

LIVES and TIMES:

**John Baldwinson, Teresa Duffy
and family**



Minnie at 90

2nd Edition

For Teresa
on her 84th birthday

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Preface to the Second Edition

The first edition of this family history was a booklet circulated within the family at Christmas 2014. It was 64 pages, and drew some very kind comments. I already had a sense that we risked losing many of the oral stories within the family, basically as time and people passed. I was also very curious to learn more, I liked using my research skills, and I knew I could easily forget or misremember stories if I did not write them down. What started as lists grew into prose.

As many have said, the generations before us were told it was *bad manners* to talk about themselves. It was the sin of vanity. They were not the Facebook generation. And, they told themselves, their lives were just ordinary. Write about someone else, they might say, those other people are far more interesting than me. At best, we sat down together with a family photo album and repeated our stories as we turned the pages. But mostly I feel we said too little.

I'm massively indebted to the many people who have kindly helped me. Relatives have given me very generous, candid and sometimes dark and heartfelt accounts – including many stories that I knew nothing about until recently. Strangers have also helped, including people researching their own family history who kindly gave me their time, advice and new leads.

I have stopped my research mostly at the 1980s, and before that when I reach living relatives of my

generation and younger. Partly this is for their privacy, and partly because I understand that this account here is simply *one* history, and that it would be impossible for it to be *the* history of our families. We may have memoirs we want to write ourselves when we are ready. We may also disagree.

This is essentially a collection of *stories* rather than a list of old dates. It is about relationships, some of which were at times dysfunctional in anyone's book, "each ... unhappy in its own way" to quote Tolstoy.

I hope in describing the range of our family relationships here it helps us to reflect, learn and grow.

*

At times I must admit I was tempted to cheat. I could just say that I had traced the Duffy line back to the year 497 CE (Common Era, or Anno Domini in old money) and traced the Baldwinson line back to 672 CE.

For Duffy we have the Gaelic family name of Ó Dubhthaigh, going back in records to Dubthach who was the Bishop of Armagh in 497 CE. Duffy originally meant black, such as having black hair or complexion.

And for Baldwinson we could go with its root Baldwin first documented in 672 CE in England.

Including one Matilda Baldwin who married William the Conqueror and this connection, by the by, makes the Crown Jewels legally ours as well.

*

And if I have just one message, it is that this book is *still a draft*, and probably always will be. Hopefully it is 90% correct, but I won't pretend for a minute that it is perfect research.

So, please do send me corrections, plus any new material, photos and accounts from your precious memories. Unless, of course, they start with me as a boy gargling one evening at the dinner table...

*

This 2nd edition was published on 26 August 2016, a gift for our mother's 84th birthday.

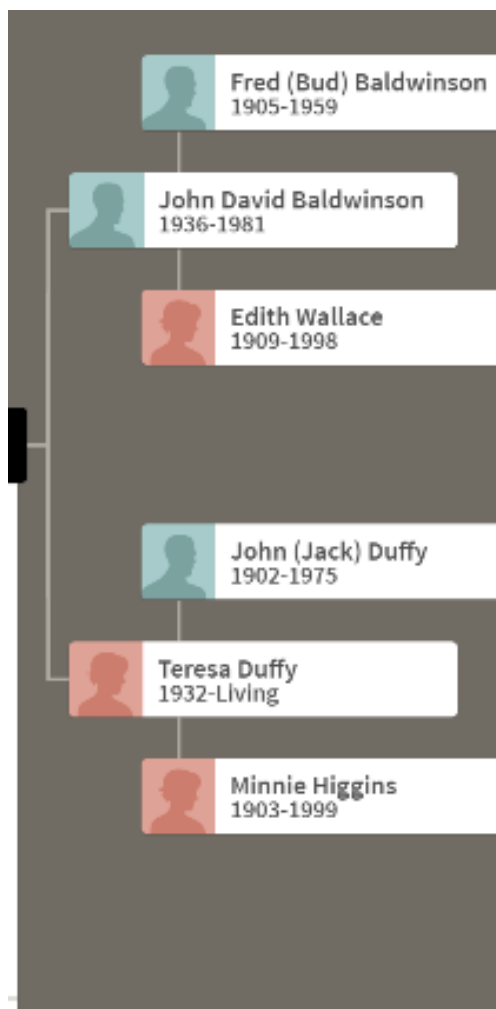
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Preface to the First Edition

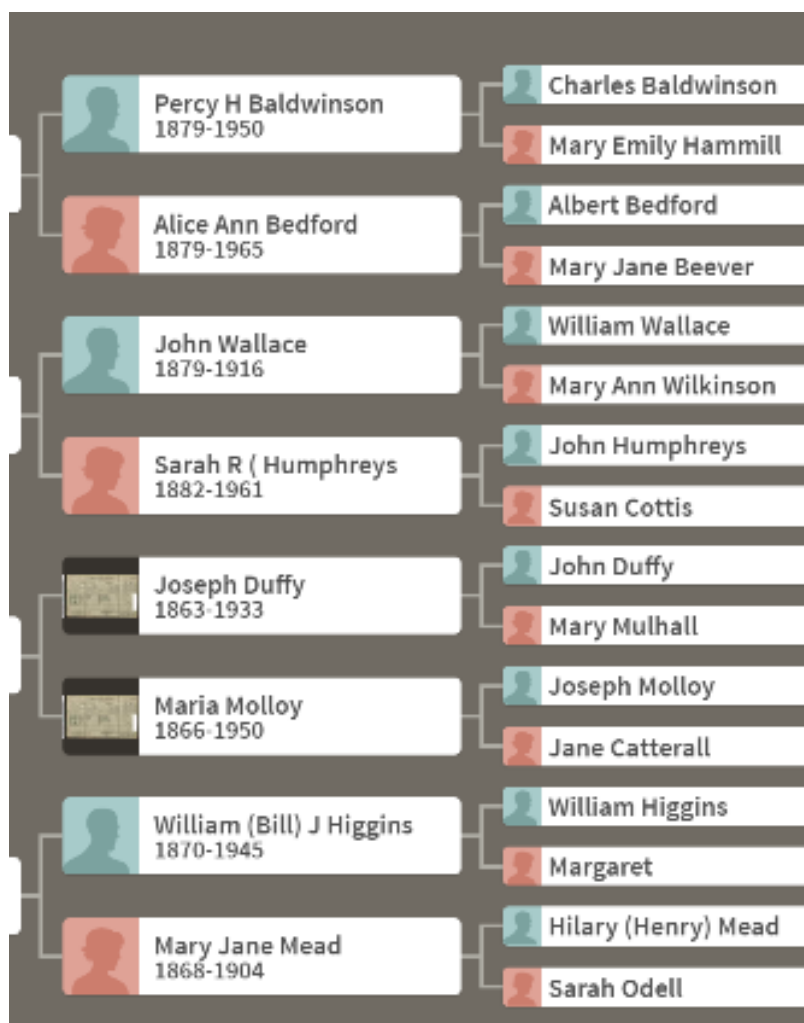
Our mother, Teresa Duffy, and father, John Baldwinson, met in London as young writers in the 1950s. They were married in Harwich on 4 May 1957. John's uncle Jack Wallace was his best man. Teresa's bridesmaid was her best friend Brenda Ling; her cousin Arthur was an usher.

These are some of our family stories.

Family Trees



Our Parents and Grandparents



Our Great and Second Great Grandparents

The Higgins family

Our mother's parents, Jack Duffy and Minnie Higgins were married in 1926 in their home town of Accrington in the church where Minnie played the organ. Jack was one of twelve surviving children, Minnie the youngest living of five, her mother and the sixth child both dying in childbirth. So Minnie and the other children were raised by her father Bill and his sister Lil.

Minnie

Grandmother

Minnie Higgins was born on 17 April 1903 in Accrington¹ and her early years were spent at home there with her widower father William (Bill), a brewer, and his unmarried sister Lil as their housekeeper. Minnie's mother, Mary Jane (born Mead) had died aged about 35 years in childbirth in 1904 along with baby William. Minnie was one year old and so she was the youngest surviving child in the family.

Minnie's oldest sister Linda Louise had been born nine years earlier in Derby around 1894, after Harry was born in London, maybe in late 1893.

¹ 2 Westwood Street, Accrington, Lancashire. Previously they had lived at 49 Derbyshire Street, also Accrington.

Her family were:

- William John (Bill) Higgins and Mary Jane (Mead)
 - Harry Mark 1893
 - Linda Louise 1894
 - Beatrice (Trixie) 1898
 - John (Jack) 1899
 - **Minnie** 1903
 - William (died at birth) 1904

Her parents Bill and Mary had married in London on 11 February 1893. The family story was that they were married in Scotland, and it was in St Andrew's Church, but in Willesden, London. Presumably they were living nearby because their first child, Harry, was born in London before they moved back north, first to Derbyshire, presumably where Mary's family lived, and then to Lancashire around 1894. Bill was 23 years old and serving in the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards. His father, also a William, was in the 47th Foot Regiment. Mary Jane was 24 years old and living² with her father Henry Mead a labourer.

In the 1901 Census Mary is living in Accrington³ with four of her children – Linda [Louise] (6), Harry (5), Beatrice (3), and John (1). The ages are a little inconsistent. Mary is the head of household with her husband Bill away, probably serving in the army.

² 20 Parkfield Road.

³ 49 Devonshire Place, Accrington, Lancashire.

By the 1911 Census, when Minnie was eight years old and her mother Mary Jane had since died, she was the youngest in the house with two adults and three older siblings: Will (41 years old), Lilly (44), [Linda] Louise (17), Beatrice (13) and John [Jack] (12). Harry had left home by then.

Minnie's family background was tough, and she would tell of how her father had thrown her sister Linda across the back yard in an argument.

Minnie's older brother Jack died from appendicitis while on a ship at sea, where they had not been able to get him to shore in time.

Minnie had a cousin who emigrated to Venezuela to work in the oil industry.

Minnie's grandparents, Bill's parents, were William and Margaret Higgins. He was probably born in Ireland, maybe Westmeath, around 1830, and she possibly in Glenluce, Scotland around 1829.

*

A century later in 1926 when Minnie married Jack, she was a cotton weaver, working four looms on her own. One wry family comment later was that 'the Duffy family – mostly drunks were marrying the Higgins family – mostly thugs' though Minnie and Jack were neither of these themselves.

In 1928 she had her first child, Cecilia. Because her husband Jack was in and out of odd jobs Minnie went straight back to work and Cecilia was looked after by

Lil, who had continued to live with Minnie after raising her as a child.

Bernard was born in 1930, Minnie's second child. There was a scheme that gave free milk to nursing mothers if the father was out of work. But when Bernard was a few days old Minnie was told this free milk didn't apply for her because, they said, her job at the mill was still vacant. So she had to go back to work ten days after giving birth.

In 1932, Teresa was born two years after Bernard; Jack was still in and out of odd jobs; and Teresa said later that "*I wasn't my mother's favourite child*". Teresa tells that, while she always knew that Jack was her father, as a young child she was convinced that Minnie was not her real mother.

Minnie's aunt Lil, usually a very kind woman, didn't help in keeping the family harmony; for example telling Jack when he was unemployed, "*you cannot poke the fire, you haven't paid for the coal.*"

Jack had a cut-throat razor which Minnie hated. She ordered some new linoleum for the kitchen floor and used the razor to cut it to fit, ruining the edge and ensuring Jack could never again shave with it.

Minnie had a strong faith in the Catholic Church, and was awarded a Papal Medal for a lifetime of service, often playing the church organ while her husband Jack served the priest at the altar. In her later years, Teresa often visited to help her mother Minnie, moving between hospital and her home.

“When I was looking after Minnie of late she told me stories of her earlier years, it was like an oral history lesson. One woman in Accrington, during the First World War, she lost her husband and seven sons in just one day at the Somme. It was all the family she had and, under the recruitment rule saying, ‘If you join together you stay together’ which created *The Accrington Pals*, they all were killed together. She took her shawl and a stool and sat outside looking down the hill, never speaking to anyone. She died soon after too. So who won the First World War? That family didn’t.”

“And one Friday evening in 1918 Minnie was playing the piano and three of her friends were singing along with her. By Sunday she was the only one still alive. That was the flu. Minnie said, ‘You could see someone walking towards you normally, start to stagger then fall down. By the time you reached him he was dead. It was so fast.’ The girls took longer to die, she told me, because their father kept them sitting up in bed. Flat, their lungs filled with fluid and they drowned very quickly. But even sitting up, they still died. The flu was thought at the time to originate from fleas in the trenches.” This myth about fleas carrying the flu was very strongly believed, even up to the 1950s and all across Europe.

*

One time Minnie was with her grand-daughter Krysia, both watching her young boys running around and playing well together. Minnie – *Babsha* – turned to

Kryisia and said, “I regret my children not getting on well together. I feared them all ganging up on me, so I set them against each other.” Reflecting on this, Teresa thinks that it was significant that both Minnie’s father Bill and grand-father William had served in the Army overseas in the Empire, where divide-and-rule was a well-practiced art passed on to Minnie.

Liam, one of Minnie’s great-grandchildren, would call Minnie his “Older Nan”, which some people thought she wouldn’t like, but she said, “*No, let him, it is a nice name.*”

*

Minnie believed in service and helping people. She was a devout member of the Catholic Church, playing the organ most Sundays. She was also a keen member of the Red Cross. In the 1950s living in Dovercourt⁴ she trained as part of the National Hospital Service Reserve, which was created in the Cold War era to help the emergency services deal with the casualties in the aftermath of a nuclear attack. With her husband Jack, their best friends in Dovercourt were Mr and Mrs Day, also living in Grange Road.

Cecilia asked Minnie to come out to the USA to help her with her young family, so Minnie sailed on 28 June 1955 from Southampton to New York, tourist class, on the ship *Flandre*. She returned to the UK later that year,

⁴ 14 Grange Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

sailing on the *Queen Elizabeth* from New York and arriving at Southampton on 30 November 1955.



Minnie's NHSR badge

A few years later, Minnie was returning to the USA, this time with her husband Jack, and this time with the intention of emigrating for good. They visited the American Embassy in London in 1958 to have their medicals and obtain their Immigration Visas, being interviewed on 26 August – Teresa's birthday – and sailing out from Southampton to New York on 10 October 1958 of the ship *Liberte*. Jack's occupation was given as a shop assistant, and their "country of intended future permanent residence" was written for both as USA.

But remarkably they didn't tell their daughter Teresa nor their foster son Colin anything about their intentions to permanently emigrate. Not a lot was said at the time, but

the hurt feelings this caused were palpable even years later.

It seems that Jack did not like living in the USA as much as Minnie did, and five years later in 1963 they returned to live in the UK. The reason given within the family was that he had a hernia which needed treatment and they couldn't afford the medical expenses away from the NHS.

While in the USA, Jack worked as a baker. He had been a member of the bakers' trade union in the UK and took his card with him to the USA. Apparently baking was a closed shop (that is, only trade union members could be employed) in the USA and Jack was told by a local official that he would have to pay \$50 to be recognised. Jack checked the rule book, where no payment was required, and so refused to pay what he saw as a bribe to a gangster. Jack then went back to the shop owner who had offered him a job, to say he couldn't work for him. The owner, apparently a forthright Jewish man, asked Jack – "Can you bake bread?" "Yes," he replied. "Right, well do it, I don't pay you to wave a card at me."

Bernard (Wozny) adds a story from that time:

"Jack once told me a story which I believe to be true, as he told it in a matter of fact way and not in his usual jovial wacky story format.

"He was queuing at a bakery or deli one morning and a policeman was waiting in the queue in front of him. The cop was on duty and of course armed. Jack felt a curious fascination for the gun in the officer's holster

and couldn't take his eyes off it. He had an urge to 'touch it' as he said, so he reached out and touched the handle of the gun. The officer reacted swiftly knocking his hand away spun around and drew his pistol and aimed squarely on Jack! Jack did not elaborate on the actual words said only something like 'don't you *ever* do that again' but the way he conveyed this reaction obviously showed to me it was a near-death experience!

"I can only imagine the scene of a poor scared Englishman and an irate burly cop in the port of Elizabeth surrounded by horrified onlookers. Jack didn't say if he ever got his bread or if the cop got his doughnuts.

"I can't help it but I see the funny side of this but I also can't help to think that if it happened today there would be allegations of terrorism. Either way, I'm glad he lived to tell the tale."

*

Back in the UK in 1963, Minnie and Jack moved into a flat. When we were small children we would have day-visits to the flat of our grandparents Minnie and Jack in Dovercourt Bay, where they rented a flat above a florists shop⁵ owned by Mrs Nugent. The smell climbing the stairs to go above the shop was distinctive and comforting.

⁵ 101 The High Street, Dovercourt, Essex.



Jack and Minnie Duffy, February 1958, Co-op Dinner

On 18 August 1966 Minnie and Jack took a charter flight from Gatwick to JFK airport, staying three weeks with their daughter Cecelia's family in Maple Street, New Jersey before returning on 7 September 1966.

Minnie flew over again for the funeral of her son-in-law Peter, arriving the day beforehand on 19 August 1969, a more expensive scheduled flight from Heathrow. She stayed six weeks, returning on 3 October 1969. She kept a notebook diary of both trips, the second one quite harrowing in its details.

After the death of her husband Peter, Cecilia and the children returned to the UK to live with her parents in Dovercourt.

One time Minnie was visiting Teresa in London. The arrangement was that they should meet at Burnt Oak underground station. Minnie was delayed by the trains and emerged from the station over two hours late. Apparently there had been a problem with points (switches) and the tube train had gone down the wrong branch. Teresa feared Minnie would be furious, but she was smiling and happy, saying, “It was fine – everyone was talking!”

Minnie had a large tin full of odd buttons, and as children we would be occupied for hours on a rug playing with the button box. Later with their daughter Cecilia’s encouragement they moved into a much larger house, *The Moorings*⁶ on Marine Parade two streets away and overlooking the sea, which included rooms for Cecilia’s growing children.

On 7 March 1986 Minnie fell down a step while leaving the local Co-op shop, breaking her right wrist, getting a black eye and being knocked out. Her eyesight was failing, and she said later she had thought she was leaving by another door, the one with a ramp instead of a step.

Concerning *The Moorings* in Dovercourt, Cecilia bought the house for her parents Minnie and Jack to move into and live rent-free, the idea being to live there with Cecilia’s children who were now young adults, while Cecilia lived in Bradford running her own business of a

⁶ The Moorings, 10 Marine Parade, Dovercourt, Essex.

home for elderly people. This arrangement worked financially for ten years, but times changed and Cecilia started to run out of money and couldn't pay the mortgage on The Moorings.

Sometime in 1989 she turned to Bernard for his help as a solicitor to try and keep the home, but with only three days before foreclosure there was little he could do. Jack had since died and Cecilia's children had left home one by one, leaving Minnie there alone. Now Minnie was effectively out on the street, with Cecilia and Bernard harshly blaming each other for not saving the house.

Sadly, everyone involved looked back on this event with great bitterness – it never fully healed and would pull the family apart.

Teresa adds that “neighbours took her in, using their attic room. It was like an eyrie; four flights of stairs and the last one very steep, to reach it. Mother had angina then, not made any better by that climb. So Bernard knowing they were building some flats, wrote to [Tendring] council in Clacton where all decisions were then being made. Eventually she got a flat”⁷ to rent in September 1989. She was 86 years old.

⁷ 14 Belman's Court, Deanes Close, Dovercourt, Essex CO12 4JH; 11 Sept 1989 to 18 Sept 1999.



Bernard, Teresa, Cecilia

Minnie's 90th Birthday Party was held on 17 April 1993 in Dovercourt and attended by over 50 people, including her three children Cecilia, Bernard and Teresa, making their peace for their mother, at least for the day.

On 29 February 1996 Minnie was once again in hospital. Cecilia and Minnie had taken a holiday together in Majorca, one of the Spanish islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Unfortunately Minnie had fallen over on a pavement and had cracked her pelvis. Minnie was an in-patient at the Juaneda Hospital in Palma. When I heard she was there, I found the fax number for the hospital and sent a sheet with ‘get well soon’ from a fax machine at work in very large print so that she could read it with her impaired eyesight.

From the troubled events in 1989 onwards family stories started to take a different colour. With the example here when Minnie had tripped on a pavement, we have one version of events telling us she returned to the UK by plane from Majorca to Manchester ‘on a stretcher’ laid across three seats, whereas another version has her coming home ‘alive inside a coffin’.

In all likelihood, Minnie could have said something afterwards about how she had maybe ‘felt very closed in’ while on the plane, maybe saying she felt “*as if*” she was in a coffin, but the acrimony at the time within the family took this feeling further.

Minnie needed convalescent care after this mishap in Majorca, so after surgery back in the UK Cecilia took her mother to live with her in Bradford in the home she ran as her business. Again, there are different family stories about whether this was a happy time for Minnie or not, and Minnie returned to live in her flat in Dovercourt.

Later, in April 1997 Minnie had fallen for a third time, this one inside her flat, and she was in Colchester Hospital with a broken femur, but it was taking ages for her to be fit enough for the operation to mend her fracture.

Kryisia tells how she was working in Felixstowe at the time and was horrified at the state of Minnie when she went to see her in hospital. The sides of her bed were up and she was crawling around “like a wild animal” Kryisia recalled. The ward staff said Minnie was senile but Kryisia knew she was just *dehydrated*, so she had a massive row with the ward sister.

Kryisia then phoned Cecilia who phoned Teresa who phoned Mary Lou and Judy. Soon, they all met up in the nearby cafe inside a Tesco and a division of labour was agreed, Teresa still working freelance and therefore being the most available.

Teresa tells that she visited Minnie on the third day she was in as a patient, and was also appalled to see her mother looking so gaunt and frail. It quickly became apparent that Minnie had not been given any food or drink for days, and she had to be urgently put on an intravenous drip to rehydrate her as fast as possible.

Because Minnie’s eyesight was very poor, she could not see the food or drinks put on trays nearby, and no-one on the ward took action when seeing the full plates and beakers being taken away at the end of mealtimes.

Teresa started staying on the ward from 7am to 10pm to make sure Minnie could eat and drink properly, staying

overnight in Minnie's flat. Teresa also kicked up a fuss with the local newspaper, to put pressure on the hospital staff to feed her mother properly. (A copy of the article is at the back of the book.)

Teresa was then called to a meeting with the hospital chief executive, the head of catering, and their secretary who took notes. Catering had been outsourced.

Soon afterwards Teresa was walking along the hospital corridor when a stranger came up to her and thanked her for contacting the newspaper and making a fuss.

Ironically, Minnie's older sister Linda had worked as a cook in the kitchens at Colchester Hospital in the 1930s.⁸

As Minnie started to recover from this neglect, Teresa would visit for some days every week, coming from London and staying in the flat. As well as visiting Minnie, she ran her errands, washed clothes and so forth. Her brother Bernard gave her some money for a hire car which she said helped enormously with avoiding the long and convoluted train journeys.

After regaining her strength and having the operation, Minnie moved from a single room to a general ward, and then after a few weeks there was another move, this time

⁸ In 2014 the hospital website reminds all their staff that the proper nutrition and hydration of patients is the responsibility of all hospital staff, including ward nurses.

from Colchester Hospital to Harwich and Dovercourt District Hospital⁹ to convalesce.

As Teresa says, “when my mother went to Dovercourt Hospital [later in 1997] I gave the car back and stayed in her flat, going to see her daily, taking clean clothes in, dirty ones back to wash. She still had higher needs, too, than the other patients there.”

“When she was fit to go back to the flat she was unable to walk very far – too long in bed atrophies any muscles – and needed to be pushed in a wheelchair which seemed to have a mind all its very own. In time, she could walk more, up to the Co-op on the corner and back. She also had a very good lady coming to see her each morning; longer on Thursday when she brought along a gizmo to help give her a bath.”

“Eventually, about six months later [in early 1998] I was back at home in London, going up on each Wednesday and coming home on Friday. We both enjoyed this period. As I was growing up she had seldom spoken to me except to criticise. Then, not so agile, she took time to talk and it was as if it were a history lesson. She also liked to be kept up-to-date about others in the family. But it wasn’t just my garden which had [gone to ruin, there was also] the house itself. I was never an obsessive-compulsive duster, [but it was] a mess even by my rather easy-going standards.”

⁹ Since demolished, and replaced next door by the new Fryatt Hospital and Mayflower Medical Centre.

“So then I decided to switch to travelling up on Wednesday and coming back on Thursday. This allowed me to do her washing for her on Wednesday afternoon, an early closing day there, and spend more time talking to her then; getting her pension on Thursday and whatever she wanted on her shopping list (always headed by a large box of Kleenex some of which she often forgot to take out of the sleeves of things put for washing) sorting out the money in her purse – she couldn’t abide the five pence pieces. ‘Tiny fiddling things’ she called them, which she put in the missionary box. I was making sure she had £50 in ten pound notes for anything she needed, like the frozen meals she ate at lunchtime, the hairdresser, the chiropodist etc. I was also telling her how much she had, through me, put into a trust fund that Bernard had set up for her, usually not much less than £50 each week.”

“Then there came a point [in 1999] when a lady I knew in the Catholic Women’s League asked me to help her go on the pilgrimage to Lourdes. I had helped her one time before when her two other carers were extremely tired. Lourdes is nothing if not hilly, after all it is in the Pyrenees. But I found her very interesting; she was single but had worked in research science. We swapped stories. I wasn’t happy to go because I’d be leaving my mother that week and Bernard was dead by then.”

“When I got home I found that there were plans for my mother to return to Dovercourt Hospital [where there was an adjacent residential facility]. It may have been something she had said, maybe because she may have

been cross because I wasn't there. But her doctor, the carer who came daily, and the district nurse who saw her when necessary all told me it was not needed. Nevertheless, in the hospital complex we were welcomed back but I thought she was a bed-blocker."

"She was also livid when we all looked at options. She knew the trust fund had built up and she had about £10,000 that I had kept her well-informed about. She thought that sum ought to let her live like royalty. When she realised how little extra care it would actually buy her, even in a council or charity-run home, she complained to us saying, '*send me to the workhouse, why don't you?*'"

"But I noticed, about that point, a change in her left eye. I spoke to the nurse about it and she came to see. I guessed then it might be perhaps a mini stroke, a TIA (transient ischemic attack) so, as now she was considered no longer a bed-blocker but a true patient, the doctor came to see her."

"Considering the way she had been put hither and yon, and the vehement way she had always declared she never wanted to go into a home, I did say that if it were anything terminal, I did not think she would want to be kept alive indefinitely. He agreed with me. Then I went to the toilets to cry my eyes out. Her nurse came to see me and told me I had nothing whatsoever to reproach myself with, but I still do – I should not have gone to Lourdes."

“When they knew that it was a growth, and fast-growing with it, they said it could be removed but she would be very unlikely to survive the operation. I went back to the flat, trying to sort things out. The carer had seen many of her people who could no longer live alone – and who for whatever reason were not going to be cured in hospital – eventually move into residential homes. She said to me [in 1999] she thought it was now necessary.”

“She told me the way she judged them. ‘To find a good one,’ she said, ‘use your nose and sniff the air. Fresh-smelling urine is allowable, but stale is no good whatsoever’.”

“So mother had to end up her last three weeks in quite a good place actually with an older woman [carer] to whom it was her true vocation. I thank God that this woman spent so much time with the residents there, including my mother. Also, I was pleased to see, there was no mirror in her room even if she could not see it, as the growth had distorted her face beyond recognition.”

Julie and her Tony were also closely involved in caring for Minnie. They tell of two homes: probably the first one being residential and the second¹⁰ being with added nursing care. The first home was said to be quite nice. Julie remembers vividly that “it was a rare, hot summer’s day in Dovercourt where we had ice creams by the beach”.

¹⁰ Dovercourt House (27 residents), 23-25 Fronks Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

Then Minnie moved to a second care or residential home, but this one was thought by some as being not as nice as the previous home. Julie remembers this as a very sad time, one with tears. Julie and Tony would travel up from Portsmouth to Colchester with their caravan in tow to visit Minnie for as long as possible.

Julie was told that Minnie's lungs still had cotton fibres in them from her time in the 1930s working in the Lancashire cotton mills, and that they showed up as white lines on the X-rays. Minnie called them her cotton-wool throat.

Minnie had a very pragmatic attitude to death and funerals. Some years beforehand I had asked her if she had paid for a funeral plan that the family should know about. *"Oh no, I wouldn't worry about that,"* she said. *"I mean, they can't leave you on the top, can they!"*

Teresa concludes, "She died peacefully in bed on a Saturday morning, found – comfortably curled up as if sleeping – by her friendly and loving carer."

She died on 23 October 1999 in Dovercourt, aged 98 years, her final weeks in a nursing home. The doctor certified just one cause of death – *old age*.

Minnie had died on a Saturday, and on the following Monday one of her daughters, Teresa, was due to travel to Dovercourt to make the arrangements when instead she was admitted to hospital with what seemed at first to be a severe nosebleed. Cecelia, Minnie's older daughter came across from Bradford to Dovercourt and made the final arrangements.

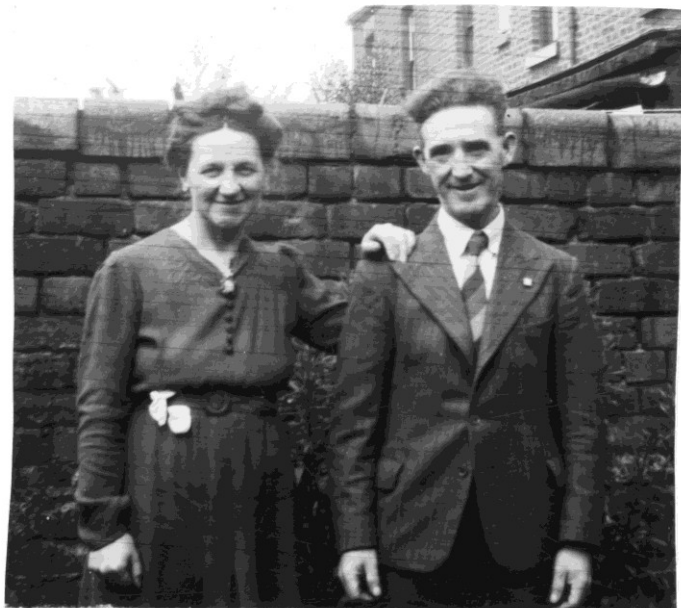
Teresa said, “I was in hospital for about two weeks, given transfusions even. It was an arterial bleed in my forehead which came out through my nose. I could feel it pulsating and, each time it was packed, a few hours later it carried on bleeding. The third time it was cauterized but the blood still pushed on, spurting through. Then I was taken into surgery and, asleep as I was, I don’t know what they did then but it finally worked. But I was very lucky. Someone who has been looking after someone who dies, afterwards they themselves frequently have blood vessels bursting in their heads; they often die from a massive stroke. I was lucky; the blood came out through the nose rather than staying inside the skull.”

“It was weird, though. I do remember very clearly three nurses and a doctor round my bed – this was just after the surgery – who were looking very worried. I was telling them not to worry, that I’d be fine. I felt as if I had some hands supporting me. Afterwards I found that [my eldest daughter] Mary Lou had been rushing around, getting everyone praying for me.”

Cecilia put back the date of the funeral until Teresa was well enough to leave hospital and attend.

After the funeral, looking through Minnie’s prayer book we found a telegram, still in its envelope, which she had

received in 1958 the day I (Tony) was born, sent to her by our father.¹¹



Minnie and Jack Duffy

¹¹ DUFFY 14 GRANGE ROAD DOVERCOURT-BAY-
HARWICH
ANTHONY BORN 4/10 AM BOTH WELL D G
WRITING
LOVE JOHN.

(DG is Church Latin for *Deo Grattias*, Thank God).

Mary Jane

Great Grandmother

Minnie's mother was Mary Jane Mead, who died aged around 35 years in childbirth, along with her sixth baby William. Minnie was one year old when her mother died.

Mary Jane was born on 13 December 1868 in Derby, and her parents were Hilary (Henry) Mead (1849-1911) and Sarah Odell (1845-1929).

Her family were:

- Hilary (Henry) Mead and Sarah (Odell)
 - **Mary Jane** 1868
 - Harry 1870
 - Rosanna 1875
 - Joseph 1880
 - James 1882
 - Mabel L. 1887

When she was somewhere between 18 and 23 years old she moved with her family from Derby to Willesden in London, and aged 24 she married Bill Higgins in Willesden. They had their first son, Harry, later that year and then she and Bill moved back to her home town of Derby. There their second child Linda was born, before they moved again, this time to Accrington where they settled. These moves could have included a short time when her husband Bill reportedly tried his hand as a prison officer at Dartmoor Prison, a job or a place she told him she did not like.

Bill

Great Grandfather

Minnie's father was William John Higgins, known as Bill, born in Dublin in 1870. If the research is reliable, by 21 years of age he had signed on as a soldier and was living in barracks in Windsor, Berkshire. Then he gets married in London aged 23 to Mary Jane Mead, and eight years later he is living as a boarder in Leeds aged 31 while his wife and children are in Accrington. By the time he is 41 years of age, he too is living in Accrington, but as a widower with his children and his sister helping. His wife Mary Jane had died in childbirth in 1904. This is now 1911 and he is working as a brewery cellarman.

Bill had been raised by his parents William and Margaret Higgins. They were an army family and had toured the world. Bill was born in Dublin in the army barracks and his sister Lil was born in Canada.

Teresa recalls the family story of the time Bill was in the army and on a ship to India. He would sometimes be promoted to sergeant but soon afterwards he would be busted back to private for gambling. On the ship Bill joined a card game with the officers. He noticed one of the officers was cheating, but Bill could cheat better. However, this officer knew he had been out-cheated and Bill spent the rest of the voyage in the hold in irons.

Bill was in the army for some time, possibly including the Boer War. He reportedly tried a spell as an officer in *Dartmoor Prison*, probably during the 1890s, but his wife Mary Jane hated it.

Bill also worked in a beer brewery, and the beer had to be ‘tested’ by a group of workers every week. To get home afterwards, the horse pulling the dray was said to know where they all lived, and would take them all home afterwards stopping for one after the other. It knew when to pull away when it felt the load on the wagon lighten as each worker got off in turn, it was said. However, one time one of the workers fell off the dray early and when the horse arrived at his house it refused to move on, waiting for someone to get off.

He was retired and in his 70s when the Second World War started, and he decided to go to the local Post Office to fill in a form to join the *Home Guard*. The clerk at the counter told him he could not join “our” Home Guard because he had been born in Dublin. Bill went home, made a list of his army service record and medals, and wrote to various authorities. He got a letter back signed by Winston Churchill saying he would be “delighted” for Bill to join up. Bill returned to the Post Office and waited for the same clerk to be at the window. The clerk read the letter and told Bill, “*Of course you can join*”. Bill replied to him, “*I wouldn’t join your Home Guard even if I was the last man in England and the Hun was at the door.*” This reply became a family refrain.

Bill could use his card skills to his advantage. He would travel on trains to horse races, dressed down and looking for card sharps. He could beat them, and the money he won was used as his betting money for the horses.

Later on, Bill lived with his daughter Minnie and son-in-law Jack, and he reportedly died after being kicked by a police horse.¹²

When Bill died in Accrington he had a copper jar full of sovereign and half-sovereign coins from his travels in the army. He didn't trust banks. The house was robbed during the funeral and all the coins were taken.

Beatrice – *Trixie*

Great Aunt

Trixie (Beatrice) was living in Blackburn and had been caring for her father Bill every day. There was an unwritten arrangement to share the coins amongst all his children, but that Trixie should get double. Trixie wasn't religious but she went to the funeral Mass anyway. Seeing the jar gone, someone said they should report the theft to the police, but Trixie just said, "No, let it go."

Trixie loved maths and sewing, and she was said to be a very good seamstress, able cut out a good collar without a pattern. She had two children, a boy and girl, also living in Blackburn.

¹² Thought to have happened sometime after 1940. Coroners files are usually only kept for 15 years. Research continues.

Lil

Second Great Aunt

So, after Minnie's mother (Mary Jane) had died early in childbirth, Minnie and her older brothers and sisters were brought up by her aunt Lil, her father's sister. Later, Lil helped again with child-rearing, helping Minnie's raise her own children as well. In the census she calls herself *Lilly* and is described as a 'house helper'. To our mother (Teresa) she was known as 'Great Aunt Lil'.

Lil was said to be very good with babies and small children aged up to around seven years, but older children did not necessarily benefit from her care. In 1904 Linda, aged about nine years old, wanted to go to Mass for her recently-dead mother Mary, but Lil told her, "*No, there is no point. Your mother wasn't a Catholic so she cannot go to heaven.*"

Lil argued like crazy with Bill. She had a hair lip, and her sister Cissie told her she could only visit her in Wallasey if she dressed as a maid. The family had been saving up money to pay for the operation to repair her lip. The money was kept in a mattress, because you took your mattress with you when you moved house and because it was harder to steal from in the night. Plus, houses would seldom be left with no-one inside during the day. But one day they were all out, and when they returned the mattress was gone, "to be burnt for fleas" they were told, but they knew they had been robbed.

Sarah Jane – *Cissie*

Second Great Aunt

Minnie was sent to the house of her Aunt Sarah Jane – known as *Ciss* and *Cissie* – aged seven years, either visiting or to work there “as a maid”, accounts vary.

The house was in Wallesey, near Liverpool, many miles from her home in Accrington. Minnie was in the house on her own because Cissie had taken her two daughters to the cinema; or Minnie had been kicked out the back door to find a lost cat; again accounts vary. But either way Minnie was fed up and homesick so decided to go home. She had arrived by train so she planned to follow the tracks back to home. However, while she was walking through a tunnel a train approached. She said she pushed herself against the tunnel wall. Her white dress was a mess, and the stress affected her eyesight for weeks to follow. Apparently Minnie was eventually found after Cissie set the dogs loose to search for her.

Cissie was thought of as a bit of a snob. Her brother Bill would stand, relaxed, with his elbow out and knuckles resting on his hip. “*You look like a working man,*” she said. “*So what?*” he replied.

She had been born in army barracks in Canada, possibly Quebec. Her birth certificate had been written by the army commanding officer at the time, but reportedly filled out in pencil. Cissie would keep the day and the month unchanged, but every few years she would rub out the year and replace it with one a little later. In her final years it was said that the date box on the certificate had

been rubbed very thin, and that if anyone had checked they would find out that she was now three years younger than her daughter Josie.

Cissie's husband started out as a flour merchant and later ran a small airline. Their children as young adults would often fly to Paris in the 1920s, dressed in the latest fashions and were often being photographed. They frequently dyed their hair to match their clothes, but because of the frequent use of strong chemicals they were both bald before their thirties.

She might have been married and divorced in England before returning to Canada to marry a lumberjack. Later she returned again to the UK and apparently married again.

It was said that all her choices were to do with getting more money, and that she could be quite a snob. She kept a Persian cat and one time our uncle Bernard was visiting her when the cat moved past him and waited beside a closed door. "Door!" Cissie said to him imperiously. "Yes it is!" He replied. "Open it!" he was told.

Teresa as a young girl also visited Cissie. Teresa noticed that the calendar was out of date and just tore off some of the old sheets. Everyone else in the room held their breath and watched Cissie. The old dates were her birthday, and she liked to keep them on show for days afterwards. But Cissie was sweetness and light with Teresa, accepting her young age as the reason.

With variable birthdates and multiple marriages around the world, it was said that when Cissie died the family did not know what age nor which surname to put on the gravestone.

Harry

Great Uncle

Minnie had some bothers, including Harry Mark, born around 1896 who emigrated to Australia, as well as her brother Jack who stayed in Britain. Harry maybe emigrated to Australia first in 1914 and reportedly he borrowed the £10 cost from a sister, probably Linda.¹³

He probably sailed from Liverpool aged 18 years, leaving on 21 March 1914 on the *Irishman* of the White Star Line to Melbourne. He travelled 3rd class, listed as an agricultural labourer. On the ship's manifest with his details there were 40 other young people, all aged between 16 and 21 years and all travelling 3rd class. Many were listed as agricultural labourers and farm hands, all saying that Australia was to be their future permanent residence.

Aged 24 he was working as an assistant cook in the crew of the ship, *RMS Niagara*. In 1922 he sailed eight return journeys on it between Sydney, Australia and Honolulu,

¹³ After 1945 this type of subsidised migration would be called “a Ten Pound Pom”.

Hawaii. In the records of the ship's crew a box is ticked to say that he can read.

We believe that Harry had not returned the £10 he had borrowed to pay for his emigration because another sister of his, Trixie (Beatrice Bayley), wrote from Blackburn to the Victoria Police in Australia in January 1944, apparently to try and recover her sister's money by asking to police to hand-deliver a letter to him.

Their reply to Trixie¹⁴ dated 28 June 1944 confirms that they had personally delivered the letter she had sent to him, and states that he was found living and working at the Bowen Freezer Works¹⁵ in Merinda, North Queensland.

By 1954 a further letter¹⁶ addressed to Mr and Mrs H. Higgins from England is returned as gone away.

Harry was said to be a bit of a character. As children they had all been told to scrub the floor. He marked out his area, cleaned it and then walked off saying he had "done his square". He had a strong way of stating his case.

¹⁴ 37 Newington Avenue, Blackburn, Lancashire

¹⁵ The factory opened in 1919 and closed in 1997, it was an abattoir on the coast to export frozen meat.

¹⁶ 14 Godfrey Street, Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia

Jack Higgins

Great Uncle

It was probably Jack Higgins who was working at sea fishing on trawlers, and who saw his best friend die beside him on deck while at sea, crushed against the side by the net's ropes. Jack's wife had previously died, shortly after giving birth to their fifth child, and the wife of his now-dead best friend was looking after his children as well as her own. They soon married.

