

Hargreaves Family History

Caroline Butler organised for relatives to record on a cassette player.

Birthday recordings

These were recorded for Hannah's 80th birthday. The tape I have must have been the one Caroline sent to Margaret for the occasion, as it has a personal letter on the end of it.

Memoirs

The recordings are from about 1987. Auntie Marjorie refers to Caroline & Russell Butler's visit to them the previous year, which would have been in 1986.

Contents

Birthday Recordings.....	2
Auntie Kate (Hargreaves)	2
Eddie and Marjorie White	7
Margaret's Birthday (Caroline to Margaret).....	20
Memoirs.....	25
Katherine (Hargreaves) Gillespie.....	25
Marjorie & Eddie White.....	30
Auntie Kate.....	46

Birthday Recordings

Auntie Kate (Hargreaves)

This is Auntie Kate, or else your sister-in-law Kate, who is talking to you to wish Hannah a very happy 80th birthday. Now I've been 80 for nearly two years, I've been 80 and 81 and nearly 82, and I tell you I don't feel any worse than I did when I was 79. So I don't think Hannah will either and I do wish her a very, very happy birthday. I wish I could be with you but of course that's quite impossible. It takes very much money to do these journeys and now that Sarah is married and lives in Natal outside Durban and has a little daughter and another baby coming I have to save up all my money in order to go and visit them. And I am hoping that after the birth of the baby in about June that I should be able to go out again this year when I am already 82, in about October, to see the new baby and my little Kate granddaughter who is already there. So, now Hannah, I hope that you will be able to go and visit Margaret again. Don't be discouraged because you are 80 because it doesn't make any difference, if you feel alright, then you go, trot off and see her. I am sure she will be glad to have you. Their home sounds very beautiful. I wish I could go there and visit them, but as I say it is quite impossible. The one journey into Africa is all I can afford these days. And so I do wish Hannah a very, very happy birthday and a healthy new year for her.

We have been delighted to have Julie here staying with us, Katherine's young daughter. She is a very delightful girl and so plucky to be going about as she is doing. I had one card from her from Egypt where she has been seeing the Sphinx and I thought of the time when I was out there with Katherine as a little girl of about 7, with her father, and he was taking her back to Iran, Persia in those days, with him to see Hannah his new wife and baby Roger. That does seem a very long time ago doesn't it. By all accounts Egypt was a nicer place to be in in those days than it was when Julie has been there now. She seemed to think it was frightfully dirty and the people weren't very friendly. It seemed quite different when we were there but we weren't there for very long. I went into Egypt with Katherine via France and a boat across the Mediterranean from Marseille to Alexandria and home again the same way, and I was away just a fortnight. But it was a very lovely experience. Now of course we have had a letter from Julie saying that she was in a kibbutz in Israel. She seems to be enjoying that quite well, as have all the other girls I've known who've gone over there. They quite frequently go from Wells from one of the schools when they are leaving school, they take a turn out in a kibbutz and it seems to suit them very well indeed. I am wondering where Julie will land next time. I hope she will come back to England and we shall see her again. She didn't say in her letter whether she has heard anything about this course that she was hoping to take, but doubtless we shall hear in due time.

Now I am very sorry that Martin and his wife Sue can't be here to say a word to you also, but he of course is in his battalion, I don't know what to call it quite, in Blandford and Sue at the moment is having to take a course, a five week course, because in her office she is in the RAF, in her office they are changing the system. So they have shut their house and she is up near her people in Shropshire and Martin has gone back to his old village in Blandford, in Wiltshire. In the meantime we've had their cat to look after. Mum does come in useful sometimes for things like that. We shall be sorry to see it go. It's been a sweet little cat. And now I wonder what else I can tell you about ourselves. We've had a very, very cold winter with much snow and frost but we've got over it and we didn't come to any harm. Our electricity bills have gone up of course but we get over that these days and now we are coming into spring. The snow drops in the garden and the daffodils all showing up, it is a miserably wet day today and a bit cold but the spring is coming and we are looking forward to it. And you I presume are having it rather hot, as is Sarah out in Natal. It's a very hot time of the year for them.

Now Julie was very interested in the Hargreaves family while she was here and I dare say she has told her mother about how we went around Bath and looked at various places where my father and mother, her grandfather and grandmother were buried, and so on. And I thought perhaps you might like to hear a little bit more about the Hargreaves family. Not that I can tell you a lot because of course my father died when I was only two, in about 1902. He had a heart attack and died very suddenly and so of course none of us children really knew him and I least of all because I was the youngest of the three. My two brothers, Henry and Hodgson the eldest, he must have been six at the time. But my father had three brothers, Thomas, James and the youngest Earnest and had three sisters. They were a Yorkshire family. My grandfather, James, was one of eight children, and he was the son of another James Hargreaves and his wife Elizabeth Wormersley. Hargreaves of course is a well-known Yorkshire name. And as in the 1800s Yorkshire meant wool and they were in that trade. My grandfather probably in a small way, working from his own home in Pudsey, one of the small towns in Yorkshire. In those days a great deal of the weaving was done in their own homes by women and then it was brought into the owner of the house or small factory or mill and I suppose my grandfather amassed enough wealth in this way, when everything was going for these people, to come down into Wiltshire in 1873, himself with a growing family and he bought the second largest of the woollen mills down in Wiltshire. It was at Bradford-on-Avon. The name of the place was Staverton. It seems to me it was the height of folly for him to have come and bought this place because all the people before that, from

1812 onwards, the owners had gone bankrupt and how did he expect to run a mill and make it prosperous after that. However, Grandfather did buy it in 1873 and worked the mill until 1891. Wiltshire of course was near the Cotswold Hills and that country was very good for running sheep and the wool was very fine. But even then they were buying wool from Australia. They specialised in very fine woollen cloth. Actually I was given a length once by one of my Auntie's, my father's sister, and had it made up and could wear it. Now this was wonderful because my skin seems to be allergic to wool, it gets very irritated and I get irritated, but I could wear that because it was so fine and nice. So this family of four sons and three daughters lived and worked at this mill in Bradford-on-Avon. Thomas, James, Henry and Ernest. Thomas wanted to be a doctor but as he was a wizard at figures and could add up a page absolutely accurately in a flash, his father made him stay and be the accountant.

My father, Henry, used to go up to London to buy the wool brought over from Australia by the wool clippers. How he came to meet my mother I don't know as she lived in Bath, Somerset and he lived and worked in Bradford, Wiltshire. But I think it must have been that when my grandfather died and the mill was sold, the brothers separated and my father probably came and lived in Bath for a time, and that is how they met. My grandfather, who was a real obstinate Yorkshireman, who would stand up to anyone, part of the ground around his mill was on the Estate of the Marquess of Bath. His country home is Longleat House, known very well as a very beautiful mansion. And the Marquess took Grandfather to court over some right of way. The two men confronted one another with "I am the Marquess of Bath, who are you?" "I am Lord Hargreaves". My own father was a chip off the old block. He was annoyed with his solicitor and threw a book at his head once. And of course Yorkshiremen and Lancashire people up there, Yorkshire especially, come from probably the old Viking stock, Scandinavian. And they are big, fairly hefty men usually, and fair haired and have rather quick tempers. But the mill came to an end with the death of Grandfather.

I don't know whether I ought to tell you really, but my mother used to tell me that father had said that Grandfather was rather addicted to strong drink and he would come in some times and sweep everything off the mantel piece and father would have to dig a hole in the ground and bury it all. So when we were small father wouldn't let us have anything, not even ginger beer in the house because he didn't want any of us to get addicted to such drink. The sons sold out after Grandfather's death and went their separate ways. And my father and mother were married in 1895 in Bath. And I, the youngest of their three children was born in 1900. And as I said before, my father died suddenly after a heart attack in 1902.

And so I cannot say that I ever knew him. Very sad for me and all of us. And so of course he being dead and I being small then, I never had an opportunity before that, or any of us, to find out anything from him about the family. But I think when Caroline was over here we talked about our family, the Hargreaves family and she saw some of the things I had, just as Julie has done since. And I have been trying to find out more about the family. In fact the other day I wrote to my sister-in-law, my husband's sister who lives now in Bradford-on-Avon and asked her if she could suggest how I could find out any more about the family, as I can't go up there very well these days. And she suggested that I write to the Vicar of a place called 'Hilperton' which is outside Bradford-on-Avon, as friends of hers had told her that they thought there was a stained glass window in Hilperton Church to my Grandmother. So I have written to the Vicar there but so far haven't received anything from him. I hope I shall in due course and perhaps I can let you know something more about what happened to Grandfather and Grandmother and where they were buried. I should like to know.

Now there was a cousin of my father's who died at sea on his way back from Australia. I think his name was Joshua, where he was a buyer, or I don't know whether he was a buyer, but he went over there to bargain about wool and he went back and forwards. Now my Grandfather's brother, William, settled out there. He went out as a young man with another brother of his, or cousin of his, I don't quite know which. They thought they would find gold, but of course they didn't. And the one who took this William out he became sort of a ranger about and didn't do anything very definite. But William settled out there. I don't quite know what he was, but he married and had three daughters and a son. And I rather think that Hannah met the three daughters. They lived at Liverpool. They came over here to England and I saw them. It was rather funny really because they wrote to me and said they were coming and it was before I was married and I had a little two seater car with a dickie seat at the back. And they said they would be coming out to where we lived at Walthamstow, which is the east side of London, and would I meet them at the station. So I went down and met them with this little car, two seater with a dickie seat, and they were three large women, very large, tall, broad, and I thought 'good gracious, they'll never get into the car', however they did and they seemed to enjoy the ride up. It wasn't very far to our house and we had a good talk together and tea together out on the lawn of our house. They toured around and went up to Yorkshire and saw the old places and before they went back to Australia, they were very kind to me during the war, sending me parcels of this that and the other that I couldn't get over here. I was very grateful to them. But they had one brother and he married a Hilda Begg at Rockhampton. I think she was the daughter of a hotel keeper and they had one son Bryce. Now when Caroline wrote to me last she said that her husband had a patient whose

name was Mrs Hargreaves and I am wondering if that is any relation, whether she has anything to do with the Beggs. You might try to find out because I can't, it is quite impossible for me to find anything out like that.

I don't think there is much more that I can tell you. Grandmother's maiden name was Elizabeth Hodgson, and that's how my elder brother gets his name Hodgson, Thomas Hodgson. Thomas after the uncle and Hodgson after his grandmother's maiden name. And Henry of course, Henry Ellison, Henry after his father and Ellison after a sister of Grandmother Hargreaves, who married somebody called Ellison. And she was a widow, a dear old lady when I knew her and the youngest son, my father's youngest brother, lived with her at a place called Bradford Moor in Yorkshire. And we used to go up there to see them sometimes when I was quite small. They lived in this big old, like an old farm house, and quite a good bit of land near it. They had one old servant, an Irish woman called Bridget, who used to make dampers and hang them over the plate rack, over the old cooker in the kitchen. A great bit old range. And they hadn't got any proper lavatory in the house, and we used to have to go down the garden with an awful old place, dreadful, I used to hate to go down there. However that is a very long time ago. Our solicitor used to say that the whole place ought to be burned down it was so old. I don't know what's happened to it since, but my cousin, Mary Smeaton, lives next door to it. Her mother lived there. Her mother was my father's sister, her name was Emma Smeaton, and she had a son and a daughter, Mary and Jock. His name isn't Jock at all, it's Ernest (Hebberen), but they always called him Jock. And when Aunt Emma died, by the way, she had the same trouble as her father. She was a bit of an alcoholic. I was horrified to find this but I can quite understand that she really, it really was true, because she used to come down with her two children sometimes, she was a widow by that time, come down and spend some holidays with us in Devonshire where we lived and she used to 'titter' and put her handkerchief up to her mouth and I am sure it was because she didn't want us to smell that she had been drinking. Awful thought wasn't it. Anyway, Mary Smeaton still lives up there. She never married. She is about 70 and Jock lives in Cheshire.

And those are the only members of the family left still over here and myself. We seem to be a dying race. However I feel much closer to the family now that I have seen Julie. I wish some more of you would come over here. You seem to be able to travel about much more than we are able to these days. I should love to see some of you over here, we shall give you a very hearty welcome. And now I think I have said enough, both about the family and

ourselves. And once again I do wish you, Hannah especially, a very happy birthday and a very successfully healthful and happy year to follow.

Good bye.

Eddie and Marjorie White

(They both sing happy birthday to Hannah)

Eddie: Well Hannah, that delightful duet was by the two specialist singers, Eddie and Marjorie, and Eddie was playing, to wish you a very happy 80th birthday. I thought this was a very good idea of Caroline's to ask us to send a tape which we are going to do. This is just the first part of it. But I thought it would be a good idea if we could dig up some folk who you knew, or who knew you, when you were living in England. There aren't very many in this area, but at least we've got one and at the present moment I am in Dr John Woodfield's study, that's not quite the right word is it – office, at Newbold College and we are here together and we're going to have a little conversation between both of us to add a little more interest to the tape.

Well John, do you remember when it was that the Hargreaves were in Stanborough Park? I think you were in charge of the school at the time.

John: Yes, I think it was some little time after you left for Newbold and we were living up on what they called Holy Row. I don't know how we managed to get there, and I remember all three children very well.

Eddie: Ah good, they all went to the school evidently. What do you remember of them?

John: Well I remember Roger with his fresh complexion and his ginger hair.

Eddie: Like his father.

John: Yes. And his cheerful outgoing nature. I remember Caroline and Margaret and their very immaculately combed hair done up in two pigtails each. Their bright shining school faces.

Eddie: Well Caroline might be here listening to this but Margaret I'm sure won't be, she is now living in Canada with her husband and family of three. But Caroline and Roger could well be here listening to this tape. Did you have them in any of your classes?

John: No, I don't think so because they were mostly in the junior school as I remember.

Eddie: Could well be. And you remember Dr Hargreaves?

John: Oh yes very well.

Eddie: You don't remember where they were living at the time?

John: Not really, no I just simply remember, or have a vision of Roger particularly running up the main drive to the school.

