

The Holliday Family Tree Newsletter

NICKY STEPNEY

AND SO 2011 HAS BEGUN.....!

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A very belated, but very happy new year to everyone. I hope you had a wonderful Christmas and enjoyed the festivities wherever you were in the world. We had a lovely time with the family, although we missed my sister Lisa and her family as they celebrated in Boston in the U.S with her husband's side of the family. As I wrote in my last newsletter, I was seeking voluntary severance from work and this was granted and took effect at the end of December, after 26 years with one employer. I was given a wonderful farewell party and amongst all the good wishes and cards, I received a beautiful silver charm bracelet. Each charm on the bracelet represents something special to me and will be a reminder of the many good times I spent with all of



my colleagues and friends. I have now enrolled on a distance learning course with the Institute of Heraldic and Genealogical Studies in Canterbury, Kent. The course is made up of 24 lectures each with an assignment to complete. Once I have worked through the assignments and sat the relevant exams and written a thesis at the end, I will be able to practice as a fully qualified genealogist. Last week I submitted my first assignment to my tutor for assessing and grading. My results and comments arrived today and I am delighted with them. The newsletters I have written up to now will help me a great deal with a number of the assignments as they have been good practise for researching and writing. I have returned to the Caudwell side of the family for this issue as I have not written about them for a while and there is always a wealth of information for me to draw on. I have included a story taken from Rhona Cockburn's (nee Holliday) memoirs and have also found out a great deal more about Vincent Holliday, brother of Francis Holliday whom all the Hagbourne Hollidays descend from.

FUTURE HOLLIDAY FAMILY TREE NEWSLETTERS

This latest Holliday Family Tree Newsletter has taken me longer than usual to produce and although I enjoy very much researching, writing them up and sharing them with you all, I have decided to write them only three times a year instead of four. With the course I am now studying for, I have many assignments to write and lots of reading material to get through and in order for me to produce a newsletter that continues to be thoroughly researched and factually correct, I will need the time to work on them in between lectures. I will continue to email you when they have been uploaded onto the website and for those of you who do not have internet access I will print and post you a copy.



Me and youngest daughter Megan
Christmas 2010

ENGLISH PHRASES AND SAYINGS

During the years that I have been researching our family ancestry, I have come across various explanations of well-known English phrases and sayings that we all tend to use in everyday life. Some of them have quite interesting origins and I have found a book recently that contains the most widely used—hopefully those of you in New Zealand, Australia, US and Canada will be equally familiar with these expressions.

To Sleep Tight

To **'sleep tight'** is to sleep well and have a good night's rest. In this context, the word **'tight'** is generally thought to be about pulling the bedclothes tightly around ourselves. But the first beds to be mass-produced in England were made with straw mattresses held by criss-crossed ropes attached to the bed frames. Sooner or later the ropes would slacken off and the mattress would become uncomfortable. For this reason all beds were sold with an iron tool, similar to a large clothes peg, which was used to wind the ropes tighter whenever they became loose. Therefore to suggest a person **'sleeps tight'** was to remind them to tighten their mattress ropes and so have a more comfortable bed to sleep in.



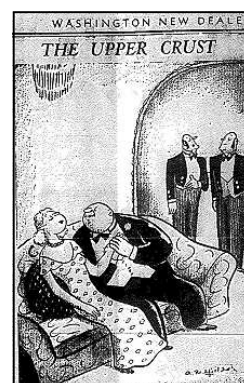
Cat is let out of the Bag

When the **'cat is let out of the bag'** it means some sort of secret has been revealed. In the days of the medieval market, deceptions were often played on unsuspecting buyers, and one of those involved piglets and cats. Having been shown a suckling piglet a purchaser would then start haggling with the vendor over price. While this was going on the piglet would be bagged up ready to be taken home but a cat was often substituted while the buyer's attention was diverted. The deception would only be revealed when the buyer reached home and **'let a cat out of the bag'**.



Upper Crust

'Upper crust' is an expression used to describe England's upper or ruling classes. The origin of this phrase dates back as far as the mid-14th century when the upper, crusty part of a loaf of bread would be reserved for the master of the house and his honoured guests, while the softer underside was given to the minions. It became widely used in America in the early 18th century when it was applied to the **'upper layers'** of society.



Penny Finally Drops

When the **'penny finally drops'** it means somebody has finally understood something. This saying dates back to the Victorian era and the popular penny slot arcades. Often, in the old wooden slot machines, the penny would stick halfway down and users would have to either wait or give the machine a thump before the penny finally dropped and they could start the game.

**WILLIAM CAUDWELL (c 1750–1838)
& SARAH KING (LODER) (c 1748–1829)**

William was born in approximately 1750 in Berkshire, son of Edward Caudwell and Elizabeth (mother's surname unknown). He was baptised at the parish church in the village of Harwell on 20th May 1750.

William married Sarah King by licence on 5th June 1777 in Harwell. Witnesses to the marriage were Ann Elderfield and Jethro Elderfield. Sarah had been born in East Hagbourne in 1748.

Sarah was a widow when she married William and had previously been married to a Francis King from Harwell in 1767 and there were three children as a result of that marriage; Jesse (born 1773), David and Elizabeth. However, Sarah was widowed in 1775 after a short marriage of just eight years.