Jack Higgins was born on 27 July 1899. He started work young as a Fisherman and later served in the Royal Navy¹⁷ from 6 April 1918 and was on the run the following year, spending 14 days in the cells for a breakout before being discharged in 30 October 1919.

Teresa recalls that her sister Cecilia and their cousin Arthur had visited Jack and his large family and came back amazed. The couple had started with two houses, side by side and knocked through. As the many children had grown up this communal living had expanded to include more houses on each side, all knocked through and with a massive communal kitchen-cum-dining room. Only one couple in the extended family lived apart, and they visited on good terms. Jack's wife saw to the money and cooking only, dividing out all the other jobs. The extended family were thought by the wider family to be a very astute network. By marriage they had apparently

¹⁷ Service Record SS9709.

covered all their needs and were buying all their food and goods wholesale.

Linda

Great Aunt

One of Minnie's many sisters, Linda Louise, was born in 1894 in Derby and baptised in a Methodist church. She died in 1983 in Norwich, aged 98 years.

Linda Louise Higgins had been married to Joseph William Young but very soon afterwards she separated from him while she was still pregnant with her first and only child Arthur. Her husband had reportedly been violent, coming home drunk and pushing her out of the bed. Arthur was born in Ipswich in 1935. Other family stories suggest that Joseph was a bigamist.

Arthur traced his father many years later, and met with him when his father was dying in early 1954. Joseph was in St Paul's Hospital, Winchester, and had been living nearby¹⁸ as a retired Ship's Captain in Trinity House service. Arthur later said that they had little to talk about, that they both did not know what to say to each other.

Joseph Young died on 3 February 1954 aged 80 years from a stroke.

Linda was a very good cook but reportedly with a sharp tongue. She worked at Colchester Hospital and lived in

¹⁸ 76 Cromwell Road, Winchester.

Dovercourt, Essex. Around 1934, she wrote to her sister Minnie in Accrington to say there was a job for a postman in Dovercourt. Minnie told her husband Jack and he applied, went to an interview and was accepted. So he sent for Minnie and the children to join him but Minnie's aunt Lil decided to stay where she had friends, in Accrington. Teresa was two years old at the time.



Arthur and Linda

They rented a house in Upper Dovercourt and it cost rather more than was easy to afford. They later moved to another house, still pricey but slightly less than before. Aunt Linda had a house on Empire Road and when one opposite was up for rent at a more reasonable price the family moved in there.

There is a family copy of an Infantile [insurance] Policy that Linda's mother took out on her, paying in a penny a week to cover death expenses up to the 10th birthday. At this point the Higgins family were living in Accrington.¹⁹

Linda Higgins was married on 13 March 1934 at St Peters Catholic Church, Jewry St, Winchester to Joseph Young. She lived in London,²⁰ and he lived and worked at the Prince of Wales²¹ pub in Winchester. He was 61 years old and described as a widower. She gave her age as 34 years which was a fib, being 40 by then. His father, Frederick Young was deceased and her father William Higgins was still in the brewing business.

Linda never divorced Joseph and she reportedly wore her engagement and wedding rings until the day she died. The story of Joseph and Linda's separation is now obscure. He had been a light-boat keeper for the *Trinity*

¹⁹ 49 Devonshire St, Accrington.

²⁰ 41 Sheen Lane, Mortlake, London SW14

²¹ Hyde St, Winchester.

House trust though records are now lost,²² and one family suspicion, though just a theory, was that Joseph was a bigamist, not unknown amongst sailors then, and that Linda left him when she found out their marriage was a sham. Joseph's granddaughter Sue has traced some details about him, finding he had two previous marriages before meeting Linda.

Linda later moved with her son Arthur from Dovercourt to live with the family in Chorley because she had taken work in *Leyland Motor Works* as a cook. Linda underplayed her skills in catering by saying, "*when it's brown it's cooked, when it's black it's buggered.*"

After a while Linda and her sister Minnie had a quarrel and 'parted brass rags'; Linda had extra food and chocolates which she fed only to Arthur and not also to Minnie's children. Cecilia objected, Bernard didn't bother and – without a really sweet tooth – Teresa said she didn't care. But Cecilia's protests were said to have been heard and Linda moved out of the house and went to live in Leyland nearer to her work.

Linda lived in a few houses and a static caravan,²³ finishing her days in a warden-supervised flat on Stone Road. By then she could not stand for any length of time, but still cooked her granddaughters a shepherd's pie every Saturday using cooking short-cuts with tinned

²² Many of the Trinity House records were destroyed in a bomb raid during the Second World War.

²³ Caravan no. 3, Bourne Park, Wherstead Rd, Ipswich.

meat and dried mash potato to save her from standing for too long.

She loved to watch the wrestling on television, shouting and shaking her fist. When Arthur first installed his telephone answering machine, Linda phoned but couldn't understand what it was, so she had an argument with it!

Linda died when her granddaughter Sue was only 15 or 16 years old, and it was said that Linda took quite a few secrets with her. Had she been older, Sue is sure she would have asked Linda many questions and got to know her better.

Arthur

First Cousin once removed

Arthur, Linda's only child, was born sometime in 1935 – he liked to keep the exact date secret.

He had an ornate pocket watch, which he once described as “*the only possession I have had left to me*”. It was inscribed as a present to Charles Frederick Kidson, given on 1 February 1930 for eight years of service as the Secretary to the Ipswich Branch of the UCTA trade union, which then was the *United Commercial Travellers Association of Great Britain and Ireland*.²⁴

²⁴ In 1976 UCTA became part of ASTMS (the Association of Scientific Technical and Managerial Staffs). Later in the 1980s ASTMS became MSF and the

Arthur was probably an active trade unionist and a member of UCTA, but the connection he had to CF Kidson is not known now.

In his later years Arthur wrote down a few lines of his memories. One was about his childhood:

“Perhaps my most settled time was with the family in Chorley, until further undiplomatic approaches between the two sisters [his aunt Minnie and his mother Linda] resulted in shunts around Leyland.”

Arthur married Alice Shephard, after which they moved to Rochdale, where Pat was born, then to Mendlesham in Suffolk, and then to Ipswich where Sue was born. Shortly afterwards they moved to Jamaica with Arthur’s work as a telecoms engineer, but Arthur had a breakdown there and they returned to Britain, settling in Norwich.²⁵ The family said that the noise of dogs barking could set him off at times. Arthur chose the house because it was up a slight hill, always mindful of the 1953 floods.

UCTA section was renamed the PSA section (the Professional Sales Association).

²⁵ 98 Bush Road, Norwich.

One object that was damaged in the house where Linda and her son Arthur lived during the floods was a carved wooden plate. It was a single piece shaped like a dinner plate but covered with ears of wheat and other intricate harvest fruits. It was probably an exhibition piece, and as Arthur's grandfather had been a carpenter it could have been his finishing work as an apprentice, and kept in the family.

In Norwich, Arthur first worked for the Plessey electronics company. He managed to avoid being made redundant by protesting to the managers, before deciding to set up his own business. He called his company *Tradsail Time Systems* and he rented machines to factories for the workers to clock in and out of work.

Arthur had a strong interest in sailing, motorbikes, and photography. It was said that he wanted to be a professional photographer, but that his mother Linda told him it was not a 'proper job'. However, Arthur could be very stubborn when he wanted, so this was maybe more likely a regret afterwards on his own part.

He was also interested in adult education and in the conditions in prisons, often writing letters to prisoners. He liked writing and especially poetry, and could play the harmonica and ocarina. He enjoyed chess, as did his daughter Sue, and he made her a chess board and together they made the pieces from plaster casts.



*1953 Floods, Eastern Coast – neighbours upstairs,
photographed by Arthur from his boat*



Carved wooden plate, family heirloom

He had a boat stored in the front garden, a 21-foot 3-sail *Drascombe Lugger*. As a boy he would bunk off school to go down to the docks, for which the Christian Brothers would give him a beating. He would take his holidays with the children on canal boats, as well as days on the Norfolk Broads or out at sea. He much preferred fishing at sea rather than on a river.

In Norwich he had a 100-foot long garden and grew all his own vegetables, as well as grapes where the main plant was warm inside a greenhouse and its roots were in

the ground outside. He also liked to make his own beer, and to develop and print his own film photographs.

He had a strange filing system for his company. He would use a needle with a thread and, instead of a knot at the end there was a piece of cardboard. The business papers were threaded on one after another, and after three months he would start a new thread. All the papers from previous quarters were hung by their threads from his desk. Although he was a telecoms engineer, he only had a telephone put in the house when he started his own business.

It was roughly around the time that he started his own business that Arthur and his wife Alice separated.

Arthur had other friends after his marriage ended, including Rosetta from Holland, but no further long term relationships. He particularly liked the company of Dutch people, finding them less inhibited or prim than English people.

On 29 July 1963 Arthur flew from London Airport (now Heathrow) to Khartoum via Rome, and wrote a short account of his fear of flying, which Sue and Pat keep.

The father of his former wife Alice lived for some time at Cecilia's retirement home in Bradford, Baildon Lodge.²⁶ Arthur also loaned Cecilia some money towards her business there by re-mortgaging his house.

²⁶ Baildon Lodge, Station Road, Shipley, BD17 6HS.

In 1995 Arthur was given an award and a commendation by the local chief constable,²⁷ for coming to the aid of a police officer making a difficult arrest outside a supermarket.

Later, Teresa visited Arthur when he was ill and his health was declining. Sue apologised to Teresa for the very untidy conditions in his house. “*Don’t worry,*” said Teresa, “*mine is just the same!*”

Arthur smoked for Britain, the air being thick and the ceilings yellow. He was not a heavy drinker, having a few bottles of port and such somewhere in the house for visitors but preferring his home brewed beer. His idea of relaxing was to be in an armchair with the TV remote control and his fags. In his cupboards there would be presents he’d been given such as shirts, still in their wrappers many years on. He already had the shirts he was using, he reasoned, so it would be wasteful to open any more just yet.

Eventually he got leukaemia and towards the end of his life he was in *Priscilla Bacon Lodge* in Norwich for palliative care. Here, although smoking was forbidden, there was no argument that Arthur had to be wheeled out, still in his bed, so he could smoke his fags.

He did not like commercialism and preferred Russia to the USA. He would often be sending in papers to the

²⁷ Letter dated 25 September 1995, also commended by the trial judge, Recorder Sells.

Small Claims Court, trying to get a refund on a holiday or something else that didn't agree with him. The family reckon he could almost have had his own parking space at the court building.



Arthur with Pat and Sue

For some reason, as a child Arthur was told by Linda not tell people his date of birth. Reportedly he once told it to someone and was then given a birthday present, which he took home and his mother broke it in fury. Even in his final years he would not let the hospital staff know his date of birth. In keeping, the family chose for his gravestone his age and the date of his death, but without his birth date. The family know he was born 14 months

after his parents were married, so it wasn't about the shame for some people at the time of being conceived out of wedlock.

The only charity Arthur had any time for was for lifeboats, the RNLI. He was agnostic and, if any Jehovah's Witnesses called at the house he would invite them in for a long debate. Apparently they didn't come back. He was someone who knew what they knew, even if they were wrong. And someone who would argue a contrary point just to be stubborn.

Before they were married, our parents Teresa and John were in Austria in 1956 helping refugees who came over the border after the Hungarian Uprising, and Arthur joined them for a while. A story from Teresa is, "Arthur came out to Austria; separately from your daddy and myself and a little later. When we were working for Voluntary BATH (British Aid to Hungary) he worked as a driver."

"One point, going along a single-track road between two ditches to the river which formed part of the border, he went to pick up a jeep-load of refugees. Then he had to [reverse all the way] back along the road. The guards on a structure on the other side of the river started shooting at them. He speeded up and, in his haste, hit a border-patrol hut which was the only building for miles around. He was ribbed for this but, in return, he pointed out he got everyone away without a personal scratch."

"He didn't get on too well with your daddy when he first arrived; since he'd known me as a sort of sister for so

long, I think he feared he might be displaced. Eventually, however, we were ‘fast mates’ and he was our usher when we married. He did joke, saying he’d go around saying “‘*Ush*, ‘*ush*” at the church.”

Arthur died on 12 July 2003, aged 68 years.

Arthur had two daughters, Pat and Sue, who live in Norwich. Sue is married to Adrian (Ward) and they have two daughters, Kirsty and Nicole.

When they were young, Pat and Sue’s uncle Bernard would joke with them, for example explaining that the reason that seawater tasted salty was because a man stood on the back of a ship tipping salt over the back.

The Duffy family

Jack Duffy

Grandfather

The parents of my mother's father, Jack, were Joseph and Maria²⁸. They were married on 1 November 1883 at the Sacred Heart RC church in Oswaldtwistle. They also lived in Oswaldtwistle²⁹ in a house with six rooms. Joseph working as a Cotton Spinner, Maria as a Cotton Winder, and Jack was born there on 31 March 1902. Thirteen children are thought to have been born in this family and twelve survived their infancy – Jack was child number nine.

When Jack was eight years old there were seven of the children, aged three to eighteen years, living in the house, the oldest four now young adults and having left by then.

Joseph's father could have been another John Duffy, reportedly born in Roscommon, Ireland and died possibly in Edinburgh on 4 April 1903. He worked in the cotton mills as a cotton operative and mule spinner. Joseph's mother was possibly Mary Mulhall, thought to have been born in County Monaghan, Ireland and to have died in Scotland on 13 February 1910.

²⁸ Pronounced as *mer-rye-er*

²⁹ 14 Monarch Street, Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire.

His family were:

- Joseph Duffy and Maria (Molloy)
 - James (Jim) (1884)
 - Joseph (Joe) (1885)
 - Mary (1887)
 - Sarah Ann (1891)
 - Catherine Mary (Kitty) (1893)
 - Elizabeth (Bessie) (1895)
 - Ellen (Ellie) (1897)
 - Anne (Annie) (1899)
 - **John** (**Jack**) (1902)
 - Margaret (Maggie, Peg) (1905)
 - Theresa (1907)
 - Jessie (1908)

Jack had left school aged thirteen to start work. His parents couldn't afford to let him take up a scholarship reportedly offered by *Manchester Grammar School*³⁰ because the scholarship fund would only pay for the school fees, but not the travel, uniform or books as well.³¹

³⁰ This school was near Victoria train station in Manchester city centre. It moved to its current suburban location in 1931.

³¹ Unfortunately, the school archive does not include details of 'awarded but unfulfilled' scholarships.

Aged twelve years old he had a copy of his birth certificate on the back of a Factory and Workshop Act 1901 form to show that he was old enough to start work in 1914. Both sides are copied as photographs here.

Jack was fascinated by the railways; he wanted to work there – a good job then – but couldn't apply initially because of his young age. In August 1926 when he married Minnie he said he was working as a railway goods porter, though whether he was still working there is contradicted by a family story.

Earlier that year in May he was said to have accepted a job offer to start as a railway signalman at Preston. A senior signalman was said to be equivalent to being a stationmaster. He handed in his week's notice to quit his old job on a Monday. But, on the Friday the *General Strike* was called and his job offer was withdrawn, so he lost both his old and his new job. Though he struggled to find and keep work for years to come, this did not make him bitter in later years.

He later worked as a postman, postal supervisor, then in an aircraft factory, later as a baker, and his last job was as a school caretaker before he retired. He was called *Dziadek* by the four of his grandchildren that spoke Polish.

By all accounts Jack was a working class intellectual, and it was a standing joke in the family that he had to be pulled away from the detailed overseas pages in the newspapers to lay the table for a meal. In another age

many people suspected he would have gone to university.

His niece Margaret Brynes commented that if the Catholic church had allowed married priests he would have been a good one.

Visiting their house, Margaret was surprised to see that Jack had made corrections to a letter received from Minnie's mother, but Minnie just laughed and said, "Oh, he does that all the time!"

Jack died on 4 September 1975, aged 73 years, in the Harwich & District Hospital in Dovercourt. He had leukaemia and a heart attack.

After he died, Minnie was going through his papers and found a typed copy of a short story he had written on diamond smuggling in the docks where they lived, called *Patient Investigation*.



Jack Duffy, June 1975

Maria

Great Grandmother

Jack's mother was born Maria Molloy, and we know from a copy of his birth certificate with her mark there that she was illiterate.

Maria was born in 1866 in the town of Church, Lancashire. She married Joseph Duffy in Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire, on 1 November 1883 and all their children are born in Oswaldtwistle.³² Maria would talk about County Mayo in Ireland, probably her Molloy roots from Wexford. She had a broad Irish accent and would always wear a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

Her parents were Joseph Molloy, born in 1851 in Ireland, and Jane Catterall, born in 1852 in Lancashire. They were married in Lancashire on 20 June 1870.

One of Maria's grandchildren, a daughter of Bessie, is Margaret Byrnes who lives in Hindley, near Wigan. She told me that when she was growing up she had 30 cousins.

One story was when Margaret was about ten years old and Maria called in on Minnie, her daughter-in-law. Maria reached into her handbag for a small twist of paper with sugar inside, still on rations.

The conversation went as follows:

³² 14 Monarch Street, Oswaldtwistle.

Maria - *Here, this sugar is for our John.*

Minnie - *Well, HE won't get it, I'll have it instead for the children.*

Maria - *Well then, I'll take it back and give it to our Peg; and she put the sugar back in her handbag.*

The 'our John' above was our grandfather Jack.

Joseph Duffy

Great Grandfather

Joseph was born in Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire in 1863. He was the first child in the family to be born in England, his older brothers and sisters all born in Ireland, the family emigrating between 1860 and 1863.

His family were:

- John Duffy and Mary Mulhall
 - James 1850
 - John 1852
 - Ann 1855-1933
 - Elizabeth 1855
 - Mary 1858
 - Peter 1860
 - **Joseph** 1863
 - Matthew 1864
 - James 1867.

Joseph describes his work in the 1911 Census as a store cellarman and died in 1933 in Blackburn, aged around 70 years.

James – *Jim*

Great Uncle

Jim was wounded, shot in the First World War. His wife Maria would attend Remembrance Day events and give donations, but wouldn't wear a poppy, saying the British Legion had done nothing to help Jim when he needed it.

He possibly enlisted on 8 September 1914 to the Cameronian (Scottish Rifles) Labour Corp, #566715, was wounded in France on 16 February 1915 and discharged on 9 April 1919.

Maria was said by the family to have “strayed” while Jim was away. They had a child called Anne Marie and she reportedly had eight children.

Catherine Mary – *Kitty*

Great Aunt

Kitty was a talented cook, always making pastry and kneading dough. According to family stories, all the Duffy women were good cooks.

Elizabeth – *Bessie*

Great Aunt

Bessie had a fine collection of statues, now with her daughter Margaret Brynes.

Margaret can remember being teased for her Irish roots, with boys calling out, "Does your mum keep pigs on the kitchen table?"

As a small girl at home, her uncle Jack and his three children (including our mother) all cycling over to visit them on a Sunday, leaving their four bikes in the hall. There were no telephones so people just turned up.

Ellen – *Ellie*

Great Aunt

Ellie married Tom Lambert, maybe on 19 June 1927. Tom worked on trawlers. Later, in the Second World War he was held in a Japanese prisoner of war camp, after which he was said to have become 'much quieter.' He possibly was in Fukuoka, camp 804, from 1942 to 1945, if so he had been an army driver, number T186453.

Capt. Joe Duffy

Great Uncle

This section on Captain Joe Duffy has also been printed as a separate booklet or pamphlet, with copies sent to the archives of organisations in New Zealand he was involved with.³³



³³ Capt. Joe Duffy (1885-1962) ISBN 9780993526770



Joe at Wellesley College

Summary

Born on 8 November 1885, our great-uncle Joseph Duffy was the second oldest of twelve surviving children in an Irish family in northern England. He left home at 15 to join the Royal Navy, but life there turned sour and after serving jail time with hard labour he was discharged at 20 years old. He soon marries Annie Katherine Worthington in Accrington, both aged about 21 years old, and a few years later they emigrate to New Zealand.

He adds a new middle name – Aloysius – possibly to distance himself from his youth and starts work as an instructor in physical training (PT), eventually becoming a teacher. He is known as a strong Catholic.

By age 27 in 1912 he has joined the New Zealand army.

The following year he and Annie have a daughter, known as Molly, possibly in August 1913.

By the age of 31 he is sent to fight in the trenches in France during the First World War and he is promoted to Captain, in charge of PT for 25,000 New Zealand soldiers. From then on he is always called Captain.

Joe comes home to soon find his first wife Annie drinking with the neighbours, all the details reported in the local newspaper, and then she is in court being found guilty of stealing a pair of shoes. In December 1920 Joe divorces Annie for misconduct.

Between the first and second world wars Joe is the head of PT for the YMCA and two schools (Wellesley College then Scots College), winning awards and accolades.

In 1925 Joe marries Marion Brophy, aged then about 22 years old.

When the Duke of Gloucester visits New Zealand in 1934, Joe is in charge of an outdoor PT display for the royal tour given by 13,000 school children. Joe is 49 years old.

During the Second World War Joe, in his late 50s, is in charge of a detention camp for conscientious objectors.

He retires with medals, and dies on 31 May 1962 aged 76 years, survived by his second wife Marion, and by Molly his daughter from his first marriage with Annie.

Details

One of the older brothers of our grandfather Jack Duffy was Joseph – Joe, our great-uncle.

Oswaldtwistle

Joe was born on 8 November 1885 in Oswaldtwistle,³⁴ Lancashire, UK, the second of thirteen children (twelve surviving) in a six-room house. His parents were Joseph and Maria, both working in the cotton mills when they met, he a spinner and she a winder. They were born in Lancashire, with Maria's family in County Mayo.

Joe's family were:

- Father: Joseph Duffy (1863-1933)
- Mother Maria Duffy (nee Molloy) (1866-1950)
- Children:
 - James (Jim) (1884)
 - **Joseph** (Joe) (1885)
 - Mary (1887)
 - Sarah Ann (1891)
 - Catherine Mary (1893)
 - Elizabeth (Bessie) (1895)
 - Ellen (1897)
 - Annie (1899)
 - John (Jack) (1902)
 - Margaret (Maggie) (1905)
 - Theresa (1907)
 - Jessie (1908)

³⁴ 14 Monarch Street, Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire.

Royal Navy

In January 1901 Joe left home at 15 years old to join the Royal Navy and learn a trade as a riveter, starting at HMS Caledonia as a *Boy 2nd Class*. He signed on for 12 years from adulthood, planning to leave when he was 30 years old. For the first two years his conduct is marked as “very good”, but something happens when he is on HMS Anson just a month after his 18th birthday when he becomes an Ordinary rating and he runs away.

They find him after ten months and he returns, but things are very different now. His conduct is now said to be “indifferent” and he starts to do jail time at HMS Pembroke, a Royal Navy shore barracks in Chatham, Kent.

At first it is for four days, but soon he is doing six weeks hard labour for obscene language, and finally he is in front of a military court martial³⁵ and sentenced to six months hard labour for striking a superior officer.³⁶

HMS Pembroke is not a happy ship. One account tells us that:

“Discipline was harsh in the barracks, uniforms had to be spotless. The Parade Ground ... had to

³⁵ 17 July 1905.

³⁶ Service record 213141, 8 January 1901 to 16 July 1905, The National Archives of the UK.

be crossed at a run. A soul destroying task was litter picking across the Parade Ground.”³⁷

After his fourth time in jail the Royal Navy discharges Joe, which might have been what he wanted. It is January 1906 and he is 20 years old.

Annie

Later that year he marries Annie Worthington (1885-?) in Accrington at the Sacred Heart church, on 21 April 1906 (though his death certificate states it was in 1911, reported second-hand and very likely is mistaken).³⁸

Southport

According to a press cutting,³⁹ he spends some time at the Southport Physical Training College⁴⁰ under the headship of Alexander Alexander FRGS, from where Joe goes to Aldershot⁴¹ and then to Stockholm. Joe is

³⁷ Wikipedia entry for “Drill Hall Library”.

³⁸ Ref: Q2 1906, Haslingden, vol 8e, page 285.

³⁹ Evening Post, 14 August 1931, “Personal Items”.

⁴⁰ Ivydene, 8-9 York Road, Birkdale, Lancashire (now Merseyside). According to Sefton Libraries local history staff this was listed as a private school in a trade directory in 1906, but no other records are thought to survive.

⁴¹ Probably the Army School of Physical Training, ASPT. Around this time their first gymnasium is reportedly built at Wellington Lines, Aldershot, UK.

described as a trained masseur, a qualification he might have gained during his time in Sweden.⁴²

New Zealand

After Sweden he emigrates to New Zealand, a journey of around 45 days by ship. He might have had to tell a few fibs on the way, but he seems to have started afresh. He later tells the New Zealand armed forces that he had arrived by April 1909.

By 1912 he is living at 66 Willis Street in Wellington and advertising his classes in “physical culture (Swedish system) and jiu-jitsu”.⁴³

His enlistment form for the New Zealand Expeditionary Force (NZEf) confirms that he was born on 8 November 1885 in Accrington, Lancashire – which connects the older Joseph Aloysius Duffy in New Zealand as being the same person as the younger Joseph Duffy in the UK.

On these forms is a question number 15 – “Give the details of any previous service in the British Naval or Military Forces” which he leaves blank, and it is the only question not answered. The form is countersigned by a witness and by an attesting officer, so maybe they came to an understanding about his youthful days.

⁴² Said by Joe in 1931, but there are no other records.

⁴³ Press cutting, 4 April 1912.

By 31 July 1912 Joe is listed in army records as being attached to the St Patrick's College No.1 Company Senior Cadets.

In 1913 he gains a swimming teacher's certificate, and in 1914 the Royal Life Saving Society's instructor's certificate and their silver medallion award.

We know that Joe then joins the New Zealand Rifle Brigade, also known as the Earl of Liverpool's Own.⁴⁴ In 1913 a Lieutenant Duffy is listed,^{45 46} and he appears to have been enlisted on 5 August 1912 as a 2nd-Lieutenant.

Molly is born

They had one daughter, called *Molly*, a name often linked with *Mary*, possibly on 1 August 1913, (or around 1915 according to Joe's death certificate, but this detail was reported second-hand and is much later so could well have been mistaken).

First World War

On 28 April 1915 his commanding officer writes to his superiors recommending that Joe be promoted from 2nd-

⁴⁴ New Zealand National Archives, services record 0035812.

⁴⁵ 30 January 1913.

⁴⁶ On 18 January 1915 a "J A Duffy" is listed as arriving in Wellington from Sydney on the ship *Riverina*; their nationality is New Zealander.

Lieutenant to (full) Lieutenant, saying “I consider him one of the best Officers in the Group.”

Around 21 September 1916 there is a Saturday evening function with around 35 of Joe’s lifesaving friends where they wish him well in the army, give him a pair of binoculars as a present, ending with songs around the piano.⁴⁷

On 17 November 1916 Joe writes to his commanders to complain about losing over four months in seniority and pay. There was an exam he had to take before he could be made a lieutenant, but he had missed the exam because he was volunteering, and at his own cost for travelling expenses, five nights a week for three months to give extra physical training classes to every army company in the group. He did pass the next available exam, but this was some months later. However, the reply to him was – sorry, no, the army regulations required the exam to be passed before the pay and seniority could be increased, even though it wasn’t his fault he had to wait so long. Soon afterwards his company is sent to France.

Just before he leaves to join the “24th Reinforcements”, there is another evening meal with friends where he is presented with a compass which had radioactive radium paint on the needle to light up the dial at night.⁴⁸

⁴⁷ Evening Post, 21 September 1916.

⁴⁸ The Dominion, 27 March 1917.

So in 1917 he is listed as being in the Infantry,⁴⁹ and later detailed as the Wellington Infantry Regiment, B Division.

On 4 November 1917 a report is produced on his training in France, with the note that he is excellent at physical training and a recommendation that he be made a Divisional Supervisor for physical training. It also reports that he won the “Welter Wade Wrestling Championship”.

He is listed in the UK Army List for 1918 as a ‘seconded or supernumery’ soldier. His training by the army includes using grenades (“bombing”) and life saving, but they notice he has a “special aptitude” for physical training. At one point during Joe’s training he has the highest marks of 240 officers.

In May 1918 he is listed as wounded, in the section headed “not reported as severe cases”.⁵⁰ In 1918 he had *poruritus ani*,⁵¹ caused by “general active service”, and a septic bunion (deforming his left big toe) , caused by “badly fitting boots and much marching”. The bunion

⁴⁹ Evening Post, 16 April 1917, on the “appointment of officers going into active service”.

⁵⁰ Evening Post, 21 May 1918, Lt. J A Duffy, Service number 37052.

⁵¹ A skin irritation said in his army records to have been caused by rubbing from ill-fitting clothing.

was removed by an operation on 15 May 1918.⁵² He reportedly made a full recovery after some discomfort.

On the 14 September 1918 he is promoted from Lieutenant to the rank of Captain. He had by then become the Army's Director of Physical Training for all the New Zealand troops in France, overseeing the training of 25,000 men. The British Expeditionary Force command offered him a post in PT training for their troops, but he declined, preferring to stay with the New Zealand troops.

Joe's older brother James ("Jim") was reportedly shot and wounded during World War One.

After the war Joe spends some more time at Aldershot in April and May 1919 where he attends the Imperial PT Conference and re-qualifies as an Instructor in Physical and Bayonet Training. He then spent time learning about the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers at a military hospital in Tooting, London.

Demobilised and embarking on 4 July 1919 on the ship *SS Port Hacking*, Joe returns to New Zealand, this time for life, where he was discharged from service on 18 September 1919. There is a newspaper report of him

⁵² New Zealand Service Record, WW1, online record 0035812.

arriving in Wellington from Sidney, Australia, on 2 June 1920.⁵³ He opted to stay enlisted as a Reserve Officer.

In October 1919 he is back involved in the Maranui Surf and Lifesaving Club,⁵⁴ but he resigns a year later due to “pressure of business”.⁵⁵

Around December 1919 Joe writes a standard letter to “the principal Colleges of the Dominion” asking them all if there is any chance of work for him as a physical training instructor. His commanding officer is copied in and writes in reply to wish Joe every success in his search for work. The letter is copied at the back of this booklet (page 34).

Wellesley College

In 1920 Joe is in charge of physical training at Wellesley College, previously known as Croydon School. It is a boys’ school for 140-200 pupils. His duties include athletics, boxing, the Scouts group, and the School Cadets Corps. He tells the college he had been responsible for the YMCA in the war zone.

Joe is mentioned in December 1920 as leading an outdoor display of pupils at “Bank’s College primary

⁵³ Grey River Argus, 16 June 1920 – Capt Duffy sailed from Bluff to Wellington, arriving 2 June 1920.

⁵⁴ Evening Post, 4 October 1919.

⁵⁵ Evening Post, 22 October 1920.

department”. The report⁵⁶ adds that Joe spent some time in Japan before coming to New Zealand, possibly where he studied jiu-jitsu; that he had previously studied anatomy, physiology and psychology; that he had been “in charge of the physical training in several of the large public schools at Home”; and that he had spent some months in the trenches during the war.

He is mentioned in a book⁵⁷ on the history of Wellesley College in the account given by John Kennedy, a former pupil of his time there in the early 1920s:

“For some reason the member of the staff I recall with greatest clarity is Captain Joe Duffy. He had a sort of composite responsibility as physical education director and officer in charge of the college cadets. He had the glamour that goes with the ex-Army officer in immediate post-war years, and was certainly dedicated to our physical wellbeing. As a sideline he was physical instructor to both the YMCA and YWCA gymnasiums, and (in the latter case) was photographed annually in the midst of groups of athletic and attractive young ladies. His enthusiasm for the college cadets was such that he would tolerate nothing but the best. Those of us who in later years were called on to face up to

⁵⁶ Evening Post, 14 December 1920.

⁵⁷ Wellesley College - The City and the Bay: A History, by Peter Harcourt (1989).

real war in the Western Desert and in Italy owe him a debt of gratitude for his groundwork. Perhaps more than in any other sport Captain Duffy was interested in swimming.” (p33)

Joe appears to have been a key member of school staff in changing the ethos of the school.

“The school’s involvement in sport during the first years of the 1920s is in marked contrast to its earlier reputation as a ‘cramming’ school.” (p36)

“Captain Joe Duffy used to train the cadet corps, and we used to parade once a week.” added Arthur Clendon, another former pupil. (p38)

Annie

When Joe returns to New Zealand from Europe in 1919, he finds that things have changed at home. We know his wife Annie was living with him in 1919,⁵⁸ but in 1920 she is listed⁵⁹ at the same address but without him.

In August 1919 Annie is in court - she has been the victim of theft from her house. The full and lurid story is printed in the local newspaper, and is copied at the back of this booklet (pages 35-39).

She does not come out of it well.

⁵⁸ Electoral Roll, 1919, at 161 Queen’s Drive, Wellington.

⁵⁹ City Directory, 1920

Her house is described by the magistrate as being “somewhat loosely and irregularly conducted” and she admits to drinking whisky at home with men who visit from neighbouring houses.

However, worse follows a year later. Annie is in court again, but this time *she* is the one being accused of theft. The newspaper account in full is:

“A lucky coincidence brought a pair of shoes stolen from Hannah and Co.’s Cuba-street shop back into the firm’s hands, and the thief within the reach of the law.

On Saturday, Annie Duffy purchased a pair of child’s shoes from the Cuba-street shop, and at the same time quietly stole a pair of lady’s tan shoes, valued at 32s 6d [£1.66].

Two other customers saw her action and informed the assistant who had served the woman, but by that time she had disappeared. On Monday the woman walked into the Lambton-quay shop to change the tan shoes, which she said she had purchased at the other shop.

The very assistant who had served her on Saturday happened to be in the second shop at the time, and explanations, being adjudged wanting, were followed by an official visit by a constable and an arrest.

This morning the woman admitted her guilt, when charged before Mr. J.S. Evans, S.M., at the

Magistrate's Court, and was convicted and ordered to come up for sentence when called upon."⁶⁰

So, a few months later Joe takes her to court, this time for a divorce. Again, the newspapers reported it:

"On the ground that she had misconducted herself, Joseph Duffy ... obtained a decree against Annie Duffy. The parties were married in England in 1906, and later came to New Zealand. The petitioner had served with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, and the respondent had admitted misconduct on his return."⁶¹

Marion

A few years later in 1925 Joe marries Marion Brophy (1903-1972) in Wellington, and she is aged around 22 years. They have no children, to our knowledge.

In 1915 Marion Brophy is a young pupil at Ashburton Convent School⁶² and she is gaining honours in her music exams.⁶³ In 1919 she wins a scholarship⁶⁴ and in 1920 she passes her Trinity College London exams.

⁶⁰ Evening Post, 10 Aug 1920

⁶¹ The Dominion, 20 Dec 1920

⁶² Havelock Street, Wellington.

⁶³ The Sun, 3 Oct 1916.

⁶⁴ The Sun, 28 Mar 1919.

In 1922 she is mentioned as attending three Annual Ball dances in July and August, including one for the members of the Telephone Exchange where she might have been working, aged 19 years old. At two dances her dress is a deep salmon-pink satin with a soft tulle sash; and at the Licenced Victuallers' Ball her dress is black satin with ciré⁶⁵ lace.

On 24 July 1923 she is dancing in the Art Gallery at the Rosemary Jazz Club.

After marrying Joe she continues with her musical interests, playing piano in the Working Mens Club and Literary Institute Orchestra and Concert Party. They perform a number of fundraising concerts, including at the Home for Aged Needy, the Central Park Hospital, the British Sailors Association, and the Ewart Hospital.

The difference in the ages of Joe and Marion when they get married (39 and 22) may have been influenced by the reduced number of young men living in New Zealand after the First World War. Of the whole population of around one million people, 10% went to war but this was over 40% of the men of fighting age, and nearly 60% of these men were killed or seriously wounded.

Molly growing up

Molly is mentioned almost 30 times in the local newspapers (now online) between when she was 8 years old and 24 years old.

⁶⁵ a highly glazed wax finish.

At around 8 years old, in December 1921 she is a junior pupil at a boarding school, getting mentioned as accomplished in “physical culture” or PT, taking after her father. This is probably at St Mary’s Convent or College, where she is also listed in April 1922.

By 14 years old she is also taking after her step-mother Marion, as Molly passes her Trinity College exam in piano playing.

In 1928 when she is 15 years old she is taking part in a Gymnastics Carnival, and later that year she wins a gold medal in physical culture as a senior boarder. The following year she wins second place in a costume race in the Girl Guides, Wellington District.

By 17 years old Molly plays a piano duet – Spanish Dance – with Marjorie Macedo at the Town Hall, which is also broadcast on the radio station.

The following year Molly is probably just under 18 years old and now a debutante, presented with 40 others on 17 June 1931 at the Annual Charity Ball at the Town Hall to the Archbishop. She wears a dress of “ivory georgette over satin, relieved with a large pink taffeta bow, and a wrap of ivory chiffon velvet”.

The following year, now 19, she is starring in a pantomime of the Arabian Nights as Ali Baba, and her father has a hand in the event, adding a “spectacular massed and group” display with gymnasts from the YMCA.

Probably when Molly is 21 years old her parents throw a party for her, which gets good coverage in the local newspaper.

“A Delightful Party

Captain and Mrs. J. A. Duffy gave a delightful party in honour of their daughter, Miss Molly Duffy, recently. Games and competitions made great fun for the many guests, who all spent a most enjoyable time. The supper table was brightly decorated with pink and blue streamers, and a handsome cake centred all, and Miss Duffy went through the ceremony of lighting candles and cutting the cake. Among the guests entertained were ...”⁶⁶

Probably aged 24 years old, Molly became engaged to Edward Harvey in early 1938.⁶⁷ So far, no record of their marriage or later life has been found in this research.⁶⁸

Lt. Thompson

The Wellesley school magazine listed a number of staff and former staff deaths during 1926 and 1927, including:

⁶⁶ Evening Post, 31 August 1934.

⁶⁷ Evening Post, 1 February 1938. Mr & Mrs Duffy lived in Seaton. Mr & Mrs Harvey lived in Broughton Street.

⁶⁸ There is a Molly Harvey who died in Medway, Kent around Oct 2001 who was reportedly born on 1 Aug 1913.

“a tribute to Lieutenant J. Thompson NZSC, who had been second-in-command of the Cadet Corps since its inception in 1917. His sudden death from pneumonia was evidently a shock and a severe loss to members of the corps.” (p42)

Joe must have been one of the people who were shocked by this sudden death of his deputy. But Joe presses on. The following year Joe’s swimming classes are praised in the annual *Wellesley College Recorder*, with the school now having only two boys who were non-swimmers in the Upper School following daily swimming lessons at Te Aro Baths. These baths were a tidal pool of sea water with wooden boards and changing rooms around. (p43-44)

A few years later, in 1930 the Wellesley College Recorder is praising Joe’s work again.

“The most praiseworthy development had been the establishment of an annual school camp. The first of these, held at Barton’s Bush in January 1930, had been organised by Captain Duffy and J. R. Sutcliffe. About 40 boys took part, enjoying cricket, river bathing, long walks and campfire songs ...” (p50-51)

By the 1931 annual report, there is a:

“noticeable absence from [the staff list] of Captain Duffy [which] must be taken to mean that he was one of those who had ended his connection with the school during the year. If such was the case, it meant the departure of a

man who had given over 12 years' dedicated service to Wellesley College. His influence had been widespread and diverse, and it seems likely that, with his going, the school's Cadet Corp ceased to have any active role. (p57-58)

The book⁵⁷ includes six photographs with Joe Duffy, usually as the coach or teacher in the middle of a group of school athletes.

YMCA

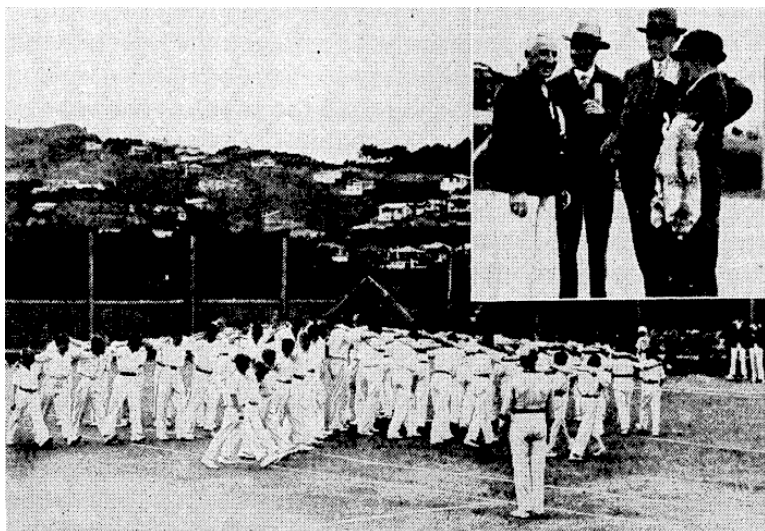
He also has a sideline as the Physical Director for the YMCA (and possibly the YWCA) in Wellington. For the year 1923 newspaper reports say he had 13,590 people come to his YMCA classes. He resigns this role in 1935.⁶⁹

Scots College

Having left Wellesley College around August 1931 he changes jobs, moving to do the same physical training duties at Scots College. In 1930 J. R. (Joe) Sutcliffe had moved from Wellesley to Scots to become the new headmaster. It was usual at the time for head teachers to ask the teachers they approved of to follow them when they changed schools. So, Joe S recruited Joe D.

Later, Joe Duffy similarly left Scots College when Joe Sutcliffe left.

⁶⁹ Press cutting, 29 November 1935.

