

# The Holliday Family Tree Newsletter

N I C K Y S T E P N E Y

## NEW FAMILY TREE WEBSITE ...

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Since I wrote the last newsletter in February, I have been very busy continuing with my studies with the IHGS and am gradually working my way through all the various lectures. I have also written a few articles for my local family history society and I am thrilled that the editor has agreed to publish them in their magazine over the next few months.

The time has flown by since I took my voluntary redundancy and now that we are coming into the summer season here in England, life is just as hectic. As some of you will know from my email communication a few weeks ago I have now rebuilt my website to give it a more polished look and you can now find the newsletters and further family history information by following this new link <http://www.familiespast2present.co.uk> I have made contact with another member of the Lowsley family and you can read on page 15 how he connects into the Holliday family tree.

On page 12 you will find some new photos of our Caudwell ancestors that were sent to me recently.

Our youngest daughter Megan has just been to her school prom and she and her friends had a wonderful time—everyone was all dressed up in their finery and they turned up in a blue Cadillac which looked amazing.



## RETURN TO THE VILLAGE OF EAST HAGBOURNE



Side view of Tudor House in East Hagbourne, 2011

East Hagbourne, as you know, is the village deeply imbedded in the history of our branch of the Holliday family and as many of you, especially those overseas, have not been able to visit the village itself, I have included some new photographs of the village taken this year which you can see on page 2. They have been sent to me courtesy of Robin Wedderburn who was happy for me to share them with you in my newsletter.

## RETURN TO THE VILLAGE OF EAST HAGBOURNE



The photographs of East Hagbourne shown on the front cover and this page are copyright © of Robin Wedderburn who contacted me a few weeks ago. You can read about Robin and his connection with the village of East Hagbourne on pages 6-7.

Robin told me that following our recent communication about the village it had stirred some old memories and as such he felt compelled to visit East Hagbourne and these are some of the photos he took when he and his wife drove up from London to see the village last weekend.

### Bell Ringing at St Andrew's Church

Bells have pealed from the church tower in St Andrew's for centuries. The oldest bell in the tower, the third bell, was cast during the time of Queen Elizabeth I and bears the date 1602.

The second bell originally cast in 1770 was cracked early in the twentieth century and was recast in 1910. The remaining six bells have been re-cast by various bell-founders at intervals over the last 300 years.

The famous Berkshire peal of bells was declared the '*second best peal in the country*' by the Rev. Robinson who had rung bells in nearly 500 towers.



As you walk through East Hagbourne, you can see many well-preserved yeomans' houses, many dating from the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries and most of which are listed. The village is also interspersed with some lovely old cottages, half-timbered and thatched properties, some with over-sailing top stories, red Georgian and some Victorian. The village is an eclectic mix of houses from different periods and of varying styles and has attracted many artists to the village over the years, including Helen Allingham who often stayed with her fellow artist friend Robert Anning Bell who once lived at Upper Cross, now Tudor House, where my aunt Rhona Holliday lived as a young girl in the 1920s.

## FRANCIS LODER (1714-1790) & ELIZABETH NORRIS (1716-1799)

Francis Loder was born in 1714, son of Francis Loder and Margaret Yatman. He was baptised in St Andrew's church in East Hagbourne on 25 November 1714.

Francis married Elizabeth Norris, who was a spinster from the same village and had been born to parents John Norris and Sarah Nicholds in 1716 and baptised at St Andrew's church on 17 February of the same year. Francis and Elizabeth married on 9 June 1743 in East Hagbourne. Although Elizabeth's name is recorded as Nors in the parish marriage register, her birth was registered as Norris, so it is more likely that Nors is an incorrect transcription of her surname. Elizabeth was a little younger than Francis, but both bride and groom were still well into their twenties when they got married.

Francis and Elizabeth had six children over the next decade or so of their marriage; Francis in 1744, John in 1745, Sarah in 1748, James in 1750, Sara in 1752 and William in 1755 and you can read about them and their descendants on pages 4-5 of this newsletter.

Just three years after the birth of their first son, Francis's father Francis died in 1746. After making his bequests to his wife Margaret and their other children, he left his son Francis with the remainder of his "goods and chattels" and also appointed him the executor of his last will and testament which he wrote just a few months before he died. When Francis's mother Margaret died later on in 1757, she too made her son Francis sole executor to her last will and testament.