Eddie: Oh yes! We left for Australia I think fairly soon after they arrived, but I do remember that when we met them we managed to accommodate them in our home and later on they lived with the Frenches who were opposite us. But later on I have an idea they lived in some of those rooms in what is now the Stanborough School.

John: Yes.

EW: We had only the ground floor ...

John: That's right yes.

Eddie: You were telling me just before we recorded something about a bicycle.

John: Yes, it was Margaret's bicycle I think, and when all of you left to go back to Persia I believe the bicycle was disposed of and we bought it from you. And I well remember panting up and down Holy Row, holding grimly onto the pillar of the saddle, to teach Rosemary how to ride. In fact she did learn how to ride on Margaret's bicycle.

Eddie: Well, that's an interesting connection, I suppose the bicycle is old iron somewhere.

John: I have no idea where it disappeared to.

Eddie: Well John, thank you very much indeed, I am sure that will be of interest to them.

John: Yes well, thank you for giving me the privilege of wishing Mrs Hargreaves a very, very happy birthday and I hope that she'll have many more after and that they'll be just as happy and made happier by the memories that perhaps this tape records.

Eddie: Thank you very much.

Well Hannah, we had another idea and thought of brother French in Garston. So we came over and it's Sabbath afternoon now, February the 20th. Brother French built a bungalow next to the house you used to live in and we are in that little bungalow now. Marjorie is just going to say a word and then brother French has got a greeting.

Marjorie: Hello Hannah, and all of you. Do you remember the day you arrived from Persia and Uncle came to meet you at Waterloo? You all came down to Wessex and there I was waiting so excited for you to come. And then you crowded in for that first night into our house, our little bungalow. Remember how we all had to sleep? And the next morning Mrs French came over and offered her house. And now brother French is going to talk to you.

Mr French: I was so pleased to hear brother and sister White on the telephone to me suggesting that they would come over so that I could say a few words to you because I hear that you very shortly have a very special date that you are keeping. And I wish to send my very best regards to you all for that particular time. And I wish you all of God's blessings. I myself have had very good health all my life for which I thank our dear Lord. Until a few months ago when I started to get short of breath. The doctor said that was hardening of the arteries and I suggested that he give me something to soften them then, which he has been doing, and I feel quite a lot better. The weather here has been very cold, snowy, wet – which has not helped me. But, I am still thankful for the help the dear Lord has given me all my life. I have always had lovely thoughts for all your family, especially from the time when, and I can still picture the children playing in the sand heap, and I always remember that Katherine gave a leaflet to my wife, in those days, for a meeting that was to be held in Stanborough Park Church and that brought the truth to us that we knew nothing about. I thank you all for this and now Daisy Adams SRN, who was the second girl we had in our home, while the various girls were training to be nurses, and she came and lived with us for

at least the last 25 years and she did a lot of very good work in helping us and helping me in the building of our new bungalow.

As Daisy is a full-time night sister at the local hospital, she spends her off-duty time in the home with me to help me and to do my cooking and other chores.

Eddie: Now brother French, I am very interested to hear what you said about Katherine. And we were talking just before you recorded this, tell us again what happened when you went to that first meeting.

Mr French: As we went into the front door of the Stanborough Park Church, brother Hargreaves suggested that we should all go upstairs as there was more room in the front row of the gallery for our long legs. Mrs French was taken sick with some influenza and we stayed away and then we had a visit from Pastor Wesley Armstrong and he asked why we hadn't been any more. And we said that it was through sickness that we hadn't come and so Pastor Armstrong suggested that he visited us at the home. And this he did. And from then on we decided to carry on and I understand that during this time someone asked brother Hargreaves if he thought that we would become Adventists. And his reply was that Mrs French would become an Adventist but Mr French would never because he would never give up smoking.

Marjorie: Brother French – I remember when you gave that up and I said to you 'What are you doing now?' and you said 'When I want to smoke a pipe I'm to eat some almonds in the car' and I said 'What did you do with your pipe?' and years after Hannah, he opened the drawer and there lay his pipe which he had never used since.

Eddie: Well I remember, I think you said brother French that you said 'well I'll have one last smoke'. He went down to the back of the garden, had smoke and then put the pipe away. Is that right.

Mr French: When I decided that I would give up smoking, in my garage where I did odd jobs, I had a calendar and I put a big black ring around a certain date, that was the last day in which I was going to smoke. And that was the last day before I was going to North Devon for a seaside holiday for a fortnight. And on that day, that last day, I had my car in the garage, getting it ready for the next morning, and at midnight I'd finished. The car was finished ready for the trip and I still had a half-smoked cigarette in my mouth, which I came

out, locked the garage door, took the cigarette out of my mouth and looked at it, and then flicked it across the lawn and said 'That's that'. And I've never had a smoke of any sort since.

Marjorie: That's wonderful, a wonderful story.

Eddie: That's quicker than a five day plan isn't it? That's a five second one!

Mr French: And at the present time in the roof of my bungalow, you could find a tobacco pouch with some tobacco in it, and a pipe. And in my garage you will find a half a box of cigars and they are not for smoking but a short while ago I was invited to a friend's house and their children were all growing up, they were teenagers, and one of the girls had a boyfriend there. He was not an Adventist and he smoked, and I said 'What, you smoke? What do you do that for?' I said 'I'll tell you what to do, I've got some cigars at home and I occasionally go in the garage and take one of these cigars out and break a piece off the end, take it down to my green house and crush it up into a saucer and put a match to it and set fire to it and come out and shut the door. That kills all the little bugs in there and that's what it will do to you!'

At the end of that journey to the Cornish coast, when we started off we decided to give a ride to Bath to two members of the hydro. And my wife said to me before we started, 'I don't know what you're going to do about smoking, but you know these ladies won't like smoking'. I said, 'well as they're getting a ride down there for nothing they'll have to put up with it won't they'. We got to Bath, we went to a friend's house and had a meal and then we proceeded and went on the Appledore on the coast.

Marjorie: Appledore – that was where we went for our honeymoon!

Eddie: Bert and Kate were there. Sorry to interrupt, carry on brother French.

Mr French: When we arrived at Appledore we took a walk down to look at the sea, and as we were leaning on the front looking out to sea my wife said to me 'I don't believe you've had a smoke all day'. I said 'Good gracious, I've forgotten it'. So she said, 'Save it until the morning' and I said 'I'll do that, because I didn't intend to smoke, I've got two packets of cigarettes in my pocket in case I wanted them, but I knew I would never use them and if I hadn't got them I would have gone in and bought some'. And that's a fact.

Eddie: Well that was a surprise to your wife then? Well brother French, thank you very much indeed, I'm sure that will interest the folk as they celebrate the 80th birthday.

Marjorie: And Hannah, just a little bit of personal news. Brother French looks just like he did when you were here, even though that is so many years ago, and he's as bright as a berry, full of fun ...

Eddie: And as you've heard, he still has his sense of humour.

Mr French: and I was 85 last September.

Marjorie: No, really?

Eddie: You beat Hannah by 5 then! And he's just as kind because on the table there are two jars of honey that he has prepared, and he's loaded me with that I am going to take home. Just the same, it's been very nice to be with him.

Marjorie: Lovely!

Eddie: Well the time has moved on and it's now the 1st day of March and Hannah, we were very happy to receive a letter from you this morning saying that you were going down to Canberra, which Roger and Helen had taken you down there having left Rosemary at Avondale. So maybe you will still be down there when this message comes to you. In fact I know you will. Because I can tell you now that Caroline wrote to us and suggested that we send the tape. We have been trying to think of other people who might know you, like John Woodfield and Mr French, but I don't think there are any around here or within that radius. So we will put our message on and then post it off to you air mail, to Caroline, so that she will get it in time to play it to you.

We were very interested to see the possibility or at least shall we say just the talk, of your making a visit to Margaret again. I wish you could come back this way if it is at all possible, because we'd like you to see the home where we've finally settled down for the last time. We are very cosy here, quite happy that we've made the choice to go to England. Although of course we will have to make a visit to Australia again to see you all, and we talk vaguely about it. Some time when we examine our finances, we will be making the trip because we'll be able to manage it, I am sure of that. And it would be so nice to see you all again. Of

course we liked living in Switzerland too and it was a bit difficult to leave there but one of the problems was the language, we like to listen to a sermon in English every week and there we had to listen to one in German translated into French. But of course we enjoyed it there and didn't have any problems in communication, but here we are in our native land and as Sir Walter Scott said "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land". And I am enjoying myself because I am doing a little spot of teaching. At the present time I am teaching a class three times a week for 11 weeks in Science and Religion, which is my speciality. I think I may have told you this in the letter though. And next quarter for about 11 weeks, which will be from April, May and June, I'll be teaching a class in my hobby which is Church music and hymnology.

But back to what I said at first, we'd like you to see where we are, a nice garden, a nice district about three miles from the College and pleasant associations. And we've got to know some of our neighbours and they are very nice people. We hope to be able to spread some influence for the message, but time will tell.

When we were thinking of who we could get to record who knew you, we suddenly realised that we'd forgotten exactly when you did leave. I know very well when you arrived because we were living in Wessex and it was just after the war but I hadn't got a car then and I'd arranged with Mr Herrington to fetch your baggage from the station because I knew that it would be more than one suitcase and a hat box, and I went up by train to Waterloo and then enquired when the boat train was coming in. And I didn't know until afterwards that there were three sections of it, because I was waiting on the platform where your section didn't come in! And I wondered what had happened. And I remember wandering back and forth after that, then discovering that a train, another train had come in, from South Hampton I think it was. Another section of the boat train, so that you must have arrived. And then I finally saw you waiting in the taxi queue. Do you remember that? Well, how pleased I was. I think you were pleased too because Henry told us afterwards that Hodgson had been there and met you and just had a word with you and said 'oh well, nice to see you, good-bye' and just left you.

I know we crowded you all into that little bungalow in Wessex. I can't think where you all slept because we just had our bedroom and one small guest room. I suppose some of you were on the 'put-you-up' as we called it in the dining room and others must have been on the floor or on the settee in the drawing room. But I know Mrs French relented, I suppose she wondered how on earth all those people could sleep in that little cottage. And then you

stayed over there. And then it must have been fairly shortly after that when we were moved to Newbold because didn't you live in the annex at some time? And I know Caroline and Roger and probably Margaret too, went to the school and Katherine did of course as well. But then Katherine came to Newbold with us. So what happened? I can't quite work that out and I would very much like to know.

Well, all of the reminiscences and I hope Hannah, and the rest of you, just imagine me sitting here in the home chatting away and with no prepared script or anything like that, just waffling on like old men do.

Well now Caroline and Russell, if you are there, special greetings to you. Roger and Helen you are sure to be there because it will be in your home. We'd like to see you in your new home. And sometime soon we'll write a little note to Rosemary to congratulate her on being at Avondale and just surprise her by a letter from overseas. And Katherine and Ron if you are there and you might be, love to you also. We haven't seen Julie since she came to us immediately after arriving, but we've had a letter from her, we replied but that letter may be chasing her around Europe or Palestine or wherever she is at the moment. At least we shall make contact again when she comes back to England.

Well I wish we could join in the happy birthday celebrations and see the 80 candles on the cake. Or have you taken some prophetic symbolism and said well one candle equals 10 years and just put eight on, it's much easier to blow them out that way. Well that's enough of my little chatter. God bless you Hannah, keep you well and in good health and strength. I am glad you are not being disturbed too much by these concerned brethren on the one hand and the Ford supporters on the other, I think you are taking a very sane middle course. I preached at Woking, just a little church near here last Sabbath, no the Sabbath before, and I thought I would give them something on the sanctuary, so I preached on Revelation 10, the little book, that I must prophesise again and went straight on to Chapter 11 to tell them what they had to prophesise about and it's rise and measure the sanctuary. So I gave them the old fundamentals on the sanctuary too. I hope it did them good and may help them if we get disturbance over here. It doesn't appear to be spreading very much at the moment anyway. Well God bless you all, wish we could be there and I hope that this message will be the next best thing.

Now Marjorie I know is going to say something, so at the moment she has a slight cold so if you hear some coughing now and again it's nothing to be worried about and nothing that some nasty medicine that I've got upstairs won't cure in a very, very short time.

Marjorie: Hello Hannah, here am I. My cold is not nearly as bad as Ed says. I got it from Mr French who'd had it for months, several months and I just coughed a little last night in bed and Ed gave me some vial medicine this morning which did a tremendous amount of good and I had some more this afternoon. I don't feel at all ill, it's just in my voice occasionally. And let me tell you Hannah, it is a German medicine, and it's pretty bad but it does a lot of good.

I was looking in my snap album this morning to see where I had a picture of you Hannah, I don't know what year it must have been, I should think 1937. And you're here with us at Easenhall, and Katherine has a little tricycle by the side of you. And you look rather nice and very tall, much taller than you really are. And the other picture I have of you is a little further along and underneath I have written 'Hannah en-route to Persia'. And you are at the steering wheel of a ship, and there is a bell above you. Have you got those two? Well they are rather nice to look at. Because I was going to talk to you today I had to look up the old snap albums and which is rather interesting to look at sometimes.

