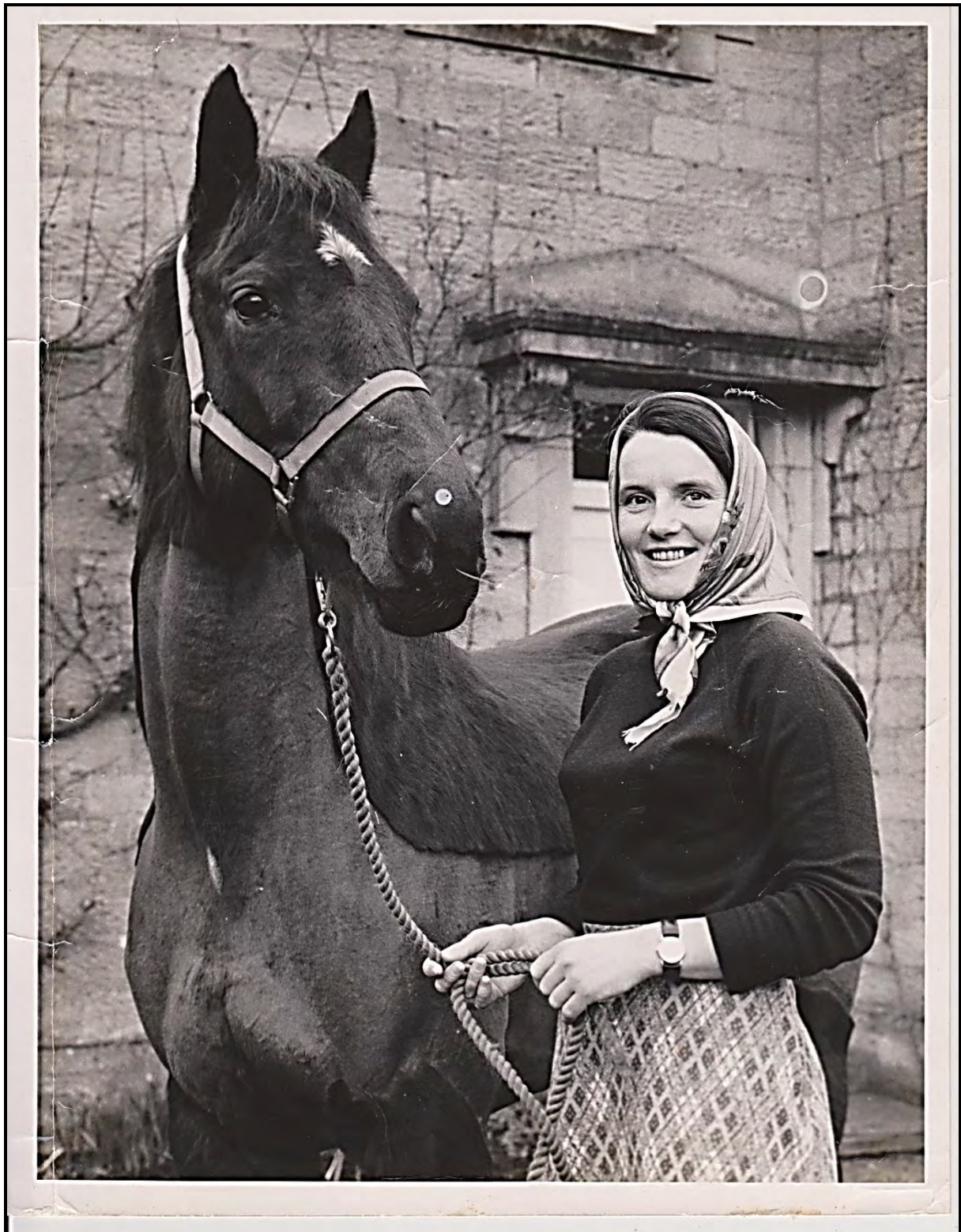
This was just about the apogee of Dad's social, political and civic life. Dad was 55 and the demise of East Hepple was a few years away. He was Chairman of the Local Committee of the Rothbury Race Club which raced once a year. He was not a Steward: you needed a title or at least a high Military Rank to be considered eligible. The Rothbury Race Club had been heavily subsidised by Major Gus Renwick of Holystone Grange. This guaranteed survival until the final meeting in 1964. George Reed was a farmer and sportsman from near Morpeth who nurtured 'Megsbridge' through the hunting field and Point-to-Points to graduate to Hunter Chases. It was a popular victory. Most of the local plebeians watched the races from the natural embankment on 'Beggar Rigg' just across the River Coquet. This was free space. As youngsters we sat there with Nana. Later we graduated to the *bourgeoisie* over the river in the paddock. Dad could 'pull strings' so that entry was free!

The Local Committee was responsible for purchasing the Cup Trophy each year. This was invariably a 'well lubricated' trip to the Jewellers in Newcastle. Dad was incredibly pleased and proud to be part of this annual charade. The very tall border farmer in bowler hat at the rear is Alastair Paton. He used to drive a low Porsche two-seater sports car and almost had to be folded into the front drivers' seat. It was jokingly rumoured that the local pub in Kirk Yetholme paid a transfer fee to his old pub near Jedburgh when he moved to the district!

The Sporting Field



Diana is well mounted here and looked very well on a hunter. This snapshot is taken outside the managers House at Shawdon where Mum and Dad lived happily after the 'tension' at Cockle Park.



This is Diana in the same location with a different mount. I do not know the name of either. Both hunters are 'trace clipped' which was common practice in the hunting season. The principle was to accelerate sweating, cooling and drying after the exigencies of the hunting field. Apart from personal matters I think hunting was Diana's enduring lifelong passion. I remember her vigorously and convincingly defending the 'sport' in a debate before a mostly hostile audience at Ackworth School.



Dad and Diana sponsored a Meet of the West Percy Hounds at Shawdon Managers House. Could they afford it? Who cares!

Alwinton Show 1970s



© The Northumberland Gazette (Alnwick). Proprietors: The Northern Press (Westminster Press Ltd.), North Shields

Together with Rothbury Races Alwinton Show would rate almost as highly on Dad's scale of local activities. He was a member of many Show Committees but Alwinton was his favourite. It always rankled with him that he was never appointed to the Chair (President) but he was Vice-Chairman for many years. He is proudly wearing his official's badge standing with horn headed stick in the background. Dad sent me this photograph and wrote on the back:

Dear Bill, This is the photo of the Champion Cheviot Tup taken at Alwinton Show this year (c. 1972, perhaps you will recognise the old Tup leaning against the fence at the back, by the way I had not visited the Beer Tent by then so did not need the rails for support. Well, Bill, The very Best of Wishes for your Birthday. And Good Luck, Your Old Pal Dad.

I think this was the last time I had any written communication with Dad? There was never very much; and I have done little better! The letter is absolutely characteristic of Dad and his sense of humour and written in long hand style in one continuous sentence! The Tup (Ram) is typical of the smaller South Country Cheviots favoured by Dad. We had a flock at East Hepple. They were faster than any of our horses! We crossed them with pure Border Leicester rams to produce high value Scottish Half Bred lambs. Alwinton Show was special where Hound Trailing and Cumberland and Westmorland 'World Championship' Wrestling were featured.

The Wedding



John Clarke Howey & Valerie Broadhurst @ 'Congleton', Cheshire

There was some really good news among the mayhem of moving from Hepple to Crawford John to Cockle Park and then to Shawdon. Johnny and Val were the first to be married. They met at Goldsmiths College, London University. I was sorry to miss the wedding but was able to contribute in a small way by providing finance (£500:00) in response to a plea from Mum. She wrote to tell me how well arrangements had gone including the purchase of new outfits and booking John Ewart's Minibus for the return journey by road. George Foggon exclaimed excitedly in utter amazement in his broadest Northumbrian: *"Look! Look! There's ship coming 'ower the fields"*. It was the Manchester Ship Canal in operation.

Eliza Rogerson ('Nana')



Nana 'cuts the cake' at her 80th birthday celebration @ 'Warton'.

Nana was fundamental in our family at East Hepple. This is the only photograph I have which is very much later when Nana worked for the Davey Family at Warton. Her sister Mrs Jean McKenzie is there while her great niece helps cut the cake. It was a special treat when Nana took us to 'Castron' to visit Jean & Jack McKenzie on a Sunday. It was along walk but we made it!

Nana did everything on the farm and wasted nothing! She lived in an upstairs bedroom with access from the kitchen via a wooden step ladder. It must have been demeaning to carry the chamber pot down every morning! She wasted nothing and collected everything. Nana came into her own when the AGA was installed. This became her space while we relaxed in the dining room. Nana's tasks included milking cows by hand, preparing and scalding the milk churns, churning milk, making butter, cleaning the dairy, feeding the chickens hens and ducks, plucking and gutting everything, helping with the hay and oats harvests as well as caring for us. We loved to sit on her lap while she read 'A Very Superior Goose' to us for the one hundredth time! Johnny was her favourite. She was his great emotional 'rock'. Nana comforted him when he bore the brutal brunt of anger from Dad and frustration with wild mood swings from Mum. Although I was not the victim I was a witness. The psychological scars endure. On long walks Nana never returned without a bundle of kindling or crop of hand-picked wild berries. She was very superstitious and quasi-religious celebrating obscure events such as Carling Sunday. Her social life revolved around whist drives, fetes, bring-and-buy sales and local shows. She remained single all her life having been left with a lone parent (her father) at a young age. Knitting was her forte. She eventually invested in a mechanical knitting machine which I think we almost wrecked! Nana was generous as well and helped with our stamp collecting although she had very little residual cash herself. She was expert and loving with all animals and was the 'minder' of the dogs, puppies, cats, kittens, lambs and calves.

David Howey

David Howey was another from Hepple who travelled the long road to success. Although he never attended Hepple School he was part of village life but kept somewhat remote by his father and mother. We connected really well at Ackworth School. David started one year after me in 1955. As far as I know he is the only thespian in the family. I don't think his parents were too impressed with his career choice. I last spoke to him at 'Kilnway' with Aunty Ena not long before he took up his position at Philadelphia. He described his career as the 'Shakespeare Industry' which was big in the United States. I believe he first became a father at age 59!



David Howey

Head: Acting Program

Associate Professor

The University of the Arts, Philadelphia, USA

See: <http://www.uarts.edu/users/jhowey>

David was an actor in England for 30 years, working with the Royal Shakespeare Company, the National Theatre Company, in London's West End and in innumerable TV series and films. He has appeared on Broadway twice and performed Shakespeare across the USA. During those 30 years, he worked with many of the greats of the British theatre, including Laurence Olivier, Anthony Hopkins, Ian McKellen, Judi Dench, Trevor Nunn and Nicholas Hytner.

He trained under John Barton and Cecily Berry at the RSC, and taught at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. He is an accredited Associate Teacher of Fitzmaurice Voice Work. He currently teaches classical work in the Senior Acting Studio and voice and speech to the junior Acting majors. He has directed "The Philadelphia Story" and John Ford's "Tis Pity She's a Whore" for the Brind School and appeared as Dr Wilbur Larch in the school's production of John Irving's "The Cider House Rules."

In Philadelphia, David has performed professionally with the Arden Theatre Company, Walnut Street Theatre, Bristol Riverside Theatre, the Philadelphia Shakespeare Theatre, 1812 Productions, Interact Theatre Company, People's Light and Theatre, Lantern Theatre, the Wilma Theatre and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Irish Connection

William Clarke The Ballybay Piper

In the course of making over 50 programmes for the RTÉ radio series 'The Irish Phonograph' it has often occurred to me how lucky the followers of Irish traditional music are in some of the fortuitous decisions made many years ago to make recordings of particular musicians. Some of these recordings are invaluable today, giving us an insight into styles and repertoires which may now no longer exist and examples of playing and techniques from musicians who would only be names to us without the recordings

The story of William Clarke illustrates these points for us, being one of the earliest Uilleann Pipers to make commercial recordings and yet very little being known of the man or his musical background. The research required to provide answers for these questions for an 'Irish Phonograph' programme on his records, allows us a glimpse at life and music as was in County Monaghan at the beginning of this century and provides the material for this article.

My thanks are due to Rev Bill Clarke of Omagh, son of William Clarke and to George McCullagh of Ballybay, friend and pupil of the piper. Additional information was provided by Louis McElgunn of Lisnaskea, Mrs R Goodwin of Clones, Alfie Dinken of Monaghan and Brendan Breathnach.



Robert William Clarke was born on October 29th, 1889 in the townland of Cornahoe near Ballybay, County Monaghan. His grandfather was one of two brothers who had come from Scotland to Monaghan with the intention of spending some years there before moving to Canada. One of these brothers died in Monaghan and the other, obviously taken by Monaghan and its attractions, settled in Cornahoe. His son, Robert Clarke, married a local girl Lizzie Wylie and had four children - three daughters and one son, Robert William. The family left the original home in Cornahoe and lived for a while in nearby Cargy before moving to a fine holding in Dunmaurice nearer to Ballybay and it was here that the young Clarke family grew up.

Robert William, or Willie as he was known to his friends, attended the local school where it was taken for granted that he, like his father, would be a farmer, but from an early age it became clear that "he was not cut out to be a farmer", his talents being in other areas. When his schooling finished he was apprenticed to a local man named Duffy to learn the watchmaking trade, his training being completed with Mercers, Jewellers in Enniskillen. Towards the end of the First World War, Willie Clarke acquired premises in Main Street Ballybay, and opened his own business as a clockmaker and jeweller: many fine examples of his work are still to be seen in the area today. Willie married Margaret Johnson from nearby Clontibret and the couple had three children: Tom who was to die as a young man in the RAF in World War Two; Nancy who settled in the north of England and Bill who became a Minister in the Presbyterian Church.

As a young boy Willie Clarke developed a great liking for music, in particular the music of the pipes. Where the attraction for the music came from is not clearly known as neither his father nor mother were in any way musical. George McCullagh who came from Derryvalley near Ballybay and was a contemporary of Clarke's was able to shed some light on Willie's early interest in



music. George remembered Willie telling him that his interest in piping was first roused on hearing 'the Piper Ward' - Pat Ward from nearby Doohamlet. It was Pat Ward who introduced Willie to the Uilleann Pipes, and Highland Bagpipes which Ward also played, and gave him instruction in the rudiments of both instruments as well as teaching him the skills of reading and writing music.

Willie's name is best remembered in his home area as a bagpiper, being one of the founders of the Ballybay Pipe Band around 1920. George McCullagh became

one of the 17 pipers in the band and recalled many practice sessions held by Willie - who was elected Pipe Major - as he prepared the band for their round of local appearances at picnics, 12th of July marches and sports meetings. The tunes they played were from the standard pipe band repertoire and included: The Drunken Piper, Lord Lovett's Lament, The Earl of Mansfield's March and the Atholl Highlander's March. Around this time the nearby villages of Clontibret and Tullycorbett also started pipe bands and Willie assisted by coaching the new bands and helping them to buy instruments. Indeed pipe bands seemed to have been very popular in this part of County Monaghan during those years. George McCullagh recalls bands in Lough Egish, Monaghan Town, Lisnagree, Corduff and the Doohamlet O'Neills.



Sharing popularity with the bagpipe in County Monaghan was its near relative, the Uilleann Pipes on which Willie Clarke also became a proficient player. Pat Ward, Willie's teacher, was one of a small group of pipers who kept interest in the instrument alive when it had almost become extinct at the end of the 19th century. The decline of popularity in the instrument at that time is clearly seen from the fact that the organisers of the Feis Ceoll brought together a group of pipers in Dublin in 1897 the piping category described as "competitions of archaeological interest". In spite of this attitude to the instrument there was a strong pocket of Uilleann Pipers in the Monaghan area in Willie's youth and



when the Feis Ceoil was staged in Belfast in 1898 and 1900, the pipers entered included: Philip Goodman - "who had walked all the way from his native Carrickmacross" - Dan Markey from Castleblayney and George McCarthy also from Carrickmacross.

Pat Ward, as Willie's teacher, was one of his greatest influences: other less well-known pipers in the area who had contact with Willie were: William Carolan who came from the townland of Dopeymills near Newbliss and was a regular caller to the Clarke home; Mick Keenan, a piper and pipe-maker, who lived in Glassleck near Shercock in County Cavan also called frequently; another keen young exponent on the pipes was Philip Martin who lived quite a distance away in Kilturk near Lisnaskea in County Fermanagh.

Louis McElgunn recalled how Philip would make the long and arduous trip by bicycle to visit Willie Clarke in Ballybay. Philip's only free day to do this was Sunday but Willie being a firm up-holder of the Sabbath would not take his pipes out of their box or play music on Sundays. Philip Martin was to die a young man having made one impressive piping recording in Dublin in 1937.

A piping visitor from further afield was Brother Gildas who at that time was teaching in Downpatrick, County Down. He regularly visited and stayed as a guest at the Clarke home. These visits were remembered by Willie's son Rev Bill Clarke. "Brother Gildas, a delightful man, used to come and visit us. The evenings would end up in a piping session part of which I would be allowed to listen to and then I would have to go to bed. I remember he spoke with a lovely Southern accent, a most beautiful brogue, and this used to fascinate us children". Brother Gildas was a well-known figure in the piping world at that time and is remembered for a large collection of Egan chanter's which he gathered over the years. He played "on a beautiful set with a sixteen and a half inch chanter". Brother Gildas was a member of the De La Salle Order, a Kerryman and a native speaker of Irish. His lay name was Patrick O'Shea.



The spectacle of a De La Salle Brother staying in a strong Presbyterian house in North Monaghan in the mid 1920's must have raised eyebrows at the time, but Willie Clarke's attitude to such things is remembered by his son; "He liked the person, he was interested only in the person, he wasn't interested in anything else. He was that type of man."



Another visitor from afield was James Ennis of Finglas "a Dublin civil servant, a bit taciturn and a gifted piper and fiddler" as Rev Bill Clarke remembers. "He was a very frequent visitor to our home. His wife was from Farney in County Monaghan and he and my father used to play together and have some lovely evenings". James Ennis was of course the father of Seamus Ennis, piper, singer, collector and broadcaster and one of the greatest figures in Irish traditional music this century.

Two Belfast pipers Frank McFadden and Francis McPeake occasionally called at the Clarke home on piping matters as did Leo Rowsome the well-known Dublin piper and pipe maker. As George McCullagh recalled; "Any man who knew anything about pipes ... he'd talk the whole day to them. I knew a tramp to come round with an Uilleann Chanter and a bag, he'd come maybe twice a year, play all round Ballybay and Clones, and Clarke would have him in and give him his tea and his dinner and keep him playing there and give him a few bob to carry him on, that was the kind of Clarke. Ah, he was a nice man now, no doubt". Whenever a musician visited the house, Willie had two tunes which he would specially ask the visitor to play - Napoleon's March and the Set Dance, The Blackbird, his favourite tunes.

George McCullagh also remembered an unusual set of pipes which Willie had, the half-longs or Lowland pipes. This unusual instrument was a hybrid, a cross between the Uilleann Pipes and Bagpipes using a conventional bagpipe set, but having an elbow bellows rather than blowing them from the mouth. This instrument was the subject of a revival in Scotland at the turn of the 20th Century but sets are very rare in Ireland. George learned to play the instrument in Willie's house; "they were nice for a house, not as wicked a sound as the bagpipes".

Willie Clarke's name, like that of many another a musician would probably be long forgotten if it were not for his recordings. The story of how these records came about goes back to 1928 and an imaginative record company executive in London who decided to present on record the various piping traditions existing within these islands. Ireland would contribute the Uilleann Pipes, England the Northumbrian Pipes, and Scotland, the Highland Bagpipes - the series of three records to be entitled 'The Pipes of Three Nations'.

The reason why Willie Clarke should have been selected to play the Uilleann Pipes on these records was not known, but the answer was soon obvious. Since the early 1920s, Willie had been attending an annual piping gathering held in Bellingham, a small town in Northumberland, and it was here that the Columbia Record of London looked to provide pipers for their planned records. Willie Clarke was asked to play the Uilleann Pipes, Piper Major James Robertson of Edinburgh played the Bagpipes and Anthony Charlton of Northumberland played on the small pipes of Northumbria. In the summer of 1928, all three travelled to London and made recordings which were released later that year. George McCullagh remembered how Willie proudly returned to Ballybay with an advance copy of the records: "Well I mind the record played in Clarke's own house after he came back: he was happy enough with it. That was the year 1928". The tunes recorded by Willie were: *Father O'Flynn*, *Down the Broom*, *The Star of Munster*, *McLeod of Raasay* (Miss McLeod's) and *The Swallow's Tail*.



Willie Clarke's skills as a watchmaker were put to good use when he began to make pipes. He took the shamrock as his trademark and parts he made for various sets are still to be seen today. George McCullagh remembered Willie having a workshop in his attic for pipe making; "he'd be making pipes and parts of pipes till 3 or 4 in the morning and I'd be 'treadling' the old lathe for him. Oh, he could make a set of pipes, he was good. One time I got a bit of old yew tree maybe 100 years of age and I brought it into him and he made an Uilleann Chanter from it and it was the best Chanter he had in the house. Sure he had 2 or 3 sets of Uilleann Pipes and he kept them in great order and a wild good set of war pipes, ivory mounted and all".

Willie Clarke was a young man with a bright future and where his talents might have taken him in the world of music we will never know, because, one month before his 45th birthday, the great killer disease of the time, TB, claimed his life. After a short stay in a sanatorium he died in his home in Dunmaurice on 9th September, 1934, leaving a wife and three young children. He was buried in the churchyard of the Second Ballybay Presbyterian Church.

In March 1988, 60 years after the recording of 'The Pipes of Three Nations', Na Piobairi Uilleann - the society of Uilleann Pipers - staged a concert at the Royal Hospital Kilmainham, Dublin featuring four outstanding young pipers.

Ronan Browne and Terry Tully represented Ireland's piping traditions on Uilleann pipes and bagpipes respectively; Hamish Moore from North Berwick played on the Scottish Small Pipes, and Kathryn Tickell from Newcastle-on-Tyne delighted the audience with her virtuosity on the Northumbrian pipes.

William Clarke would have been proud to know that the name chosen for this concert of outstanding young pipers was, 'The Pipes of Three Nations'.

Harry Bradshaw

Article MT096

Acknowledgement:

This article first appeared in the Irish magazine 'The Heart of Breifne' and is reproduced with the permission of the author.

The Pipes of Three Nations



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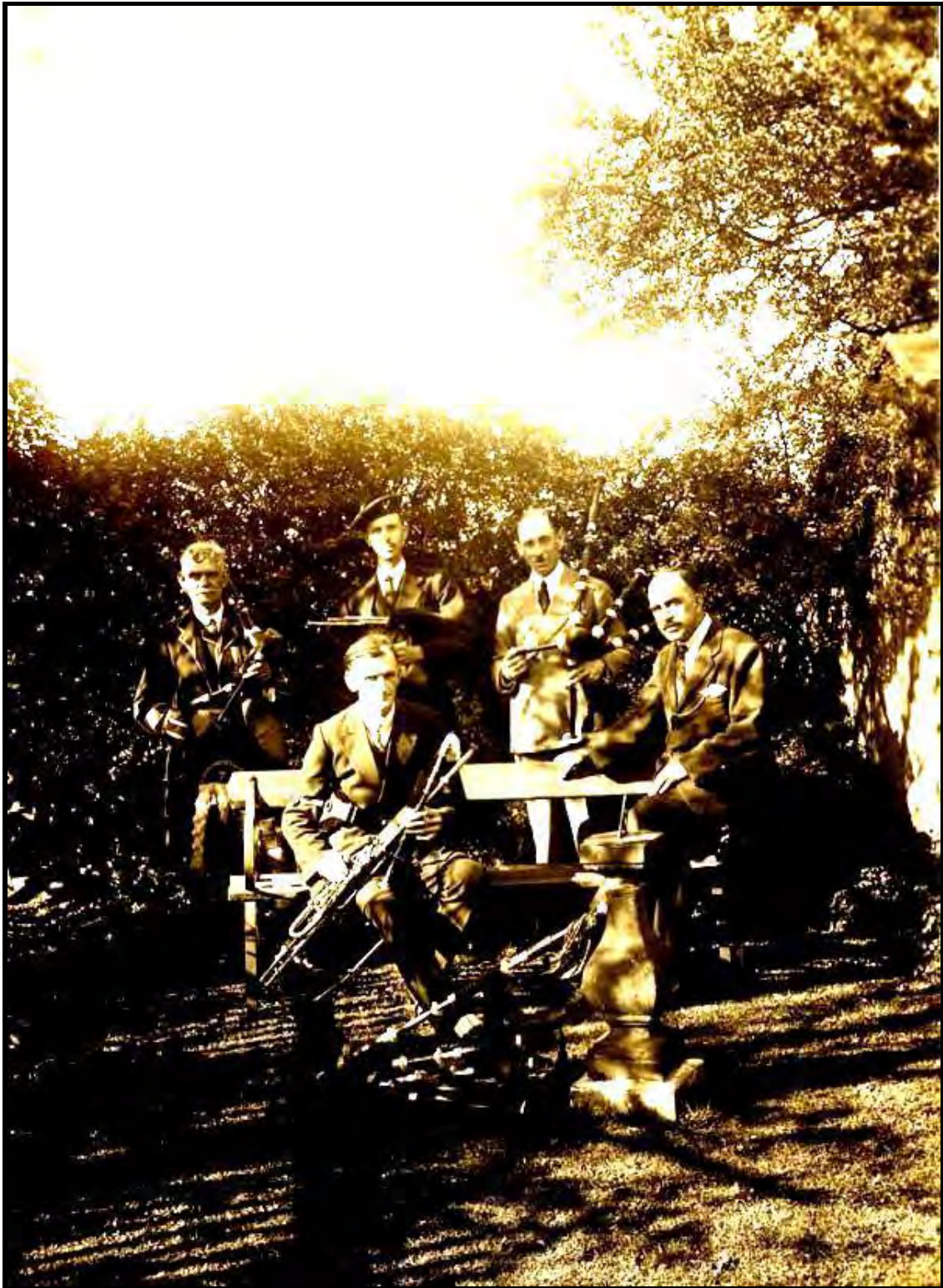
The Pipes of Three Nations was a series of 78 RPM discs made in 1928. It featured Willie Clarke on the Irish pipes, Anthony Charlton on the Northumbrian pipes, and Piper Major James Robertson on the Highland pipes. A commemorative concert staged in Dublin in the early 90s featured Ronan Browne, Kathryn Tickell, and Terry Tully in the above featured roles. *"I have a snippet of Willie Clarke playing Miss McLeod, he was a lovely old time player, a nice tight style of playing. Seamus Ennis and his father were friends with Willie, I've a tape with Seamus playing Willie's version of Down the Broom, which sounds a bit like what the Rowsomes called the Broom reel, in O'Neill's this is called Sheehan's reel but Leo Rowsome (and Liam Walsh) started out the first part a bit different, with a run up to the second octave E. Willie Clarke also recorded his version of Down the Broom".*

Ballybay Pipe Band



This must have been when Grandfather William Clarke began his career in piping. It appears to have been a 'love affair' to which he devoted a lot of time and effort. Could this have been at the expense of the family business and perhaps contributed to his ill health?