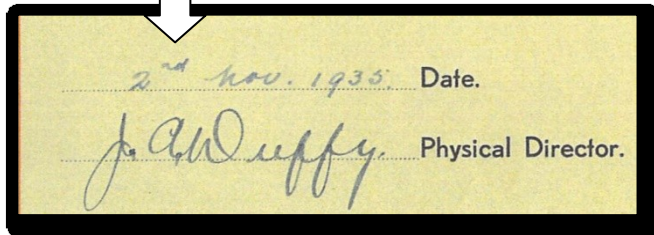
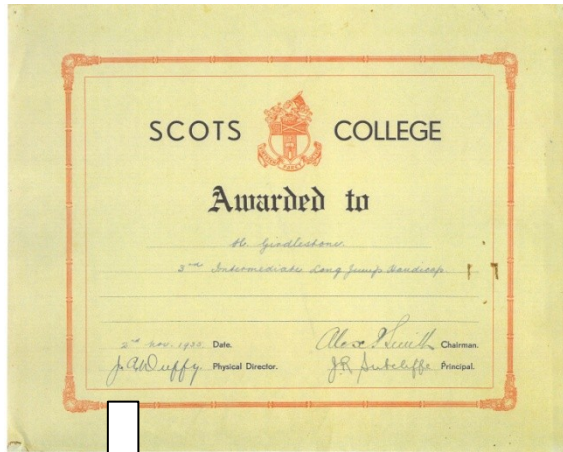


EVOLUTIONS AT SCOTS COLLEGE.—Pupils giving a gymnasium display during the garden party and bazaar at Scots College on Saturday afternoon. Inset, Captain Duffy, gymnasium instructor, Mr. C. Black, chairman of the executive of the Parents' Association, the Hon. A. Hamilton, who opened the garden party, and Mrs. Hamilton.

The Captain made his mark early on at Scots College, with The Scot annual report for his first year noting:

“The cross-country running last season reached a very satisfactory standard. Captain Duffy supervised several preliminary runs, before the championships, which were held on Labour Day. ...

During the past season a very high standard of swimming has been obtained, which is due to Captain Duffy's untiring efforts. Proof of this is shown by the fact that there are only a dozen non-swimmers in the College at the present time.”



From the Scots College Archive, dated 2 Nov 1935

Joe is shown in a press photograph entitled “Evolutions at Scots College” (copied on page 21).⁷⁰

Royal Visit

During the 1934-35 visit to New Zealand by Prince Henry, the Duke of Gloucester, Joe was the most senior organiser – the *Chief Marshall* – of an outdoors gymnastics display by 13,000 school children for the royal party. This was the Newton Park Show in

⁷⁰ Evening Post, 11 December 1933.

Wellington on 18 December 1934. Children travelled by train from most parts of the north island, with 480 adults supervising under Joe's directions.⁷¹ This is summertime in the southern hemisphere.

He was reportedly friends⁷² with the Duke of Gloucester, who shared an interest in soldiering and games. Joe was said to have been photographed with the Duke of Gloucester (Prince Henry) and a number of children, a picture that is now lost to the family.

In 1936 Joe is the founding Chairman of the new group, the Wellington Physical Training Teachers Association.⁷³ That year he is also listed as being a successful candidate in examinations run in Wellington by the British Association of Physical Training, with the note added that he had "passed in final with distinction" remarkably aged 51 years.

Staff lists at Scots College show he finished working there in December 1938. *The Scot* annual report published in 1939 said, "Captain Duffy, who has been with us for many years, will be greatly missed by all." Joe's place was taken by an Old Boy of Scots College, Mr T. G. Bedding.

⁷¹ Press cutting, December 1934.

⁷² However, there is no record of Joe in the papers of the Duke of Gloucester within the Royal Archives, Windsor Castle, England.

⁷³ Evening Post, 12 May 1936.

Second World War

With the Second World War, Joe is presiding over a group of Catholic volunteers who open a Forces Club in 1940 in Wellington for soldiers away from home who are on leave in the area.⁷⁴ It is aimed at Catholic soldiers but states that anyone is welcome.

Probably by 1941 and through to 1945, Joe was back in the army⁷⁵ and was appointed by the Government to be the Camp Supervisor of a Detention Camp in Whitanui for conscientious objectors.⁷⁶ He is sometimes called to give evidence in court where there have been offences committed by some inmates. We don't know whether Joe had told anyone about his own time as a prisoner, but he must have reflected on the irony.

At some point he was awarded two medals: the New Zealand Service Medal, and the New Zealand Long and Efficient Service Medal. He was retired from the Army List on 29 January 1948.

⁷⁴ Press cutting, 21 October 1940; 126 Cuba Street, Wellington.

⁷⁵ New Zealand National Archives, services record 0359302.

⁷⁶ Auckland Star, 18 July 1944.

Retirement

Sometime before 1957 he had retired⁷⁷ and he was living at 67 Wellesley Road, Hawke's Bay, Napier, New Zealand. Joe died on 31 May 1962, aged 76 years, at the Public Hospital in Napier from a rupture of an abdominal aortic aneurysm. He had had rectal cancer for three years, along with arteriosclerosis.⁷⁸ He was buried on 2 June 1962 in the Wharerangi Lawn Cemetery.

He was survived by his second wife Marion and his daughter Molly from his first marriage. It isn't clear whether his first wife Annie is still living at this point.

Marion lives a further ten years. She dies on 23 July 1972, and is buried at Karori cemetery in the same plot as her parents, Annie Brophy (c.1872-1931) and Edward Brophy (c.1870-1934).

Mollie maybe lives a further 39 years, dying possibly in late 2001 in the UK at Medway in Kent.

⁷⁷ Electoral Roll for 67 Wellesley Road.

⁷⁸ Death Certificate.

Reflections

As we saw, sometime between leaving the Royal Navy and becoming part of the British Army, Joe has started to use a new middle name, *Aloysius*. This additional name might have been to avoid confusion – there was another Joseph Duffy in the New Zealand forces who lived in Hamilton and was a Catholic priest.⁷⁹ The new middle name might also have been to avoid any embarrassing link to his blemished Royal Navy service record.

Aloysius might have been his Catholic Confirmation name.

We know that Joe was closely involved in the *Marist* community in New Zealand, being part of an international Catholic organisation which focused on providing for under-privileged young people. Possibly this interest of his started earlier in the UK, and it may be that in some way the Marists had helped him in his troubled youth in the UK to turn over a new page. His New Zealand army forms indicate his religion as Roman Catholic.

Joe's early troubles with the Royal Navy in the UK start within days after his 18th birthday, when he would have left the cadet side to join the older men as a young adult. There is no family crisis that we know of at this time which might have pulled him away; and so there remains

⁷⁹ New Zealand Gazette, 27 January 1916 and 1920.

the possibility that he was exposed to bullying, or maybe worse abuse, which was not being dealt with by the officers.

The family stories were that Joe emigrated to New Zealand *after* the First World War, though we know now that he was living there beforehand as well, long enough to be able to join the New Zealand Rifles Brigade and to fight in France. The stories also suggest he travelled to New Zealand via Australia.

Other family stories about New Zealand add that there were “a lot of staunch Catholics in the area” Joe was living, and their basic wooden church was too small for the new congregation. So Joe and others dismantled the church, used the wood to make rosary beads (prayer beads) to sell, and bought bricks with the proceeds for a new church. Joe told the family that Wellington was so windy that you had to hold on to your hat whichever way you were going.

The family knew that he was known to everyone as *Captain*. His wife was said to have been called *Marion*. We now know this was his second wife, and that *Annie* had been his first wife, as confirmed by Joe’s death certificate. Some early newspaper cuttings tell of “Mr J A and Mrs A Duffy”, and some Army records later refer to her being his next-of-kin as “Mrs M Duffy”.

At one point Joe posted a tape of his voice to the UK and all his sisters gathered in one room around a reel-to-reel tape recorder to listen to his words.

There was an oil painting of a grandmother which caused a falling out in the Duffy family. It was turned to the wall after a funeral, but turning it back it was clear that Joe had taken the original and left instead a photograph copy in its place, in the same frame. In Joe's will he reportedly left the painting first to his sisters Bessie, then to Maggie, but somehow his sister Annie managed to get hold of it and gave it to her son Andrew.

It seems clear that Joe liked to keep the local newspaper informed of his achievements and those of his daughter. He might also have embellished things a little, such as his training in Sweden and then Japan. Possibly he did go ashore while in transit and visit a gym or two. But we can thank him for leaving plenty of material for a family history.



*Rosary Beads (prayer beads) made from a demolished
wooden church
in New Zealand, now with Teresa, Joe's niece.*

John Duffy (Snr)

Another Duffy, possibly John, was at sea working on a wooden sailing ship when there was an accident and one of the masts fell on him, severely crushing his leg. Far out at sea, all they could do was to summon the ship's cook-doctor-handyman to bring his knives. John was awake throughout the operation to amputate the crushed part of his leg. He only fainted when he saw the hot tar being brought across to cauterise the wound. The broken mast was not wasted, being sawn up by the crew to make him a peg leg.

Maggie

Great Aunt

The Duffys stayed in Dovercourt until 1939, Jack working at first as a postman and later promoted as a supervisor. In May that year, Jack's sister Maggie in Chorley wrote to say that the *de Havilland* factory, where both her husband and brother-in-law were working, had stepped up the work for the oncoming war and were recruiting.

So in 1939 the family moved again back to Chorley.⁸⁰ Four years later they moved two doors along to another house,⁸¹ also rented.

⁸⁰ 74 Pilling Lane, Chorley, Lancashire.

⁸¹ 78 Pilling Lane, Chorley, Lancashire.

Maggie married Jack and were the most well-to-do of her siblings. After Jack managed the night shift at the de Haveland factory in Lancashire he ran a shop in Wigan selling fresh fish and green-groceries. Maggie would also work on Census visits, calling at houses while her husband drove her round. Maggie was very unwell at one point during which time Margaret Brynes had to go to the Wellbank school in Chorley, but in a different year to our mother, Teresa.

Margaret Brynes

1st Cousin 1x removed

Margaret and Teresa, cousins, keep in touch. Margaret recalls their uncle Hughie who would always wear a white shirt with gold bands on his upper arms to hold the sleeves in place.



Margaret Brynes with adult children and partners.

Cecilia

Aunt

Cecilia was born on 20 November 1928 in Accrington, Lancashire, the oldest of the three children of Minnie and Jack. She trained as an art teacher and lecturer after leaving school.

As young women, Teresa liked dancing and took her older sister Cecilia out to the Hammersmith Palais dance hall in London, where Cecilia met her future husband, a Polish man in the armed forces, Piotr – Peter – Wozny. They had four children: Jan Jozef (Janek), Krystyna (Krysia), Pawel Alojzy (Paul), and Bernard Peter (Bernard).

So Cecilia had four children, but she also had three miscarriages and two events which today would be recognised as premature or stillbirths.

One time was when Cecilia was at home with her young children. The kitchen telephone had a long cord and she stretched the cord to take the handset into the bathroom, where she was calling a doctor but it was too late, and she wrapped the premature, dead baby in some towels, all the time singing nursery rhymes through the door to comfort her children. The towels and contents were just taken away, and nothing more was said, with no grieving or funeral. Cecilia told Krysia later that the baby “had looked just like Janek,” her eldest. Another time, Krysia had come home from school as usual to find her father unexpected in the house and her mother leaving in an ambulance.

In terms of contraception, the Catholic Church only promoted the rhythm method and a view that breastfeeding women could not become pregnant (called the Lactational Amenorrhoea Method).

Cecilia admired Martin Luther King Jr, and said that having a European background helped her in being white and anti-racist in Newark. Both Paul and Krysia felt they did not fit in the US, and felt they had ‘come home’ in the UK, but Janek their elder brother felt the opposite.

As a young family they spent many years growing up in the USA, and Cecilia’s parents Minnie and Jack went over and spent some time with them (1958-63) to help while the children were small. The family lived in New Jersey⁸² with Piotr listed in 1959 in the directory for the city of Elizabeth as a machine operator for the P-DCP company.

Cecilia gained a PhD in America around 1968 for her work on education and was a respected academic. She was also a keen tennis player and taught it to the boys, though Krysia wasn’t so keen. This was despite the trouble Cecilia had with astigmatism in her eyes since childhood, a problem Cecilia would tell people was caused by her having been “hit on the head with an iron”. Strangely, her sister-in-law Margaret (Betty) blamed “the Duffy genes” for the partial sightedness of her own two daughters, Julie and Cathy.

⁸² 216 Marshall Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

After her husband Piotr (Peter) had died in 1969, Cecilia returned to the UK with her teenage children in 1970, living first in Dovercourt and then in Bradford.⁸³

I (Tony) was eleven years old and away from home at summer Scouts camp when I heard that my uncle Piotr had died. I learnt this year from Krysia that I had written a condolence letter to my aunt Cecilia which she had kept all her life.

From the mid 1970s, Cecilia owned and ran a business in Bradford called *Baildon Lodge*, a residential home for elderly people in a conservation area in Bradford. It was profitable for around ten years, during which time she hired two canal boats for a large family get-together.

When her business in Bradford started to run into financial difficulties around 1987, reports indicate that *The Moorings* in Dovercourt was mortgaged as security, eventually being repossessed by a merchant bank. Minnie had to move out, and Arthur had remortgaged his house and was said to have lived very frugally so that he could provide Cecilia with a loan.

Cecilia and Bernard could have a tetchy time together. One example is where Cecilia was flying from the US to the UK and Bernard was going to collect her at the airport. He asked her what the flight number was. She replied it was irrelevant as there was only one flight that

⁸³ 41 March Cote Lane, Cottingley, Bingley, West Yorkshire.

day on that route. Bernard was exasperated, asking others why she couldn't just tell him the number.

Bernard, Arthur and Cecilia sadly never completely made their peace, even when Bernard was dying in hospital we are told he wouldn't see her. As said elsewhere, it was based on a difficult time within the family.

At the end of this book is a poem written by Arthur, with one part which laments – *That pain that comes from too much love / From others who are now above.*

It is Teresa's and other's strong hope that the family difficulties in 1989 have now become – or can be made – less raw and brought to a peace. She describes the root cause of this conflict then as having been the previous abject poverty of the early years of the lives of everyone involved. As she now says, she lives from day to day on a state pension taking life as it comes “*because anything more leads to problems*”.

*

Teresa and myself visited Cecilia in Bradford, probably sometime in the 1980s. When we arrived she apologised because the toilet was out of use due to a problem with the drains. With a few improvised tools and rubber gloves we started lifting the various inspection ('manhole') covers outside to find the blockage, which we found in the pipes under a neighbour's garden.

Later on around 2005 when Cecilia was not well, Lorraine and myself visited her in her small house.⁸⁴ We had a lovely time. One thing we remarked on – Cecilia had a full size skeleton made of cardboard standing in the corner downstairs looking straight at us. By then she had a number of growths in her bones, mostly on her spine. She had tied pieces of blue wool to the skeleton in the places she knew were affected, to help her visualise what was going on.

She had breast cancer, with a tumour the size of a satsuma before she first alerted a doctor. Even so she survived a further five years, but the family are convinced she would have survived longer if she had sought medical help sooner. Her generation had been taught that it was a sin to look at yourself naked, a lesson sadly she had taken to heart.

Cecilia died on 19 November 2006 in a nursing home,⁸⁵ a day before her 78th birthday, and her funeral was in Bradford. She was recorded as a retired college lecturer.

⁸⁴ 7 Cottingley Manor Park, Bingley, West Yorkshire.

⁸⁵ Steeton Court Nursing Home, Steeton Hall Gardens, Keighley, West Yorkshire.

Piotr – *Peter*

Uncle

Piotr Wozny, our uncle, was born on 14 August 1907 in a village, near Vilnius, which was called Bujwicze. At the time both the village and the town were in eastern Poland. Following the Second World War with its massive changes to Poland's borders Vilnius is now in Lithuania, and Bujwicze is now reportedly in Belarus possibly with a new name.

His daughter Krysia and his son Bernard have provided much of the detail here.

Piotr was one of five or six children, being one of thirteen people living in one house and where his father was mostly absent. His parents were Josef Wozny and Anastazja Romejko. His father's parents were Andrzej Wozny and Ewa Kondraciuk.

Amongst other things Piotr's family bred horses to sell to the Polish Cavalry. Aged only about eight or nine, during the First World War, he had to take the horses each day to hide them in the forest from dawn to dusk so that they would not be captured and taken from the family. He had started to learn to play the violin and he used it to soothe the horses and keep their cover. Later as a father, he would play the violin beautifully every Sunday after lunch.

He was a teacher in Eastern Poland and a member of the Polish Teachers Alliance when the Second World War started. The family knows via an interpreter from

speaking with an elderly Polish aunt that her husband, Piotr's uncle, took him to a railway station to join the army. When Poland was invaded he was only an ordinary private and was captured by the Russians, and this saved his life. The Germans were killing all Polish *soldiers*, and the Russians were killing the Polish *officers*, in secret in the woods at the time. So Piotr was sent to a Gulag in Siberia for two or three years, at a location below the Arctic Circle.

While he was held in a Siberian Gulag the prisoners of war were forced to cut timber. A Russian guard would brand the unmarked stumps of cut trees for counting, and if their quota was met, the prisoners would get their ration of soup and bread. Piotr's team would cut some trees and also cut away the brands from some old stumps – hence they could appear to meet their quota with less work *and* enjoy a warm fire using the off-cuts from the old stumps, with their soup and bread.

When Russia changed sides mid-way during the war, Piotr was released to fight with the Allies as part of the Polish Free Corp of around 50,000 men under General Wladyslaw Anders. He was loaded with others into a cattle truck and two or three days later their train reached the Red Sea.

The prisoners had been released by Russia into Iran where they then travelled to Lebanon and eventually to Alexandria, where they regrouped into the Polish Free Corp. Piotr was probably promoted to Sergeant around this time, and Krysia still has his uniform. Lebanon was

then considered to be the 'Switzerland of the Middle East'. Piotr told his family later that he thought that Lebanon was one of the most beautiful places he had ever visited.



Piotr (Peter) Wozny, 1958

Ceceila always said that Piotr didn't drink, however he knew his brother was in Alexandria and set out to find him by touring all the bars in the city. They eventually met and the family has a picture of them both in a group drinking the infamous Polish brandy 'Stok'.

He fought in Africa, then in the invasion of Sicily and, in the spring of 1944, the brutal fighting to take Monte

Cassino in mainland Italy. It was the Polish Free Corp which raised the flag over the ruins of the ancient Benedictine monastery, and Anders said, *“Corpses of German and Polish soldiers, sometimes entangled in deadly embrace, lay everywhere, and the air was full of the stench of rotting bodies.”*

As Piotr’s son Bernard says: “Regarding Monte Cassino – it is true that Poles were the first to enter the monastery. However there is a famous speech by Anders prior to that final onslaught,” which is:

Men, I am turning to you at a period of extreme difficulty and of far-reaching importance. The Governments of the Western Powers have decided to recognise the so-called Provisional Government of National Unity imposed on Poland by her occupation and thus to withdraw recognition from the legal Government of the Polish Republic in London. The World Powers by-pass our constitution and our lawful authorities, and in accepting the present circumstances, they have agreed to the fait accompli created with regard to Poland and the Poles by a foreign force.

Men, at this moment we are the only part of the Polish Nation which is able, and has the duty, loudly to voice its will, and just for this reason we must prove today by word and by deed that we are faithful to our oath of allegiance, true to our citizen’s duty towards our country, and

faithful to the last wish of our fallen comrades in arms, who fought and died for an independent, sovereign and truly free Poland.

Our country, deprived of the rights of speech, looks towards us. It wishes to see us in the land of our ancestors – to that end we are striving and longing from the bottom of our hearts – but it does not want to see us as slaves of a foreign force; it wants to see us with our banners flying as forerunners of true freedom.

As such a return is impossible today we must wait in closed and disciplined ranks for a favourable change of conditions. This change must come, or otherwise all the terrible and bloody sacrifices of the whole world, suffered throughout six years, will have been in vain. It is impossible to imagine that humanity has suddenly become blind and has really lost the consciousness of a mortal danger.

We will fulfill our duty towards our country and its lawful authorities!

Long live the glorious Republic of Poland!

So, before the battle the allied powers had abandoned the legal government of Poland to support instead a puppet regime backed by the Russians. Also, a few months after this battle, in the summer of 1944 the Germans brutally put down the Polish uprising in Warsaw, while the nearby advancing Russian army deliberately stopped and did nothing to help. Later, after capturing the devastated

city of Warsaw from the exhausted German army and the remaining Poles there after the massacre, the Russians imposed a pro-Russian government.

As Piotr's son Bernard notes, "In short, the Polish soldiers felt betrayed and had little left to live for. This [the speech above by Anders] better illustrates the selfless determination they showed in that battle and I think is a more poignant memory than the bloody carnage of the aftermath."

After the war the Polish troops were demobbed in waves, and Piotr was in the second or third wave. He never talked about the war to his family, but he would sometimes talk with a couple of his army buddies later in America. Young Paul understood Polish best of all the children and would relay what he could.

After the war, in the eastern area of what had been Poland before 1939, the Poles were forcibly migrated westwards to relocate to areas where Poland is now, while Russians moved into that eastern area. It was "Poland on wheels", also called "God's playground" by historians, being pushed away from Russia and towards Germany. Germans likewise were forced out in the west, to be replaced by Poles. Demobilized Russian soldiers were used as bandits to help scare the Poles to move. It was a group of these former soldiers who shot Piotr's parents and forced the rest of his family to move west to the Silesia region.

On being demobbed, Piotr went to London⁸⁶ sometime after October 1948, having been stationed in the north of England,⁸⁷ rather than going back to live in occupied Poland as he saw it. He had a friend in London, Czesław Szocik.⁸⁸

Cecilia was also living in London and Teresa was visiting her from Dovercourt. Teresa liked dancing, and so it was at the dance in London's Hammersmith Palais dance hall where Piotr and Cecilia first met, although the first dance was between Piotr and Teresa, with a fast waltz. Then he danced with Cecilia, or shuffled as Teresa described it. They had clicked, so perhaps dancing wasn't their priority. Teresa got his friend for the evening. Later, Cecilia would tell her children that she had been "formally introduced" to their father.

Living in London, Piotr found the British had a lot of prejudice against the Poles and the British government was not being as supportive to an ally as it should. He had an uncle and a brother (possibly Antoni⁸⁹), who had emigrated from Poland to the US after the First World War. His brother had initially gone to Connecticut then to Kentucky. But when Piotr first arrived in the US his

⁸⁶ 2 Avenue Gardens, London W3.

⁸⁷ Millom Airfield Camp, Cumberland.

⁸⁸ 39 St Stephens Terrace, London SW8.

⁸⁹ Antoni Wozny, previously at: Swidnica, Dolny, Slask ul Sikorskiego 33.

family would not meet him off the boat in case he asked them for anything. Later on, he was told that one of his relatives in the US had been a driver for Al Capone and had been shot, a story which he liked and half-believed.

Before he emigrated, Cecilia had had an operation to remove her appendix and she was back in Dovercourt to recuperate, with Piotr visiting. Teresa, still living in the family home, had just received a letter from Margaret, her best friend from their times together in Chorley. Margaret had not been well, and the same day that the letter arrived there was also a telegram from her mother saying that Margaret had died. Teresa took this news badly, going quite pale and into shock. Most of the people in the house did not know what to do and left her alone to deal with it, but Piotr took her to one side and talked to her for around two hours. His words of comfort included the thought that you are always closer to someone after they die because he said they would always be in your head. As Teresa said, *“He really sorted me out. I had never known someone do this to me before. He was a big help.”*

Having met Cecilia in London, he had emigrated to the US. A Peter Wozny is listed as passenger on the *Queen Mary* ship of the *Cunard White Star* company, sailing from Southampton on 31 January 1951 and arriving at New York on 6 February. He is described in the log as ‘stateless’ and a french polisher by trade, probably his most recent job in London. It is thought he first travelled

on to Chicago,⁹⁰ living nearby to his cousin⁹¹ for a while, and then settled in New Jersey.

He was admitted into America under the Displaced Persons Act 1948 which had a quota for Polish veterans. He had had a medical examination at the US Embassy in London on 18 December 1950, and his passage on the ship was paid for by the British Ministry of Labour as part of his war service compensation, travelling on a Stateless Travel Document from the British Home Office valid between 21 July 1947 and 19 July 1951.

In 1953 he proposed marriage to Cecilia in a letter. He also sent her a ring, but he would have had to pay duty if it was sent in a jewellery box, so instead he hid it in the lining of an Elizabeth Arden box, which he posted instead, a box that Cecilia kept and cherished.

Minnie was not very kind to Cecilia about her engagement to Piotr, saying, "*He is the best of a bad bunch*" and "*He's too old for you, you will be a widow with young children*".

Cecilia and Piotr were married on 22 August 1953 in the US, and a number of wedding presents were sent to them from her family in the UK. Again they wished to avoid paying duty, so apparently the Catholic self-help group, the Knights of St Columbus at Harwich docks had a

⁹⁰ 5247 West Henderson Street, Chicago 41

⁹¹ Mrs Wladyslawa Szczeswa, 2210 North La Porte Avenue, Chicago 39

word with their counterpart chapter at New York docks and the wedding presents went through untaxed.

For a long time Cecilia and Teresa would write every week to each other, so their earlier differences as very young sisters should not be exaggerated.

Piotr was Naturalized as a US citizen on 24 March 1958 in Newark, New Jersey,⁹² having attended the County Court House at 11am on 17 January 1958 to swear an oath of allegiance. Around this time he had legally changed his first name to become *Peter* by a court decree.

In New Jersey Piotr was working as a foreman in a factory which made cables, the firm called the Phelps-Dodge Copper Production Company, having started there on 15 January 1953. In 1959 the family is listed in the city directory⁹³ with Piotr as a machine operator at the P-DCP company. The family also lived for a while at Roselle Park.⁹⁴ He was promoted to be a supervisor at the same company. He was also a member of the Polish National Alliance of USA.

⁹² Alien files ("A-files"), US National Archive, Kansas City (ref: A7959907/085-09-4368/Box 258).

⁹³ 216 Marshall Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; and before that at 276 Marshall Street (March 1953-July 1956) and 309 Franklin Street (Jan 1953-March 1953).

⁹⁴ 174 Maple Street, Roselle Park, New Jersey

Cecilia's parents Minnie and Jack went over from Dovercourt to stay in New Jersey for some time to help her while the children were small. The application for their US visa was in August 1958.

He had his first heart attack when his daughter Krysia was six months old. He was offered a job in the US Army in California to teach Russian and Polish, which would have been much better for his health, but a doctor advised against the move so it didn't happen.

Piotr returned only once to Poland, in 1968 when there was a family trip. By coincidence they were in Silesia near the Czech boarder when the Russians moved in to Prague to quell the uprising. They saw a lot of troop movements while they were there but didn't realize their significance until they got back to England.

Piotr was complimented as being a thoroughly kind and charming man, with nothing fake about him. As Krysia says, "He could be quite sentimental, saying he never expected to have a family of his own, and would unashamedly push a pram around the streets at a time when only a very few men would do this. He expected the children to watch the TV news and to be socially and politically aware of what was going on."

His humour was not always appreciated: one time he told Cecilia he was planning to vote for the racist George Wallace, and she took him seriously and said forcefully she would return to the UK with the children if he did. His son Paul also knew how to be bolshie and provoke a family argument. Quite a few Polish people in the US

(and in the UK they found later) would change their surnames to 'fit in' better. Piotr refused to do this, saying: *'If you're white you can change your name, but if you're Black what can you change?'*

Piotr died on 18 August 1969 in New Jersey, US, aged 62 years. Over the years he had had a further two or three heart attacks, along with prostate cancer. He died in hospital from a pulmonary embolism following an operation to remove some cancerous growth.

In 1968 they had managed to get a US visa for his sister Ursula, who visited the family the following year. So she was with them during the summer when he died.



Paul, Krysia, Janek, 1959

Jan Jozef – *Janek*

Cousin

Janek was born on 9 July 1954 in New Jersey, America, and he died as a young adult in New York just before Christmas on 15 December 1987, aged 33 years. He would mix at times with a rough crowd and spent some time in prison in 1977. It was a farcical armed robbery that got him locked up, but alcohol and drugs were never too far away. He had two children, Danny and Diana, with his partner Paula.

He was only eleven months old when his younger brother Paul was born, and there is a view that he felt neglected as a small child, though whether this troubled him later in life is hard to know.

At the time the Wozny family had a habit of arranging for each of the children, all born in the US, to spend a year growing up in the UK. When Janek's father Piotr died in August 1969 the arrangements had already been made for Janek, aged 13 years, to be away from September onwards, and the school fees had been paid. Cecilia said that the time away should carry on, but in hindsight the family asks itself if Janek would have been less of a 'rough diamond' if he had stayed with his family in the US after his father's death.

After he had returned to the US and left school, Janek met Paula. They had two children, Diana born on 31 March 1979 and Danny in May 1983. Danny is now married and has a daughter, Cassidy. But Janek soon spent a couple of years in prison for armed robbery, or as

his sister Krysia calls it, “*robbery with a sawn-off comb*”. He had pointed a comb inside his jacket pocket at a cashier in a shop, and the law is that any concealed weapon counts as a gun. Janek was in prison when Krysia and Martin were married. He was supposed to come and visit them on his release but his probation officer refused the request. Krysia and Janek did write and phone, but the last time she saw him was back in 1974 when he was 20 years old.

Janek would always be working, and he was a skilled construction worker in the use of Sheetrock. But his life pattern was – work hard, drinks at night, and drugs at the weekend. In the days before Christmas 1987 he set off from New Jersey over the river to New York to buy a present for his daughter, but never returned home. Three days later Paula was asked to come and identify the body. He had been found on some waste land with no identification. The post-mortem showed he had died from a heart attack, with heroin in his system. The likely events were that he bought some heroin, injected it with an air bubble, and died. The people he was with didn’t want to be caught, so they dumped his body on waste ground nearby. Someone then robbed his body, including his ID, causing the delay in finding his next-of-kin.

Worse, the family wanted to bury him near their home in New Jersey but it was an interstate issue because his body was found in New York. Janek and Paula were not married, so Cecilia had to travel from the UK to be the relative who could sign the papers to allow the body to

be moved to his home. Krysia adds that the police were really nice about this, very sympathetic and understanding with Cecilia. Paul and Krysia travelled together with Cecilia to do this, arriving at New York. Paul and Cecilia had gone through the immigration procedures first, and they turned around to see Krysia being detained. Apparently the authorities were worried she might send for all her family to join her. Instead of saying she wouldn't do this, Krysia stood her ground and said it was her right to do so if she ever wished. Eventually phone calls were made, supervisors were called over and she was allowed to enter, but Paul was furious with her for not just keeping quiet.

There was another time, at another border point, but this time Paul was speechless. It was at Harwich and Paul and Krysia were driving a car on to the ferry to the Continent with a boot full of wedding presents. There were two channels to drive through – green for nothing to declare, and red otherwise. Krysia took the red channel because of the presents, all the while with Paul insisting they should avoid paying anything and use the green lane. When their car was stopped the officer asked if they had any cigarettes? No, Krysia replied, just wedding presents. OK, they were told, on you go. Looking across, they could see that every car in the green lane was being stopped and searched. Paul was uncharacteristically speechless.

Pawel Alojzy – *Paul*

Cousin

Paul was born in New Jersey, America, on 21 June 1955 and was living in Southampton when he died on 20 September 1998 aged only 43 from a heart attack.

After the family moved to Dovercourt from New Jersey in 1970 he got a job with the Harwich Ferries company and joined the *National Union of Seamen*. Paul was very political and joined a number of left-wing organisations as well as the *Labour Party*.

He later moved to Southampton and was a full-time paid convenor for the *Unison* trade union. Lorraine and Tony were surprised and pleased to meet up with Paul by chance at a Unison national conference, Lorraine being a member of the national disabled members section.

He liked his beer and full-tar cigarettes, and in an obituary posted⁹⁵ on the internet by his many political friends one of them recalled how Paul would quote a line (paraphrased from a song by *Howlin' Wolf*), "I live for comfort not for speed."

⁹⁵ <http://www.labournet.net/so/19wozny.html>



*Eddie, Peter, Michael (Godfather), Virginia
(Godmother), Minnie, Paul, Bernard, Janek, Michael Jr,
Krysia (USA)*

Krystyna – Krysia

Cousin

Krysia was born in New Jersey, America, on 20 November 1956. She is a lawyer and married Martin Hayes in Harwich on 30 July 1977. They live in Essex and they have two adult sons, Justin P. and Luke A. Hayes and grand-children.

When Krysia was aged 10 years in July 1967 and living in New Jersey, one day she was on a bus going to see a friend. However, the bus driver stopped and bus and told her to get off, saying he was returning to the depot. What she didn't know was the reason why, and continuing on foot she walked into a riot. It was the Civil Rights era in America and Newark would see five days of rioting, and this was its third day. A group of African American youths approached her and asked what she was doing, and she told them she was visiting her friend, the doctor's daughter. The local doctor had been out in the riots from the beginning, helping people on all sides, so the youths said they would escort her to his house. Walking there, they came across another group, this time Hispanic youths. Again, when they knew where she was heading they too joined in the escort. As they approached the house, Krysia asked them to wait nearby but not come up the path. She explained, "You can't come to the door, otherwise I'll be in trouble for talking to strangers!"

When Krysia passed her law exams it was Bernard who phoned to tell her. The results were published in the Daily Telegraph, and although her son Justin had a paper round but there were no copies of the Daily Telegraph in the shop that day.

Krysia specialises in family law and she was 'retired' by her legal firm when the government withdrew legal aid payments for family law cases.

Bernard Wozny

Cousin

Bernard Peter Wozny was born in New Jersey, America, on 24 September 1957. He married Iwona Drabinska in November 1987 in Bradford. They have two children, Pete and Nadia. Bernard and Iwona live in California.

Bernard Duffy

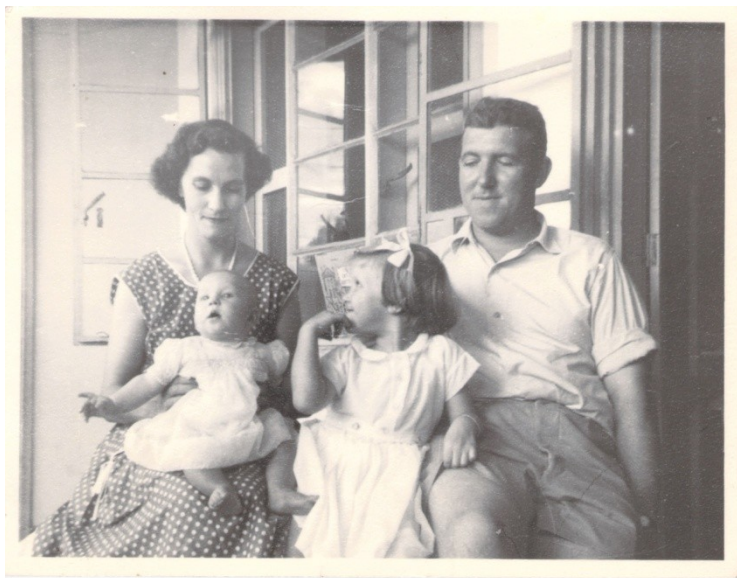
Uncle

Teresa's brother Bernard was born on 31 March 1930 in Accrington and he started work in the *Royal Navy*, later training as a lawyer and working for the Ugandan government after independence. He married Margaret Elizabeth (Betty) Pollard and they had three daughters, Jennifer Anne (Jenny) who died in childbirth, then Julia Kay (Julie) while they stationed in Northern Ireland and Catherine (Cathy) in 1957 while living in Kenya.

Both Julie and Cathy developed visual impairments as children. For their secondary school they were sent from Uganda to a boarding school for visually impaired girls in Chorleywood,⁹⁶ near our home in north London. They frequently stayed with us for weekends and short school holidays. In the house they would play wonderful songs

⁹⁶ The Chorleywood College for Blind Girls was run by RNIB in a Grade II listed building. It closed as a school site in 1987 as part of a merger with Worcester College

from Africa on the record player, including the continent's chart topping singles.



Margaret (Betty), Bernard, Cath, Julie

Bernard reportedly competed in the *East African Safari* car rally, which started in 1953 and ran each year for six days through Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. Teams would have to withdraw if they had a major car failure like a broken prop shaft, but Bernard told us one year a team had to withdraw because their screen-wash was broken. The rally was so dirty that keeping the windscreen clean was vital.



Bernard (Cambridge 1984)

Bernard was my uncle, my mother's brother. He was a pupil at the Preston Catholic College, run by the Jesuits. His main teacher was Patrick 'Paddy' Malone who was said to be anti-science and insisted on Bernard studying Latin, Greek and Ancient History. However, Bernard didn't like the Classics, so when he was offered a

scholarship to Cambridge University he decided to go away to sea instead.

He would have had to at least three years National Service. However, he did not like the army or the air force, so he opted for the navy despite their minimum term being seven years service.

So, to his parents' dismay Bernard was in the Royal Navy in October 1947. His service term was seven years, followed by five years on reserve, leaving active service in March 1955. His duties were in supplies and stores, and his detailed itinerary is at the back of the book.

Being on reserve meant that you could be called up in an emergency, and later on a national rail strike was deemed one such emergency. Bernard was in Lancashire and his Navy base was in Davenport, so he was sent a letter telling him to report for reserve duty, which to his amusement, had enclosed with it a rail warrant.

Bernard was known as 'Brian' until around 1987 when he moved to Portsmouth. The reason given to the family was that it sounded less Catholic, and especially in the Navy this was a worry of his that he would face discrimination. Another reason given was that he was listed as "B. Duffy" and that by the time he arrived at camp it had been decided that he was a Brian.

His wife-to-be was Margaret Elizabeth (Betty) Pollard, but because she was in the Church of England she was not accepted at first by his Catholic parents. They were married in the early summer of 1951 in Harwich. Of all Bernard's family only Teresa was at their wedding,

standing and listening outside the CoE church door which Catholics were permitted to do. Bernard was on leave and wearing his Navy white uniform.

Their first child was called Jennifer Anne (“Jenny”) but she died in childbirth on Thursday 4 September 1952. With Bernard being away at sea, Betty was still living with her parents at their home⁹⁷ in Sussex. It was a home birth and her sister and mother reportedly refused to call a doctor or the hospital when complications set in. Somehow Betty did not know about the loss of the baby for two or three days, probably being sedated. Whether making the phone call would have made a difference cannot be known, but her loss haunted Betty all her life.

Bernard was with the Navy fleet in the Mediterranean at the time. He returned home on compassionate leave but he did not arrive until the evening following the funeral that morning of Thursday 11 September 1952 at Singleton Cemetery in Sussex. Betty and Bernard were equally devastated, the pair being described as being like two zombies. For the rest of his life Bernard would never speak about the loss of Jenny. Later, Betty would take Julie and Cathy to visit the grave, but Bernard would never join them.

In general, looking at Bernard’s service record, for the first half we find he is away a lot of the time, on four different ships in the Mediterranean as well as time at land bases. And then the pattern changes radically, so for

⁹⁷ 1 Boothfield Avenue, Worthing.

the second half of his service he spends nearly all his time ashore and staying in just one place: Derry-Londonderry.

*

Staff at the Royal Naval Museum have kindly summarised his duties after HMS Vanguard as follows:

“He is based with the destroyer HMS Childers at Malta when the base in Malta changes from St Angelo to Phoenicia, the ship was stationed out there originally as part of the Palestine Patrol. He is on the Colossus-class aircraft carrier, HMS Glory in the Mediterranean in 1950 before he returns to the Drake at Devonport.

“He spends a month at Daedalus (Lee on Solent) and six weeks on HMS Indefatigable. He is then deployed to HMS Sea Eagle (the shore base in Londonderry previously known as HMS Ferret) *between November 1952 and February 1955*. He then he returns to Drake to discharge to shore (pay off).”

*

So, following the tragic death of their first baby Jenny it seems likely that he requested a transfer so that he could live every day with Betty in married quarters, to be close at hand for the next birth, of Julie.

The HMS Sea Eagle base on land started as an army barracks in Victorian times and the location was already known as the site of the older Siege of Derry. The barracks were on the banks of the River Foyle, and the parade ground had buildings on three sides and the river

on the fourth. There is a steep path down to the bank and a landing stage. The whole area is a historic site – described as ‘a walled barracks which looked across the river to a walled city.’

In the 1940s the base changed from army to navy, being called HMS Ferret. Navy land bases are sometimes called “stone ships” or “stone frigates”. The base became the hub of the battle of the North Atlantic, being the port nearest the convoys and furthest away from German-based aircraft. Some 200 ships would come and go, with thousands of sailors and WRNS (“wrens”) on the base. At the end of the war hundreds of U-boats surrendered on the river and were later scuppered nearby.

After the war it changed its name to HMS Sea Eagle, and became the Joint Anti-Submarine School (JASS) for all of NATO, training Canadian and American as well as British sailors. In the 1960s it was wound down with the school moving to Davenport, and in the 1970s it became an army base again with the rise of the Troubles.

As part of the peace process the barracks were closed and there is a footbridge called the Peace Bridge across the river. The site now has mixed uses, including some heritage buildings for tourists and visitors. From a report in 2003 it seems that some of the older married quarters might be preserved.

So their next child, Julia Kay (Julie), was born there in December 1952. Cecilia visited Bernard while he was stationed in Derry.

Around the same time Bernard had written a novel where the main character was called Kay: sadly that manuscript is now lost. His daughters think he eventually left the Navy because they refused to promote him further. The Navy told him he had not held his current rank long enough even though he had the necessary qualifications for promotion. He became a Senior Petty Officer, a high non-commissioned rank. However, he had also served his seven years and Teresa recalls he then wanted a more normal married life.

He had volunteered for Navy service, and so was not covered by National Service conscription arrangements. He had also been told that scholarships could be taken up after National Service, and possibly his naval service instead, but by now he was married and looking for work rather than to further his studies.