Well as Ed said we were very happy this morning to have your letter and we thought the calendar must have arrived because we had a letter from Amy Hopkin last week to say hers had just arrived. Imagine, October 20 to now. Terrible. But I'm glad it has arrived. We have the same one on our wall here in the front room of our house. It's a calendar which the Lucerne Church young people had printed with the special red for Sabbath. And I thought that was rather nice and they were selling it in aid of, I think it was the young people's hall or something for their church, and we bought it while we were over in Berne for all our friends and one for ourselves. Let me see, what else can I say about your letter. I hope you see Mrs Siska soon, because she was looking forward so much to seeing Dear Hannah and Dear Amy. I hope she has got her visa by now, or whatever it is, something to do with her pension isn't it. And I don't think there is anything else that I have to answer on your letter, but I shall be writing of course. But I am so glad that Rosemary has gone to college, and how nice for you to take her place for a little while. So nice for Helen and Roger to have you with them too. What do you do all day? Do you do some knitting? Or do you some work of some description with your hands I am sure. I am doing tapestry for a chair cover, I mean I ought to be, but I haven't done any for a long time because I have been knitting. Remember

the jumper that you made, the green one that I was telling you about on the letter, and Ed went through the elbows, and somebody said to me 'Why don't you unpick it above that and knit down again', so I did about four inches down from the arm hole and it wasn't quite the same dark green but almost, but it is a different wool. I have finished it and it has been cleaned and it looks very, very good. Ed is very pleased with it. So I had to do that first, and then I have to do the mending and then I have to do all these talks which takes quite a long time. We have quite a lot of visitors here. I have an enormous amount of writing letters and so there isn't a lot of time but I am going to start on my tapestry again soon and then I'm going to make another sweater for Ed. He said 'I don't need another one' but little does he realise that every one he has has a little darn somewhere and I think it's time he had one without a darn. I should explain that Ed has one very nice sweater, it's – oh, I don't know what the colour you'd call it – deep red – and that doesn't have sleeves but that looks rather nice. So I am going to make him another one in the same pattern because, well it's rather a nice pattern.

Now, I can't remember what I said so I must say again how much I wish we were with you and I was explaining I think how hard it has been to decide where to retire. Because as I've always said, half of my heart is in Australia and the other half is in Switzerland and people say 'you have no heart now', but I said I am manufacturing some more for my own country. But it was terribly hard. We have so many friends in both places. Look how fortunate we are, we have them world over now with all our travels. Here of course there are not so many people that we used to know, but there are quite a few and almost every Sabbath at church we have many many visitors and someone or other is always coming up to me and saying 'Do you remember me?' and I look at them and one girl I just could not think who she was; a woman, she had her daughter with a baby in her arms, and I said 'I'm sorry I don't know'. And it was Maeve Wilmshurst. Hannah I'm sure you've never heard of her. Katherine might remember Mr Wilmshurst, Pastor Wilmshurst. I don't know if he was here at the college when she was. But there was (Maisy) asking me to recognise her, and I hadn't seen her since she was 14 and here she is with her daughter and her grand-child. So it's a bit difficult. I was glad yesterday, we had a Newbold Association gathering. They have gatherings in various places, it's a club here that was arranged about 18 months ago and there are about 250 to 300 members already for former students and they had a dinner yesterday and then a programme in the afternoon and then films of the old Newbold. And one person came up to me and she said, 'You do remember me don't you Mrs White?' I looked at her and looked and I thought 'oh dear, are you so & so'. And then I had a bright thought and I said her name and oh she was so excited to think I had remembered her all

these years, because people do change in 34 years and I suspect I do and my hair is much greyer than it was I'm sure, but still as straight but people do have an advantage over me, because if I move or if I walk, 'ah that's Marjorie Brown who was at college with me'. Because well, I can't disguise my stiff leg can I? I wish I could but I can't. Well we had a lovely time there. And Hannah I have been going around asking lots of people 'Did you know Mrs Hargreaves when she was in England about 1947'. And people I was sure knew you said 'oh no, no we don't'. And I suppose when I've finished and we've sent the tape and I ask people still 'did you know Mrs Hargreaves', I am sure I shall find some people. I was sure that you knew the Dunningtons, who was a Mabel Howlett, I was sure of that, but she said 'no, no I don't know them, I knew Katherine', and many of them say 'I knew Katherine'. But of course you weren't this way so much. I don't know whether you ever came down to the college, you were on Stanborough Park and many people remember Caroline, but not so many as remember Katherine that we've met so far. But we have a lot of time to meet others and it's nice when they say 'how is little Katherine?' and all sorts of questions they ask me. 'Has she any children, is she married. What about the other children of the second family?' And then I tell them what Caroline is doing and about her children. Then Katherine and her children, and their husbands and what their names are and what their husbands do. 'And what about the boy, Roger'. Oh, and then I tell them about Roger and Helen and how Rosemary has just gone to college and then I tell them too about Margaret, who is in Canada and about her twins and so on. And they all are interested, they don't forget. People don't forget, we're just one large family when we are Adventists.

Well I don't know what else I can tell you. In the garden we have several primroses, blue and purple and the ordinary primrose colour which has been flowering all the winter. We bought them and planted them under an oak tree which I can see from the kitchen window. And they look beautiful. And directly the snow had gone we had it on the ground, what two or three weeks, covering the lawns and everything, directly the snow had gone there were the dear little primroses holding up their heads, just like the little crocus that we saw in Switzerland the first year we were there. Half of the field covered in snow, the other half which was on the lower level, this is right high in the mountains. The snow was falling and there were the dear little crocuses. I thought was beautiful, but I didn't know I was going to see something like that in England because I didn't remember we had as much snow as all that. Then we have some crocus out in our pots on the patio outside the picture window of the drawing room. The lawn is beginning to look beautiful and the daffodils are not out but they are well up. We planted, let me see, seven roses – no I think it was nine – four standards and four ordinary bush roses.

Now that reminds me, I'll tell you a story which I think is beautiful. You know how we love the Royal Family. We had some friends here from the Midlands the other day for lunch and Mrs Handersides was telling me a story of a visit they made. They were visiting an elderly gentlemen (her husband is a retired minister), and they were visiting an old widower and this dear old gentleman told Mrs Handersides that his wife had died and he wanted to have a rose named in her memory. So he didn't know exactly what to do, so he wrote to the Queen Mother and explained that he wanted a rose named after his wife and could she do something about it. The very next week he had a letter back from her secretary saying that the Queen Mother would be happy to help him but it might take a little time. He was delighted of course. Then within a few days he had another letter saying that she had arranged with a rose grower in the Midlands somewhere, in Nottingham as a matter of fact, to name a rose after his wife. I don't remember the name of his wife now but I had it here. Well you can imagine the pleasure of that old gentleman that the Queen Mother should bother to do such a thing and so quickly. So he wrote to her and asked her if she would accept a rose for her rose garden and she wrote back, or the secretary wrote back and said she would be delighted to have it. Then not satisfied with just one royal person taking a rose, this dear old gentleman wrote to the Prince of Wales and he asked him if would accept the rose that was named after his wife. And he received a letter that the Prince would be delighted to put it in his new garden at his new home. So this dear old gentleman sent three for his garden. Don't you think that is lovely? Isn't that a human story. No wonder I love the Royal Family, I just think they are wonderful. So I got the name of the rose grower and I am writing and buying one of these roses to put in my garden – or our garden. It is more my garden because the flowers are mine and vegetables and fruit are Ed's. We call it mine, but it's ours. And I am going to put it next to the rose which is called 'Elizabeth of Glamis' which is of course the Queen Mother. Isn't that nice. I was thrilled.

Did I tell you that last year we went to Ascot. We got special tickets to go right into Windsor Great Park which is a few miles away from here. And to go right up into the Park where one has to have a pass to where the Queen and all the royal cars coming down from Windsor Castle change from their cars, their Rolls Royce, to a carriage to continue on through the Park to go right down to the race course. Well, we took two French people, a French minister and his wife with us and I got the pass to go in. I rang up Windsor Castle and I asked if there was any way of getting there. I said I have a stiff leg and it's difficult to walk for a long way, do you think there is anywhere that I could go and get a little nearer. And so the lady said 'Well I wish you had rung before, but all the passes have gone but one was

returned this morning and I shall have to find out whether they would allow you to have it. Could you give me your name?' So I said Dr and Mrs E.E. White, 52 Furlands, Harmons Water. She said 'Harmons Water?' I said 'yes'. 'Oh' she said, I used to live in Furlands. I'll send you the ticket'. And the next morning this pass came for us to go into Windsor Great Park. Well we stopped, it was a beautiful drive up through the Park. And there were quite a few people sitting either side on the verge, some of them having their lunch and others talking. Then I saw a policeman when I got out of car. So I went over to him and I said 'Where is the best place for me to go to see the Queen. I haven't seen her, oh for 34 years. We've been away from England'. 'Well my dear' (always my love or my dear or my dook over here you know). 'Well my dear if you stand between those two oak trees over there and he indicated which two, if you stay there that's where the Rolls Royce stops and the Queen and all the people get out and transfer to carriages.' So I went there. The two French people, Pastor & Mrs Furetzien, they were running about everywhere to try and find the best place to get pictures, as also was Ed. Well I was right as near the edge of the grass as I could be and there were about two people just in front of me, three as a matter of fact. And they were going to take pictures. Well down came the six Rolls Royce and the Queen stopped about 3 or 4 feet away from me, maybe it was more but it was just in the road, in the path, it wasn't a road it was a path through the Park. And I was so excited. And just to the other side of me the Prince & Princess of Wales' car stopped, but that was very nice to see her so near, and a little girl presenting a bouquet to her. Well the Queen Mother, these people in front of me were Americans and they were taking a picture and the Queen Mother called out 'Did you get a good picture?' And they said 'Not very good'. And she said 'Try again and I'll smile for you'. And she smiled so sweetly, just like us, just the same sort of thing as we would say to anybody. And of course these people taking the photograph were very happy. On the other side of the carriage was the Queen. And she was talking to the people there on the other side. And all I heard her say was...

Hannah, I wish you could come back this way. I know it's a long way to go right across Canada but there on a plane it wouldn't be too much, but would it be ... I don't think it would be much more expensive. We'd come and fetch you wherever you landed. Heathrow is not far from here. And Gatwick is not too far – nowhere would be too far to come to get you if you could only come Hannah. We'd love to have you. Just now, I don't know if you know Mrs Simms? Caroline will I think in the Wahroonga Church. Mrs Simms lives near Farmers – Gordon. And Andrea Simms, perhaps Caroline knows Andrea, is married and she lives in Pymble. They have a house in Pymble. And she has two little children, she has a little baby and a little boy about seven, and she lives in Ealing which is about half an hour's journey

from here. She can't get down to Church too often, her husband is not an Adventist and she said it is so difficult. She gets the little boy ready and then something goes wrong with the baby and she comes – she was there last Sabbath. Her mother and father, Mr & Mrs Simms, have just arrived from Gordon and they are staying over here with Andrea for four months, because it's Andrea and John's last year in England. He's in computing and his firm have sent him over here for three years for experience and the latest, and he's had quite a lot of experience, I think they've sent him to Africa and somewhere else, I don't know. But they're such a nice couple and I'm so glad that Jeremy is over here and I saw her Sabbath and they're coming over to spend the day this week. So that's very nice too.

We see lots of visitors from Australia, very soon I think it's in May, Audrey and Lyn, the Knights, are coming again, after they've gone to Africa, something to do with his business. And then they'll be over here with their daughter at Stanborough Park, Marilyn, for about three weeks. And I have a letter from her saying she was coming. Then Norma and Harold Head are coming I think in June or July, I am just not certain. There are several people who have written and said they're coming this year, so we're glad that we are here to welcome them and to make them feel at home in this country too. And when you look at TV don't think that England is in such an awful state as they make out. There are a lot of unemployed, there are a lot of strikes and there are many things like that, but where in the world is there peace at such and such a time. And we know that things won't get better in any country and the worse they become I always think well Jesus is all that much nearer, and then we'll all be together, won't that be lovely. So I think I must go. I think I've got to the end of the tape, I am not certain, I may have to say some more, I'll have to ask Ed when he comes in to switch back. So in case it's the end, lots of love, God bless every one of you, and especially you Hannah. I hope you received your flowers and I hope they were beautiful, and I hope you received your card. With all our love, Marjorie.

Margaret's Birthday (Caroline to Margaret)

Hi Margaret, this is Caroline. I really can't bear to send off a little bit of empty tape to you so I am going to say a little bit on the end of this. And I suppose you can take this as a letter which I would have written to you otherwise. We missed you all at Grandma's birthday celebrations, it would have been really terrific if you could have all been there. Of course we understand perfectly well why you weren't but you've got to start saving up right now so that you'll be able to be here for her 100th birthday celebration. On the other hand, maybe we could all save up and come and visit you for it and you could have the party there. I hope

you enjoy the photos that were included in this packet. I especially put in ones of the birthday cake for Joanne, Nicole and Antoine. As you can see Grandma blew out nearly all her candles, which is pretty good when you've got 80 on your cake. I was determined to put candles on the cake and it took quite some thought to work out a way of getting them on so it wouldn't look all cluttered. But we had quite a lot of fun putting the candles on the night before her birthday. I put a ring of rolled play dough, home-made play dough, underneath the (floor), about three or four inches away from the edge of her cake. It looked quite nice and I had the ladies up in the hospital florist shop make the little posy that sat on top. She got a great surprise to receive all the tapes from the relatives in Europe, in fact she was so overcome that I don't think she even heard the first time what they were saying. I know she listened to Elsa-Lora's tape about 10 times once she got home. We haven't sent you the German ones, if you really want them we will, it depends how good your German is because they haven't been translated. Elsa-Lora talked for quite a little time from a book that Gross Papa used to keep about the family doings. And Hanschen also sent a tape, but hers didn't come to me she sent it directly to mother, and mother didn't get it until she got back home again. And she talked about how she went to Gross Mama and Gross Papa's house as a refugee and as a result became an Adventist. But I am sure you will enjoy what Auntie Marjorie and Auntie Kate have to say, especially I thought Auntie Kate's tape was very interesting giving a little bit of family history and family background of the Hargreaves. Russell says he understands a little better some of my eccentricities since he's heard that. I don't know much of it is genetic and how much of it is environmental.

We've all been pretty busy here these last couple of months. At long last I've handed in my treaties to be typed, somebody is doing it on a word processor over at the Division Office for me, which is rather better than having it done on an ordinary typewriter because any corrections can be put in without having to re-type pages of stuff. That's the first draft that is being typed and when it is done I have to hand it in for reading by the Professors and if they approve them I have to get it bound and submitted as a final work for my degree. I still have no real idea what I am going to do with my degree when and if I get it. I am still, I'm working back at the Medical Centre again. I find it somewhat frustrating at times as I see a lot of inefficiencies down there and I feel that the work could be done more effectively. But there isn't anything around which is as convenient for me. I wouldn't mind having a practice of my own, but to set up in a practice requires a fair bit of financial backing which I don't have and I would have to work all day and every day which is still a bit impractical at the moment when you have to be available to be a chauffeur here and a chauffeur there and you have so many home commitments. I tell Russell we ought to go to North Queensland, but I haven't been

able to persuade him that it's a good move to make. The trouble is he really enjoys his job and isn't particularly keen to move into the great unknown of North Queensland.