Piping Party in Northumberland



"On this photograph we see pipers (clockwise from left) - D. Laidlaw V.C., W.A. Cocks, J. Robertson, G.V. Charlton, R.W. Clarke. The photograph was taken at the home of W.A. Cocks at Ryton on Tyne some time in 1927-28. Amongst those present was G.V. Charlton, who along with Cocks, helped to revive interest in pipes in the region, writing many articles for the press."

Piper Laidlaw VC ('The Piper of Loos')

Grandfather Clarke was in illustrious company in the photograph above. Piper Laidlaw was a legend in the district and died in Norham, North Northumberland.



Daniel Logan Laidlaw VC (26 July 1875 – 2 June 1950) was a Scottish recipient of the Victoria Cross, the highest and most prestigious award for gallantry in the face of the enemy that can be awarded to British and Commonwealth forces.



Laidlaw was born at Little Swinton, Berwickshire on 26 July 1875 and joined the Army in 1896. He served with the Durham Light Infantry in India where he received a certificate for his work during a plague outbreak in Bombay in 1898. In the latter year he was claimed out by his elder brother and transferred as a piper to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, in 1912 he transferred to the reserve. In 1915 Laidlaw re-enlisted in The King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Laidlaw was 40 years old, and a Piper in the 7th Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, 15th (Scottish) Infantry Division British Army during the First World War when the following deed took place for which he was awarded the VC.

On 25 September 1915 during the Battle of Loos at Hill 70, prior to an assault on enemy trenches and during the worst of the bombardment, Piper Laidlaw, seeing that his company was shaken with the effects of gas, with complete disregard for danger, mounted the parapet and, marching up and down, played his company out of the trench. The effect of his splendid example was immediate and the company dashed to the assault. Piper Laidlaw continued playing his pipes even after he was wounded and until the position was won.

He later achieved the rank of sergeant-piper. His medals are on display on the 5th floor of the National Museum of Scotland in Edinburgh. Only one other piper was awarded a Victoria Cross during the First World War, the Scottish-born Canadian soldier James Cleland Richardson.

Birth Certificate Mystery

<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> Deimhniú Breithe <small>Arna eisiúint de bhun an Achta um Chláirú Sibhialta 2004</small> </div> <div style="text-align: center;">  Éire </div> <div> Birth Certificate <small>Issued in pursuance of the Civil Registration Act 2004</small> </div> </div>										
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> Clárúimhir Registration Number } 1506229 i limistéar an Phríomh-Chláraitheora in the Superintendent Registrar's District of } Castleblayney </div> <div> Breith a Chláraíodh i gCeantar Birth Registered in the district of } Ballybay i gContae in the County of } Co. Monaghan </div> </div>										
Uimh. No.	Dáta Breithe Date of Birth	Ainm Name	Gnéas Sex	Ainm, Sloinne agus Ionad Chónaithe an Athar Name and Surname and Dwelling-Place of Father	Ainm agus Sloinne na Máthar agus a sloinne roimh phósadh di Name and Surname and Maiden name of Mother	Céim nó Gairm Bheatha an Athar Rank or Profession of Father	Sinú, Cáilíocht agus Ionad Chónaithe an Fhaisnéiseora Signature, Qualification and Residence of Informant	An Dáta a Chláraíodh When Registered	Sinú an Chláraitheora Signature of Registrar	Ainm Baiste má tugadh é tar-éis chláirú na Breithe agus an Dáta Baptismal Name if added after Registration of Birth and Date
234	1918 3 rd May Ballybay	Agnes Elizabeth	F	Robert William Clarke Ballybay	Maggie Clarke formerly Johnston	Watch Maker	Lizzie Clarke Present at Birth Donnamoree	20 th May 1918		
<small>Deimhniú gur thionsíodh na sonraí seo ó clárleabhar coinnithe faoi alt 13 den Acht um Chláirú Sibhialta 2004/Certified to be compiled from a register maintained under section 13 of the Civil Registration Act 2004</small> Eisithe ag / Issued by Marita Cannon, Registrar Dáta / Date Of Issue 9 January 2014										
Is cion tromchúiseach é an deimhniú seo a athrú nó é a úsáid agus é athraithe / To alter this certificate or to use it as altered is a serious offence										

Nephew Jonathon raised the issue when he moved to Dublin in 2014 and attempted to obtain an Irish Passport. We had always believed, as she claimed, that Mum had been christened ANNE Elizabeth Clarke. She was always known as Nancy. She calls herself Nancy on the Travel Identity Card she obtained in 1946 in order to revisit family in Eire. I'm a little surprised that this was accepted? It might have posed a bit of a risk in post-WWII UK/Ireland? Jonathon was told (correctly) by authorities that there was no record on Anne Elizabeth Clarke born on the 3rd May 1918. They did however hold a Certificate for an AGNES Elizabeth Clarke born the identical date in Ballybay. This proved to be absolutely correct. I discovered in my papers a copy of the Birth Certificate dated 27/10/77. I think I required this for my naturalisation as an Australian Citizen? I failed to notice the name AGNES on the document. Certainly mother never ever pointed it out. I get no marks for observation!

I/we can only surmise that Mum did not like her given name. It would also explain why she purveyed the alternative sobriquet Nancy instead? I do know of one other person who did not like her given name Agnes. She called herself Senga instead by turning it around.

Life in Ballybay



‘After a bathe’

This photograph is marked as taken in 1931 when mother (seated on the right) was 13. The girl on the left is unidentified. The two boys are probably Uncle Tom (killed in action in India 1944) and Uncle Billy. The origin of the posies of flowers is unknown.

Mother attended Dundalk High School which was on the coast in County Louth and quite a distance from County Monaghan. It was her ambition to become a chiropodist but all these aspirations were extinguished three years later when Grandfather Clarke died of consumption in 1934. Mother excelled at music and played the piano with distinction. She was also very proficient as an organist. She filled this role at Hepple Church. Her favourite sport apart from swimming was badminton at which she represented Dundalk High School. Coincidentally after ordination Uncle Billy was appointed Minister in the Presbyterian Church in Dundalk and lived at “The Manse”, Dublin Road. He also taught at Newry High School. I spent one summer holiday in Dundalk going fishing for trout with Uncle Billy in the local river and also loughs (lakes) stocked with Pike.

Bathing & Party Time in Ballybay



Mum in 1934 aged 16

Mum in 1933 aged 15

Mother was very proud of the fact that she could swim across the lough in Ballybay. She was a good swimmer although the water must have been very cold in the short summers in the centre of Ireland. There were few other opportunities to exploit finesse in swimming.

Not long after the picture taken in 1934 mothers' world came crashing down with the ultimate demise of her father. In those days in recently liberated Eire and during the Great Depression there were few options for young Irish girls with limited education, restricted means and few resources. It usually meant 'going over the water' to either the UK or the USA to find gainful employment in 'service'. It is likely that Grandfather Clarke had established good rapport with families in the North East of England during his piping peregrinations? Possibly or probably because of this association Mum was employed by the Walker Family of Jesmond. This was a stroke of good fortune as well as good management. For a few short years until she married Dad 5 or 6 years later in 1940 this was a very happy domestic arrangement and worked out well for all parties.

Visit to Edinburgh (Diana's call)



Mother

William

Diana

Granny Clarke

Following graduation with an MA at Trinity College Dublin Uncle Billy attended New College Edinburgh (Theology) where he obtained his Bachelor of Divinity (BD) degree. This would have been a combined family visit. I do not remember it but I knew we had been there. The image is one of the best showing Granny Clarke as a typical 'Irish Matron' of her time. She used to visit East Hepple quite regularly and was as much a part of our lives as she could reasonably be. I feel we did not know her very well nonetheless. Diana might remember more?

Uncle Tom

We knew about Uncle Tom and of course enjoyed the company of our cousins Lilmar (Lillian Margaret) and Billy Clarke. We were told Uncle Tom died in India during the WWII but little else. I was determined to 'find him'. By consulting the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website it was easy to establish where he was. Both Sarah and I travelled to the Ranchi War Cemetery in Bihar in February 2005 after an earlier trip to Rajasthan.

Our travel consultant in Delhi tried to warn us not to go there: *'Bihar is the Siberia of India'*. A second more pragmatic associate said: *'No Mr William. Bihar is the arsehole of India'*. I think the second bloke was right!

We flew to Ranchi and hired a young local driver and 'people mover'. The driver was extremely polite and meticulous but spoke no English. Sarah and I are deficient in Hindi! It was an exciting and occasionally harrowing trip at times! We drove along so-called Highway I from Ranchi to Bodh Gaya. Buffaloes have right of way! Maybe Buddha found enlightenment there but we didn't!



Photographs taken by Sarah in the Ranchi War Cemetery



I wrote the following letter to Cousin Lilmar. I agree it is a bit 'over the top' but I wanted to write what I thought she would like to read?

"Geraldton"
2 Shaw Street
PO Box 509
Scone
NSW 2337

Tel/Fax:(02) 6545 1859
Email: howeywp@hunterlink.net.au
Date: Wednesday 16th. February 2005

Mrs. Lilmar Henderson
38 Croft Lane
Cherry Willingham
Lincoln
Lincolnshire LN3 4JW England UK

Dear Lilmar,

I/we eventually reached Ranchi, Bihar, India on Monday 7th. February 2005. After booking in at the Hotel Yuvraj Palace Sarah and I and proceeded straight to the Ranchi War Cemetery. We found this on Old Hazari Bagh Road next to the Christian Cemetery near Kantatoli Chowk. We asked directions at the Indian Bible Society about 500 metres away and further back towards Ranchi Railway Station. Luckily we found an erudite local who understood and spoke English! My Hindustani is limited to *namaste!*

Ranchi War Cemetery is a lovely sanguine oasis set in a tranquil location amidst the 'turbulent churning surging' wave of humanity pulsating incessantly along Old Hazari Bagh Road! It and its incumbents will never be lonely! The adjacent [Indian] Christian Cemetery is similarly endowed. We had no trouble finding Uncle Tom's 'resting place' which is on the LHS as you enter and third from the end about 5 rows back. Being very conspicuous we were joined immediately by the local attendants and gardeners who eagerly anticipate Western *largesse*! We did not disappoint them! We were invited to sign the 'Visitor's Book' [See photograph] and make a comment. I wrote and thanked their community on behalf of the whole family for looking after Uncle Tom so well! The previous signature was by a Canadian visitor in November 2004. Not many Western people make it to Ranchi!

The inscription [dedication] to Uncle Tom at the base of the memorial headstone reads:

***GRANT TO THE MEN WHO WING THE WINDS
THE MATCHLESS RICHES OF THY GRACE***

I presume Aunt Mary selected this text? There were many poignant testimonials on most of the 704/705 commemorative headstones in the cemetery. Many were laid to rest/lost their lives on the same day as Uncle Tom: 18 September 1944. The 'mate' on the immediate right of Uncle Tom is Lance Corporal S. Jacques of the Military Police. His inscription reads:

LOVINGLY REMEMBERED THROUGH THE PASSING YEARS. MOTHER AND FAMILY

On Uncle Tom's left is Warrant Officer R. Jones who was a wireless operator with the RAF. He passed away on the same day [Aeroplane crash?] as Uncle Tom. His memorial states:

***UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY
O' GRAVE WHERE IS THY VICTORY?***

Just to the immediate right of the testimonial to Uncle Tom is a Bromeliad. A small mauve Lantana is flowering in front of the headstone and a miniature Red Rose about to burst into bloom to the left. Just before leaving and right on dusk I purchased a bouquet of flowers from a vendor on Old Hazari Bagh Road. I placed this at the base of the headstone on your behalf and according to your instructions [See photograph]. I 'recited a prayer and shed a tear' for all of us!

It's a long way from Ballybay to Ranchi in Bihar via Wylam but we've made the connection and achieved some closure? Bihar is not the most salubrious of Indian States and indeed has a reputation for lawlessness, anarchy, war lords, kidnappings and organised crime! Insurgents include 'Naxalites' and 'Maoists'. There were 12 heavily armed soldiers on our floor of the Hotel Yuvraj Palace when we awoke in the morning of 08/02/05! State elections were taking place and orders were to 'shoot to kill' if anyone was caught interfering with the ballot process! I did not attempt to vote! Apparently the RAF was sent to deal with internal disturbances in India as well as the Japanese threat after the fall of Rangoon [Burma] in 1942? Ranchi and the surrounding countryside are nonetheless very pretty even though the roads are abysmal!

Kindest regards and very best wishes to everyone!

'Cousin William'

W. P. Howey BVMS MACVSc MRCVS GradDipEd JP

Uncle Billy had earlier sent me a hand written note in which he stated:

'You never had the opportunity of knowing him – but, if you had, you would have enjoyed his company. He was never destined to grow old and never ceased to be the lad whom we knew so well. He has joined a great multitude who gave their all for their country'.

He also reiterated Granny Clarke *'would never settle until she saw his grave'*.

Cousin Liam Clarke sent the following two photographs from the website when I told him the story. He knew very little about Uncle Tom but was pleased to be brought up to date.





*8 Gransden Park, Eglinton, Co Londonderry, Northern Ireland,
BT47 3XL*

Telephone: 0044 28 71810763

Gerladton
2 Shaw Street
PO Box 509
Scone
NSW 2337

1 August 2005

Dear William,

Very many thanks indeed for your letter of Wednesday 16th February. It was a great surprise to hear that you had made the long pilgrimage to India looking for evidence of your uncle Tom's death and burial.

That you have done so has given us great satisfaction; an area that confused and uncertain has now been cleared up. No one would have been more relieved at your find than your grandmother Clarke. Even to old age she cherished the illusion that Tom would come back,

You have laid those demons to rest and we thank you.

William our son is the scriptor of this letter and he was interested to the extent that he had another uncle even an unknown one.

I hope you are all well. Please give our love to Hugh, Kirsty and Sarah.

Again thank you,

Uncle Bill, cousin William and aunty Alice

Uncle Billy Clarke & Cousin Liam Clarke



I regret I do not have a photograph of Uncle Billy Clarke but having images of Liam is nearly the same; except for the amount of hair! Uncle Billy has been non-hirsute for many years to put it mildly. Uncle Billy was mother's youngest brother and excelled in both private and public life. He graduated through Trinity College, Dublin (MA) and New College, Edinburgh (BD). He joined the Presbyterian Church and was Minister in Dundalk and Omagh. He also taught extensively including Newry High School in County Down. He retired to Londonderry. Following Aunty Alice's passing took up residence in aged care in Ballymena. Uncle Billy was a 'man's man' in every way and relished any opportunity for 'hunting, fishing and shooting' in the best Irish tradition.

Liam was educated at Dungannon Royal School (c. f. TKS) and Ulster University (1973 – 1976). He defied his father's wishes that he pursue law but succeeded as a journalist of National and International renown. He is currently Political Editor of the Belfast Telegraph. Testimonials on 'Linkedin' include the following:

Northern Ireland Editor Sunday Times

Liam is a legend in UK journalism and one of the most connected people in Northern Ireland. His track record in delivering outstanding scoops and insightful comment is unsurpassed and he has brought the same threshold of excellence to his latest venture, CMedia. Liam is also a people person - a delightful, co-operative colleague who is always a pleasure to work with.

June 25, 2010, Carlos Alba worked directly with Liam at Sunday Times

Liam was one of the finest and most respected journalists of his generation. He was real scoop-getter while on Fleet Street, and much admired by all his colleagues. He is a brilliant communicator, a real details man who has that rare ability to explain issues in a concise and authoritative way.

February 14, 2008, David Cracknell worked directly with Liam at Sunday Times

Sadly as I write Liam has stated on his website that he is suffering from a rare form of terminal Stomach Cancer. Intriguingly he is a devotee of Zen Buddhism.



Liam Clarke at home in Ballymena

"The gods envy us. They envy us because we're mortal, because any moment might be our last.
Everything is more beautiful because we're doomed." (Homer, The Iliad)



Liam & Wife Cathy

Henry Howey

Australian Connection

On a private visit to Melbourne a few years ago my son Hugh unearthed a treasure trove of information about a possible relative who pre-empted me by about 140 years in making it voluntarily to Australia. Hugh sent a blog of himself in Howey Place which he described with a touch of mildly ironic humour as his 'spiritual home'. Until then I had no idea I may have been usurped in this way. Due to the family surname and geographical propinquity (Ilderton, North Coquetdale) it is likely we are related even by some generational distance. Like Robert Towns from Longhorsely it may be that young Henry made his way to the coast (Beadnell) to secure a job in the Merchant Navy and so was able to reach as far as Australia.

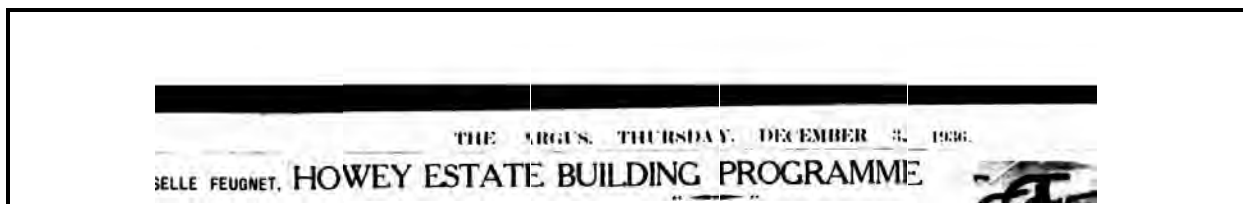
Henry Howey, born c.1805 in Ilderton, Northumberland, England, arrived in Sydney in 1826. On 1st December of that year he married Maria Matilda Minchin who may have been a resident of the notorious Women's Factory in Parramatta? Howey selected land from near the present town of Riddells Creek through Gisborne to Mount Macedon in Victoria. He attended the first land sale of town blocks in Melbourne on 1 June 1837 and purchased the property in Swanston Street which bears his name. The estate consisted of properties fronting on to Collins, Swanston and Little Collins Street; Lots 6 to 9 in section 12 purchased for a total of £120. The area of nearly 2 acres (about 0.8 hectares) was bounded by Swanston Street, Collins and Little Collins Streets, and extended along Collins Street for about 40% of the block. Returning to Parramatta on or about 21 June 1838, Henry, his wife and six children embarked on the schooner "Sarah" for an unknown destination possibly Gisborne. One report states the destination may have been Indonesia. Could Henry have been 'doing a runner'? The schooner sailed into a hurricane and passengers and crew were lost on Ninety Mile Beach. A bust to pioneer grazier Henry Howey was erected in Gisborne. His name is perpetuated in Howey Street and his bust overlooks Howey Reserve.



His executors sold his 3,800 sheep and 520 cattle on 16-18 July 1839 and both the proceeds of this sale and the land in Swanston Street passed to the Howey family in England, principally to John Werge Howey. On 17 April 1871 John Werge Howey died, leaving his property to his wife Elizabeth during her life, "and after her death to his nephew Major John Edwards Werge Howey for his life, and then to J E W Howey's first and other sons and male heirs of each son, every older son and his male heirs to take before younger sons". John Werge Howey realised that large sums were to be made from leasing the land, and after establishing the terms and conditions for tenants he left for England where he lived the life of a gentleman in Herefordshire. The land could be leased provided the tenant erected a building of a stated value and kept it in good repair. After a period of twenty one years the building would revert to the owner. After J. W. Howey's death in England in 1871 the property passed to his nephew Major John Edwards Werge Howey and then by entail to his sons. The Howey Estate is unusual in Melbourne in that it was owned and developed by a single family. Was Henry Howey a lucky speculator or an inspired entrepreneur? £120 in 1837 would have been a considerable sum for a recent migrant?

Letters of Administration were granted in turn to Joseph Richardson, Estate Agent of 100 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne (d1873) and to Samuel Alfred Richardson of the same business (d.1884) both of whom died before having fully administered the Estate. In May 1907 Letters of Administration were granted to Raynes W S Dickson, Solicitor, Melbourne. Elizabeth Howey, having died in 1878, and the oldest son of John Edwards Werge Howey in 1901, the properties in Melbourne then forming the Howey Estate passed to the second son, John Edwards Presgrave Howey, who attained his majority on 17 November 1907. Raynes W S Dickson continued to administer the Estate until his retirement, when his son, Raynes Waite Adrian Dickson took control under the company name of Raynes Dickson and Co. This company administered the Estate until it was wound up by a deed of release in 1972.

The following notice appeared 'The Argus, Thursday, December 3, 1936':



HOWEY ESTATE BUILDING PROGRAM
Albany Court Completed
LARGE CITY UNDERTAKINGS

The formal handing over this week by the builders of the New Albany Court Building at No. 230 Collins Street on The Block marks the completion of another portion of a large rebuilding program of the properties owned by the Howey Estate. In 1921 Howey House was built and in the following year Talma Building in Swanston Street was remodeled. In 1930 the handsome Howey Court Building was erected in Collins Street and last year Presgrave Building was completed much to the improvement of Little Collins Street near Swanston Street. Albany Court represents an expenditure of about £100,000 bringing the total amount expended by the estate to date to £800,000.

The program is not yet complete because it is announced that in 1938 the site of the Exchange Hotel, on the corner of Swanston Street and Little Collins Street, and the adjoining buildings Hewitt House and Craigie's Building will be used for the erection of a building equal in size to the Manchester Unity Building although occupying a somewhat larger area. Tentative plans for this work are now being prepared

The Howey Estate of which Albany Court is a part dates back to the earliest days of Victoria. Captain Henry Howey a former British naval officer who owned a station in New South Wales decided in the early 1830's to take up land in Victoria. He settled at Gisborne and in 1837 attended the first land sale in Melbourne. He bought four allotments two fronting Swanston Street extending from Collins Street to Little Collins Street and two adjoining blocks in Collins Street extending through to Little Collins Street. Four years later Henry Howey and his family were drowned when coming from Sydney. His brother Captain John Werge Howey came from India to administer the estate and later succeeded to the property as his brothers' heir at law.

Captain Howey later bought property in William Street and Rockley at South Yarra where he made his home. He died in 1868, and by his will entailed the whole of his estate to his nephew Major J.E.W. Howey for his life with remainder to his eldest son in tail male thus tying up the property) as long as he legally could.

Major Howey died in 1924 and the property then passed to the present Captain J E P Howey who lives in England. Several visits to Melbourne have been made by Captain Howey in connection with the estate. Both Major Howey and Captain Howey reputedly distinguished themselves in service with the British Army in India. John Edward Presgrave Howey is best remembered as the man who built the Romney Hythe and Dymchurch Railway in Kent, England.

The estate is now divided among the various members of the family. Howey Court is owned by Captain Howey, also the properties on the Swanston and Little Collins Street corner and Howey Place. The new Presgrave Building in Little Collins Street is in the joint names of Captain and Mrs Howey and sisters of Captain Howey own parts of the estate in Swanston Street and Little Collins Street. Captain Howey has given Albany Court to his two children, Anthony and Gloria Howey. On his last visit to Melbourne Captain Howey appointed Mr. J. L. Kiddle and Mr. Raynes W. A. Dickson as new trustees to act with Mr. Raynes Dickson Sen.

In designing Albany Court the architect Mr. Marcus R. Barlow of Temple Court adopted a vertical treatment for the facade which while keeping the building distinct from its two tall neighbours still keeps it in perfect harmony. It is of steel frame and reinforced concrete construction and is soundproof and fireproof. In planning the floors advantage was taken of existing light courts in the adjoining buildings. Good light was also available from the rear so that all sections of every floor are well lighted. Albany Court is another example of the efficiency of modern building methods which allows large buildings to be erected in a very short time. The contract for the building work was entered into in December last by Simmie and Co. Pty. Ltd. Work began on January 11 and the building was completed in less than 11 months. It adds another arcade and specialty shopping centre to the Block. Already most of the building has been let.

Albany Court has the distinction of being the first building in Melbourne in which high-speed gearless elevators of the duplex collective signal control type have been installed.