Bernard had a friend at Preston Catholic College who similarly had deferred a university classics scholarship to join the Navy. It took some months for his friend to be enlisted so this young man worked for a while as a bus conductor for Ribble Buses. Then after two weeks in the Navy he was discharged because he was found to be colour-blind. However, it did not count as an honourable discharge so he lost his scholarship, becoming an inspector on the buses instead of going to university.

*

After the Navy years Bernard reportedly had a number of jobs in Britain before the family set out to Kenya where he had a job in the police force, sometime in 1955

or 1956. Betty and Julie had sailed from London to Mombasa to join Bernard in July 1956, and Cathy was born in Kenya in June 1957.

At the time there was the *Mau Mau* Uprising in Kenya. It started in 1952 and had largely ended by October 1956 but continued to some degree until 1963 with Kenya's independence from the UK.

This uprising was warfare between the British Army and Kenyan police on one side, ranged against groups of fighters who were mostly Kikuyu. The uprising divided the Kikuyu community - most of the civilian victims of the *Mau Mau* Uprising were African and not European.

However, elements of the British Army and Kenyan police force were also extremely brutal.

In 2013 the British government finally conceded following years of court cases that substantial occurrences of torture had been committed by British forces and agreed compensation and reparations, though without agreeing legal liability, at the time of writing. How much this conflict impacted on Bernard during his time in the Kenyan police force is hard to know now, but he didn't stay there long and the family moved away.

*

After this job in the Kenyan police, the family moved to Uganda⁹⁸ where Bernard worked for the Government in tax collecting from 1958 to 1969. The local culture

⁹⁸ Box 1090, Jinja, Uganda.

requires that financial details are only shared with senior tribal figures, so he became a local Chieftain and kept the ceremonial head-dress for years afterwards in a cupboard under the stairs. Bernard and Margaret were guests at President Obote's wedding.

Bernard was very angry with the UK government's mistreatment of the Ugandan Asians when they were expelled by the Idi Amin regime, with Britain reneging on their UK citizenship.

In Uganda, Julie and Cathy were boarding pupils at the Franciscan Convent School in Soroti, Eastern Uganda, during which time Bernard found his faith again with the Catholic Church. They were later sent to be boarding pupils at the Chorleywood College for Blind Girls in the UK, on the northern outskirts of London.

At one point Julie was at Chorleywood and Cathy was still at the convent school in Uganda. Cathy was going back to the convent with some other children in a taxi when it broke down 30 miles from the school. With nowhere else to go, they all slept the night on a local prison floor. Cathy spent her pocket money for the term to feed the children, and she had to write home and ask for more. Her family would tease her saying, "*remember when you were in prison*".

Bernard also had a no-nonsense approach with his daughters, saying, "*You're blind, you're not stupid*".

The family always had a dog. One such was a sausage dog called Scamp who had a strong character, fighting off a male Alsatian to mate with a female one. Julie and

Cathy being partially sighted, if Scamp was lying on the floor he would move or growl to let Julie and Cathy know he was there, but he absolutely refused to give way to Bernard. One time Scamp had been in a fight and was very poorly, so Betty nursed him with brandy and milk until Julie and Cathy were next home from boarding school, fearing the worst if they came home to find him gone.

By now Julie and Cathy could speak Swahili and the whole family would have liked to have stayed on in Uganda but the work contract ended.

So Bernard's next and last job in Africa was in Zambia on an Anglo-American tea plantation from 1970 to 1973, teaching law and economics. When he had applied he had only been told about the economics part, so when he was later told about the law as well, he had to study and gain his legal qualification in his 40s, which is said to be very difficult at that age.

This was not a happy time, with food shortages, queuing for meat at 4.30am before work, no potatoes for six months, and rain every day from November to March.

The plantation rules were very snobbish and segregated. The roof of every house was coloured according to the status of its occupants, and Betty was not allowed to enter any house which had a roof colour 'lower' than hers. And the plantation owners refused all holiday requests, even weekends, and when he was not allowed a break at Easter Bernard decided to leave at the end of the contract and return to England, where he converted his

legal qualification and started working as a solicitor, a career he followed up to retirement. Julie and Cathy would have gladly stayed though. For them, the only advantage in living in the UK was to be able to sit on the ground without being bitten by fierce army ants.

In England he was out of work from 1974 for quite a while and then worked in a private legal practice as an articled clerk in Wimbledon. However when he became fully qualified as a UK solicitor his employers said they could not afford him so in 1982 he moved⁹⁹ to work at Francis & Co in Cambridge, later moving again to Portsmouth where he settled, initially working for the Crown Prosecution Service. Julie was already living in Portsmouth and Bernard had asked her to look for solicitors jobs in the town. The idea of working within the CPS did not please him greatly, so he soon set up his own business nearby, making sure his caseload included CPS-instructed work.

When they moved to Portsmouth, Bernard and Betty fell out over their choice of houses. Margaret wanted to move into a bigger house they had seen, but it needed a new roof so Bernard said no and they moved instead into a smaller house¹⁰⁰ he liked.

Bernard was also a heavy drinker. In Zambia it was common for him to come home late and worse for wear

⁹⁹ 31 Cambridge Road, Oakington

¹⁰⁰ 1 Claydon Avenue, Southsea, Hants

from a social occasion and to be found asleep in the car the next morning. His mother Minnie unfairly blamed his wife Betty for ‘leading him astray’, where really he managed it quite well on his own.

Back in the UK his drinking continued, sadly even at work sometimes. One Bench of magistrates reportedly refused to hear him ever again after he turned up drunk. His niece Krystyna was also a solicitor by then, and news on the legal grapevine travels fast – she heard this story while working in a different county. She was not surprised. At her wedding she had a gift of a bottle of *Buffalo Grass* vodka, but it was all drunk by her Uncles Bernard and John, who had taken over the bar. A special lobster dish went the same way.

His favourite pub was The Angel, next to the Pier Hotel. He would enter early at lunchtime, take the same seat in the centre of the bar and hold court with stories from his past. For example, how he had eaten some elephant trunk while on safari. One time Bernard noticed there was going to be a pub quiz about the police so he entered, hoping for a decent prize. He was dismayed however when he heard the first question: “what was their first number one hit?” He also believed *anything* could be fixed with his favourite glue, Araldite.

Bernard died on 1 April 1998 in the Queen Alexandra Hospital in Portsmouth, and Betty died eight years later, also in Portsmouth. His cause of death was cardiac failure, with alcoholic liver cirrhosis and obesity.

Bernard's death was certified on the morning of 1 April 1998 when he was next seen by a doctor, but his family believe he had actually died earlier during the night on 31 March, his 68th birthday. They feel he was ignored all night because the ward staff "couldn't be bothered with alcoholics".

At his funeral on 8 April 1998 with a full Catholic Mass, a friend gave the eulogy which included, "He possessed the natural art of the storyteller – ever able to completely enrapture his audience. Ever able not only to amuse but to educate. A rare combination seldom found in us lesser mortals."

Bernard told people on a number of occasions – every time with a straight face – that on the Duffy family side there was someone who had been hanged in Liverpool jail for stealing sheep. Such tempting stories are the bane of family history research!

One memory I have of Bernard is from when I was a young boy. He was staying at our house and he asked me if he could borrow my comb. He added, "of course, I will wash it afterwards." I was very impressed at the time by him as an adult treating the much younger me as an equal.

Margaret – *Betty*

Aunt

Margaret Elizabeth (Betty) Pollard was born on 14 March 1927, her family living in Sussex.¹⁰¹ Her father Walter was profoundly deaf, and she did not get on well with either him nor her mother Winifred Alice, feeling unwanted by them both.

She was one of eight children and those still surviving are a brother Stephen, four years younger, and a sister June, seven years younger. Born in 1934, June had her 80th birthday in 2014. Steve lives in Purley.

Betty started working ‘in service’ at the age of 14 years for a Major Pottle and his family, and developed a close friendship with their daughter Alice, becoming almost as sisters. She later worked in a small cafe in Dovercourt, and in a draper’s shop.

In Betty’s family, “Nanny Pollard” had twins who were struck by lightning and killed. Whenever there was a chance of lightning, Betty would hide any scissors under the bed and cover the mirrors.

Because Betty was not Catholic, she was not accepted by Bernard’s mother Minnie, who said, “Don’t bring that woman into my house.” Only Teresa went to Bernard and Margaret’s wedding.

¹⁰¹ 121 Bromfield Road, Worthing, Sussex

Their first child, Jennifer Anne, was born on 4 September 1952 and only survived for half an hour.

After her next child Julie was born in 1953, her husband travelled out ahead to find work in Africa with the Kenyan police, with Margaret and Julie staying with his parents in Grange Road, Dovercourt. On 16 June 1956 both mother and daughter sailed tourist class on a ship from London to Mombasa, Kenya, on the eastern coast of Africa. The ship was also called the 'Kenya'. While living in Kenya she had a job in a pharmacy.

Betty was naturally nosey and she loved sitting outside their caravan on holidays for hours on end just to watch everyone else's comings and goings. She was described as basically an uncomplicated person. She could also be very prejudiced, which was different to Bernard who could be very scathing in his remarks, but for him anyone was fair game if they fell short of his standards. Many a person was called a peasant.

Her marriage with Bernard was not always smooth, and at one point Betty came to London on her own to get a qualification as a beautician, without wanting many people to know. Bernard had made "good friends" with an African woman who worked as a nursing sister.

Betty was said to have been bitter throughout her adult life. Margaret was 'taken into' the Catholic faith three days before she died, her last day being 22 September 2006, aged 79 years. She was convinced she had left it too late to convert, and was very happy to find out so

late that it could be done quickly. "*I can now re-join Bernard,*" she said.

Julie

Cousin

Julie Duffy was born in Derry / Londonderry on 2 December 1953.

Julie married Tony and in keeping with her Celtic roots their three boys were named Brendan, Patrick and Liam. Tony took the Duffy surname.

In Africa, Julie and Cathy both loved swimming and would love staying in pools. One time their mother had to throw them both into a pool to save them from a swarm of army ants. Another time they were in a pool but not with their parents when a cloud of gas came towards them, caused by someone dropping and breaking a bottle of chlorine.

The girls would normally swim at about 5pm, staying in until the last minute when they had to leave because the daily dose of chemicals were about to be poured in to the pool. However, one time they were with their father and swimming in the middle of the day. He had forgotten about them and they were used to swimming until told to get out. They were so burnt that they could not wear clothes for three days and Margaret was furious with Bernard.

Later, they would be routinely given a Silversun tablet each half an hour before going out in the sun. Another

time Julie and Cathy were playing cops and robbers around the pool when Julie broke her leg.

When Julie and Cathy were on weekends away from their boarding school in Chorleywood they most often stayed with June and her husband Bill, as well as at Dovercourt, and also with Teresa, John and the rest of us in London.

Cathy

Cousin

Cathy was born in Kenya on 17 June 1957.

Cathy married Bob, and their son Stephen married Carly and they live in Wiltshire. Their first child Isla was born in June 2012 and at the time of writing they are expecting a second child.

Cathy was not impressed by her education at Chorleywood College for Blind Girls, being all academic and nothing practical. Having left, Cathy went to a commercial training college and learnt shorthand and audio-typing. She was living independently in a flat in Colindale and was invited back to Chorleywood for a reunion event. One of her former teachers then asked her how she was coping, and she felt like saying, “quite well actually, but no thanks to you lot.”

Cathy qualified in physiotherapy with distinction, but there was no work to be found so she retrained with computer skills. She currently works in a police station in a fairly rough part of London as part of a murder

team, mostly transcribing statements. She says it is surprising how much the human body will do to struggle to stay alive. When she was interviewed for the job they asked her what she knew about the local area. “Nothing,” she replied. “Good,” they said, “keep it that way.”

Colin

Uncle

Colin Johnson was born in Lambeth Hospital on 2 March 1946 to Maud Johnson and he was taken into care as a baby. He was moved to East Anglia but the reason and date for this move are unknown to the family [research continues]. At six years old he was fostered with our mother’s family, the Duffy’s. He spoke with a broad Norfolk accent when he first arrived.

It was only much later in adult life that he learnt that he was one of eight children, all taken into care. They include Molly, the oldest, Freda, Alan and Kevin. Colin was the youngest. All but Colin were sent to orphanages in London.

Molly and Freda were placed at the same orphanage, but neither was told they were sisters until they were around 13 years old.

Alan currently lives in Bangkok, having previously worked at Heathrow airport. Molly lived in Dover and for a while and used to enjoy travelling back and forth to Calais for the cheap booze.



Colin

A nephew had traced the other surviving siblings. When they met up, to the others' surprise Alan said to them: "we have another brother". So they traced Colin as well.

He received their letter via the Department for Work and Pensions, which has a curiously named *Bulk Letter Service* which will forward a family letter to someone who from their records seems to be a likely match for a missing relative.

They all met up in London. Sadly by the time Colin was reconnected with his birth brothers and sisters, four had died. Colin also learnt that his birth mother Maud had a glass eye. Colin had a photo of Maud, he does not know how, but the others were very happy to receive copies.

*

Colin was very young and in bed with flu at the Duffy's when a woman visited him and asked him if he wanted to be adopted. He didn't understand what this meant, so

he said no. He later learnt that his birth mother, Maud Johnson, didn't want any of her children to be adopted, only fostered. Colin was the only child to be placed in an orphanage outside London, the rest stayed in orphanages across the city.

At Colin's orphanage – Stowlangtoft Hall – near Bury St Edmonds couples could take you out on a Sunday, and keep you if they liked you. Colin earliest memory is that “no-one ever kept me!” He added that the staff never gave you a cuddle. He had a photograph of himself and a nurse sitting on the orphanage steps, and years later he sat there again for a photograph with his son David. The building is now a nursing home.

Colin's birth mother Maud turned up at his boarding school one day with another child, and she told Colin, “this is your brother”, a complete surprise to him.

Maud lived in a prefab house at the bottom of a garden in Clapham Common, London.

Colin early schooling included St Joseph's primary school in Dovercourt, and later at St Joseph's College boarding school in Ipswich. This school was later flooded and later demolished and replaced with a new church.

There was one school which he hated. The classrooms had a raised stage at the front for the teacher. For some reason he was put in a class a year behind. “A horrible school” he said.

As a young boy aged six years old Colin was fostered by Jack and Minnie Duffy, our grandparents, becoming our Uncle Colin. At the time they were living at 14 Grange Road, Dovercourt, near Harwich.

Colin always called Jack “Dad”, but Minnie was never “Mum”, just “Auntie”, and later “Mrs Duffy”, though she would sometimes sign “Mum” on letters and notes. She was not a demonstrative nurturing parent, and even gave Jack his orders.

Colin vividly remembered Minnie saying to him early on, *“if you are not good I will send you back to the orphanage”*. Years later, during his first Christmas with his fiancée June he was being given presents by her family — *“it is as if they were my own family”*.

When Colin first moved into the Duffy house in Grange Road as a young boy he sat in the hall for hours just bouncing a ball against the wall.

He would visit Lil nearby every Saturday to help her with the garden of her bungalow opposite the entrance to Warner’s holiday camp, later the filming location for *Hi Di Hi*. After gardening they would both watch the wrestling on TV with Lil shouting at the set. Colin didn’t mind, there was no TV at Grange Road.

Colin said Jack was a very clever man, always with a book in his hand. The time Jack was working as a school caretaker Colin would enjoy helping him cut the grass with the motorised mower.



All L-R, Back – Bernard, Teresa, Tony (in arms), John, Jack, Minnie. Front: Betty, Cathy (in arms), Julie, Colin

When Colin was 12 years old (c.1958) when he got a letter from Maud addressed to Colin W. Johnson. He asked what the W meant, and learnt from Maud in the next letter that his middle name was William. His confirmation name is Anthony. In his childhood Colin liked to collect stamps and Bernard would post him first day covers. Colin also loved to play rugby, and he was the youngest player in his school team.

Colin noted that Bernard used to meet his future wife Margaret while she was working in a drapers shop.

Colin adds that their children Julie and Cathy spent some time in Gorleston at the East Anglia School for Deaf and [for] Blind Children before they moved to Chorleywood. He would visit them for days out, as it was not far from Dovercourt.

Colin liked his cousin Arthur a lot and shared his interest in boats and sailing. Colin was on a boat with Arthur on the River Stour where Arthur stood up and held his mackintosh coat wide open as a sail to navigate the boat.

Colin also liked Mr and Mrs Day, neighbours at 44 Grange Road, Dovercourt, saying they were a lovely couple. Later, staying at Marine Parade at the top of the house, on a clear day Colin could see the Radio Caroline ship.

Colin was about 14 years old when Minnie and Jack were away in America, and he bought a collection of Cornish crockery, piece by piece, as a present for their return. John, our father, was Colin's foster father while Minnie and Jack were away.

Around 1958 our father Johnny took Colin to a jazz club in a basement in Soho when he was around 12 years old, and says that Johnny said he taught Cliff Richard how to play a guitar. However, Sir Cliff Richard responded to our enquiries to say that it was his father that had taught him to play.¹⁰²

¹⁰² Correspondence dated 4 April 2016.

Johnny was working in London, first for Gestetner and then for Hulton Press, publishers of *Girl* and *The Eagle* comics. Johnny also took Colin to the Ideal Home Exhibition, and to the Girls & Boys Exhibition.

Colin stayed in London with Teresa and Johnny during the school holidays when Mr and Mrs Duffy were in America.

June loved the sound of Johnny's voice, not just for his singing, calling it "a very warm brown voice".

In 1963 Colin was visiting us at *Swallowfield* after baby Michael had died. When Michael's body was returned from the hospital after the *post-mortem* the body had not been stitched closed. Teresa was prepared for this, having authorised the PM to help other children if possible.

However, Minnie was also visiting and she insisted first on 'dressing' the tiny body, and then putting the body inside a pram and taking a photograph. Seeing her do this, Teresa became very traumatised, and as Colin says she "went bananas". Later when the photograph was sent to her, Teresa threw it away.

Teresa got Colin his first job, working at the same explosives company in Essex where she did. Later (17 April 1964 – 8 Nov 1967) he worked as an apprentice for BP Tankers. When he went to sea he had no medical records to give the firm. Colin sailed around the world three times during his apprenticeship. He noted that these days a firm will fly you home for leave every three

months, whereas in his day you had to be away from home for the whole voyage.

Around 1966 Colin visited us in London, he being about 20 years old, and he took me (Tony, 8 years) fishing at the pond at the top of Milesplit Hill in Mill Hill Village. This is not far from our primary school, St Vincent's, which had an orphanage next door. Only much later did Colin discover that he had a brother in this orphanage. Colin met June in the North East. He was in South Shields for a shore-based course at college, and June was a Cadet Nurse at the same college two days a week.

Colin and June visited Teresa and John in 1968 after getting engaged. Teresa asked them "are you sharing a room?" which seemed very fast and scandalous to June at the time — Colin was living in digs and June was at her parents.

During this visit Teresa drove them to visit Minnie and Jack in Dovercourt. There was a family meal, but June was told to sit away from the adults at the children's table. Mrs Duffy did not approve of June because she wasn't a catholic.

Colin visited us at *Stet* early on, before the front garden fences were taken down and the hard-standing added for cars to park on.

Later they all met up again, this time in a pub in Newcastle while Teresa and John were visiting the North East. Colin and June said they were planning to be engaged for two years, and Teresa told them they were wasting money on two different addresses and to hurry

up with the wedding. June then said impulsively it would be brought forward to the first Saturday in March, and only later did Colin remark to her it would be the day before his birthday.

Colin had to guide June in the strange ways of Teresa and Johnny. For example, they turned the sound of the TV up for the commercials, then down again for the programmes. Teresa would shout comments at the TV from the doorway. There were no set mealtimes, so you had to speak up if you were hungry. And if you were offered “a steak” you would need to ask for chips or whatever as well, otherwise you just got the meat alone on a plate. Teresa asked them not to say beforehand if they were coming to visit, “just arrive, that way you won’t have expected me to tidy up, because I don’t.” Teresa would drive in her bare feet, and one time when June was with her she slammed on the brakes at a roundabout and jumped out, shouting at another person’s bad driving. Coming back, she said “you see what I mean?”

Colin also liked Cecilia, and can remember Yanek sliding down a large banister.

In 1967 after Colin had left BP Tankers, Mrs Duffy arranged for a parish priest in the North East visit Colin to try and talk him out of the marriage. Colin resisted, and Minnie threw out all his possessions at Dovercourt. Mrs Duffy sent a letter to June two days before the wedding saying they would not attend because the Catholic Church did not recognise the marriage. Cecelia

and Bernard were abroad. Colin's birth mother came to the wedding.



Teresa, John, June, Colin, Tan, Ron

The wedding was originally planned for a Register Office but was actually held in a Methodist church to suit June's mother on 1 March 1969; she was their only daughter. June would have preferred a Registry Office wedding. From the Duffy side only Teresa and Johnny attended.

A First Mate on the tankers had warned Colin, "if you take the deep sea jobs you will be away from home each time for a year or more, and while the money is good, once you get used to it you'll never leave". Colin decided that family had to come first, so he quit the sea. He knew he didn't want to work in an office, so his first job was as a bus conductor, then moving to Frys Die-

casting where he got “one or two” burns from hot metal before moving again to Filtrona, a firm in Jarrow making filters for cigarettes.

Colin kept up his interest in the sea first having a small fishing boat moored on the River Tyne. His second boat was a four berth yacht which had the same hull as *Morning Cloud*, the yacht of the prime minister Ted Heath.

In 1976 Colin had an evening job at the Sunderland Empire Theatre working backstage, and he was there the night Sid James died on stage, 26 April.

In 1981 when Johnny died in London, Colin and June were away in Hungary. Colin returned to visit Teresa but June had to stay with a friend due to June’s pregnancy with David.

Colin stayed working at Filtrona for 34 years as a machine setter, resisting all their attempts to promote him. He was adamant he was “fiercely labour”, a union man first and last. He retired in May 2003.

Colin and June had some savings, so when he retired they decided to tour the world for as long as the money lasted. Which was ten months. Australia turned out to be a favourite, especially with June. They were able to spend a lot of time with their daughter Helen in America where she lived with their first grandchild.

Helen had got married in Jamaica not long after the 9/11 attacks in 2001 and their American in-laws were very skittish about flying out to the wedding. Colin however

was more struck by the abject poverty on the island outside of the resorts, and the open selling of drugs inside the airport.



Colin

Helen's fiancé was William, who was a Major with an American military background in the Special Forces. They were all travelling in a minibus from the airport to the wedding hotel when the driver stopped suddenly with a flat tyre. Colin noticed how quickly William leapt out of the minibus, checking the surroundings and crawling around underneath the vehicle despite his fine jacket. The wheel was replaced in double-quick time, and

William said later that ambushes were not uncommon in his experience.

On their return from travelling around the world they stayed in Milton Keynes for six months before moving again.

In 1999 Colin came to Minnie's funeral. Earlier that year Cecilia was going through her mother's effects and she found an old photo album of Colin's which she posted to him from Bradford with a covering letter, to his delight.

June

Aunt

June's mother *Tan* had died before Helen was married, and June's father *Ron* was in hospital, so Helen decided to have a "different" wedding in Jamaica. June rushed back to be with her father, picking up a computer electronics book he wanted on the way. Ron was aware enough of her return to say, "Oh you got back" before falling asleep. He died soon after. William and Helen would swear that they saw a sense of Ron in their holiday room in Jamaica the day he died.

Eleanor, June's mother, always liked to be known as Ella, but she later was also known as Tan. This nickname came after a dance, when she first saw her future husband Ron and she bet her friends a tanner that he would walk her home that night. Which he did.



June

Ron and Tan became the parents to Colin that he had not had when he was very young. Colin and Ron were said to be a “mad keen” pair about any kind of boat. When Colin told Teresa he was engaged to June, Teresa said, “Good. Now you have a family.”

David

Cousin

As a young boy, David was very interested in dance, becoming a junior associate of the *Royal Ballet School* at eight years old and joining proper at 11 years old. His voice was pitch perfect at an early age and he played

guitar and piano. He had to give up ballroom dancing to make time for the ballet. In going to a music school he was spending 40% less time on academic subjects than in a non-music school, but this was improved by teaching the academic subjects in small, targeted groups. David set a record for his school with ten good GCSEs (five A*s, four As and a B).

He then went to *London Central* school and got three A levels, and then a contract with the *Northern Ballet Company* before leaving the dance world and moving on to *Cannon's Gyms* as a manager, and then to his current position in London as head of business development for the *Albany Theatre* company.

Helen

Cousin

Helen originally trained as a nurse and ended up working in America where she met her future husband.

After her separation from William, Helen and the children moved back to England. She went back to college and got a first class degree and became a teacher. Her children are Ella and Will.

Teresa – *Teddy*

Mother

Teresa Duffy was born on 26 August 1932 in Accrington, Lancashire. Her early memories are that as a small child, Teresa felt that Minnie was not her mother. Teresa can also remember as a small child sucking the blue cover of the pram and the distinctive taste in her mouth, probably from the dye.

She did not like her father's rough face, but as she grew up she described herself as "very much my father's daughter". Aged two and a half years she had moved with the family to live in Essex, and she was three years old when she caught measles.

Aged four years, she had been running towards her father in the house when she tripped over the cat and fell towards the fire, one hand into boiling water and the other into the fire. She was carried out of the house on a stretcher, but confused as to why it was that her mother was crying when it was herself that was hurt.

At the hospital there was an Austrian doctor who had advanced methods for dealing with scalds and burns, and she recovered well. Later in hospital, Teresa remembers a surgeon who sat on her bed and told her not to worry and she could even wet the floor if she needed to. He then jumped up off the bed when the matron entered. Apparently the doctor was worried she would retain water and get a kidney infection.

There was a story that the matron was very highly respected and a summer house had been built for her – and named after her – in the grounds of the hospital. Nevertheless, being unmarried she was not allowed a key to her family front door, even in her 50s.

Later, back in Lancashire Teresa's school in Chorley was Weld Bank. "Then I started Lark Hill [convent school] a week and a half after my tenth birthday, in 1942," she said. "I later noticed that my Daddy had to pay more for me to attend Lark Hill because I'd won two scholarships which had cancelled out each other's money awards – one for travel the other for books. When the 1944 Education Act came into power it was certainly easier for the old man. And for me too because Mother would keep on telling me how much I should have been grateful to be allowed to go to school, '*you don't know what you're costing us.*' I didn't see why I should be costing them so much because, apart from a very few teachers there, I hated that school anyway."

The difficulty with scholarships was that Teresa had gained one for a local school with a bus pass; and one for the convent school further away but without a bus pass because the nearer, local school was "available". Later on the convent school changed to become a grammar school. However, Teresa said she still would have preferred the local school because it was more technical and less classical.

The Duffy's next house move, but staying within Lancashire, was around 1944 when Teresa was aged

twelve years. Jack had taken work as a baker. The firm had won gold awards for their bread and the competition for the job that Jack gained was very tough. The bakery was in Whittle-le-woods, a few miles from where they were now living in Chorley on the A6 Preston Road. The two brothers running it wanted to open a shop in Chorley and asked Minnie to run it. So the family moved again to live behind the shop with a wash-room, lavatory and small garden at the back, bedrooms and bathroom upstairs. Minnie allowed people who had ordered bread to call at the back door to collect it in the evening even if they had been at home all day while the shop was open. These late collections stopped when her son Bernard took to answering the door to tell people the shop was now closed and to come back tomorrow.

After the war, bread rationing was introduced with bread units (BUs). These units cut the amount of bread or cakes any one person could get each week. The bread then was all made with strong plain flour from Canada, but the UK was bankrupt after the cost of the war and all shipping still faced unexploded mines floating out in the Atlantic Ocean. Previously in 1940, when she was aged eight, Teresa and a school friend had both won prizes from the Bakers' Association, each writing an essay, *Why We Should Eat Wholemeal Bread*.

She and her friend argued that, not only is the whole grain better for you than the refined flour, but she had been to the library to find out how many ships were being lost at sea, the number of seamen in danger, and then, if all the whole grain were used, how many fewer

ships would be needed to transport the reduced amount of imported flour. She and a friend, her teacher's son, had thought up this idea and together wrote the essay, and the teacher was said to be very pleased. Teresa and the boy shared the prize. Jack, who loved writing, was over the moon and when he took work as a baker the two brothers, hearing about it, were said to have looked on him almost as an extra brother. When Teresa was aged fourteen her Guide Patrol was having its 25th birthday and the brothers who owned the bakery offered to cook a cake for her to take in, BUs notwithstanding she recalls.

In 1948, just before her 16th birthday, Teresa had left school. As she says: "Winning two scholarships at nine years old, I joined the school a week after my 10th birthday. At 14 I had taken my School Certificate¹⁰³ and, of nine subjects I had eight distinctions and a credit in art."

When a young person took their School Certificate, there were four grades for each subject: distinction, credit, pass, and fail. Teddy took bets, running a book on the grades her classmates would get in French. However, her headmistress Mother Monica found out and called Teddy in for a reprimand. "Were you gambling?" she said. "No. *They* were betting. I was doing sums," Teddy replied.

¹⁰³ It was the last year before the 'O Level' system was introduced with separate exams for each subject, later becoming GCEs.

“The headmistress remarked that she hadn’t realised I was so brainy. I didn’t say it then – we were more mannerly in those days – but she wouldn’t; I was a scholarship brat not a paying pupil and I wasn’t a boarder and that’s where they really made their money. I hated that school, couldn’t wait to leave. I thought them – with some extremely good exceptions – shocking snobs. Foolish too. When a question was asked and I put up my hand I was often told I was ‘seeking attention’. No, I just probably knew the answer. But, in those days, schools hadn’t the real power over careers they have today. Most youngsters taking a job were given one day a week off, paid for by firms, to attend day-release classes.”

When Teresa had started at secondary school aged 10, she had been asked by the Head Teacher what she would like to be. She said she’d like to be a civil engineer as she was interested in bridges. The Head Teacher disagreed and she was refused classes in physics and trigonometry. When Teresa left the school in 1948 she had good grades – 92% overall including art, and 100% in maths. There had been a scheme which would have given her a guaranteed scholarship to go to university with those grades, but this scheme had ended the previous year. Also, because she was one of the youngest in class, she would have had to have a chaperone at university. So, as she says, “I had to get an ordinary job.”

While at school, aged around 15, Teresa had a summer holiday job in 1948, folding and posting people’s

registration cards for the newly-established National Health Service.

Teresa's first job after leaving school was at *Preston Library*. Loving literature, she was disillusioned to find she was not expected to read, just to stamp books out, put them back in racks and generally just do as she was told, even if it sounded stupid to her. She also felt that some of her library staff colleagues looked down on the older, sometimes tired women factory workers who came in to borrow the ordinary escapist novels.

Teresa was aged 17 years when she and the family moved to Dovercourt in Essex, and she started working as a laboratory scientist. So, her next job was around 1950 for *BX Plastics* in their research department at Lawford Place, near Manningtree.¹⁰⁴

At the same time she also signed up for evening classes, and studied for her Inter BSc at Colchester.

BX Plastics made resins, and one of her research work colleagues was Margaret Thatcher (Margaret Roberts at the time), who worked at Lawford Place from 1947 to 1951 and later retrained as a lawyer and married Dennis.

Our mother is none too complimentary about Maggie's skills as a research chemist. Teresa recalls, "She had an excellent mind for received knowledge but none for research, where the first thing you have to accept is that

¹⁰⁴ An old Grade II listed manor house built in 1796 south of Manningtree, now six luxury flats.

there is no such thing as a fact. In research we accept and work with some 'facts' now, but tomorrow we might find there are inaccurate."

The team there would also tease Maggie with made-up grand stories about work colleagues planning to set off on around-the-world trips, feeling that she had no sense of humour. However, if Maggie knew the person who was being said to be about to go off travelling, she would then get very worried for their safety. As Teresa said later, "You could wind her up like crazy."

Teresa's next job was as a reporter on the local paper, *The Harwich and Dovercourt Newsman*, where the pay was very low and she supplemented her income by being a stringer for the nationals. She was offered a training post in Fleet Street but her family needed her wage at home because they could not otherwise continue to support her older sister at teacher training college. While she was working at the *Newsman*, her sub-editor advised her – when she was writing as their film critic amongst her many other duties – on how to write reviews so they would not annoy the cinema owners who bought advertising space. He told her: if you liked the film, then you can say so; if not, just tell the start of the story.

One story she had to cover was a ship of service families returning to the UK which was due to dock in Harwich at 3am. She had to get to the port but her bike had a puncture, so she had to run to get there in time. She saw a short cut and took it even though it was dark and unlit. Walking along it she realised it was *The Hangings*,

which spooked her. She started to say quiet prayers but then a poem came to her mind:

*When he on a lonely road
doth walk in fear and dread
and having once looked back
he turns no more his head
because he knows a dreadful fiend
doth close behind him tread.*

By now she was totally frightened and she came shooting out of the short cut, running headlong into Mr Ling, the father of her best friend Brenda.

Her job after the *Newsman* was back to chemistry, this time for a firm making explosives. *The Chemical & Explosive Plant* was at Great Oakley on an isolated site also known as Bramble Island in Essex. The firm had started as a munitions company, but after the Second World War its products were mostly used in the coal mines to blast new seams. The quality control of each batch of explosives had to be carefully tested to ensure the mixture was neither too strong nor too weak, as both errors could cause deaths in the mines.

Around this time Teresa gained her pilot's licence to fly small aircraft. She could only afford one lesson a month, on Saturdays after work, and she passed after twelve lessons. It was called an "A licence" and did not include flying for hire or reward.



Teresa

Quality control was part of her job, and because the work was dangerous no more than four people could work together at any one time. Four people died and some buildings were destroyed in an explosion there on 7 November 1950. She worked there for five years, starting with the firm shortly after that explosion.

Teresa adds a story where someone knocked her back as she was sucking nitro glycerine, causing her to accidently swallow it. "I was doing the heat test on the

latest nitrated glycerine to ensure it was stable enough to be mixed to be safe for the other people to handle. By itself, without a fine earth stabilizer added, Nobel would never have achieved his prize because, until then, it was much stronger than dynamite. Working with it, normally each Monday it gave what we called “an NG headache” (it affected the heart-rate) but that was only the amount absorbed through the skin and in the air. For the rest of the week there would be some immunity. Not if one gulps it down it doesn’t. The word around the plant was “We’re going to have to nitrate more batches; Miss Duffy’s become addicted to drinking it.”

One of her colleagues there was Gupta. He was planning to return to newly-independent India to set up his own explosives factory. He had finally paid for his ticket when he had an accident while he was testing some guncotton. It took him three days to die. People said afterwards that he was too excited about going home and made a mistake while testing the guncotton for water content. Another man had his head blown off when he poked a slow-burning fire of nitro-glycerine and paraffin – he was in a hurry to finish and go to the cinema with a girl. The staff said it was a waste, he should have known it was only the afternoon performance so nothing more was going to happen!

Teresa continues, “In the 1950s, when I went on to *The Chemical & Explosive Plant* in Great Oakley I continued for my BSc with an Oxford college which was probably the forerunner of the Open University. In many ways it was easier then for anyone interested in the work they

were doing. Accountants and solicitors, for instance, didn't go to university, instead they became chartered clerks learning the profession from their seniors. When they took their final exams they were immediately employable. Today's would-be solicitor has to find a job as para-legal for sometimes three years before he or she is accepted at the bar."

Teresa was unable to complete her BSc because the laboratory where she worked did not have the equipment for one of the practical modules. Working full-time while studying she could not get time to visit another laboratory. However, her boss agreed to pay her the extra for the higher grade, as if she had qualified. Even so, with the extra pay she was getting around £7 a week whereas the men doing the same job beside her got £11 a week.

The work was dangerous. "Especially in chemistry, the theorist can be a dangerous maniac until he has done enough practical work. I worked with one such; he closed the factory down for three days. When we resumed we asked where he was and the boss said, '*He is sweeping up the salt in the salt store until he learns which end is the head of the broom*'."

Teresa used these various experiences a few years later as material for articles that she had published, including six articles in the magazine *Punch* between 1960 and 1964:

- That's Right, Enjoy Yourself; 30 March 1960
- Tapping the Line Fantastic; 8 June 1960
- No Followers – By Order; 31 August 1960
- Sweet Friendship; 19 October 1960
- I'm Dynamite, Mate; 8 March 1961
- A Little Way up the Creek; 30 September 1964.

*

When the family had just moved back to Dovercourt (Essex) from Chorley (Lancashire) in 1949, Teresa was aged seventeen and she joined the *Sea Rangers* in Dovercourt. She had a range of proficiency badges from *Guides* including, child care, home nursing and first aid. Minnie similarly joined the *Red Cross* and did shifts in the Nursing Reserve at the local hospital.

Minnie was a keen volunteer in the Red Cross before the NHS existed, and she continued after 1948. So now living in Essex, she and many others helped in the relief efforts following the North Sea Flood which struck on the night of 31 January 1953 with over 300 people killed in England and over 200 more people dying while at sea. A further 30,000 people were saved but evacuated, mostly from around the coast of East Anglia. Everyone helped out – Teresa and friends used a Sea Rangers boat and a ladder they placed on the ground so that people could leave their houses through the upstairs windows and climb down to step sideways into the boat.

Linda and her son Arthur were flooded out and went to live with Teresa and her parents until their home was

habitable again. Arthur had also volunteered in the rescue efforts.

Teresa continues. “The boss’s wife happened to run the Red Cross locally. Minnie had said I had taken those particular proficiency badges and between them I was coaxed, cajoled, ordered to take the Red Cross Cadets through training. It was because of that training that, later when I was living in London, I was asked in 1956 to go to the Austrian side of the Hungarian border. I had met Johnny and we were engaged. So, I don’t know if he didn’t trust me out of his sight, but he came too.”

This assignment by the Red Cross was in working as young volunteers in the Austrian refugee camps following the Hungarian uprising in October 1956 and the subsequent Soviet invasion and crackdown.

However, dissatisfied by the way the Red Cross was directed there, a breakaway group was formed, headed by a doctor who had served in many emergency areas. Teresa and John joined this group, *Voluntary BATH or VBATH* (Voluntary British Aid to Hungary). The reason for the breakaway was, of all things, a row about soap.

The breakaway group had heard that a senior Red Cross director in Vienna had dictated a letter to be sent to a soap manufacturer in Britain who had sent a consignment of soap bars for the refugees to use. The reply from a local Red Cross official had said, ‘thank you, but your shipment of soap has got in the way of another one of much-needed plasma.’

Teresa continues, “The Red Cross camps were allowed in Austria for first aid only, and Austria had fine hospitals and we had no wish to make an international incident, taking over their role in plasma. Moreover, the flu had killed more people in 1918 than the First World War had done and was *thought* to be possibly caused by animal fleas attacking soldiers in the trenches, displaced from their animal hosts. So soap was essential!”

“Also, when we were in Austria the *World Health Organisation* sent a directive that refugees arriving must strip, take a shower and be given fresh clean clothes to wear. We ignored it. We had no running water in our makeshift kitchen there, just a water well outside. Nor did we have an endless supply of clean clothes. And, if we’d told the refugees to strip for any shower so soon after the war years, they would have turned round to take their chances again, going back through the mine fields. But we did watch carefully for any undue scratching.”

VBATH specialised in running the feeding stations near the border and was one of around 40 non-governmental organisations in the wider area helping the refugees. According to an obituary in *The Times*,¹⁰⁵ the head of VBATH was Hugh Millais, a film actor, adventurer and friend of Ernest Hemmingway. The obituary credits VBATH with helping feed 120,000 refugees “before being blacklisted”.¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁵ *The Times*, 17 July 2009.

¹⁰⁶ No further details are available currently.

[illegible]

Teresa and John hitch-hiked on their own initiative from London to Austria but were given train tickets for the return trip.

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Before the trip to Austria, around 1955 Teresa had moved to London. Her first job in London was selling lingerie at Marks and Spencer in the run up to Christmas and the January sales. Often men would come in to buy something as a present for their wife or girlfriend.

As Teresa tells it, laughing, “We would ask the man, ‘What size is she?’ Invariably they would turn around, look at the youngest and prettiest girl nearby and say to us, ‘her size’. Later, the goods would be returned for two sizes larger.”

After the shop work Teresa worked as an international telephone operator for the GPO (now BT) at Faraday House in London. A lot of young single women worked there, swapping frequently in and out of each other’s digs and rooms, sometimes for the pickiest of reasons, Teresa thought. There was some bad feeling as well, where Teresa and the rest of her group of operators who could speak French had more countries to take calls from than those who only spoke English, so they would get fewer quiet times.

Teresa married John on 4 May 1957 in Harwich, and I was born on 15 March 1958, 4am at Wittington Hospital, Archway, London.

Teresa was on the ward after giving birth when a nurse looked out the door and said, “Your husband is here.” “How do you know?” Teresa asked. “I’ve seen the baby!” came the reply.



Teresa with 'Whisky'

Later on, living in London in the 1960s Teresa had articles published in *The Guardian* newspaper and *Punch* magazine. She was told that they only accepted one in a hundred of all the submissions, which pleased her. But Teresa recalls that she often had to chase her payments. At the time, although men and women writers were paid the same amount, men were paid on acceptance and women were paid on inclusion, that is, on printing. She would often have to send telegrams to chase a payment. An example of her messages she remembers was, "Man does not live by bread alone, but man it helps."

One man, George Smedley, who was a features editor at *The Observer* and a gardening book writer who had previously been a farmer, told her he very much liked getting her witty telegrams. She wonders sometimes if, with a little less wit she would have been paid sooner.