From an abstract of the Last Will and Testament of Francis King, Yeoman of Harwell dated 9th March 1775:

"I Francis being weak of body give to my father Edward King and father-in-law Francis Loder, yeomen, both of Harwell all those my six acres of freehold land lying in the common fields of Harwell in a place called the 'Grove', and also my eleven acres of leasehold land dispersed in the common fields of Harwell, both which said parcels of land I lately purchased from James White, to hold in trust the said parcels to and for the use of my son Jesse King until he shall reach the age of 21. £50 to be paid out of the said parcels of land by my son Jesse King when he attains the age of 21 years to my daughter Elizabeth King. To my wife Sarah King to have the use of household goods and receive rents and profits of all Premises"

Francis's father Edward King and his father-in-law Francis Loder (Sarah's father) were made executors of the Will. Francis King signed his Will and it was witnessed by William Elderfield, Johnathan Simmonds and W Caudwell. The Will was Proved at Oxford on 6 November 1775 by the oath of Edward King and again on 1 April 1776 by the oath of Francis Loder. I have found no more records yet as to what happened to the children David and Elizabeth, but Jesse went on to live to a great age and died in 1863 at Appleford at the age of 90 years. I found this press cutting from the scrapbook kept by Louisa Caudwell of Drayton Manor.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN ANTIQUARY—There died on the 17th instant, at Appleford, near this town, Mr Jesse King, at the patriarchal age of 90. He was well-known in this neighbourhood and at Oxford for his collection of antiquities, and for many years his snugly-situated cottage was the resort of the learned and the curious, to whom alike it was open. In person and abode he has often been compared to the "Antiquary" of the Scottish novelist, and amid the medley with which his rooms were strewn it was, in Sir Walter's descriptive words—"No easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery".

He was content to live a single life, and his somewhat secluded, frugal, and unobtrusive habits were called eccentric; he knew his position, and did not aspire beyond it, but passed an unusually long life, contented in the situation in which Providence had placed him, and died regretted by all to whom he was known".

When Sarah had married Francis King, her maiden name had been Loder, a familiar name in our family ancestry and another example of the families intermarrying. You will notice that when Francis King wrote his Will in 1775, it was witnessed by three people including a W Caudwell. I am inclined to think that this was the same W Caudwell that Sarah went on to marry a couple of years later.

William and Sarah had five children between the years 1779 and 1789; William, Sarah, Esther, Susannah and John, all born and baptised in the village of Appleford.

William Caudwell was a school master and farmer at Appleford for 66 years and William is reputed to have run the local school there, including teaching his own two sons.

Sarah died on 3rd November 1829 aged 81 years and was buried three days later in the churchyard at Appleford on 6th November.

William died nine years later on 3rd February 1838 aged 88 years and was buried with his wife in Appleford.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CAUDWELL & SARAH KING (NEE LODER)

William Caudwell (1779–1854)

William was the first child and son born to William Caudwell and Sarah King. William went on to marry Hannah Lousley and I wrote about him and his wife and descendants in my September 2008 newsletter.

Sarah Caudwell (1781-1787)

Sarah was born in 1781 in Appleford. I cannot find her baptism record as there are missing entries for this year but I found her burial notice for 1787 so a quick calculation deduced her birth was around 1781. There can be many reasons why there are gaps in the Bishop Transcripts of the parish registers; most commonly this can have been due to civil war, fire and flood, age, bad memory, plague or a negligent vicar.

However Sarah did live, albeit briefly as she died in Appleford at the age of 6 years and was buried in the churchyard on 28th November 1787. The reason for death was given in the parish records as '*death by decline*'. This diagnosis could have been any manner of illnesses prevalent at the time, but to me it gives an indication that Sarah was a poorly child generally and just faded away.

Esther Caudwell (1783–1875)

Esther Caudwell was born 11th May 1783 in Appleford. There is no record of her baptism, again because of a gap in the transcripts between 1781-1783. There is an entry made by the new vicar at the time however, indicating that he did not know where the original papers were for this period.

On 13th July 1826 Esther Caudwell married Richard Orpwood Symonds of Harwell, by licence, at the parish church in Appleford. When Esther married Richard he was a widower. I have only found one child born to Esther and Richard so far and this was an Edward William Symonds baptised on 22nd April 1827 in Appleford.

On the census of 1841 Esther and Richard were living in the parish of Appleford and Richard was a farmer. Ten years later in 1851 the family were still running a farm in Appleford and Richard was employing 11 farm labourers to help him and also five servants.

Their son Edward married a Susan Gearing in 1854 and when his father Richard died in 1859, his widow Esther went to live with her half-brother Jesse King in Rose Cottage in Appleford with a 13 year old house

servant called Mary Herbert from the same village. In 1861 Edward and Susan were living at their own farm 'Yew Farm' in Appleford, employing six men and 4 boys and they had five children; Eveline (b 1856), Jessie Harriet (b 1857), Annie Mary (b 1859), Laura (b 1860) and Edward (b 1861). Edward and Susan employed a governess for their children and a nursemaid for their 2 week old baby.

When Jesse King, Esther Caudwell's half brother died in 1863 his last will and testament bequeathed his effects worth under £600 to his nephew Edward William Symonds who was named the sole executor.