Francis died in April 1790, aged about seventy six years, and was buried in the churchyard in East Hagbourne on 4 April. His wife Elizabeth lived into her early eighties and died nine years later in 1799 and was buried in the same churchyard as her husband on 31 May of that year.

Like his Loder ancestors before him Francis was a yeoman and the land in and around the village of East Hagbourne that he would have farmed whether owned or leased would have been the means with which he earned his living and supported his family over the decades.

Fra: Loder



**CHILDREN OF FRANCIS LODER &  
ELIZABETH NORRIS & THEIR  
DESCENDANTS**

**Francis Loder (1744-1807)**

Francis was the first child born to Francis and Elizabeth and he married Elizabeth Armstrong in 1769. I wrote about this couple and their descendants in the newsletter of June 2010.

**John Loder (1745-1763?)**

John was baptised on 19 November 1745 in East Hagbourne, but as yet I have found no conclusive genealogical evidence as to whether he died young or continued into adulthood, married and had a family of his own. There is a John Loder the younger who was recorded as being buried in East Hagbourne on 10 April 1763 and this might have been this John but I cannot be certain.

**Sarah Loder (1748-1829)**

Sarah Loder is another one of our ancestors who connects us to the Caudwell family. Sarah married Francis King in 1767 but after she was widowed just eight years later, she went on to marry William Caudwell in 1777. I wrote about Sarah and William and their descendants in February 2011.

**James Loder (1750-?)**

James was baptised on 1 November 1750 in East Hagbourne but again, like John, it is proving to be difficult to discover what happened to him.

**Sara Loder (1752-?)**

Sara was the last daughter born to Francis and Elizabeth and she was baptised on 19 November 1752 in the same church as her siblings. Sara is yet again very elusive and it is possible that along with her brothers, I may never discover what happened to her as I can find no definitive proof that she died young or married and had children.

**William Loder (1755-1840)**

William was the last child born to Francis and Elizabeth but I was more fortunate with finding out what happened to William than with some of his brothers and sisters because he married in the same parish in which he was born and he and his wife raised their children in East Hagbourne long

enough for me to then be able to pick them up in the census from 1841.

William was baptised in St Andrew's church on 27 April 1755 and when he was twenty one years of age, he married Rebecca Scammel on 7 April 1776 at St Martin's in Salisbury in the county of Wiltshire. The fact that they married in Salisbury suggests that this was Rebecca's home town; often women married in their own local parish church as opposed to that of their groom if they came from different villages or even counties. How he met Rebecca is open to a few possibilities; their parents may have known each other and introduced them, they could have met at a country fair or on market day or perhaps Rebecca had come to the village of East Hagbourne for work and that is how they met. However their meeting came about, they married and remained in East Hagbourne for the majority of their lives raising their twelve children!

The following children were born between 1779 and 1802; Letitia (1779), Ann (1781), John (1784), Elizabeth (1786), James (1788), Christian (1790), Sarah (1792), William (1794), Joseph (1796), Francis (1798), Esther (1800) and Hester (1802). It has not been possible to track what happened to all of the twelve children; there are so many Loders in the various villages throughout North Berkshire and with little detailed information supplied in the parish registers it is often difficult to distinguish one Loder from another, especially when they tended to use the same Christian names over many generations.

I do know however, that the youngest daughter Hester did not grow up much past infancy as after she was baptised on 24 March 1802 she was dead by the beginning of the following year and was buried in St Andrew's churchyard on 18 January 1803.

William's wife Rebecca died before her husband; not surprising really after having given birth to twelve children over two decades. Rebecca died in 1826 and was buried in the village churchyard on 2 June 1826. William survived fourteen years after Rebecca, although he actually died in Isleworth, London on 22 February 1840 and his body was returned for burial in East Hagbourne on 27 February of that year. William had most probably gone to live with one of his children after the death of his wife Rebecca.

**CHILDREN OF FRANCIS LODER &  
ELIZABETH NORRIS & THEIR  
DESCENDANTS CONT'D ... .**

**William Loder (1794–1876)**

William was born in 1794 in East Hagbourne, the eighth child to William and Rebecca Loder. William was baptised in the village church on 9 March 1794.