Around 1963 when Teresa was nursing her fourth child, Lucy, she saw an ad in the paper for joining MENSA. John said it would be good for her to have intelligent adult company, so she filled in a test and posted it in. They wrote to her, asking her to sit an evening exam in a room at the London School of Economics. John dashed home so she could get there in time, but she had to leave before she finished because, she says, her milk was coming through. She got a letter a few days later saying even so she had passed and was accepted as a member, and soon John was dashing home again so she could go to her first meeting. But she was disappointed. Two men spent the whole meeting arguing which of them should

be chairman. She stood up and said, "I have a five-year-old at home who is more intelligent than either of you!" and she strode out.

Teresa, who is now retired, was a journalist and laboratory scientist, stopping work to raise a family and working freelance from home when time allowed. A stay-at-home mother, she was proud to be the first woman in her lineage to have her own bank account for her earnings. At her school there were a number of girls all named Teresa so she was given the nickname *Teddy*, which has stayed with her for life.

She had six children born between 1958 and 1970. In late 1963 baby Michael, her fifth child, sadly died after seven weeks. After this, we can remember a woman called Jo who was like a 'home help' to assist Teresa with the housework at the *Swallowfield* flat.

In September 1966 Teresa was an in-patient at the Hospital for Women in Soho Square, being on the Queen Alexandra's ward. A kindly woman, Mrs Koppeka, who was a refugee from the Czechoslovakian uprising, came to stay at *Stet* and help with us as small children. Teresa had her right ovary removed as it seemed suspicious, but it proved to have been fine and the symptoms had come from womb adhesions instead.

In 1970 when Teresa was pregnant with Maff she was admitted to the Princess Alice ward at Middlesex Hospital for extended bed rest because of her high blood pressure. This was for some months, though she was allowed to visit home at weekends. This time it was

‘Miss Bev’ who came to stay to help with the childcare and housework, but she had her own troubles and was less kindly. Lucy can recall how Miss Bev threw a potato across the kitchen at breakfast one morning, and how our Daddy explained later as he drove us to school that we had to be more gentle and understanding with her.

On Monday 25 October 1999 Teresa was admitted to hospital with a severe nose bleed, which was fully stopped after two weeks of hospital treatment including surgery. She celebrated her 80th Birthday on 26 August 2012 at the *Three Hammers* pub in Mill Hill.



Teresa

Teresa has written four books: *Hands That Rocked The Cradle* (1989), *A Simple Man* (2008), *The Researchers* (2010), and *The Sequel* (2014).

In her retirement Teresa was the secretary of the Westminster Diocese branch of the *Catholic Women's*

League, which covers thirteen local sections of the league including one in Mill Hill.

Though the League she also got involved in the:

- National Council of Women Great Britain;
- World Union of Catholic Women's Organisations;
- National Consumers Science & Technology Committee; and the
- National Board of Catholic Women's International Committee.

As she says, "I live in London, I'm retired and I have the Freedom Pass¹⁰⁷, so I work cheap!"

In 2013, aged 81, Teresa parachuted from a plane to fundraise for better housing as a "memory village" for people with Alzheimer's disease.

¹⁰⁷ Free travel for pensioners after the morning rush.



Teresa, skydiving, 2013

The Wallace family

Edith

Grandmother

Our father's mother, Edith Wallace, was born on 4 February 1909.

Her family was:

- John Wallace and Sarah Rachel Humphries
 - Winifred (1907)
 - **Edith** (1909)
 - Jack (1910)
 - Stanley (1912)
 - Gordon (1914-1916)

Aged 18 years, Edith received a written testimonial from the Rev. H. Jones at the United Methodist Church, Howard St, North Shields on 19 February 1927 addressed to the secretary of the Tynemouth Education Committee where she had applied for a job, saying she was “of sound and vital moral quality ... held in universal respect and esteem”.

Four years later, she married Bud on 11 July 1931 in South Shields when she was 22 and he was 18 years old. She was seven months pregnant at the time, and never spoke of it later.

She mostly lived in Whitley Bay¹⁰⁸ and was an enthusiastic member of the local Liberal Party in Newcastle. In the 1980s she campaigned against American nuclear Cruise missiles, and was said to have coined the phrase, *Not On Our Soil* while writing a motion for an annual party conference.

She enjoyed going on the ferry with her friend Madge to drive their camper van around the continent of Europe. In 1984 she sent a postcard saying their favourite place to visit was the Zillertal valley in the Tyroll mountains in the Austrian Alps. One story has the ferry heaving one morning in a terrible storm in the North Sea, and the only two passengers at all who came for breakfast were Edith and Madge, insisting on having their usual greasy fried eggs.

As small children we would invariably each get Book Tokens in the post from Edith (“Gran”) at Christmas. We then had a family day out at the Foyles bookshop in central London each year in what was left of the school holidays.

¹⁰⁸ Home was 39 Kingsley Avenue, Whitley Bay, Newcastle by 1931 until she died in 1998, and before that it was at 21 Washington Terrace, North Shields.



"Yours as ever, Edith" May 1928 (age 19)

However, Gran could sometimes be mean-spirited and we learnt later that each Christmas she apparently

refused to give one of our young cousins a present because the child had been born illegitimate.



Edith c.1968

Edith died from a stroke on 16 August 1998, just nine weeks after the sudden death of her youngest son, Stewart. She had been devastated by the news of his death and this probably contributed to her decline.

Sarah Rachel – *Momma*

Great Grandmother

Edith's mother was Sarah Rachel Humphreys (1882-1961), known to everyone as "Momma". At the start of this research, Momma was known in the family to have been a formidable woman, yet also very reluctant to talk about her early years. Hopefully this section will give a sense of what she had to endure and overcome.

The family were:

- John Humphries and Susan Cottis
 - Mary Ann 1867
 - Harry 1869
 - Eliza Ann (Annie) 1871
 - George 1873
 - William 1875
 - Charles 1878
 - Lucy 1880
 - Sarah Rachel (**Momma**) 1882

She had a tough life.

- Her grandfather William lived his last years as a 'widower pauper' in a workhouse in Essex. He died there in 1884, two years after Momma was born in Newcastle.
- Her father was dead when she was around ten years old and her mother died when Momma was sixteen.
- Both her husbands were killed in war; in the first and second world wars.

Also unspoken in the family until recently, Momma's family were very probably Jewish – she certainly had Jewish relatives. One great uncle¹⁰⁹ of hers, Isaac Cottis, lived at *Jews House*¹¹⁰ in Essex in the 1851 census.

*

The early years of Momma were always a bit of a family mystery. Research now indicates that Momma's parents were married in Essex¹¹¹ and the first three of their children were born there. They then moved north to Newcastle where Momma and the remaining children were born and raised. Her father and her mother had both been born in Essex, in Asheldham and Tillingham respectively.

Momma could well have been named after two of her own mother's relatives. She had a great-grandmother Sarah (Murray) and a grandmother Rachel,¹¹² both dead decades before she was born.

So Momma's family had moved north from Essex¹¹³ to Newcastle,¹¹⁴ arriving at some time between 1871 and

¹⁰⁹ Isaac Cottis (1775-1853)

¹¹⁰ Jews House, Back Place, Tillingham, Essex (1851 census).

¹¹¹ Maldon, 1867.

¹¹² Rachel Saville (c.1810-c.1859)

¹¹³ End Way, Asheldham, Essex.

¹¹⁴ 16 Palmers Terrace, Willington Quay, Newcastle.

1881. The most likely reason that Momma's parents moved was to find work, as the trade of roof thatching declined and the Industrial Revolution exploded across the north of England. So they moved to a fast-growing area of ship-building and repair. Momma's grandfather William appears to have entered the workhouse around the same time that her parents and the small children moved north.

Momma had an uncle, her mother's brother Elijah Cottis, who followed his sister to Newcastle. He died there in 1929, thirty years after his sister.

As well as possibly moving for work, the move north could also have been caused by a family falling-out, maybe over money. Momma's parents had moved north, away from their extended Cottiss family who were wealthy and owners of an ironworks in Epping, being the largest employer in the town.

So Momma was born in Newcastle¹¹⁵ in April 1882, the youngest of eight children. The ages of the children were quite spread out, and it is a large family. Records show that some of the older children had left home as soon as they were old enough, probably to make room for their younger siblings. By 1891 when Momma is eight years old the three oldest had already left home.

¹¹⁵ 2 Aynships Court, Reed Street, Tynemouth (based on 1881 Census)



Momma, with baby John and Joan



Momma with Joan

Her father John Humphries, (1845-1892) died when she was around ten years old and her mother Susan Cottis (1848-1899) died when Momma was around sixteen.

Probably soon after her mother's death – and certainly by the time she was 18 years old¹¹⁶ – Momma and two of her brothers are living with the family¹¹⁷ of her older sister, Eliza, who is aged 30 years and married. Momma's brothers also living with her there are William, 26, an iron ship riveter, and Charles, 23, a marine engine boilermaker. Eliza's husband (another Charles, 28) is a rope maker. At this point Momma has left school with no recorded trade, so she is probably helping Eliza with her three infants, the oldest aged three years.

Six years after the death of her mother, Momma is now aged around 22 years and she marries John Wallace on 5 December 1905. He had recently left the army and was a shipyard labourer, working with the yard's carpenters. By 1911 the census has her and John living as a family in North Shields.¹¹⁸ So, now John is 31 and still a shipyard labourer. Momma is 28 years old, and they have three children: Winifred, 6 years, Edith (our Gran) aged 2 years, and John (junior), 9 months. A fourth child, Stanley, is born in 1912, and a fifth child Gordon was born in 1914 but sadly died two years later.

John, Momma's first husband, died in the First World War on 3 July 1916 on the third day of the *Battle of the Somme*. They had been married for less than eleven

¹¹⁶ In the 1901 Census.

¹¹⁷ 3 Burn Terrace.

¹¹⁸ 69 Grey Street, North Shields.

years. She had given birth to five children, first two girls then three boys.

Eight years later in 1924 Momma married her second husband, Thomas Bolton Patterson. She had no further children. Thomas spent much of his time at sea as a ship's engineer and he was killed aged 59 years when his ship was bombed on 11 April 1942 while serving in the Merchant Navy in an Arctic Convoy.

One family anecdote is where Momma,¹¹⁹ her second daughter Edith and her grandson John were walking down the road together when John was still very young. He wanted to walk along the top of a wall, as children will, but Edith was reluctant because of his frailty and medical history from polio. Momma insisted that he must be allowed to, persuading Edith to hold back her own anxiety.

She lives for 79 years. She died on 29 December 1961 and her granddaughter Joan registered the death.

Our cousin Rich adds: "Momma died in December 1961. I know ... because I was actually there at the time! My family were living with Momma at her house¹²⁰ in North Shields at the time and my mother had gone out shopping one morning leaving me (in my pre-school days) and Momma in the house when she suffered a sudden, fatal heart attack, albeit quite peacefully.

¹¹⁹ Possibly at 50 Preston Road, Monkseaton.

¹²⁰ 65 Cleveland Road, North Shields

Although I was only four and a half at the time, it is a memory that has always stayed with me.” Rich is her great-grandchild.

Her Will shows £428 15s being left to her oldest child Winifred. However, Winifred along with Jack and Stanley had all authorised the money to be paid to Edith, £363 8s 11d after costs, paid by Reed, Ryder and Meikle solicitors.

John Wallace

Great Grandfather

Momma’s first husband was John Wallace, born in Tynemouth on 28 April 1879. His father was William Wallace, probably from London and born on 10 August 1844, where the trail ends at the moment. His mother was likely to have been Mary Ann Wilkinson, born around 1845 in Tynemouth.

His family were:

- William Wallace and Mary Ann Wilkinson
 - Eleanor 1867
 - Mary A. 1899
 - William 1875
 - James Robert William 1877
 - **John** 1879
 - Henry 1882
 - Lily 1888
 - David S. 1890

John joined the *Army Service Corps* on 2 February 1900. The Army Service Corp (ASC) was responsible for logistics such as post and communications, offices and some engineering. He was living with his sister,¹²¹ working as a butcher, and had previously been apprenticed at Dawson & Co in North Shields. He served in the South Africa Campaign (*Boer War*) and was awarded campaign medals with two clasps. His next of kin was his brother James Robert William Wallace,¹²² two years older than him.

John was reportedly a Methodist, despite which he seems to have had a colourful army record, at least for the first three years, as follows:

ASC – Attested – Private	– 2 Feb 1900
Imprisoned by commanding officer	– 12 Nov 1900
Returned to duty – Private	– 27 Nov 1900
In custody Civil power (drunk)	– 26 June 1903
Returned to duty – Private	– 27 July 1903
Imprisoned by commanding officer	– 17 Aug 1903
Returned to duty – Private	– 21 Aug 1903
Reserve ASC, Transferred, Private	– 27 Jan 1904

On 5 December 1905 he married Momma – Sarah Rachel Humphries. Their first child, Winifred, was born on 3 July 1907 in North Shields.

¹²¹ 14 Rosedale Terrace, North Shields

¹²² 1 Waterville Road, North Shields

In the 1911 census he is living¹²³ with his wife and three children (two others having died) and is working as a shipyard labourer for carpenters.

By the First World War he enlisted to the 12th Battalion of the *Royal Northumberland Fusiliers* and he was sent to “France and Flanders” where he died on 3 July 1916, on the third day of the *Battle of the Somme*. His service number was 9642. The 12th and 13th Service Battalions had been formed in Newcastle in September 1914 before shipping out to France a year later, in September 1915. His name is reportedly on the *Thiepval Memorial*, along with 73,000 other “missing” soldiers who all have no remains.

For a sense of the carnage that was the Battle of the Somme, the novel *Birdsong* by Sebastian Faulks is excellent.

The same year, 1916, his wife and widow, Momma, also lost her youngest child, two-year-old Gordon.

Thomas

Step Great Grandfather

Thomas Bolton Patterson was Momma’s second husband. He was born in early 1883 in North Shields and he married his first wife, Hannah Hetherington, when he

¹²³ 69 Grey Street, North Shields.

was 22 years old and they had two girls and four boys between 1906 and 1917.

Hannah died in the summer of 1920 aged around 37 years, leaving Thomas with six children aged between three and fourteen years of age. Thomas had been spending most of his time working away from home on long sea journeys, with Hannah and the children living with her parents.¹²⁴

Before she became married, by age seventeen Hannah was a general servant, living¹²⁵ with her employer, his extended family, two other servants and a cook. Growing up,¹²⁶ her older brothers and sisters had also been general servants and errand boys. Her father George had been a coal miner.

So, four years after Hannah's death Thomas married Momma in early 1924. They were both aged 41 years, with his youngest child now aged seven years and Momma's youngest being twelve years old. There were no further children born.

His work was as a ship's engineer, a trade he had started around 1915, and he returned to sea soon after his second marriage. A year later he is listed as the Third Engineer on the ship *Rowanpark* which had sailed from Port Talbot in Wales on 9 June 1925 to Nassau in the

¹²⁴ 95 Colston St, Benwell, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1911

¹²⁵ 45 Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, 1901

¹²⁶ 50 Oak St, Benwell, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1891

Bahamas, 23 July, then on to Progresso in Mexico, then New Orleans, Louisiana, 10 August, and arriving at New York on 28 August.

The crew list describes him as five feet nine inches (1.75m) and weighing 150 pounds (10 stone 10 lbs, 68kg).

Thomas was at sea when he was killed on 11 April 1942, aged 59 years.

He was in the *Merchant Navy*, serving on the goods ship *SS Empire Cowper* in the Arctic Convoy returning empty to Reykjavik from supplying Murmansk in Russia, when it was bombed in the Barents Sea by aircraft and sunk, with nine deaths. The ship had been a year old, registered to the firm of *William Doxford & Sons Ltd* in Sunderland. The convoy number was QP10.

Thomas was a Second Engineer Officer. His memorial is within the Tower Hill Memorial in London, for Merchant Navy sailors lost at sea in both First and Second World Wars (panel 39). His effects to Momma were £128 4s 4d.

He was posthumously awarded medals: the 1939-1945 Star, and the Atlantic Star; which the family chose to collect without ribbons.

It seems that one of Thomas' sons was Norman Patterson, from Thomas' first marriage in 1905 to Hannah Hetherington. Norman also died at sea just a month before his father Thomas. Norman was on the *SS San Demetiro* which sank on 17 March 1942.

Susan

Second Great Grandmother

Momma's mother Susan came from the Cottis family in Essex, sometimes spelt Cottiss. The earliest of these folk we have found so far were illiterate and agricultural labourers who would 'make their mark' on documents with a cross for a signature. Her mother, Rachel, died when Susan was aged eleven. Her father William Cottis was also described as an agricultural labourer.

William

Third Great Grandfather, (1815-1884)

Some of Momma's extended family seem to have made their mark in a different way, being relatively prosperous. This branch of the family were *The Cottis' of Epping* who ran an iron foundry and hardware business from 1860 to 1972, and at its peak they were the main employer in Epping.

Their work apparently included making the iconic street lamps still standing along the Thames Embankment in London and some of the ironwork and railings around Buckingham Palace. A small book was written in 2004 on this branch of the family and on their successful business venture – *Cottis of Epping*, by Chris Johnson.¹²⁷

¹²⁷ ISBN-10: 0954944208

the William who was Susan's father and Momma's grandfather – who died a pauper as an inmate at the Maldon Union Workhouse on Spital Road nearby. He had been living in the workhouse for at least three years, and had previously been an agricultural labourer.

The business Cottis's were reported to be strong Baptists, which may have been a source of family friction. Some in the later generations changed to Methodist. William Cottis the business-owner was known as "Iron Will" by his foundry staff. The family was heavily involved in the town's civic matters, so possibly the funds provided for the running of the workhouse was their sense of provision.

Isaac

Fourth Great Uncle (1817-1853)

The father of pauper William (1815-1884), Momma's grandfather, was Isaac Cottis (31 July 1775 – October 1853), a labourer. The father of his wife Rachel was possibly Thomas Saville, a carpenter, a fourth great grandfather.

However, in the 1851 the census has another Isaac Cottis (1817-1853) living at *Jews Houses*, Back Place, in Tillingham, Essex. He was William's brother, making Isaac our fourth great uncle.

This Isaac married Charlotte Middleditch, was 33 years old and working as a roof thatcher at this census and lived there with his wife Charlotte (27) and their three

young daughters: Eliza (8), Mary Ann (4), and Sarah Emma (1).

Isaac was married in a church to Charlotte Middleditch on 25 June 1842, but he was not baptised until eleven years later, two months before his death.¹²⁸

Whether having a church marriage disproves a Jewish faith in those times, despite the address, remains a matter for further research.

Jack Wallace

Great Uncle

John Wallace (1910-1999), “Jack”, was the third child from the first marriage of Momma and John Wallace (senior), and he was our father’s uncle.

Jack was a journalist and lived in a flat said to be near to Fleet Street for some time before he married and moved to the suburbs. He is known to have taken an interest in our father’s early writing career, as well as being the best man at our parent’s wedding. Already living in the middle of London, Jack undoubtedly helped his nephew – our father – when he left home from Newcastle to find work in London as well.

Jack was born on 3 July 1910 and brought up in Tyneside. His father died in 1916 on Jack’s sixth birthday, fighting in the *Battle of the Somme* during the

¹²⁸ 23 Oct and 29 Dec 1853

First World War in Flanders. Later, his step-father would die at sea in the Second World War serving in an Arctic Convoy. Neither had a grave.



Jack Wallace

Jack's first newspaper job was in Tyneside as a sub-editor in complete charge of the sports desk at the

Shields News, after which he joined the *Gazette* in Middlesbrough, known then as the *North Eastern Daily Gazette*. By this stage he had become an accomplished sub-editor in all news areas.

Aged 25 years, on 3 February 1936 he moved again, this time to London to continue his journalism at *Reuters*, starting as an editorial assistant. The people who interviewed him for the job noted that he had, “a very gentlemanly appearance and spoke with a ‘northern-Scottish’ accent,” a phrase at the time meaning Geordie.

He working at Reuters in the footsteps of journalists like Ian Fleming (there 1929-33), who went on to write his James Bond books and manage at The Times after serving in naval intelligence during the war.

While he was working in London, on 19 July 1938 Jack had returned to Tyneside to marry his sweetheart, Eleanor Wouldhave Chambers, two years his younger. As was the custom then for professional working people, to keep his job he had to get permission from his boss at Reuters before getting married. The couple lived together in London.¹²⁹

After four years working at Reuters, Jack was in the army from 13 December 1940 to 11 February 1946. Jack served in the war first as a Gunner then as a Lance Bombardier in the Royal Artillery, stationed around the

¹²⁹ 9 Orme Road, Kingston on Thames.

UK to operate heavy anti-aircraft guns. He passed two exams and became an instructor.

He enlisted aged 30 years in good health, with his trade given as a journalist. His Army Number was 1745450, and he had a small horizontal scar on the inside of his right leg below the knee.

In January 1941 he was posted to the Royal Artillery as a Gunner, the equivalent rank of a Private. He was initially stationed in Blackpool and then Derby, before going to Oswestry in April 1941 for training. In June 1941 he was promoted to Acting Lance Bombardier, and by November 1941 he was a Lance Bombardier (equivalent to Lance Corporal) at Brigstock. That month he went to Newton Linford where he passed the Trade Test as a clerk, being mustered as a “Clerk – Class III(b) Group C” on 28 January 1942 in the 136th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Artillery Regiment.

He was then stationed in Corby, Grantham, then to Leicester in August 1942 where he served the bulk of the war years.

He was on another training course from 27 June to 6 July 1944 on “pay duties”¹³⁰ at Southern Command, where they recorded his result as “Distinguished”. After this he was appointed as a Full Time Education Instructor.

¹³⁰ Whether *pay duties* was a euphemism for other clandestine duties we can only guess at.

His home address is given variously as 8 Brampton Place, North Shields, Northumberland (probably his parents) and as 5 Braeside Avenue, Wimbledon SW19 (probably with his wife Eleanor).

He was discharged on 4 March 1946 with war medals. His papers were stamped that he was “allocated to the Army General Reserve Group P and eligible for recall up to the age of 45” which would run out in 1955.

He then returned to continue working at Reuters for nine years before leaving in April 1955 to take up a new post, which he described to them as “too attractive to refuse”.

A year later, Eleanor died suddenly on 5 June 1956 aged only 43 years, from a stroke caused by high blood pressure. They had no children, and Jack never married again. She died at home and Jack was present at her death.

*

One family document¹³¹ suggests that by around 1960 Jack was working overseas as a journalist at the *Arab News Agency*, and probably based in Beirut. Newspaper articles at the time, and at least three books subsequently, have repeated allegations that some people at the Arab News Agency were connected with British spying.

¹³¹ Family note concerning Jack Wallace’s Will, 10 May 1999, Joan Morton.

It is reported that following the exposure of the Cambridge university elite spy ring, SIS was keen to broaden recruitment to include the ‘lower’ classes to improve its security. This report is consistent with Jack’s story.

We know that Kim Philby fled from Beirut to Moscow in January 1963 after being uncovered as a double agent, having had a cover position as an Observer journalist based in Beirut since 1956, so the journalistic atmosphere must have been highly charged.

One way or another, Jack would have known Kim Philby.

Long story shortish: Philby was a Russian double agent working in the heart of the Britain’s Secret Intelligence Service (SIS or “MI6”) from 1940. Some say he was due to become the next head of SIS. But after two of his friends had defected in 1951 Philby was suspected as being “the third man” and from 1953 he was sidelined.

Philby was publicly exonerated in 1955 but was never trusted again by SIS. He was sent to Beirut to be out of the way.

Not much is written by SIS staff – the clue is in the name! But Hugh Trevor-Roper did some work for them in the war years. His book in 1947 on how Hitler died had made him famous, and he would be called on in later life to write the occasional newspaper or magazine article to set the record straight from an official point of view.

From a book¹³² of his collected articles, we know that Trevor-Roper met Philby in Iraq as part of a “small party of journalists” (p95) in early 1957. He also talks about another Russian double agent, George Blake, in SIS who was uncovered in 1961. The detail relevant here is that shortly before his arrest, Blake had been in Lebanon in Shemlah, near Beirut, learning Arabic at the Middle East *Centre of Arabic Studies*.

So, we can conjecture that Jack was called in by his boss sometime in the late 1950s after his wife had died, offered a cigarette, and asked to be of service overseas by keeping an eye on Philby and reporting back to London, probably along with a few other minders. The family knew nothing of Jack’s new line of work and service. Jack had continued to describe himself as a journalist.

We could also speculate, at the risk of confirmation bias, that Jack continued with a deep knowledge of the Middle East, reporting to the authorities on the Yom Kippur War in the 1960s and maybe, before retirement, on the oil crisis in the early 1970s.

*

¹³² *The Secret World: behind the curtain of British intelligence in World War II and the Cold War*, by Hugh Trevor-Roper, edited by Edward Harrison (2014), Tauris, London.

Jack was the best man when his nephew John Baldwinson married Teresa Duffy in 1957. Teresa, at 82 years, recalled Jack as being “a careful and dependable man.” She added that, after his wife died, “*for the rest of his life he wore a black tie*”. She remembers he was a regular member of the choir at his church.

Our cousin Rich also remembers meeting Jack, noting his deep voice “*a bit like James Mason*” and a no-nonsense manner.

Jack probably retired around 1975, later buying a sheltered flat in Wimbledon¹³³ which was newly-built in 1989, his rooms full of books. He died on 16 March 1999 in St George’s Hospital, Tooting, aged 88 years, from heart disease due to diabetes. All his books were lovingly collected and re-housed by his niece Joan Morton, living in Whitley Bay. His estate was valued at around £265,000.

¹³³ Flat 30, Kathleen Godfree Court, 80 Queens Road, Wimbledon, London SW19.

The Baldwinson family

Fred – *Bud*

Grandfather

Our father's father, was born on 26 April 1905 in Bramley, Wortley, Leeds. He was christened as "Fred Baldwinson" and known as *Bud*. He died from work-related cancer aged 54 years on 18 August 1959 at *Preston Hospital* in North Shields, a former workhouse, now demolished. His funeral was three days later on 21 August 1959 at the West Road Crematorium in Newcastle.



Bud with his son John, c.1936

On 11 July 1931 he married Edith Wallace, and he was working as a welding engineer who tested the strength of oxy-acetylene metal welds by using X-rays.

When Bud and Edith were married they were still living with his parents in Whitley Bay, where their first child was born soon after. By 1936 when their second child, our father, was born they had moved and were living in Oxford.



Bud, Edith, Joan, John (in callipers)

On 26 November 1951 Bud arrived by ship in London¹³⁴ from Hong Kong, returning with his wife Edith and their

¹³⁴ Alexandra Hotel, London.

two younger children from living in Singapore. On 21 February 1954 he again arrived in London¹³⁵ by ship, this time from Sydney and alone, having been working in Australia this time. As time went on, Bud and Edith grew apart.

He got throat cancer from radiation poisoning after the lead surrounding his X-ray source was stolen and he had to drive the uncovered material to a safe place. He placed it in the boot of his car, as far away as possible but his neck was still the most exposed part of him. His death certificate states, “carcinoma of the pyriform fossa [part of the throat] and metastatic neck glands ulcerated.”

As Teresa recalls, “Bud was with us for a time in a flat in Arundel Gardens, bordering Notting Hill and Notting Hill Gate. Then, further into the sickness, he was in *St Charles’ Hospital*, close to where Judy lives now. The rift between him and his wife Edith was more about where they should live. She wanted a settled life, but he went where his job was, South America one time, Australia another, like that. He reckoned a wife should go wherever her husband worked. She thought otherwise.”

“He was a lovely man and thought the world of [baby Tony].” Tony was the first son to be born of his two sons, though not Bud’s first grand-child. “He said Tony was his immortality, but he never lived to see Mary Lou who was born six weeks after we moved to *Swallowfield*.

¹³⁵ 1 Argyle Place, Victoria, SW1.



Bud and Edith, 1950s

“To the end he liked his tea with so little milk it looked totally black, and fried bread. I used to wonder the bread

wouldn't be rough in his throat but he enjoyed it so much."

Bud and Edith were both visiting Teresa and John when Bud "noticed a lump on his neck and I told him to go see a doctor. He did the next day, Edith went back to look after her son Stewart who was actually working by then and they were living with Bud's mother [Alice, who died six years later] in Whitley Bay. He stayed with us in Mill Hill for some time until he had to go into hospital. When everyone knew he was nearing the end, that is when he was taken back north."

"We couldn't go to the funeral, not enough money and, anyhow, we were only told he was dead a week later. Probably an oversight but it rather upset your daddy. I, too, would have liked to have been told so that I could at least have gone to Mass for him on that day but, water under the bridge, it's a lifetime ago now."

When John was growing up at home he was annoyed that his father Bud would not allow him to join the Scouts. Bud had said it was a paramilitary organisation. So when John's son Tony was growing up, John strongly encouraged his membership of the Cubs and then the Scouts.

Alice

Great Grandmother

Bud's mother Alice Ann Bedford was born in 1879 in Guildersome, Yorkshire, and she died in 1965, six years after her only son and 25 years after her husband.

Alice's parents were Albert¹³⁶ and Mary.¹³⁷ Mary died aged 33 years, when Alice was 13 years old. In his later years Albert lived with Alice and her family, living to 80 years.

Alice had one brother, four years younger than her, called Squire.¹³⁸

Married at 22 years of age, Alice lived with Percy at various addresses in Leeds until she was 30 years or older. Their only surviving child is Fred, and Alice is 26 years old when he is born.

By 1936 and now in her 50s she is living in Whitley Bay, Newcastle, and there she survives her husband Percy who dies in 1950. Just as Alice had taken in her elderly widowed father Albert, so in her later years she and her husband had lived with their son Fred (Bud), his wife Edith and their family.

*

Family stories tell that Alice had three pregnancies, all claimed to be as twins of a particular variety where both embryos are conceived about a month apart, which

¹³⁶ Albert Bedford (1860-1940)

¹³⁷ Mary Jane Beaver (1859-1892)

¹³⁸ Squire Bedford (1883-1963)

caused problems when one was full term ahead of the other. This is known as *superfetation* in mammals and said to be very rare in humans.

Looking at the sheet of paper that Percy and Alice completed for the Census¹³⁹ return in April 1911, there are boxes to be completed concerning the children in the household. At this point Percy and Alice had been married for nine years.

There are no birth nor death certificates that I can find for the three children that died. A stillbirth was not required to be registered by law in England until 1927, but if there was one or more unaided breaths by a newborn baby before dying then both the birth and death certificates were required. However, not everyone could afford to pay for these certificates, nor to pay for a funeral. Reports indicate that it was common practice for the dead infants to be accepted by local undertakers and placed at the foot of a coffin already containing a deceased adult awaiting burial. There would be no mention on the gravestone, nor in the service. A few cemetery offices kept a list of names of stillbirths and neonatal deaths, but none apparently with specific burial plot details.

¹³⁹ 1 Arch Terrace, New Wortley, Leeds.

Com- pleted years the present Marriage has lasted. If less than one year write "under one."	Children born alive to present Marriage. (If no children born alive write "None" in Column 7).			Total Children Born Alive.	Children still Living.	Children who have Died.
	6.	7.	8.			
9						
9		4	1		3	
		(Twins twice)				

"Number of children born alive – 4"

"Children still living – 1"

Children who have Died – 3"

And underneath these boxes, written by hand,
they have added – "(Twins twice)".

At this point in 1911 both Percy and Alice are 31 years old and Fred (Bud) is five years old, surviving birth on 26 April 1905. Percy is working as an “engineer’s machinist – shaper” for a “flange and jute machining maker”. Alice’s father is living with them, now a widower and 52 years old, working as a “bottle packer”.

Alice had a very gentle nature, and her husband Percy would tell her tall stories, which she would believe for a while, then realise it was a wind up, and habitually say, “Oh, Percy!” when the penny dropped. She was well known for making fabulous pastry and Yorkshire puddings. She was also known for mixing up her words, for example calling a new flat a “self-contained mayonnaise”. Teresa only knows of one time ever when Alice lost her temper, which was with a stranger who had said something bad about our father John as a child.

Percy

Great Grandfather

Percy Hammill Baldwinson was Bud’s father. Percy was born on 14 November 1879 in Leeds¹⁴⁰ to Charles¹⁴¹ and Mary.¹⁴² Percy’s parents married earlier in 1879 and they retired to live in Wharfedale. Percy was baptised on 28 December 1879, however his baptism record lists him

¹⁴⁰ 5 Malborough Court, Leeds (1879).

¹⁴¹ Charles Baldwinson (1857–1946)

¹⁴² Mary Emily Hammill (1858–1932)

as living at “35 Malborough Street”. He had six younger siblings who were born between 1881 and 1899.

Percy’s middle name came from his mother’s family surname: Mary Emily *Hammill*. Percy became an engineer’s machinist-shaper, having previously been an iron borer. He married when he was 22 years old, having lived with his parents¹⁴³ up to then. Enquiries continue on which trade union he was a member, possibly being the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. In the 1911 census he is working for a flax and jute manufacturer.

Alice and Percy were married in Bromley, Leeds, in April-June 1901 and records indicate that Fred (Bud), who was born in 1905, was their only surviving child.

In the 1901 Census we see that number 11 Oswald View was the family home where Percy grew up with his parents, an uncle and his six younger brothers and sisters. And six years later, it looks like Percy and Alice were living next door at number 9 with their toddler Fred (Bud). From an online local history forum, a former child resident of the area referred to the collection of streets there as “the Oswalds” – Oswald Terrace, Place, Grove, View etc. These terraces were demolished around the late 1960s and early 1970s, and the buildings there now are industrial workshops and commercial offices.

In 1906 Percy wrote and published a 16-page pamphlet on: *Unemployment: its causes, and suggestions for its*

¹⁴³ 11 Oswald View, New Wortley, Leeds (1901 census)

*cure. New Wortley.*¹⁴⁴ It had a preface written by Rev. Samuel Chadwick who notes that: “Mr Baldwinson ... has had experience of the hardships that come to men out of work.”¹⁴⁵

On the cover of this pamphlet Percy is described as the Editor of the Labour Advertiser. Research¹⁴⁶ indicates that the Labour Advertiser is listed in the 1907 edition of the Reformers’ Yearbook under Local Labour Papers as being published monthly from “9 Oswald View Gelderd Road, Leeds.” However, it is not listed in the Reformers’ Yearbooks for 1906 nor 1908 so it appears to have been a short-lived paper.

While living in Leeds,¹⁴⁷ Percy reportedly became employed “by Keir Hardie” – often described as the founder of the Labour Party – to travel around to various mines, mills and factories to campaign and negotiate better rights for workers, along with half a dozen or so others.

¹⁴⁴ An original copy is held in the Fabian Society Collection at the London School of Economics Library.

¹⁴⁵ A full copy is available online at:
<https://tonybaldwinson.files.wordpress.com/2015/09/unemployment-pamphlet-percy-h-baldwinson-1906.pdf>

¹⁴⁶ email from Working Class Movement Library, 7 August 2015.

¹⁴⁷ 1 Arch Terrace, New Wortley, Leeds (1911 census).



Percy and Alice

However, after researching this claim, it seems far more likely that this story of Percy is being confused with his uncle, Fred Hammill, who was a paid organiser by the Fabian Society to campaign for better rights for working

people, with a noted example of working with the Durham Miners, as well as organising the London Bus Strike of 1891. Fred also stood for election to Parliament in Newcastle in 1895, one of 28 candidates which included Keir Hardie. Fred's details are elsewhere in this book, but this snapshot is to explain how Percy's story seems to have become conflated with Fred's story.

In the stories passed on in our family, Alice reportedly had had a number of stillbirths, and Percy had reportedly dealt with them all stoically until baby Fred (Bud) arrived, at which point he was said to have fully realised for the first time exactly what they had lost and reportedly had some type of a breakdown.

Then it was said that "Keir Hardie pensioned Percy off", however this is *very unlikely*.

We've seen that Alice gave birth at least twice, both times to twins, and that only Fred (Bud) survived from the four babies. There were no other children after Fred (Bud), at least not surviving. Stillbirths were not registered in England until 1927.

There is no record of Percy being admitted around this time (roughly 1905-1910) into any of the three main mental health hospitals in the West Riding area (Stanley Royd, Menston and Storthes Hall).¹⁴⁸

Percy is also the secretary of the provincial branch of the Fabian Society in Leeds for three years, from 1908 to

¹⁴⁸ West Yorkshire Archive Service, 30 June 2015

1911, where “Mr P. Hammill Baldwinson” is listed as the secretary of the Leeds Branch of the Fabian Society, in the nationally printed 27th, 28th and 29th Annual Reports of the ‘main’ Fabian Society.

Two years before Percy became the secretary, the “Leeds and District” local society is described as having only 15 members and “not flourishing, and reorganisation is contemplated”, and the following year the branch is described as “undergoing reorganisation”. Percy is then listed as the secretary for the next three years, dropping “and District” from the Leeds title early on. But by 1911-12 there is suddenly no listing for a Leeds branch at all.

In his first year as the branch secretary Percy is living in New Wortley,¹⁴⁹ then changing to an address on the main road nearby¹⁵⁰ for the next two years. Contemporary maps indicate that the newer house on the main road was opposite a cattle market and near to railway sidings with cattle pens beside the tracks.

It is possible that Percy knew Alf Mattison (1868-1944) who was eleven years older than Percy and had also been a secretary of the Leeds Fabian Society. Alf was a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers (ASE), which could have been Percy’s union as well. Alf kept a large collection of pamphlets and notebooks from

¹⁴⁹ 15 Winnie Terrace, New Wortley, Leeds (1908/09)

¹⁵⁰ 123 Gelderd Road (A62), Leeds (1910/11)

this time, now held in a special collection,¹⁵¹ but a day visit found no record of Percy in the three notebooks. In his notebooks Alf Mattison describes around three or four other short-lived radical newspapers in Leeds around the same time as Percy's.



*Photo: left to right: houses 9 to 15 Oswald View,
Leeds¹⁵²*

A second possible explanation for Percy's reported breakdown could be that it happened around 1910 after

¹⁵¹ Bortherton Library, Leeds University.

¹⁵² Photo (c) West Yorkshire Archive Service, ref 200417_91413516 www.leodis.net, with permission.

he had thrown everything he had into trying to make both the local Fabian Society in Leeds and the Labour Advertiser a success. This might have included moving his family into a larger, more expensive house on the main road, or renting it as a separate office, extra printing costs, all in the hope of attracting more members. Enquiries continue.

No records have been found yet for Percy within the military during World War One, so his breakdown may well have been prior to 1914. There are military records for his father Charles, and for his younger brother John who was a machine gunner and killed in action.¹⁵³

A third possibility concerned the suggested breakdown concerns general election politics in Leeds in 1906. There was a secret national deal (“the Lib-Lab pact”) whereby certain Liberal MPs were unopposed by Labour in return for some Labour MPs being unopposed by a Liberal. This deal covered Leeds West and Leeds Central, but not Leeds South. Thus the Labour candidate in Central won (James Grady), as did the Liberal in West (Herbert Gladstone), but the Labour candidate in the South lost (Albert Fox). He lost again in the 1908 by-election, partly due to in-fighting between the railway unions. Gladstone had negotiated this secret deal with Labour, thus fixing his own win in Leeds West.

It is said that a lot of political effort in Leeds was put into bringing together the Independent Labour Party, the

¹⁵³ 9 April 1917 in “France and Belgium”.

Fabian Society, and trade unions, in the run-up to the 1906 general election.¹⁵⁴ Percy would have had a hand in this, being involved in all three of these organisations.

So, we can speculate that Percy might have eventually learnt about the Lib-Lab pact and been furious beyond words at being deceived by his own comrades. Thus his ‘breakdown’ might have been more of a major political disillusionment, or alternatively the deceit may have been the trigger event, Percy’s core identity and trust of others having been so undermined, and at a time of bereavements with the babies in the family.

*

By 1936 Percy is recorded as living with his son Bud and his family in Whitley Bay,¹⁵⁵ and Percy is described as being a secretary in the “Ward’s Directory” of working people, published that year.

But Percy’s priorities have changed somewhat. He is now the secretary of the Northern District Council of the National Spiritualist Union (NSU). He regularly leads a Sunday Service in Sunderland,¹⁵⁶ opening a new church there on 18 June 1932, and another at Easington Colliery on 4 November 1935 which costs £1,000 and seats 300 people. On 8 June 1936 he is mentioned in a Leeds

¹⁵⁴ Private correspondence, Prof David Howell.

¹⁵⁵ 39 Kingsley Avenue, Whitley Bay.

¹⁵⁶ Sunderland Daily Echo and Shipping Gazette, various dates.

newspaper speaking at an NSU conference covering the north of England. (Copy at the back of the book).

Possibly his last advertised service in Sunderland was on 16 May 1942.

While we find newspaper entries showing Percy's interest in spiritualism from the 1930s, this interest could have been long-standing from earlier on, but with him taking a lower profile. It could also be an interest shared with, or even led by, Alice. David Howell, a respected political historian, noted that in Edwardian Britain, spiritualism was very much part of working class culture, being democratic, inclusive and transgressive.¹⁵⁷

Percy died at home¹⁵⁸ on 20 March 1950 , aged 70 years from asthma with bronchitis, heart and stomach diseases, no doubt from many years of smoking. His wife Alice Ann described him as a retired engineer.

Charles

Second Great Grandfather

Percy's father was Charles Baldwinson, born around April 1857 in Weeton, Yorkshire. His father died when he was six years old, and his mother when he was eight. By the age of 15 years he is a servant which includes

¹⁵⁷ Presentation, Remembering Keir Hardie, Working Class Movement Library, 26 September 2015.

¹⁵⁸ 39 Kingsley Avenue, Whitley Bay.

some farm work, living with an elderly couple¹⁵⁹ in their 60s.

When he was 21 years old, Charles and Mary Emily were married in early 1879 in Hunslet, an industrial area within inner Leeds in Yorkshire. In various records he is working as a waiter (1878) and shortly after as a billiard marker (1881). Both his neighbours have coal miners as the head of household.