Ian is in Year 11 now. He's got one year and a bit of school left. He still isn't sure, in fact he says he doesn't know what he really wants to do with himself after that. His interests are mainly scientific, he is taking maths, physics and chemistry, industrial arts which is applied physics and chemistry, as well as a compulsory English for his school leaving subjects. He seems to enjoy them and he spends his spare time reading about invisible particles, dark holes and ports, among other things. The rest of his spare time he spends building model air planes which he flies on a control line. He belongs to a club which runs over at Ryde near Macquarie University and he goes there every Sunday that we are home, providing it is not raining, and flies his planes in the company of his fellow club members. He is pretty fortunate that he can also use the paddock out behind us. It is still empty, although they threaten to build houses and Pathfinder Halls on it, but so far it is still green grass with the occasional cow which is on agistment from Avondale College.

Malcolm is very fully occupied working on his Duke of Edinburgh award. He is working for a bronze medal which is the first award. To earn that he has to train in some physical activity, he has to cultivate a hobby and he has to do a number of survival camps, and the school organises it and they go out into the virgin bush. They are given a map and a compass and told to find their way from here to there, they take their food and tents with them, they may be one or two days on the way, they camp out, they go up cliffs and down cliffs and wade through rivers. They have to cook their own food and carry it and learn how to survive in the wilderness. It's a pretty good experience for them. They come out absolutely filthy. They don't take any clean clothes or wash, if you do wash it's by the simple process of getting into the river clothes and all and then drying off as you march on. I've been up into the bush a couple of times to bring a load of boys home and I can tell you on the way home you leave the car windows open because they smell. For his physical activity he's been going up to Hornsby pool twice a week and training in swimming. He has improved his free style considerably, seeing that he could hardly even swim a length free style before. And he also has been practising his breast stroke. He came third in the intermediate section in the school swimming carnival. He was beaten by two boys who were two years older than him so that's not bad and he won his age race of 14 year olds. He didn't make a record time, last year he swam it in record time and got a new record for it. For his hobby he is learning classical guitar. He has been learning it for about a year and a half now and it really sounds quite

good. It is a pity he and Ian won't get together with the flute and guitar, they sound very nice together. But I am afraid they don't co-operate with each other to that extent.

We have just had another long weekend. New South Wales was given an extra holiday because ANZAC Day fell on Sunday. Usually no extra holidays are given if ANZAC Day falls on a weekend, but apparently the trade unions persuaded the government that it was a good thing this time and we were given an extra day's holiday. We managed to go up to our little house for a short while, and the weather was absolutely beautiful. I went swimming both days we were up there and we spent an afternoon sailing on Brisbane Water. There was a lovely westerly blowing, very steady and we had a terrific afternoon sailing. We usually take an expedition across the bay and buy an ice-cream over the other side. It's nice to have a purpose to your trips. Last summer we got a brace and went sailing out in Broken Bay and up the Hawkesbury River. In fact it is much nicer sailing up there because you get a better breeze. The wind on Brisbane Water is very patchy and very changeable and it makes sailing really quite a skilful thing to cope with the constant wind changes. But out on the Broken Bay and up the Hawkesbury the breeze is very steady, but you have to watch it if there is a tide going out and the chop coming in, it can be quite a hazard. We sailed all the way up to Cowan Creek one day, it was very enjoyable. We take a picnic lunch in the sailing dingy with us and go ashore somewhere and eat our lunch. We've been planning a canoe trip down one of the New South Wales' rivers. At this stage we are not too sure whether it will actually come off. We were planning to go in two weeks' time when the school holidays begin and spend about four or five days canoeing down the Lachlan River. It is supposed to be a grade 1 river suitable for relative beginners. Ian and I have been going out fairly regularly once a week practising our paddling so that we won't be awfully stiff after a day of canoeing all day. And it's been quite fun exploring the waterways. Malcolm and Russell always seem to have something else to do and are too busy to come. We were going to canoe down the Murray River, but the particular stretch that we wanted to do took about a week and we just didn't have the time to spend doing it, so we are going to save that up for another time. There are supposed to be some very nice swamps and lakes with a lot of wildlife and it would be a pity not to take enough time to explore them properly and have a look and see what's there.

I think I probably mentioned to you that Russell has bought a micro-computer. He and the boys have a lot of fun making programmes for it and producing computer games. They've learnt a lot about programming and they modify and alter and change and produce new programmes. Russell developed some programmes for me so that I could do all the

mathematics for my statistical analysis on my treatises and it was very convenient to just put in the two or three figures and zap, a sum that would take me quarter of an hour and I would have to do three times before I got it right would be done in about three seconds. It certainly made the mathematical side of things very much easier and more convenient. I've told Russell that he needs to produce a programme that will hold all my recipes, so I just need to press a button and out will come the appropriate menu for a month, and I just need to follow that when I'm planning my meals. But I think the only way that I'll ever get that done is to either by learning it all myself and buying a little bit of extra memory because you need a fair bit of memory to hold a lot of recipes. Your children learn to use computers at school. I think the school has something like five computers which they use to teach the kids basic computer. Maths has certainly come a long way from what we used to learn when we were at Strathfield. Do you remember Mr Bidmead? He still teaches at Strathfield. He specialises in history I believe. The poor gentleman recently had some coronary artery bypass surgery down at the San. He was asked to go up to the Highlands of New Guinea to one of the high schools up there. But he was concerned about his high blood pressure and he came to see Russell and next thing found himself in hospital undergoing surgery. He is considerably plumper than the bean stalk that used to teach us. He also has mellowed somewhat. But the boys say he is extremely easy to side-track in class and get him off the subject that he is supposed to be teaching them.

I am rambling more and more so I think that means that I really haven't got anything to say, so I'll stop, but first of all I wish you all a very pleasant summer. I hope you have lots and lots of sunshine. I hope it never rains when you want to dig drains Joe so that you won't be wet and uncomfortable and I hope it never rains when you want to go and do something pleasant either. And I hope that Joanne, Nicole and Antoine will have a lovely time with Grandma when she comes. I know Grandma is looking forward to seeing you all. You really will have to think about all coming over here again. You can go and live in our little house and enjoy an Australian beach. There is plenty of room for you all there. It's nice and quiet and peaceful. So a very happy birthday to you Margaret and love to all of you, from us all here. Bye Bye.

Memoirs

Katherine (Hargreaves) Gillespie

Thank you Caroline for your letter and your request for my memories of Iran and especially Tabriz. I have been thinking about it a lot and I hope that what I can come up with will be of interest to the family and that maybe you'd like to keep some of it so that we have a record of what happened in the days, and it seems much to my amazement, that you don't remember.

I shall start in 1939 when Auntie Kate took me out to Egypt. Daddy had gone there for some mission meetings and that's where I was to meet him. And we sailed from Cairo on the SS (Yzenthelles) which was a freighter which took us down the canal and up to Ahwaz in Iran. My first memory of Iran was the heat and the flies. And I'll never forget seeing a baby with its eyes just covered in flies. There we waited for the train to take us up to Tehran. We seemed to my recollection to have waited a few days because there was only one train a week. When it finally came and was ready to depart it did so without any warning, leaving daddy and me standing on the tracks. There didn't seem to be a proper station, and some of our luggage, so we had to run after it and get them to stop so that we could board it. I don't remember anything of Tehran so I can't help you there. But then we took our car and we were going to Tabriz. It was a long journey and the rivers were in flood at the time and I remember that one was so badly flooded that we had to get up into a big lorry up in the cab and it then towed the car with daddy driving behind us. I looked at the swirling flood waters and I can remember being quite frightened.

We got to Tabriz which I remember as being a city more or less set in a 'soup plate', so to speak, with mountains all around. The mountains were very barren, sort of a reddish colour, and to get into Tabriz there were numerous hairpin bends as you wound up the mountains and then back down again to get into the city. Our mission compound there, to my memory, was very large. We had the house which was shaped in sort of an 'E' shape, with the centre block of the 'E' being the steps to go up from the front. There was a separate entrance on the other side to a part of the house which was separate and which daddy had his clinic. The patients could come and go through there without coming through our part. There was another area where we kept the chickens, which was a very large area, and mostly just had a shed and some mulberry trees and the chickens lived there. And then beyond that was another part which had been the school but was now condemned because of previous

earthquake damage. If you stood at the entrance to the compound looking straight at the house, right on our far right was an edifice which was known as the 'arch' of which I have the picture. And it was, well I don't know what it had been, but it was a very towering edifice, also earthquake damaged. And people used to come and go over it and go up and look and you could look all over the city of course from the top. I used to be quite intrigued down in our compound watching the people who were up there. It was so tall it looked as though the people were like ants.

As I've said, our compound was quite large, standing at the gate where you came in from the street it was surrounded by very high walls and we had for us in the bottom part of the garden very large fruit trees. We had almond trees, peach trees, apricot trees, two huge mulberry trees also in this compound as well as in the compound where the chickens lived. We had a swing in the apricot tree which gave us hours of enjoyment. We also had a pool which was quite deep, about six feet or more. Then there was a division of a driveway which led into the garage, you got into that driveway through a bigger gate. Beyond that was the vegetable garden where a gardener who used to come to work on a donkey, used to grow lettuces, celery I remember was his speciality, and sweet corn and probably other things which I have long since forgotten. When it came to autumn he would dig up the remaining celery and replant them under the house in the space that was right under the house, known as the umbra, and the celery would thrive there so we'd eat celery all during the winter. In the umbra was also a very deep water storage area which we were not allowed to go near and in one part under my bedroom, I went in one day and I remember coming out absolutely black with fleas up to my knees which horrified daddy and he got the spray and sprayed. Our gardener must have been quite a good gardener because he really enjoyed grafting. He had grafted fruit trees, grafted roses, and I can remember him showing me how to insert a graft into a rose. He had lots of flowers and changed them with the seasons. I can remember when Margaret was born that the snow drops were in flower and the lily-of-the-valley that he had there. We had all sorts of flowers that grow in the temperate places and he'd plant them depending on the season. And then also at the foot of the steps leading up to the house we used to have two big pots with pink oleanders which I remember so favourably and is why I have an oleander in our garden now.

The house was quite big with plenty of bedroom space and we all had room to spread out. We had servants. We had the lady who used to come in and do the washing down in the laundry and light up the boiler and then use the tin baths to put all the washing in. She used to do our washing once a week and then she also did the clinic's washing. We had the

nanny who used to supervise us all the time. She was Armenian and instructed me and I managed to learn to speak some Armenian. She also knew a bit of Russian. And we had the man servant who helped around and especially helped daddy in the clinic and it was his job to walk me to and from school as I was not allowed out by myself. The cook we had, he was quite a good cook, but then I remember that he was dismissed because it had been found that he was fiddling the books as it were. I also remember his partiality for a raw egg, broken and just tossed into his mouth. That used to intrigue me watching him do that. And as I said before, we also had the gardener who must have been quite an expert because I remember a profusion of flowers. The mulberry trees I remember were white mulberries and they used to be absolutely covered in fruit and some birds, I think they were starlings, used to come and they were very partial to them, and they had so many that they once became drunk on all the sugar and they were falling about and it was quite hilarious, but unfortunately the next morning a lot of them were dead under the tree. The almond trees also gave us a lot of fruit which we used to pick and then store in sacks for eating during the winter. They were very big old trees. There were also some poplar trees outside the playroom window and a woodpecker used to come and peck holes in the trunk. I can hear him now, tap tap tapping, outside the window there.

Over in daddy's clinic compound there was also a sort of an out-house where we had an oven in the ground suitable for making lavash. Once a year they used to come and hold a big bake-a-thon there and they would bake a whole store of bread which was then stored in one of the other rooms which we'd had for a long time from one big bake. That used to intrigue me. Nanny used to do some of the cleaning too and I can remember one day that she found a scorpion in her slipper which didn't please her very much as it bit her on the heel and it was very sore for quite a while.

I don't remember very much about the city because I didn't get out into it terribly much. Daddy and I used to go for walks on the Sabbath afternoon and we used to sometimes walk around in the bazaars and I can remember the sort of musty smell now with all the wares hanging outside the stalls. For school I went to the Catholic school, a convent there. And the nuns were very kind. There was quite a European community so all the European children were all in the same class together, we all started off not being able to speak French at all. But it was a case of if you didn't speak French you didn't speak so you soon learnt. And there were a couple of Norwegian children and a German girl and the children from the bank and we all got along quite well and learned to do our lessons totally in French after a while. There wasn't very much social life but the European community did stick together.

The bank manager and the Tillingers who I think had some sort of a factory there, and there was a Norwegian family and there was us and the Consul. And I must contradict mother here in that they did play a lot of tennis, I remember that very well. We used to go around the different places that had the tennis courts, at the Consulate and the Bank and then I would be instructed that I could keep an eye on the younger children. I remember daddy and mother playing in the tournaments each year and they seemed to quite enjoy that.

In the Church life there, there wasn't very much. I remember mother played the organ, daddy usually took the sermon. There was us and there were a few others. We used to walk to Church and it was cobblestone streets and I remember one winter on the way to Church there was this very peculiar swish, swish, swishing noise and I wondered what on earth it was. Soon there was a camel train came into view with their bells around their necks and the swish swish was their strange pads on the streets. You'd often see donkeys with their very heavy loads going through the streets, which was the peasants' main mode of transport. There were also the 'dushkee' which were horse drawn sort of carriages and we often used to catch a dushkee if we were going somewhere and they had big hoods and they were quite comfortable and we used to rattle across the cobblestones. The nuns from the Sacra Cuor Convent where I went to school also used to be daddy's patients. They used to come and see him if they had any problems and they had quite a friendly sort of communication between them.