In 1871 Esther had moved in to live with her son Edward and his family at Yew Cottage in Appleford. Edward's wife Susan had died in 1869 aged just 36 years after the birth of their last child. Since the 1861 census Edward and Susan had gone on to have a further four children making nine in all; Sidney (b 1863), Arthur (b 1865), Walter (b 1866) and Miriam (b 1868) and Edward most definitely appeared to have his hands full with his numerous children and his mother of 88 years and no servants were listed as living in with them at the time.

Esther died 3rd August 1875 in Appleford aged 92 years.

By 1881 Edward had re-married and he and his wife Mary had gone to live with their daughter Jessie and her husband Job Henry Baylis, a Farmer and Provision Merchant employing 14 men and two boys. They were living at 69 St Mary's Butts in Reading. Also living with them were four grocers' assistants and two servants.

I found a notice in the London Gazette dated 2nd July 1897 referring to Job's grocery business and partnership at the time:

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned
Job Henry Baylis, Charles Willoughby Ford, and Robert
Eli Hodder carrying our business as Grocers and
Provision

Merchants at Reading, Maidenhead and Abingdon in the county of Berks and Caversham in the county of Oxford under the style or firm of Baylis and Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent as and from the 24th day of June 1897. All debts due to and owing by the said late firm will be received and paid by the said Job Henry Baylis and Robert Eli Hodder who will continue to carry on business in partnership together under the style of Baylis and Co. – Dated 2nd day of July 1897.

JOB HENRY BAYLIS.

CHAS. W. FORD.

ROBERT ELI HODDER.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CAUDWELL & SARAH KING (LODER)

Susannah Caudwell (1786-1793)

Susannah was the third daughter born to William and Sarah on 18th March 1786 in Appleford and baptised on 17th April. Sadly, however, like her elder sister, Susannah died at a young age. Susannah died early in March 1793 aged 7 years of measles and was buried in the churchyard in Appleford on 6th March.

Measles was and still is a life threatening disease. Early symptoms include shivering, headache and a runny nose. After four days small red spots appear on the body. The disease lowers resistance and is sometimes followed by pneumonia. Before the 19th century measles killed large numbers of people in Britain but fortunately since the introduction of a measles vaccine and antibiotics, very few people die from the disease today.

John Caudwell (1789-1871)

John was the fourth and last child of William and Sarah. John was born on 24th March 1789 in Appleford and was baptised on 12th June 1789.

John married Ann King on 17th February 1817 in Harwell.

John and Ann had four children; Charles (b 1817), Sarah (b 1819), Fanny King (b 1820) and William (b 1822)

I found a letter held at the National Archives at Kew regarding an arson attack in 1831. The letter was from Charles Eyston, the High Sheriff of Berkshire, 'Hundred House', Abingdon concerning an arson attack on a quantity of wheat belonging to Mr J Caudwell, Grove, Wantage, stored in a building belonging to Mr Godfrey, on the 7th September 1831. The Sheriff was asking the government to offer conditional pardons to any accomplices giving information. Mr Godfrey and Mr J Caudwell promised a reward of £50. Attached to the letter was a handbill stating that the County Fire Office, Abingdon, would offer a reward of £100 for information.

On the 1841 census John was farming and still living at Grove Farm in Wantage with wife Ann and daughter Fanny and son William. I have never found another record for son Charles so until I do, I would imagine that he died. Their daughter Sarah who had been born and baptised in Long Wittenham in 1819 died the same year and was buried in Long Wittenham on 14th December aged 9 months.

In 1843 daughter Fanny married Thomas Carey Godfrey and they moved to Hampshire.

In 1851 John and Sarah were still living at Grove Farm in Wantage and John was now farming 419 acres, employing 24 men, 14 women and 9 boys. Son William was unmarried, aged 29 years and helping his father to run the farm. The family also employed two house servants and a groom.

Meanwhile, Fanny and Thomas were living at Watership Farm in Sydmonton, Hampshire and they had two daughters; Anne Jane (b 1845) and Fanny Lucy (b 1848). Thomas was a farmer of 350 acres, employing 32 labourers and a cook and 2 housemaids. Two more children were born in the 1850s; Thomas W (b 1852) and Anberon (b 1857)

From the mid-19th century to the mid-20th century the process of the amalgamation of farmsteads continued with Watership Farm reducing in size until, by 1940, the farmhouse was being rented out with a few acres of ground whilst most of its land was being farmed from Wergs Farm in the adjacent parish of Burghclere.

However, this all changed and today, of all the farmsteads that once worked the land within the manor of Sydmonton, only two, North Sydmonton Farm and Watership farm survive as working farms. Watership Farm, once stripped of all its land, has now become the main farmstead for the Sydmonton Court estate which includes land that was farmed from Wergs Farm in Burghclere and Nuthanger Farm in Ecchinswell.



The view to Watership Farm from the Sydmonton Estate

It was in 1857 that Fanny's mother Ann died, followed by Fanny's husband Thomas Godfrey in 1858. Fanny must have felt quite isolated at this time, she had lost both her mother and husband in a very short space of time and had four children to bring up and her father John and brother William were living in the next county. By 1861 Fanny had moved to Reading and was living at 84 Castle Street in St Mary's parish with her four children, a cook and a housemaid. She was listed as a landholder so it would appear that Fanny's husband had provided well for her.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM CAUDWELL & SARAH KING (LODER)

Fanny's father and brother were still farming in the Wantage area and were employing farm labourers, a groom and a house servant. William was now 39 years and still unmarried.