William married Hannah who was from Oxfordshire sometime during the 1820s and by the 1841 census they were living in the High Street of the parish of St Clements in the county of Oxfordshire with their six children; Eliza (b 1826), John (b 1828), Frank (b 1831), George (b 1833), Elizabeth (b 1835) and Roberta (b 1838). William was a store keeper and his eldest daughter Eliza was an apprentice dress maker.

Ten years later in 1851 most of William and Hannah's children had 'fled the nest' except for son George who was by now seventeen years old and working as a shop boy and another son William who had been born after the last census and who was aged six years and attending school. William senior's occupation was described as a 'general dealer'.

In 1861 William was still living with his wife Hannah, both aged approximately sixty five years. William was a store dealer and his wife was a confectioner and cake seller. Living in the same household was their son Francis (Frank) who was a photographic artist and their youngest son William who was now a cook. Also residing under the same roof was their daughter Elizabeth and her husband Richard Morley and their son, William and Hannah's grandson, who was just a baby having been born towards the end of 1860. Both Elizabeth and Richard were in the clothing industry, with Elizabeth working as a dressmaker and Richard as a tailor.

The family remained living in the High Street up to the 1871 census shortly followed by Hannah's death in 1874 at the age of seventy seven. William's death was registered in January 1876 when he was eighty two years old. William's last Will and Testament was proved at Oxford by John Kirby, a family member and shoemaker of High Street, St Clements and also the sole executor to William's will. William's will was sworn in at under £20 in effects.

**Joseph Loder (1796 -?)**

Joseph was born in 1796 a couple of years after his brother William and was baptised on 3 June of that year.

Joseph appears to have grown up in East Hagbourne with his family but in 1841, by which time he had already married Charlotte, who was from Reading, he and his wife and four year old son Joseph were living in Oxford Street in the St Lawrence parish of Reading. Joseph was working as a baker and was shown as forty years old and his wife Charlotte was thirty five years of age.

A decade later in 1851 Joseph and Charlotte and their son had moved to 29 New Street, Lambeth in the county of Surrey. Their son Joseph was fourteen years old and attending school, but what I did find a little strange was that his father Joseph was now trading as a 'meat man', whereas ten years before he had been a baker—completely different commodities to be selling.

In 1861 the Loders were still living in Lambeth but Joseph senior had reverted back to earning his living as a baker and son Joseph now at the age of twenty four was a shoe maker.

By 1871 tragedy had struck the family as although Joseph and Charlotte were still alive and living in New Street, their son Joseph had been widowed and he was left with a small son, named James who was seven years of age. Both Josephs were trading as 'general dealers'.

I have yet to discover exactly when Joseph and his wife Charlotte died but they do not appear on the 1881 census, however it looks as if their son Joseph had married again to a Grace Neal in 1874 as they were living at 20 Brooklands Road in Lambeth, with Joseph still working as a 'general dealer'. Joseph's son James from his first marriage was not living with them but I did find a James Loder of the right age of sixteen years boarding at a house in Islington, London where he was working as a labourer for a brick-maker.

## MORE MEMORIES FROM PARSONAGE FARM, EAST HAGBOURNE

Since I re-designed my website recently, I have received an email from Robin Wedderburn who is a grand-son of the Wedderburn family who bought Parsonage Farm in East Hagbourne from the Holliday family in approximately 1932. Robin is a musician and retired school teacher and came across my website whilst doing some research of his own and was keen to make contact with another descendant of a family linked to the house that he remembers so fondly from his own childhood.

I last wrote about Parsonage Farm in March 2010 when I had researched the history of the occupants from the 1790s right up to 1932 when the house was sold by Francis Holliday to Robin's grandparents Alexander and Cynthia Wedderburn.

Robin tells me that he was delighted to read about the earlier history of Parsonage and is more than happy to share his memories of the house during the 1950s and 1960s.

Parsonage Farm is a beautiful Georgian house that lies back from the Main Street in East Hagbourne. It has various extensive out-buildings to the south and west of the main house and a swimming pool further down before the land attached to the house gives way to open fields. Robin remembers the swimming pool as very green and slimy, but he and his grandparents suffered no ill effects when they bathed in it.

The Wedderburns moved from London to take up ownership of Parsonage Farm in 1932 and lived there throughout the second world war and up to the time of Alexander's death in December 1968.

