

MAIDA & JOHN

Maida & John

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Front cover photograph:

John and Maida Bulman, after their wedding at Saint Benet's, Cambridge, 27 July 1938. Left to right: Mamma (Mrs CB Hunter), bridesmaid and cousin Molly Phillips (Mrs R Cooke, daughter of Tricka Roberts), Maida Bulman (née Hunter), Dr Roger Tredgold (best man and Trinity Miller), John Bulman, Norah Fenwick (John's mother)

MAIDA & JOHN

A HISTORY OF FOUR FAMILIES

Roberts, Hunter, Bulman, Jones

Andrew Bulman

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INTRODUCTION

This started as a 2017 i-movie encompassing in two minutes the extent of the family's early photo collection. How could all the stuff be looked after when I was dead and gone? As time passed, and with the coming of cameraphone tech and smaller houses, I thought that preserving and interpreting family archives and unlabelled photos of non-celebrities might become harder rather than easier. As well as photos from both sides of the family, there were stories my mother, Maida Hunter, had written about herself, there were books and papers her Roberts forbears had left. Around the time Dad died, Maida had made an index of all the Bulman historic papers stored for decades in his desk, which I inherited. Five years into my own retirement, and with Covid domestic lockdowns imposed, I decided that successors might be best served, even encouraged, if I condensed what I had into a handy book.

The original papers occupy several bulky crates which I hope to donate to an archive willing to accept them – Tyne & Wear (<https://twarchives.org.uk/>) is a possibility. If this goes smoothly, followers may examine them there, guided by these pages.

I expect hardly anyone to have heard of most of the characters, but I am keen that the stories they left should not die with me. I would like to conjure what their lives could have felt like. To make it readable, I hope to include where they, their partners and employees came from, their circumstances, how their families were run, and what they were able to do with their lives. For example, occupations such as being a doctor, engineer or mother, or indeed running a coastal shipping firm, founding a museum, or farming a particular spot which can still be visited. The very least would be to provide evidence of their names and relations in coherent family trees.

This is not a novel: it is a memorial to its many subjects, and is intended primarily for all those descended from them. The idea is to use as much as possible of the various authors' own unmodified words, photographs and documents. If my first aim is to provide a history for now, the second is to help any future archive researchers,

which means including some material of limited interest to general readers. It is there because I suspect much could still be discovered from the leads unexplored by me and increasingly available online to the curious. Such research as I did grew from my mother's collections and 1984 index (source 3) and moved on to books which I liked, thought might be relevant, or were written by earlier family members (see bibliography). And not forgetting Wikipedia, critically assessed.

To keep to a reasonable length of text and photos, many chapters can only be fragments of the original sources. To do this, and to avoid distorting the thoughts of forebears, I have often used verbatim extracts which I hope may convey some flavour and character of the writer for you to interpret yourself. At the end is a list of original sources – written, collected or quoted by earlier family members and found in the desk – parts of which I have gratefully used. Throughout I have added text of my own in [square] brackets, while other (round) brackets will have been added by their original author. Within my text interpretations and memories are likely to contain both distortions and mistakes. Where an event crops up more than once, there may well be inconsistencies to puzzle over. There is little about the postwar period, my own lifetime: it's another story, and neither John nor Maida wrote about it.