By 1871 Fanny had left Reading and had moved in with her brother William and their father John in their house in Wallingford Street, Wantage. John at the age of 82 years was still running a farm and employing a number of people to help him, but John died shortly after the census of 1871 was taken.

At the age of 56 years William married Jemima Tyrrell in the Hungerford area in 1878. On the 1881 census, they were living at "The Ivies" in Wallingford Street in Wantage and were employing a domestic housemaid and a cook. William and Jemima did not have any children and on the 1881 census William was described as a retired florist.

Meanwhile, William's sister Fanny had retired to Hazelwood, Christchurch in Bournemouth and was living in Gervis Road with her cook. Fanny died in 1888 at the aged of 67 years.

William died a couple of years after his sister Fanny aged 67 years on 22nd March 1890 in Wantage. His wife Jemima continued to live at the house she had shared with her husband and in 1891 living with her were her niece and domestic help. William's last will and testament was proved at Oxford on 1st May 1890 by Jemima Caudwell, relict of William and Edward Ormond, gentleman both of Wantage and the surviving executors. William's personal estate was worth £8,400 16s 6d.

William also bequeathed to the people of the township of Grove £400, the income to be applied in coal, clothing, furniture, or subscription to a hospital. The legacy was invested in £410 5s. 1d. consols, producing £10 5s. yearly, which was applied in aid of the funds of the coal club.

I found William's obituary in the Jackson's Oxford Journal dated 29th March 1890 :

"The Late Mr W Caudwell—It is our painful duty to record the death of one of our most useful and respected townsmen, which took place at "The Ivies" Wallingford Street on Saturday afternoon last. Mr Caudwell had been suffering for more than two years from diabetes, which dire disease had very much reduced his frame, and he passed peaceably away after keeping his bed only thirty-six hours. He had a world-wide reputation as an enthusiastic florist, his great achievement being in primroses, he having raised a fine strain of coloured forms on the true primrose stalk. He was born at Grove, and had assisted his father John Caudwell, a sturdy yeoman, in cultivating the land lying between the town and the railway.

In 1859 his father retired from the business, but William continued to hold a considerable tract of arable and grass land, which he eventually abandoned in 1878. Having three or four old farm hands who had given long service, he, in order to keep them employed, purchased the homestead near Grove Bridge, known as Low Moor, and commenced what proved to be a life time's ambition, to cultivate primroses.

He first secured 20,000 wild primroses from the woods, and then collecting a large variety of the dark polyanthus he carefully fertilised them, and from successive sowings secured about eighty shades of primroses, while he had thousands upon thousands of polyanthuses, oxlips, cowslips in every shade of colour from pure white to darkest maroon, his beds of golden polyanthus being a sight unequalled perhaps in England. He gathered but few flowers, as every pip was wanted to produce seed for the market.

He was very strong in roses, having over two hundred varieties, and from the glass houses at "The Ivies" he sent away many hundreds of rose blooms to the northern markets from Christmas till April. His beds of annuals, dianthus, pansies, foxgloves, antirrhinums, were all cultivated for the seed. One of his helpers, a woman, has been in his employ in the garden and on the farm for forty-five years. Possessed of means, he was always ready to aid every cause promoted for the benefit of the town, and the poor will lose a kind and generous friend. His remains will be laid in Grove churchyard this day. Mr Caudwell who was close on sixty eight years of age leaves a widow and niece to mourn his passing".



"The Ivies", Wallingford Street, Wantage
Now converted into flats

MARGARET LOUSLEY (1857-1951)

Just before Christmas quite unexpectedly, I received an email from Jim Mayfield. Jim and his daughter Mel had discovered one of my earlier newsletters on the internet and were keen to get in touch with me. Although Jim was born in America, as was his mother, he is a descendant of the Lou'sley family from the village of Hampstead Norreys. Jim and Mel have numerous photos and family history stories and are as passionate as I am about our ancestry. We have been exchanging photos and information for several weeks and hope to continue finding out much more from each other. I will write about Jim's story and how he is descended from the Lou'sleys in my next newsletter, but in the meantime, I would like

sportswoman and played tennis, croquet and cricket. The photo on the bottom left was taken at a men and women's cricket match at Hampstead Norreys in 1901. It's a little small here to identify the faces clearly, so the two enlarged pictures will show that Jethro Lousley is standing in the back row, second from the left and Margaret is sitting at the far end of the row on the right. When Margaret moved to Hermitage after the death of her father Jethro in 1918, she took great interest in all aspects of village life, especially the Mothers' Union and the Women's Institute of which she was secretary for several years.



to share with you some new photographs of Margaret Lousley (1857-1951) that Jim has kindly sent to me.

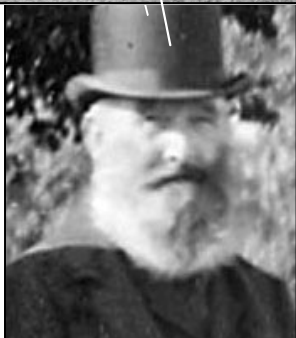
Margaret was the sister of Mary Lousley (1859-1929) who married Francis Holliday in Hampstead Norreys in 1883 and

both were daughters of Jethro Lousley (1834-1918). Although I wrote a little about Margaret in my March 2008 newsletter I only had one photograph of her at the time which was taken when she was fairly young. These new photos that have come to light were taken later in life, but you can definitely see that it is her from the first photo. Margaret never married but was quite a pioneering woman for her time. She continued to ride a bicycle until well past the age of 70 and was a very keen



The above photograph with Margaret shown on the second left was an unused postcard handed down to Jim from his mother. On the back it says "acted at Abingdon on May 11th and also acted at Hermitage on July 2nd". Unfortunately there is no year given, but I would say Margaret was probably in her late sixties or early seventies here.