Robin recalls this time very vividly as he and his brother and sister were staying at Parsonage at the time. Robin's grandmother Cynthia sold the house to another family some time during the following year and she moved to a house in Blewbury where she stayed until she died in 1986.

The house was a very important part of Robin's childhood for various linked reasons which he explains in his own words below.

"My father David Wedderburn was a soldier; he fought in the second world war and was missing for some time - a very hard time for my grandparents - in the event he had been captured, at Anzio, and in spite of at least one brief escape remained in enemy hands until the end of the war. He remained in his regiment (the Grenadier Guards) after the war as a career soldier, which meant frequent postings overseas. We would normally go with him, and I went to Tripoli, Germany and Egypt as a small boy. During this time Parsonage Farm was a kind of base at home (although we did have our own house, Grange Cottage, down the road in East Hagbourne) and it became especially so for me when, after I had started at boarding school, my



Parsonage Farm with lawn laid out for croquet—  
photo taken c1926

father was posted to Cyprus in 1957 with my mother and younger sister and brother accompanying him. Essentially Parsonage was home for me during term-time and I flew out to Cyprus during the holidays.

As if the anxiety of my father's going missing in the war were not enough, my grandparents then had to bear the news, early in 1960, that my father had been killed in an isolated incident whilst serving in Singapore.

## MORE MEMORIES FROM PARSONAGE HOUSE, EAST HAGBOURNE, CONT'D...

I can remember our all being with them (the family hadn't gone to Singapore with my father that time) a day or two afterwards at Parsonage; it was pretty awful. They were shattered and of course

neither ever got over it, even though my memory of both of them in the years following my father's death is precious and they were very good to us children and my



The Wedderburns, Parsonage Farm c1965

brother and sister still used to, after our father's death, stay at Parsonage in, I think, pretty much every school holiday.

So the house has seen its sad times during those years—but it was very much loved too. People were always visiting; family and friends and, during the war, various service people, including some American soldiers who were stationed in the local vicinity. Harold Macmillan and his wife Dorothy would, I'm pretty sure, have dined and maybe stayed there; they were quite close friends. My grandparents were very much a part of the village, with my grandfather serving as a church-warden and he also sat on the local bench and was very much involved in looking after District Nursing. One of his close friends in the village was the local farmer, Fred Abbott and he delighted in going over to the Abbotts for a 'chinwag' over a glass of something.

My father David had three sisters; one died recently but the other two are still alive and the youngest, by quite a long way, spent much of her childhood at Parsonage Farm; this is my Aunt Olivia - I must talk to her and see what else I can find out.

Parsonage was, and most probably still is, very lovely inside. You entered by the front door straight into a handsome dining room; at the far end, off to the left, was a door leading to my grandfather's study, with a cloakroom next door (genuine gents' cloakroom, not just a lavatory; I can still remember the pleasant, leathery smell in there, where my grandfather used to keep, in very tidy order, all his shoes, boots, macs and leather cases). Opposite, at the far right of the dining room, was another door leading to the hall, from which stairs rose to two floors of bedrooms, bathrooms and one or two other rooms. Off this same hall was, to the left as you emerged from the dining room, a passage leading to the scullery, larder and kitchen, while straight ahead was a day-nursery and, to the right, the beautiful, rather big drawing room, which faced South down to the gardens as well as to the West on to the driveway. Big windows on two sides, lovely pictures, fireplace, piano and comfortable furniture—it was a fine room and probably still is today.

Grand-mama was very keen on the garden and she and Mr Townsend, her much-loved gardener, tended to the garden with devotion and huge pleasure to splendid effect. There were pigeons in the barn, there was a ping-pong table in the outhouse just next to it and a good double garage nearest to the gate. A stream runs just inside the wall dividing the plot of land from the street and I remember we used to have fun making dams in it and devising rotating miniature water-mills made out of cotton reels and flower-labels".

Driveway of Parsonage Farm—2011



## HEBER CAUDWELL AND FAMILY

As you may recall from a previous newsletter (March 2009), Rex Caudwell from New Zealand wrote an article about Heber Caudwell (1860-1942). Heber was the second son of Henry Caudwell (1805–1898) and Rex's grandfather. Heber emigrated to New Zealand on 24 January 1880 and settled in Te Aroha where he married and raised another branch of the Caudwell family.