In both cars the control system provides the maximum of efficiency and flexibility of service. All the operations, including the opening and closing of the doors, is automatic. A single pair of call buttons serves the two lifts on each floor. The lifts are adjusted so that one will answer the pressure of the "up" button and the other the "down" button on any floor so that a call from any point will be answered with a minimum of delay. With this system of control it is impossible for any passenger to commandeer the lift when it is under automatic control, and ensures that the lift will stop at each floor, on its upward or downward Journey, from which a call has been made. Should one lift be filled to capacity it will complete its Journey and then return to the floors from which calls have been made, or the second lift will answer them.. When no calls are registered one lift automatically returns to the ground floor and the other to the top floor. When the lifts are controlled by an attendant during the day passengers announce when entering the number of the floor required. These are recorded by the attendant, who, when the last passenger has entered, presses a starting button.

The ground floor of the building has been designed as a shopping arcade extending from Collins Street through to Howey Place. There are seven shops in the arcade and two in Collins Street. A bright and attractive appearance has been given to the show windows by the use of stainless steel mouldings. The sound angle points of the quarter inch plate glass have been mitred and clipped together without the use of an angle bar. The top hamper is in sand-engraved figured rolled glass and the enclosure backs are of the flush type with walnut veneer finish. The two shops forming the entrance from Collins Street have bent plate-glass corners making an interesting introduction to the arcade from this end. The top hamper in the Collins Street shop fronts is carried across the arcade and forms a lighting box upon which a Neon Sign is fixed.

The theatre entrance in Collins Street has showcases fixed to the piers matching those in the arcade. The ticket box inside the entrance is very well designed and carried out in stainless steel and glass. This work together with the paving lights was carried out by Brooks Robinson Pty Ltd of South Melbourne. The floor of the arcade has been paved with cement tiles and the walls are paneled with Calcutta Marble.

Tile basement of the building is occupied by the Albany Theatre and a modern coffee lounge both under the same control. Air conditioning is provided in both the lounge and the theatre. The decoration follows the modern horizontal treatment. The special furniture in the lounge and theatre was designed by the theatre architects Messrs Taylor Soillieux and Overend. The operating box is situated at the Collins Street end and has natural light from pavement lights above. The projection equipment was installed by Harringtons Limited.

A central heating ventilation and air-conditioning system has been carried right throughout the building. A system of 12 vertical utility ducts runs from the basement to the roof each duct carrying the hot and cold water mains, the radiation and gas services. All the equipment operating these services is a sub-basement and with the general and sanitary plumbing formed part of the contract of Messrs Thomas Warner and Sons of South Melbourne. The boiler operating the hot water and heating service is fired by a fully automatically controlled fuel oil burner which was installed by Major Furnace and Combustion Engineers Pty Ltd of South Yarra.

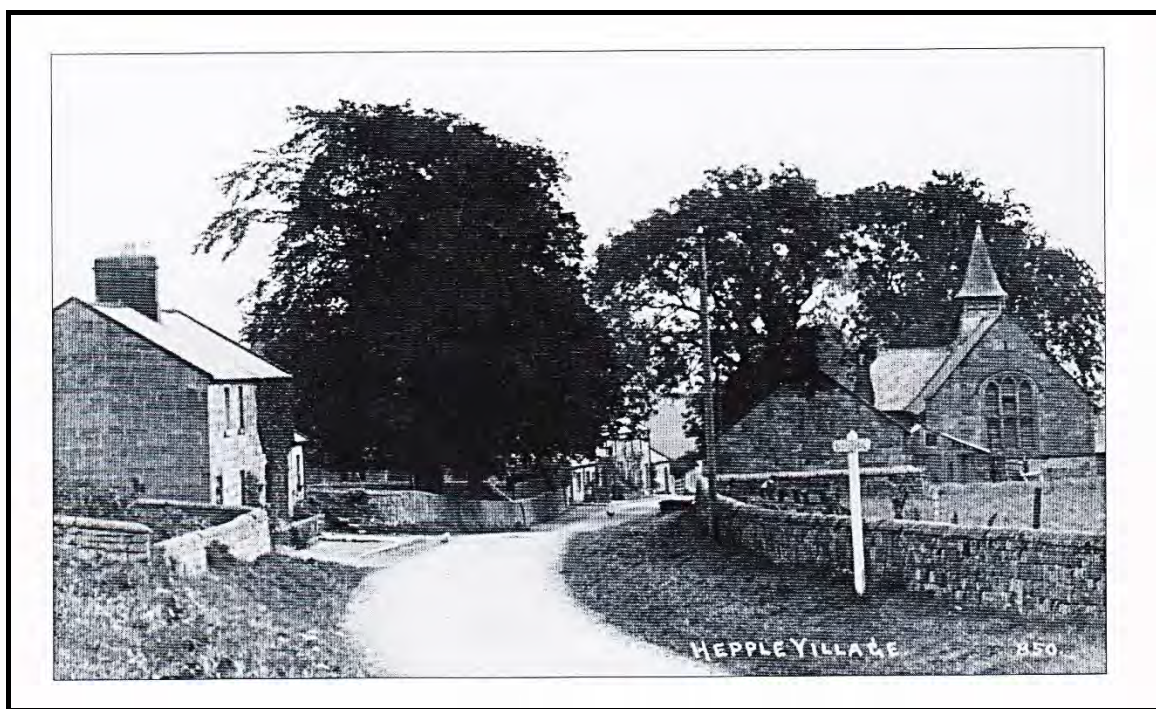


Howey Place looking south from Little Collins Street

Young entrepreneur Henry Howey must have been extremely adroit, percipient and prescient; or else extraordinarily lucky. The real estate value of the central Melbourne property he acquired in 1837 would today amount to billions! Perchance to dream?

Hepple School

Hepple School was built before the Church in 1873 and closed in 1967 or 1969. There was a school before that at neighbouring hamlet Caistron in the White Cottage.



(With acknowledgments to 'The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham': 'Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937')

Much of the hamlet dates from the 19th century when Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell (1810 – 1892) built the church, school and houses for workers on his Hepple Whitefield Estate. On the left are the East Hepple Cottages with the byre at the far end now converted into a two storey house. Opposite was Hepple Blacksmith's Forge occupied by a series of blacksmiths including Newton Kerr (1838 – 1910) and his son George (1865 – 1931) who are buried in the churchyard of Christ Church consecrated on 5th July 1894. The font has a Norman bowl found at 'Kirkfield' the site of an old chapel on West Hepple. Behind the large trees are Hepple Schoolhouse and Christ Church of England School which opened in 1873 for 80 children. The school finally closed in 1969 and is now the Village Hall.

I remember well the blacksmith's forge and the unique aromas percolating from the huge coke-fuelled fire and billows. I used to watch fascinated as the farrier ('blacksmith') fired and hammered the huge Clydesdale-sized shoes for the farm work horses. After satisfactory fitting as 'hot shoes' to the horses' hooves which burned and smoked the hoof the ready shoe was plunged into cold water. It was then nailed in place with great dexterity and skill. Sadly the trade died with the passing of the farm work horses and the mechanisation of agriculture. My father was a 'Luddite' in this regard claiming horses made better furrows for both potato and turnip drills and planting. The cost of acquisition of a modern tractor might also have been a factor? The forge finally closed in the early 50s. The last farrier used to cycle to work from Thropton. It was appropriated by Auntie Peggy and Auntie Ena as a deep litter broiler chicken operation to augment their battery hen egg production at 'Kilnway'. There was huge consternation in the village when George Foggon's rabbiting ferrets escaped from their cage one night and literally 'slaughtered' 50+ growing chickens!

Hepple School c. 1910



John Robinson Howey 3rd. from left front row (excluding two boys lying down)

Eleanor Howey (Aunty Eleanor) 1st left second row

Freda Howey (Aunty Freda) 2nd right third row (with white lace collar)

The identity of the teacher is unknown but she must have had her hands full as single teacher with 34 pupils! The majority of those enrolled were the children of local farmers or Riddell employees at Hepple Whitefield. Dad was about 6, Aunty Eleanor 8 and Aunty Freda 10.

Early photographs of the pupils and teachers at Hepple School tell their own story. At least four generations of the Howey family attended the school before final closure. Assuming the school opened with 80 pupils in 1873 there appeared to be gradual decline in enrolments over the subsequent 90+ years. There were 34 in 1910, 34 in 1915, 15 in 1946 and 25 in 1951.

Hepple School was also the venue for woodcarving and country dancing classes conducted before WW I by Sir Walter Riddell and his sister Miss Olive Buchanan Riddell. Almost all the villagers attended these night classes working by oil lamps. Mains electricity did not reach Hepple until 1955. Grandfather William Howey was a master carver in English Oak as were many of his close relatives.

Hepple School 1915



John Robinson Howey in the middle of back row (tallest) with possibly a Howey on his left
Eleanor Howey at far right third row
Freda Howey just to the left of the teacher third row

With the outbreak of WW I only a year before this may have been a difficult time for the school and its pupils? During the tenure of Squire Sir Walter Riddell at Hepple Whitefield the Church assumed almost equal importance. It was 'expected' that all employees and most village residents would attend Church three times every Sunday. Sir Walter would 'knock on doors' to find out why not if not.

Christ Church of England at Hepple has mixed memories for me. It was rather cold, dark, desolate and foreboding for small children. My mother was the organist. It was my duty to hand pump the bellows both at Church and for mother's organ practice. I put up with it but did not like it. It was quite hard work for a small child. It was required to keep the pressure marker above a certain line. If you failed the organ made a dreadful screeching noise of protest. To say mother was not amused is an understatement. It wasn't all bad. Mother also doubled as occasional Sunday School Teacher sharing with Miss Anne Riddell and blind parson Reverend Bernard Gorman. I only recall one couplet my mother taught me at Sunday School; 'Mathew, Mark, Luke and John; Saddle the cat that I ride on'. I think I should have done better than that? If looks could kill my brother Johnny and I would be turned into pillars of salt or burst spontaneously into flames! While kneeling before the Altar one day George Rogerson made an inappropriate but very funny remark. We burst into uncontrollable fits of giggling. Mother watching from the organ alcove was fierce!

Hepple School c. 1946



Back Row: Unknown; Shirley Dennis; Anne Hart; Teacher Mrs Strafford; Robin Stephens; Unknown

Middle Row: Unknown; Unknown; Margaret Foggon; Joan Locker; Diana Howey

Front Row: Raymond Wilkinson; Joan Foggon; Unknown; Unknown; Michael Oliver

The two 'unknown' blond boys and elder blonde girl in the middle row may be the White brothers and sister from West Hepple? The dark 'unknown' elder girl first left in the back row may be someone called Miller and the girl on the far right possibly Anne Dunwoodie?

Robin ('Robbie') Stephens was from Holystone where his parents ran the Salmon Inn much to my mother's disgust but father's approbation! Robbie left very soon after to take up a position as an Apprentice Electrician in Gateshead which we thought was extremely daring in the far reaches of Empire! The fact that he was also burgled added cachet to the legend. I never saw him again. Diana remembers pulling Raymond Wilkinson around the school yard by his tie when he became too 'assertive' as in bullying? Mickey Oliver was a 'wild child' from Whitefield. Shirley Dennis' father was the chauffer for the Renwick Family at Holystone Grange.

Mrs Foggon was the 'cook' at the school and prepared the hot lunch enjoyed by everyone. This would have been the main meal of any day for quite a few such as the White Family of West Hepple. Bread and dripping might have been their staple at home? I'm not sure who paid for this but it was a wonderful service.

Hepple School c. 1951



- Back Row: Miss Cummings (Teacher); Andrew Milburn; Raymond Wilkinson; Margaret Brown; Jimmy Stewart.
- Second Row: Thomas Foggon; Monica Doring; Joan Foggon; Maureen Morton; Margaret Foggon; Winifred 'Winnie' White; Diana Howey; Charles Dagg.
- Third Row: Rosie Beattie; Marjorie Welton; Esther White; Catherine White; Pattie Buglass; Dorothy Stewart; Lorraine Buglass.
- Front Row: Johnny White; John Howey; George Rogerson; William Howey; Stewart Whitfield; John Rochford.

As far as I am aware we three Howey children were the only ones to progress to Senior Secondary and Tertiary Education. We were fortunate. Many did very well in trade and service although opportunities were limited. The children came from Castron, Hepple Village, West Hepple Farm, Hepple Whitefield, Harehaugh or Holystone Grange (Dueshill Farm). Margaret Foggon was the undoubted leader of the pack and the best at Rounders in the school yard! Monica Doring (or Doering) was a lovely German girl who we bullied unmercifully at times as we did to Margaret Brown. There is no defence. I remember one episode in Miss Cummings Class. I stuck a chisel into my leg! I was taken to Rothbury to be stitched up by Dr Rex Armstrong. The local anaesthetic 'stung like the devil' on administration. To mollify the sprawling brat Dr Armstrong placed his England Rugby Cap on my head. I still bear the scar today above my right knee. It was the end of woodwork classes at Hepple School! The big event of the year was the annual school summer trip by 'bus to the seaside! This was either to Spittal (near Berwick) or Whitley Bay. The latter was favoured by the pupils because of the fun park known as 'The Spanish City'. Parents preferred the former. This one day would be the only opportunity many children had to 'see the sea' in any one year.

Ackworth School 1954 - 1961



Ackworth Bound September 1954

This photograph was taken on the front lawn of the walled garden at East Hepple Farm. It appears the lawn needed some TLC attention? This was not unusual and the only option was a difficult hand mower which no one liked to push; least of all Dad! I occasionally obliged but not always with much good grace attached! I believe we all took our turn?

This marked my first foray into the larger world. Diana had already spent two full years at Ackworth (1952 – 1954). The difference was marked. I think this was a bit of a wrench for Dad who perhaps expected I might follow him down the path of becoming a farmer although he sometimes discouraged the idea? Norah Beatty from Hepple Garage was the first from the village to go to Ackworth under the Northumberland County Council Education Authority scheme to assist those from 'remote' locations to take advantage of an equivalent Grammar School Secondary Tier Education opportunity. I believe the NCC held up to six places per year at Ackworth for this purpose. At least seven Hepple children were to benefit by this including Norah Beatty, Diana, myself, John, and cousins David and Susan from West Hepple. In addition Roy and Sandra Wells from Harbottle were also recipients making a quite large contingent from the lightly populated Upper Coquet Valley. For some of us it was the launch pad to further fields on a grander stage.

This was a time of great excitement as well as much trepidation. The journey out was by car to Newcastle Station, train to York, change for Pontefract and then 'bus or three mile walk to Ackworth. Trunks were packed earlier and name tags sewed on every article of clothing with my school number 156. It was a time of furious activity and not without its own drama! The first term lasted about 14 weeks without break or respite. This was a long separation at age 11 or 12 but had the consolation of Christmas to look forward to. There were some long and very lonely moments. It was possibly much worse for some; I had Diana for comfort and support.

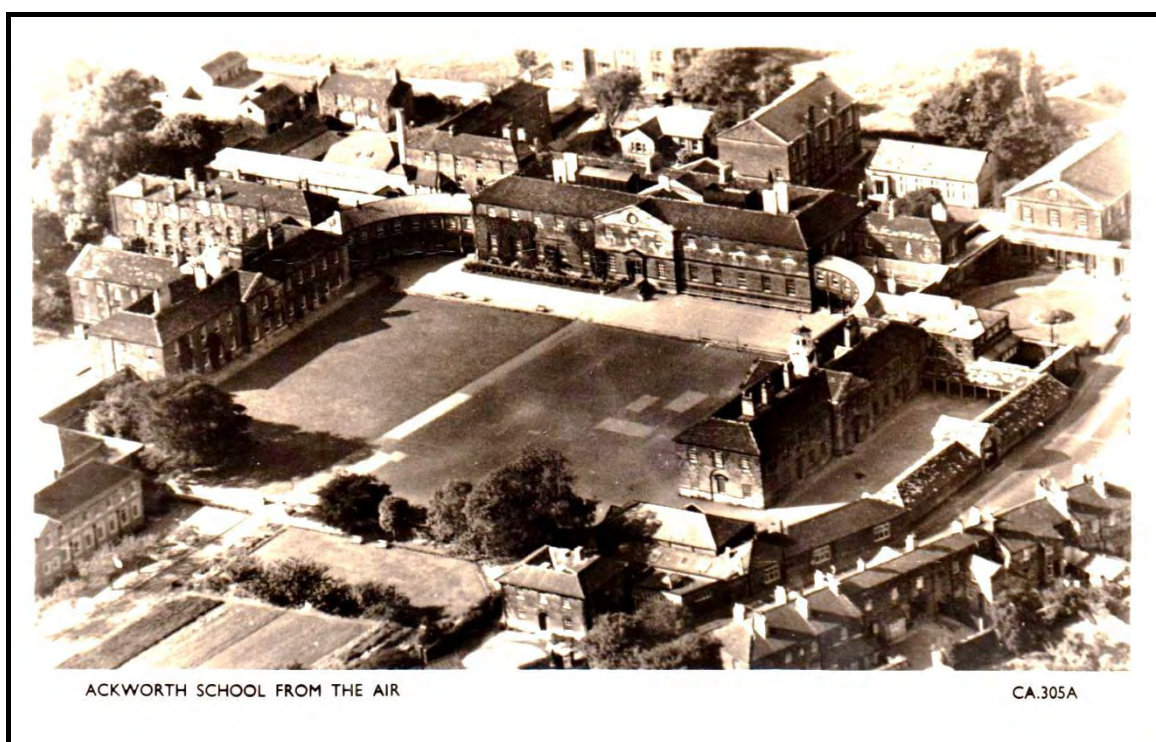


This is the only full family portrait we have. It may have been taken by Nana (Eliza Rogerson). Johnny would later join us at Ackworth from 1958 – 1961.

The provision of school uniforms for both Diana and I would have placed quite a financial strain on available resources. There were 'arguments' and some consequent subliminal feelings of guilt. This was well outside the ordinary family budget although I never remember anyone actually sitting down to formulate a financial plan of any kind. It was a more serendipitous approach with quite a lot of misplaced faith in the outcomes of the 3:30pm race at Epsom or the perennially optimistic Littlewoods Football Pools every Saturday. In my very naive way I thought all you had to do was to write a cheque in order to acquire more money. That seemed to be Dad's overarching philosophy although I recall he did take time out to explain it to me. The recommended amount of pocket money per term was the princely sum of £1. Even this was a bit of a strain for the family. Entry to Ackworth via the Northumberland County Council Education scheme was secured by success in the so called 11+ examination at age 11. Diana sailed through while I managed it at the next 'interview' attempt in Newcastle. I recall that we three siblings and Norah Beattie were the only successful candidates from Hepple Church of England Primary School in the immediate post-WWII period?

Ackworth seemed like another world. Everyone except us spoke with very strange accents. There was even the odd cockney or two. There were massive coal fired power stations (Ferrybridge) belching out smoke and fumes. The sheep in the fields were not white; they were grey. The River Went at the bottom of the Ackworth gardens 'frothed' with detergent effluent. The only living things were stick insects and sticklebacks. For us the atmosphere was extremely polluted. John did not come to Ackworth until the third year of entry. He excelled in the meantime at a private Preparatory School in Morpeth achieving a high mark in the 13+ so securing his place two years later. Possibly because of the 'gap' in the process and arrival when friendships and rivalries were already well established Ackworth was not John's 'cup of tea' although he toughed it out well for three years. As is usual in education there are many pathways and some take longer than others. While Diana and I thrived in the environment, although there were some dark moments, John was much less suited in temperament to voluntarily accept the relatively strict disciplinary protocols.

Ackworth Quaker School (Society of Friends)



Ackworth School had earlier been a Foundling Hospital and on first acquaintance seemed to be a forbidding and foreboding place. Ackworth School was founded in 1779 by John Fothergill on behalf of The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) and the School Committee (or Board of Governors) is still accountable to this body. The School was established for Quaker boys and girls and the Quaker Christian ethos, with its emphasis on quiet reflection and the search for God within oneself and within others, lies at the heart of the School.

Periods of reflective silence form part of each day, during Morning Meeting and before meals for example, and each Thursday there is a short silent Meeting for Worship for the whole School. On Sunday morning boarders attend Quaker Meeting for Worship unless they wish to attend another place of worship. The importance of respect for others and honesty at all times emphasised by the Quaker faith helps to produce a calm, friendly atmosphere which is supportive and reassuring for young people. The majority of pupils are from non-Quaker families and about 10% come from other countries. Indeed, the international nature of the School, especially in the Sixth Form, is one of its distinctive features. As in any such community there has to be a clear disciplinary framework and our expectations are high. Ackworth pupils respond well to this and to the opportunities provided for assuming responsibilities, for example within the boarding houses and on the School Council.



The Meeting House

The heart of the Quaker way is the silent meeting for worship. They seek a communal gathered stillness, where anyone can be open to inspiration from the Spirit of God. In their meetings they find both peace of mind and challenging insights, deep community and a renewed sense of individual purpose, and joy to wonder at God's creation. Not everyone finds the word 'God' helpful – some Quakers use a different image or concept such as 'spirit' or 'the light'.

During meetings for worship, some may feel moved to speak: something anyone may do, as all are considered equal. Quakers do not have priests, or a hierarchy, as they believe all people can have a direct relationship with God.

You do not have to be a Quaker to attend Quaker meetings, which are open to all. Meetings can be held anywhere, at any time, although they are often on Sundays in Quaker meeting houses. Visitors are most welcome to join and share in the stillness. The Quaker way believes in an all-inclusive environment. 'The religious society of friends' movement began in the mid-seventeenth century. The belief is that all individuals are able to have a direct relationship with God.

This was all very strange to those of us exposed to the far more didactic Anglican diet. I must say that sitting in silence offered commercial opportunity to confined and constrained entrepreneurial infidels. The going rate for a contrived 'loud and rude noise' real (preferable) or simulated was about half a crown (2s/6d). The 'eruption' was always accompanied by barely subdued mirth which posed significant dignity problems for the supervising Head Master or equivalent. Feigning ignorance was the established routine but I'm equally sure subsequent intelligence revealed the identity(s) of the protagonists who would have suffered from some form of deferred discipline.

While some of the facilities were Spartan such as dormitories others such as sports fields were exceptional. I made full use of the latter and 'managed' the former.

Form 1 Alpha 1 1954/1955



Much to my chagrin I was assigned initially to Form 1 Alpha (1) which was actually the 'B' stream. I was especially aggrieved because Roy Wells from Harbottle was in 1A. I considered I was 'more equal' than him! I was elected Form Captain with Joyzelle Lloyd. We are both seated together at middle of the front row. I am wearing a sports coat which was an acceptable alternative uniform to the usual blazer. It possibly created a 'point of difference' which is not always appreciated by 11 and 12 year olds.

I was promoted to the 'A' stream and into Form 2A for my second year. I was joined by Joyzelle (on my left), Philip Heymans (3rd. from right front row) and Rosemary Dale (5th from left back row). Jimmy Keppie (2nd from left front row) was the 'exotic' among us. He was an evacuee from Kenya during the Mau Mau (Kikuyu) rebellion. Jimmy soon left to go to 'Bootham' in York. I thought Margaret Kendrew (top left back row) was pretty special but she left at the end of 3rd. Form to attend Great Ayton. Richard Richardson (far left middle row) suffered very badly indeed from stutter. He could not even say his own name but could sing beautifully without faltering.

Friends who were kind to me included Stewart North (4th from left back row) and Christopher Smith (3rd. from left middle row). They were locals from Sheffield and Wakefield respectfully and I think took me out from pity because our parents were infrequent visitors due to 'tyranny of distance' and cost. I was acknowledged the best sports person in the whole of Year 1 but Konrad Saunders (4th. from right middle row) was by far the best swimmer. Another 'exotic' was Isobel Alonso (far right middle row) who was the younger daughter of 'Spanish' English Master Casto V. Alonso



This form later produced three (3) full Professors and several others who excelled in academia and/or public life. At least three others reached the level of Associate Professor or above. I would not have guessed this at the time although Martin Bulmer (4th. from right front row) was in the 'genius' class. He was top in the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board 'A' Level Examinations in 1961 and awarded the Trevelyan Scholarship to Kings College, Cambridge on merit. He was in fact the 'love child' of Sir Charles Trevelyan and his Private Secretary Edith Bulmer from 'Wallington' Northumberland. Like Roy Wells and I he was a beneficiary of the largesse of the Northumberland County Council at the time. Peter Tod from Whitley Bay (3rd. from left back row) was another 11+ scholarship 'Geordie'. Roy Wells is 2nd left front row. The other full professors were Marcia Collin (middle front row next to Martin) and Maeve Cowan (5th. from right middle row). Marcia was the daughter of our history master Mr Collin.

At the end of this segment Sociology Professor Martin Bulmer has put together a very learned 'collective memoir' exposition of the cohort who attended Ackworth from 1954 – 1961. This was produced to 'celebrate' 50 years on and also to commemorate Ian Hogbin from Castleford who had only just passed away. Martin and Ian remained lifelong friends. Ian was severely compromised by childhood Poliomyelitis and walked only with the aid of two sticks. This did not prevent him from living a very full and productive life.

Ackworth School Staff 1958



The staff were good in parts but as is usual at schools we were not always appreciative of the quality of teaching we were given. In retrospect I think we were indeed fortunate to have enjoyed and benefitted from the education package we received. Martin Bulmer's 'collective memoir' bears adequate testimony to this premise. Many married teachers had children at Ackworth School.