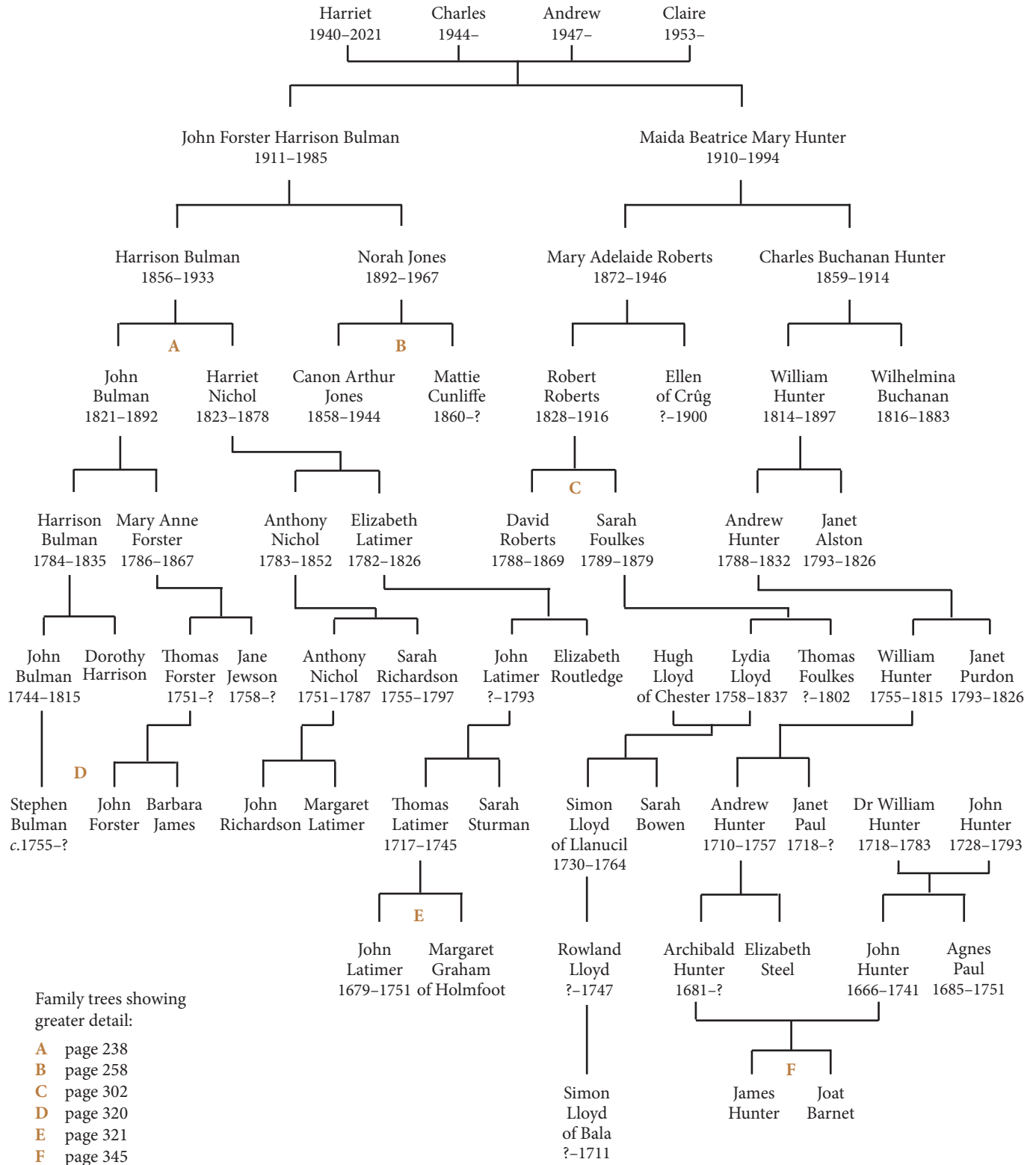
Glance at the contents page and you will see that the chapters recede in time from my babyhood, thence back to my parents, Maida Beatrice Mary Hunter and John Forster Harrison Bulman, to their childhood, mothers and fathers, grandparents and earlier, reflecting the way family stories may often be recalled. To experience the geography, there are places you could visit in Northumberland, Anglesey, the Isle of Islay, Dublin, Cumbria, Camberwell and Oxford. Reluctant to trust internet-based genealogy, I did not use Ancestry, the online service: too late I recently discovered the non-commercial wikitree.com. Virtually all my information comes from real papers preserved in the desk. Beyond that, interpretation of parish records, old newspapers and the like usually requires more skill and time than I have been able to give. Deep down it's hard to know whether an apparent online relative is not simply a stranger with a familiar name.

Book production turns out to be so much more than simply sending a file to the printers. This work would not have been possible without all those who have helped me, in particular Diana Bulman, Charles Watson, Niki Medlik, Ben Cracknell and Ruth Rudd, to all of whom I am extremely grateful.