Rex has sent me another photograph of Heber with his wife Amy Reynolds and their family which was taken later in his lifetime and here Rex explains a little about the background to the photo.



"I remember seeing this photograph at home when I was a child, but when my mother gave me some family photos, not long before she died, the top portion with the boys' faces was missing. Why anyone would bend it, I can't being to imagine! Anyway, I found this copy of it when chasing up the "Reynolds" side of the family living in Tauranga in September 2009.

Compared to the photo shown in Nicky's newsletter in March 2009, you can see that the 'boys' are now young men with fob watch chains and an emblem hanging from each of them. They and Heber have flowers in their lapels; Amy has a large bouquet of flowers in her lap while Sylvia the youngest child is holding a small basket of flowers. Most probably a special occasion or anniversary it would seem, but exactly what no one would know at first glance as there is no date and no note on the back of the photo to indicate what was being celebrated. When you first look at the photo you would be thinking it is obvious that the two taller boys on the left are the older sons and that the shorter on the right is the youngest, but it isn't the case. The emblems on the fob watch chains clearly identify who is who.

The boys, from left to right, are: Ernie whose emblem has 'The Lord's Prayer' engraved on it; Alf with what looks like a Cross .....but I cannot make it out for certain; and my father Percy whose emblem is a stylised Circular Saw Blade which is hidden by his little sister Sylvia's rather large bow!

The more I have thought about this photo the more convinced I have become that it was probably taken at the time of Heber and Amy's 25th wedding anniversary celebration, not just as a record for their own family, but also so that the photo could be sent back to the family in England, to Heber's older brother,



## HEBER CAUDWELL AND FAMILY

Henry Caudwell, his wife Annie Woodward but known as 'Nancy' and their two daughters living at Woodstock and also Heber's two maiden sisters Annie and Adah living in the town of Abingdon.

I have the invitation card sent to my father, Percy to an 'At Home' event on Monday evening at 4 pm on 27 January 1913. Heber and Amy had been married on 26th January 1888 at 21 Campbell Road, Grey Lynn, Auckland. The invitation card is headed 'Silver Wedding'. This would have made, at the time the photo was taken, that Alfred was in his 25th year, Percival (my father) in his 20th year, Ernest in his 18th year and Sylvia in her 10th year.

Heber would be in his 53rd year and Amy in her 51st and looking at the photo I think this is a good representation of their ages. I found this invitation amongst the photos my mother gave me..... without it I doubt I would have made the connection with the photo above—proving just how important it is to keep everything you find in family records to help piece together your family ancestry.

By February 1916, three years after the photograph was taken, Ernie had enlisted and served as a signalman on the Western Front being discharged from service in May 1919. You will have read extracts from my Uncle Ernie's War Diary in the newsletter of June 2010. Percy enlisted in June 1917 and served on the Western Front as a Lewis gunner before being discharged in May 1919 as "no longer physically fit for War Service on account of wounds received in action". Alf was in the Reserve Division in New Zealand from 1916-1917. Their mother Amy died in 1922, twenty years before her husband Heber, so it was so fortunate that this family photograph had been taken when it was.



Photograph of Percy's fob watch chain with the blade attached.

Both Nicky and I are ever hopeful that any living descendants of Heber's elder brother Henry Caudwell will read these references to Henry in the newsletters and will get in touch, as for some reason, links to them appear to have been lost. If anyone reading this article thinks they might be related through this branch of the Caudwell family I would be very grateful if they made contact with Nicky via her email link at the back of this newsletter or directly through her webpage—thank you”

Rex Caudwell in New Zealand

# CAUDWELL FAMILY ALBUM

Mark Caudwell has recently forwarded to me some wonderful photographs of members of the Caudwell family that I had not seen before. I have written about these ancestors in past newsletters and particularly in the one of September 2008 when I wrote about the children born to William Caudwell and Hannah Lousley of Drayton Manor during the years 1804 to 1829. Instead of including these photos over future newsletters, I thought it might be nice to create a photo gallery of them here.