From my recollections the clinic seemed to be quite busy. Daddy had inpatients that he would operate on and when he did the whole family used to come and keep the patient company and look after them. And until they could go home they'd bring their food and do everything for the patient. And I can remember now daddy saying how he had to take the lice off the bandages when he unwrapped one of his operations. I also remember our gardener sitting in the sun in his lunch hour looking for lice in the linings of his clothes. Strangely enough we never seemed to get any lice on us.

The climate there was very hot in summer and very cold in the winter. I can remember we did a lot of swimming in the summer and then in the winter I can remember the snow up to our knees which had to be pushed off the roofs so that the flat roofs wouldn't sink with the weight of the snow. And it was very cold in the winter and you could see the snow on all the surrounding mountains as well.

Our garden was irrigated, I think it was once a fortnight, when the water used to be let in. It used to come in all the ditches and each garden bed would have its own little wooden door which you opened to let the water through to flood it. And that was when our water storage under the house would be filled up at the same time. In the climate we were lucky, we had plenty of fruit, there were all sorts of fruits, the apricots, peaches, almonds and those sort of fruits abounded in the summer. I remember that there used to be packs of wild dogs that daddy referred to as the 'pie' dogs who used to roam the streets. And also there were wild cats that used to sit on the flat roofs and howl most of the night if they were so inclined. In the heat of the summer we used to move our beds onto the flat roof which you could get out to from one of the bedroom windows and we'd sleep out there for the breeze under our full length mosquito netting and that was how we'd spend the summer months. There were mosquitos and sand-flies which necessitated the mosquito nets. Even then they sometimes got in and would annoy us. We always had a spitz dog which daddy was very partial to and they seemed to be rather like the Samoyeds we have here.

Then came the war and I remember one day some planes going over and they dropped some bombs and that was the Russians. I remember daddy saying that the Persian army would only need a pack of dogs set on it to run away and I guess that's about what happened and the Russians took over our part of Iran and the Americans and the British the south. And then during the night you'd be able to hear the Lend Lease trucks rumbling through and we'd hear the roar of them all night from our compound. We had a few American soldiers and mother and daddy used to entertain them when they would come to our place for a meal. They seemed to enjoy being able to have a family life for a change. By and large the Russians didn't bother us very much. The place was full of soldiers, they were inclined to get drunk and as mother has mentioned in her memories, one of the servants used to get his hands very badly cut from a bayonet because they wanted to rob him. Daddy used to have a pass to go out of Tabriz if he had to go to any meetings around the country and a pass to get back in. Apart from that life for us went on very much as usual all during the war.

Then came the end of the war and it was time for us to leave because daddy's furlough was well overdue and as they kept telling me, I had to get to a proper school. And so we departed in the spring of 1945. We packed up, left a lot of things behind, and took a lot with us. We got up through all the winding mountains once more and we journeyed to Hamadan where I remember we spent a few days at a hotel that kept turkeys and the whole compound was full of these gobbling turkeys which rather intrigued me. From there we drove across,

we went to Jerusalem, and I am sure you all remember our stay in Jerusalem. We visited all the highlights. From there to Iraq (or was it the other way around, I'm not quite sure). And then we caught a boat back to England. And that for me was the end of my stay in Iran.

Well I hope that my recollections have been of some use to you Caroline and that you find it interesting. You may be able to put some of it into your family collection of memorabilia of your own. And that I wish you all well and all the best for 1987 from us all.

Marjorie & Eddie White

Eddie

And now for some nostalgia Caroline and Russell, and Ian and Malcolm if they are interested in ancient history. I've been looking at some old snap books so that we can dip into the past a bit and perhaps give some information that will be new to you. I have a snap book open, 1933, these are black and white prints of course. And there is a print of Katherine as a child of well maybe two or three, I'm not sure, with her mother. And then your mother, the German nurse is sitting in a deck chair, Katherine's mother sitting in a deck chair and Katherine standing by her side. Now on the other page there are a lot of other pictures and they are dated 1933, September, October, hospital 1933 and also Sultanabad. But the picture of Katherine on her mother's knee with her daddy standing behind is 10 months old, and in the picture that I first described, well she'd be two or three so it may not have been in Sultanabad, but it's outside on a patio, perhaps Auntie will be able to give you some more information. And now I've found a picture that I knew we had, I think it must have been 1936 or 1937, it's a picture of Hannah Blauss and she is standing outside our house at Easenhall and by her side is little Katherine, on her tricycle. And the legend says 'Hannah Blauss, Easenhall', that might have been 1937 I think because she must have been on furlough then. For a few pages later here's a picture of Hannah and it's en-route to Persia and she's on board ship, there's a bell hanging from the roofing above her and she's holding the wheel of the ship, and I think it looks like a compass in a box in front of her as though she is steering the ship along wherever it is, where would it be – through the Suez Canal maybe, it might be in the Red Sea, it might be in the Persian Gulf. So I don't know if your mother will remember that one Caroline, but I'd forgotten it but I'm glad I've seen it in the book again.

I do remember that when she was on furlough she came over to England to visit us and to see Katherine, probably at that time there wasn't any thought of her being a step-mother, maybe she will know. But I don't think we had any idea that could take place as it did, for the happiness of all concerned.

Well there's a break here. I'm afraid Caroline you will find this a bit disjointed, it's a bit late now so I'm going to bath and then to bed and then I'll continue it tomorrow and Auntie will add quite a bit, maybe it duplicates a bit, but that won't matter I'm sure. We are very, very happy to do this for you and I hope it will be valuable and be a kind of a historical record of the family tree. Well, good night and see you, or you'll hear me in the morning.

Well, here we are again Caroline. I've been looking a little further through the scrap book and I found another picture which mother may not remember. It's taken outside our bungalow in Wessex, you'll remember that of course because you lived opposite with Mrs French for some time when you came back after the war. It's a wedding picture, it's Ingrid, I've forgotten her name, who married Harry (Offendale) and then they went to America, and because she didn't have parents or relatives in England we, what did we do, have the reception at our house I think because there were about 20 people standing on the back lawn, and the ladies are wearing hats which looks most unusual and Auntie and I are there of course in the picture and daddy is the tallest of the group, he's standing in the back row, and mother is beside him smiling, both of them. Well, she may not remember that. It must have been taken after you came back from Persia after the war, that would be 1945, summer probably. Between that date and 1946, there is no date underneath it so we can't identify it further.

Now over the page there is another interesting picture. Again it's not dated, but it is listed as 'Hargreave & Hardy of Appledore'. And there is Uncle Bert nursing, it must be Martin on his knee, quite a young baby. And there is daddy and mother, Roger sitting down there, you can tell that his hair is auburn, and there's little Caroline behind mummy and Margaret is sitting looking down at the grass on mother's right. I wonder when that was taken? Appledore, North Devon, any ideas?

Well I stopped at that point and recorded quite a bit and then realised when I'd finished that I hadn't switched on the recording so I'll have to do it all over again. Whether it will be identical to what I've just recorded I don't know.

Well having spoken of the photo with Uncle Bert, Auntie Kate isn't in the picture so she probably took it then, because there is a picture underneath of Uncle Bert and Auntie Kate, and Uncle Bert is still holding, it must be Martin, Roger and daddy have disappeared, so perhaps they've both taken that snap, but on the same page there is a picture of Auntie

Marjorie on the balcony at Appledore, the Baptist Mance. But I don't remember that we were there at the same time that you were.

We left England in September 1947, so I expect it was sometime during 1946 or early 1947 that we were visiting there. And then of course seeing that we were such a long way away and then ultimately you went back to Persia, we don't have pictures but I do remember that things were, I believe, a bit unsettled in Persia and daddy thought that he wasn't able to do very much more there and having received a call to come to the Australasian Division as medical secretary, he accepted. The job wasn't as interesting as he thought it might be but that's by the way. However, I remember that you came over, daddy, mother, Caroline, Roger and Margaret on one of the 'O' boats, whether it was the Oronsay or the Orontees I am not quite sure and where you boarded it I wouldn't know unless you went to Bombay. But those are details that you probably remember, or mother surely would remember also. But Katherine was with us of course, having gone out to Australia with us, and I think we were living at Wahroonga at the time, I am not quite sure. But we went down to Sydney to Pyrmont I think it was, to see the boat come in. And how excited we were when we saw walking along one of the decks the tall figure of your father. Neither mother nor the children were with him at the time, and I don't think he saw us. But neither as far as I remember did we see you on the boat, but of course we saw you when you came ashore and then what did we do, I don't know. I think we were living in that little house in Wahroonga at the time. Well those are details you were all old enough to remember I should think, what happened then.

We have another sad memory of course when daddy passed away. I think that must have been 1958 because we moved down to Wahroonga a short time afterwards, having been called away from Avondale. That was I am sure 1958. And you arrived in Australia before 1953 because I remember when the call was placed for us to go up there, daddy said to me 'A good opportunity and take it by all means', so that would have been 1952 or 1951 when you arrived. I'd like to know anyway. It's very nice to talk to you, the only regret I have is that you can't talk back to me. Well never mind. I remember if I may go into this sad past Caroline, that you were staying with us at Avondale because daddy had mumps and one morning I got a telephone call from Dr Frame, which staggered me and I asked him to put it into other words because I couldn't believe it. And then I had the difficult time of going down and breaking the news to you. Or was it you who had mumps and came to stay with us? I've just forgotten now. But anyway you were sitting on the back steps and then I went down and sat beside you and I think you told me afterwards before I said anything you knew what it was, because it was a most unusual time for me to come home anyway. So that was very

very sad and sudden, but how peaceful for daddy. No problems, none of this business of Iran fighting Iraq and these fanatical Muslims and whether our work is progressing. Doesn't know anything about that at all and when he wakes up how marvellous it will be.

Now Russell, I must remind you of something. As I've been thinking of you both I remember a social evening in daddy's home in Fox Valley Road, I've forgotten the number now, anyway it doesn't matter, it was a bungalow that he had built especially. Whether it was a birthday party or just a group of friends in I don't know but I seem to see the room filled with people, milling around talking to each other and there was one individual sitting alone, and it's you Russell. I don't know, I think however, that we didn't know you were friendly with Caroline at the time. Whether you were and knew, whether she knew, I don't know, but I can see you there sitting alone and quiet and now I've put these thoughts into your minds. It's probably a long long way from the truth, but knowing what happened afterwards I can imagine you saying 'I wish all this crowd would get out of the way so that Caroline can be left alone and I can go and have a chat with her'. Well I'm glad the friendship turned out so well and Caroline you have got a good husband and Russell you have a good wife and between you you've got two young men, strapping young fellows who are a credit to the family and to the Church, so that's something really in these days of all days to be very thankful to God about.

Well, that's the end of my little spiel and I'll switch it off. I've done about half the tape I think so that means that there's the other side and half of this one for Auntie and if she fills it I'll put one of my tapes on so that at least she can say all she wants to say. Well very nice and how nice it was to see you in person over here, I hope you can come again. Or you never know, we're getting on in years now but well we might pay another visit to Australia. I don't know, don't bank on it at all. Well, fair thee well for the time being, love to all the family. Bye bye.

Marjorie

Here I am Caroline, at last to have a chat with you. It's April 4th today, so it's been quite a long time since Uncle spoke to you. There's a lot of things I want to say and I just don't know what to say first. First of all I have been well enough to do this but you know everything takes much longer when you have been in hospital for nearly a month and now it's about time I went and saw the surgeon for the second visit since I came out of hospital.

First of all in December just before Christmas and now next week and I think he'll give me a good report.

Now, to go back to mother. First of all I am going to say the most important thing Caroline. Your dear mother was like a second sister to me. Now I always think of the second person who marries, that she's going to be not so nice, but your mother was a darling. Always just the same. Now I'll tell you another thing that I don't want to forget and that is when Katherine went to Persia for, I think she went for a year but the war came and she couldn't come back until you all came back together, the day I shall never never forget. And I was told that any time there was a treat after your mother was introduced to you all and was your mother and her mother, if ever there was a treat just for one, not enough for you all, it was Katherine who always had it. Can you imagine that, as a mother yourself? That she gave it to the one who was not her blood relation. I've never forgotten that. So that shows what your mother was like.

Now Caroline, last week Mrs Siska (Heddie), came back from Australia and I don't know whether you know but she visited your mother, I've only talked to her on the phone you see. She visited your mother in the home and also with her friend with whom she stays in Lindfield I think it is. Do you know Hannah recognised them both and reminded Heddie's friend, she said 'Don't you remember you took me to the cemetery to see my husband's grave?' That was in English and then she started to talk to Heddie, she remembered everything but she spoke in German the whole time to Heddie. Do you think that is why she is forgetting because she's forgotten English? Does she speak to you in German? I'd like to know, you must tell me some time when you are writing.

I've got so many pictures, mostly the same pictures as Uncle has of course in our snap albums. But my first memory was going outside the lodge at Easenhall where we were living and seeing a lady, I can see the dress she had on, it was a kind of a checked thing, but I can't remember the colour, and there she was trying to help Katherine on her new bicycle. Katherine I suppose was 5 because you know we had that little school in the drawing room of the college where Ms Powell taught her and also Ms Madgwick, a school for one. And we bought a bicycle for Katherine and a school bag and she had a little uniform and she used to go up to college each day, I think for the morning only, I'd been teaching her at home before, a little before this. And there is your mother out there trying to teach her to ride her bicycle and they're both laughing, laughing so much. And that's the first memory I had of her. And here she is, yes, there's Hannah, 'Hannah Blauss, Easenhall'. No she's not, Katherine is

showing her how she was riding the bicycle, with her school bag over her shoulders, the school bag looks almost as big as Katherine. And she's not, ~~and~~, your mother is not in a checked dress after all, she's in a plain dress, looking down at Katherine so sweetly. That was before she ever knew that one day she would be caring for Katherine as her mother. Then let me think, what was the next time. Just a moment. No that's all I've written down, but we have such a lot of pictures of her, I expect you do of her. We have one with my step-mother and my daddy, with Katherine on Auntie Clara's knee and daddy sitting by so proudly. And there are several of us there, I think it was somewhere in Dorset and we had gone out, where is it, Blue Pool, Dorset. And that's the place that Katherine lost one of her teeth in the pool. You know that was the time when they were just all coming out. Let me think now. No, that's Katherine with my other friends, mummy is not there at all. But, and of course I am looking at the same pictures as Uncle, your mother en-route to Persia at the helm of the ship, smiling away, always smiling of course. I don't think, no these are other pictures of Katherine. And one picture I have and I didn't know I had it, is a picture of your mother and my sister, Gwen, Gwen and Hannah, sitting together in Persia somewhere, I suppose it was at your home, I don't know. But I was very pleased to find that. And I'm just turning the pages. And I don't think there's any more in there, there's another book.