The wonderful photograph below shows Margaret as a Flemish Weaver in the Women's Institute pageant at Windsor on 29th June 1928. Although it is a black and white photo, on the back the inscription is "Period, Reign of Edward III; Dress, Mulberry coloured cloth."

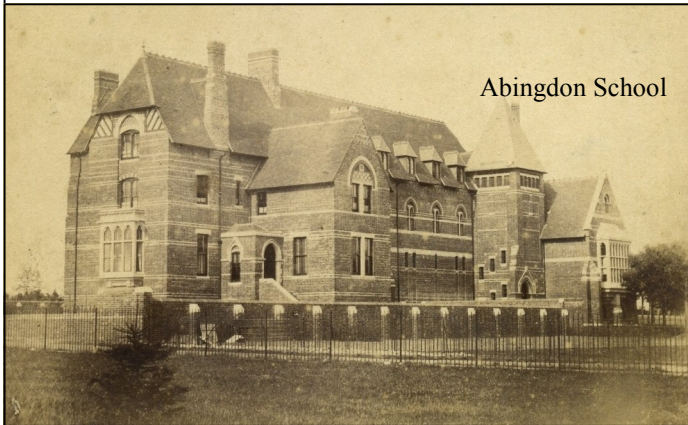


VINCENT HOLLIDAY (1857-1928)

Since I last wrote about Vincent Holliday (1857-1928) in my June 2008 newsletter, I have obtained more information and photographs about his life that I thought you might be interested in seeing.

Vincent was the second child of John Holliday and Elizabeth Caudwell and was brother to John Clarence, Ada and Francis Holliday.

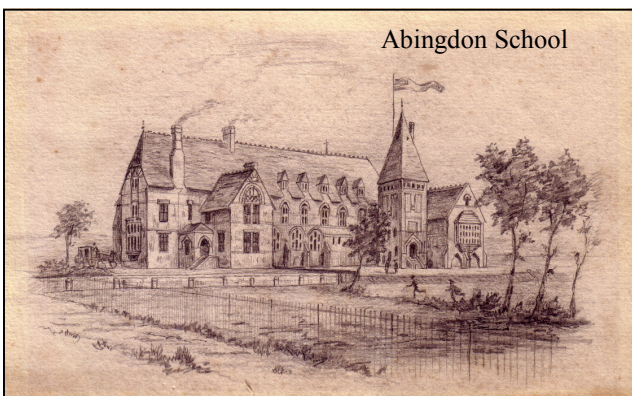
Vincent was born on 11th November 1857 in East Hagbourne and was baptised in the village on 5th March 1858.



Abingdon School

On the 1861 census, Vincent aged 3 years, was living in Main Street, East Hagbourne with his parents John and Elizabeth Holliday and his siblings John Clarence and Ada—brother Francis had not yet been born.

In January 1870 aged 12 years, Vincent became a boarder at Abingdon School, a grammar school for boys, which I found on the Admission Register for the



Abingdon School

school. His older brother John Clarence was already a boarder having started at the school in January 1868, just two years previously. According to Sarah Wearne, the archivist at Abingdon School, who I contacted recently, during the 1870s there were only approximately 40 to 50 boys in attendance at the school. Sarah sent me the picture above of the school which was drawn in 1870. On the 1871

census, Vincent and John Clarence were shown as scholars at the school living in with Mr Edgar Summers the Head of the School and his wife Mary. Apart from two visitors and a couple of servants, John Clarence and Vincent were among only 6 resident school boarders at the time. The brothers would have stayed at school throughout the week as it would have been too far to travel back and forth from East Hagbourne to Abingdon every day.

By 1874 their younger brother Francis had also joined the school and on his school admission entry their father John Holliday had been elevated from Farmer to John Holliday Esq.

Vincent was obviously a very bright academic student as he won first prize in Mathematics for three consecutive years. In 1873 he was presented with a book of Scott's Poetical Works by the Mayor of Abingdon. In 1874 he was awarded a book on The Atmosphere and in 1875 he received a book on Astronomy.

The archives are not entirely clear about when the Holliday brothers left Abingdon School, but as a rule most boys tended to leave when they were aged 16 or 17 years unless they were going on to university in which case they would probably stay until they were 18. I am not sure whether or not Vincent went to university but assuming that he did go on to some form of further education, he would have left Abingdon School in about 1876.

In 1881 Vincent was 23 years old and was living with his parents at the time, still in The Street in East Hagbourne and his occupation was given as a General Mechanical Engineer. His sister Ada was already married and had left home but his two brothers John Clarence and Francis were working on the farm in Hagbourne with their father John.

Ten years later in 1891 and Vincent now at the age of 33 years and unmarried, was still living in East Hagbourne with the family, but his occupation was given as a Commercial Traveller.