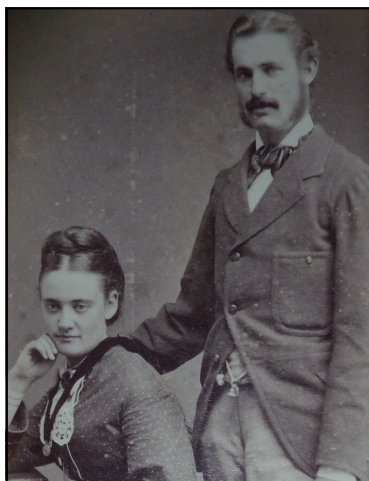
The photographs shown immediately below and the two photos to the bottom right are those of the descendants of William and Hannah's son Charles Caudwell and his wife Anne Frewin.



Hannah Lousley (1782-1849), mother to fifteen children born at Drayton Manor



Ernest Caudwell (1845-1926)  
Taken c1880-1890



Eli Caudwell (1847-1908) & wife Mary Davis (1850 - 1931)  
Taken c1877-1887



Adela Caudwell (1870- 1952)  
Taken c1890-1900

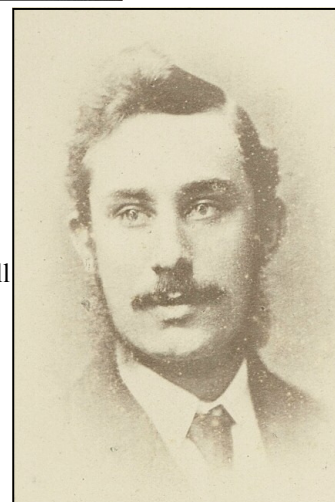


Leopold Caudwell (1859-1911)  
in Merchant Navy Uniform  
Taken c1876-1886



Cecillia (1862-1940) and Bertha Caudwell (1864-?)  
Taken c1880-1885

Cuthbert Caudwell (1856-1902)



**“ THE VILLAGE SHOP ” .**  
**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 is another story 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. This story written as through the eyes of a young girl certainly conjures up how I imagine a typical village shop would have been like during the very early 20th century.*

People went ‘down the shop’, ‘up the shop’, or as in the case of Maria’s family ‘over the shop’ - otherwise just across the road. There stood the small village shop—it was the only shop Maria had known until later when she was taken two miles into the small town to which she walked either along the bleak road just out of the village or in good weather across the field road following the cart tracks by corn fields and orchards. The little village shop was also the bakery where from the back came the appetising smell of baking bread and cakes.

Some folk would bring their own cakes there to be baked and Maria would see cake tins handed across the counter, the crisp grease-proof paper as her mother used it, rising well up above the sides of the cake tin. These cakes were sure to come from the baker’s oven flat and looking like ‘a bought cake’ and they would never be as sometimes the cakes baked at home were—a little bit lower on one side or a little browner one side—perhaps because the oven had been a bit ‘difficult’.

There was a counter with big cheeses, bacon and big slabs of lard and a counter with the scales with the various size weights which Maria would watch as the man skilfully put the

right ones on to weigh the goods. Then there were the many sweet jars—tall glass ones with lids with lovely glass knobs on them, the many coloured sweets showing gaily through the glass. Sometimes Maria took her penny and bought some of the kind she was allowed to have, perhaps fruit drops or if you didn’t mind only a few, some big pear drops covered with sugar. She would look at the huge hum-bugs striped with gaudy stripes smelling of peppermint, wishing that her mother wouldn’t tell her they were not nice to have. She would watch the kindly woman curling the papers neatly into little enveloped bags, hoping the sweets would reach the top of the bag.

Sometimes she had two pence and then a great decision must be made. Should she perhaps decide to venture to ‘the drapery side’ where the chocolates were sold? This side of the shop was also the post-office, with a telephone which was used by the village people in ‘emergencies’ - it also sold all things from pins to stockings and buttons to all kinds of such things; postcards and writing paper—and chocolates. Now this presented a grave problem, for on this side of the shop the owner served together with two women. The shop owner was a good gentleman, a preacher in the chapel and a very jovial man but he was also very exact in all his dealings with his customers. However, if the women served a small child with chocolate and the child wanted loose chocolates instead of a bar well, what would be about four of five chocolates to a child?