By 1900 the family is living at 11 Oswald View and Charles has a letter published in the Leeds Mercury newspaper, telling us that he had been “a worker in the temperance cause for some years”. (Full text is at the back of the book.) In 1918 Charles and Mary are living in Menston, just north of Leeds and Bradford.¹⁶⁰

He died on 28 July 1946 in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, aged around 89 years old. He’d been living at his daughter’s house¹⁶¹ following the death of his wife Mary in 1932.

¹⁵⁹ Charles and Christiana Wilkinson, Roper House, Rigton, Yorkshire.

¹⁶⁰ South View, Menston, West Riding (1918 electoral roll).

¹⁶¹ “Charmarie”, Moorland Crescent, Menston; notice in Yorkshire Evening Post.

Fred Hammill

Third Great Uncle



This section on Fred Hammill has also been printed as a separate booklet or pamphlet, with copies sent to the archives of organisations he was involved with.¹⁶²

“the workers of England have the power in their own hands, and can overturn the constitution of England in 12 months if they care to do it, and our work is to educate them to it.”¹⁶³

Fred Hammill

¹⁶² Fred Hammill (1856-1901) Trade Unionist and Politician, ISBN 9780993526718

¹⁶³ The Necessity of an Independent Labour Party, by Fred Hammill (1893)

Frederick Parkin Hammill (Fred) was born in Leeds¹⁶⁴ on 4 May 1856, being the oldest child of Thomas and Ellen, married in 1855.

His father Thomas was born in 1833 in Rawcliffe, he worked as a groom, iron driller and pub landlord, and died in 1892 in Leeds.

His mother Ellen (née Parkin), was born on 15 November 1829 in the village of Baldersby-St-James in North Yorkshire; and she died in Leeds around the start of 1901. She was the second of ten children.

Ellen's father was William (1804-1891), a labourer, born in Carwold and died in Leeds. Ellen's mother was Charity Chandler (1807-1898), born in Baldersby and died in Leeds.

Fred is the oldest child and his younger siblings are:

Mary Emily (1858-1932),
Joseph Broughton (1866-1927), and
an infant girl called Ada (1870-?).

There are three different women called *Ada* in this immediate family.

The first Ada is Fred's foster sister, who is possibly the child of a relative of Fred's mother and being a different

¹⁶⁴ Wesley Street, Hunslet, Leeds.

Ada to both Fred's and Joseph's future wives.¹⁶⁵ Joseph's future wife is called Ada Jane Hargrave (1866-?), Fred will marry Ada Peel.

Fred's foster sister Ada is using the surname Parkin when she is aged 10, though Thomas and Ellen had called her Ada Hammill when she was a baby. Ada changes her surname back to Hammill later in her adult life.

1861

In the census, Fred as a young child with his family are living in a 'beer house' or pub which is run by their father – the Grey Mare Inn.¹⁶⁶ At the time there was a Grey Mare Yard nearby.

1877

Aged around 21 years, Fred is reported as assisting John De Morgan¹⁶⁷ and around 40,000 people in removing some of the rails from the new Middleton Railway on Hunslet Moor in protest against the railway company's

¹⁶⁵ Generally found in birth, marriage and death registers, electoral rolls and national census forms.

¹⁶⁶ 132 Low Road, Hunslet, Leeds.

¹⁶⁷ Sometimes described in current accounts as being a 'Victorian eco-warrior'.

privatised use of open space against the rights of commoners.¹⁶⁸

1879

Aged around 23 years, in 1879 in Leeds, Fred marries Ada Peel (1860-1940) who is then aged around 18 years.

Ada Peel's parents are Joseph (1816-?) born in Morley, Yorkshire; and Elizabeth (1831-?) born in Duffield, Derbyshire.

Fred and Ada have three children, the first two born in Hunslet (south east Leeds) and the third child born in Holbeck (south west Leeds):

Arthur Earnest (1880-1945),

Helen (1882-1904), and

Gertrude Wright (1888-1959)

Also in 1879, Fred's younger sister Mary Emily marries Charles Baldwinson, and they later have a son, Percy Hammill Baldwinson.

1881

Now married, their first child Arthur has been born and they are all living in a small house with Fred's parents¹⁶⁹

¹⁶⁸ Fred Hammill – A Short Biography (1893), [online resource], Cornell University, Kheel Center; USA. *This text is a printed section at the start of: "The Necessity of an Independent Labour Party" pamphlet, cited here in his publications.*

along with Fred's younger brother Joseph (14 years old) and younger Ada, described in the census as a boarder (10 years old). Fred's sister, our second-great grandmother Mary has left home by then. Fred describes himself as an *unemployed mechanic*.

Fred was probably already a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, ASE, while living in Leeds. From the local meetings he would have been aware of the regular printed reports sent to all branches, which showed details from every branch on the state of local trade. Only the Woolwich, Barnsley and Ulveston branches had reported that local trade was "improving", while the vast majority of branches in England stated trade was "bad". Between 1885 and 1890 the ASE membership in Woolwich would rise by 13% each year for five years. The ASE also had a scheme of 'Travel Cards' where a branch could pay towards the costs of an unemployed member looking for work in another town or city.

So, sometime between 1881 and 1887 Fred made the move from Leeds, where he was unemployed some or all of the time, to London to work at the Royal Arsenal in

¹⁶⁹ 35 Marlborough Court, Leeds.

Woolwich. Their youngest daughter is born in Leeds in 1888. So it is possible that Ada (and the children) joined Fred in London after 1888 once he had become established with work and had a home suitable for a family; or possibly Ada came to London with Fred before 1888 and returned to Leeds to make sure she gave birth to her third child with the support and help of women she trusted in her family.

The archive of civilian employment records held by the Ministry of Defence does not give any details of Fred's work there, but a large number of these records were destroyed by fire during the Second World War.

1887

Fred was in Trafalgar Square¹⁷⁰ on 13 November 1887¹⁶⁸ for a large combined protest on unemployment and Irish nationalism, which ended in a violent riot involving the police and the Life Guards infantry and cavalry. It became known as Bloody Sunday, with hundreds of people arrested and hundreds more injured. One account reports of Fred there, that:

“He was in the front at Trafalgar Square when [Jack] Burns and [Robert Cunninghame] Graham were arrested, and was appointed local centre for

¹⁷⁰ The Manchester school of economic and social studies, Volume 36, (1968).

Woolwich for the Law and Liberty League,¹⁷¹ working for two years, together with Annie Besant and [William] Stead, then of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.”¹⁶⁸

1888

Fred was working at the arsenal in Woolwich¹⁷² when he was nearly sacked.

“He organised a collecting committee in the arsenal for Burns successfully, running the risk of discharge for his action in the matter.”¹⁶⁸ Also, he “gave evidence for Burns in the Trafalgar Square trial”^{168 173} in January 1888 at the Old Bailey, but both were found guilty of attempting to hold an unlawful assembly and were sentenced to six weeks in prison. They were acquitted of incitement to riot and of assaulting two police officers.

Sometime later Fred *did* lose his job at the arsenal (before October 1889), because he,

¹⁷¹ A self-help organisation to provide legal assistance to labour activists being taken to court.

¹⁷² Also sometimes called the Royal Arsenal, and the Greenwich Arsenal, which closed in 1994.

¹⁷³ Although his name does not appear in the edited transcript of the trial, ref: t18880109-223 [online]

“fought down a sweating system¹⁷⁴ in the department of Woolwich Arsenal where he worked, fighting officials on their own evidence as given before a Royal Commission, and obtaining the abolition of the sweating and an advance of 4s. to 5s. per week per man to 400 men. The men presented him with his portrait and the officials with his discharge.”¹⁶⁸

Woolwich Arsenal was run by the government to create, store and test munitions. The government then was trying to save money by using the ‘sweating’ system of cheap, unregulated sub-contractors. For example, “Government contracts continued to be filled by sweated labourers; most egregiously, some of the workers hired to alter army uniforms under unhealthy conditions during the 1890s were directly employed by the War Office.”¹⁷⁵

But although Fred had been sacked by the officials, he apparently was back working there a few months later, and he was agitating again.

¹⁷⁴ The practice of ‘sweating’ was to contract out work to effectively unregulated smaller workplaces which were not being inspected properly under the Factories Act and were paying lower wages.

¹⁷⁵ The Persistence of Victorian Liberalism: the politics of social reform in Britain 1870-1900, by Robert F. Hoggard.

“Again we find him in the arsenal after five month’s absence. He had been working three days before the officials found out who he was, but too late to discharge him, because they knew their man. The Government attempted to thrust a pension scheme on the men. He fought it down at a memorable meeting never to be forgotten, where all the big men of Woolwich were assembled to carry it through. He even addressed six meetings inside the arsenal, organised the men and the scheme vanished.”¹⁶⁸

Sometime after their youngest child Gertrude is born in Leeds in 1888. Soon afterwards Fred, Ada and their three children lived together in London,¹⁷⁶ at least between 1890 and 1892.

1889

Fred would have been involved in the five-week London Dock Strike in 1889, a massive success for the labour movement which energised trade unions widely for years to come. Similarly, Isabella Ford was strongly involved in the tailoresses’ strike, making “rousing speeches at public meetings, organising the collection and distribution of relief, and publicising the strikers’ cause in the press. The following year she helped in the

¹⁷⁶ 25 Coxwell Road, Plumstead, London.

Manningham Mills dispute in Bradford”.¹⁷⁷ In recognition of her efforts she was made a life member of the Leeds Trades and Labour Council.

This year Fred joins the London Trades Council.

1890

In 1890 Fred is the delegate from the No. 5 Woolwich branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers (ASE) union at the London Trades Council, and he is described as being one of the leaders of *New Unionism*.¹⁶⁸ This meant unionising unskilled and semi-skilled workers like dockers and bus crews as well as the ‘old aristocracy’ of the better-paid, more highly skilled craft unions, in order “to stamp out poverty from the land”¹⁷⁸ as an 1890 pamphlet declared. The pamphlet also states that the ASE membership had grown by 9,000 people that year, and Fred would surely have played a major part in that growth. Tom Mann writes in March that year that “The Trades Council is completely revolutionised during the last six months.” In nine months its membership rose from 18,824 to 45,000.

¹⁷⁷ ILP@120: Isabella Ford – Socialist, Feminist and Peace Campaigner, by June Hannam (2013) [online].

¹⁷⁸ The ‘New’ Trade Unionism: a reply to Mr George Shipton by Tom Mann and Ben Tillett, 1890 (pamphlet), page 14.

There had been a massive Mayday rally in Hyde Park with the dockers' union taking pride of place. Shortly afterwards the new unionists in the London Trades Council, including Tom Mann as ASE delegate from Battersea, try to oust the old-style unionist George Shipton from his post. The challenger is W. Pamell, but he is de-selected by the old guard and Fred steps into his place as the challenger at the last moment. Fred loses the election against George Shipton by 46 to 61 votes.¹⁷⁹

The trade unionists in Woolwich, especially Bob Banner and Fred, learnt from the innovations of the nearby Poplar¹⁸⁰ Fabians and in particular they studied and copied the Will Crooks 'College' method of holding regular large meetings at factory gates with key speakers.¹⁸¹ Fred has a growing aptitude for public

¹⁷⁹ In Pamphlets 26 and 27 of the History Group of the Communist Party, concerning the incomplete volumes 2 and 3 by Dona Torr of the Life of Tom Mann. Volume 1 was published before Dona Torr's death, covering Tom Mann from 1856 to 1890 [online].

¹⁸⁰ Poplar is a district within the East End of London.

¹⁸¹ Labour's Lost Leader: The Life and Politics of Will Crooks, by Paul Tyler, 2007.

speaking to large rooms and crowds, and he would speak indoors and outdoors to crowds of up to 6,000 people.¹⁸²

“He is a member of the Fabian Society, and ... between March 1890 and 1891, delivered 64 public lectures and addresses to clubs, etc.”¹⁶⁸

As an example,

“In December 1890, he addressed a mass meeting of bakers at the East End, and strongly advised co-operation. The result was that he and others formed a provisional committee, and now the men are in possession of their own bakeries in several districts in London, and based on the non-profit sharing system, higher wages with an eight hour day.”¹⁶⁸

The ASE had formed the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society Ltd (RACS) at the end of a union meeting in November 1868 and 20,000 people celebrated its 21-year anniversary at an outdoor gathering on 25 June 1890. The RACS included a recently-built Brixton Bakery.¹⁸³

There is an account of a TUC Congress which met in Liverpool in 1890.¹⁷⁹ Around half the delegates were

¹⁸² Educate, Agitate, Organise Library Editions: Political Science Vol 59: One Hundred Years of Fabian Socialism, by Patricia Pugh (2013).

¹⁸³ The Story of the Engineers: 1800-1945, by James B. Jeffreys, 1945, Lawrence & Wishart Ltd.

from the old guard unions, dressed in their fancy top hats and fine coats with gold chains and such like. The rest of the delegates were the new intake, dressed in their ordinary working clothes and not a top hat between them. The local Lord Mayor had invited all the Congress delegates to come on a jolly, a boat trip on the River Mersey. The new unionists said no and narrowly lost a vote to reject the invitation for everyone.

1891

Fred's employment at Woolwich arsenal did not last and he lost his job there a second and final time in March 1891, because he was:

“attacking the Government on contracting, speaking at Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Chatham, and was again discharged He is now working at Westminster doing John Burn's old job for Mr. Lorrain, consulting engineer who is an eight hours man”^{168 187}

In 1891 with Tom Mann, Fred established a Labour Representation League within their wider work in reorganising the London Trades Council,¹⁸⁴ with a fund

¹⁸⁴ Socialists, Liberals and Labour: The Struggle for London 1885-1914, by Paul Richard Thompson, 1967, Routledge, p57.

to give it substance.¹⁸⁵ Fred now describes his work in the census as being a *steam engine maker's fitter*. He was a leading member nationally of the Fabian Society, being on their Executive Committee from 1892 to 1895, and similarly on the committee of the ASE engineers union.

Perhaps his most intense period of labour activism was in the London Bus Strike¹⁸⁶ of June 1891. The union had been recently founded by Thomas Sutherest and others in 1889, and organising work was also done by Frank Smith. The strike followed a meeting at Fulham Town Hall on Saturday 6 June 1889 where over 3,000 workers attended, and a similar large meeting the following day in the Great Assembly Hall on the Mile End Road. The strike lasted a week, from 7-13 June 1889, and was a success with support from the public and from the press.

“John Burns, Tom Mann, and Fred Hammill are all engineers and members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and all have been strong advocates of an eight hour day, and devoted years to the organisation of unskilled labour, as instanced by the fact that Tom Mann was

¹⁸⁵ The Making of the Labour Movement: The Formation of the Transport and General Workers Union 1870-1992, by Ken Coates, Tony Topham, 1994.

¹⁸⁶ Overview at – <https://libcom.org/history/1891-london-bus-workers-strike>

president of the Dockers' Union, and Fred Hammill is president of the Vehicular Traffic Workers' Union.”¹⁶⁸

A detailed account of Fred's tireless efforts that week states:

“while [Fred was] working for Mr. Lorrain,¹⁸⁷ the Great London Bus Strike of 1891 was taken in hand by the London Trades Council Executive, Hammill at the time being a prominent and popular member. He was given the whole charge of the largest area – the South Western District of London, comprising 43 Bus Yards and 5,000 men. John Burns and Hammill are old friends, and Jack, who was not a member of the Trades Council, was by his side day and night, and during the seven days of the strike, they addressed together, from the top of a hansom cab, 27 outdoor meetings, rallying and holding the men as firm as a rock, the one sitting on the cab top, while the other stood in the cabby's seat, addressing and encouraging the crowds of men; and so exhausted was Burns on the sixth day of

¹⁸⁷ James Grieve Lorrain (1852-1917) a civil engineer with progressive social views who led in the new skills of electrical engineering and installed the early telephone exchanges and cabling in cities for electric power. In some records spelt as – Lorraine.

the strike, he fainted in the arms of his friend, and thus they worked for seven nights and days, and during the whole of the week their total sleep was eleven hours. Hammill was fortunate in possessing a good employer, who gave him leave to fight the cause of the Busmen, and contributed his £1 to the strike fund. Hammill returned to his work at the close of the strike, but had been working one month when the London Trades Council of 270 delegates decided that he must leave his work to organise the Busmen and Tram men of London. A formidable task, indeed, with an area of 551 square miles, and the Bus yards scattered over the outskirts of the area. The task, however, was accomplished. For the first twelve months he held and addressed 52 midnight meetings, and has carried the organisation into the provinces as well, during which time the wages of Tram men and others have been advanced 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per week per man, and a reduction of 7 hours per week.”¹⁶⁸

A contemporary newspaper report included a comment that “some of the Trades Council ... did the heaviest work, notably Mr George Bateman, a compositor, and

Mr Fred Hammill”¹⁸⁸ This account also reported strong public sympathy in London for the bus strike, especially for the call by the union for a working day of 12 hours a day, rather than 16 to 17 hours, and for a day off once every two weeks.



*“Most of the Men” a contemporary sketch¹⁸⁹,
London Bus Strike organisers, 1891*

¹⁸⁸ Otago Daily Times, 29 July 1891; a column by H. H. Chapman, a correspondent in Europe, dated 19 June 1891.

The *London Illustrated News* on 13 June 1891 reported that Mrs Reaney was helping organise the East End tram workers.

Immediately “After the strike had concluded the London Trades Council agreed to pay £10 towards Fred Hammill’s costs [for a month] while he organised the busman’s union in the capital.”¹⁸⁹ He initially split in half his monthly pay with six men who were acting as union collectors, all having lost work for being victimised as strike leaders. Shortly after that, being about one month after the end of the strike, Fred is described as becoming the president of the London Amalgamated Omnibus and Tramworkers Union.^{190 191}

On 22 September 1891 the *South Wales Daily News* reports that the ASE is to hold an election for the post of general secretary after the death of the incumbent, Robert Austin. Six candidates have been nominated for the post, but “Burns and Hammill have refused to stand, and it is doubtful whether Mann will seek election. ...

¹⁸⁹ 1891 London Bus Workers’ Strike, 2009, online <https://libcom.org/history/1891-london-bus-workers-strike>

¹⁹⁰ Elementary Schooling and the Working Classes 1860-1918, by John S. Hurt, 1979, Routledge

¹⁹¹ Red Scotland: the rise and fall of the radical left c.1872-1932, William Kenefick (2007), Edinburgh University Press, p43.

The appointment which is stated to be worth £300 a year, is virtually a life one, though there is a formal election yearly.”

At the London Trades Council, Fred seconded a motion by Jack Burns to support the Scottish rail strike.

If there was any one place, outside of his family, that Fred put all his energy it was with his union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the ASE. And his activism was always done in alliance with the unions of unskilled workers through the London Trades Council.

But his allegiance to the ASE was going to be tested to the limit. When Fred started out in the ASE it was essentially a craft or elite union. Its job was to protect pay and conditions by setting national rates every year for around 50,000 members, and then policing workplaces to stop semi-skilled workers doing an engineer’s work for less pay. The ASE’s big victory was in 1871 when they won the nine-hour day. In reality, the length of the working day mostly stayed the same, just that the overtime pay rate started sooner each day. The usual 6am start before breakfast did change.

Fred was very close friends with John (Jack) Burns, as well as with Thomas (Tom) Mann and Ben Tillett. They were all four ASE members and had variously fought together in Trafalgar Square in 1887, then with the Dock Strike in 1889, and the London Bus Strike in 1891.

The ASE itself was at its strongest at the local committee level. The national executive were unpaid volunteers with other jobs, and mostly concerned themselves with deciding benefit payments to members in need.

But in the 1890s things began to change in the ASE, and these changes impacted closely on Fred. In his thesis¹⁹² on the ASE, Weekes describes the mid 1890s as being their “crisis years”.

First, two of Fred’s closest friends and comrades had a massive falling out. In October 1891 both Jack Burns and Tom Mann had disagreed about strike tactics within the Hermitage and Carron Wharves dispute in Wapping, concerning dockers wanting to be paid for meal breaks. At the same time, both men had independently decided to stand for election to the highest position in the ASE but crucially they hadn’t consulted each other beforehand. When Tom finally wrote to Jack asking for his support, Jack took 15 days before sending a one-sentence curt reply saying he would have nothing to do with it. From extracts of their speeches later it is clear everyone could tell what was going on, and the raw bitterness of their views. At this point, Tom Mann says he wants little to do with labour politics, and sees trade unionism as the only way forward for working people’s improvement, although in a few years time he is back in national politics looking to be elected.

Secondly, the ASE reforms itself in 1892 with paid national officers, and the balance of power moves away

from the local committees to the centre. In the election for General Secretary, Tom Mann narrowly loses to John Anderson, a conservative, older man.¹⁹² Tom blames his former friend Jack Burns for not bringing his supporters onboard to tip the balance.

The result was:	Anderson –	18,102
	Mann –	17,152
	Gennie –	738.

Weekes comments that: “There is little doubt that John Burns with his [then] reputation for honest consistency could have turned defeat [for Mann] into victory.”¹⁹³

Now in charge of the ASE, John Anderson is no friend of Fred either, and when Fred later needs union funds to help him get elected to parliament as a socialist MP, Anderson is key to Fred’s request being refused, as well as refusing support to other hopeful candidates.

Thirdly, there is a key strike which the ASE loses, along with losing wider political support, and as part of this Fred gets hauled over the coals by the national executive on a question of £5. The strike is at two factories seven miles from Woolwich in Erith. The firm is called

¹⁹² The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, 1880-1914: A Study of Trade Union Government, Politics and Industrial Policy, by B.C.M. **Weekes**, 1970. Thesis, University of Warwick [online]. (page 31).

¹⁹³ Weekes (as above) (page 33).

Maxim-Nordenfelt and they make machine guns. It is later bought by Vickers. The strike lasts for 27 weeks from November 1889 to May 1890, a bitter strike including a court trial of some people on charges of intimidation.

There is a strike fund which raises around £3,800 and the Woolwich arsenal contribution here is £452 14s 4½d. Fred is travelling to Erith twice each week with donations that he and others have collected at the arsenal. The strike concerns other “labourer” workers doing engineer jobs and a move to piece-rate pay instead of hourly pay. In Erith the labourers walk out in solidarity with the engineers. But, crucially, in another strike in October 1889 led this time by labourers, the ASE tells its engineer members to cross the picket lines and to continue working alongside new strike-breaking labourers. From this, the owners of firms are by now getting wise to the ASE and start their own national organisation, the Engineering Employers Federation.

The whole saga is a mess and the Erith strike essentially fails. It is part of a longer and wider trend by employers to introduce new machines which need less skill to produce the same quality products, and Erith is the turning point where the ASE starts to decline in influence, no longer the most aristocratic or elite of the unions in the UK.

There are plenty of recriminations, and the following year a union auditor reports on the operation of the strike

fund. The paperwork was a huge mess, with bits here and there for 6,000 items of income and 2,000 of expenditure. The accounting was not sophisticated, and a payment to Fred of £5 becomes a matter of national importance with letters printed in *The Times* newspaper and with Fred's letters printed in full in the quarterly report sent to all ASE branches. Fred had asked to meet with the national committee to explain matters but they refused, saying he must write letters.

In short, Fred used the £5 to get an anonymous pamphlet printed and posted to all the shareholders of Maxim-Nordenfelt, including paying a local man for a tip-off he had received of allegations of the lies and misconduct of some of the managers at the firm. Fred later reports that his work resulted in those managers being visited at home by some directors and shareholders and those managers being dismissed. But Fred didn't want these pamphlets to be official ASE strike documents in case that undermined their impact, also in case the pamphlet backfired on the union if the tip-off proved to be incorrect. So when the auditor asked him what the £5 had been for, Fred first suggested they write it as a *secret service*, and when this explanation is rejected he said it was *propaganda work*. From reading his main letter to the national executive, Fred's attitude seems to be matter-of-fact: this is what I did, it worked, so what's your grumble? The national executive let the matter end there, but in what seems to have been quite a surly way.

Later, Tom Mann stood as an ILP socialist candidate in the 1895 general election in Colne Valley, as did George Barnes in Rochdale, neither successful that time. Both were ASE members. Nor was Keir Hardie successful in West Ham South, London, and Tom tried for parliament again in by-elections in 1896 and 1897.

We need to say a little more here about the character of Jack Burns.

In short, many of the socialists at the time felt he had betrayed their trust by selling out to the Liberal Party in return for a safe seat in parliament, and following that a place in their cabinet as a government minister. Hyndman calls Burns “a turncoat from his class”.¹⁹⁴ A frequent assessment is that, when it became clear that Keir Hardie and not Jack Burns would become the leader of the Independent Labour Party, Burns took his ball away. It had to be everything, or nothing. Contemporaries still gave Burns credit for his early years. For example, “He was, I think, the best stump-orator I ever heard”. He is described as having “lungs of leather and a throat of brass”.¹⁹⁴ But soon a more narcissist side was being commented on. For example, on “his Barnum-like ability as a showman. He had an unfailing aptitude for discovering the centre of the

¹⁹⁴ John Burns: the rise and progress of a Right Honourable, by Joseph Burgess (1911) Glasgow: The Reformers Bookstall Ltd.

picture, and posing there.”¹⁹⁴ This betrayal of his roots by Burns must have greatly hurt Fred. Already in the 1889 Dock Strike some people are remarking on Burn’s tendency to wave the biggest flag at the front of every march, but to leave the organising to other people out of the limelight.

1892

In July 1892 Fred addressed the first conference of the National Vehicle Traffic Workers Union, a speech that was later published as a pamphlet.¹⁹⁵ The same year Fred’s father Thomas died in Leeds aged around 59 years.

Fred seems to place a lot of importance on attending the annual congress (meeting) of the TUC, going as a delegate from the London Trades Council to the Congresses in Newcastle in 1891 and Glasgow in 1892, where he was hoping to be elected as General Secretary.

The published “*Short Biography*”¹⁶⁸ of around 1,200 words concludes with the remark that “his name was frequently mentioned as a candidate for the secretaryship of that important body”, which may well have been written by Fred himself, or at least his friends, to build up support, being a mixture of facts and compliments.

¹⁹⁵ Nineteenth Century Pamphlets Online, by Barbara Humphries, LSE, 2011, in *The ephemerist*, 153 Summer.

For example, it states “He was nominated for the secretaryship of the Amalgamated Engineers, but refused to stand.”

In the early 1890s Isabella Ford stays with her sister Emily in a small flat in London, writing a book, *On The Threshold*. As the historian June Hannam explains, “Here they relished the freedom to mix with like-minded men and women, to discuss radical politics and to explore the possibilities that could open up for women if they remained unmarried”.¹⁷⁷

1893

In April 1893 there is a newspaper¹⁹⁶ report of Fred addressing a meeting of the Colchester Trades Council, where he is introduced as the Independent Labour Parliamentary Candidate for Newcastle.

Towards the end of 1893, the radical newspaper, the *Workman's Times*, carries an open letter from H Russell Smart, saying:

“ ‘To Messrs John Burns, Tom Mann, Fred Hammill, and others to whom it may apply’, inviting them, now that the ILP had been purged of all connection with Champion and Barry, to throw in their lot with the party.”¹⁹⁴ Only Burns refused.

¹⁹⁶ Essex Standard, 29 April 1893.

In November 1893 the Fabian Manifesto for a Labour Party was published in the journal, *Fortnightly Review*. Two months later in January 1894 this call was developed in detail in a Fabian Society pamphlet, Tract 49, which mentions Fred specifically in its discussions on how best to organise the elections. The pamphlet argues that trade unions -

“must avoid any appearance of taking the elections out of the hands of the constituencies. For example, if the Amalgamated Engineers were to say, in effect, ‘We wish to have a representative in Parliament; and we will make use of Newcastle for that purpose’, Mr. Fred Hammill would at once become, not the representative of the entire working class in Newcastle, but simply the Engineers’ candidate”.¹⁹⁷

This Fabian Tract pamphlet also notes that three of the six MPs currently supported by trade unions in the UK have funds given by the Northumberland and Durham Miners’ Association. It adds that the ASE has raised a 3d levy on its members to support a parliamentary representation fund and as a result has raised £800.

¹⁹⁷ A Plan of Campaign for Labour, Fabian Society Tract no. 49, January 1894 (pages 24-25).

In 1894 Fred is reported as campaigning amongst the Durham miners to persuade them to support the struggle for the eight-hour working day. The newspaper account calls him a full-time organiser of the Fabian Society.¹⁹⁸

In 1894 Fred Hammill helped establish, with Robert Banner, the Woolwich branch of the Independent Labour Party.¹⁹⁹

On 21 February 1894 in Newcastle there is a press report ahead of the meeting that evening which would choose the Liberal candidate for the city in the next general election. Fred is mentioned as one of the four candidates nominated, “either by members of the Association themselves, or by sections of the electors.”²⁰⁰ If Fred had been chosen that evening then the radical votes the following year would not have been split between the Liberals and the Independent Labour Party. However,

¹⁹⁸ Durham Chronicle, 18 January 1895, as cited in Levels of Industrial Militancy and the Political Radicalization of the Durham Miners: 1885-1914, thesis by Craig Marshall, Durham University, 1976.

¹⁹⁹ Labour’s Lost Leader: the life and politics of Will Crooks (2007), Paul Tyler, p36, p106.

²⁰⁰ Collection: Hayler Newspaper Cuttings, Vol 3 (21 Feb 1894), Newcastle City Council Library, L029.3. Source untitled, possibly *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* or *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

the meeting chose to support the incumbent, who went on to lose his seat to the Tory challenger.

1895

Fred is mentioned on 22 January 1895 in a letter, one of the many, sent between Edward Carpenter and Alf Mattison. Edward and Fred had both been at a Fabian Society meeting where Fred spoke, as did Keir Hardie.

“... meeting at the Fabians on Friday and great fun it was – lively discussion – and mention was made of the deputn several times, by Pete Currant, Fred Hammill, as well as K.H. ... Ever, Ed C”²⁰¹

From newspaper reports, we know that “Fred Hammill, Newcastle’s Independent Labour Party prospective candidate, in a direct appeal to Irish voters, argued that, as there would be no Home Rule until the House of Lords had been abolished, and that, as the Liberals were never going to deliver this, all supporters of Home Rule ‘must join with the Labour Party, and force parliament to give them that measure’.”²⁰²

²⁰¹ Special Collections, Brotherton Library, Leeds University.

²⁰² Newcastle Weekly Courant, 3 Nov 1894. cited in, Irish Nationalist Organisations in the North East of

In 1895 Fred argued before the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress on the need to form an Independent Labour Party.²⁰³ In this year Fred was the secretary of the British Trades Federation Committee of the TUC.²⁰⁴ This year he is also representing the London County Council.

In 1895 he was the first socialist candidate to stand for parliament in Newcastle.²⁰⁵ He gained over 2,000 votes but it wasn't enough to be elected.²⁰⁶ Like every party

England 1890-1925. Stephen Desmond Shannon (2013), University of Northumbria. (thesis), p45.

²⁰³ Inclusion Report into the UNESCO Australian Memory of the World Register of the 1892 Manifesto of the Queensland Labour Party

²⁰⁴ Report of the British Trades Federation Committee etc, TUC, 1895.

²⁰⁵ The Centennial History of the Independent Labour Party: a collection of essays, by J.A.Jowitt, pages 24, 31, Ryburn (1992).

²⁰⁶ A brief examination by staff at the Tyne and Wear County Archive showed no further details of Fred Hammill's time in Newcastle, and this may be a fruitful area for further research, including Newcastle City

there were different factions or philosophies: Fred was seen as a hard-liner or an ‘impossibilist’ by some comrades, and some comments were quite plain, such as printed in the *Labour Elector*:

“he cannot be blinded by his own egotism as to suppose that if the Newcastle men had any real hope of winning the seat outright that he would be their man.”²⁰⁷

The Newcastle women maybe thought differently. In the book, *Feminism and the Periodical Press 1900-1918 Vol 1*,²⁰⁸ the authors note that women could take part in general discussions and hold office in the branches of the Independent Labour Party. In particular, “in Newcastle the women have a union whose purpose is to raise funds to run labour candidates. A well-managed bazaar gave considerable help towards Fred Hammill’s election fund.”

Council election papers and minutes of local ASE branches.

²⁰⁷ Cited in, *British Workers and the Independent Labour Party 1888-1906*, by David Howell (1984), Manchester University Press.

²⁰⁸ by Lucy Delap, Maria DiCenzo, Leila Ryan (2006).

Nor were these women passive supporters. The above account continues,

“I asked Miss Stacey whether the possession of the franchise [votes for women] would be sufficient to secure women’s independence, as some would have us believe. ‘By no means,’ she answered, ‘the franchise is but the first step to sex equality ... it must serve as a means of gaining the economic independence of women, with equal pay for equal work. A woman must be free to earn her own livelihood, independently of man, or in co-operation with him, receiving the full equivalent for her labour.’ ”

We know that Fred wrote to the ASE asking for a loan of £50, with the reply to him that, “his welfare between elections was the responsibility of the people in the constituency.”¹⁸² He also wrote for funds to the Fabian Society and was similarly refused.²⁰⁹

Also in 1895, at the instigation of Jack Burns the TUC decided to exclude local Trades Councils from having separate representations with their own delegates at the annual Congress. The rift with his former friend Jack Burns was a factor in closing down the route Fred had followed for years to attend the annual TUC congress as a delegate of the London Trades Council.

²⁰⁹ Correspondence with Pease Reynolds, LSE Archives, GB 097 COLL MISC 0573.

“Burns’ hatred of the ILP and jealousy of Mann ... had the upper hand. By 1895 he had drifted far from his old associates and was allied with the ‘old unionists’ [except Broadhurst] to exclude the trades councils from the TUC and to introduce the block vote.”²¹⁰

Weekes concludes this period with a comment that by 1895, Burns had become “the most powerful supporter of political conservatism and administrative incompetence.”²¹¹

1896-1900

After losing the election in Newcastle, Fred took a remarkable decision and decided to run a pub in a village in North Yorkshire – The Swan in Topcliffe, near Thirsk. This had been his father’s occupation in Leeds around 35 years previously, and Ada’s father’s work too as an inn-keeper.

This decision by Fred caused some comment at the time. For example, John Bruce Glasier commented in his diary in 1896 – a few years before he became Chairman of the ILP – some remarks about Fred that,

²¹⁰ Weekes (as above) p55.

²¹¹ Weekes (as above) p61.

“Twill be hard on us if Labour agitators descend to the level of prize fighters and footballers.”²¹²

A further quote indicates the tensions within the Fabian Society between those who supported the Independent Labour Party, and others who wanted to continue to ‘permeate’ the Liberals and Tories.

“After the [1895] election, Beatrice Webb wrote: To us the result is not altogether unsatisfactory ... the field had to be cleared ... of the Harcourt faction ... So long as the ILP existed as an unknown force of irreconcilables, the more reasonable policy of permeation and levelling-up was utterly checkmated.”²¹³

His union had refused him. Many of the Fabian executive had disowned him. His good friend Burns had attacked him politically and cut off Fred’s cherished links with the TUC. He had a family to feed and house, no funds and no work, and a reputation as an agitator which would stop him being hired. We can only imagine that Fred was fed up, or worse. Perhaps his only consolation was to have caused the sitting MP in Newcastle to lose his seat. That was John Morely, a

²¹² With thanks to David Howell in correspondence for this quote.

²¹³ Fabian Socialism and English Politics 1884-1918, AM McBriar (1966), Cambridge University Press.

right-wing Liberal who was dead set against the eight hour day. But with Fred splitting the Liberal vote, a Tory had won.

The Independent Labour Party had to retrench because not one of its 28 candidates had been elected in 1895, and for the next few years it could not afford to fund many candidates.

Five years later, together with a number of other organisations, the TUC holds a special conference on 26-27 February 1900 and a system is established for trade unions to sponsor labour candidates in elections to Parliament. Fred would have been pleased with this outcome, even if it was too late for him.

Nevertheless, it seems that Fred continued with his political interests, now at a more local level, becoming an elected member of Thirsk Rural District Council.²¹⁴

1901

On 22 April 1901 the Thirsk Rural District Council held its Annual General Meeting, the first Council meeting after the elections, and Fred is listed as an elected

²¹⁴ John Morley, Joseph Cowen, and Robert Spence Watson: *Liberal Divisions in Newcastle Politics 1873-1895*. E.I. Waitt. Thesis, University of Manchester (1972). This thesis also mentions membership of Topcliffe Parish Council, but Fred is not listed in the minutes nor in the candidates lists for 1895-1901.

member. He is one of the members appointed to the Finance and Work Committee. We can speculate that one of his interests would have been to check that the contracts being issued by the Council were only to fair pay employers.

On 6 May Fred voted that Council meetings should be open to the press, after a number of amendments.

In June, Fred proposed that the left hand side of the road between Topcliffe village and the station²¹⁵ should have both a proper drain and a footpath, which he won by 18 to 15 votes.

Fred does not attend the meeting on 1 July. The Clerk later reports the death of Cllr Hammill and a letter of condolence is sent to Ada. His vacant post is advertised for re-election.

We know from the census in April, in that Fred and his family are living in a pub²¹⁶ in Topcliffe, a village near Thirsk, 70 miles south of Newcastle. From earlier press²¹⁷ reports, the pub is mistakenly called the Angler's Arms, but was in fact *The Swan*. Fred had an

²¹⁵ Closed in 1959.

²¹⁶ 17 Front Street, Topcliffe, North Yorkshire YO7 3NZ.

²¹⁷ "The Decadence of Tom Mann" article in *The Star* (newspaper), 3 June 1899, p7. New Zealand: Christchurch.

annual licence starting on 10 October 1895,²¹⁸ and the owners were J. Milner's Trustees.²¹⁹

Topcliffe is three miles from the village of Baldersby-St-James where Fred's mother Ellen and his grandmother Charity were born. So maybe there was a Parkin family connection which was a factor in his new line of work. He insisted in the census as being known as a *Hotel Proprietor*, though 'Hotel' was crossed out by census officials and replaced with 'pub'.

Whether Fred's decision in any way spurred the debate for *sponsored* labour politicians, rather than only having paid trade union staff organisers able to stand, is difficult to say now. Later on, both Tom Mann and George Shipton also retire from politics to earn an income by running pubs.²¹⁷

Fred dies on 8 July 1901 from influenza, aged 45 years. He and Ada had been married for 22 years.

This is six months after the death of his mother Ellen²²⁰ who lived in Leeds.

²¹⁸ Register of Licences (1889-1921), North Yorkshire County Records.

²¹⁹ A "Jonah Milner" is listed as a farmer in Baldersby in 1840, and again in Sessay in 1890 (maybe a son with the same name). Source: Topcliffe Directory of Trades and Professions for 1840, genuki.org.uk

On his death certificate, Ada reports Fred's occupation as having been a Hotel Proprietor, and this time it is not crossed out.

Five years later the first Labour Party candidates have begun to be sponsored and are beginning to be elected to Parliament from the 1906 general election onwards, including Keir Hardie. Trade unionists had sometimes been elected previously, but via the Liberal Party.

*

The General Alehouse Licence for The Swan was transferred to Ada on 29 July 1901, but she doesn't keep it long and it transfers to Robert Hudson on 28 April 1902.

Sadly, their daughter Helen dies three years after her father, when she is 21 years old in 1904.

In 1911 Ada is 50 years old and listed as living alone in Holbeck, Leeds, her birth town, and her occupation is 'Forewoman' at a factory making fire-lighters.²²¹

²²⁰ Buried on 6 January 1901, previously living at 58 Chatham Street in Leeds.

²²¹ 1911 Census: 1 Irwin Street, Hoggs Field, Holbeck, Leeds.

Later in 1931 Ada is 71 years old and shown on the Electoral Roll as living with two people in a house in Castleford.²²²

Ada dies aged 79 years in Keighley, Leeds, and is buried on 6 March 1940.

*

A labour movement newspaper, and reportedly not one of Fred's political allies, (either *The People*,²²³ a paper based in New York of the Socialist Labor Party of America, or a paper published by the Social Democratic Federation in Britain called *Justice*) reportedly "mourn[ed] the death of Fred Hammill".²²⁴

In 1902 the Fabian Society nationally gave a gentle assessment about Fred's change of direction in its Nineteenth Annual Report: "Recently he had lived in a country village in Yorkshire, where he did the political work which lay to his hand, the recovery of popular rights over parochial charities." They also recorded that Fred had been "an early and eager advocate for the

²²² With Thomas Pearson Greenfield and Thomas Greenfield at 7 Crowther Place, Castleford in the Half Acres Ward.

²²³ Microfilm records are held at the Wisconsin Historical Society in Madison.

²²⁴ The History of the Social Democratic Federation, by Martin Crick, Keele University Press, (1994).

formation of the Labor Party, and was for years an active agitator in the Trade Union movement.”

*

Mother

Fred’s mother Ellen Parkin (1829-1901) was born and raised in Baldersby, near Topcliffe. Ellen is one of probably ten children, seven of whom are recorded as still alive in 1895 when Fred loses the election and is looking for work.

Aunts and uncles

These are Fred’s aunts and uncles who were all born in Baldersby. Many had moved away from home – Leeds, Bradford, Hartlepool – but we can speculate that through, say, a friendship connection in the village, that one of Fred’s relatives let him know about the vacancy for a landlord at the pub.

Grandson

Fred and Ada’s oldest child is Arthur. Arthur is married to Jane, and they call their first child the *same name* as his late grandfather, Frederick Parkin Hammill (1903-1973).

Nephew

One of Fred’s nephews is our great-grandfather Percy Hammill Baldwinson (1879-1950), also born in Leeds and he is around 21 years old when his uncle Fred dies. It seems likely that his uncle’s political campaigning had

inspired Percy to follow his path and definitely join the Fabian Society and, probably, the ASE engineers union as well.