By 1901 John Holliday senior had died and Vincent was living with his brother John Clarence who had now taken over the running of the farm that had belonged to his father. Vincent was still very much the traveller. I know that in 1907 Vincent was living at the Parsonage Farm as I have a letter that was written to him by a distant relative and the envelope stated this address at the time.

VINCENT HOLLIDAY (1857-1928)

In 1911 Vincent was still residing in East Hagbourne with his brother John Clarence and still living the life of a commercial traveller. It was four years later in 1915 that Vincent's great niece Rhona Holliday was born (daughter of Leslie). Rhona's husband John Cockburn told me something that Rhona had once told him about Vincent. *"Uncle Vin was somewhat of an eccentric. For one thing, when he came back from India.....what doing was never told..... complete with a stuffed mongoose.....he would never accept the newly introduced British Summer Time, and would walk to Didcot railway station for the 9.30 a.m. train, complain that he was on time and question why was the train not running, and then wait for the next train..... which was of course the correct one. The station clock said 9.30 a.m. but Uncle Vin's watch said 10.30 a.m. because he refused to alter it properly"*.

In 1919 Vincent at the age of 62 years married Annie Elizabeth Whitefield in the Bristol Registration District, although apparently Vincent's family were unaware that he had been married until after his death.

After the 1911 census there are no more census records that can be viewed by the public. The 1921 census will not become available for another decade and so I can't be sure where Vincent and Annie were living after they were married. If Annie had been more or less the same age as Vincent when she married him, then it is quite likely that she might have been a widow and that Whitefield was not her maiden name. I have tried to track any other living descendants of Annie through various different channels, but as yet have not come up with anything. I think it would be interesting if possible to make contact with a descendant as they might possibly be able to tell us a bit more about Annie and Vincent's lives after they got married.

Why Vincent's family were unaware he was married I don't know, I can only make calculated guesses. Maybe he didn't think they would approve or maybe he was a bit of a loner and liked to keep things to himself.

Vincent was a mechanical engineer by trade and he spent a great deal of his working life as a commercial traveller. I have looked up the definition of a commercial traveller and it's really just a term for a 'travelling salesman'.

From what Rhona had said about Vincent's trips to India, I can only imagine that he liked to travel around visiting all sorts of places both in this country and abroad selling various components of engineering equipment.

Vincent worked for Bell's Asbestos and Engineering Limited as did his nephew Bertram Holliday in later years. Bell's Asbestos and Engineering Ltd was founded in the late 1870s by John Bell, who pioneered the manufacture of engine packings and jointings using spun Canadian asbestos. Its head office moved from Southwark in London to Slough in 1929 where it traded under the name Bestobell.

By the 1970s it was the oldest surviving firm of its kind, producing a wide range of industrial products using asbestos and many other materials, and with numerous branches at home and overseas.

Sometime between 1907 and prior to Vincent's retirement he resided at Number 15 Prince's Avenue, Muswell Hill in London. Prince's Avenue is a beautiful Edwardian avenue which is in the heart of the Muswell Hill Conservation Area.



The garden at Number 15 (see below) where Vincent used to live is now open to the public as part of the National Garden Scheme.



VINCENT HOLLIDAY (1857-1928)

At the time of his death Vincent had just retired from Bell's Asbestos Engineering Company and had taken on a farm at Smallcombe in Bathwick, Bath.

Vincent passed away suddenly on 23rd May 1928 at Smallcombe Farm in Bathwick, Bath (in the sub district of Lyncombe) at the age of 70 years. Due to the suddenness of Vincent's death, a coroner's inquest was held on 25th May at Smallcombe Farm. According to the post-mortem examination, death was due to natural causes - cardiac failure owing to an enlarged fatty heart and distension of the stomach.

Vincent's death was recorded in the July 1928 edition of the Abingdonian School Magazine of the Abingdon Boys' School he attended in his teens. This magazine has been published regularly since 1890 and Vincent must have been a man who was particularly worthy of mention as neither of his brothers' deaths were reported even though they had all attended the same school.



Smallcombe Farm, Bathwick, Bath in 2010

Whilst looking for a copy of Vincent's last Will and Testament, I also came across a record of GWR (Great Western Railway) Stocks that Vincent owned. These £400 stocks were transferred to Vincent's older brother John Clarence with a new certificate being issued in John's name in the September of that year.

In the National Probate Calendar (Index of Wills and Administration) 1861-1941, I found that Vincent had left his estate of £11,302 16s & 7d to his brother John Clarence who he had appointed executor to his Will and it was John's responsibility to allocate the estate to the beneficiaries according to the terms of Vincent's wishes.

This was quite a sizeable estate which in today's money, using the retail price index on the Measuring Worth Comparison website, would be equivalent to approximately £505,000. Vincent did not appoint his wife Annie as an executor, although she may have been a beneficiary.

I am certain that Vincent must have had a special bond with his older brother John in order to leave him his sole executor. After all, they had spent four years together at boarding school before their brother Francis joined them and Vincent had also lived with John Clarence for many years in East Hagbourne long after his sister Ada and brother Francis had married and were living their own independent lives.