There would be a quick glance over the shoulder and if the coast was clear, in would go a few more of the gorgeous brown milky chocolates, but if it was the owner who asked you what you wanted—you then had to think very quickly indeed—either you bought a bar or you watched the scales go down oh so quickly after the first two or three chocolates—oh why were they so heavy—or—and this was Maria’s own idea one day—you

**“ THE VILLAGE SHOP ” .**  
**MEMORIES OF RHONA HOLLIDAY’S**  
**CHILDHOOD SPENT IN EAST HAGBOURNE**

bought a 1d stamp which you exchanged at home for a penny and returned to the shop some time later—firstly peeping inside the door, which was almost always open—being a two sided affair opening from the middle, and if there was no sign of the owner or better still if he was very engrossed serving someone else then you tried again—perhaps returning home with great glee with about twice as many chocolates as you should and fervently hoping they would be all different and not too many hard ones.

Another thing that could be done to avoid being served by the gentleman was to twirl round the rack of coloured postcards as if you were very “*intent upon choosing the right one*”.

Maria did this often, clutching the two coppers tightly in her little hot hand—the guilty feeling she had making her even hotter with apprehension and then when the pleasant woman was near, suddenly deciding you didn’t want a postcard but you wanted chocolates instead!

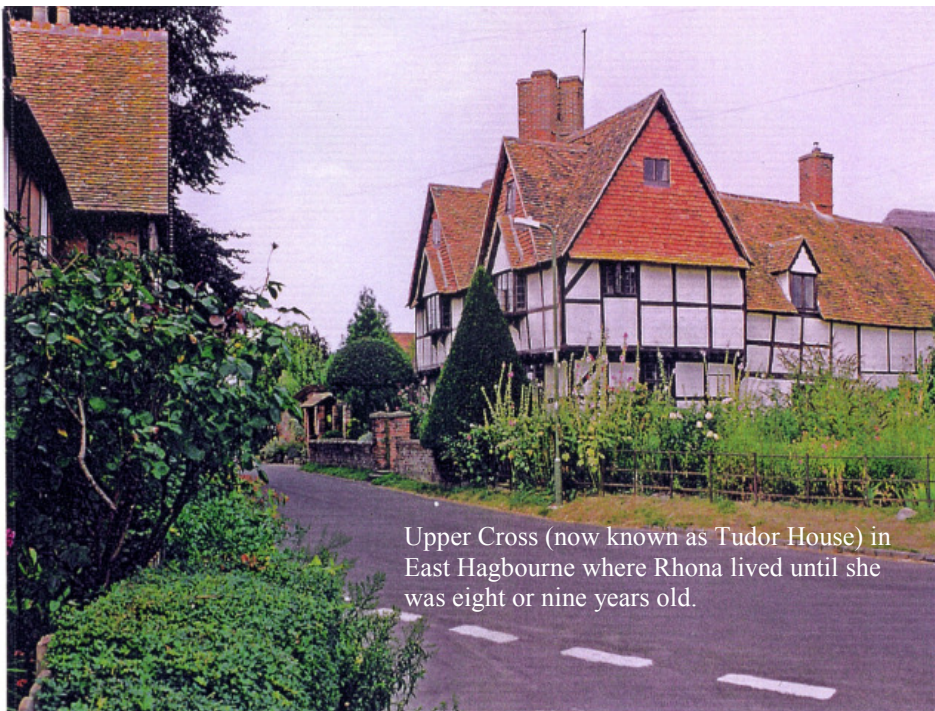
Some of the things in the shop window were never bought and one might think they had been there for many months. Some had even faded slightly, although the big sun blind was lowered during the summer—then you saw the two boys with poles drawing it down with a great to do—and you dared not walk too near in case it dropped on you.

There was the little baker’s cart with the pretty brown pony that trotted gaily out from the yard at the back of the shop. In the shop you met your friends and it was a warm and friendly atmosphere on the cold winter days. There were stacks of biscuit tins just inside the door and Maria often wondered what would be done if someone asked for some from the bottom tin on the floor, as the tins were piled so high she could scarcely read what the biscuits in the top most tin were. There was a tin of ‘*broken biscuits*’ which some people bought at a much cheaper price and Maria would see the women

taking a very big bag filled with all these various kinds of broken bits—she wished she could have some as there were so many different kinds there—ones with bright pink icing on them,

halves of chocolate biscuits and biscuits made like little animals or even little men with broken arms or legs or with no heads at all.