I hope it's fun to look at!

Andrew Bulman

The whole family





John and Maida Bulman, staying with Diana and Clissold Tuely at Wittersham, 1938

CHAPTER 1

1937–1945

JOINED IN MARRIAGE, SEPARATED BY WAR

Maida Hunter and John Bulman, my mum and dad, met as undergraduates at Cambridge, parting during the three years John then spent training to be a doctor in London, ‘on the wards’, while Maida, with a 2:1 BA in modern and medieval languages, taught at Wycombe Abbey girls school. I suspect with difficulty they managed to stay entirely apart until John qualified and started earning, allowing them to be married, with quiet excitement but no fuss, a few months before he felt compelled to depart again, this time for Egypt as the Second World War got under way, with the Royal Army Medical Corps. With no home leave for four years, they exchanged many hundreds of ‘war letters’, which at the time of writing remain in my loft here in Norwich. Around the time John died in 1985, Maida typed their handwritten letters into 336 pages of A4, adding comments gleaned from her diaries, (which I believe do not survive): these pages are now held in two loose-leaf books, each an inch thick. I have one, my sister Claire has the carbon copy, what follows in this chapter is extracts from it. The text could be digitised in order for Maida’s work, social history and expressions of love to be more fully preserved, but here I have included only a tiny fraction of it, scarcely more than the first and last few pages.

At the time the letters were typed, Maida also wrote the pages of introduction included in full below. This pictures the Bulman family as Maida saw it at the time of her marriage, and introduces the suave and generous uncle Col. Philip Bulman, who had crucially supported John, whose own father had just died, for four years while he was a student without an income.



Maida Hunter,
around the time of
her wedding to John
Bulman, 27 July 1938

It also contains elements of Maida's own early life with a mixture of pride and modesty, managing to pass over with scarcely a mention the trips her mother and father had made to West Africa, one before and one after Maida's birth: they went to Sierra Leone for twelve months in 1908 and to Ghana for three months in 1912. She recounts the hardships and uncertainty caused by the tragic premature death of her father when she was only three, and their consequent straitened circumstances. After a scholarship to school (and later to Cambridge), her grandfather, her aunts and her teenage years are clearly remembered, along with the awe she felt at associating with senior London professionals, of which more in chapter 3.



John Bulman, 1938

The war letters which follow contain a picture of their thoughts and uncertain plans, of army life and the commanders, of John's medical work, and of his observations and writings on birds, continuing those he made as a boy and reflecting a lifetime of intense interest in ornithology.

Maida recounts, often between the lines, what it was like spending six years of war at home in the Cambridge suburbs without a paid job, bringing up Harriet with her mother and Agnes Buggy, whom she called 'Adda'.

Recruited when a very young woman as nanny to five-month-old Maida, Adda continued as housekeeper and friend not only to Maida and her mother through both world wars, but also helping (as telephone receptionist) to support John's post-military general practice career, along with keeping the hearth warm, cooking and cleaning for us all. She devoted almost her entire life to our family. She looked after us, and we

Agnes Bugey
(Adda) with Harriet
at Queen Edith's Way,
Cambridge, 1940



looked after her as she 'lived in' for an incredible 56 years, all the while maintaining her dignity and individuality. I don't remember any spats in my presence, no 'flouncing out', she was never 'off sick'. She did not speak to me about her relatives in Worksop; postwar she would holiday with them for a week or so each year, and they exchanged Christmas presents. She proudly showed my infant self a discreet mark she made on a tin of tea she was sending, aiming to detect its possible return in later years.



My younger sister Claire's christening party, in October 1953, including the parents and godparents. Left to right: Shirley Guiton, Dorothy Stewart, Adda (holding the baby – a rare image and the reason for its inclusion), Maida, Dr Charles Petch (local cardiologist colleague and expert Norfolk botanist), my father, John. The backdrop is half of Dad's heroic Maldon Road dahlia bed

We, and I feel this in particular, owe her an enormous debt of love and gratitude. She bought a television long before Dad, and I particularly remember watching news with her of what I think was the Korean war but might have been military resistance to independence for 'British' Malaysia. I was about four: her room was the other side of the wall from the kitchen Aga, the only two permanently warm rooms in the house. I recall being too horrified by the burning grass huts to ever have wanted to be an army man myself. There is more on Adda in chapter 3.