Headmaster Albert Lindley is seated (with glasses) in the middle of the front row. Albert was a Cambridge Graduate 'Old Boy' and at this time still held the school 440 yards athletics record. He was a sound compassionate leader and I think succeeded before moving up the scale to Bootham Boys School in York. I did hear that he later succumbed to depression illness and may have met a tragic end? His elder son David was in the year behind me and was the outstanding cricketer in my team of 1961. He had a younger son Michael at Ackworth also. Phyllis Sadler (Deputy Head Mistress) is seated on Albert Linley's left. Deputy Ashton 'Tashy' Watts is seated next to Phyllis Sadler. He was 'feared' but managed to teach me some French. Housekeeper Mrs Williams is on his right. She was a termagant and owned a fearsome Corgi called 'Willie' who burst all our footballs on the green. We had no redress! Sports Master William Westwood in in 'whites' and next to him is history master Mr Collin (Marcia's father). Diminutive English master Peter Heywood is next to Mr Collin. His son Jeremy later reached a very high level in Government Public Service. Chemistry Master G. Phillips Harris (bearded seated far left front row) had a great influence on my career. He used to invite a select few to listen to Mahler on a Sunday afternoon providing home-made bread and tea. Mr Cashmore (tallest back row) was my first House Master and helped me through some difficult early times.

Biology Master Mr Mendham is standing on the right at the end of the back row. He was another 'favoured master' who greatly influenced my career. He took us on a field trip to Alderney Island in the summer of 1960 to study the 'littoral zone'. It was he who persuaded me to aim for something other than becoming a Doctor! Lawrence Fitton (glasses, 4th. left back row) was the 'eccentric' Physics Master who had a very different approach to teaching; it was basically self-help. G. G. Brown (seated far right) was a fellow Northumbrian who taught Geography. He was a bit dull! The Reverend Gregory Mappin (Religious Instruction & Scripture) is at the back top left. He was a Congregational Minister from Pontefract who has been a missionary in Madagascar. I rather wish he'd stayed there! I was not one of his favourites and did not excel at scripture. Albert Ainsworth (middle back row, 8th from left and right) managed to instil in me enough sound mathematics to enable me to do quite well in the 'O' level examination which was pivotal in gaining entrance to University in order to study any scientific subject.

Australian Wilma Strugnell is right in the middle just behind Albert Lindley's right shoulder. She used to make a very strong case for Melbourne versus Sydney when head of the lunch table! On her right is bachelor Mr Needham who we all liked especially the girls. It was rumoured he sometimes frequented the only pub in Ackworth 'The Brown Cow' which was revelatory and very un-Quaker like! He once took me and a few others to a great Golf Match in Leeds featuring the Ryder Cup Team captained by Dai Rees. I also had the opportunity to watch the first day of the 'Ashes' Cricket Test at 'Headingley', Leeds in 1960. Local Yorkshire idol Fred Trueman took 5 wickets and bowled Aussie Captain Richie Benaud for a duck! Woodwork master Mr Scott is at the end of the third row standing on the right. He was not very popular. There was an interesting rhyming ditty composed about his nocturnal relationships with a music mistress Miss Williams who he eventually married. It was not complimentary. I think my brother John might have had more than a little to do with its composition and delivery! He was certainly very good at it!

Albert Brighton is standing third from the right in the third row. He taught mathematics and was a Coquetdale local from the tiny hamlet of Fontburn. One of my Hepple School Teachers Miss McKenna had taught him and he was here pride and joy! Roy Wells and I stayed at his house in the Great Gardens for one term in our lower 6th year. This was considered a privilege and we were both later created Vice Head Boy and Head Boy respectively. One of many music teachers Miss Stephen is seated next to 'Tashy' Watts. I only saw her in first form and never again! I did not mind. Another music mistress Miss Froggatt is seated next to G. G. Brown (2nd from right, second row). I liked Miss Froggatt very much. She taught me where 'Middle C' was on the piano (white key next to the two black keys just to the left above the key hole on the piano). Miss Froggatt had severe advanced 'Parkinson's Disease' and sometimes broke into an involuntary running shuffle. Everyone understood. We all enjoyed her ghost stories with which she embellished music lessons.

The Matron (white cap) is seated on the left of G. Phillips Harris next but one to the end of the second row. Next to her is the visiting Irish Doctor from Pontefract who the girls did not like. He was regarded by them as 'a bit of a sleaze'; or so they told me. He always looked like he needed shave!

Combined 6th Form 1960/1961



This photo was taken on the steps at the front of the main building of the complex. It was clearly taken in summer (1961) with some of the boys with open necked shirts. The dining rooms are behind on either side. I am seated in the middle with Roger Allen. On his right moving along are Peter Catterall, Christopher Roberts and Martin Bulmer. Guy Millington and Roy Wells are on my left. Joyzelle Lloyd and Stephen Kelsall who were by then an 'item' are seated just in front. Joyzelle and Stephen married and later ran the Ackworth Olds Scholars Association (AOSA) from their home in Manchester. Stephen was good cricketer. It was by far his best sport. Philip Heymans and Maeve Cowan are seated just behind and to the right of Joyzelle. Both were actually Jewish but we were either ignorant or dismissive of the fact. Each excelled. Our cohort formed the core group of Prefects (Monitors) more or less responsible for 'discipline in the junior ranks'.

I think my relative prowess in sporting teams added cachet to my position in the school. I must admit that I had limited opposition from within my own year. We were not a very high achieving sporting class. Significantly many from the forms below filled positions in the main teams.

Ackworth School Senior Sporting Teams

2nd XI Hockey 1960



Hockey was my weakest team sport although I was an 'also ran' in swimming and athletics. Hockey provided a platform for some players who did not handle other balls sports such as football or cricket. Dexterity with the hands became a major factor. The catchment for this team was limited because not very many had played hockey at junior level before attending Ackworth. Also the number of schools playing hockey and therefore competition was limited.

Players in this team who did not make the first teams in other sports included the captain 'Skinny' Atkinson (centre front) who was in Diana's class. Others in this same category were Guy Millington (seated on left), Roy Wells (standing second left), Kier Lusby (standing third right), and Simon Chandler (back right). Roy Wells actually played County Hockey for Durham later in his professional life so could be judged the best in this group based on that mature form.

Roger Allen (sitting on right) and Archie Worthington (seated right) were both Lancastrians and committed sports people. Roger was shaded by his elder brother Ken who was a school legend in all sports. Hockey was played in the short spring term (January – March) of each year in usually bleak conditions. There was no other choice so you did it but I much preferred football where I had made my mark earlier. I think this team achieved modest results at best.

First XI Football 1960 (Captain)



This team was made up of mainly younger players with only 5 out of 13 from the Upper 6th Form. Guy Millington seated on my right was goal keeper albeit somewhat reluctantly. He realised there was no other place for him in the team. Roy Wells (middle back), Neale Holmes-Smith (sitting right) and Roger Allen (standing second left) were the others in my class. The most talented were the younger players such as Ian Binks (standing far left), Ian McKay (standing third left), David Lindley (Headmasters Son, standing third right) and David Kirby (standing far right).

Roger Jones sitting on my left was a good player as was 'Shinner' Howarth seated far left. The latter went on to do Medicine at Leeds University while Guy Millington obtained a Doctorate at Durham University. John Guest (sitting far left) was a good all round sports man at this level and represented in most of the teams I did although a year younger. What becomes apparent is that the same few students formed the core group in most of the teams

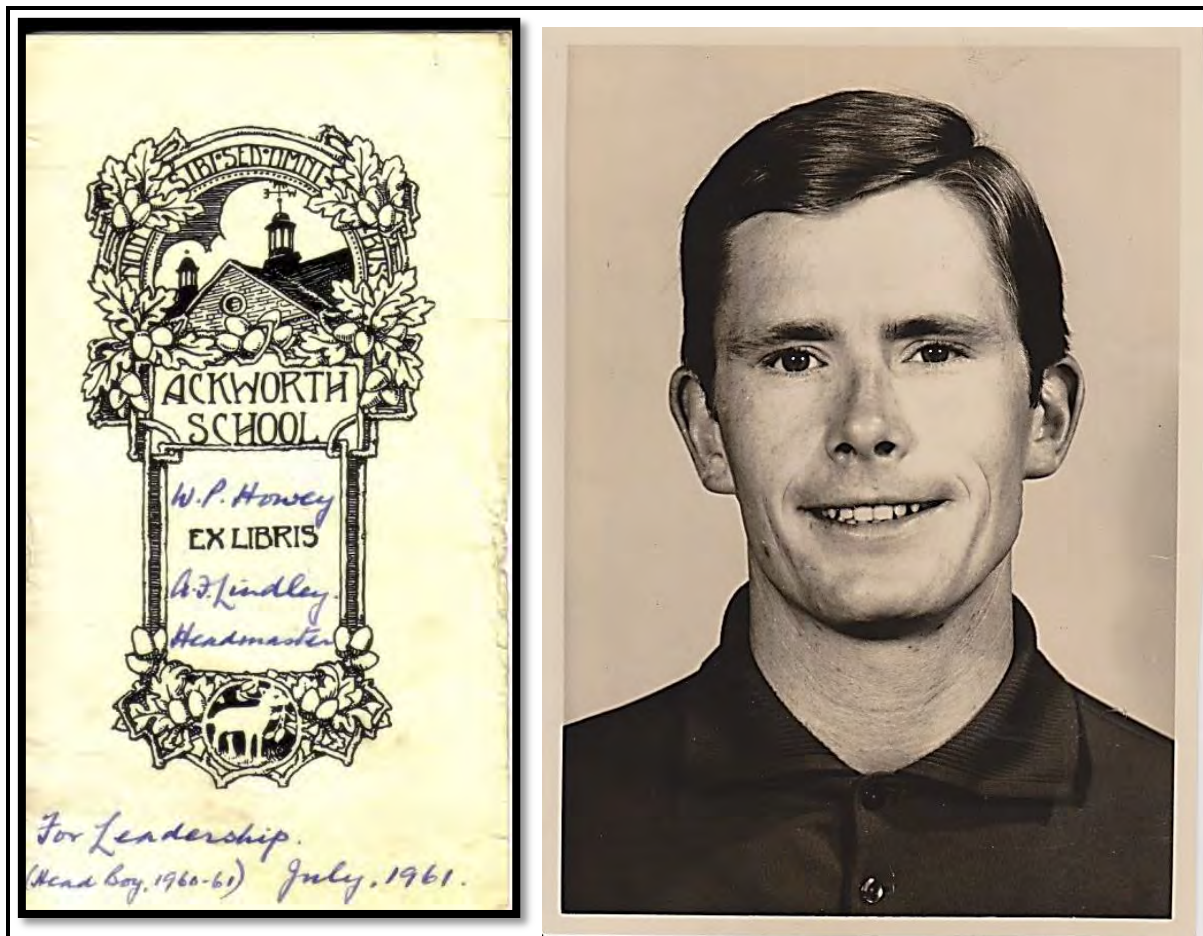
First XI Cricket 1961 (Captain)



This was possibly the best of 'my' teams. I think we won more matches than we lost which we considered quite a good record. The only two 'senior players' were myself and Stephen Kelsall seated on my right with open neck shirt and sports coat. Stephen was a good bat and cricket was really his only sport. David Lindley (standing back left) was the most naturally gifted and the best in this team by far. At his best he was a most attractive batsman. Cousin David Howey (sitting far right) opened the bowling and always gave his best. David Hare sits between us and again cricket was his best sport. Alan Walker (standing far right) was a precocious talent three years my junior who also opened the bowling with David Howey. David Muschamp and 'Corky' Gibson sitting in front were also talented juniors who made it into this senior team. Ian McKay (seated left) and John Guest (with glasses at rear) were both committed contributors. Ian (from Barnsley) once bowled unchanged from one end and took 7 wickets in an innings.

Peter Catterall (third left back row) was the 'ring in'. Peter could not catch, throw, kick or hit a ball but he loved cricket. He was very uncoordinated; possibly as a result of a premature birth which also left him with a vestigial left ear. We made him scorer which he adored. He travelled with us to away games and he became quite a 'celebrity' on the local Grammar School circuit.

Awards 1961



The highlight of my last year at school was possibly the award of an inscribed cricket bat presented to me at School Assembly. I might have been lucky! David Lindley was by far the best cricketer but as the Headmaster's son it might have seemed a trite nepotistic? I think he won the bat he next year anyway.

My most enduring sporting memory came in the match against Castleford Grammar School. I carried my bat for about 30 runs while I think David Lindley made 90+? The Captain of Castleford GS Bill Roberts warmly congratulated me after the game and shook my hand. Lustre was added for me a few years later when Bill was chosen to play for Yorkshire County Cricket Club. I almost felt part of the team myself. I also played against G. Boycott at school. This much is true but it was Gordon Boycott from Woodhouse Grove and not Geoff Boycott of Hemsworth Grammar School. Gordon and Geoff were cousins. Nonetheless I have dined out on the embellished tale a few times! Geoff was much the better player!

ACKWORTHIANs 1954 to 1961

LOOKING BACK FIFTY YEARS:

THE COHORT WHO ATTENDED ACKWORTH SCHOOL 1954-1961

Foreword: Professor Martin Bulmer

Overview: Professor Martin Bulmer

Names of other members of the cohort

Individual accounts of the last fifty years by twenty-nine members of the group

Names of deceased members, with brief biographies of six of them; Richard Baxter, J Philip Heymans, Ian G Hogbin, Rosemarie Lindley née Stephenson, Konrad Saunders and Roy Wells

Profile Professor Martin Bulmer

PROFESSOR MARTIN BULMER
Professor of Sociology



Qualifications: BSc, PhD (LSE)

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Biography

Martin Bulmer joined the department in February 1995. He was previously professor of sociology at the University of Southampton, 1993-1995, and before that taught at LSE for seventeen years in the Department of Social Science and Administration. He has also been a member of the Government Statistical Service and a visiting professor of sociology at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Question Bank (a WWW resource) based at the University of Surrey. He also directs the ESRC Survey Link Scheme. He is also a Director of the department's Institute of Social Research and an Academician of the Academy of Learned Societies for the Social Sciences.

Research Interests

His research interests cover the methodology of social research, the history of the social sciences, the study of ethnicity and race, the application of sociology to public policy, and the sociology of social care. He undertook an ESRC-funded project on the problems of making electronic questionnaires in CAPI (computer assisted personal interviewing), which are administered from a lap-top computer, intelligible when translated into a paper equivalent, for display in a setting such as the Question Bank. The second edition of the DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL RESEARCH ORGANISATIONS IN THE UK, which he directed, was published in 1998. He is the editor (with John Solomos) of RACISM (Oxford Readers, OUP, 1999) and RESEARCHING RACE AND RACISM (Routledge, 2004) and of QUESTIONNAIRES (Sage, 2004).

Publications

Books

M. Bulmer, (2004)(editor) 'Questionnaires' [Sage Benchmarks in Social Research Methods series] [4 volumes, 1550 pages]. London: Sage Publications.

M. Bulmer and J. Solomos (2004) 'Researching Race and Racism' [London: Routledge] 240 pp.

Other Selected Publications

M. Bulmer, E. Coates, L. Dominian and S. Duncan (editors) (2007) 'Evidence based policy making' Making Policy in Theory and Practice . Bristol: Policy Press, pp 87-103.

M. Bulmer (2007) "The place of values in the study of ethnicity and 'race': reflections on the contribution of John Rex", in T Abbas and F Reeves (eds) Immigration and Race Relations: sociological theory and John Rex, London: I B Tauris, pp. 47-60.

M. Bulmer (2007) 'T H Marshall' in John Scott (ed) Fifty Key Sociologists: the formative theorists. London: Routledge, pp. 91-94.

M. Bulmer (2005) 'Sociology in Britain in the twentieth century: differentiation and establishment', in A H Halsey and W G Runciman (eds) British Sociology seen from within and without. Oxford: Oxford University Press for the British Academy, pp 36-53.

M. Bulmer (2001) "Problematical parents and critical children: what is the significance of Gunnar and Alva Myrdal's chequered family history ?", Politics, Culture and Society Vol. 14, no 3, pp. 563-570 (part of symposium of five articles on Alva and Gunnar Myrdal: a symposium on their lives and works).

M. Bulmer (2001) 'Social Measurement: what stands in its way ?' Social Research: an international quarterly of the social sciences , Vol 68, no 2, pp.455-480.

M. Bulmer and J. Solomos (2001) 'Conceptualizing multi-ethnic societies', Ethnic and Racial Studies, Vol 24, no 6, pp. 889-891.

M. Bulmer (2001) "Knowledge for the public good: the emergence of social sciences and social reform in late-nineteenth and early twentieth-century America, 1880-1940" in David L Featherman and Maris A Vinovskis (eds), *Social Sciences and Policy-Making: a search for relevance in the twentieth century* (Ann Arbor, MI: University of Michigan Press), pp. 16-39.

M. Bulmer (2001) 'Research Ethics' in Nigel Gilbert (ed) *Researching Social Life* (London: Sage) , pp. 45-57 .

M. Bulmer (2001) Entry on "Ethnicity" in A S Leoussi (ed) *Encyclopaedia of Nationalism* (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction).

Professional Activities

Editor of the international academic journal *ETHNIC AND RACIAL STUDIES*, based in the department, published eight times per year.

Member Editorial Board: *American Behavioural Scientist*; the *Sociological Quarterly* and *Minerva*.

Vice Chair: Executive Board of the Research Committee (08) on the History of Sociology, International Sociological Association, 1998-2006.

Related Links

Institute of Social Research
The Question Bank
Ethnic and Racial Studies

January 2012

Compiled by Professor Martin Bulmer Email: m.bulmer@ntlworld.com

Foreword

This "collective memoir" is dedicated to the memory of Ian G Hogbin, 1942-2011, who died age 69 in November 2011. He and I attended Ackworth School in West Yorkshire in the second half of the 1950's, and were in the sixth form together from 1959 until 1961. Ackworth is a co-educational boarding school of the Society of Friends [Quakers] founded originally in 1779. At Easter 2011 Judith Davison, our contemporary, organised a reunion for those who had been in the fifth form together fifty years previously. Unfortunately Ian was not mobile enough to attend that reunion, even though he lived only ten miles from the school, but he remained a keen Ackworth old scholar with a deep affection for the school and an interest in its doings. In the six months prior to his death, he and I had taken an interest in the prominence achieved by Kwaku Adoboli , a Ghanaian former pupil and head boy who, a foreign exchange dealer for the UBS bank, was arrested in 2010 for having incurred the largest loss for a British-based bank due to one individual, £1.3 billion. Shortly after, Jeremy Heywood [now Sir Jeremy] became the Secretary of the Cabinet Office at No 10 Downing Street. Though not a pupil at this Quaker school, we had been taught by his parents Peter and Brenda, who had met and married at Ackworth while we were pupils there. The material which follows stems from these exchanges and correspondence at the time of Ian's death and funeral, which four of his contemporaries attended and to which fourteen sent messages of condolence although unable to be present in person.

The pages which follow contain four types of material. A brief overview is provided by myself as the compiler. This is followed by a list of names of those who were members of the cohort for some of the years between 1954 and 1961, but who did not for one reason or another submit a statement about what they had been up to since leaving. Then 29 of our cohort describe what they have done since leaving Ackworth. The document ends with a list of members known to be deceased, with obituaries of six of them.

Putting this document together also reminds one of the World in Action tv programme made by Michael Apted called **7 Up** [see his book **7 Up**, London Heinemann, 1989, looking at the experience of 14 children over the years up to age 42]. Originally begun as a study of contrasts in social class, by the age of 42 it was focusing on the characteristics of the children themselves. It seems to me that is what we are doing here, and asking ourselves what we have learned about ourselves going through life. The class spectrum covered in the accounts here is narrower than in **Seven Up**. This is a vignette of middle Britain, with a strong emphasis upon those who professionally were involved in education. But it reflects upon what was for our teenage years at school a quite compelling collective experience. Whether “collective memoir” is quite the right description, it is hoped that what follows is of interest.

Thanks particularly to Judith Davison for sharing the list of names with which to contact people, and to Bill Howey for writing out of the blue from “down under” after many years of silence and sharing a range of photos of the time.

Overview Martin Bulmer

The idea of compiling this document came about through a combination of writing to people from our year about the death and funeral of Ian Hogbin in November 2011, and hearing from Bill Howey in Australia out of the blue, whom many of us had not heard from since he emigrated there in 1967. Bill later circulated a small selection of photos from our years at the school which jogged the memory further. In my own case, the realisation that we are none of us getting any younger, and that of three of us who shared a boy’s study in School House in 1960-1961, I am the only one left, was a further impetus to find out what we have all been doing in the intervening half century.

The boundaries of the group included in this document are a bit hazy at the edges. There is an ineluctable fuzziness about it, even though the core is meant to be those who were in the fifth form together in 1959. This means that it covers the group most of whom arrived at Ackworth in 1954, and many of whom left after being in the Sixth Form in summer 1961. But this is not wholly accurate. Some came to Ackworth after 1954, into higher forms, and others left earlier or did not stay into the sixth form. A few for one reason or another repeated a year. Others moved from fifth form to Remove and like Ian jointed us in the Sixth Form. So I cannot vouch for the rigour of the criterion for admission to this list. Moreover, memory is partial, and who can now reconstruct the structures of yesteryear? Bill circulated a photo of Form 1Alpha One from 1954. What was that? Was it the name for the form which became 2B?

What you have here then are three types of information about our year.

First, from those who chose to provide it, about thirty of us, a short summary describing what they have been up to since we left Ackworth. Second, there is a list of others who were members of our year who did not want to participate in the exercise, or with whom we have lost touch. For many, but not all of this second list, we have addresses, but in some cases not even that and a few of them are definitely abroad. Third, there is smaller group who have died. For some of these, biographical information is given, for others there is just a name because information is sketchier. There are clearly gaps here which might be filled, if people have the will to do so.

Yet the experience which we shared together does mean something, which one is reminded of at gatherings like the one last Easter. For me, Ackworth means the experience of growing up together in the fairly intense atmosphere of boarding education. I think of two examples. Travelling to school at the start of term was distinctive. Many of those in the group from Northumberland were there at the behest of Northumberland County Council, and when we gathered at Newcastle Central Station to take the train for York and Pontefract were bound together. The name of our fellow pupil the mercurial Billy Dawson from Ashington even now brings a smile to the lips. And at this time of year, singing carols reminds me of gathering in the boy's dining room in dressing gown and slippers to drink cocoa at Xmas 1954 and Xmas 1955 to sing carols. These are the intangible results of going away to school. My first job in the mid-20s was studying the course and effects of the decline of mining in the Durham coalfield. It was with considerable surprise that I realised that at Ackworth I had lived in the midst of a mining area. Not that we would have known it. Parts of the Yorkshire coalfield lay to the south around places like South Elmsall. A good proportion of the male inhabitants of Ackworth Moor Top were miners, not that we were aware of it. Ackworth scholars tended to be from the middle middle-class, and we were kept that way. Fraternisation with the locals was fairly severely discouraged. Unsupervised walks in the locality were made largely impossible. We interacted very little with local people. [A notable exception to this was the relationship between Ian and Janet Tutton. She was a local Ackworth girl. Ian reports that he faced discouraging remarks from staff about having a girl-friend from the village, but he persisted.]

The brief you were given said:

- a) This is not mainly an account of occupational success. Domestic life is just as important as what you did as a job.
- b) Excessive praise for the achievements of children was not required
- c) Reveal what you wish and keep private what you wish to keep private.

Some of the twenty-nine accounts which follow in alphabetical order are remarkably frank, and few of us seem to have led wholly predictable or uneventful lives. As a sociologist by occupation, an occasion life this is an invitation to generalise, and I therefore offer the following generalisations on the basis of our collective experience.

- (A) International orientation. Quite a few of us have been international in one way or another, to quite a considerable extent. Either in living and working abroad, in emigrating ourselves, or in choosing a foreign spouse, or in having children who live abroad, we are quite an international lot and have a good deal of experience of foreign parts. Thus one of you, commenting on Bill Howey's account of himself, said that his daughter lived about 50 miles away from Bill in New South Wales, and he hoped that he would go and visit him next time he went out to see his daughter.

- (B) Traditional occupations like medicine and advocacy are not much in evidence. What stands out is the extent to which numbers of people have been involved in school or university education. For me, the account which strikes one is that of the late Philip Heymans was a highly regarded schoolmaster teaching in a specialist grammar school in another part of the country. But there are many examples one could pick.
- (C) Marriage is a lottery, or so it seems. Some marriages endure, others have had a finite life and have ended in separation and divorce. This is essentially a private matter, but marital breakdown seems to have been not infrequent. The details and pain of separation are often played down, but that facet of experience is frequently there between the lines.
- (D) One's health is also imponderable, and some have experienced health challenges as one grows older. Others have faced these challenges and overcome them. The late Rosemary Stephenson, for example, became a pilot and mastered the necessary skills of that job. The accounts are discreet; several have had brushes with cancer, and having family members with mental health problems is not unknown.
- (E) Several of you have experienced bereavement, the impact of which may have been considerable. Perhaps it tends to be glossed over, but it is clear that the loss when it has occurred has been very great. There are more widows than widowers.
- (F) Many of you have had a satisfying, if at times challenging, personal life, which has fully occupied you, sometimes centred on children. This can be no less challenging than the world of work.

Technical limitations have precluded the inclusion of photographs, but it has occurred to me that if we wished to take this further, we could if we wanted set up a website on which we might post information about those who did not contribute to this document, and could show photos both from Ackworth in the 1950s, and some more recent photos of ourselves and our families. What is the betting that we would find pictures of our childhood selves more attractive?