We have details of Percy writing and publishing his own pamphlet, and being the editor of a socialist campaigning newspaper in Leeds.

Whether Percy's reported breakdown in the early 1900s was triggered by the death of his uncle is hard to say now.

Great-nephew

In 1905 Percy and Alice called their only surviving child *Fred* Baldwinson (1905-1959) and not Frederick (not even for the birth certificate), possibly in honour of Fred snr. This younger Fred was our grandfather, also known as 'Bud'.

*

Fred Hammill is mentioned in other books, but only in the footnotes. But he hasn't yet had a book or thesis published on his campaigns. Of all 28 candidates of the Independent Labour Party in the 1895 election, he was the only one to be without a Wikipedia page, now remedied.

I suspect that Fred 'fell from favour' in radical circles because he was too poor to continue as a politician. He had to earn an income and his reputation as an agitator had lost him his work. The chance to run a pub came to hand – a job his father and his wife Ada's father had both

done. And even though he continued to be active in local government his life's history was written in footnotes. So when this section was printed as its own *pamphlet* that seemed a fitting way to remedy matters, mirroring Fred's own pamphlets.

John Baldwinson

Third Great Grandfather

Charles' father was John Baldwinson, born around 1819 and died around 1863. Aged 20 John was working as a servant in the Barratt household,²²⁵ where he met his first wife, Charlotte Lancaster, also a servant aged 20. By the 1851 Census they had three children: Thomas, Albert, George; and Charlotte died aged 35 years in January 1856. John, now an agricultural labourer, then married Rebecca Darby. She had five children from her previous marriage, plus her youngest son Charles (our second-great grandfather) with John.

John Baldwinson

Fourth Great Grandfather

The John Baldwinson dated 1819-1863 had a father who was also called John, born on 9 March 1788 in Harwood,

²²⁵ Dunkswick Lodge, Harewood, Leeds LS17.

Yorkshire. The older John's parents were Thomas Baldwinson (1753-1803) and Ann Lee (1752-1804).

The older John married Isabella Poppleton (1788-1830) and they had three daughters and then a son: Ann, Isabella (Jnr), Sarah, John (Jnr).

When Isabella died, John then remarried – this could be to Martha Ellison or to Mary Scott, research continues.

Both Johns, father and son, apparently died in the same year, 1863.

Mary Emily

Second Great Grandmother

Mary was Percy's mother. Before she married Charles in 1879, Mary was living with her parents in Leeds, firstly in a pub or 'beer house',²²⁶ which was run by her father, and later moving nearby.²²⁷

Mary appears on the Electoral Roll in 1918 for the Shipley constituency along with her husband Charles, but she has "HO" marked against her name to indicate that she is only entitled to vote by virtue of her husband's occupation. Mary died in 1932 in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, aged around 74 years old.

²²⁶ Grey Mare Inn, 132 Low Road, Hunslet, Leeds (1861 census).

²²⁷ 35 Marlborough Street, Leeds (1871 census).

Joan

Aunt

Joan Wallace Baldwinson is our father's older sister. She was born five years earlier than him, on 4 September 1931²²⁸. A family story from her sister-in-law Teresa suggests that Joan was baptised in a Spiritualist ceremony with flower petals instead of water.

Joan's father Fred or *Bud*, our grandfather, was an engineer and welder who moved around a lot, taking his young family with him. It was feast or famine: from living in a big house in Sunningdale, Berkshire to a poor flat in Finsbury Park, London. They also lived in Ipswich and in Oxford, where our father John was born. Joan later said that all this moving around kyboshed their education. In the 1950s they finally settled in Whitley Bay.

Joan's paternal grandmother Alice was known as *Little Grandma*, and she lived with Joan's family in the downstairs front room after her husband Percy had died, until her death in 1965.

Joan managed to get a job on Fleet Street aged 16 or 17 years, just before she moved with the rest of the family to Singapore. Her uncle Jack Wallace was already working in Fleet Street, and he had a small bedsit nearby which he took them to and showed them his bed which swung up against the wall to make room during the day.

²²⁸ 50 Preston Road, North Shields.

Singapore was seen as something of a wild time, with lots of alcohol. Joan got a job as a radio announcer reading the news and travel bulletins, either for the BBC or for Radio Malaysia. Geoff first knew of Joan by hearing her voice. She lived with her family in the Cathay Building and the radio station was in the same building.



*Newspaper cutting, The Singapore Free Press
(note, Geoff's father Bill lived on until early 1960s)*

In 1950, when Joan was 18 years old and living in Singapore²²⁹ she married²³⁰ Geoff Morton on 15 September.

Both Joan and Geoff would drink a bottle of wine a day, and both were heavy smokers although Geoff later quit when he was 60 years old.

They had four children: Christopher (Chris) born 12 February 1953, Richard (Rich) born 10 May 1957, Piers born on 17 May 1966 at Hexham General Hospital, and Rowena born on 30 September 1968 also at Hexham General Hospital. Rich married Becky and they have two daughters, Ruby (2001) and Scarlett (2008).

While Joan was living in Singapore around 1951, both she and her mother Edith contracted TB (tuberculosis). Edith's infection was less severe but Joan had to return to the UK in 1952 for an operation. Afterwards some in the family blamed a pet monkey they had kept at their home in Singapore for the infections, though mostly it was spread by saliva.

Joan was sent to The Poole Hospital²³¹ in Nunthorpe near Middlesbrough, and had two ribs removed along with the more damaged of her two lungs. This was a

²²⁹ Flat 5, Cathay Building, Singapore.

²³⁰ Cathedral Church of St Andrew, Singapore, on 15 September 1950.

²³¹ It closed in 1988 and is now converted into luxury apartments.

standard operation at the time for TB, and Edith had the same operation in Singapore. Life expectancy after this operation was not very good, but both Edith and Joan pulled through. Then aged 21, Joan became pregnant soon after these events and she was told by doctors that the baby would not survive – but Chris certainly did!



Chris, Rich, Joan, Geoff, 1958

Returning to live in the UK in 1960, Joan was an active member of CND, the Fabians, and the Liberal Party. David Steel would visit their house in Hexham and at election times the study was the party's committee room. Alan Beith was the Liberal MP and his wife was a biology teacher at the school of their children, our cousins.

Joan and her son Rich met again with Jack and our father John in 1978, Rich now living in London and working for the Department of Employment. The conversation

included a press club nearby which only recently had finally accepted women as members.

Joan served on a BBC Advisory Committee in the 1970s or 1980s which would meet at Broadcasting House in London, being paid her travel expenses. She was often working in the study, including writing for the Liberals, but later regretted not having a paid job after coming back from Singapore.

In May 2001 Joan and Geoff returned to Singapore, taken by Rich and Becky for an extended holiday. They met up with old friends and visiting the places they knew and loved from the 1950s, including especially the cathedral where they had been married.

Joan is renowned as exaggerating things, even sincerely convinced herself that it is true. So, a son who *took* 10 O levels becomes over time one who *gained* 10 O levels. Joan currently lives in Hexham with care support.

Geoff

Uncle

Geoffrey (Geoff) William Morton was born on 5 July 1926, but all his life he told people it was in 1924 in order to enlist in the Army and later get jobs he was really too young for.

As a young boy with a younger sister Sylvia, the family were living in Newark, Nottinghamshire and his dad was running a pub when his mum “ran off with another bloke”. Geoff and Sylvia were sent to live with

grandparents, and then with foster families. At one point some people came to collect Sylvia, and both children ran out into a field nearby, Geoff aged six years was carrying a shotgun, shouting at the people to let his little sister stay with him. But they were parted.

Later as an adult, the “bloke” turned up at Geoff’s house and tried to introduce himself, only to be told by Geoff to “bugger off.”

As a child Geoff had been told that his mother had died. Later aged in his 60s or 70s, Geoff was told that his mother was still alive and had been in an asylum, but he didn’t want to go and visit her.

*

Aged 14, Geoff was a trainee mechanic at Fords in Dagenham, where one of the tests was to disassemble and reassemble a car engine blindfolded.

Aged 16 years, around 1942 Geoff volunteered to join the army, telling them he was 18 years old. He first served in Burma, then in Singapore.

Geoff hated the war. Of all the boys in his school class from Newark, only he and one other boy survived. Geoff was in a tank which was hit by a shell. Being in the turret Geoff managed to jump clear but everyone else was burnt alive. Another time on a jungle road with two mates, one on each side, a sniper killed them both but not him.

After Burma, Geoff was a staff sergeant and was offered a commission but he refused it. He was also awarded various medals which he threw in a ditch.

But he kept his guns, which came in useful later when he was on a train in Malaysia during the uprising and it was ambushed by insurgents. Geoff and an Indian police officer were the only passengers with guns, shooting out the windows and holding the ambush at bay. Later in Singapore, Geoff had to drive a car at high speed through a riot to rescue Joan.

So Geoff was really 24 years old when he married Joan on 15 September 1950. He was working in Singapore as a transport manager in the Army Kinema Corp which transported and screened films for British troops based overseas.

Geoff returned with Joan, Chris and Rich to the UK, arriving in London on 9 May 1960 on the *Corfu* passenger ship from Hong Kong. As ever, he had told P&O Steam Navigation Co Ltd that he was 35 years old, not the real 33 years.

Geoff was very keen on motor racing, being a member of the Singapore Motor Club. Jack Brabham asked Geoff to join his racing team, and later Geoff deeply regretted saying no. Geoff took his son Rich, then aged 4, to watch the Grand Prix in 1961.

Geoff always wanted to be a pub manager, and after leaving the army he was penniless and living with Momma on Cleveland Road. He got a job running The Victory pub in Gosforth, with the family living in a flat

above. He was drinking heavily and had ulcers, so in 1963 his wife Joan gave him an ultimatum – the family or the pub. So he moved jobs, and worked for the Marley Tiles company solidly for 30 years, up to his retirement.

While Geoff, Joan and family were living with Edith in Whitley Bay, our cousin Rich remembers our father John visiting. John had brought his guitar and when he played, Rich says as a young boy he was mesmerised, later becoming a well-known musician and successful in stand-up comedy.

Geoff loved his pork pies and glasses of red wine. At his “80th birthday” party he was still going strong at 3am, the last one drinking. He died peacefully at home on 14 February 2016, having had Alzheimer’s disease for a number of years.

Sylvia

Sister-in-law of Aunt

Geoff had a sister Sylvia Morton who worked as a clairvoyant. She moved in fashionable circles in London in the 1960s and had a proposal of marriage from Sam Peckinpah, the film director. She worked for a while in the Tea Room at Fortnum and Masons, a very select department store in London.

She married Mr Rivolta, an Italian, and was said to have dated Ringo Starr and David Jacobs. She met with Bob Dylan and told his future. I like to think she might have told him, “Bob, I see a hard rain is going to fall”.

Sylvia used Tarot Cards, but told our cousin Rich these were for the client's benefit, because "I get it just looking at them". Rich asked her how it worked, and she told him, "I'm never wrong."

Stewart

Uncle

Stewart was our father's younger brother. He was born five years after him, on 27 March 1941 in Tynemouth. He was aged 10 years when he returned to the UK, sailing into London with his parents and older brother John after living in Singapore.

Stewart was 25 years old when he married Sylvia Ann Larnier²³² (born Buckmaster, her previous marriage having been dissolved), 23 years old. They held a Methodist ceremony at the Queen's Hall in Blackburn on 18 February 1967. Stewart described himself as a heating engineer, and Sylvia similarly as a design reproducer in engraving. Her father was Thomas William Buckmaster, a general labourer.

They had one son, our cousin Alistair Stewart Wallace Baldwinson,²³³ born 28 June 1967, and were living in Blackburn, Lancashire.

²³² 22 Ball Street, Blackburn, Lancashire.

²³³ He now prefers to be called Stewart.

Within a few years after Alistair Stewart was born Stewart and Sylvia separated and later divorced, with Stewart and Alistair Stewart moving back to Newcastle around 1971, staying some of the time with Joan's family²³⁴ before moving to Whitley Bay.²³⁵ Rowena remembers that, as children, she and her brother Piers spent quite a lot of time with them, and especially each summer staying over with them at the coast.

Stewart was 57 years old and working as a security officer in Wiltshire when he died suddenly at his home in Chippenham²³⁶ on 7 June 1998²³⁷. It was widely thought in the family that his death led to the rapid decline and then death of his mother Edith from a stroke just two months later. Her other son John had died in 1981.

Stewart died suddenly from asthma, with an underlying condition of COPD²³⁸ caused by a lifetime of heavy smoking. The arrangements were made by Joan, his older sister, at the request of his mother and son. All of the Baldwinson family had been heavy smokers, taking

²³⁴ The Woodlands, Hexham.

²³⁵ 37 Windsor Gardens, Whitley Bay.

²³⁶ The Cottage, Minety Lane, Oaksey, Wiltshire.

²³⁷ 9 June 1998 according to our aunt Joan.

²³⁸ Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease

its toll. Sylvia came to Stewart's funeral, telling Rich she was re-married.²³⁹

John – *Johnny*

Father

John, *Johnny*, our father was at his working peak in the 1960s and 1970s, winning national and international awards for his work as an advertising copywriter. It was London, the Swinging Sixties.

He was born on 31 May 1936 in Oxford and christened as a Methodist. The family moved around England, Fred working here and there as a welding engineer, before settling in Newcastle.

Our father caught the polio virus as a young child. It mainly affected his spine and one leg which made his walking difficult, and gave him more pain in later years.

It was never a topic for family conversation. For example, I was 57 years old before I knew that he had been in an iron lung while in hospital. Another long-untold story was that he was prevented by the hospital staff from playing with his toy red car, and the only way he could play with it was by hiding in the toilets.

When he was around seven years old a boy either threw a brick at him or attacked him with a nail in a plank of wood while in hospital, either way leaving him with a

²³⁹ Peter Ray, in Blackburn, 1983.

scar above his eye for life. Another time, he lost the tip of one finger as a child when someone was undertaking a mechanical repair and John asked, “What is that bit, what does that do?” by pointing with his finger.



John, with callipers



John, leaving home, 16 years old

When John was fifteen years old he returned to England with his parents and brother Stewart from a stay in Singapore and Malaya during what was called 'The Emergency' under British rule. They arrived in London on the P&O ship *Canton* on 26 November 1951. His older sister Joan had met Geoff Morton and they had stayed on in Singapore, having become married a year

earlier. Within two years he had left home and was living in London.²⁴⁰

The Baldwinson's faith was Methodist, and John had to undergo various meetings and obligations before he could marry Teresa, his Catholic fiancée. During his talks with a Catholic priest John asked him, "Must I become a Catholic to marry her?" The priest, horrified, said, "No. We have enough bad Catholics of our own, thank you."



*John with Peter Deuchar's Vieux Carré Jazzmen,²⁴¹
Club Martinique, Newcastle, 28 Feb 1955 (aged 18)*

²⁴⁰ 13 Robert Ave, NW1; lodging with Dennis and Kathleen Sanders (1957 electoral roll).

²⁴¹ <http://www.vieuxcarrejazzmen.com/ourhistory.html>

As Teresa explains: “Johnny trained originally as a sub-editor with the *Hulton Press* which produced *The Eagle*. That was when we were back from Austria. He’d been working somewhere else before that as a clerk – and hating it – but left when he got the chance to go to *Hulton Press*.

“While there he was writing stories for magazines as well. From reading one of his tales an advertising boss looked him up to ask him to go to work for him at CDP – [*Colette Dickinson Pearce*]. That was the year Judy was born, 1961. He was to be given £1,000 a year. We thought we had it made! It was very good money then.”



John, a rare picture with a tie

A copy has been found by his grandchild Stephen of one of his science fiction short stories,²⁴² published in 1965.

Previously, as an engagement present, Teresa had given John an expensive acoustic guitar, a *Gretsch New Yorker Non-Blonde*. As well as writing John was a singer and guitar player, a member of a skiffle group.



*John (left) in the Southern Skiffle Group,
Billingsgate Market, 19 October 1956*

There is a newspaper photograph of John and the rest of the *Southern Skiffle Group* playing to a crowd outdoors,

²⁴² *Mary, Mary* - published in March 1965 in the *Fantastic SF* magazine, based in Chicago (pp22-29)

taken on 19 October 1956 for the *Evening News* paper in London. Reportedly it was taken “at 4am” at Billingsgate wholesale fish market, and the crowd were porters and similar market workers.

There are also pictures of the band playing indoors at pubs and clubs. He was mixing with the likes of Tommy Steele, who wanted to buy John’s guitar and made him an offer, which was turned down.



John in Austria, 1956-7

On the skiffle group, Teresa recalls that John “was very jealous until he was surer of me ... so I deliberately did not get so close to any of the rest of the group. What I can say is that the lad with the cap, his foot on the box which served, with a broom handle and string, as a bass, was the youngest of the lot, a boy from *Barnados* who eventually, I found later, trained as a social worker. The

bearded one was not with the group as long as most; he acted as treasurer.”

“I used to help busking under the arches by Charing Cross after I’d finished my own work. My job was passing the hat round and saying thank you. Your nanny [Minnie] would have had canary fits but then, as in so many other things, what she didn’t know she wouldn’t be bothered about. At home when I went with Bernard and Arthur scrambling she told me I shouldn’t ride the bikes on rough ground. I said I wouldn’t. But I never agreed not to be the outrider who balanced on a side-car basis. I loved that; I was good at balancing then.”

So, his first job in an advertising agency was at CDP – *Colette Dickinson Pearce*. Teresa continues:

“Frank Lowe was an account director at CDP with Johnny as his copywriter and another whose name escapes me at the moment as artist. Frank left CDP to set up his own agency which was said to have grown like Topsy and was eventually floated on the [Stock] Exchange.” Teresa did some work herself for a sub-agency of his with *Texaco* as the client. She wrote about where to go and what to see, ideas for family days out. It paid her well, she recalls.

There was a story that someone had been trying to shake Frank Lowe down and he knew what they were planning, so he taped the phone call. “End of trouble,” said Teresa. Teresa and John both liked Frank. They would say he had his feet on the ground, and that this

was a rarity in any advertising firm at the time. Not everyone in the advertising industry agreed, it seems.

*

There was a family tragedy in 1963. John and Teresa had had four children by then, and Teresa was expecting her fifth. Michael was born on 7 October 1963 weighing 7lb 11oz, but sadly he only lived for seven weeks, dying on 28 November 1963 at Edgware General Hospital. He had only one working lung, immature kidneys, and cerebral agenesis, now known as *agenesis of the corpus callosum* (ACC). John wrote about this family trauma for *The Guardian* newspaper, published in the following February (see back of this book).

While Michael was at home for a short while, Teresa would play for him a vinyl record by Jimmy Yancey,²⁴³ a boogie-woogie pianist. She said later it was the only music that would soothe him.

John would wear a metal hand-made crucifix he had bought in Lourdes (along with a flick-knife!) and he asked the masons to add a copy of this to Michael's gravestone. The inscription underneath is – 'Given back to God with love and tears'. It became John's headstone as well eighteen years later.

²⁴³ The vinyl record was: *Yancey's Getaway* (1956); the equivalent CD is: *In the Beginning* (1989).



Detail from Michael's and John's gravestone

This loss caused a lot of soul searching by John and increasing conflict as shown in family correspondence with Catholic Church officials on its prohibition of birth control. After two years this led to him paying for an advertisement in *The Times* newspaper on 22 January 1966 denouncing the church, which became the front page lead story in the local newspaper the following week (see back of this book).

I have a vague memory that some journalists came to our house, and possibly that we children had our picture taken together. I do remember that Michael was brought home for short while from the hospital, sleeping in a cot in our parents' bedroom, and that we were told we could

look in but he was poorly. I remember how much our mother cried as she got us up and dressed us the morning he had died.

*

After working at CDP, John moved to the *Pritchard Wood* agency. Possibly John's first award, around 1967, was for a cinema commercial for *Laughing Man*,²⁴⁴ made for the *National Provincial Bank*, which John is credited as co-writing with Brian Mindell.

This cinema commercial was given a 'special mention' in the *Design and Art Direction* (D&AD) annual in 1968 (p242), with John's name there as well as the rest of the team. (A copy is printed at the back of this book.)

As Teresa said: "The ad was being cheered, standing ovations even, in the cinemas. I'm not sure exactly which award was given for it. I do know the award bore John's name on it, but that didn't stop lots of other people putting the ad on their showreels and claiming it was written by them. It was, I was told, the most widely-claimed commercial of all time" by others, which itself was an indirect compliment.

Records from the National Media Museum's archive (since transferred to the British Film Institute archive) suggest that the *Laughing Man* film format was 16mm black and white film, and that four other cinema

²⁴⁴ A digital copy is held at the History of Advertising Trust, Norfolk.

commercials were also made for the National Provincial Bank, all in 35mm colour film format: *Manager and People*; *Counting*; *Financial Wizard*; and *The Hat*.

One of John's ads was for the *Lyons Cream Cakes* account. As usual he was the copywriter, with an art director and an account executive, and between them they created the slogan, *Naughty, but nice*. Teresa says he refused sole credit, it was a team creation.

John worked for a number of advertising agencies, including (probably) *Foote Cone Belding* (FCB) and *McCann Erickson*. Tracing the exact employment details can be difficult, for example at any one time in the 1960s, 350 people were reported as working at the FCB office in London.

However, he never worked for the *J Walter Thompson* agency although they wanted him. "He was about to do so when he found out that someone he loathed was there and had no wish to inhabit the same room as him. The planet, he thought, was only just big enough," according to Teresa.

In 1970 he wrote an 87-page script and lyrics for a theatre play which he said would be, 'a musical entertainment based on the life of Samuel Johnson' called *Sir!*. He made some revisions in 1978, but it was never performed.

In the early 1970s he was working at Interlink²⁴⁵ as their Copy Group Head. In 1971 he was part of the pitch team which won²⁴⁶ the *Oxfam* account; and his design of a new logo for them was part of that pitch. Oxfam liked the pitch and used the logo from 1971 until the early 1990s. It was designed at a time of crop failures and famines, where John intended the logo to represent both a child asking for food and a healthy plant.



Oxfam logo, 1970s-early 1990s

Teresa adds, “He was very upset at one point with Oxfam. He had worked out a campaign against world poverty as if we were seriously fighting hunger. There were various levels, some getting medals etc. Oxfam thought it too warlike and wouldn’t use it, I believe [because they worried] it could have been misconstrued”. The Oxfam archive at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, includes a few samples of this ‘*fighting hunger*’ campaign.

²⁴⁵ St Martin’s Lane, London; part of the Lopex Group.

²⁴⁶ from the Allardyce-Hampshire agency.

As commonly happened in advertising, Oxfam moved agencies²⁴⁷ again in 1974 though they continued to use the logo. A sheet with pictures of the Interlink team working on the Oxfam account was kindly supplied by an Oxfam Archivist and is copied at the back of this book.

One of the people John worked with in advertising (reportedly at the *Charles Barker* agency) was James Herbert, an art director who became a very successful author of horror books.

As Teresa recalls, “they worked together and he was quite a gentle sort of guy. When he told people of his weird dream, Johnny told him to write it down and send it to an agent. That was the first of his books, *The Rats*, published in 1974. When he’d done two or three he had enough money coming in from them so he quit the advertising world and went his own way from there.”

Our cousin Rich Morton was told that John had inspired James to write one of his later books, *Others*, published in 1999. The End Note in the book says some more, but gives no names. The book has a disabled private detective as its main character.

Our cousin Rich (Morton) discovered this connection just by chance, chatting generally with James about working in advertising in the 1960s while preparing to record a radio interview with him about his writing. Rich

²⁴⁷ to the Wasey Campbell-Eward agency.

tells us later of how James' face suddenly turned very pale when Rich just casually mentioned that he'd had an uncle called John Baldwinson who had been a copywriter.



Live. And let live.

Of the many evils that shadow the under-privileged world, perhaps the worst of all is malnutrition.

Through poverty, ignorance and even superstition, millions of children are brought up on foods that lack the proteins and vitamins their growing bodies need.

So they grow up weak, and vulnerable to disease. Sometimes unable to face mental or physical effort. Many never grow up at all.

For years Oxfam has been part of a Quiet Revolution aimed at producing fundamental improvements in the lives of people in poor countries.

The weapons are sacks of seed. Farm implements. Baby clinics – showing mothers the best kind of food for young children. Simple schemes to give people a chance to help themselves.

You can assist this Quiet Revolution by giving money now. 10p has bought a young chick that will

become valuable protein. £5 has bought a pair of special baby scales for a nutrition centre in Haiti. £38 has provided the materials for a fishing boat in the Philippines.

What you give through Oxfam is not charity in the old sense.

It's a gift for the future.

One that is needed

urgently now.



Please tick the box where appropriate and send to Room 2a, Oxfam, Oxford.

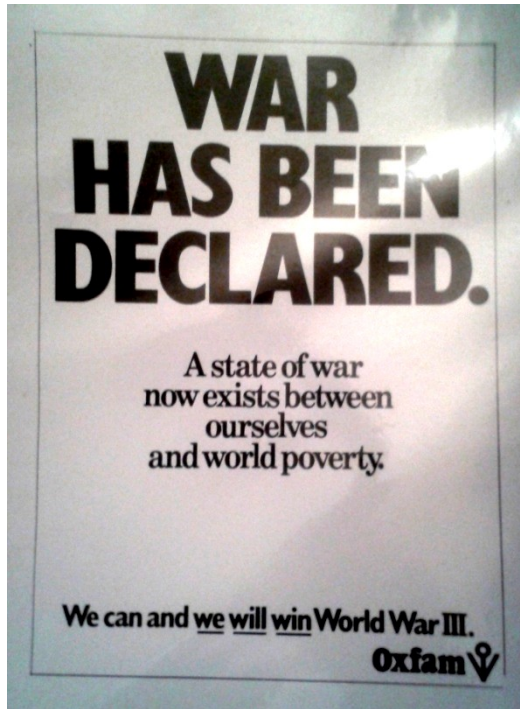
☐ I enclose the sum of £_____ as my Christmas contribution to Oxfam's work.

☐ I would like to know how I can help Oxfam in my own area.

Name _____

Address _____

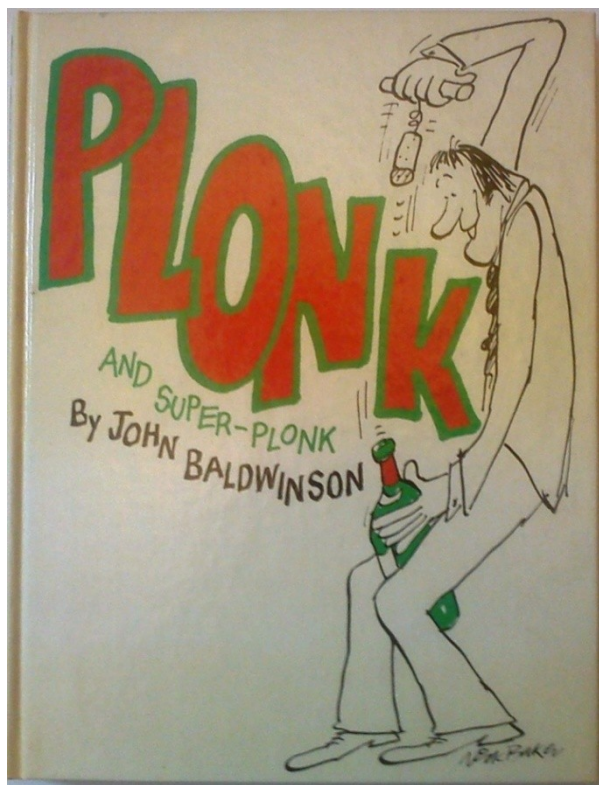
Oxfam print ad, 23 December 1973



Rejected pitch for an Oxfam campaign c.1974

In the early 1970s John developed a new line of work as a wine writer. He had taken a number of courses and visits to vineyards abroad, gaining certificates for his knowledge of wine making and storage. By 1974 he was writing a weekly column for the London *Evening Standard* newspaper on affordable wine, and in 1975 this column moved to *The Observer Colour Magazine*. He summarised this work in a book, also in 1975, *Plonk and*

*Super-Plonk*²⁴⁸ published by Michael Joseph, now an imprint of Penguin Random House. In 1977 it was issued as a paperback by Coronet Books. He spent some time away from home in a hotel room with his typewriter to finish writing it on time. The book is 26,000 words.



Plonk and Super-Plonk, 1975

²⁴⁸ ISBN-10: 0718114078



John, 1971

It was 1977 when John won what were probably his best regarded awards – for his work for *Bassett's* and for the *Irish Tourist Board* during the time of The Troubles in Northern Ireland. We know of eight awards, listed at the back of this book. As children we knew nothing of these awards. However, after John died Teresa bought a tall display cabinet to put in the front room so she could show all these awards to family and visitors.



In 1977 John recorded an audio tape of radio ads, with his voice introducing the collection and again at the conclusion. The original tape is in the archive at the History of Advertising Trust, Norwich, and a digital version is available online.²⁴⁹

John's advertising career spanned twenty years from 1961 to 1981, including as best as we can tell the following agencies and dates:

²⁴⁹ <https://youtu.be/GqMZMBrX43E>

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Colette Dickinson Pearce | from 1961 |
| 2. Pritchard Wood | 1967 |
| 3. Foote Cone Belding | |
| 4. Interlink | 1971, 1974 |
| 5. McCann Erickson | |
| 6. Charles Barker | c.1977 to 1981 |

The advertising agency he was working with when he died in 1981 was Ayer Barker (previously known as *Charles Barker*), but by then he was classed as a freelance consultant rather than being on the staff payroll. From company correspondence it seems he had essentially been fired from the staff list because of his being sick and off work for some months. His accounts had included the Irish Tourist Board, Mercedes-Benz and Save the Children.

On the Save the Children account, perhaps some of his fire from his radical but unapproved suggestions to Oxfam for a campaign against hunger had reignited, because in 1980 he teamed up with the political cartoonist Gerald Scarfe to create the Christmas campaign for Save the Children. This time his ideas were accepted, as shown in the example here.



In terms of John's awards, the bulk we know about come from his time working at the Charles Barker agency. This might be because the agency had a policy of submitting their work for as many awards as possible. It might also be that, as his children some of us visited his office after John had died to collect boxes of various

effects. These may have included the known awards, that John would otherwise have not bothered or wanted to take home when he had been working at previous agencies.

John liked using the words ‘ad’ and ‘advertisement’, but winced if anyone said ‘advert’ to him.



While at Charles Barker he had a showreel, a 35mm cine film reel made with around a dozen of his film and TV ads.²⁵⁰ It was used like a CV by his firms to impress potential new clients when pitching for work. The family

²⁵⁰ Clients and products on the showreel were: Gordon's Gin, Ritter chocolates, Good News chocolates, Harp lager, and Bassetts - All-Sorts, Sherbert and Dolly Mixtures.

has donated his original showreel to the *History of Advertising Trust*, based in Norfolk, and also posted it online.²⁵¹ In 2004 I had some video tape copies of the film reel made for the family, and sent one to the Ritter company in Germany. By coincidence they had just created their company archive and wrote to say they were very pleased to have these ads on tape.

*

John, I believe, was strongly conditioned by his early separation and time in hospital as an infant, probably especially when isolated from his family and living in an iron lung. At the time it was sincerely believed that, so long as small children were given food they would connect emotionally with *any* adult, including nurses. Later research led by John Bowlby from the 1930s to the 1950s disproved this theory. Working with infants in hospital, he showed how children could become unresponsive, clingy or confused when separated from their main caregiver, usually their mother. It was *care and communication* they wanted and needed, more even than food. And this social, emotional and cognitive setback could impact well into their adult lives.²⁵²

*

²⁵¹ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0caefAkxatE>

²⁵² Known as Attachment Theory. A landmark documentary was made by John Bowlby with James Robertson in 1952 – *A two-year old goes to hospital* – now in the UK National Archives.

In 1973 we (John, Teresa and five children) had a family summer holiday in northern France. We stayed at a hotel in a small town called *Le Fret* on the Brittany coast. On the beaches nearby there were the hulls of a few old abandoned fishing ships – just their large, brooding and weathered hulks. When John got home and took the holiday photos in to show people at work, everyone asked him where this fantastic coast was. He told us he refused to tell them, because he didn't want the place to be spoilt by loads of advertising people descending on the place as a new shooting location. The local hotel owner would probably have wished differently.

Eight years later, John, Teresa and their youngest child Maff were on a week's holiday in Killarney, Ireland in April 1981 when John was knocked over on a pavement by a passing pedestrian. No bones were broken, but it left him very bruised and confined to his bed after returning to London.

John then had a series of strokes from May 1981 onwards and, after being admitted to Edgware General Hospital, he was transferred to a specialist unit and died in Maida Vale Hospital²⁵³ in London on 4 August 1981 aged 45 years, tobacco, alcohol and maybe more having brought him down. If there was a pleasure in life he felt obliged to test it to destruction. After the post-mortem, the doctors told Teresa that the blood vessels in his brain

²⁵³ Now the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery.

had been as thin as paper. The funeral was on 11 August 1981, followed by burial at Hendon Cemetery in the same grave as baby Michael.

At Maida Vale Hospital Teresa brought him a tape player with a flat speaker on a wire which fitted under his pillow, so as not to disturb other patients. He could no longer work the machine, but the nurses would turn over the tape cassettes when a side had finished. The tapes were a selection of his favourite Blues artists, and after he died the nurses asked Teresa if they could keep the tapes, which they had grown to like. She was comforted by this and agreed. She kept his copy of the Daily Mirror from the day he died – he had done half of the crossword.

He was a gifted writer, but almost totally innumerate and did not manage his money well. He had written a semi-humorous article, but also a *cris-de-coeur*, on the need for a national numeracy campaign to go alongside the existing literacy schemes. He had been trying to pay off a tax debt of over £4,500 when he died, a debt Teresa did not fully know about. There were three mortgages on the house. His life insurance policy only paid for two of the mortgages, and left the main one plus the tax debts for Teresa to deal with as best as she could.

Around 2001 Teresa arranged an equity release policy with the Norwich Union²⁵⁴ company to sell the house to them in return for paying the mortgage and debts and

²⁵⁴ Later becoming Aviva.

allowing her to remain living there, with a State pension as her income. As part of this deal the electrical wiring in the house had to be replaced, and the visiting electrician from Norwich Union fell off his ladder onto Teresa. People asked her later whether he was hurt. “No,” she replied, “because I broke his fall!” She suffered later from hip damage as a result of this collision.

*

When I was born in 1958 John and Teresa were renting a home in Islington,²⁵⁵ London. Later that year we moved to a flat in Notting Hill,²⁵⁶ London. Notting Hill experienced race riots, the most severe being on 2 September 1958. Apparently one evening around that time Johnny thought the rioting was at our front door from all the noise they could hear, but Teddy told him it was just the neighbours having a child’s birthday party. Not reassured, reportedly John had soon acquired a gun. Later on he owned a flick knife from a gift shop in Lourdes, and a walking cane which unscrewed to reveal a sword-like blade. This cane had to be wrapped up and carried in the hold of the aircraft when he flew on holiday to Ireland.

In August 1959 the family moved to Mill Hill in the north London suburbs six weeks before the second child – Mary Lou – was born, where they rented a ground-

²⁵⁵ 26 Hungerford Road, Islington, London N7.

²⁵⁶ 15 Arundel Gardens, Notting Hill, London W11.

floor two-bedroom flat called *Swallowfield*.²⁵⁷ The owners were Dorothy and Hugh Trenchard, living in the upstairs flat. Our flat had lino floors, was very cold in the winter, and the only heating was a coal fire in the living room. A gas poker was used to light the fire each day, and the coal was delivered in sacks. An accidentally charred doll, Burnt Louisa, was kept beside the fire as a reminder to the children to take care.

Around 1965 they moved again, this time to buy a three-bedroom house two streets away. They named the house *Stet*,²⁵⁸ being Latin for: let it stand. It is used by writers when some text has been crossed out but is then wanted again. The first time they tried to move in there the woman who had sold the house had not yet moved out, so the large, young family returned to the flat on Hammers Lane and lived out of packing boxes for a week or so while the issue was resolved. The new home was on Highwood Hill, and a few doors away was *Club House*, the professional mechanics garage of H.C. Bentley & Sons, who were active in motor racing.

All the children went to St Vincent's RC Primary School, a short bus ride on the 240, and later to various secondary schools in Finchley and Barnet.

The first family car we had in the 1960s was a six-seater 633cc Fiat Multipla, with a top speed of 57mph, which

²⁵⁷ *Swallowfield*, 45 Hammers Lane, London NW7.

²⁵⁸ *Stet*, Highwood Hill, Mill Hill, London NW7 4ET.

Teresa could drive. For a while John had a moped for commuting, and he later changed this to being driven to and collected from the Underground station at Mill Hill East. By the late 1970s John could no longer use the Underground and Teresa would drive him to work in central London each morning and collect him most evenings.

Teresa did the driving during most of the 1960s with all the family inside, including a trip between London to Newcastle to see our Gran, Edith. The same car also made frequent family trips to our Nanny and Grandad in Dovercourt Bay, Essex. It was a family story how it regularly broke down midway, every time it seemed at the Marks Tey roundabout, when the fan belt would finally give up and snap.

Our father John would come on these trips, but later on he grew further away from Minnie in particular and only came on one family trip to Dovercourt when they were living at The Moorings. Our uncle Arthur, on the other hand, was very close to Minnie and would often call round.

The little Fiat was later replaced with two cars: a Mini Traveller for Teresa and the Citroen DS for John. This was John's favourite car – the smooth, iconic wedge-shaped Citroen DS – and earning good money in the late 1960s this was his opportunity to get himself an automatic version which he could drive with his stronger leg. Both these cars were later replaced with one family car, an automatic Ford Cortina Estate, which both of

them could drive. The Mini Traveller by then was very old and had failed its MOT test so Tony was given it to work on and learn about cars. After a few months of tinkering he sold it to his school's technology teacher and bought a stereo record player from Woolworths instead.

One family story from the 1960s was the time we all spent some afternoons at the home of Patrick McGoochan, the TV and film actor. He lived with his family about half a mile away in Mill Hill on The Ridgeway and they had an outdoor swimming pool. While the adults talked indoors, his children and all of us kids spent an afternoon in the pool. They had a traditional Romany-style horse-drawn caravan at the bottom of their garden.

We were seen as a down-to-earth, some would say middle class, family during the time we were growing up, and quite trendy and bohemian for the time. For a family treat we would be taken for a meal at the *Alvaro* restaurant on the King's Road. As kids we didn't know at the time how trendy this place was, but it was one of *the* places to eat in London in the 1960s. However, one sister recalls she was seriously discouraged or craftily pointed in other directions when friends of hers did ballet or horse riding and she wanted to go as well. At home, it was always Mummy and Daddy, never Mum or Dad. Our parents' families were both working class, or *skilled* working class as their parents would have emphasised.

We had the first colour television in our street, courtesy of Johnny's employers who paid for these new TVs so that their staff could watch the competition's ads at home in colour during the evening.

John smoked Gitanes, very strong French cigarettes all his adult life, whereas Teresa stopped smoking her milder brand of Guards in the late 1960s or early 1970s.

The music we all heard at home and enjoyed was mostly from American rhythm and blues singers plus some British singers. These included: Leadbelly, Billie Holiday, Mahalia Jackson, Ella Fitzgerald, Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy Yancey, Muddy Waters, Peggy Lee, but above all, John Lee Hooker and Ray Charles.

*

Teresa's and John's children

Anthony (Tony) (15 March 1958) married Lorraine Susan Gradwell (born Mahoney, 24 July 1953) on 16 September 2006, with two children from her first marriage; John Michael Gradwell (27 September 1978), and Jennifer (Jenny) Marie Gradwell (22 July 1981).

Mary Lou (21 September 1959) married James (Jim) Watt (21 November 1964) on 21 September 1991; with two children Angus (14 October 1994) and Daisy Louise (5 February 1996).

Judith Mary (Judy) (21 February 1961) married Gerrard Holloway on 10 July 1982 (later divorced); with later child Stephen Baldwinson-Clark (born with a different name, 2 July 1992).

Lucy Anne (15 June 1962) married Glynn Anderson (4 December 1965) on 29 July 1989; with children Sian (7 November 1988) born in Newport, Wales; Bryony (7 July 1990), Kieran (31 May 1992). Sian has a child, Ellis Lucky Lavoie.

Michael Baldwinson (7 October – 28 November 1963)

Matthew (Maff) Baldwinson (19 November 1970).