Harriet Nichol Bulman (9 June 1940–14 January 2021) was Maida's first baby and so my elder sister, much loved and now mourned. I don't picture Harriet with us two boys – in the playroom with the Meccano and electric trains, outside climbing on the roof, or indeed poking about in the river Wandle in Beddington Park – quite likely because Charles and I were more than five years younger. More recently Harriet and I both lived in Norwich for a decade or so, where her contribution to society was immense, if perhaps hidden under a bushel, even when she was alive. She is included here because I remember her as belonging with the earlier wartime generation, being extremely close to our mother Maida, and having at least known Grandmamma.

John and Maida: portrait of a wartime marriage

I am writing these memories for you, my dear grand-children [i.e. Tom Bulman's generation], in case any of you would be interested to know what kind of people two of your grand-parents were. John and I were parted for all but three months of the six years of the Second World War 1939–1945 and wrote to each other nearly every day. I still have almost all these letters and offer you an edited collection of them. I have left out passages which seemed to have little personal, or historical interest, and a few which I felt were too intimate to quote.

First I must tell you who we were. Your grand-father, John Forster Harrison Bulman, was born in 1911 to Harrison Francis Bulman, a mining engineer, and his wife Norah, daughter of Canon Arthur Jones, at Burnopfield, County Durham. They were prosperous and cultivated people, and after living for a number of years at Newcastle-upon-Tyne moved in 1918 to a beautiful house, Morwick Hall near Warkworth, Northumberland. It had a lovely garden and

Maida with John,
around the time of
their wedding on 27
July 1938



woods running down to the river Coquet, and was rented from the Duke of Northumberland. There were six children, Helen, John, Philip, Margaret (Peggy), Denis and Heather. John was educated at Packwood Haugh Preparatory School, Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished record, taking a double First in the Natural Sciences Tripos Parts I & II followed by a year of research in physiology when he was senior scholar of his college before deciding that he preferred clinical medicine to an academic career and went to St. Thomas' Hospital.

While at Cambridge he rowed for Trinity and was a member of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, going with them to climb at Arolla in 1931. He had been a scout at Rugby and continued with scouting for a time at Cambridge, but had given it up by the time I knew him. He joined the Cambridge University Air Squadron and qualified as a pilot. He was also a keen member of the Bird Club; his interest in birds had begun in childhood and continued all his life. Another happy memory was of the Trinity Millers' club, a group of friends with no particular common interest except a love of the country and a fairly light-hearted commitment to the Church of England. The group was started by the Rev. Michael Gresford-Jones, then Chaplain of Trinity and later Bishop of St. Albans. They used to spend occasional week-ends at the Tower Mill, Burnham Overy Staithe, Norfolk, which belonged to Hugh Hughes, a Cambridge architect, and his wife Mary, who became close friends, Mary being Harriet's god-mother; after the war they allowed us to rent the Mill for a week or two every summer until we had become so attached to North Norfolk that in 1963 we bought our own much loved cottage, Appletrees, Burnham Thorpe.

Unfortunately John's father had invested his money unwisely, and when he died in 1933 while John was still at Trinity it was discovered that he had left the family with almost nothing. This dramatic change of fortune was hard for them to bear in many ways. My future mother-in-law married Mr. J.C. Fenwick. They continued to live at Morwick for many years, helped by Nanny Miss Ethel Liddle, and the young Bulmans were always very welcome to stay there and treat it as their home, but the only financial help they received was from their bachelor uncle, Colonel Philip Bulman, D.S.O., who with great generosity helped them until they became self-supporting in their various walks of life, or, in the case of the girls, married. John qualified as a doctor in 1937 and from then on had to rely on what he earned augmented by a tiny income of about £25 per annum from a family trust.