Martin Bulmer

25 January 2012

Names of other members of our cohort:

We have no information for the following, who ideally we would have liked to see included. For those indicated with an asterisk, we have a UK address, but this is all. I want to acknowledge that not everyone thinks that this exercise is worthwhile. Not everyone wishes to contribute to such a collective exercise. What do we have in common, they say? What is the point of Old Scholar's Gatherings? I have to admit that I find the Easter gatherings are a bit of an acquired taste. Who wants to relive their childhood by running the Badsworth again, or to endure the inanities of "Pop"? So this document is not an exercise in nostalgia. Moreover, Ackworth is now very different from what it was in our day. Three-quarters of its pupils are day boys and girls from the West Riding. A select minority who today occupy School House form a kind of conversion course, whereby pupils from East Asia are assimilated into English education. Look at the OS listed in the REPORT with addresses in the Haidian district of Beijing or the suburbs of Shanghai or Kowloon. Look at the School website about its International Study Centre. Only one of the current Ackworth staff is a member of the Society of Friends, and only a small proportion of pupils. The School is a member of the Headmaster's Conference [shades of the denouement of CLOCKWISE !] For a flavour of the School today, look up the words "Kweku Adoboli " in Google. Or the School newsletter, where pupils are met at Manchester Airport at the start of term, and New York seems a common destination for school trips! URL: <http://www.ackworthschool.com/ackworthtoday>.

So the following are missing.

- Roger Allen (emigrated to Canada: repatriated to Manchester. Earned PhD in industrial chemistry)
- Geoffrey Carter
- Rosemary Cherry nee Dale
- Olga Davison
- Beryl Evans nee Speirs
- Beatrice Gardner
- Christine Hackett
- Alison Harrison nee Pullan [USA]
- Vicki Haworth nee Wright
- Judith Hurron nee Marshall
- Catherine James
- Shelagh Jordan [USA]
- Judith Knifton nee Fisher
- Robin Lidster
- Carrie Mae McCant [USA]
- Janet Park
- Michael Postle
- Helen Thompson nee Heyman [Canada]
- Angela Wake nee Ronksley

What We Have Been Up To: responses from 29 of us

Judith Anderson nee Davison (Form 5A Photograph: far right back row)

On leaving Ackworth in 1961, resisting going into teaching, I joined Barclays Bank. However, a year later, I found myself at Ripon Training College.

After marrying and teaching for three years, my son, Tim was born, followed the next year by daughter Katie. We were converting houses and were always on the move, albeit locally, around Corbridge, Northumberland. It was a busy life but I fitted in some piano and violin teaching. A few years later my youngest son Ben was born and soon after I went back to full time teaching in Newcastle. The children and I moved to Newcastle and eventually I did some voluntary work there. Two of my greatest pleasures began then too---painting and playing the small harp (clarsach). These two activities continue to occupy much of my time now as well as teaching piano and clarsach. I play the clarsach with a large group and am a member of a trio and occasionally we are asked to take our harps to parties! I now live in a village where there are many activities including a drama group of which I am a member.

I enjoy walking in our beautiful countryside, choral singing, concerts and gallery visits, not forgetting being with grandchildren. Tim has three children, Katie has two (in Johannesburg) and Ben has two with another on the way. Still a busy life!!

Jane Arkle (Form 5A Photograph: fourth left back row)

I attended St. Andrews to study French, Spanish and later Arabic and played guitar and sang regularly at the Folk Club. Strange coincidence – I met several times Archie Fisher who was quite famous already in Scotland and subsequently married a Lucy Cowan (ours I presume?). Spent the first few years bringing up two girls who have somehow turned out really well - one is a counsellor and good at it, and the other spent some time in the Ambulance Service before having to be medically retired. I have one granddaughter who was a terrible brat but is now improving and actually got a degree and a job in these difficult times. I then did some secretarial training and worked for the Fire Service for the rest of my working life. If you do secretarial work, the environment has to be interesting - I am a big fan of firemen everywhere. Nice people to work for and quietly heroic. I retired at 60 because I got fed up of sitting in traffic jams and have since lived a quiet life with my dog. I work at home for an ex colleague who has set up a Fire Safety Consultancy, typing his documents and keeping his spelling and grammar in line. This keeps me in touch with the world. My children accuse me of becoming a hermit but I am well content with living alone and walking the dog, Ace (Border Collie, burglar alarm and walking companion) On moving to Castle Donnington I found a tap dancing class which is my passion and have taken part in many stage performances. Move over Fred Astaire!

Maeve Auer nee Cowan (Form 5A Photograph: 5th right middle row)

After leaving school in July, I plunged straight into a tour with the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain starting in Berlin in August 1961 which put me on my future path. The emotional impact of playing the two national anthems in the atmosphere of the building of the Berlin Wall was electrical. This instantaneously decided me to become a musician rather than a linguist – realising the power of music as being capable of breaking down all barriers – and that I have been serving ever since. Following studies in Vienna and a successful career as a violinist all round the world, first as a member of “The Vienna Soloists” , then as a soloist with piano/orchestra – broadcasts and TV – I was offered a teaching post in Vienna at the Academy for Music and Performing Arts, where I studied myself, then renamed Musikhochschule, (Musical High School) which in time became the University for Music and Performing Arts, with myself in the position of professor. My choice was to teach on-going teachers rather than orchestral players, both instrumentally, on violin and viola, as also tutoring “the art of teaching” in groups, where I could pass on many of the ideals I had assimilated at Ackworth; awakening interest in the subject and encouraging the development of experiment rather than dictating the law. This absorbed my life from 1982 until retirement in 2009.

Maeve and her relationships:

1962 – 1998: Günter Auer, from whom I divorced in 2007, having shared student days, followed by wonderfully informative journeys in many different countries.

1998 – 2005 Siegfried Neuer, who died that year, with whom I was introduced to the Vienna underworld, sharing life amongst the poor with all its warmth and honesty.

Connection to a Nigerian family - in - need via the Vienna Baptist Church led to my marrying the father, Kenneth Ijebor, (at present telephone marriage-in-waiting), with whom I have gradually found the way into the depth and magic of a truly loving African soul. We have learnt patience. This took a long time.

I am now embarking on the adventure of recording my life's work, working together with my true Duo partner, Dutch pianist Martyn van den Hoek.

Veronica Bird OBE

I left Ackworth in the fifth form with no O levels and lived with my eldest sister and husband. I worked for them looking after their children and working in the markets for £1 per week until I was 21 then I managed to "escape" after being told by a neighbour that I was a slave. I joined the Doncaster Borough Police force and worked as a Policewoman for 4 years then I joined the Prison Service as a Prison Officer. I have worked in many prisons around the country - Holloway, Brixton, Styal, Risley, Leeds and more. I worked with some notorious Prisoners - Charlie Bronson, Myra Hindley, Mary Bell to name a few. I gained promotion very quickly and moved through the ranks making Governor Grade before I retired in 2003 from New Hall Prison in Wakefield. I was awarded an OBE and this was presented to me by the Queen at Buckingham Palace, a wonderful experience. I visited Prisons in Western Australia. I was invited to visit Prisons in Russia and that was a truly moving experience, the conditions were just unbelievable.. I have not been married so no divorce either.

Since retiring in 2003 I have worked as a mentor for newly promoted Governors, worked for two charities the Butler Trust, and The Shannon Trust. I am currently President of the Harrogate Women's Luncheon Club. The club was founded 85 years ago and I am trying to rebuild the membership (currently 87 members) . I have met many interesting people on my journey through life - Margaret Thatcher, John Major, Frank Bruno. Trevor Brooking, Dickie Bird and many more - so life continues to be good and I am very fortunate to be able to say in good health.

Martin Bulmer (Form 5A Photograph: 4th right front row)

Martin Bulmer has lived on the south west edge of greater London on the Surrey borders for the last 38 years after graduating in sociology from LSE in 1967, and spending six years living in Durham City and studying the decline of the coal-mining industry in Durham County. His wife Joan is Dutch, although she was born in Bandung on the island of Java [population today 7 million], the seat of government of the Dutch East Indies [now Indonesia], shortly before Netherlands India was invaded by the Japanese in 1942 . She studied social anthropology, has taught several social sciences, and more recently has been a local authority Training Manager training social care staff.

Martin is currently Emeritus Professor of Sociology at the University of Surrey in Guildford, from which he retired in 2008, and in retirement, his principal activity is editing the academic journal ETHNIC AND RACIAL STUDIES, which appears twelve times per year.

URL:<http://www.tandfonline.com/toc/rers20/current>. He has also taught at Durham, LSE and Southampton Universities.

He and Joan have two mixed-race children, Michael and Georgina, whom they adopted in 1983. They enjoy walking and hiking, and holidays abroad. Most recently, they spent six weeks in the People's Republic of China. Georgina has five children who keep them busy in retirement, and live in Oxfordshire. Providing support to Michael has proved challenging, and relations with him have deteriorated in the last two years. He is currently in HMP Wandsworth, awaiting sentence at Kingston Crown Court on a charge of arson. Martin overcame his inhibitions in talking about his parents to cooperate with Laura Trevelyan when she was preparing her book *A Very British Family: The Trevelyan and their world* (London: IB Tauris, 2006) where they are discussed in chapter 4.

Peter Catterall (Form 5A Photograph: 4th right middle row)

From Ackworth, I went to Leeds University, where I took a degree in Economics and Accountancy. I then moved to Manchester, where I completed articles with a firm of Chartered Accountants, and became professionally qualified. During this time I also on occasion acted as umpire at OS cricket matches at the school. I did not however practice as an accountant, but rather have spent my career teaching accountancy students, which I have very much enjoyed. I have been based throughout in London, in the geographical area of the City of London. I taught in the Accountancy Department at Sir John Cass College in the City, specialising throughout in the teaching of auditing. The Sir John Cass College merged with the City of London College in 1970 to form the City of London Polytechnic; becoming thereafter [London Guildhall University](#) and merging in turn to form the present London Metropolitan University in 2002. I retired from London Met some years ago, but continue to live in London. During my time in London, I have been a member of various London clubs, such as the Junior Carlton. For a time I lived at the Penn Club in Bloomsbury, and overlapped there with Christopher Roberts. I now live at St George's Nursing Home at 61 St George's Square, London SW1V 3SR, tel 020 7821 9001. This is about 100 yards from Pimlico Underground Station, and very near Tate Britain and the campus of the Chelsea School of Art. I would be pleased to see any classmates who wish to call in, please let the Home know that you are coming in advance.

David Cross (Form 1 Alpha (1) Photograph: far right back row)

Following Ackworth I became quite involved with the local Young Friends Group ultimately resulting in my spending a very interesting and stimulating 2 months in North America on a Young Friends International Caravan summer 1967. I married Judith (nee Lacey) on 31 August 1968. !

My working life started in August 1960 when I commenced a 4 year Engineering apprenticeship with an Electrical Switchgear engineering and manufacturing company in Buckinghamshire, after which I was appointed to the post of 'Sales and Estimating Engineer'. In late 1967 the firm was the subject of a take-over, the sales office transferred to London and I was made redundant. I secured a similar post with a smaller firm and with that firm moved at the end 1969 to their Agency in the Bristol area. I was made redundant again 1971 as a result of another take-over just as all Bristol's Rolls Royce engineers were seeking jobs. A chance meeting led to a changed in career and my joining Allied Breweries in Bristol as an in house trainee pensions clerk where I progressed to 'Pensions Controller'.

Our three sons, Huw, Gareth and Iain were all born during our time in Bristol (October 1970, January 1974 and September 1976 respectively. We moved North to Manchester area with a pensions computer systems firm in 1984, partly influenced by the fact that our eldest son was by then at Ackworth and the 3 weekly 400+ mile round-trips North were becoming tiresome.

Due to a general contraction of business I was made redundant again! We chose not to move back South and I joined another pensions systems consultancy before setting up own firm. Although successful the business recession of 1989/90 hit hard and we wound up the business to take up an opportunity to move back to in-house pensions administration management with a client company then based in Cleckheaton, West Yorkshire – by then all 3 boys were at Ackworth so a move over the Pennines made the regular visits much simpler. The company, which had 8,500+ UK employees when I joined, restructured considerably over the years selling off companies within the group and reducing the UK workforce to less than 2000 in the process making work and family life as Group Pensions Manager somewhat pressured at times. In mid-2003 I took early retirement but continued a consultancy presence with my former employer for a number of years, finally fully retiring (from paid work) late 2009.

In 2006 we moved to the South West near to middle son Gareth's family in North Devon and to be closer to ferry ports as by then we had a second home in France. Following full retirement we now spend much of the time in France where we have a large garden which keeps us self-sufficient in vegetables and fruit most of the year. Reflecting back on Ackworth days I do wish I had taken more notice in language lessons; my French is still very much O level. We 'get by' most of the time with our French neighbours here in rural France and have integrated into the village community, however they still find it difficult to understand 'les végétariens' (who remembers the 'veggie' table at Ackworth?). We now balance our time between our homes in France and the UK (latterly mostly France) and travelling within Europe in our Motor home. Our 3 sons have their own homes and we are blessed with 5 grandchildren (Huw has 2 girls and Gareth 2 girls + a boy – Iain is still 'célibataire' with a home and 2 dogs just 20 minutes from us in France). Happily we are all in good health. .
(Ackworth dates: 1954 to 1960 (after a final year in "6R")

Isabel De Sudea nee Alonso (Form 1 Alpha (1) Photograph: far right middle row)

After studying languages at Sheffield University, I spent a year with VSO in Colombia, in northern South America. There I met Paco Sudea, who subsequently came to Britain, where he has practised as an architect. We married and have lived in London for forty years. We have two children, Leo who lives in London and Alex, who currently works in Los Angeles. I taught Spanish and French for many years, ending my teaching career as Deputy Head of Whitefield School, a secondary school near Brent Cross. I took early retirement some years ago, since when I have pursued an active second career as a writer of OUP Spanish language textbooks under the name Isabel Alonso de Sudea. A cross-section may be consulted under my name on Amazon. We are involved in the Anglo-Colombian community in London, and also pay frequent visits to Spain. We have one granddaughter who keeps us busy and entertained. It is a moot point whether I belong here. I was in form 1 Alpha 1 in 1954-5, and then repeated the first year in 1955-56 because I started too young. Thus I really belong to the cohort after ours, and my Ackworth dates are 1954 to 1962

Neale Holmes-Smith (Form 5A Photograph: 2nd right front row)

I live in Welwyn Garden City with my Dutch wife Margot. She can walk to John Lewis in ten minutes, and I can walk to a 200-acre wood in ten seconds, a wonderful compromise for us both. We met and married in Vancouver in 1971 and have celebrated our Ruby Wedding with a luxurious Baltic cruise. We have two daughters, Ingrid and Eveline, in their late 30s, both of whom live in and near Edinburgh. Ingrid has our three year old grandson Dart.

On leaving Ackworth, I worked for three years at three distinctly different small horticultural businesses prior to training for three years at Edinburgh Botanic Gardens, where I gained a wonderfully fulfilling knowledge of plants which has been a joy throughout my subsequent life.

Following two years working in Vancouver Parks Department, British Columbia, Canada, and managing the social and outdoor events programme of the big, active Youth Hostel, Margot and I upon getting married, travelled ten thousand miles in a VW Beetle to Mexico City, S.W. United States, and New York, living in a tiny tent!

We returned to the UK, where in 1972 I took a position of Lecturer in Amenity Horticulture at the Agricultural College in St Albans. I love enthusing people about plants and the living world [thanks to Victor Mendham], which sadly so many people fail to appreciate their value in adding to the quality of our lives. In the 1980s I started teaching Countryside Management which is now perhaps my greatest passion.

I took early retirement at 53, the best decision ever as teaching my becoming increasingly more stressful and less rewarding. The subsequent 16 years have been the best of my life during which I continued part-time teaching for ten years and continue landscaping and maintaining gardens for friends to supplement my limited pension. Additionally I am very involved in voluntary conservation works with the Herts and Middlesex Wildlife Trust. I am voluntary warden of a local cowslip meadow and a reed bed, working regularly on other reserves. My passions are trees and woodlands for which I run walks and identification courses. I also present illustrated talks on horticulture to many groups in Hertfordshire.

As a family we spent most summers in Holland at Margot's parents enjoying extensive and boating trips. When the children left for university, I finally had time in our caravan to visit and get to know Britain more intimately; it is an ever intimate, changing and fascinating homeland, with much more still to explore.

I have largely avoided IT, emailing and mobile phones, preferring in retirement to enjoy "slow living" and avoid the instant need for communications and information which engages so many people for so much of their lives. So contact me by phone 01707-324313 or at 7 Nut Grove, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL8 7SQ if you feel inclined.

John Michael Horrocks-Taylor 1954-1960

I never knew what I wanted to do when I left school. I grew up and still don't! I have been retired and semi-retired for several years. This situation suits me very well. My career path went straight for a while and then did several U turns to go in new and completely different directions.

I started with a traditional apprenticeship with night school and day release, for seven years, in the Textile Trade. When my wife, Katharine, was just about to give birth to our first child, I handed in my notice and went self-employed and on commission only. We survived. Since then I have run several small businesses with varying degrees of success.

I am married, with four grown up children, two boys and two girls who are all either married or in stable relationship and we have three grandchildren.

Ten years ago we bought a property in Tenerife where we spend several of the colder months. We share this property with friends and family.

My hobbies include Rotary, 41 Club, Golf, Qigong (a form of Taichi), stock and share dealing, eating out and holidays. I now spend time fruitlessly trying to reduce my golf handicap.

William P Howey (Form 5A Photograph: 2nd right middle row)

Dr Bill Howey is a 69 year old veterinarian (Foaled 1942). He has worked in mainstream large animal (equine) veterinary practice for over 30 years in the Hunter Valley of New South Wales and was a Principal in Scone Veterinary Hospital. Latterly he has been intimately associated with education, extension, research, continuing professional development and social issues. His life's journey has taken him through myriad professional and educational societies and institutions throughout the globe. He has been associated with more Universities than his modest academic record warrants!

His prime interests have been in education, travel, sporting pursuits, reading (*"My books are increasingly the sleepers on the rusting railway lines of my life"*: Phillip Adams ABC Radio National), writing, racing, farming as well as devotion to family and friends. He is currently a principle of the primary aged care facility in the Upper Hunter Valley as well as a Councillor in Local Government. As a partial result he has developed a deep interest in the environment, sustainable industries, public health and welfare focusing on dementia, depression, anxiety and community care. He is committed to the provision of adequate 'one health care resources' especially in rural and remote areas. His most recent and demanding but much coveted role has been as an emerging grandfather!

See also:

<http://www.sconevet.com.au/>

<http://upperhunter.local-e.nsw.gov.au/>

http://www.hverf.org/index.php?menu=about§ion=board&member=b_howey

<http://www.cve.edu.au/history>

<http://www.smh.com.au/articles/2004/01/27/1075088025245.html?from=storyrhs>

Bill is married to Sarah [nee MacKay], who is of sixth-generation Scottish descent from Sutherland in the north of Scotland, arriving in Oz via Nova Scotia several generations back. They have two children, daughter Kirsty and son Hugh.

Kirsty is a lawyer, who graduated from ANU and is now completing a Masters in Law at the University of British Columbia. She juggles work, motherhood, partner, pregnancy and her course and lives in Darwin in the Northern Territory where, after a spell in corporate law, she is Legal Advisor to the Northern Lands Council, dealing with the legal rights of Australian indigenous people. After a spell in accounting, son Hugh has become a teacher. His experience has included two years at a missionary school Iringa in the southern highlands of Tanzania, where Bill and Sarah have visited him.

Jean-Gaye Johnston nee Hewitson (Form 5A Photograph: far left seated front row)

After Ackworth I obtained an honours law degree from Bristol University. I decided not to make my career in law and trained for social work at Liverpool and Leeds Universities. Later I did a part time MA in social policy (Durham) and a PhD in politics (Nottingham).

My first jobs as a health social worker with adults were in London and later in Leeds. I then ran an area team in Doncaster. I was subsequently Principal Staff Development Manager in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Bolton Social Services Depts. I was Principal Planning Officer in Norfolk Social Services. I lectured at Teesside University and in FE in Oxford and Burnley (where I was Head of Department). Before retirement I ran an MSc. in Health/Social Services Management at Cumbria University.

I stood as Labour Parliamentary candidate four times, in the 70's and 80's. These were marginal seats when Labour was doing badly. I was also a councillor in Darlington. I've always been on the soft left of the Party; when Blair took over I was blacklisted, along with similar candidates, and prevented from standing. In 2009 I was national Chair of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy. I am now working on a book 'critique-ing' New Labour.

In 1973 I married Terry Johnston, who I met through politics. I have a lovely daughter and two delightful grandchildren, Liam, 15 and Maria, 10. We have enjoyed travelling widely and now spend the UK winters in Western Australia. Do visit us there or in LA (Lower Accrington) where we spend British summers.

Susan Kelly nee Jesper

After leaving school I served a 3 year apprenticeship in Hairdressing in my hometown of Harrogate. I'd only been qualified for 6 months when I met an American and was whisked off to America to be married. We lived in Chattanooga, Tennessee where I worked in one of the biggest Hair and Beauty Salons in the American South. We returned to England four years later. Unfortunately my husband died but I have two lovely sons to him who keep his memory alive.

I carried on working after the boys were older, as Manageress / Receptionist in a Hair and Beauty Salon in Harrogate where I still am, but only work one day per week now which I love, having relinquished all responsibilities and stress!

I have enjoyed many years of being a member of our local Amateur Operatic Society, staging two Musicals a year. After retiring off stage I was Business Manager for the Society until last year when I stood down owing to family commitments

I have 2 grandsons 14 years old and 11 who live in Essex and a 15 month old granddaughter in Phoenix Arizona, so I do get some fantastic holidays. I only wish they were not so far away. My brother Charles who also went to Ackworth (1950- 56) and I are very proud that we were the seventh generation of the Jesper family to attend the school.

Joyzelle Kelsall nee Lloyd (Form 1 Alpha (1) Photograph: 4th right front row; next to me)

Stephen Kelsall (Form 5A Photograph: 4ht left back row)

Stephen and I are both retired, having had careers in teaching and advertising, and we have lived in Manchester all our married lives. I am very busy with singing in two choirs, and being chair of a large gardening society, Stephen plays a lot of golf, and bridge, and has become very keen on photography again. Our son, Tim, works for the Department for International Development as a development consultant on Africa, but lives in Cambodia with his wife, who works for the UN as a lawyer in connection with the Khmer Rouge Tribunal. We have had some very adventurous holidays because he lives so far away - the latest being to Kathmandu. They have a little girl, Eva. Our daughter Eleanor lives with her family in Nottingham, and is the fundraising manager for an addiction charity. They have a little boy, Jamie. We should like to let everyone know that we shall be at Ackworth next Easter, and the Easter after that. It would be lovely to see all our friends again.

Philippa Lowe nee Carter

At the end of a 36 year career as a prison psychologist, I had two tragedies to cope with: my son developed schizophrenia and my husband died suddenly of cancer. The only way into retirement seemed to be to get active as a volunteer in the fields in which I felt I had some expertise. This led me to working for two charities.

The Shannon Trust organises a peer mentoring reading scheme which facilitates prisoners who can read to teach those who can't. Particularly useful for those whose school experiences have made them unwilling to engage with normal classes. Also very good for the mentors who find for the first time that they can pass on a skill to others. I organise the volunteers who support the scheme in the London prisons.

I have used my experience as a mental health carer in my work for Rethink Mental Illness, the leading charity for severe mental illness. I am now a trustee and in this capacity I chair their Communications and Campaigns committee and contribute to other areas of work, such as criminal justice developments, promoting better physical health care and helping to edit the charity's magazine.

Apart from this, life's circumstances (not planning!) have made me the proud/fretful owner of three houses which need tending. In London I live in Blackheath, most weekends I am in Ramsgate (where van Gogh lodged in my back bedroom) and every month or so I'm in Cassel in French Flanders, a village on top of the hill which the Grand Old Duke of York marched his men up and down. Visitors welcome at any of them. I have a boyfriend to share all this with and for travel, culture etc. in any spare time which remains.

Jane Milne nee Bray (Form 5A Photograph: 3rd. left front row)

I trained as a nurse at St. Thomas' Hospital and worked there until I married Andrew in 1967. When my two sons were old enough I returned to work. I worked on a neonatal ward at STH finally becoming a ward sister. The work was rewarding but very stressful, eventually I started to feel the strain and retired in 1997. I then returned to my artistic side and went to art college, ending up with a degree in Fine Art. I still do quite a lot of work mainly figurative sculpture. I had a solo show at a local gallery recently. I have a web site: www.janemilne.com

My eldest son Dr Richard Milne is a lecturer in molecular biology at Edinburgh University. He is very concerned about climate change and gets letters published in various papers from time to time. My other son Alex and his wife run the Hungerford Bookshop, a couple of years ago they were voted Independent Bookshop of the Year. I also have a delightful granddaughter Hattie. Under the watchful eye of the NHS my husband and I remain in good health.

Anne Moore

My father sent me to secretarial college, against my wishes, and then I was a secretary until I was married to the clerk to the council at Knaresborough. Then I had two sons and went to work as a veterinary nurse for nearly twenty years which I thoroughly enjoyed. However, plagued with osteoarthritis, I had to give this up and became a doctor's receptionist until the time of my divorce, when I moved from the York area to near Wakefield. I went on a horticultural course for ladies and eventually obtained City and Guilds Certificate and went self employed as a lady gardener which I loved. I had to give this up eventually due to arthritis of my hip becoming worse and also had major surgery on my right eye, by this time I had moved to the Selby area to be nearer my sons, where I remain, am currently trying to move back to Pocklington where I used to live. I keep in touch with Gaye Johnston [nee Hewitson] who I see quite regularly and recently found Julia Wynne on Facebook. I met up with Veronica Bird as she came to give a talk to our local ladies group, which was nice to see her. Alas did not make Easter due to having trouble with my knee, have since had surgery on it but unfortunately it has not gone as well as I had hoped.