APPENDICES

John Baldwinson – Awards

(probably an incomplete list)

- 1967 -

Award	“a Silver at Cannes”
Title	Laughing Man
Client	National Provincial Bank
Date	1967
Agency	Pritchard Wood
Format	16mm mono film, UK cinema release
References	Design and Art Direction 1968, p242

- 1976 -

Award	Golden Postcard
From	Travel Industry Marketing Group and Travel Trade Gazette
Title	(unknown)
Client	Irish Tourist Board
Date	1976
Agency	Charles Barker (?)
Format	Print – magazine ads

- 1977, four awards –

Award **Clio** Advertising Excellence Worldwide

Award **Bronze Arrow**
British Television Advertising Awards

Award **Diplome**
24th Festival International du Film
Publicitaire, Cannes

– all three being for –

Title **“Kaleidoscope”**

Client Bassett’s

Product **Dolly Mixtures**

Date 1977

Agency Charles Barker

Format TV ad

-plus -

Award **Clio** Advertising Excellence Worldwide
- for -

Client Bassett’s

Product **Liquorice Allsorts**

Date 1977

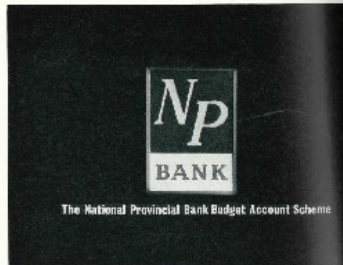
Agency Charles Barker

Format TV ad

- 1978, two awards –

Award	Clio
Title	Peter Ustinov in Ireland
Client	Irish Tourist Board
Date	1978
Agency	Charles Barker
Format	International TV and cinema

Award	Clio
Title	Welcome to Ireland '78
Client	Irish Tourist Board
Date	1978
Agency	Charles Barker
Format	International Print ad



212 special mention

of art National Provincial Bank agency: Pridland Wood agency producers Margaret Randa / Greene Spivaky
agency art director: John Pridmore / Vernon Howe / agency: Billie Mitchell / John Baldwinson production company:
Rose-Morewood Productions (UK) director: Leary Doherty art director: David Brookhurst lighting camera man: Davis Boulton

Design and Art Direction 1968, p242

THE TEAM



Roddy Braithwaite



Nigel Hemsley



Adam Knowles



Charles Fox



John Baldwinson



John Cocklin



Jim Finding

From Oxfam's archive: the Interlink account team, 1971

Letters and Press Cuttings (1900-1997)

The Leeds Mercury, 4 October 1900

A Fraudulent Poster

Sir,—Will you allow me a few lines in your valuable paper re the poster on the temperance vote in West Leeds? I think the poster issued to-day tells its own tale, and I do not think it will have its designed effect on Mr. Gladstone's candidature. It is intended to appear as having been issued by some temperance organisation. It might or might not have come from some tool of the Tory party who is afraid of his name being divulged. As a worker in the temperance cause for some years, I think I am voicing the majority of the temperance men of West Leeds in saying that we have no part in the issue of this poster.—Yours, &c., CHAS. BALDWINSON.

11, Oswald-view, Geldard-road, Leeds, Oct. 3rd, 1900.

Correspondence, Joe Duffy

P.O. Box 1216, Wellington.

20th October, 1919.

To- The Secretary, Repatriation Board,
WELLINGTON.

Dear Sir.,

I beg to apply for assistance in placing me in employment.

In doing so, it will be necessary for me to place before you at length my present position and claims for consideration. Before enlisting for Overseas, I was in business as a Physical Instructor in private Schools and Colleges in Wellington, which brought me in a salary approximately £430:0:0 per year.

Since my return to Civil life, I find that owing to the introduction of Physical Instructors by the Defence Department in Schools and Colleges for the purpose of carrying out the new Cadet Syllabus, I have lost the best part of my pre-war connection. There appears to be little or no prospect of my being able to regain at least my connection prior to enlisting.

At the conclusion of hostilities in France, I had every reason to believe that on demobilisation I would be able

to add to my pre-war connection, but for reasons already stated I am compelled to bring my case before you with a view that you will bring before both the Defence and Education Departments the following facts, which in my opinion are worthy of consideration by both Departments.

In doing so, I beg to suggest that there is ample scope for my labours, and what-ever salary be paid to me would be well earned. The undermentioned facts may help you in deciding whether I should remain unemployed, take up some other profession, or whether the country should be reaping some benefit for the money they have spent on giving me special training while a member of the N.Z.E.F.

1. I was discharged from the N.Z.E.F. on the 18th September, 1919., with the rank of Captain, being Physically Fit.
2. From the inception of the Territorial Scheme in 1911 to the day I went into Camp for Overseas, I gave my services (gratis) as a Physical Expert to the Defence Department at a time when they had not one qualified Instructor on their Staff. (Lieut-Colonels Sleeman – Powles – Potter and Thorns would be able to report on Paragraph 2).
3. During my service in France, I attended several British Schools for Special Physical and Bayonet training – Reports attached. At the principal School in France (G.H.Q. St.Pol) I gained the highest marks out of 240 officers attending, being

specially commended by the Inspector of Physical Training B.E.F. and offered a position on the Training Staff, which I refused, knowing that if I accepted my services would be lost to my own Division.

4. I was recommended by Director of Physical and Bayonet Training B.E.F. to the G.O.C. N.Z. Division who appointed me Superintendent Physical and Bayonet Training N.Z. Division, thereby giving me charge of the Physical, Bayonet, and Recreational Training of at least 25,000 men, organising and conducting Schools of Instruction for Officers and N.C.O.s, co-ordinating the training within the different units, supervising Unit Instructors, and being responsible for training equipment. (For Reports Ref. Paragraph 4) I would refer you to Major-General Sir. A. Russell, Brigadier-General Melville, Colonel Avery, and Major Richardson, all of whom were in close touch with my work.
5. I was selected by the G.O.C. N.Z.E.F. to attend the Imperial Physical Training Conferences held at Aldershot in April and May 1919.

I attended the 1st Re-construction Course of Physical Instruction held at Aldershot in May this year, where I re-qualified as an instructor.

I spent my leave attending the Tooting (Military) Convalescent Hospital, where I studied Remedial Exercises for wounded soldiers, therefore I may justly

claim to be up to date and submit that my qualifications are at least equal to those held by the present Director of Physical Training N.Z. Forces.

I would suggest that with my experience and qualifications, there should be no difficulty in the Government placing me in employment commensurate with my abilities and service.

Copies of qualifications for the past six years herewith attached. If necessary, I could submit same covering a period of twelve years.

In conclusion, I wish to state that I have not approached either the Defence or Education Departments. Trusting you will give this your earliest consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

(Signed) J.A. Duffy.

2nd December 1919

Dear Captain Duffy,

I have your letter of the 1st inst. In circularising the principal Colleges of the Dominion I think you are acting wisely and wish you every success.

I cannot understand how Schools are dispensing with their paid Physical Training Instructors, for the Defence Dept. has only two Officers and four S.S.M.'s on its present Establishment of Physical Training Experts, and these are all concentrated at Trentham. Physical Training, however, is no longer a matter which must be treated by a limited few only, for its effects are so excellent that the widest distribution must be made, and every Instructor must have some knowledge of this important subject.

I will keep you in mind when our Physical Training Staff is increased, and meanwhile wish you every success.

Yours sincerely,

J. L. Sleeman

Lieut. Colonel I.C.S.

Director Military Training.

Captain J. A. Duffy, P.O. Box 1216, WELLINGTON

The Dominion, 14 Aug 1919

Curious Theft Case
A YOUNG MAN CONVICTED
PROBATION GRANTED

In the Magistrate's Court yesterday William James Williamson, a young man, was charged with the theft of a gold chain, two suits of clothes, two pairs of boots, two pairs of shoes, and a quantity of tools and other goods valued at £49 14s 5d., [£49.72] the property of Annie Duffy, of Queen's Drive, Lyall Bay. Mr. W.C. Mellish appeared for the defence.

The case was heard by Mr. E. Page, S.M.

Chief-Detective Boddam said that during the month of July the accused and others visited the complainant's home. Shortly after the visit, Mrs. Duffy missed a number of articles, the majority of which were found in the possession of the accused.

Maurice Brinkman, second-hand dealer, in business in Courtenay Place, said that on July 7 the accused sold to him six or seven pairs of golf stockings. He gave his name as "R. Jackson," and his address as Hataitai.

Walter Smart, pawnbroker, gave evidence that he purchased from the accused the single-barrelled shotgun produced in Court. (The gun was later identified by Mrs. Duffy as hers.) Annie Duffy, married woman, stated that

she was the complainant. She knew the accused slightly. He first came to her house about July 18 or 21 last—on a Sunday night. Two men, named Moore and Carnegie, were with him. She knew Moore and Carnegie. They entered the house, at witness's invitation, about 7.30 in the evening. Witness went to see them go about 9.15 and she could not find the key to the front door. She had some whisky during the evening, and it had a considerable effect on her. Accused came along on the Monday night. Witness said he wasn't wanted. Carnegie and Moore came later. On the following morning witness missed a number of articles. Witness identified her property a miscellaneous assortment of articles (chiefly clothing) that was spread before her in Court. She considered that the articles must have been taken away between July 20 and July 22. On discovering her loss witness sent her little girl across to the accused's house. Accused's wife and his brother came across to witness's house. After a conversation, accused's wife sent the brother home, and he came back with several of the articles that witness had just identified as hers. In the evening, other goods were returned, and from under the porchway of witness's house the accused's wife extracted more articles. The missing front door key was returned by the accused. On the morning of August 2 witness found two sweaters and a shirt on the porch. She later visited accused's house, and found more of the goods there. A pair of pump shoes turned up outside the front door about August 5. Motor gloves, motor glasses, handkerchiefs, and socks were still missing.

Questioned by Mr. Mellish, witness denied an imputation that she often got drunk and gave things away. She said she did not give the accused the gun referred to above, or any of the other articles, with the theft of which he was charged. The value of the articles now would be about £50. They had all been worn, however, and would now be worth about £15.

In view of the evidence given by the accused (sic) as to the value of her property, Chief Detective Boddam suggested that the charge be reduced.

The Court accordingly reduced the charge. The result was that the charge was no longer one upon which the accused had to be tried by the Supreme Court.

The accused elected to be dealt with summarily, and elected a plea of not guilty.

Further evidence was given by Fred Carnegie, Clarence Moore, and Henry Williamson (brother of the accused).

Constable Hollis said that he arrested the accused and took him to the Central Station, where he admitted the theft of a brown suit of clothes and a parcel of tools. Witness searched the accused's house and there found some of the property exhibited in the court.

To Mr. Mellish: Accused stated to witness that a man who was at Mrs. Duffy's asked him to carry the clothes and the tools away.

Constable Price said that the accused claimed to have been given by Mrs. Duffy the stockings and the gun that he sold to the second-hand dealers. He also alleged that a

man named Jack gave him (at Mrs. Duffy's place) the goods that he later returned to Mrs. Duffy. Accused did not describe "Jack," but said that he would know him again.

This closed the case for the police.

The defence, said Mr. Mellish, was that the accused received from a man addressed by the others as "Jack" the goods that he returned to Mrs. Duffy. "Jack" was one of the party at Mrs. Duffy's.

Williamson gave evidence on his own behalf. Referring to the Monday night, he said that he accompanied Carnegie and Moore to Mrs. Duffy's. There was another man present whom Mrs. Duffy was calling "Jack". "Jack" said that he had a few tools and a suit, and he asked witness to take them over to his place. He took the things across and went back to Mrs. Duffy's. He left them in the bedroom and expected "Jack" to call for them. After he came home from work next day witness's wife said that the articles had been stolen and that she had returned them. He said he was glad to hear that the things had been given back, because if they had been stolen he wished to have nothing to do with them. The gun and the stockings spoken of during the case were gifts from Mrs. Duffy.

To Chief-Detective Boddam: If Mrs. Duffy said that Moore, Carnegie and he were the only people in the house on the Monday night, she was not speaking the truth. "Jack" came in by the back way and Mrs. Duffy said good-night to him. Mrs. Duffy was in bed when

“Jack” gave the things to witness to take over to his house.

Mr. Page: Would it not have been quite as easy for “Jack” to call for the things at Mrs. Duffy’s house as at yours?—“That did not dawn on me. I thought I was doing a favour.”

The Magistrate said that he was convinced that a conviction should be entered against the accused in respect of two articles—a suit of clothes and a bag of tools. The evidence seemed to suggest that others were concerned in the purloining of some of the goods that had been mentioned in the case. The presence of a suit and the tools had not been satisfactorily accounted for. It seemed clear that Mrs. Duffy’s house was somewhat loosely and irregularly conducted, and that Mrs. Duffy’s recollection of what happened was not good.

Mr. Mellish asked that the accused, being a first offender, should be granted probation. Williamson had two children, and his wife was in hospital, seriously ill.

Mr. Page granted probation for twelve months and ordered the accused to be prohibited from obtaining liquor. He also imposed the condition that during the period of his probation Williamson should not enter billiard saloons.

The Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer, 8 June 1936

Spiritualists in Conference

Northern Membership Figures

At a conference of the Northern Spiritualist Union at Wallsend on Saturday Mr. P. Hammill Baldwinson, Monkseaton, secretary of the Northern Executive Committee submitted reports which showed that in Northumberland and Durham there were 80 churches affiliated to the Union with an aggregate membership of 2,000 while throughout the country there were now 500 churches an increase of 30 on 1935.

Mr Baldwinson said that in Northumberland and Durham there were 150 mediums whose authenticity had been endorsed by the Northern District Council. Referring to seances in private houses he said these were growing in popularity on Tyneside.

Mr. J. B. McIndee, of Glasgow, president of the National Union, referred to the refusal of the B.B.C. to permit the broadcast of spiritualist services, and said that with a million people in this country interested in spiritualism they were entitled to have their fair share of Sunday broadcasts along with other denominations.

The Guardian, 19 February 1964

God Help the Others

by John Baldwinson

You haven't been sleeping too well the last week or so, and when the telephone by the bed rings soon after six in the morning, you wake as if the bell were connected to your nerve ends.

"Mr Baldwinson?" The voice is very cool, very professional. "I'm afraid your baby died a short while ago. We're awfully sorry."

You say automatically, "Yes," and pause.

"Could you come round to the hospital about ten this morning?" You say yes and thank you, trying to talk normally through the early morning feeling and this tightness in your stomach. Then you have to put the telephone down and tell your wife.

She's awake, too, and listening hard, and you just nod, not looking at her eyes, and then you lie there holding her, waiting for daylight, listening for the other children to wake up and wondering how you'll tell them.

The funeral and the Mass before aren't as bad as you expected. A lot of friends come to the church and the nursery school that two of your other children go to sends a choir. One of your toddlers wants to know, "Is

Michael in that box?” This service is called Mass of the Angels.

The young priest who says it and who comes for the funeral is very good, and wiser than his years. He gives a lot of practical help and only a silent sympathy. The funeral is soon over. The grave looks so big for the tiny white coffin. At the end you put in the flowers you brought, and a handful of clay, and you hold your wife’s arm very tightly on the way back to the car.

You don’t start feeling angry at all until another priest, your parish visitor, calls round a couple of evenings later. And he asks you: “Was it a nice funeral?”

First, you find out what your baby died of. It was broncho-pneumonia in his one sound lung, not helped by immature kidney formation. You work back from this. Because he was well looked after in his seven weeks of life it looks as if this all began in his making. You go one more big step: why should anything go wrong in *his* making, when he had three sisters and a brother all perfectly healthy? And the answer seems to be too many children too fast.

When you reach that conclusion, you have to take a lot of the blame yourself, and do something about it. You call yourself an animal, rightly or wrongly, and do as much as you can.

After a little while, you know all the arguments backwards and forwards. At best, you are guilty of too much love and not enough thought, and also you are guilty of the sin and crime of trust. You have trusted and

believed the doctors and priests who have told you about the rhythm method of birth control.

In a society which tells pregnant women to rest every afternoon and which makes no effort to see that they can do it; in which every worker except a woman with children at home can take time off in sickness; in which most young women have moved away from the friends and relations which everyone assumes are there to help her when she needs help— in this society your wife has had one baby too many, and everyone says how sorry he is.

You have a very good job, and both you and your wife are supposed to be intelligent. God help the others, you say, and that's a very real prayer.

Then you get a little calmer, and after a couple of months you see it this way. We can let people go to hell their own way because that's free will. But not when they don't know what they're doing, and not when they take other people with them.

We don't let people drive cars without brakes, and when they crash, shrug our shoulders and say, "Well, they should have thought of that before they started."

We don't leave poison or knives or matches or gas taps or boiling water where toddlers can get at them, and when they kill themselves say, "They should have had enough self-control to leave them alone." We can no longer afford the luxury of leaving birth control for Catholics in the hands of men who have no inkling of what it is like to share a house and a room and a bed with

a young woman whom they chose because they loved and wanted her, and she them. Well, that's the way it was with you and your wife.

You still can't write about it all with quite enough objectivity. You still know that a lot of the blame is yours alone, and that makes you angry with yourself and unable to be cool about it yet.

But one thing you do know is this that the rhythm method does not work as well as we are told. That the Catholic doctors who say it does are lying; and the priests who say "Birth control is self control" are fools.

People can go to hell their own way, but we shouldn't send them there.

When the Safe Period Doesn't Work

Dear Sir,

As the one person in four for whom the "safe times" do not exist in a recognisable form, I am perplexed by the Church's teaching. We are told we must be responsible parents, but, for the very reasons for which safe times do not work, a child I may conceive now stands very little chance of life. If I were to get drunk, and then get in a car to drive on the public road, I might not meet anybody, or I might not hit them, or their injuries might not be fatal. On the other hand, I would still have to hold myself guilty of intent to murder. I regard, in the same way, a thoroughly irresponsible attitude to the child I might conceive as equal, in intent to murder, to the attitude of the drunk driver. In my conscience it would most certainly be a mortal sin.

We are told to use self-control then. But, as safe times do not work, it would have to be complete abstinence. Now there are two people in a marriage. The marital rights of one have always been held to be the marital obligations of the other. Perpetual abstinence, unless both parties independently desire it, has always been held as a sin, as a breaking of the marriage vow to love and honour the partner in the marriage. Do the rules that bound us for so many centuries no longer hold true now? What is the evil in a sacrament that must be negated if you would see, eventually, your God?

Contraception, we are told, is wrong. But we are supposed to have knowledge of good and evil. How can so many people, whose consciences are sufficiently alert to egg them on to attend Mass regularly, use contraception and still attend their God on the altar? How can it be that, for me personally, I can only face my God if I take the care for my husband and my children seriously enough to use contraception, as it is the only way left to me within my family conscience?

Maybe I am narrow-minded in that I was trained, originally, in subjects allied to logic. I was taught then to look for a theory. As and when I had worked the theory out, in case I had hit a fallacy, I was taught to try the theory out in practice. If, in practice, it would not work I was told I had to dismiss the theory with the statement : "But this is absurd." The theory of the celibate male clergy, that rhythm methods are always possible, sounds fine. The only trouble is that it just does not work for me, in practice. For their theory, and to obey a law I cannot understand, I disregarded the advice of doctors. My last child died— as a result, I have good reason to believe, of my observing this funny law. All my training now in reason, all the care I feel I must take for my children, my mind, my emotions and my very soul, tell Me I must dismiss this law, in practice, as absurd. Or I must hold myself a murderess.

What happened then to my knowledge of good and evil? If contraception is so much against the natural law, why

does my nature not rebel against it? If it is against God's law, how come, for me, God who is the God of justice leaves me no way that I can get to Him just because I have no form of sickness? To believe this law, I must believe predestination. I may have all the faith in the world, I may have great stores of charity, but, because I may be sick, the Church tells me I have no hope, within their law, of ever seeing God. Or ever meeting with my son again. How can a law that does not allow for individual differences, that does not publicly differentiate between good or evil intent but merely holds, it seems, that objects in themselves may be evil, have justice as a synonym?

Yours faithfully,

Swallowfield, Hammers Lane, London, NW7.

T. BALDWINSON.

(press cutting)

Edgware and District Post
Front page lead story
27 January 1966

Birth Control and Poverty

These subjects lead Mill Hill Catholic to renounce Rome

A Mill Hill Roman Catholic has publicly renounced the authority of Rome.

He is 29-year-old Mr John Baldwinson who lives in Hammers Lane.

The public statement appeared in the advertising columns of a national newspaper on Saturday morning. It stated:

“Mr John Baldwinson of Hammers Lane, NW7, wishes it known that because of its refusal to countenance safe and responsible birth control, and its wealth compared with the manifest poverty of many of its children, his conscience no longer allows him to recognise the authority of the Roman Catholic Church.”

His wife, Teresa, who is behind him in his decision, said this week that the final turning point came after they had read in another national newspaper about the conditions in an Italian orphanage and the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards it.

Mr Baldwinson, an advertising copywriter, joined the Roman Catholic faith six months after his marriage nine years ago.

The couple have four children. A fifth child died two years ago of defective kidneys when only seven weeks old.

Turning Point

Mr Baldwinson told reporters: "I do not know if I shall be excommunicated. All I know is that I have taken a stand for what I think is right."

He said that he would still look upon himself as a Catholic.

Within the Parish of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, the couple worship at St Vincent's Convent Chapel in the Ridgeway. "Mainly for convenience. There is always a seat and this is important with young children," said Mrs Baldwinson.

Parish priest at the Sacred Heart Church, the Father Myles Dowley, said on Tuesday: "I have no comment at all."

(press cutting)

Edgware & Mill Hill Times, 13 August 1981

Obituary, John Baldwinson

Award-winning copywriter, Mr John Baldwinson

An award-winning copywriter, wine correspondent and author, Mr John Baldwinson has died in hospital from pneumonia following a stroke. He was 45.

Mr Baldwinson, of Highwood Hill, Mill Hill, suffered from polio as a baby but then set about confounding the pessimists who said, when he was seven, that he would never walk unaided.

With Voluntary British Aid to Hungary in 1956, he hitchhiked to Vienna to help run a soup kitchen for refugees on the Austro-Hungarian border.

He trained as a sub-editor at Hulton Press, became a copywriter in 1961 and won numerous awards for his work, including a Silver at the Cannes Festival of Commercial Films in 1967.

In one year alone he won two Clios, a Cannes Diploma and a Bronze Arrow, among others.

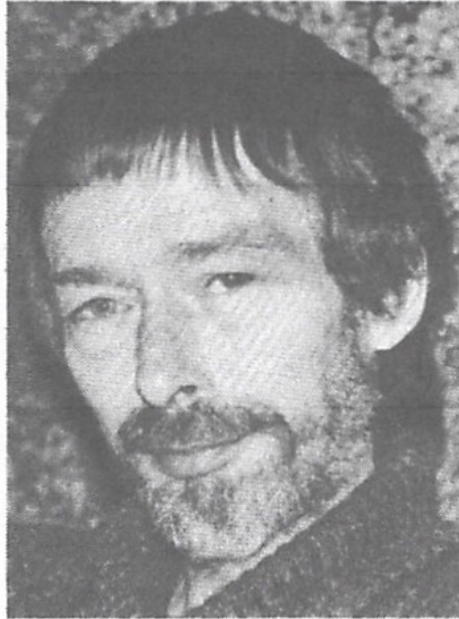
Mr Baldwinson, who died last week at Maida Vale Hospital, leaves a widow, Teresa, to whom he was married for more than 24 years, three daughters and two sons.

The funeral was at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Flower Lane, Mill Hill, on Tuesday.

(company magazine)

The Barker, Winter 1981, p3

John Baldwinson: 'His Own Man'



John Baldwinson, Ayer Barker²⁵⁹ copywriter, died on 4th August. Rather than write our own obituary: we quote below from a moving letter we received from his widow, Teresa. It says much about John, his family and

²⁵⁹ The firm was previously known as the Charles Barker agency.

the advertising business. First and foremost, he was always his own man, honest, courageous and if he thought it necessary, stropky...

“In an industry not noted for the stability of so many of its marriages, his own lasted for nearly a quarter of a century...

“Although for years he could have claimed sympathy, calling himself ‘disabled’ since he had polio as a baby, he always reckoned that, as a writer, he couldn’t be classed as disabled unless someone stole the typewriter off him.

“With John, a bald, straight run-down of facts sounds like an eulogy. In 1977 and 78 alone, he won three Clios, a Bronze Arrow and a Diploma from Cannes among other, smaller awards that he didn’t bother to count. He started notching up awards back in 1967, when ‘The Laughing Man’, for National Provincial Bank—the only commercial then to be clapped and cheered when it was shown in cinemas—got a silver at Cannes.

“His friends ... were not friendly to him because he always said what they wanted to hear; he was too honest to crawl to anyone. I think I shall miss his gutsiness more than anything else.”

We at Ayer Barker remember him as a gifted writer—in recent years on Mercedes-Benz, Save The Children, and The Irish Tourist Board—and as a spirited, challenging character in the agency business, as a wine writer and as an individual. We shall all miss him.

(press cutting)

Clacton and Harwich Evening Gazette, 11 April 1997

Daughter Angry Over Hospital Meals

by Karen Rosine

An angry daughter has claimed her 94-year-old mum's life was put in danger by kitchen staff and food servers at Colchester General Hospital. But Essex Rivers Healthcare Trust said today she had not passed on the complaint to hospital staff.

Teresa Baldwinson claims the hospital provides a poor and dangerous service and has lodged a complaint with the North East Essex Community Health Council.

She said her mum, Minnie Duffy, who lives in Dovercourt, was put on a liquidised diet after breaking the neck of her femur in a fall.

She claims Minnie was served a cauliflower cheese which contained a lump of hard stalk which medical staff confirmed could have killed her if eaten.

Mrs Baldwinson also claims food and drinks were left out of reach and in some cases her mum, who is almost blind, did not even know they were there.

In addition she claims meals were not brought at the times they were supposed to be and sometimes were forgotten altogether.

Fatal

She said: “In one case there was a lump of stalk about one inch cubed in her food.

“This was for someone who was on a liquidised diet and could not swallow. Even the nursing staff said it could have been fatal if she had eaten it.”

She added: “There seems to be a collective lack of knowledge. I did not realise old age is a capital offence punishable by starvation or choking.

“When the medical staff are working hard for the welfare of the patients why should the kitchen staff be allowed to undermine all their best efforts?”

A spokesperson for Essex Rivers Healthcare Trust said: “The trust has not been notified of Mrs Duffy’s problems with her hospital meals.

“However we will be happy to investigate the problems if her family would like to contact our customer care department.”

Publications by Fred Hammill

An address at the first annual conference of the National Vehicular Traffic Workers' Union, 1892 (pamphlet)

Fred Hammill [1892]

Original print held at –

The Library, University of Glasgow, Scotland.

Unemployed Organisation Committee (leaflet)

A demonstration will be held in Trafalgar Square, on Sunday, Mar. 12, 1893. A resolution will be moved calling upon the Government to limit the working day in all its dockyards, workshops, &c., to eight hours, to pay not less than trade union rates of wages, or where wages are not so determined, to fix a minimum of 30s. per week, and to recognise perfect right of combination amongst all its workers. Processions will gather at the following spots: ... Amongst those who have been invited to address the meeting are Keir Hardie, ... Murray Macdonald, ... John Burns, ... Tom Mann, Dr. Aveling, ... Fred Hammill, &c. ...

Authors: Edward B Aveling; John Burns; Fred Hammill; James Keir Hardie; J A Murray Macdonald;
Publisher: Twentieth Century Press, Ltd., 44, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., London, England.

[1893].

Original print held at –

The British Library, St. Pancras, London,
NW1 2DB, England.

**The Necessity of an Independent Labour Party:
speech at the annual meeting of the Newcastle
Independent Labour Party held at Newcastle on
3rd January, 1893 (pamphlet)**

Including a section at the start of the pamphlet:
Fred Hammill – A Short Biography.

Fred Hammill [1893]

Original prints held at –

British Library, St. Pancras, London, NW1 2DB,
England.

International Institute of Social History (IISG) ,
Amsterdam, 1019 AT Netherlands.

Senate House Library, University of London,
London, England.

Special Collections, Brotherton Library,
University of Leeds, England.

Working Class Movement Library, Salford
M5 4WX, England.

**The Claims and Progress of Labor
Representation (pamphlet)**

Fred Hammill [1894]

Original prints held at –

The Library, University of Glasgow, Scotland.

Working Class Movement Library, Salford
M5 4WX, England.

Out of Work: The Problem of the Unemployed
(pamphlet)

Fred Hammill [1894]

Original prints held at –

Fabian Collections, LSE Library, London School
of Economics, England.

Special Collections, Brotherton Library,
University of Leeds, England.

Working Class Movement Library, Salford
M5 4WX, England.

Onward to Victory (a chapter in) **The New Party**
(book)

Pages 49 to 53.

Book Authors: Andrew Reid; Walter Crane [1895]

Publisher: Hodder Brothers, 18 New Bridge Street, E.C.,
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Working Class Movement Library, Salford
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Trades Union Congress:
Rules of the British Trades Federation

Published by Trades Union Congress, London, [1895]

Includes a Digest by Fred Hammill, Secretary of
the Committee; Introduction; Preamble; Rules; List of
Sectional Federations. Dated April 1895.

Essays on Socialism

by Alfred Russel Wallace; W. J.; Robert B Holt; Harold Cox; Fred Hammill; J L Joynes; Alexander M Thompson; Sidney Webb; H M Hyndman; Beatrice Webb; Tom Mann; Robert Blatchford; Petr Alekseevich Kropotkin, Katharine St John Conway; H Russell Smart; Stewart D Headlam; Andrew Reid; John Arnott; Fabian Society (Great Britain); Land Nationalisation Society.; Labour Press Society, Ltd.; Liberal Publication Department (Great Britain); Social Democratic Federation.;
[1890s]

A collection of 25 pamphlets on socialist topics by various authors, published by a variety of British publishers including the Fabian Society, Land Nationalisation Society, Labor Press Society, Liberal Publication Department, Social Democratic Federation, etc. Individual publication dates range from 1890 to 1898, gathered under a collective title, ca. 1899.

Original prints are held at –

University of Minnesota Library, Minneapolis, MN
55455, USA.

“A Short Biography”

[preface within: *The Necessity of an Independent Labour Party, 1893*]

The *Workman's Times* of May 1st, 1891, says :- “Fred. Hammill represents No.5 Woolwich Branch of the Amalgamated Engineers. He has been on the London Trades Council nearly two years, and is a man of very advanced views. He was born in 1856, received a fair education, and commenced to work quickly. He attributes his quick grasp of problems, social and otherwise, to his nine years incessant study in science and arts subjects, and holds Queen's prizes and teacher's certificates in many. He has been, as he has often said, on platforms, “two steps up the ladder of fortune,” but his spirit of outspokenness always knocks him to the bottom again. Having served as a foreman, also as a draughtsman, he has twice been discharged from the arsenal at Woolwich, for his views, and expressions. He is a Yorkshireman of long descent, has advocated the rights of his class for thirteen years, and assisted John De Morgan to tear up the railway rails on Hunslet Moor, Leeds, ten years ago, he soon became known. He was in the front at Trafalgar Square when Burns and Graham were arrested, and was appointed local centre for Woolwich for the Law and Liberty League, working for two years, together with Annie Besant and Stead, then of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He organised a collecting committee in the arsenal for Burns successfully, running the risk of discharge for his action in the matter. He then

fought down a sweating system in the department of Woolwich Arsenal where he worked, fighting officials on their own evidence as given before a Royal Commission, and obtaining the abolition of the sweating and an advance of 4s. to 5s. per week per man to 400 men. The men presented him with his portrait and the officials with his discharge. He then went to the Paris Exhibition as Lord Mayor's delegate, to report on the Ordnance. Again we find him in the arsenal after five month's absence. He had been working three days before the officials found out who he was, but too late to discharge him, because they knew their man. The Government attempted to thrust a pension scheme on the men. He fought it down at a memorable meeting never to be forgotten, where all the big men of Woolwich were assembled to carry it through. He even addressed six meetings inside the arsenal, organised the men and the scheme vanished. He went to the Liverpool Congress last year as senior delegate of three to represent the London Trades Council. He contributes alike to magazines and press, fights openly for the rights of labour, and is a hater of cliques, political parties, and class. He is a member of the Fabian Society, and last year, between March 1890 and 1891, delivered 64 public lectures and addresses to clubs, etc. He has been run twice for the Trades Council Secretaryship, and eight votes would have put him in last year. He is well-known in all countries through his connection with the international movement. He has lately been attacking the

Government on contracting, speaking at Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Chatham, and was again discharged six weeks ago. He is now working at Westminster doing John Burns's old job for Mr. Lorrain, consulting engineer who is an eight hours man, and gave evidence for Burns in the Trafalgar Square trial. He will be at Hyde Park, Chatham, and Southampton May demonstrations. His work during the last five years is so extensive it cannot be enumerated here for want of space, as all prominent and active men in the movement know.

Since the above was written it may be further said; while working for Mr. Lorrain, the Great London Bus Strike of 1891 was taken in hand by the London Trades Council Executive, Hammill at the time being a prominent and popular member. He was given the whole charge of the largest area – the South Western District of London, comprising 43 Bus Yards and 5,000 men. John Burns and Hammill are old friends, and Jack, who was not a member of the Trades Council, was by his side day and night, and during the seven days of the strike, they addressed together, from the top of a hansom cab, 27 outdoor meetings, rallying and holding the men as firm as a rock, the one sitting on the cab top, while the other stood in the cabby's seat, addressing and encouraging the crowds of men; and so exhausted was Burns on the sixth day of the strike, he fainted in the arms of his friend, and thus they worked for seven nights and days, and during the whole of the week their total sleep was eleven hours. Hammill was fortunate in possessing a

good employer, who gave him leave to fight the cause of the Busmen, and contributed his £1 to the strike fund. Hammill returned to his work at the close of the strike, but had been working one month when the London Trades Council of 270 delegates decided that he must leave his work to organise the Busmen and Tram men of London. A formidable task, indeed, with an area of 551 square miles, and the Bus yards scattered over the outskirts of the area. The task, however, was accomplished. For the first twelve months he held and addressed 52 midnight meetings, and has carried the organisation into the provinces as well, during which time the wages of Tram men and others have been advanced 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per week per man, and a reduction of 7 hours per week.

In December 1890, he addressed a mass meeting of bakers at the East End, and strongly advised co-operation. The result was that he and others formed a provisional committee, and now the men are in possession of their own bakeries in several districts in London, and based on the non-profit sharing system, higher wages with an eight hour day. He again represented the London Trades Council at the Newcastle Congress in 1891.

John Burns, Tom Mann, and Fred Hammill are all engineers and members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and all have been strong advocates of an eight hour day, and devoted years to the organisation of unskilled labour, as instanced by the fact that Tom Mann

was president of the Dockers' Union, and Fred Hammill is president of the Vehicular Traffic Workers' Union. Hammill was elected on the Executive of the Fabian Society at the commencement of 1892, and is an active member. He has advocated an Independent Labour Party since 1887, distinctly apart from Tory, Liberal, or any other party, notwithstanding the fact that at that time it was not only unpopular but dangerous; but in the words of a continental paper: "He with aptitude vanquishes his opponents." We next find him at the Glasgow Trades Union Congress in 1892, his name was frequently mentioned as a candidate for the secretaryship of that important body. His time is at present devoted to the organisation of the Vehicular Traffic Workers, whose Union, as before mentioned, he heads as president. He was nominated for the secretaryship of the Amalgamated Engineers, but refused to stand.

Draft ad, unused: “Declaration of War”

Copywriter: John Baldwinson, c.1973

Oxfam declares World War III. The only war that can end all wars. The war against world poverty in all its crippling aspects.

Hunger, disease, ignorance, despair. These are the true obscenities of our time. So are the killing-wars that arise out of them.

We can – we must – and we will stamp out these obscenities once and for all. Preaching won’t do it. “Charity” won’t do it. Neither will feeling sorry for people and having good intentions.

Good intentions never raised any crops.

A total all-out-war will do it. And that is what makes World War III, Oxfam’s war against poverty, the only truly worthwhile war in the history of mankind. ‘

Just once, we will fight a war, not over the borders of land-greedy nations, not over childish religious squabbles or the blood-lust of armies trained only to kill.

Just once, we will fight a war that is for man, not against him. A war to teach people how to grow food. How to stamp out sickness and unnecessary death. A war against superstition and illiteracy.

Just once, we will fight a war that everyone can be truly proud and happy to have fought in.

We won't win this war with bowls of rice.

Oxfam happens to be a registered charity. But "charity" has no place in World War III.

Gone are the days of almshouses and orphanages. The lady of the manor doesn't take soup and blankets to the deserving poor on Sundays. You don't have to sing the hymn before you get the bun.

And thank God for that.

Of course Oxfam will feed anyone, man, woman or child, who is hungry. Of course we'll hand out bowls of rice if bowls of rice are needed. But only to keep someone alive long enough to learn to feed himself.

Help for today is important. The fish for a child that never ate protein – the injection that costs a penny and saves a life – the tent and the blanket that keep off the rain and the cold – of course these are important.

But giving them today and tomorrow is wrong. That is "charity". It achieves nothing but a kind of half-life. It destroys the human spirit, the urge to work that is in all of us. It creates a dull despair. And people get tired of giving.

World War III is the world's first positive, constructive war. Because it is the first war that has ever been fought, not for the conquests of today, but for millions of peoples' tomorrows.

God helps those that help themselves. So does Oxfam.

We have been fighting this war for years. And, if there is one thing we have learned, it is this:

You can fight any war from day to day, by sniping. If people are hungry, you can feed them with cheese sandwiches if you like. It'll stop them feeling hungry. For a little while.

The way to win a war is with big guns and blockbusters. Oxfam's big guns and blockbusters are farms and fisheries, schools, clinics and hospitals. Not a bag of wheat but a few hours' use of a tractor. Not a hunk of salt fish but a fishing net. Lessons in reading and then some textbooks. Not just medicines but the training to use them.

We are not missionaries. We are not preachers. We are not do-gooders looking for gratitude as our reward. We give-and then we teach. We build-we teach-and then we pull out.

We don't give a hand-out. We give a hand up.

With your help-with your time, or your talent, or your money -we can and we will win this war.

Fighting a war is damned hard work. Sometimes it seems as if, the more worthwhile and lasting the victories, the harder the work that goes into them.

Fighting World War III costs money. A lot of it, all the time. It costs time and effort and sacrifice and sweat and exhaustion.

The rewards, of course, are negligible. No pay, no triumphant victory parades. Not in a war like World War III.

All the same, we need you in it. And in this, the only good war in the history of the world-can you be a conscientious objector?

Please. Volunteer now.

A state of war now exists between ourselves and world poverty.

Bernard Duffy – Royal Navy Service Record

Service Number SMX856177

Age	Posting or Event	Date
17	HMS Excalibur, <i>Alsager</i>	22 Oct 1947
	HMS Ceres, <i>Wetherby</i>	10 Dec 1947
	Rank of Probationary Supply Assistant	
18	HMS Drake, <i>Davenport</i>	15 Apr 1948
	Rank of Supply Assistant	
	HMS Vanguard	15 Jun 1948
	Passed Swimming Pool Test	14 Jan 1949
19	Promoted to LSA	17 Sept 1949
	Rank of Leading Supply Assistant	
	HMS Drake, <i>Davenport</i>	24 Sep 1949
	HMS Childers	6 Dec 1949
20	Passed Sea Swimming Test	22 May 1950
	HMS Glory	4 Sep 1950
	HMS Drake, <i>Davenport</i>	1 Jan 1951
21	Promoted to Acting PO	1 Oct 1951
	Rank of Acting Petty Officer (Stores/Supply)	
	HMS Daedalus, <i>Lee on Solent</i>	6 Feb 1952
	HMS Drake, <i>Davenport</i>	6 Mar 1952

Age	Posting or Event	Date
22	Good Conduct Badge awarded extra pay	31 Mar 1952
	HMS Indefatigable	13 May 1952
	HMS Sea Eagle, <i>Londonderry</i>	11 Nov 1952
23	ditto	
24	Promoted to SPO	1 Apr 1954
	Rank of Senior Petty Officer	
	HMS Drake, <i>Davenport</i>	23 Feb 1955
25	Discharged to shore	31 Mar 1955

A Time Has Come

Poem by Arthur Young (1935-2003)

A time has come a time for change
Distortions that the mind derange
The feeling that the head must burst
That greyness must at last disperse
That bitter pill the one that hurts
The cutting off from mother's skirts
The house must go the chattels sold
Could it be I'm growing old

That racking pain that each must face
Those memories I must erase
The tears the hopeless feelings too
That dreadful thing that I must do
The future plan I must decide
The pressure upon me to hide
Oppressive heat and bitter cold
Happen to us as we grow old

My present feelings so intense
The desire to return to sense
Reduce the doubt reduce the fear
To seek that so elusive cheer
To minimise the hurts but how
Of those so loyal and dear now
Their praises now must be extolled
I'll still love them as I grow old

The history passed down to me
That bitter animosity
That pain that comes from too much love
From others who are now above
Their yoke I see I now must lift
That bitter sweet unwelcome gift
Fulfil myself reject the mould
The viciousness of growing old

The cruelty of future's door
Entry hurts not one but four
Returning steps can't ease the pain
The clock cannot be turned back again
I can't tow the past with me
To future mediocrity
It seems the coward must be bold
The prize for which is growing old

The empty day the sleepless night
The fear that I'm not doing right
Which door ahead which one which key
That bloody bitch society
The future comes and must be faced
The past can never be erased
Memories must be controlled
In order that we may grow old

And life that very fickle cow
Moves on to other pastures now
And I must walk into the sun
But minimise the damage done
To those I loved my life I shared
They sacrificed although I cared
We all will share appalling pain
So I can be myself again.

Acknowledgements

I hope you enjoy looking through this collection, though it is probably far too rich a mix to take in all at once.

As well as the many people in my family who helped me immensely, I would like to thank the following individuals for their contributions:

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Collections
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National Media Museum, Bradford
Newcastle City Council, Libraries Dept
North Yorkshire County Records
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People's History Museum, Manchester
Reuters Archive, London
Suffolk Records Office, Ipswich
Tendring District Council Housing Service
Topcliffe Village Hall Committee
Trades Union Congress, London
Tyne and Wear County Records
Unite (trade union), London
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West Yorkshire Archive Service
and especially to the
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*

Just to add, I know there will be some mistakes of mine in this account, and some gaps too, and I'd welcome any corrections and additions.

*

I must particularly thank Professor David Howell at the University of York who suggested I look to see if there was any connection between my great-grandfather Percy Hammill Baldwinson and a more well-known radical politician, Fred Hammill. There was a connection: they were nephew and uncle.

Tony, Manchester.



Minnie's 90th Birthday Party, 1993



*Minnie (mid right) with family at Angus' Christening,
January 1995*



Teresa, Julie, Mary Lou, Judy, Lucy (front)



Bernard, Teresa, Minnie, Cecilia



Mary Lou, Tony, Judy, Lucy



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