Here is your daddy in August 1940 with Roger and I suppose it must be you on his knee and Katherine sitting by. Katherine is about 6. Then there is another picture with mother and father and Roger on daddy's knee, and Katherine has a baby in her arms so I suppose that's Margaret. I just don't know and there's mother with her checked dress! That was May 1940 in Tabriz. Now just a moment, let's see, here's one that Uncle didn't mention. It's Katherine, Roger, Caroline and Margaret and a dog. And there's, I think, Uncle will correct this if I'm wrong, a baptism in Jordan, that's Katherine being baptised, June 1945. She was baptised by a Pastor Rutherford. But that's Katherine. Then there is another picture, a very happy one, of mother in Jerusalem with all of you in 1945. Katherine's a little taller than mother there. And Margaret's very little and you were rather sweet. And then I've got individual pictures of Roger, Caroline and Margaret and then another picture in Bagdad of the four of you plus mother. Very serious picture but it is very nice. But you probably have some of these pictures, I wonder if you have. I'm so glad we have them. Well I think that's about all that I can tell you about mother except that she was a dear. And I do miss her letters Caroline, so much. I'd love to hear from her, but I don't think I shall. I expect she got my card for Christmas, for Easter, and I haven't written quite as many letters, I mean I'm writing more now but at the beginning after the operation my hand was a bit wobbly. I suppose you know all those sort of things, but I'm glad it is on the recovery now. So dears I like to hear

nice things about your boys which I often do from people at Wahroonga. And I love to hear about you and Russell and I wish you would come over again some time to see us. It seems a long time since you were here. We're hoping that Margaret will come over before she leaves France, but I don't know. She said she might. I must write to her again and see if she is coming. Well, God bless you all. It has been lovely to talk to you, but I wish you were in the chair just near me and then you could answer back a little bit. Goodbye.

Eddie: Well, here's Uncle again. I was afraid that accidentally Auntie Marjorie would switch off and then find she had to do it all again! Just one little correction about Katherine, it was a tricycle because she was only 5 and her second teacher was Myrtle Maxwell, not Madgwick, and I think Auntie just wanted to say something else as well having heard the tape. Auntie wants to say that that was the first recording she'd made on tape, but it was normal and when she does 99 more they won't be any better, will they? So now I shall put this in the post tomorrow and I will write a little note to go with it and here's Auntie who wants to say something to you.

Marjorie: I just wanted to say that on Sunday we went for a drive from here, oh 20 or 30 miles away, and there was the most beautiful gorse land, covered for miles each way that we looked. Do you know what gorse is like? I don't know whether we have it in Australia, I think we do. Yellow and it is prickly and it's bushes. Well it was beautiful, a memory that you should never forget, it was just beautiful. England is rather beautiful you know, for the wild flowers. I've been missing the primroses and the hedges because they're not like they used to be when I was a girl down in Dorset. But my cousin, who has just returned to Dorset as she is near retirement, tells me that in the Dorset hedges the primroses still are flourishing, but she said it's our soil up here which is acid which primroses do not like therefore they don't grow in the hedges. So now I know. Bye bye.

Eddie: and that really is the end. We shall be very glad to have your really interesting letters Caroline and Russell. Bye bye. Now I must play it all back so it's ready for you to start at the beginning.

Marjorie: 9th of April, Sabbath afternoon. I taped the other side with Uncle about your mother and that was on Tuesday the 5th. And I didn't sleep very well that night because I was thinking of the things that I had forgotten to tell you. So Uncle's fixed me up again and now I am going to tell you. I don't know which to start with first really, because this is mostly

about your mother. But I'll first tell you that when my sister died on October the 26th, 1936 she was 35. Katherine was five. We were living in Rugby at Newbold College where Uncle was teaching and Gwen and Henry and Katherine were living at Highlands in Walthamstow. Daddy was working in Dr Schoen's practice with his brother, Dr Hodgson Hargreaves and also studying at the eye hospital doing his DOM&S. They had returned, the family had returned for furlough that year and daddy had asked permission to stay a little longer so that he could take this degree which would be a great help to him for his work in Persia, where there was so much eye trouble. They had been on holiday in Dorchester and surroundings where Gwen was born and then they had returned and spent a holiday with us in, I suppose it was the beginning of October, I am not quite certain. I think it was the beginning of October. And we'd had a lovely time together at Easenhall. And then they returned to Walthamstow for daddy to continue his work and his study. Then one Sunday morning, no it was Sabbath, we had a call that mummy wasn't well. No, I'm wrong. It was a long time ago and I have to think back properly. It was on the Sunday morning, we had a call from daddy to say that mummy had been taken very ill the day before. They didn't know what it was and he, daddy, had sat up all night holding mummy up in bed because if she lay down she choked. Well the specialist came out on the Monday morning, because of course they couldn't get him on the Sunday, and he examined mummy and he gave her something to make her go to sleep a bit because she'd had no rest during the night. Well Caroline, she woke up, daddy by her of course, sitting there still, and she choked to death. That was terrible. Daddy sent a telegram to us at once at College. When we had heard the first message from daddy, do you know what I said to Uncle? I said to Uncle, 'Mummy is going to die'. He said 'Oh, don't say that'. Well, in the afternoon I was upstairs in the guest room just looking at the birds in the garden and so on. And I saw a car coming down from the College, down the drive, and I knew it was Scottie my roommate who had come back to do another year at College and her husband. And I said to Ed 'I'm going down, and I'm going to meet it, I know what it is'. So I walked up the drive and they stopped the car and Scottie got out quickly and I said 'You needn't tell me Scottie. Gwen has died'. She said 'Yes'. Immediately we got ready and we went down to daddy in London in Walthamstow and there we stayed of course until after the funeral. And daddy asked us to take Katherine and care for her and that he would come up each weekend and spend the weekend with us. So that's what we did. And then Katherine was with us, well for many years, several years, until she went out to Persia. Well I thought you ought to know that.

Now daddy used to come up at the weekend as I said and one day he said to me, on my own, 'Marjorie, they've asked me to go back to Persia. I don't know what to do. I'm going to

ask Katherine'. So, during that Friday evening, I was in the room and just daddy and Katherine, and daddy took Katherine on his knee and he said 'Katherine, I've been asked to go back to Persia. Which should I do, we could get a bigger house here and we all live together or I can go and do the same work back in Persia'. Do you know what that little girl, of 5 to 6 years, put her arms around daddy's neck, buried her head in his shoulder and said 'Daddy, go back to Persia and tell them about Jesus and I'll stay with Auntie and Uncle'. Poor daddy. I could see his face and after Katherine had gone he said that was the hardest thing I've ever been told, I don't know how I can leave her. But he went.

Well, that's the story and Katherine stayed on with us of course until she went out, Auntie Kate took her. I think as far as, I not quite certain, and daddy met her. And Katherine was going to stay a year but the war came and there was no travelling and so she had to stay until the conclusion of the war. And then you all came back to England. For mummy to put you three into the school at Stanborough Park and Katherine to come to us, and she went to the school too. But you went in the junior school. Well we had a bungalow. I don't expect you remember it, Roger saw it when he was over with Helen a year or two ago. It was a lovely bungalow with a lovely garden, but small, but large enough for us. It had a drawing room, a dining room, a very nice kitchen, but only two bedrooms. So what were we going to do with six of you I did not know. Well I asked around but it was very difficult to get a place because during the war everyone had people billeted on them, soldiers, or women's army. You had to. We didn't because I was in charge of the Women's Voluntary Service for our district and I had about 40, 50, maybe more women in my group. And we were called out any time, night or day, if there was a tragedy near. And there were tragedies I could tell you, but this isn't about me this story. Anyway, I got the place as ready as I could with a bed on the settee and two in another bed and so on. And we had places for them all, I think I slept on the single bed to allow somebody to be in the double bed. I don't know, it was a job but we arranged it and we were so happy that you were all coming. I didn't go to Victoria Station to meet you, because I wanted to be there so that the food was ready in the oven when you came when you'd be all hungry. And to welcome you all at our home. Uncle went up, drove up and drove you all back. And I shall never forget looking out of the window just watching for that car to come around the corner and then it came, and you all came. I shall never forget it. It was wonderful to see the six of you all at once. And the three children, you who I'd never seen before! Roger, Margaret, Caroline and our little Katherine. We showed you all around and daddy in the garden, because we had a beautiful garden and the lawn outside, and a long garden. And Rex our dog of course was very happy to see you all. He was a Labrador. Anyway, we had our meal and we all got our beds after we'd had worship

and you all went to sleep. And we slept pretty well. I thought 'I wonder how we're all going to manage this all the time, they're here because I can't get a place'. Next morning we were having breakfast and the front doorbell went and it was a neighbour from absolutely opposite us who had a larger house, you know, not a bungalow a larger house. And she said 'Mrs White, my husband and I were talking. We saw all your guests arrive last night and we want to offer our home to them, to have a home while they are here in England. We thought we couldn't do it' because they had had nurses, soldiers, all during the war and only within about two or three weeks before they had their home to themselves. She said we want to offer it to your friends. They were people, Mr & Mrs French who when we came, they were very kind to us when we went from Newbold at Rugby and moved down to Stanborough Park and we bought this house. We used to buy our eggs from them because they had quite a few and it was like a little poultry farm and a very big garden and they were such nice people. And I would get my eggs each week from them. And then one day Mrs French said to me 'Mrs White, you never come to us on a Saturday'. 'No, I go to church on Saturday' I said. 'You do what?' They didn't know anything about Adventists as so many people don't. But she said 'On Saturday mornings we have noticed you in your best clothes walking up the road, and we see you do that each week with your husband'. I said 'Yes, we are going to church, the church is only about a mile away'. 'Oh, we've seen it as we've passed by but we don't know anything about it'. Caroline, your family came to tell them more about Seventh-day Adventists. And they became Seventh-day Adventists and were baptised because of us all there witnessing to what we believe. Mrs French until her death was the head deaconess of the big, big Stanborough Park Church, about 500-600. And Mr French was the head deacon. They've both passed away now. Well that's the story of that one.

Well, now I think it is back to mother. Let me look at my paper. Yes. When Gwen died and Katherine was out with us and Henry was working with his brother and Dr Schoen who is Auntie Clair's brother-in-law (two sisters married one Dr Schoen and one Dr Hargreaves you see). And Henry had arranged to stay in England, and when Hannah was told do you know what she wrote to me? "We're sorry that Dr Hargreaves is not returning to Persia, but I shall stay here by myself to tell the people of Jesus, who else is there to do it? I will stay until Jesus comes by myself." What do you think of that for your mother? Isn't that wonderful. And she was ready to do it. I think that was marvellous.

Eddie: just an interruption here Caroline. At the beginning you will notice that Auntie was saying mummy, and it was leading up to your mother. But the first part you will have recognised I think that it was Katherine's mummy that she was referring to. I think you'll get

that all right. And then just one other comment from Uncle. I didn't have a car in those days and I remember going up to meet you, I went by train from Watford Junction to Victoria Station and for some reason or other there were three sections of the train coming into three different platforms and I was waiting at one platform before I knew that there were three sections and you didn't turn up and I wondered what had happened. And then wandered around and made some enquiries and found that there were three sections of the train and then they said they'll be waiting at the taxi rank. And there I went to the taxi rank and saw you, and I think we loaded into two taxis because there was mountains of luggage to go to Euston to catch the train. Now I had already made arrangements with Mr Herrington who was a builder there, he lived next door to the school, to bring his car. There weren't many cars available to private people just after the war, and he'd brought his car and a trailer and he drove us round and that's when Auntie was longing to see the car come round, and the car did come round with all the tribe of the Hargreaves and Uncle in the back! I thought I'd just put that in. Now that was all Part 1, Auntie has a lot more to say, so I'll pass over to her.

Marjorie: now here I am again. You asked me on this little note you sent to tell you some of the stories that I told you when you were over and the memories of our family and how we became an Adventist etc. Well I'll start.

I told you a little bit further back, no I don't think I did. I had two sisters, Winnie, Gwen and me. Winnie died in 1919, mummy died in 1936 and I of course was the little one of the family as is my cousin Gus who is still living in Dorchester. Anyway, Winnie, I don't know I think she had tuberculosis of the lung which was very common in those days and she'd been in Bethnel Green Hospital for some time and I was at school of course during that time and I don't know a lot about it except that she came back home, I suppose really Caroline they couldn't do any more. I don't know. And she had a nurse during the day time and mama cared for her at night. And I used to go in and see her and talk to her but I didn't know that she was very very ill. One night mama was sitting with her and mama had always had the desire to ask Winnie if the angels came and received her soul to take her to heaven. That was the Church of England idea. So mama was sitting with her and she saw a change in her, this was about one o'clock in the night, and she went to call daddy and while she had gone Winnie had died. And mama was so upset about it because she wanted to ask her if she saw the angels come.

Well mama and daddy and all of us were Church of England and very strict Church of England people, the type of people that you would never put a flower into the ground or a

seed into the ground on a Sunday, we really kept Sunday as Sabbath. Mama started when she came back from Church at night, I saw her get out the Bible, put it on the dining room table and she would start to read Daniel and the Revelation. And each Sunday night she would do that because she was trying to find out what happened to the soul after death. She wanted to know whether Winnie had gone to heaven or Winnie was in the grave. Well this went on for some weeks. I thought it was quite, well, rather nice as a young little girl, I suppose I was 9 or 12, something like this and I thought all these stories about the horses and the colours of the horses and so on, was very fascinating. Well one day a lady came to our door. I was at school, I didn't hear anything about it until I came home. A Mrs Boradale. She was a missionary on leave from India and she was doing some canvassing. And she talked with mama, and mama said that she was very interested in what had happened to her daughter and what happened at death. And then a man came, he was a canvasser and I am almost certain it was Mr Vine from Bournemouth who was canvassing in Dorchester. And mama talked with him and she bought a book called 'The Mystery Unfolded'. And he called again and mama was very interested in this book and he told her that there was a tent mission coming to Dorchester and there would be two ministers with it and should he ask one of them to call and explain this to mother. And mama was very interested. So they came and they explained about death and our beliefs and then the tent mission opened.