Andrea Palin nee Mellor (Form 5A Photograph: far left 'diminutive' back row)

After leaving Ackworth I went to the Princess Christian College in Manchester to train as a Nursery Nurse and since then I have worked in this field either in private homes, workplace nurseries or in the pre-school setting. Bob and I have been married for 44 years and have three married daughters and six Grandchildren.

We live in Stamford Bridge near York, still a village although it has grown substantially since we came to live here in 1972. I continue to be involved with Guiding and with the young people attached to our Church.

We enjoy travelling, our last adventure being a month in Uganda in 2010 when we retraced Bob's roots – his parents and grandparents were missionaries there. Nearer to home, when not on our shared narrowboat, we may often be found camping in some windy, but scenic, corner of Britain!

David Petrie (Form 5A Photograph: 2nd left middle row)

I studied Civil Engineering at Leeds University, contemporary with Peter Catterall, but our paths hardly crossed. It was there that I met Mary and we were married a year after graduation. We have two sons and two American grandsons, so we have had much practice at flying to the USA.

I worked for 40 years as a Civil Engineer, in a variety of roles. These included a water main across county Durham (cold), ICI Teesside (smelly), 3 tunnels (wet, dark, dangerous), a lake in Northumberland (bracing), a roundabout in Gibraltar (claustrophobic), the A17 across Lincolnshire (flat), but ending up with Birmingham's traffic – and they do have a bit of a problem. In all that time I nearly managed to avoid management, earning my crusts by using the applied physics I had been taught. It also involved moving house several times, at which wasteful pastime we have become practised. We hope not to move again now.

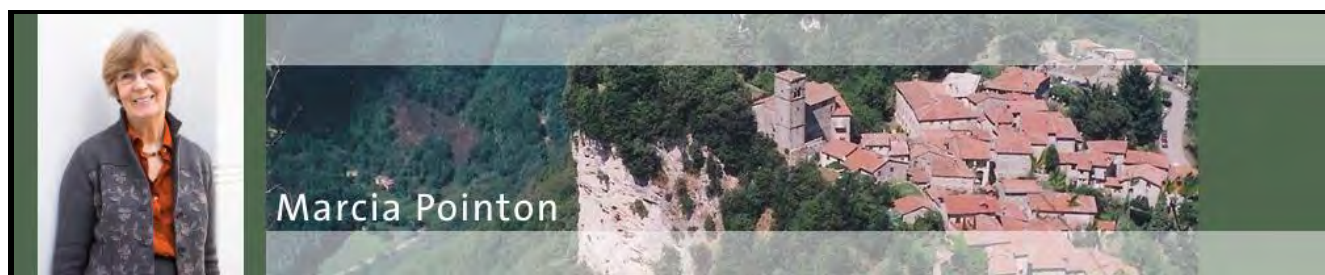
Mary and I retired to Kirkby Stephen in Cumbria two and a half years ago following retiring and have gradually got busier and more involved. I am a trustee on two local charities. One is the Quaker Tapestry, (a small museum in Kendal), the other gives grants for whatever the trustees think is suitable. Yes, it is as wide a brief as that. Mary advises at the CAB in Penrith. Otherwise we have re-organised our garden removing a pond to leave a sunken garden, and grow vegetables and fruit in an anti-bird cage as well as flowers and a small lawn. We walk - the hills here give plenty of opportunity, even if the weather is not always enticing. Living here allows us to go only when the auguries are good, so we hide at home during the rainy times, which are frequent. In really good weather we take our canoe out, usually on to Ullswater, but I am a fair-weather sailor. I still do woodwork, now mostly in the form of turning and carving, often combined in the same piece, and am making a wooden clock. We have been folk dancing (English) for longer than I care to remember, which has taken us to festivals (including the floor of the Albert Hall) and abroad on tours over the years. I am also learning to play a violin, and play every week with a Ceilidh group and with an amateur orchestra. Mary tells me my playing is getting better – she no longer gets herself out of earshot.

Retirement has turned out to be a change of activity, not a reason to stop.

Marcia Pointon nee Collin (Form 5A Photograph: middle front row next to Martin Bulmer)

Marcia Pointon is Professor Emerita of the History of Art at the Victoria University of Manchester and an Honorary Research Fellow at the Courtauld Institute of Art, University of London. She is now an independent scholar living in London.

More information is available on her website: <http://www.marciapointon.org>



Introduction

Marcia Pointon is Professor Emerita of History of Art at the University of Manchester UK and Research Fellow at the Courtauld Institute of Art, London. She lives in central London and in Northern Tuscany. Having studied both English and History of Art, her professional interests range widely across many aspects of visual culture, imagery and representation in Western media from around 1700 to the present day. She has written on Portraiture, Landscape, Book Illustration, the Body in Representation, Gender and Imagery and on the interrelations between the applied arts of jewellery and other forms of historical visual evidence. Marcia Pointon's 2009 book about jewels in art and literature explores both the materiality of gems and jewellery and the economics and politics of a culture of surface display that functioned across national boundaries and encompassed simultaneously both ancient traditional bodies of knowledge and new scientific approaches to the world (see *Brilliant Effects* below). Her latest book entitled *Portrayal and the Search for Identity* looks at different ways of approaching portraiture, including in relation to the material culture of dress (click on link below). A fully revised *History of Art: A Students' Handbook* fifth edition was published by Routledge (Taylor & Francis) in March 2014. She is currently completing a book titled *Diamond* to be published in Reaktion Books' series 'Earth' as well as a research paper on Rubens's interest in precious stones. Marcia is a member of the Courtauld Institute of Art Research Forum's International Advisory Board, the National Portrait Gallery's research advisory group and the Public Catalogue Foundation/University of Glasgow Oil Paintings Expert Network. 2014-15 Marcia Pointon holds a Leverhulme Emeritus Research fellowship to work on her book *Diamond*; she has been appointed Trustee of The Art Fund from July 2015.

Brilliant Effects: A Cultural History of Gem Stones and Jewellery, New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 2009, pp. 426, ill. 371 (ISBN 978-0-300-14278-5). WINNER OF HISTORIANS OF BRITISH ART BOOK PRIZE 2011

[Portrayal and the Search for Identity, London, Reaktion Books, 2013 pp. 272, ill. 102 \(ISBN 978-1-78023-041-2\)](#)

[History of Art: A Students' Handbook, 5th edition, Routledge, 2014, pp. 164 \(ISBN 978-0-415-63924-8\)](#)

Contact Marcia Pointon: m.r.pointon@manchester.ac.uk



There is an interview with Marcia at <http://www.aah.org.uk/projects/oral-history/interviews/interview-with-marcia-pointon>

Christopher M Roberts (Form 5A Photograph: 4th right back row)

After leaving Ackworth in 1961 he went to the Royal Manchester College of Music and Manchester University then to Durham University studying organ at the Cathedral (and singing in Newcastle!). While in Durham he met up with Roy Wells who was teaching there. A period as Assistant Director of Music at Leighton Park (the Quaker School in Reading) was followed by time at the London Opera Centre as a répétiteur. Whilst there he stayed at the 'Penn Club' and saw a good deal of Peter Catterall who was also a resident. After a year of freelancing (coaching singers, piano accompanying etc.) he moved to Colchester as Head of Accompanying in the University Music Department. Whilst there over the next 25 years, he gave many concerts as accompanist in all the main venues in London (Wigmore Hall, St John's Smith Square, Queen Elizabeth Hall, Purcell Room) also on the BBC Young Musician of the Year televised series. Over the years he has kept in contact with Maeve and Lucy Cowan - has given many concerts with them and has helped coach and play at the Chamber Music courses run by the Cowan family at their home in Scotland. Since retiring in 2005 he has been even busier giving many concerts both here and abroad (last one in Mendelssohn's house in Leipzig), teaching piano, coaching singers and running adult weekend courses in music, and has threatened to write a book about the life of an accompanist, but hasn't got round to it yet. Life is too busy, especially with a 15 year old son!

Pam Roberts nee Hodges (Form 1 Alpha (1) Photograph: seated first left far front row)

Married to Iain, three grown up children, two of whom are married, one grandson, another due any day now. Iain died two years ago. Education after Ackworth at Birmingham (Westhill, with Julia Wynne), Sussex and Reading Universities. Profession - teacher, variously of history, physical education and special needs. Educational consultant specialising in Behavioural management of Young people that is ! Ongoing but due to finish soon, mentoring for the Faculty of Education at the University of Reading. As for interests, my feet hardly seem to touch the ground. Let us just say that I like to keep mind and body active. Use Facebook but do not like it very much. Gaye has got me involved in "Linked In".

Karin Sumption nee Lusby (Form 5A Photograph: 3rd left middle row; next to me)

As I think most of you know I married Adrian Sumption ('Gumpy') in 1965 and we have lived around South West London all our married life. Having moved a lot as a child I have enjoyed being almost stationary for the last 46 years. We have two children who have emigrated back to the north, our son to Sheffield, with wife, two daughters and at different times an assortment of foster children, and our daughter to Liverpool and latterly Cheshire with husband, daughter and son. This means we come up to our old stamping ground quite frequently to see them all.

Adrian worked on the engineering side of Thames Television most of his working life and I spent twenty years working with my brother, Keir Lusby at his workshop at Shepparton Studios making props for TV and films (for those of you who remember my artistic skills, I did the office work!). We both took early retirement and for the last seven years have had a camper van in which we spend a lot of time, travelling around the UK and France.

Kathleen Tanner, nee Waddell (Form 5A Photograph: 5th left middle row)

After enjoying Ackworth, I obtained a Mathematics Degree in London, and then worked in Operational Research in the paper and steel industries. I met my husband, Ian, and when we married in 1968 we lived in Richmond, Surrey

Subsequent moves took us to Yorkshire, Durham and then to Lincolnshire, where we have been since 1980.

We have two sons, born 1978 and 1980, and although not employed when they were very young, I then took up posts in the voluntary sector, and with housing associations. From 1994 I was employed to set up and manage Peterborough Doctors on Call, a co-operative of 80 GPs. When that was taken over by the NHS I retired, and now have many voluntary activities, interests, and courses, probably similar to those of other respondents.

I am a national Trustee of National Women's Register, and I hope others get as much friendship and enjoyment from it as I do (see www.nwr.org.uk). One son is in London, working in IT in the financial sector, and the other is doing research in particle physics at Heriot Watt University. Both have partners, and our two first grandchildren were born this year, so this is the beginning of another phase of life.

Christine Temple nee Fitch

After leaving school I started two years training to be a Dental Surgery Assistant at Manchester Dental Hospital. After completing the course, I got a job with a local dentist for a couple of years, and then moved on to a job at the University of Manchester's Student Health Centre in the Dental Surgery there. I stayed in that job (apart from maternity leave) until I was made redundant many years later.

I married Brian in 1968, an astronomer, who had been photographing and mapping the moon for the future Moon landings. We had a son a couple of years later. He is now married and lives in Sheffield, where he was at University. We have two grandchildren (one of each sort!) a mathematician and an actress.

Our holidays generally involved a lot of caravanning, but we often returned to Coniston with some good friends from primary school days. Nowadays we love the Channel Islands, but for a few years we travelled North to Greenland a couple of times, Iceland three times and Norway as far as Spitsbergen. I sat under Lenin's statue in Barentsberg sketching!

My main hobby these days is painting, which takes up a lot of time, and I am very involved in a local art club which has its own studio. www.altrinchamsocietyofartists.org.uk. I am also a member of a local park's "friends" group (Joyzelle is chairman) and enjoy gardening and photography (2D and 3D), messing about on the computer, and playing ping pong.

Peter Tod (Form 5A Photograph: 3rd left back row in sports jacket)

I left Ackworth with minimum O levels, and after a year at Marine College, signed on with Shell Tankers for four years as a Navigation Officer apprentice, subsequently doing a further seven years at sea as Second Officer trading mainly with Indonesia, West Africa and the Baltic. It was a good life but change was on the way with containerisation spoiling the more leisurely way of life that prevailed on general cargo ships. Time to come ashore. I had also met Janet, and we were married in 1969.

I became Marine and Technical Manager for an American shipping company based in Felixstowe. The container port was very much in its infancy where a great pioneering spirit prevailed. After some years I moved to Dover Eastern Docks where I was involved in the shipment of Kent coal to Belgium in containers. This worked fine until the pit strike came and I was finally made redundant. By then, Janet and I had three daughters of primary school age so we both decided on a role change. Janet became a university lecturer in Canterbury, and I worked part time as a yacht broker at a local boat yard. I was then able to support the girls in all their activities which included national dinghy sailing.

When it was time for the girls to go to university, more funding was required. I brushed the dust off my seagoing qualifications and after re-examination by the Coastguard, spent four years as Second Officer with P and O Ferries running between Dover and Calais. An enjoyable job, which unfortunately came to an end with compulsory retirement at age 61 years of age.

I have had the good fortune of excellent health. I have owned a number of small sailing boats over the years, and with the Thames Estuary nearby I enjoy local sailing. I completed a two-year course on furniture restoration but still prefer working on boats. (Scholar 1954-1959).

Ian Tutton

Since leaving Ackworth in 1960 I worked in the food industry [sugar confectionery, cake, and biscuits] for twelve years; qualifying in Food

Technology, Business Studies and as a Corporate Secretary, specializing in Finance. I then spent the next six years working for a power transmission company [V Belts] as Financial Director. In 1978 I bought into a small Transport company [three vehicles] and as Managing Director expanded the business into National Warehousing and Distribution with over eighty vehicles and 180 staff. I sold the business in 1998. In my retirement I am kept very busy with Quaker work. Local meeting Treasurer and Area meeting Trustee also Treasurer/Trustee of Halifax Meeting House Charity. Rotary [Past President and Paul Harris Fellow] and Free Masonry. Any spare time I go sailing; we have a bolt hole near Harlech and sail from nearby Porthmadog with trips to Ireland, Spain, France and Cornwall.

I have a lovely wife Janet [met at Ackworth - local girl]. and we have two offspring David and Helen. Helen lives in NSW about 50 miles from Bill Howey. We also have three grandsons two of whom we try to visit in Oz at least once a year.

Julia Uremovich nee Wynne 1955-1959

Active — walk, bike, work-out and yoga

Birds — love and feed them

Charlotte — a great city in North Carolina where we live

Donkey — had one in Ohio and found out they live 65 years!

Energetic — love traveling (Japan, US, Australia, etc.)

Festival — Go to Cornerstone Christian Music in Illinois each year.

Gary —husband for 40 wonderful years on Feb. 26th

Hobbies — Geocaching, Hiking, Travel, Reading

In-laws — Inga, Matt and Gavin are wonderful!

Journey — It's all about the journey!

Know — I Know the importance of living each day to the full!

Librarian — Worked as a school Librarian in Ohio for 6 years, my best job ever.

Mother —Emily —owns a Personal Training Studio, ran 12 marathons in 12 months this year and is a mother of 4 boys; Thor – Graphic designer in Chicago for an urban ministry has 5- and 3-year-old boy and girl; Verity – Physician Assistant in Casualty; 4 yr old girl and 2 yr old boy.

Nature — love gardening and being outdoors.

Opportunities — I take them!

Photographs — wonderful memories!

Quote — my favourite quote: “Life is not a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be lived” Philip Yancey.

Recycle — and reuse

Scrabble — love it and play daily online with son Thor.

Teacher — trained as a teacher – favourite teaching job was in Kyoto International School in Japan. I lived there for 2 years before meeting Gary.

Uremovich — married name. Gary is from Chicago but we met in Oxford.

Volunteer — at the local Nature Centre and local Public Radio Station.

Wine — great drink! We love to go to Wine dinners and our ‘local’ – ‘The Wine Vault’ (Hosanna, our dog, comes along).

X — extra special things matter – a walk along the beach or a relaxing massage.

Yoga — therapeutic!

Zumba — fun but shows me how uncoordinated I am!

Val Walker-Wilton nee Walker

After working as PA to the Consultant Psychologist at an Oxford Hospital, I left to have my eldest son. My sons grew up in the Wirral where I was involved with the usual PTA, fund raising for scouts. I also taught part-time and did medical secretarial work. When the boys left home for University, to study data-base management and drug research, I became involved in the Rambler's Association in North Wales. Now living in North Wales, I led walks for the Ramblers, and became particularly involved in footpath work (a challenge in Wales), becoming Area Vice-Chair and on the RA Executive Welsh Council for which I got an award from the Rambler's Association. I enjoyed bagging peaks in Wales, and particularly those back in my Yorkshire Dales. Holidays were spent walking in many parts of the world from the Great Wall of China to the mountains of New Zealand. We were involved with local history/archaeology groups, and managed to get to the Philharmonic concerts in Liverpool.

Then we decided to move back to my beloved Yorkshire Dales. We sold our house and are now enjoying life walking, exploring the landscape, archaeology/local history around Grassington, yoga, water-colour painting and my first grandchild.

OBITUARIES

A number of our cohort are believed to have died, but details of all those concerned are not available. Among those whose death has been mentioned are:

Libby Wallace, nee Cowan [d 2008?]

Fuller information is available about the following fellow scholars.

[Oliver] Richard [Henry] Baxter 1942-1985 (Form 5A Photograph: 4th left front row)

Richard attended Ackworth as did his sister Melissa. Their older brother Geoffrey attended Great Ayton. His mother had been a political agent for the Labour Party, helping to run elections in a constituency as a paid official. Immediately on leaving Ackworth in 1959, Richard was apprenticed to be a chef at the Dorchester Hotel in London. After successful completion of his apprenticeship in London, Richard moved to be a chef in Switzerland and then in London.

In 1968, Richard undertook a technical teacher training course at Garnett College, Roehampton, following which he became Lecturer in Catering at Derby College of Further Education. In 1973, he married Elaine, one of his former students, and they had two children, Jacqueline and Karen.

In the summer of 1984, Richard acquired a guesthouse which he and Elaine ran as a business, whilst Richard continued his teaching in Derby. Richard, one of the first of our cohort to die, suffered a severe heart attack on 15 May 1985, some two weeks after his 43rd birthday. The depth of feeling for Richard was evidenced at the funeral service by the number of colleagues and students who attended. His Ackworth years were 1953 to 1959.

J Philip Heymans 1943-2007 (Form 5A Photograph: middle of middle row)

On leaving Ackworth, Philip studied Chemistry at the University of Manchester, and spent some time doing voluntary work in Asia before settling down to a teaching career. He was appointed to the staff of Marling School in Gloucestershire, a boy's grammar school specialising in engineering. He was on the staff of Marling from 1970 to 2001, becoming in time Head of Chemistry and later Head of Science. The following obituary by Paul Furley, secretary of the Old Marlintonian Association, give some flavour of JPH as a teacher. [It also brings to mind one of our teachers, GPH].

“If ever you make a great discovery, don't worry what the time is, or where you are in the world, reverse the charges on the phone call, leave the stamp off the letter, just let me know and I'll market it - we'll share the profits 50-50!”

That was the level of enthusiasm JPH taught with, a man who seemingly never stopped observing all that was happening around him and could always relate anything on any topic back to the subjects he taught.

Professor Peter Hennessey's speech at Prize Day in 1993 included a defence of the role of the sceptic in political society, despite the areas of expertise of the two men being seemingly poles apart this was seized upon by JPH in his next Chemistry lesson

“A sceptic is a person who says 'I don't believe you - show me proof'. A cynic is a person who simply says 'I won't believe you no matter what'” explained JPH, supporting scepticism as the correct academic and scientific stance for learning.

For him all knowledge was linked and subjects such as “life” could be shown in a giant mind map spaced out on either a handout or his blackboard like a work of art. Stay switched on in class and his lessons were fun, interesting and delivered with no little performance, allied to an insistence that his rolled up sleeves meant chemicals fizzing and changing colour was no magic trick.

Pearls of wisdom frequently punctuated JPH's lessons “a scientist is someone who wants to prove something is possible - money is no object. An engineer is someone who looks to do something for as little cost as possible.” It was his belief that things should be elegant - complicated ideas to be presented as simply as possible without losing any of their meaning so that an intelligent reader without any knowledge of the subject could understand.'

Around the time of his retirement, JPH was diagnosed with a tumour near his spine, and four months later after operations became wheel-chair bound. In retirement he indulged his passion for photography. He left a daughter Jacqui who is a musician.

Ian G Hogbin MBE 1942- 2011

Living in Castleford, Ian was a very rare day pupil. He was delivered to the school by his father Geoff early in the morning, and collected by him about 9 pm in the evening. Geoff was a tailor, but in his youth had been a professional saxophonist in London with Ambrose and his Orchestra. After A levels in 1961, Ian undertook legal training, and pursued a career as a legal executive, first with Waterman's the solicitors in Leeds, and subsequently with the West Riding Passenger Transport Executive in Wakefield, from which he retired. Mr Waterman, with whom he had a good relationship, was the husband of the music impresario Fanny Waterman, who was a very well-known Yorkshire figure.

As a fellow pupil, Ian was a great Yorkshireman, always cheerful with an ironic eye. He brought punctilious care into his legal work. Not long ago, he and I were chortling at Ackworth's involvement, indirectly, in financial scandal. Some of you may recall the employee of the Swiss bank UBS in London, called Kweku Adoboli, implicated a few months ago in "rogue trading" on behalf of the bank. According to the Daily Mail, "the Ghanaian, who was privately educated in Britain and is the son of a retired UN worker, is accused of being responsible for the biggest loss ever accrued by a single trader based in London. The £1.3 billion figure easily dwarfs the £827 million lost by rogue trader Nick Leeson, who served more than three years in a Singapore prison for forging documents and deceiving the bank's auditors. It equates to about the same amount UBS is seeking to save by cutting 3,500 jobs worldwide." Our humour arose from the fact that the person concerned had been the Ackworth head boy! The School's reputation was then restored when Ian heard a talk of Radio 4 from which he deduced that the new Cabinet Secretary, Jeremy Heywood, was the son of Peter and Brenda Heywood, and thus indirectly an Ackworth product.

Ian was devoted to supporting Castleford at Rugby League and Newcastle United at football, with enthusiasm for Yorkshire and Fred Trueman on the cricket front. He, Roy and I spent many happy cup final days at his home, and in those days in the mid 1950's Newcastle had something to be proud of. Ian was a devoted old scholar until he could no longer get about easily, and was often to be seen at Easter weekends at his usual location on the top bench, casting a quizzical eye on what was going on and making a friendly comment to passers-by. In his last year, Ian suffered a great deal of pain in his back and legs which almost immobilised him. It is also possible that the pain-killers which he took masked the symptoms of the perforated duodenal ulcer of which he eventually died. But this was characteristic of the man, enduring without complaint great physical discomfort while maintaining a cheerful and interested bearing. His gentlemanly characteristics were acknowledged at the well-attended family funeral held at Crofton Parish Church near Wakefield, where he lived in later years.

Rosemarie Lindley nee Stephenson 1943- 2010 (Form 5A Photograph: far right back row)

Rosemarie, with her sister Dorothy and brother Christopher (AOS), lived in Morpeth where her father had a newsagent's shop. I remember she loved walking, especially when accompanied by Argos, their black Labrador.

She was very much a home bird and after she left Ackworth she returned to Morpeth, working for the Civil Service whilst caring for her elderly parents.

She became very keen to learn to fly and, after gaining her pilots licence in the 1960s, she flew businessmen in small private aircraft, mostly to Europe and Ireland. She later qualified as an instructor and, despite being only 5 feet tall, she successfully trained strapping young men to become pilots.

Rosemary was also a talented musician who enjoyed playing the piano and also gave flute lessons. Sadly, she developed MS, which severely curtailed her activities, and thereafter she spent a considerable time in and out of hospital. At this time she met and married Ian and she encouraged him as he worked on their home to make it more convenient for them both.

Despite finding writing difficult, she never failed to remember a birthday. She had a great affinity with the young and the elderly and was always cheerful and remained optimistic.

She sadly developed further medical complications, which led to her death.

Konrad Jan Saunders 1943-2010 (Form 1 Alpha (1) Photograph: 4th right middle row)

Konrad attended Ackworth from 1954 to 1962. After leaving, he attended Liverpool Dental School, where he qualified in 1966. He lived with his wife Sarah and two sons in Colwyn Bay in north Wales, where he ran his dental practice until he retired in 1999. He took early retirement following a heart attack. For the last decade, he and his wife travelled a great deal until in July 2010 Conrad suffered a fatal heart attack aged 66.

Roy Wells 1942-2000 (Form 5A Photograph: 2nd left front row)

Roy was brought up from the age of four in the village of Harbottle in the Coquet Valley in mid-Northumberland, where his mother was the District Nurse. He attended the local village primary school, and secured a place at Ackworth age 11 supported by Northumberland County Council, who sent a number of children to the School each year, often from remoter rural areas. From his early years, he was a keen supporter of Newcastle United Football Club, and in later years, a key treasured possession was a photograph of himself and Ian Hogbin who were photographed while waiting for a match to start at St James Park with the legendary team manager Kevin Keegan standing behind them.

After leaving Ackworth, Roy studied Geography at Durham University and undertook teacher training there. Hockey was one of his abiding passions, and he played at school, university, Club and county level at various times. His first teaching post was at Ferryhill Grammar School in the county. He then taught overseas for two years in the Solomon Islands and three years in Brunei. On returning to the UK, he taught for most of his career at a large comprehensive in Leamington Spa, while living in Kenilworth. He was a dedicated and enthusiastic teacher with a great interest in his subject. He married and he and his wife had a son and a daughter. Later the marriage broke up. He took early retirement age 55, and sought to establish a freight-handling business at Coventry Airport, while maintaining contacts with his old school, providing help accompanying field trips in vacations. It was on one of these, to Spain, that he became ill, and developed Guillain-Barré Syndrome, which affects the extremities of the nervous system. He succumbed to this, and died on May 30th 2000 age 57. He is sadly missed by his family and friends.