As John Clarence remained a bachelor all his life and had no children of his own, I was also keen to discover how he in turn left his estate when he died in 1930, two years after Vincent. I found out that John Clarence left his £9,932 4s & 10d estate to a number of executors; his two nephews Bertram Holliday and John Warner Holliday and to his niece Irene Caudwell who again would have been responsible for ensuring that the correct beneficiaries received the money from the estate according to John's last will and testament. My next step will be to purchase Vincent and John's Wills to see how the estates were divided up and to whom and will post in a future newsletter.



View of Smallcombe Farm from the rear

“CHRISTMAS”

MEMORIES OF RHONA HOLLIDAY'S CHILDHOOD SPENT IN EAST HAGBOURNE

Rhona Holliday was the daughter of Leslie Holliday, my grandfather who was a brother of John Warner, Florence, Constance Vera and Bertram Holliday.

Rhona spent an almost idyllic childhood in the village of East Hagbourne and this story is taken from her memories of living there when she was young. John Cockburn, Rhona's husband and my uncle, kindly gave me a copy of Rhona's memoirs "Country Joys", so that I might learn a little bit more about the person she was. I only ever met Rhona once when I was about 15 years old and would have loved to have met her again so that I could have got to know her properly. Rhona always told John that as a child she had wanted to be called Maria and wished she had been christened so and the Christmas story below undoubtedly perpetuates this childish wish.

Maria began thinking of Christmas sometime during the month of October and the long exciting anticipation of the joys of this glad season filled her with such a glow of pleasure that all her days became times of joy. As the time drew closer, there was so much to be thought of and done and it was then that the yearly adventure to the 'upstairs' at the little shop took place. Each season the stores were moved to the end of the room which was then converted into a showroom for the Christmas things.

Somehow Maria's mother was a 'privileged' person as one of the assistants would come up to her one day and say very quietly "we have the Christmas things in now when you care to go up" and Maria and her mother would go up the stairs and while her mother would look around, Maria would wander the sides of the room and look with delight at the little gifts laid out there—and they were decorated with strips of tinsel and holly and little coloured balls and there were dolls and teddy bears and games, books and bricks and railway trains for the boys. Her mother would choose some presents for the family—a book for one cousin and a small doll for another and then Maria would drag herself away from the toys to help choose a present for one of her aunts. "Do you think she would like this little clock?" said her mother and so they wound up the little clock to see if the tick was too loud and then it would be carefully placed in its little box along with the

other things her mother had chosen. They bought gaily coloured crackers which said on the box—*hats, toys, charms and mottos*—and Maria hoped she would find a ring in hers. It was a wondrous moment and when Maria looked at the little lacy filled stockings, she thought of her own which would be hung a little later on.

Downstairs were the Christmas cards. Maria had a special liking for these pretty things—cards of all kinds she loved. She would stand on tiptoe to read the cardboard boxes on the counter. They chose all the cards for family and friends. They were not expensive, some even only 1/2d but mostly they bought the penny, 1 1/2d and 2d cards. Sometimes for someone special, they would buy one for 3d or even 4d. Maria used to be drawn to some brightly coloured 2d cards with shiny surfaces all of cats and dogs and animals. She would gather a handful of bunches of wide eyed kittens surrounded with holly or gruff looking dogs sitting in decorated baskets, ponies and robins.

She would hand them to her mother and could never understand why her mother would always look inside first at the little verse of doggerel poetry and would often say "not this one dear, it is not suitable". So three or four were selected and Maria would regretfully return the cats, kittens and other pets to their tray. She also liked the sparkly cards with cold winter mornings with so much frost and people walking to a brightly lighted church. Then there were the 'dull' ones—one small sprig of holly with the uninteresting message 'greetings of the season' on the outside and no picture and no verse, just 'with best wishes'.

They bought cards with little painted scenes of Christmas nativity with the ox and little donkey in the straw, the shepherds lowly kneeling before the baby and "one for the vicar". Maria would buy her daddy's card to be hidden away until Christmas Day. She would have liked to buy lots of cards just to keep, to collect them, but that would cost too much. She would 'keep on' about the one

"CHRISTMAS" -

MEMORIES OF RHONA HOLLIDAY'S CHILDHOOD SPENT IN EAST HAGBOURNE

she liked the best –persistently bringing it before her mother's eyes. She knew it might somehow be on the table for her on Christmas morning.

On Christmas Eve, Maria was in a fever of excitement and went to bed with the stocking hanging at the bottom of her bed and when the light was put out she lay quivering partly with expectancy and a little bit of fear. What was Father Christmas really like and when would he come? Not until she was asleep her mother told her. She shut her eyes tightly and tried to sleep, but somehow tonight it was not so simple to pass quickly into dreamland.

Sometime, rather later than her parents had hoped, Maria slept and early in the dark cold morning she awoke. It was quiet and she lay for a second hardly breathing and then the thought—*had he come?*

The moonlight streamed across her bed and there was, yes something that stuck right out of a stocking and oh, a little white fluffy face looking at her from the bed—a fluffy teddy in white and a pillowcase which seemed to bulge all over and there at the bottom her favourite annual about *Pip, Squeak and Wilfred*.

Maria called out running into her mother's room and then into their bed with all the wonderful things. She sat in between her parents crying out with wonder and rapture as each little gift was produced. How did Father Christmas know she had wanted the little toy cat, or the little toy watch and chain in bright gold metal? Oh it was all too exciting! Then her parents would get up and dress to go to the Church at 8 o'clock and she would stay in bed looking at all the things that were hers and then there would be all the rest of the happy day, singing the wonderful Christmas hymns in the decorated church, walking home in the cold, sunny air, the peal of beautiful bells sounding forth; an occasion when all the bell ringers

were there, so that there were no missing sounds in the grand peal from the hills which had been said to be at one time the second finest peal in the country and great ringers would come from other places to ring them.