I was born in 1910 to Dr. Charles Buchanan Hunter of the Colonial Service and Mary Adelaide Roberts (aka Maida) daughter of Robert Roberts J.P. of Bronceris, Carnarvon. My father was

Senior Medical Officer on the Gold Coast (known as Ghana since independence in 1957) when he died in 1914, very suddenly, on leave at Teignmouth aged 54 after only seven years of a very happy marriage, and six months before he would have been entitled to a pension from the Colonial Office. My widowed mother had to face life with a three-year-old daughter and very little money. We lived with my grandfather until his death in 1916 and then moved to Bangor, North Wales (to be near my Aunt Kate [aka Nonin]), briefly to Hereford (to be near old friends), to Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire (to be near my Aunt Trixie), and eventually to Oswestry, Shropshire (to be near a good school for me). There my mother found a very small house thanks to the help of my dear god-mother, May Bradford, and we stayed till 1918. I was educated at Lloran House School, Oswestry Girls' High School and Cheltenham Ladies' College, having been lucky enough to get a scholarship. From Cheltenham I fortunately got another scholarship to Newnham College, Cambridge, to read



Maida with field glasses, Mary Adelaide in the foreground, possibly at Bryn, 1938

French and Italian; my love of France dates from my later school days. I am very grateful to the excellent teachers at these various places of education. At my suggestion, my mother moved to Cambridge while I was at Newnham so that she could meet my friends. She bought a small but pretty house, 7 Queen Edith's Way, with a garden and orchard, and it was here that I would spend the war years. She remained there until she became ill and came to live with us in 1946, three years before her death. No mother could have been more loving; she made many sacrifices for me, and was devoted to John.

She was a most attractive and intelligent woman with an interest in Natural History, especially Botany, which would have qualified her for an academic career if she had been born into a later generation. As it was, she enrolled as one of the early students at Bangor College (later Bangor University) in, I suppose, the late eighteen nineties, and in her long skirts used to botanise on the slopes and gullies of Snowdon, which were regarded as dangerous in our time by young well-equipped male climbers. When she married and accompanied my father to Sherbro Island, Sierra Leone, she made a collection of plants for the British Museum. It was largely their shared love of birds which made her get on so well with John.

She kept in touch with only one of her four brothers, my bachelor Uncle David, but remained close to her three sisters, Elizabeth [d.1946] (Mrs. Richard Williams, known by me as Aunt Ah), mother of Robin; her other son Roderic had been killed in the Flying Corps in the First World War; Kate [b.1866] (Nonin) and Trixie [b.1878] (Mrs. Llewellyn Phillips, mother of Molly [b.1915, d.1990] and Margie [b.1918]), all of whom will appear in these pages. She also had a marvellous housekeeper, Miss Agnes Buggey, known as Adda, who came to us as my Nanny when I was five months old and stayed with us through thick and thin for a very low wage, except for two brief periods of retirement, until she moved to a sheltered ground floor flat half a mile from our home a year before her death at the age of 80 in 1967.

My father's family were connected with the great surgeon and anatomist, John Hunter, and his brother William, a distinguished

eighteenth century physician; their portraits always hung on the walls of our house, and I was brought up to revere them and, indeed, the whole medical profession; my god-mother May, née Roberts, had been brought up by her uncle, my grandfather's youngest brother, Sir William Roberts, an eminent physician greatly loved and admired by my mother; May married another distinguished doctor, John (later Sir John) Rose Bradford Bart., President of the College of Physicians 1926–1931, known to me as Uncle Jack. My mother and I stayed with them almost every summer in the Twenties at Bryn, Llanymawddy, their country home in Wales, and I feel I was greatly influenced by these two brilliant but austere people and by my glimpses through them of the intellectual and scientific life of London at that time. They both died before my marriage. There were other doctors too on both sides of my family, and even my best friend at Cheltenham, Diana Low [who appears again as one of the letter-writers closing chapter 3], was the daughter of a surgeon and lived in Harley St., which she used to refer to as the Valley of the Shadow of Death. So, all in all, it is easy to see looking back how I, though not at all scientific myself, have always regarded medicine as a very great profession and the pursuit of money as of secondary importance.