Footnotes and Comments (WPH)

I am amazed at Martin's Scholarship but not surprised. There are many revelations for me in the 'collective memoir'; all of them agreeable. It was no eye-opener that Martin succeeded from his early platform of 'academic brilliance'. It was perhaps more enlightening that both Maeve Cowan and Marcia Collin reached the exalted platform they did? Maeve's father had been Music Master at 'Marlborough'; then an exclusive Boys School and now the alma mater of the Duchess of Cambridge. Christopher Morell Roberts also excelled in music which was greatly encouraged at Ackworth. I was the abject failure! Peter Catterall overcame quite severe birth defect which left him with one vestigial (left) ear. He achieved immunity by defending himself with a fierce razor-sharp intellect. He was even a match for Martin in the political debate; one from the extreme left (MB) and the other the far right (PC). Peter was the most unco-ordinate of boys and could neither catch, kick, hit nor throw a ball. We made him scorer of the cricket team which he loved although he was the most untidy writer. Jean Hewitson is the last person in the world who I thought would indulge in a political career. Veronica Bird is the only one to have received a National Award (OBE): and Veronica was in the 'C' Stream. She was careful custodian of some of the most notorious criminals ever in British Legal History. The number who have achieved academic 'Doctorates' is very high and apart from the Professors include Dr Jean Hewitson Dr Guy Millington and Dr Roger Allen (Industrial Chemistry). There may be others.

The obverse might indicate that only those who wanted to tell their story responded? Others may well wish to hide their tale for whatever subjective reasons. I do clearly remember Head Master Albert Lindley reporting to the school that the Ku Klux Klan had burned an effigy outside the home of African American Carrie Mae McCant (adopted by senior wealthy white Americans) following her return to the USA after one year at Ackworth.

Footnote:

2005 Australian of the Year Dr Fiona Wood is an alumnus of Ackworth School

Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies

University of Edinburgh 1961 – 1966

I think I'll let the pictures tell the story with some minor explanatory annotations!



The Beginning 1961/1962

Pete Jackson (centre with pint in left hand) was a bit of a role model. He was in final year and had already completed two years National Service before commencing at the Dick Vet in 1957. He was therefore 5 or 6 years ahead of we 'Freshers'. There were several of these more mature men while we were still 'boys' (18 to 19 years old) by comparison. Pete was also the current captain of the football team and a very good mentor.

This photograph must have been taken in 'The Junction Bar' in East Preston Street which was the Dick Vet student hang out at the time. This later changed to 'The Falcon' in the same street but on the corner closer to College. Alan Irving is at close front left next to Brian Wain. This was a bit of an aberration for Brian who was more constrained as a rule. Larger than life Jim Buchanan is at the back and this was more his scene! Jim took an extra two years to graduate as I recall? I am more contemplative at the back and may be hosting shards of doubt resplendent in my College Tie?

Because we were nearly all 'blokes' the dress was almost standard uniform for Veterinary Students at Edinburgh University. I remember a Dentistry Student (from Manchester) referring to me 'in my farmer's suit'!

Charities Week Float 1963



Charities or 'Rag' Week was big on the agenda for all undergraduate students at Edinburgh University. It was the one and only time that the 'reclusive' Dick Vet joined with all other student groups within the University. It was really just another excuse for a massive party. Some of the celebrations were not too smart. Two Medical Students with us Dave Campbell and Ken Grant (both ex-Fettes) pledged to drink 100 pints of McEwan's Draft Export during the week. Dave pulled out in the 80s but Ken made it to 111. He was in hospital for days afterwards!

This photograph depicts my-self well daubed in the centre. Pete Campbell (Sombrero) and Pete Malone (Pirate Hat) are next to me with John Gilmore seated just in front. Hugh Reid is manning the signatory dust bin top defence shield. Coral Tatnell, Linda Barclay (Guitar) and Maureen Valentine were all good sports and represented half the female contingent in our year group. Linda (Shetland Isles) was the most daring and always led from the front! Neville 'Chiz' Turner (Year behind us) is standing with hands in pockets on the RHS of the float. It was Neville who dealt with the situation at their 10 year reunion when Rugby 1st XV 2nd rower big James Rorrison had become Jennifer Rorrison. No worries!

Dick Vet Ball 1965



It might seem like the Dick Vet was long five year party which some of it was. The reality is only the social and sporting events were recorded on camera. If you won an academic award it was like 'virtue': its own reward.

The Dick Vet Ball in 1965 features most of the serial culprits including from left to right excluding the ladies some of whom may not have endured:

Eric Jackson, Jim Buchanan, Gordon McKenzie, Pete Campbell. Rob Smith in front with Marianne, unknown, Pete Malone and Brian Wain at the back with Stuart Imray & Pat in front of them, I'm behind, Les Clerihew and an 'affectionate' Hugh Reid seated in front.

It was sometimes a mystery to me why the ladies endured these usually very well lubricated occasions? Perhaps it was the opportunity to 'dress up'. As is evident in this photograph Eric Jackson is portrayed as the 'serious one'. This was probably true although Rob Smith was also a contender. Both were great friends and equally top blokes as well. I am proud to include them in any compendium I might like to create. Jim and Gordon probably 'pushed out the boat' more than the rest of us. Sadly Gordon failed to balance the ledger and returned to Caithness without graduating. It's a pity because he abounded in talent.

Cricket 1st XI 1965



Back Row: R. M. Robarts (Umpire), D. E. Marlow, B. R. Borthwick, R. W. L. Cooper, P. G. Gamble, W. Smith, V. A. Bean, R. D. Murray, J. A. Moffit
Front Row: T. A. Irving (Scorer), A.M. Heath, W. P. Howey (Captain), Mr P. G. D. Morris (President), L. W. Clerihew (Vice-Captain), J. F. Hepburn (Honorary Secretary) J. Buchanan.

Mr P. G. D. Morris was our Histology Lecturer. He was universally popular. Jim Buchanan had played school cricket with England legend Colin Milburn in Durham. Les also played for senior Edinburgh Club Daniel Stewarts FP and made the Edinburgh Select side as a swing bowler. Alan Heath could really curve the ball but he had a round arm bent-elbow delivery which looked suspicious but nobody questioned. We just kept going. We played some very good Inter-College games the highlights being against Kings College, Newcastle and also Edinburgh Academicals at Raeburn Place. Although we had some talent our results were modest. Lack of assiduous net practice and lack of conditioning probably contributed. Our home ground was at East Fettes Avenue next to the major Private Boys School Fettes College (Tony Blair's alma mater). It was an excellent facility and probably better than we deserved. However active participation in sport at the Dick Vet was about 40% against the University average of c. 15%. We had our own Royal (Dick) veterinary Athletic Club within the University which regularly fielded three Rugby XVs, two Soccer Xis, two Hockey Xis, two Cricket Xis and a Golf Club. There may have been others. In the 1960s all of these were male teams. It is very different today!

Football 1st XI 1964-65



Back Row: A. G. Burnie, I. S. Imray, A. G. Hunter, W. P. Howey, A. J. Trees, J. Daft, R. R. Lyon, W. S. Imray
Front Row: J.S. Gilmour, J. D. Pringle, Mr J.A. Taylor (President), J. F. Hepburn (Vice-Captain), T. C. Morton (Secretary).

This was the core group who toured the Orkney Isles the year before. This was a most memorable occasion. We stayed in 'Stromness' and played a total of three matches. I recall we won one, drew one and lost the other. It was an honourable outcome. This was my last year laying football (soccer). In my final year I decided to learn to play Rugby which I did in the 3rd XV captained by Pete Campbell. My claim to fame came in a match against the so-called Tropical Veterinary Students; those Post Graduates studying for a Diploma in Tropical Veterinary Medicine DTVM. I crossed for the winning try at inside centre following a choice pass from half back and Captain Pete. I think this was my only score in my entire Rugby Career. I suffered a tear of the medial collateral ligament in my left knee not long after which brought my season to an early close.

I am standing 4th left at the back. Next to me on my left is Sandy Trees now Baron Trees of the Ross in Ross and Kinross. I would never have guessed this could happen but you never know when you might be brushed by fame? I think he would rate the title above the Full Colour for football he achieved in 1964-65?

Baron Trees



Induction in the House



Alexander John "Sandy" Trees, Baron Trees (Born 12 June 1946) is a Professor of veterinary parasitology and a Crossbench member of the House of Lords.

Alexander 'Sandy' Trees was born on 12 June 1946 in Middleborough and spent his childhood in Scunthorpe, North Lincolnshire. He was educated at Brumby Junior School and then at Brigg Grammar School between 1957 and 1964. In 1969, he graduated from Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies, University of Edinburgh with a Bachelor of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery (BVM&S) and therefore qualified as a vet.

Upon graduation, Trees undertook a research expedition to Kenya in 1969 to 1970. He then spent a year as a practicing veterinarian in Derby, England. This accumulated into completing a Doctor of Philosophy (PhD) on bovine babesiosis. He joined the veterinary pharmaceuticals company Elanco in Rome, Italy. He was veterinary advisor for the Middle East from 1977 to 1979, veterinary advisor for the Middle East, Turkey and Africa from 1979 to 1980, and finally Head of Animal Science in the Middle East and Africa in 1980. In 1980, he joined the University of Liverpool as a lecturer of veterinary parasitology. He was Head of the Department of Veterinary Parasitology from 1992 to 2001. In 1994, he was made Professor of veterinary parasitology and appointed Head of the Parasite and Vector Biology Division at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. He was Dean of the Faculty of Veterinary Science, University of Liverpool from 2001 to 2008. In 2011, he retired from the University.

He was Vice-President of the European Veterinary Parasitology College from 2006 to 2009. He was President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons from 2009 to 2010. From 2011, he is a member of the Executive Committee of the World Association for the Advancement of Veterinary Parasitology. He has been Chairman of the Moredun Research Institute since December 2011.

House of Lords

On 3 July 2012, Trees was made a life peer as **Baron Trees**, of The Ross in Perth and Kinross, and was introduced in the House of Lords on 12 July 2012, where he sits as a Crossbencher, or independent, peer. He is only the second veterinary surgeon to become a member of the House of Lords after Lord Soulsby of Cambridge.

Baron Trees made his maiden speech in the House of Lords in January 2013 on the Leveson debate.

Golf Club 1965



L. Clerihew

W. Howey

M. N. McPherson

R. R. Keddle

J. F. Hepburn

P. Campbell

J. Buchanan (C)

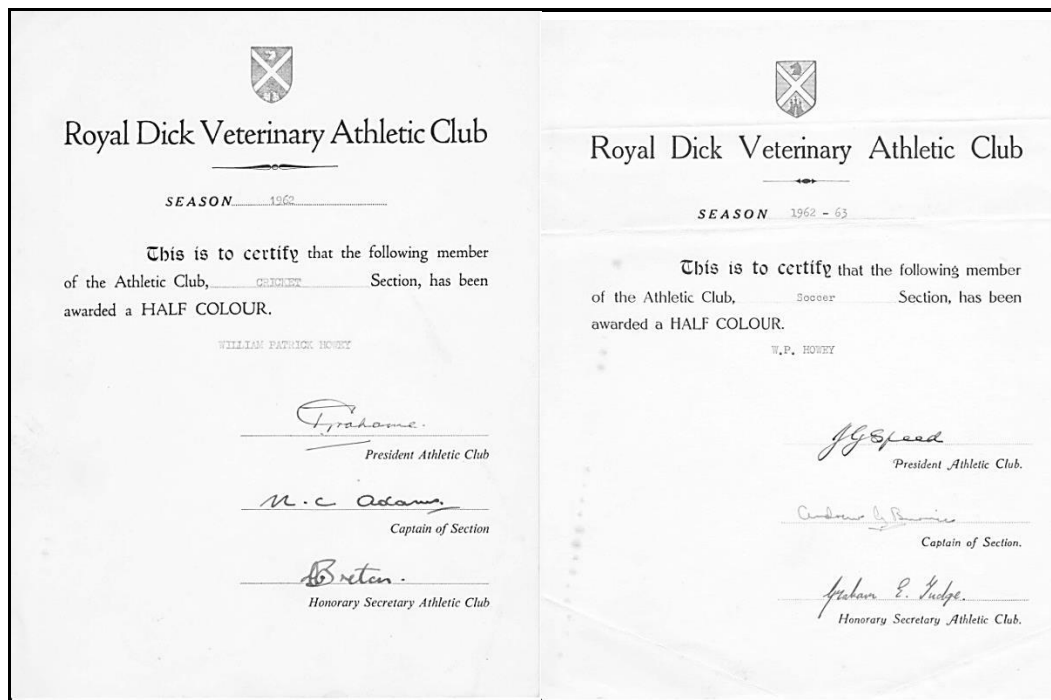
A. N. Christie

W. Smith

Inset: Mr H. Hastie, President

This was a social group made up to contest the annual Dick Vet versus Staff Match at Gullane. Bob Keddie was an International Rugby Player representing Scotland from Watsonians Rugby Club. Jim, Pete and Alastair Christie were the serious golfers. After the match at Gullane we spent a few hours in the Pub now owned by brother-in-law Iain Gray.

Half Colours



Full Colours



Diabolical Trifecta 1964



Jim Buchanan Gordon McKenzie Bill Howey

Dublin Cordiale 1964



Jim Buchanan Bobby Fitz-Henry (UCD) Bill Howey

UK and Ireland Veterinary Students met once year. This was in Dublin with a local leprechaun!

Matriarch Palmer & Crew 1965



Brian Wain Bob McCracken

Pete Malone Mrs Palmer Bill Howey

After a few false starts Brian, Bob, Pete and I were very fortunate indeed to find lodgings at 45 Warrender Park Avenue, Marchmont, Edinburgh. Mrs Palmer was our landlady. She was a true veteran of the hospitality and service industry having quote: 'served in grand houses in the Borders'. We lived here for the remaining three and a half years of our time at the Dick Vet. The apartment/house was a very large one on the bottom floor of a typical granite stone tenement building. It was a very convenient short walk to College at the south east corner of 'The Meadows'.

Brian became Principal of the large practice in Kelso. Sadly he passed away too early after suffering brain cancer. Pete stayed close to home at Alnwick before retiring to enjoy life at Loch Carron near the Isle of Skye. Bob McCracken was a totally committed Ulsterman who joined Government Service at Stormont in Belfast. He later became President of the British Veterinary Association (BVA) as well as the Commonwealth Veterinary Association (CVA). He was a Government Advisor to many African and Developing Countries. He met up with colleague and class mate George Akafekwa when on secondment to Zambia. Bob was awarded the CBE in 2002. I migrated to Australia after one year in practice in Northern Ireland. Interestingly Bob was probably the least involved of all of us in College and University affairs. His was a total focus on the ultimate objective of graduation. John Gilmour and I served as the Class Delegates on the Veterinary Students Committee all the way through. I was also on the Students Representative Council (SRC) of the University of Edinburgh.

Dick Vet Rugby Ball 1964



John Gilmour Unknown Hugh Reid Bill Howey Pete Campbell Brian Wain

& Partners

The Royal Dick Vet Rugby Club Ball was a 'major' on the social calendar each year. There was a dance at the College very Saturday evening during term. These were very popular venues especially in the situation where male veterinary undergraduates outnumbered female by 10 to 1! We had five women in our year but there was a class before us when there was a single female undergraduate.

The young ladies from Atholl Crescent Domestic Science College were sought after partners because they were supposed to be able to cook! I think for some of them it was a nice easy way to fill in two years of tertiary education.

Mid Way 1963/1964



Back Row: Bill Howey Pete Campbell Les Clerihew

Front Row: Alan Irving Alan Heath Jim Buchanan Gordon McKenzie John Gilmour

Sadly Gordon left without completing not long after. Jim took an extra two years to finish. Alan Heath was very bright. He was able to graduate very well although he missed a lot of classes when training and riding his own racehorse 'Zurbaran' at Wolverhampton in the midlands. John Gilmour never lost focus as befitted his Perthshire upbringing in a Presbyterian Manse. John later excelled in research at Moredun Institute before succumbing to Malignant Melanoma at far too early an age. John made more progress with the vexed problem of Grass Sickness in horses either before or since. The rest of us made it over the line more or less in regulation time. I think we enjoyed the best of all worlds: social, sporting and academic. Jim Buchanan graduated 'late' but achieved excellence in professional, civic and public life. Jim went into practice in Aspatria and from there became a cattle judge of International repute as an expert in the Blonde D'Aquitaine breed. He judged at every Royal Show in the UK and on the Continent as well as the Brisbane 'Ekka' where I watched him in action. He was something of a National TV celebrity when chairman of the Cumbria County Council during the horrendous floods in 2005.

'The Whitehaven News'

Thursday 15th April 2010

FORMER Cumbria County Council leader Jim Buchanan has died aged 67.



Jim Buchanan

Mr Buchanan stepped down from the post only last month after he was diagnosed with bowel cancer. The retired vet had intended to carry on as a Conservative councillor for Aspatria and Wharrels while he fought the disease. He died at his home near Aspatria with his family at his side. The news came as a shock to colleagues. Jill Stannard, the council's chief executive, said: "We are all stunned by how quickly he declined after being diagnosed with cancer only weeks ago. The fact that Jim was still working full-time as our leader just last month shows how strong he remained until the end.

"He was a fighter, enormously respected by both officers and members."

Mr Buchanan became council leader last June, heading a ground-breaking Conservative/Labour administration that was forged after elections left no one party with a majority. He was at the forefront of the council's response to the November floods, pressing the Government for funds for repairs and ensuring that a replacement road bridge was in place in Workington as soon as possible.

Labour's Stewart Young, who is deputy leader of the council, paid tribute to Mr Buchanan. He said: "It's a great shock. He was a skilled politician who was able to rise above party politics in order to secure the best outcomes for the people of Cumbria." Ian Stewart, leader of the opposition Liberal Democrat group, said: "Jim was committed to Cumbria and worked tirelessly to improve our lot, coupled with a cheery nature and a love of life. "He calmly led the council during the floods. The people of the county should be grateful to him for that. All our thoughts are with his family at this tragic time."

Mr Buchanan was married to Fiona and had two sons, Ian and Stuart. He became active in politics after he retired from the Beacon Veterinary Centre in Aspatria in 2000. He served on Allerdale Council, representing Solway ward, from 2003 to 2007 and also on the Lake District National Park Authority. He became county councillor for Aspatria and Wharrels in 2005.

Social Finale 1966



This is the whole of our Year in party mode at the Assembly Rooms in George Street. It seems the photograph was taken late in the evening or early in the morning? I won't attempt to dissemble the 'mob' but I am seated at left front. There is a bottle there as well.

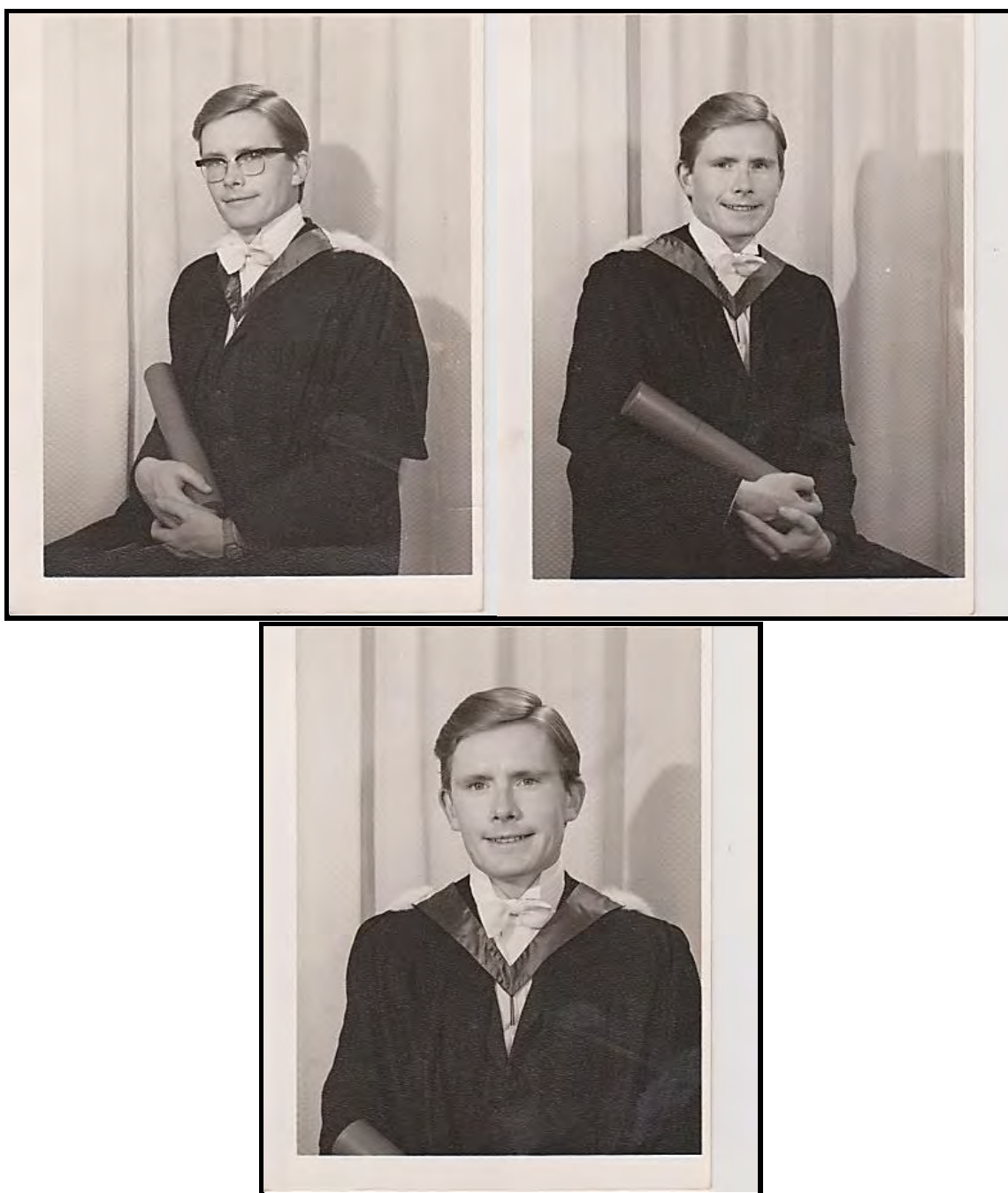
Graduation 1966



Pete Malone Bill Howey Dai Davies Les Clerihew

Although it appears hedonism and the pursuit-of-pleasure were the prime objectives at College the reality was quite different. Graduation in the regulation five years was always the goal. It was well known that the veterinary degree had more formal classes and face-to-face tuition than any other University course by far. In addition we were required to see as much veterinary practice as we could in our vacation time. I was fortunate in that I came from a farming background. Others had more ground to make up. Here the four of us were lined up in front of the William Dick Statue outside College. Dai had fallen back into our group from the year ahead. We are clutching our Graduation Degree Scrolls except I seem to be debating the whereabouts of mine? At least I'm on the front foot! The College no longer exists at Summerhall. The whole program has been relocated to premises at Easter Bush, Roslin, East Lothian. This was the site of our 'Field Station' where we were introduced to practical classes using live animals. The old autopsy room is now a Bistro for use during the Edinburgh Festival. It is called the 'Royal Dick'. A cynic who will remain nameless has asked who or what would you expect to find there: 'An erectile Prince Harry'?

Graduation Portraits



I hated these posed portraits; but my mother loved them!

I was admitted to Membership of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons (MRCVS) on Saturday 29th October 1966. MRCVS was the absolute pre-requisite permitting Member to be licensed to legally practice Veterinary Science in the UK. It seemed a very long way away from 4th Form at Ackworth School when Neale Holmes-Smith put the idea in my head. The first lesson I learned was how to spell the word 'veterinary'! Neale became a botanist.

Mission Accomplished

ROYAL (DICK) SCHOOL OF VETERINARY STUDIES

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

The following B.V.M. & S. Graduates were admitted to Membership of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons on Saturday, 29th October, 1966.

BELL, Andrew Steven Woodhouse,
Hillside, Brookfield, Wigton, Cumberland.

CAMPBELL, Peter O'May,
15 Gean Road, Alloa, Clackmannanshire.

CHEUNG CHIN YAN, Cheung Sheung Siong,
P.O. Box 221, Port Louis, Mauritius.

CLERIHEW, Leslie William,
34 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, 3.

DAVIES, Dafydd Hywel,
162A Boothferry Road, Goole, Yorkshire.

GARDNER, William Leslie,
"The Dams", Menstrie, Clackmannanshire.

HOWEY, William Patrick,
3 Mews Houses, Cockle Park, Morpeth, Northumberland.

INGLIS, David Michael,
58 Ochil Street, Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire.

MALONE, Peter,
c/o Muir & Curry, Veterinary Surgeons, "Nether House",
Alnwick, Northumberland.

PHILLIPS, James Macfarlane,
38 Upton Close, Norwich, Norfolk.

RAFFAN, Peter James,
"Avondale", Derry Road, Strabane, Co. Tyrone,
N. Ireland.

TAYLOR, Andrew Sloan,
19 Dean Path Buildings, Edinburgh, 4.

WARNOCK, John Archibald,
Sandilands Farm, Lanark, Lanarkshire.

WEKESA, Noah Mahalanganga,
Luandet Market, Kabras Location, P.O. Box 42,
Broderick Falls, Kenya.

Faculty Office.
29th October, 1966.

This is an unprepossessing document but it represents the culmination of at least 10 years planning and effort. I was in Australia less than 12 months later which was not pre-planned.

Malone Wedding



I was very honoured indeed when Pete Malone invited me to be his Best Man at his wedding to Rosemary in 1966. I think I could have improved the position of my hat?