Oh Caroline, you should have heard the town people talk about this tent that had come with religious meetings. Oh dear, and mama of all people went. Gwen no, daddy oh no, Marjorie on the front row when I had holidays and it was the summer holiday coming after mama had bought this book. I was there every night singing, singing, singing, because I liked the hymns and the music. And anyway, mama decided to become a Seventh-day Adventist, much to daddy's sorrow. It was very sad Caroline, to be in a home where mother and father are divided in religion and yet they love each other so. So one Sunday night I would go to church with daddy at the lovely Holy Trinity Church, a church established for hundreds of years, you know. Lovely old building. The next Sunday night I would go with mama, this was by arrangement with daddy and mama you see. A little hall, one little hall we had had no real floor, it was an earth floor, an awful place, with about eight people going and some children. And there was no minister after the mission had stopped and of course the tent was taken down, it was only up for a few weeks. Then we went to these halls and mama was put in as the leader of the little church. And we had meetings Sabbath morning, mama took the Sabbath School lesson, I would play the organ and I'd sing sometimes and tell a mission story which I read. And the rest was all helped. Sabbath afternoon when mama took it and she would read something from Desire of Ages, we read so many of Sister

White's books, but the Desire of Ages was the one that I remember first. We had a meeting on Sunday night, just the same, reading by mama. And then Wednesday night was the Prayer meeting and another reading led by mama. Occasionally we would have a lay man that would come from Salisbury, 30 miles away, or Bournemouth or something like this or Weymouth. And this went on for some time.

I was a day boarder and went down to Weymouth each day by train as several of us did from Dorchester. It was quite a large school, the Weymouth Secondary School. And I loved the games of course and I loved hockey and I became the captain of the second eleven and one day we were to have a match against another school, I suppose it was Friday or Sunday, it wasn't on Sabbath because I'd never play hockey on Sabbath. And it was a wet lunch hour, we'd had our lunch and generally we practised hockey on the hard pitch outside asphalt. That day it was wet and the girls all said 'Oh, come Marjorie, let's go and dance'. Well the Bible worker who'd been attending our house, Ms Westlake, had told me that you must never dance etc. Well I'm sure she wouldn't have thought it was wrong for us to just gig around as girls do, just girls with girls and no real dancing, but I said no, I didn't dance any more. They must come out and play hockey. So I got, instead of the eleven a side, six a side which was nothing so we practised slogs from just beyond each of the goals, banging the hockey ball, a very hard ball as you know it is, as hard as we could to try to get it through the goal with these six people defending their goal. Well the ball came down, right to where I was standing, it went onto my hockey stick, it flew up into the air and straight down on my right knee. The pain was rather bad, it was excruciating really. So the girls said 'Marjorie you must go in', but I said 'on with the game' as though nothing hurt at all. I don't know how I did it I'm sure but I did it. Well I couldn't do parallel bars at the gym later that afternoon, I had to ask Miss James the instructress to excuse me.

When I got home I said to mama, 'Mama I hurt my knee at hockey this afternoon'. 'Oh Marjie, you must be careful of your knee'. 'Well, would you write a letter to Ms James and say that I can't do the parallel bars tomorrow'. So she did. When I got home Friday night, about half past four, mama said 'Marji, before you have your meal tonight we are going over to see Dr Broadway'. Dr Broadway was a great friend of the family and he lived absolutely opposite the house. So over I went and he examined my knee. And so he said 'Well, Marjie, I'm afraid you'll have to keep that leg absolutely straight, you are not to bend your knee at all so you'll have to stay still, lying down somewhere, in bed or on the settee or something'. I said 'Dr Broadway I can't do that'. The French exam is on Monday and I said I've got the prize for two terms, if I get it, the third, I get the actual prize at the prize giving.

He put his arm around me and said 'My dear Marjorie, you have all your life for exams, you're not going'. So I knew that was the end. So I had a fairly long time keeping my leg very stiff. Oh I went to London of course to the specialist and he examined it and he had a splint made for me which I had to wear from my hip down below my ankle. Oh for two or three years, perhaps more I just don't know. So I had to put that on because, oh I should tell you before that, really what the doctor wanted was my knee to go stiff because those bones will have to go stiff, she's not to use that joint. So I remember one Wednesday morning, he came each week, he was examining my leg and he said 'Mrs Brown, I am sorry, but Marjorie's knee is not going stiff, it is not responding to the treatment'. She said 'Dr Broadway, do you think that Marjie could be anointed like it says in the book of James and prayed over so that God will make her leg go stiff if it's his will'. And Dr Broadway who was a Baptist said 'Yes Mrs Brown, do.' So the Minister who had not finished the mission, so it must have been in 19 ... oh dear, I can't tell you which year, it was soon after mama had gone to the tent meetings you see, he was still there. So he came and mama, and I think the Bible worker, they had prayer and they anointed my knee with oil. And mama said to me before 'Now Marjie, if you know of any known sin in your life you must put it out. You must ask God to forgive because you must be sinless as far as you can be before you are anointed'. Well next week Dr Broadway came and examined my knee and what do you think he said? 'Mrs Brown, your prayers have been answered, Marjie's leg is starting to go stiff'. And it had. And then of course I had this splint put on and I was like this for some while, resting, I couldn't go to school I had a governess come to the house. And I was on crutches after a while and I could walk, and I could walk quicker than Gran could. And I would spring along, didn't think anything of it that I had a bad leg or anything of the kind, and everybody was very very kind. Well after about two years I started, no it must have been, mama died the next year. Yes. Before I started to walk I had to have more treatments at the hospital. Some electric treatments on the knee to give it power to walk again and during that time mama died. And I always remember someone met me in the town and I was walking on these crutches and they came to say how sorry they were that mama had died. 'But never mind Marjorie, she's looking at you from above'. I said 'No, mama's resting in the grave, she won't be above until Jesus comes'. I don't know what these people thought, I have no idea but I just told them that.

Well mama had asked daddy, I remember, she asked daddy if anything should happen to her in the hospital which nobody thought would and it was a life thrown away, the specialist would charge not a penny, it was a friend of daddy's too, but he would have charged of course, and the hospital charged nothing because the nurse neglected mama and that's why

she died. Anyway, mama had said 'Daddy, if anything happens do let Marjie have the piano when anything happens to you will you?' And he said 'Nothing is going to happen to you nan, you'll be all right'. And then she said 'If you should marry again'. 'I should never marry again'. 'But if you do daddy, will you send Marjie to college, to Stanborough College'. And daddy said 'Yes I will'. Well about three years later daddy married again, a person he'd known for many years and daddy let me go to college and he paid for my full fees plus a pound a week pocket money plus all my clothes, and he used to have my clothes tailored beautifully.

Anyway, I went to college and I was going to room with somebody whom Gwen had gone to college, oh before mama died, and then she came home to look after me and then she went back as the preceptress of the college. And she had brought home some of the girls for holidays at our home and even when mama was alive, she'd been there a year before mama died as a student, and she was planning to go to America to train to be a nurse, that's what she wanted to do but when I was not too well she felt that she ought not to go so she stayed. And I was going to room with one of them, Molly Petterville, now Mrs Leslie Harding in America. I was going to room with her. Well I was all excited that day when I got there about lunch time, or just after lunch. I went down to the bathroom, you know to make myself all tidy and so on, because that night I was to sing at the opening concert for the school and I had a lovely dress which my new step-mother had made for me and it was rather lovely. I rather fancied myself, you know. And as I came back from the bathroom there was a little step into our room and I caught my stiff leg, the heel of my shoe on that and I fell and I broke the stiff leg that had been stiffening all those years. Now Caroline, that was some pain. When people talk about pain I can't think of anything that was worse than that, it was awful. There was no concert at college that night, it was put off. And do you know those dear students, some of them stayed up all night because there was only one thing that could give me any relief from the pain and that was a hot water bottle on my leg. And one girl, I had a letter from her this last week, not a girl now of course. But she stayed up all night preparing the bottles for the students who took them up, two or three students stayed up the whole night. Well one of the teachers gave me her room to sleep in because it was next to Gwen's, as I said she was the preceptress and this was one of the head teachers so she gave me her bed where I had to lie and not get out of bed for one month. And the specialist came down the next day from London, from Harley Street, and he had my splint sent back from Dorchester where it was at home and I had to wear that splint again for 18 months, perhaps a little longer. But during that time I learned to walk on crutches, after a while, but first of all I was in a bath chair and the students used to push me by chair to my classes

each day so that I could carry on my studies which I did. And then it got that I could walk by myself with the crutches, and I did pretty well again. Swinging along and then that was in August when I went to college, well not the next year, that was 1926, 1927 I was on crutches all the year through waiting for an appointment but I had to wait a certain time for the leg to do something, I don't know what it was.

And then in January 1928 I went to Guy's Hospital. When I went to see the specialist first, no just before I went, he said 'Marjorie there are two things that we can do. You can wear a support on your leg all your life over the knee and you can go anywhere then, or you can have an operation which will take three months and its rather a serious one and a lot of trouble, but you must choose'. Well I said I would choose to have the operation. He said 'You've chosen the hard way'. I said, 'Well I want to be a missionary and I want to go to the South Sea Islands'. He said, 'Well, if you don't have the operation you can never go to the South Sea Islands but if you have that your leg will be as good as mine, except that you can't bend it'. Well then daddy wouldn't give his permission for me to have the operation because mama had died through neglect in a private ward. In the end I persuaded him, but he said 'You're not to go into a private ward, you are to go into a public ward and I will pay for you as though you are a private patient but I'll not have you away from all the nurses'. So I went into Guy's as a private patient in a huge ward and I had my operation. The specialist said 'You'll be three months in hospital', but I was only one month in hospital. They were wonderful to me. There's was one time a week after the operation, I didn't know, but I was very very ill and I saw, I woke early morning and I saw the curtains were drawn around me and there were doctors and nurses and goodness knows, I don't know who it was, and so I just lay there and I don't know what they did to me, I've got no idea. But apparently the doctor, or one of the doctors or somebody there, had rung up Gwen at Stanborough Park at the college to tell them that I was very very ill. Well Gwen, I suppose it must have been nearly breakfast time when they heard, and instead of all those students having breakfast, do you know what they did? They went to the chapel and they had prayer for me, that was at 8 o'clock in the morning. Why I remember this I don't know, but apparently, I heard one of the doctors or matron or somebody say, 'She'll be alright now'. And they came and they said 'You'll be alright, you're better, you have recovered' from whatever it was. What it was I have no idea. It was twenty minutes past eight and I didn't know about the prayers of the students. It was the prayers that saved me Caroline, and I knew I had a work to do for God.

The tape's almost at the end Caroline so I must finish.

With lots of love from me

Eddie: and also from Uncle.

Auntie Kate

In the last week or two my brain has been working briskly trying to gather together some more bits of interest about the Hargreaves family. As you will remember I told quite a story about them on the tape I made for you on mother's 80th birthday. And of course you had the family genealogical table that Caroline so ably made. I can't think how she got so much information together. But we all know that the Hargreaves family came from Yorkshire. The name is very rarely heard down here in the southwest unless, like me and mine, it travelled down from the north. Of course my father died when I was two, the little girl you see on the photo I sent recently. So I have never had anyone close at hand to ask about the family. And mother was married to him such a short time, no more than about eight years. But we know that the Hargreaves came down from Pudsey, Yorkshire in 1873 to Staverton in Wiltshire, where grandfather James had bought the woollen mill. He must have been very sure of himself because the two previous owners of the mill had gone bankrupt. However, great-grandfather, with his grandfather, with his family of three girls and four sons. Although I see on the family tree that there was another son Andrew, and I've never heard of him. But probably Auntie Carrie's son Andrew, was called after him. And he had died in infancy. However, all the other sons were employed by their father Thomas. Thomas wanted to be a doctor, but he was so good at figures that he was made the accountant. I don't know what James did, but my father Henry was the buyer who went to London to buy the wool as it was brought in from Australia. The material which was made at Staverton was lovely fine woollen texture. I was given a piece by Auntie Carrie and had it made up into a two piece dress and it was so fine that even I could wear it. Wool usually irritating my skin so that I cannot wear woollen things. Unfortunately I grew too large for it and so it's gone now. Earnest, the youngest son I presume, was too young to have to work in the mill and I don't think he ever did a day's work in his life. I presume that grandfather kept the mill going until his death, having an occasional argument with the Marquess of Bath on whose land it stood about various rights that he wanted to take possession of and the Marquess thought that they were his and took him to court about it. They were probably in a bit of a perilous financial position and the sons decided to sell. But that's only guess work by me. I don't know where Thomas lived before he died in 1912, but I do know that James lived with a man servant in an old farm house in Wiltshire and died about 1916, or 1918, somewhere around there. And Hodgson, my brother, being the heir, inherited the old house. But it was sold off

because the solicitors thought that it was much too dilapidated and would need a lot of repairing, so we never saw the old place. But some of the furniture was sent down by Auntie Carrie to us at Dawlish, including an old piano which was in such dreadful repair we gave it to a club, a working man's club or army club or something, as we already owned a very nice grand piano, very dear to me that was.