John and I first met when Robert Bayne-Powell brought him to a tea-party at Newnham in March 1932. They knew each other from rowing in the same boat, and Robert has remained a friend ever since. I was duly asked back to tea at Trinity, and we saw more and more of each other and gradually fell in love in the restrained way that was then normal for young people with our upbringing. Lack of money, as described above, made marriage out of the question (or so it seemed in those days) and during the three years that John was at St. Thomas' we never met and I never expected to see him again. However, he wrote to me in 1937 when he was newly qualified and we met in London as described in my letter of 18.5.41 [p105–6 in Maida's typescript – see below]. I was by then teaching French and Italian at Wycombe Abbey School, Buckinghamshire, and I had managed to save enough money (about £250 as I remember) to buy a new grey Austin 7 car, 'Griselda', who will figure in these pages; she was a great

treasure. We married quietly at St. Benet's Church, Cambridge, on July 27th 1938. John was working at the Kent and Canterbury as a House Surgeon (later at the Royal Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, now the Royal Marsden Hospital) and I was allowed to keep on my job at Wycombe in spite of being married, which was much more unusual then than it would be now.

For our first year of married life we had no settled home but rented a furnished flat at High Wycombe, and relied on Griselda for driving very many miles for weekend meetings and holidays. This brings me to the beginning of the War and our long series of letters.

War service 1939–1945

In July 1939 I resigned my teaching job at Wycombe Abbey School. Our plan was to have a good summer holiday, including a trip to Northumberland, after which we would find a flat in London (we had our eye on St. George's Square, S.W.) and John would do a course and try for the F.R.C.S. in November. I would look for a new teaching post in London.

We had a lovely holiday together; the weather was magnificent. While we were staying at Morwick (John's childhood home) my mother-in-law and Mr. Fenwick decided to go off for a holiday themselves leaving us with Nannie [Ethel Liddle]. As far as I remember, it was while we were in the North that it became evident that the War, which we hoped had been staved off by the Munich agreement in 1938, was coming very near, and John decided to volunteer to serve in the Armed Forces. He sometimes said he only did it for the money, but I think patriotism had a great deal to do with it, and to most of our generation it seemed the right thing to do. His three maternal uncles, including the surgeon Beresford Jones, had served throughout the First World War and many of our friends were joining up. He was advised by several people to wait until he had the F.R.C.S. but nothing would persuade him to change his mind, though this proved to have been a mistake as with the

Dr John Bulman, Royal Army
Medical Corps (aka: Rather
A Motley Crew)



Fellowship he would have had a higher rank and could have gained far more surgical experience.

He first applied to the R.A.F. being an Officer in the Reserve, but they had enough doctors already, so it had to be the R.A.M.C.; he never regretted this, and was always proud of his war service, especially of having taken part in Wavell's great campaign in the Middle East 1940–1941. I can remember driving down to Cambridge in glorious weather, and then travelling round with him to interview various units, including a Field Ambulance at Ipswich, but all were full up. I cannot remember where he finally enlisted. The sunshine seemed to make a mockery of our dashed hopes of setting up a home together, and I felt very anxious about the future. I could not share

John's optimism; he was quite sure that the war would only last a short time, and that if he was sent abroad I would be able to go too.

We must have decided that army pay would make it possible for us to have a baby, and I was fortunate enough to conceive our darling Harriet as soon as this decision was taken. She made all the difference to our long separation; I called her "my little bit of you inside me". I remember a short walk we took from 7 Queen Edith's Way to the railway bridge on Long Road during which we thought about names, and decided that if we had a boy he would be called Charles Hunter and if a girl she would be Harriet Nichol. I always think of this as an example of the way we were to settle things throughout our married life until John became ill forty years later; we would talk them over, sometimes disagreeing at first but eventually reaching a joint decision to which we stuck.

Before leaving Cambridge, John put me in the charge of Dr. Walter Hedgcock (my own doctor, Dr. Budd, having joined a Field Ambulance) and arranged for me to go to the Brunswick Nursing Home for the birth of our baby if I was still in Cambridge. He left for London on October 8th and began the F.R.C.S. course at the Royal Cancer Hospital led by Mr. Ronald Raven. He hoped to complete the course and take the examination before being sent abroad, but was called up for overseas service almost at once on October 13th 1939.