The parcels that had come by post and which were placed on the top of Maria's wardrobe until Christmas were at last opened and their contents exclaimed about. Christmas dinner was enjoyed and games were played and Maria was sorry that she could not quite manage to eat of the various unusual things arrayed on the sideboard, dates in boxes with turbaned men on the lid, figs and nuts of all

kinds, boxes of chocolates that had been given as presents. The house was gay with decorations of all kinds with two large pink lanterns made of crinkly paper which were hung over the doorway. Maria would go out on Christmas morning with her father in the hard frosty day to look at some of the animals. The cats had already had a Christmas breakfast and now the chickens must have special corn from the deep corn bin which when its lid was lifted and the corn was moved, sent forth so intoxicating a smell, that it made Maria

breathe over and over again to savour the smell of the grain. Maize would be added to the special treat and they would watch the excited fowls pecking up first the big orange bits and then continue their quick pecking up of the wheat. All were wished a '*Happy Christmas*' and all the creatures within walking distance were visited. The great shires in the yard, unharnessed and quiet on the day of rest, munched calmly at the sweet hay, rubbing noses together in the sun.

The fat geese flapping its wings and spreading their long necks as they walked by, following them up the orchard path. Maria's rabbits, a fine white creature with pink eyes called '*Belle*'



Rhona at about the time
she wrote this story

“CHRISTMAS”

MEMORIES OF RHONA HOLLIDAY'S CHILDHOOD SPENT IN EAST HAGBOURNE

and a small grey leapt about in the large airy hutches which her father had made and nibbled at the very crisp dandelion leaves picked especially for them. Pigs of all sizes grunted a greeting to them, some loose in the low orchards, others sleepy in dry straw and stys.

They visited the ducks and the little black moorhen on the pond in the low orchards and the small banton cock strutted about with pride, fluffing out his feathers and guinea-fowls, a strange speckled bird, shouted their 'come back', come back' across the rick yard. The sound of the horses feet in the stables and the crowing of the cockerels nearby were familiar sounds to the pair walking around. So the two, accompanied by the dog which scampered to and fro delighted in the fresh clean air of the countryside.

The day was filled with un-ending things to do and when at last Maria, tired and happy jumped into bed, she slept quickly, her mind joyous with the great happiness which each year this season brings.

After Christmas Day there were parties at the Grange where the little dog did tricks and 'made a speech' standing on a chair with his front paws on the back and yelped and howled and barked at them. He would play 'hunt the thimble' with pieces of biscuit. They took him out of the room while the children hid the pieces around the room and then he would come back in and sniffing round would find them all watched by the gay young eyes of the children. Maria would clap her hands jumping up and down.

Then at the Vicarage, where after tea a door was opened into the big hall where stood a lighted Christmas tree, so high and big they

could scarcely see the top. There were sighs of 'oh-hh' and all stood round while the vicar's wife got the presents with their names on from the tree, until only the candles and little coloured balls and tinsel and the star on top were left on the tree.

One of the friends of Maria's mother would have a party where one of the games was 'hide and seek' and all over the house the big panelled rooms rang with the scampering feet and laughter of the children and the shrill call of 'eoo-ee' from the far distance. The beautiful soft blue drawing room was 'home' where pairs of children—they must always hide two together they were told—arrived breathless, uncaught and triumphant!



Back from left to right: Aunt Anne Holliday, Rhona Cockburn (Holliday) my sister Lisa, Helen my mum, sister Alison, Uncle John Holliday, John Cockburn

Floor from left to right: Me, cousins Tricia and Wendy Holliday and my dad Allan Holliday

This photo must have been taken in the early 1980s when I was about 15/16 years old. We were visiting my aunt and uncle, John and Anne Holliday and I believe this was the only time that I ever personally met Rhona—what a shame I hadn't spoken to her then about her childhood growing up in East Hagbourne.

If there is anyone else you think would like a copy, please let me know—you can either drop me a line or send me an email and I can add them to the circulation list. Also, I would welcome any suggestions of items you might like included in future issues.

I am continually adding to the family tree, so if you have any photographs or information that you would like included I would love to hear from you. You can either post or email them to me. Many thanks.

The next newsletter will be published at the end of June 2011. If you would like me to include something you have written can I please have it by the end of May. Thank you.

Acknowledgements and Sources:

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Rhona Cockburn’s (Holliday) Memoirs—“Country Joys”

Pat Holliday, Richard Watts, Mark Caudwell for photos/
information on various families

More Photos from the Album



Another photo of Ada Holliday (1860—1957), daughter of John Holliday and Elizabeth Caudwell and sister to Vincent, John Clarence and Francis Holliday

Coming in the Next Issue:

- ◆ Return to the Village of East Hagbourne
- ◆ Francis Loder & Elizabeth Nors and their descendants
- ◆ Another story from Rhona Holliday’s “Country Joys”
- ◆ Jim Mayfield and his connection to the Lou’sley family

Written and published by Nicky Stepney (nee Holliday)