Then there was the mysterious region ‘*upstairs*’ where no one ever went except one of the shop assistants would clatter up the wooden stairway which led to the ‘*unknown*’. Maria wondered what was kept up there. At Christmas time anyone could go up there and she wondered if the gay array of Christmas things stayed there, shut away all through the long year—so she would gaze up at this store room wondering what she would find to delight her when that much awaited time came.



Upper Cross (now known as Tudor House) in East Hagbourne where Rhona lived until she was eight or nine years old.

## NEW LOWSLEY FAMILY MEMBER FROM THE UNITED STATES

Just before Christmas of 2011, I received an email from a new contact on the Lowsley side of our family tree. Jim descends from Luke Lowsley, the eldest son of Job Lousley (1790-1855) from the village of South Moreton who I wrote about in December 2008.

Luke Lowsley married Mary Maria Dewe on 12 July 1865 in the village of Hampstead Norreys in Berkshire and they went on to have nine children, including Jim's grandfather Hubert Ivon Lowsley. Hubert was born and raised in Hampstead Norreys and he later married Madeline Bayspoole who although born in Hampshire, as a young woman she moved to Hampstead Norreys to become a nanny for the Dewe family of Wyld Court Farm. This is inevitably how Hubert and Madeline would have met.

Hubert emigrated to America in 1905, not too long after serving with the South African Constabulary in South Africa for three years. Madeline followed him out to America in late 1906 and neither of them returned to England again.

Hubert and Madeline married in South Texas in February 1907 and shortly afterwards moved north to the town of Okmulgee, Indian

Territory (which became the state of Oklahoma later in 1907). Jim's mother Catherine was born in 1910; she had an older sister Madeline and a younger brother Ivon. Jim's grandfather Hubert died in 1933 and his grandmother Madeline died in 1947.

Jim was born in the U.S and raised in Norman, Oklahoma, known primarily as the location of the University of Oklahoma. Jim now lives in the state of Colorado which is a suburb of Denver.

Although Jim has spent most of his life in the U.S he and his family have visited England over the years. In fact Jim and his family were here in England last summer and it's a shame we hadn't made contact before as we could have met up. Jim is a very keen family history enthusiast like myself and has spent many years researching his family roots.

The photographs on this page were kindly sent to me by Jim and again these were photos that were new to me and have really helped to illustrate visually this branch of the Lowsley family.



Luke Lowsley (1828-1892)



Mary Maria Dewe (1845-1903)



Hubert Ivon Lowsley & wife Madeline Bayspoole  
(1879-1933) (1870-1947)

If there is anyone else you think would like a copy of this newsletter, 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 at [nickstepney@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:nickstepney@hotmail.co.uk) I will be writing the next newsletter in December so if you could let me have anything by mid November that would be great—thank you.

### *More Photos from the Album*

#### **Acknowledgements and Sources:**

Photos of East Hagbourne from Robin Wedderburn  
East Hagbourne Village Website  
Parish registers of East Hagbourne—Berkshire Record Office  
IGI—International Genealogical Index  
Last Will & Testament of Francis Loder—1746  
Last Will & Testament of Margaret Loder—1757  
Census of England & Wales 1841—1891  
Ancestry.co.uk  
Free BMD website  
Memories of Parsonage Farm written by Robin Wedderburn with accompanying photographs  
Article and photographs on Heber Caudwell and his family written by Rex Caudwell from New Zealand  
Mark Caudwell for more photographs of members of the Caudwell family from Drayton Manor  
Rhona Cockburn (nee Holliday) - from "Country Joys", memories of her childhood spent in East Hagbourne  
Jim, a Lowsley family member from the United States for his introduction and accompanying Lowsley photographs.  
John Cockburn for photograph of Parsonage Farm and of Leslie Holliday

#### **Coming in the Next Issue:**

- ◆ The village of Milton in Oxfordshire
- ◆ Richard Holliday & his wife Mary and their descendants
- ◆ Another chapter from Rhona Holliday's "Country Joys"  
plus lots more .....



Another photo of Leslie Holliday (1886-1978), brother to Florence, Constance Vera, Bertram and John Warner Holliday.

Date and place taken are unknown