Now Henry my father, how he came to Bath and found my mother I really don't know. I can only guess that as she was working in an art shop at that time, he went there and saw her and fell for her. Anyway they were married in a very quiet brief ceremony in St Mary's Church, Bathwick, Bath. Just two witnesses, and the handsome waiting outside with the luggage to take them to the station for their honeymoon in Bournemouth. Unfortunately Auntie Carrie thought mother wasn't good enough for her brother and refused to have anything to do with them. This of course caused her bitter sorrow when father had a sudden heart attack and died immediately. She came then according to my mother and wept very bitterly at the funeral. Mother found him dead on the kitchen floor when she returned with all of us in the pram from shopping. She sent Hodgson in to find out where he was because he always came down and helped her up with the pram because there were steps up from the road to the entrance of the house and he didn't come, and so that was why Hodgson was sent up and he found his father dead on the kitchen floor. Doubtless because of that very bad experience mother sold the house in Entry Hill and moved down to a more modern place in Wells Way. Across the way from there, there was a confectioners shop owned by cousins who had several shops in Bath. They were cousins on mother's side, I think probably of grandmother's sisters married a Mr (Cobb) and they set up this chain of confectioners shops with a bakehouse and did very well. They are still in Bath but at that time one of the shops was across the way from our house in Wells Way, Bath. And I remember I used to go over and they would pop a marshmallow into my mouth as I stood at the counter with mother. So I remember that quite vividly.

But after a short time mother evidently didn't pick up in health very well and was advised to move away from Bath. And that is how we came to live in Dawlish, South Devon. It was a lovely place to grow up in. The railway line in front of the house and the sea just beyond that. Well of course we paddled and bathed to our heart's content. Mother very soon recovered, she was helped greatly by two old ladies, Miss Base and Miss Crisp who, I don't know why, but they had become Seventh-day Adventists and they gave up their little place in one of the country places outside of Bath where they had a little village shop and they kept goats and a donkey and we used to go out there and play around. But they gave it all up

and went down to Dawlish with mother to help her with us and looking after the house. And they were very good and very kind. They had an allotment some distance from the house because there was no garden in our front house by the sea, it didn't have any garden there, so they had a garden away from the house and they kept a donkey, and they had a little pony cart which they used for the donkey and we used to go for rides. It was a dear old donkey, sometimes it would sit down in the middle of the road when I was riding on his back. But as there wasn't much traffic about it didn't matter very much. But there we were and mother soon recovered her strength and the summers were always filled with visits from relatives. Including now Auntie Carrie and her husband, the Reverend William Lewis and the baby Andrew. And Auntie Emma with her two children, Mary and John Smeaton.

And then came the First World War. Hodgson then was 18 and was soon called up though he had already started on his medical course and had taken his preliminary exams. But now he had to proclaim himself a conscientious objector, but he was put into the Somerset and Dorset Light Infantry. Then when he refused to use a rifle he was put on trial, for although he volunteered to do mind sweeping at sea, he was given a month's jail sentence in (Devon's) Prison. Mother and I went to visit him there. When he came out a non-combatant core had been started and he went into that where he did all sorts of jobs like picking caterpillars off the army cabbages, however towards the end of the war doctors were becoming scarce and Hodgson was let out of the army. But now came another worry. When he was fit to go to London to go to the medical school, none of the schools seemed to want to take someone who had been 'a conchie'. But at last Charring Cross Hospital secretary proved sympathetic and he was in. So he went off to London and found lodgings with the (Bacons), father and mother and one unmarried daughter, not too young. So by this time Henry was already in the non-combatant core because Hodgson had been able to apply to have his younger brother in with him. And he was in the NCC too. He had already taken his matric and expected to take up school teaching, but by the time the war ended he had decided also to be a doctor and started in at Exeter University where he got through all his preliminary examinations very well. When it was time for him to go to Charring Cross it was 1921 and mother thought it would be better for us to move house to London for the boys to live at home.

And that's how we came to live in Walthamstow on the edge of Epping Forrest. Henry was glad to live at home, but Hodgson wouldn't move from the Bacons and eventually married the rather older daughter, Clara. He went into practice when he was qualified with his now brother-in-law Dr Schoen. Henry having got his MRCSLRCP then began to wonder what to

do next. He and I went for a holiday to Dran, Switzerland on the shores of Lake Geneva. There was a Seventh-day Adventist Hydro there. And while we were there we met with one of the ministers from America who told him a doctor was needed in Persia and he decided to put in for it. He did his diploma in tropical medicine and went on to Persia. It was frightfully difficult to find how to get there. He had to go over land to Constantinople and then of course the Black Sea, and then down by train to Tehran. Nobody seemed to know exactly how he should get there but he managed it somehow. He spent several years, very lonely ones, working there. He came home on leave and went to Moorfield Eye Hospital to get qualified in eye surgery as he found so much disease of the eyes in Persia and on return found to his great delight that he was able to do very successful operations for the removal of cataracts.

On his next leave he went to Edinburgh to do his FRCS, but in the meantime we, mother and I, had moved to Garston Watford as I was being social secretary at the Hydro. And my best friend was Gwen Brown who had become matron of the college where, of course, Henry met Gwen and they decided they wanted to get married and go back to Persia. So Henry finished his course but didn't take his exam because he actually thought it would be rather too difficult because some friend of his and some other man, I think the other man had taken it and failed and a Dr Maverick who was with Henry and he, both decided that it was too difficult for them and anyway, he wanted to get married and go back to Persia, so that's what he did. He came back to Watford and got married in the Stanborough Park Church in 1930 and they went off back to Persia together. They were very happy out there and of course this is where Katherine comes in. Because she was born out there in 1931, I think Gwen had quite a difficult time over it. But they had one or two happy leaves at home with Katherine staying at Garston and then sometime after that Gwen was pregnant again and they came home on leave and they stayed in a flat at the Schoen-Hargreaves Nursing Home in Walthamstow. I think the flat was in the, yes it was, an upper flat in the lodge of the nursing home place. And that was where Gwen was suddenly taken with an acute adema of the lungs and was dead the next day. Despite all the doctors could do, they had a specialist, there was Dr Schoen and there were two Hargreaves doctors, but they could do nothing about it and she just died.

Henry decided to go back to Persia and Katherine of course, well she couldn't go with him just alone like that with nobody to help with the house and so she was left with her Auntie Marjorie who was now married to Eddie White. Auntie Marjorie being Gwen's sister. And Eddie White who was studying for his BA while teaching at Newbold, the Seventh-day

Adventists having moved the college from Stanborough Park to a place called Easenhall, they had bought an estate there. It had been up for sale and it is near Rugby and so they were up there in this old country house. And Marjorie and Eddie lived in the lodge. I went to visit them and I was delighted to see the little Katherine peddling on her bicycle across the estate to the school.

The next thing of course when Henry got back to Persia, you wouldn't expect him to stay there again lonely, and he was married to the German nurse Hannah who had been working there for some time. And then Roger was born and a little while after that Henry had to go to a conference in Cairo, Egypt and he wrote to me asking me to take Katherine out to him there as he had a home for her again. This I did. It was quite a journey as there were no aeroplane services then. The Second World War was looming. But we got on alright. We had to take the ferry to France, then go by train to Paris, change there and another train to Marseille, and then by French steamer to Alexandria where Henry met us. And then we went by train down to Cairo where we stayed in a hotel in Heliopolis and went sightseeing to the pyramids etc. Katherine had a treat of riding on a camel. I had a snap of her and I daresay some of you have some. Katherine was a delightful little child and no trouble at all. The boat had been full of Jews fleeing to Israel away from Germany. So I left them there and I travelled home alone and Henry after a little bit of waiting took Katherine back to Persia. And then the new family grew. And several times they came home on leave and usually when they came home on leave they stayed with us, first of all down in Appledore in North Devon and the next time at Walgrave in Northamptonshire, just for little spells of time so that we could get to know them again.

They were in Garston when I went to fetch Martin from the Adoption Society in 1946 when he was three months old. Hannah went with me, because I stayed with them a night, and she told me how to bath the baby and change his nappies. I can't quite remember where Katherine was at this time but I have a snap of her with us on the beach at Beaud with Martin. And as there was no other baby in sight this must have been 1947, as Marion Sarah came to us in 1948 just two weeks old. Katherine I suppose must have been about 16. My memory doesn't serve me very well at this point, because I can't remember why Katherine went on to Australia with Marjorie and Eddie, but she did. And when Henry finally found English people were not so welcome in Persia, and the children needed steady schooling, he wondered what to do next. Hodgson wanted him to join him as GP but that didn't suit. Then Katherine wrote saying there was a place for him in Australia, and you know the rest. They were staying at Watford at the old college and we went down there to say a sad

farewell to the family. Caroline was in bed with a slight fever, so we didn't see her and we returned to Northamptonshire and I had a premonition that I would never see Henry again and wept rather bitterly.

Going back to the family of grandfather, as you know all the males except father remained bachelors, but the remaining two daughters, Emma and Caroline, were married. The oldest daughter, known as Lily but Mary Elizabeth was her name, she was born in 1856, died at Staverton House in 1887. I always understood that there was a window in the Church in memory of her. In fact I wrote to the parson there some time ago trying to find out where the grandparents were buried but unfortunately got no reply. I shall have to try again now that Martin lives near there and we should doubtless be visiting when the days are longer. I shall take a snap of the mill, or send one to you, all in good time. But Emma had married a Scotchman, named Smeaton, who was a conservative agent. Mother didn't seem to think very highly of him and I never saw him. In fact when we went up to Yorkshire and stayed at (Ausenthorpe) House, or Bradford Moor, with great aunt Emma Ellison, I can't ever remember going into Aunt Emma's house which was just next door. Henry and I did go into the garden in front and eat gooseberries and hide behind them when we heard someone coming. At this time, I should think about 1908 or 1909, Mary the daughter was born. But Jock wasn't born then and I should think he was on the way. Anyway we stayed with Great Aunt Emma who was grandmother Hargreaves' sister and the one who links us with the Marquess of Anglesea by your table. By the time we were there Aunt Ellison was a widow, Aunt Emma was a widow, but Uncle Ernest, father's brother, lived with her and the house was looked after by an old Irish woman called Bridgette. I can still remember the big old kitchen, and the big coal fire range with the dampers, thin, flat, rounds of bread hanging over the plate rack. The only food I can remember there was some sort of custard after which I was sick, I think there must have been lemon in it. Mary was sent to a boarding school on the south coast. Jock became rather too difficult for the now widowed Aunt Emma to handle, so he was sent down to us for a year. And I remember walking him to the little day school. He liked it with us, especially the bathing in the summer. However he was sent back home to a boarding school at Sebra. In the Second World War Mary went into the WRNS, she looked very smart in her uniform with an admiral like hat. When she was stationed at Culdrose in Cornwall she came and spent some leaves with us in Devon. When she was demarche she joined the corset firm Spirella and worked several years with them until her retirement.

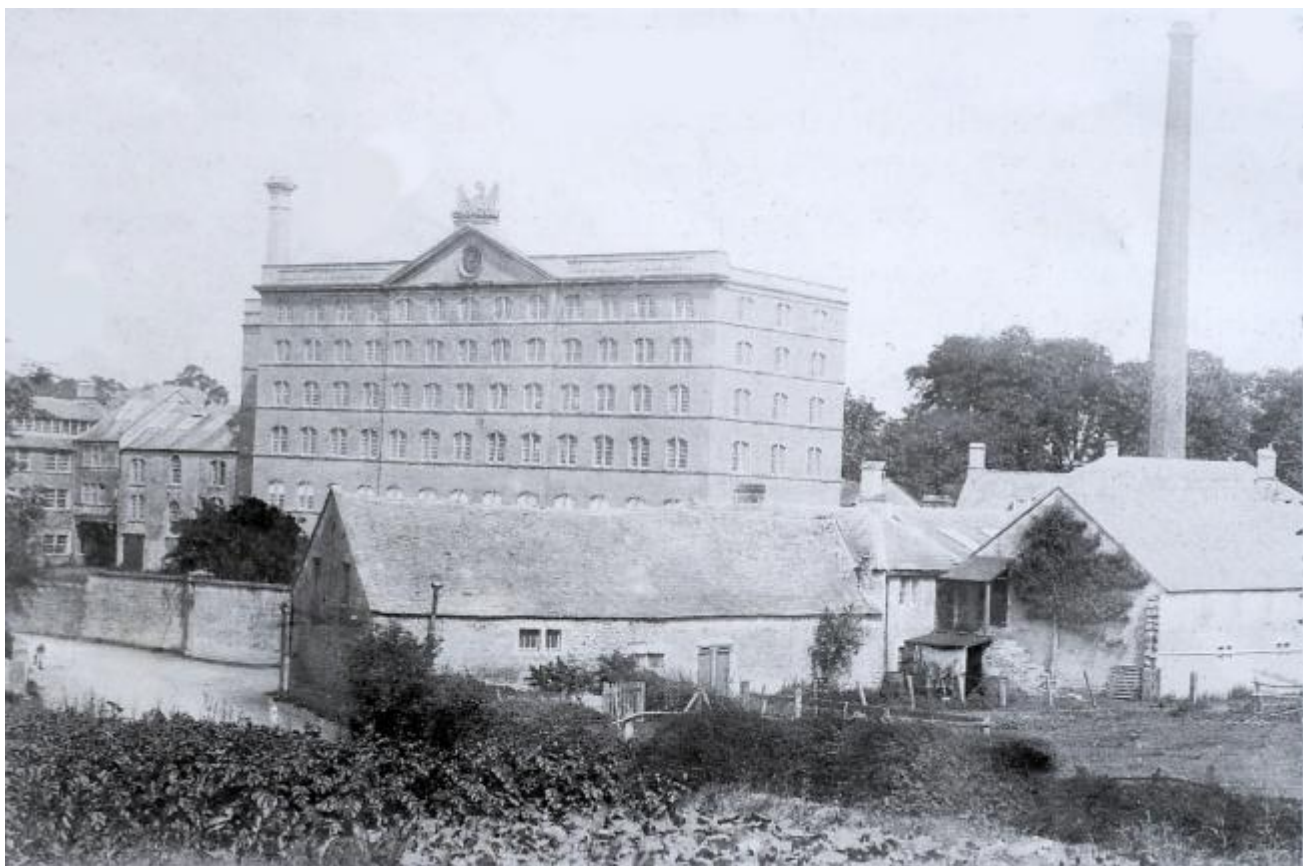


Figure 1 - Staverton Mill



Figure 2 - Stanborough Park Church, 1930s