Male Acolytes



Bridal Party



Life Garden's Serenity

Life's Path

40th Graduation Reunion 2006

Edinburgh Botanical Gardens

There was an excellent Wollemi Pine growing there.



I spent much of the afternoon pushing Willie Orr around in a wheelchair which I was very happy to do. Some are more equal than others! Pete Malone is standing on the right. The person with Sarah is John Fowlers' second spouse who visited us in Scone on a trip 'down under'. John had been previously been married to class mate Glenys Lambert. *C'est la vie!*

40th Graduation Reunion 2006

Dinner on the George Hotel, George Street, Edinburgh



I'm seated next to Hon Noah Mahalanganga Wekesa MP who was a Minister in the Kenyan Government. Noah was one of a number of Africans who benefitted from the post-colonial Colombo Scheme. Selected Africans were offered tertiary education at British Universities. Others in my year were Austin Khosa who became Vice-President of Swaziland and George Akafekwa who achieved high distinction the Government of Zambia.

Philosophical Peregrinations

Chief Joseph

In my extensive reading during the latter part of my life I have searched for a belief system approximating my own. I call this 'Transcendental Pantheism'. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce comes closest although I doubt either the 'Old' or 'Young' Chiefs would have called it that. A strange man was old Joseph ('Tuekakas' converted and baptised by the Christians), a sturdy, strongly-built man, with a will of iron and a foresight that never failed him but once – when he welcomed the Americans to his country. He had some strange notions too, one of which was that "no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own."

Old Joseph went to his grave in 1871, in blissful ignorance of the fact that his land was not his land. Captain Whipple says, "Uniformly and with vehemence to his last hour, he asserted to his children and friends that he had never surrendered claim to this (Wallowa) valley, but that he had left it to them as their inheritance, with the injunction never to barter it away." His son says, "I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said, 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother.' I pressed my father's hand, and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of Winding Waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

Young Joseph (Chief Joseph)

This son was worthy of his father's legacy. His name was 'In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat' (Thunder-Travelling-Over-the-Mountains). To the Americans, he was known as Young Joseph, and to the world, since 1877, he is Chief Joseph the Nez Perce. He was six feet in height, well-formed, of serious and noble countenance. He was grave and thoughtful, as becomes a ruler. He was shrewd and cautious, as becomes one who transacts business for a nation. He was exact and resolute, as becomes one who must preserve peace between two factions prone to misunderstanding and jealousy. Nearest and dearest to him, after the death of his father, was his brother Ol-la-cut; a little younger than himself, tall, handsome and gay. Both of these youths were students in Mrs Spalding's school in the happy olden times. Probably the good seed which was sown then ripened into good deeds afterwards; possibly it accounts for their honourable conduct when war came.

A Commission was appointed, and General Howard was made a member. They came to Lapwai to talk with Joseph and the other "non-treaties" that had never been able to understand Governor Grosvenor's logic. These bands were sufficiently confederated in interest, and sufficiently sensible of Joseph's abilities, to make him the leader of the "non-treaty" party. The Commissioners talked with them in November, 1876, in the mission church in Lapwai, but Joseph nonplussed the commissioners. They say, "An alertness and dexterity in intellectual fencing was exhibited by him that was quite remarkable." It was remarkable.

They were unable to answer his arguments. He said, "That the Creative Power, when he made the earth, made no marks, no lines of division or separation on it, and that it should be allowed to remain as then made. The earth was his mother. He was made of the earth and grew up in its bosom. The earth, as his mother and nurse, was sacred to his affections, too sacred to be valued or sold for silver and gold. He could not consent to sever his affections from the land that bore him.

He was content to live upon such fruits as the Creative Power placed within and upon it, and unwilling to barter these and his free habits away from the new modes of life proposed by us. Moreover the earth carried chieftainship (which the interpreter explained to mean law, authority, or control), and therefore to part with the earth would be to part with himself or with this self-control. He asked nothing of the President. He was able to take care of himself. He did not desire Wallowa Valley as a reservation, for that would subject him and his band to the will of and dependence on another, and to laws not of their own making. He was disposed to live peaceably. He and his band had suffered wrong rather than do wrong. One of their number was wickedly slain by a white man during the last summer, but he would not avenge his death. But unavenged by him, the voice of that brother's blood, sanctifying the ground, would call the dust of their fathers back to life, to people the land in protest of this great wrong.

The commissioners knew that Joseph's statements were true. His brother had been killed, as stated, in a quarrel about some stock, by a man named Finley, and the Indians had refused even to appear as witnesses against the murderer in court. Joseph said, "When I learned that they had killed one of my people I was heart-sick. When I saw all the settlers take the murderer's part, though they spoke of bringing him to trial, I told them that the law did not favour murder. I could see that they were all in favour of the murderer, so I told them to leave the country. As to the murderer I have made up my mind. I have come to the conclusion to let him escape and enjoy health and not take his life for the one he took. I am speaking as though I spoke with the man himself. I do not want anything in payment for the deed he committed. I pronounce the sentence that he shall live."



The Nez Perce reservation in 1855 (green) and the reduced reservation of 1863 (brown)

Wants and Needs

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians to the Board (including General John P. Shanks & Governor Thomas W. Bennett of Idaho) appointed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Lapwai Reservation, Idaho, March 1873:

"Do you want schools or school houses on the Wallawa Reservation?" they had asked him.

"No," he has answered. "We do not want schools or school houses on the Wallawa Reservation."

"Why do you not want schools?"

"They will teach us to have churches."

"Do you not want churches?"

"No, we do you not want churches."

"Why do you not want churches?"

"They will teach us," Joseph had said, "to quarrel about God, as the Catholics and Protestants do on the Nez Perce reservation and at other places. We do not want to learn that. We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth, but we never quarrel about God. We do not want to learn that." (*Chief Joseph may have been referring to the Wallawa Massacre? There was 'competition' between the Catholic and Protestant Missions. The Protestant Minister was also a doctor of his day. His children were immune to Small Pox and other diseases which were killing the native children. A lone brave surmised this was 'bad medicine' so slaughtered the unfortunate Minister and his family with a tomahawk in perceived retaliation*).

Fight No More Forever

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians:

Speech of surrender to General O. O. Howard, Colonel Nelson Miles, Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, Guy Howard & Arthur Chapman; Bear Paws, Montana, Friday, October 5, 1877

He dismounted his horse with dignity, handing his gun to the General. With Chapman doing the interpreting and Wood taking down the translation, Joseph began to speak:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. "Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say "Yes" or "No". He who led the young men [Ollokot*] is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are – perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

"I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer".

(* Ollokot, ['Alikot'] War Chief and younger brother of Chief Joseph whom General Howard had known and respected)

There was a moment of silence. Then Joseph drew his blanket over his head. The war was over.

Joseph's sad and beautiful words affected the officers. The long journey was ended. After a thousand miles of fighting, only eighty-seven warriors were now alive, and half of them were wounded. Joseph's wife was dead. His older daughter had escaped to Canada with White Bird, and only the girl papoose born on the flight was left to him.

Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood was overcome. He later became a major civil rights lawyer in the East espousing the cause of native title.



Map of the flight of the Nez Perce and key battle sites



Chief Joseph 1877

Free Man
Chief Joseph

“Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself -- and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty”.

“Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht has spoken for his people.”



An 1889 photograph of Joseph speaking to ethnologist Alice Cunningham Fletcher and her interpreter James Stuart.

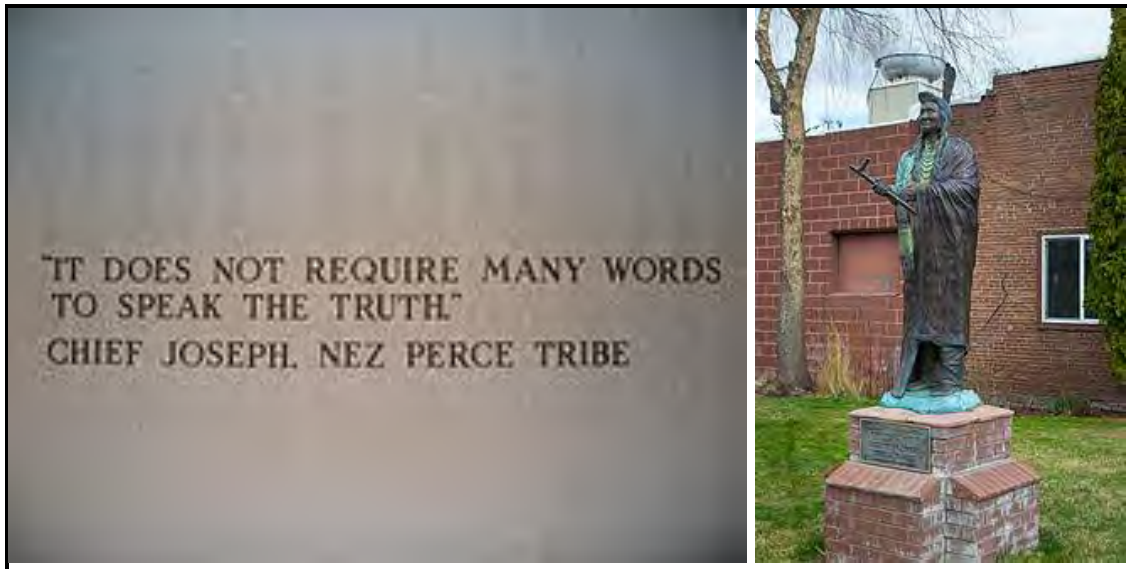
“If you desire the grander chivalry of strength of mind and nobility of soul, I will pit Chief Joseph against any barbarian that ever lived.” J. P. Dunn, Jr., M.S., L.L.B.; ‘Massacres of the Mountains’: A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West 1815 – 1875, Ganis & Harris, New York 1886



Chief Joseph and his remaining family c. 1880



Chief Joseph on the reservation



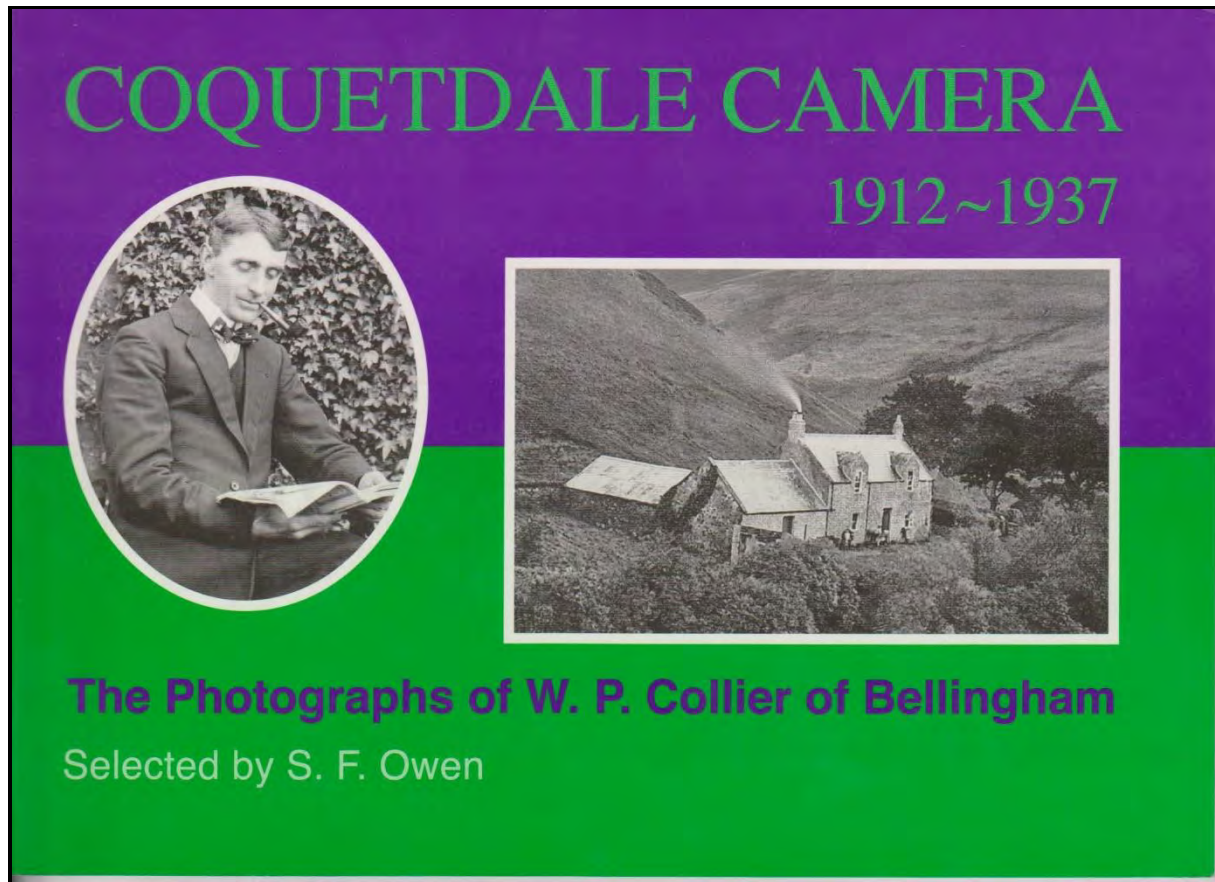
Left: A wall-mounted quote by Joseph in The American Adventure in the World Showcase pavilion of Walt Disney World's Epcot

Right: A statue of Young Chief Joseph in Enterprise, Oregon



“Strive for perfection and on the way hope to achieve excellence”

“Just as necessity is the mother of invention so is motivation the precursor of achievement”



Upper Coquetdale was a special for W. P. Collier. He enjoyed his visits to the isolated farms, where he could compose his pictures without disturbance, and he knew many of the families, who had often lived there for years. His journey began at Rothbury, the capital of Coquetdale and the home of photographer John Worsnop (1856 – 1938) and local historian David Dippie Dixon (1842 – 1929). Then came the villages of Thropton, Hepple, Sharperton, Holystone and Harbottle. A detour brought him to the farms along the Alwin, Biddlestone Hall, the old seat of the Selby family, and to the lofty shooting lodge at Kidlandlee, built by Christopher John Leyland of Haggerston Castle. W. P. Collier took many of his pictures when the road beyond Alwinton was no more than a narrow track, which crossed the Coquet by a series of fords. A favourite place was Barrowburn, the home of Mary Barton, Eliza and John Murray, and their daughter Mary. His final stop, 24 miles from Rothbury, was the lonely farm of Makendon.

BELLINGHAM, Northumberland.

Wm B Hall

S. E. 1937

W. P. COLLIER, Photographer, Picture Framer
and Post Card Publisher.

— Films Developed and Printed by return of Post. —

Selection of Post Cards of "Roman Wall," "Boreovicus Camp," Housesteads, also "Cilurnum Camp," Chesters.

W.P.C. 1 Film 1-6

*I am
W.P. Collier
18/8/37*

W. P. Collier (1875-1937) had known William and Sarah Hall ever since they came to Carshope in 1915. Their daughter Bessie (1914-1991) was a keen photographer and sent her rolls of film for him to process at his shop in Bellingham, each at a cost of one shilling and sixpence. Ten years before she married William Cecil Corbett (1916-2005) of East Otterburn Farm on 31st May 1947, Bessie sent a roll of film for developing and printing but the results were not as good as usual. W. P. Collier noted this and wrote, "I have done my best with your films; perhaps the light was not good or taken rather late in the day, the cause of them being so dull. With best wishes for your father and mother and all at home."

Thropton



By Joan Gale

Joan Gale published her Thropton & Hepple Barony in 1988. The stories were first published in the Alnwick Advertiser around 1980 and are repeated with kind permission of the Tweeddale Press Group. *"Many people I spoke to then have since died, but I have left them just as though they were all still alive. It helps to make my little local history into a sort of folk-memory about **a way of life in the Coquet Valley that has now gone almost completely.** I would like to offer my warm thanks to everybody in the valley who has helped me with information and photographs".*

Joan Gale was a local journalist well known to all of us. She had family our age. She was quite a good friend of dad's from memory although no threat! (© Copyright Joan Gale 1988)

UPPER COQUETDALE,

NORTHUMBERLAND:

Its History, Traditions, Folk-lore and Scenery.

BY

DAVID DIPPIE DIXON,

AUTHOR OF

"Whittingham Vale," "History of Rothbury Church," &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

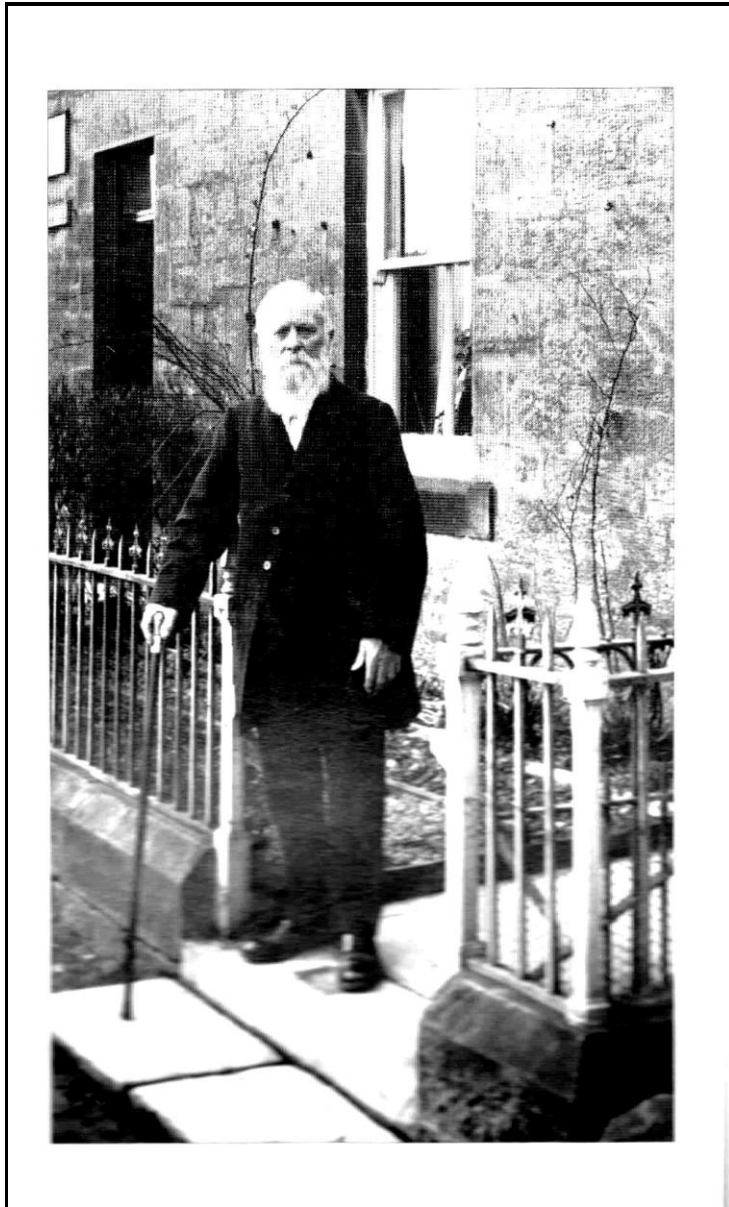
BY

JOHN TURNBULL DIXON.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT REDPATH.

1903.



(With acknowledgments to Coquetdale Camera 1912 - 1937: The Photographs of W. P. Collier of Bellingham. Selected by S. F. Owen)

David Dippie Dixon

This venerable antiquary was over 80 when his portrait was taken by W. P. Collier near Thropton Post Office. He became fascinated by local history while working for his father William Dixon, a grocer and draper, who had a shop in Whittingham. In 1862, he opened a shop in Rothbury for his eldest sons, David Dippie Dixon (1842 – 1929) and John Turnbull Dixon (1844 – 1926). The success of his Whittingham Vale, dating from 1887, led David to publish *Upper Coquetdale* in 1903, which he described as *the leisure hour employment of the village tradesman*. Both works were illustrated by his brother, who was an accomplished artist. David was librarian to Lord Armstrong, the builder of Cragside, and to his great-nephew and heir, William Watson-Armstrong (1863 – 1941) who was created 1st Baron Armstrong of Bamburgh and Cragside in 1903.

PROFESSOR MARTIN BULMER
Professor of Sociology



Qualifications: BSc, PhD (LSE)

Biography (See also Ackworth School)

Martin Bulmer joined the department in February 1995. He was previously professor of sociology at the University of Southampton, 1993-1995, and before that taught at LSE for seventeen years in the Department of Social Science and Administration. He has also been a member of the Government Statistical Service and a visiting professor of sociology at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Question Bank (a WWW resource) based at the University of Surrey. He also directs the ESRC Survey Link Scheme. He is also a Director of the department's Institute of Social Research, and an Academician of the Academy of Learned Societies for the Social Sciences.

Research Interests

His research interests cover the methodology of social research, the history of the social sciences, the study of ethnicity and race, the application of sociology to public policy, and the sociology of social care. He undertook an ESRC-funded project on the problems of making electronic questionnaires in CAPI (computer assisted personal interviewing), which are administered from a lap-top computer, intelligible when translated into a paper equivalent, for display in a setting such as the Question Bank. The second edition of the DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL RESEARCH ORGANISATIONS IN THE UK, which he directed, was published in 1998. He is the editor (with John Solomos) of RACISM (Oxford Readers, OUP, 1999) and RESEARCHING RACE AND RACISM (Routledge, 2004) and of QUESTIONNAIRES (Sage, 2004).

Professional Activities

Editor of the international academic journal ETHNIC AND RACIAL STUDIES, based in the department, published eight times per year.

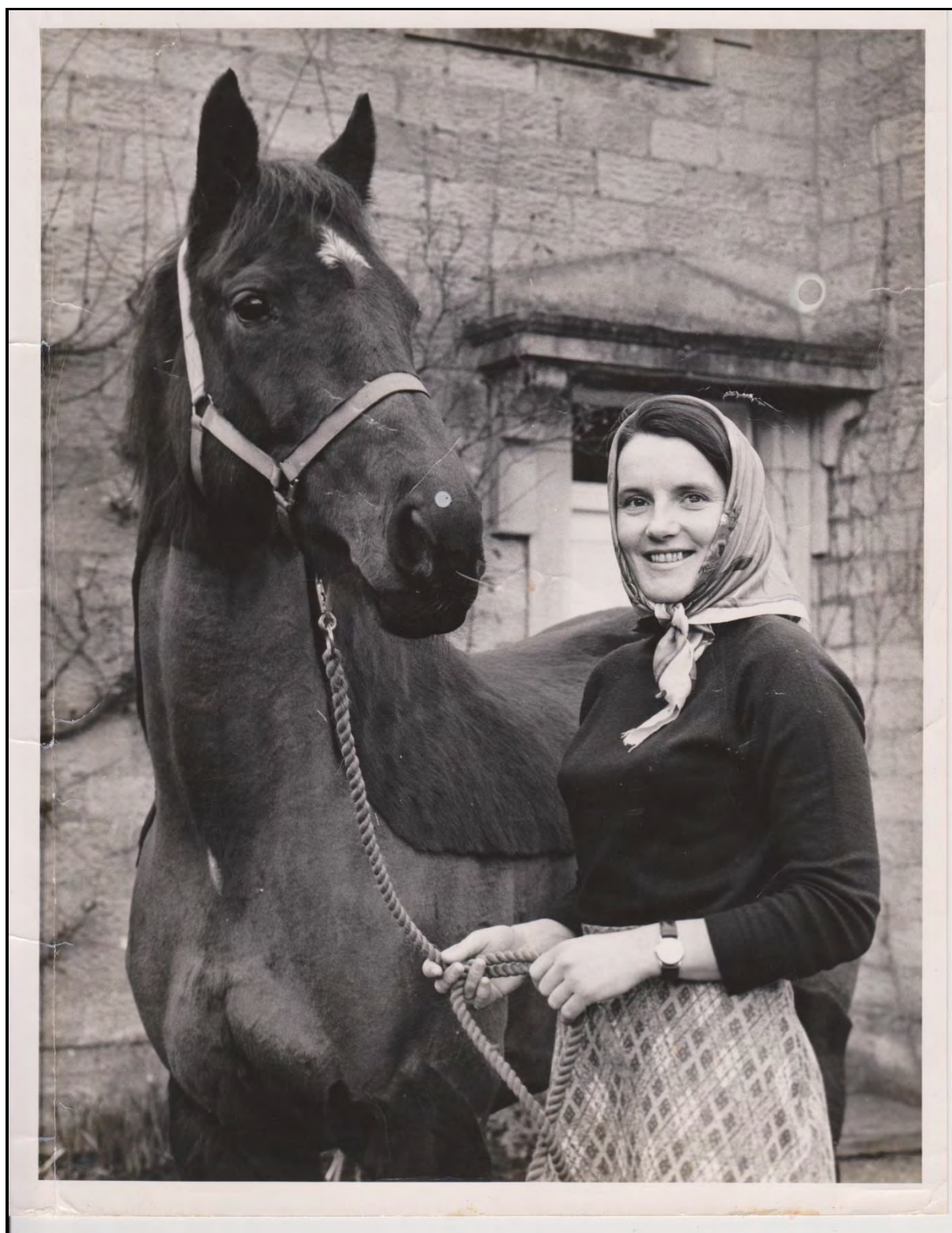
Member, editorial board, American Behavioral Scientist, the Sociological Quarterly, and Minerva.

Vice Chair, Executive Board of the Research Committee (08) on the History of Sociology, International Sociological Association, 1998-2006.

Related Links

Institute of Social Research
The Question Bank
Ethnic and Racial Studies

Dedication



Dedicated to Diana.....who picked up the pieces on more than one occasion