His first army letter comes from the Officers's Mess, Depot Royal Army Medical Corps, Crookham Camp, Aldershot. The thick crested writing paper is in marked contrast to the flimsy cheap paper and re-used envelopes to which we were reduced by the end of the war. He writes cheerfully and ends "All my love, precious one. You are mine forever. Your own adoring John". He was to finish all his letters till the end of six long years with the same deep and faithful affection. On December 19th 1939 he wrote "Bless you, precious one, who have taught me the meaning of real love", and I felt just the same. Our correspondence kept us so closely in touch that when he came home our union was as perfect as ever, and we were able to surmount the problems of his readjustment to civilian life and my inexperienced efforts to make a home for him and Harriet and Charles in a war-

shattered London with very little money – but this is to jump ahead much too fast.

Before he left England he came home at least once for 24 hours leave. I remember we went together to King's College Chapel for the All Saints' Day service, when I felt so proud of him in his uniform. He must have known he was going to Egypt, but mention of destinations, and indeed any place-names was forbidden throughout the war, and he was always very discreet. Letters were of course censored, the letters of the "other ranks" being censored by the officers, and the officers' letters for a time by each other, though as he says in one letter "we trusted each other".

I went to stay near the Depot at Crookham for his last few days. As he was very busy attending lectures and having vaccinations, I was alone in the hotel for much of the time feeling very miserable, and I remember listening to the conversation of the wives of the regular R.A.M.C. officers, who seemed to be taking the whole thing very calmly, and on one occasion spent a long time discussing how best to clean their diamonds – perhaps washing them in Lux flakes, someone suggested. Two of the officers in the draft made such a fuss about going to the Middle East that they were transferred to other units and were captured in France. Several years later, John met one of them who said his time as a prisoner-of-war had taught him not to argue with the Army. This was a lesson which John took some time to learn; but in 1939 he did not seem to wish to argue, and looked on the expedition as an adventure. He was full of optimism, and ends his last letter before embarkation "I feel so well today, precious one, and do not feel we have really said good-bye for long". I was not at all brave; after a last hug and kiss outside the Officers's Mess on November 16th I drove myself back to Cambridge in floods of tears. I remember looking to see where I was when I stopped crying, and found I had reached Bracknell, a place I have never visited since but have never forgotten. However I tried to be brave, as I knew he would wish, and even now, so long afterwards, if tears begin to flow I seem to hear his voice saying "Oh no, darling" and it usually works. It must be admitted that it is sometimes difficult to discern the truth in the

letters, so keen were we to save each other from worrying; but I think on the whole they give an honest picture of our experiences.

I received a cable dated 28.11.39 giving me his address, 2/5 General Hospital, Egypt, which proved to be near Alexandria though he was not allowed to say so. He had quite enjoyed the voyage out, as he told me in his first letter, and had done enough work to keep him interested. He was billeted in a comfortable hotel, and had a pretty tablecloth on the table in his room which the manager later gave him when he admired it, and he brought it home and we used it for years. He and the rest of the newly joined officers were evidently very much “new boys”, and one of them, Lieut. Green, said the Regulars reminded him of a song by the New York Follies, “Although you can never be one of us, be as like us as you can”.

My first letter to Egypt told him that I was well, my pregnancy sickness better, and busy with lunch and tea parties and a little part-time work in a canteen run by Toc-H for undergraduates. Looking back, I can only suppose that the Colleges had been taken over by the Government. Our letters while he was in Alexandria were however chiefly concerned with the question of my going out to join him. The regular officers mostly had their wives with them, and the new recruits naturally wished theirs to come out to Egypt. Several of his acquaintances had been married an even shorter time than we had.

At this point the ‘war letters’ themselves (in *italics*) take over, with some interjections (not italicised) from the narrative Maida wrote around 1990. All page numbers given in the rest of this chapter refer to Maida’s typescript.

John to Maida 28.11.39

I have been making enquiries all along about you coming to me, precious, but at the moment the authorities seem to frown on it, so I think we must wait a bit before making any arrangements . . . it is a terribly long way to come and there is the possibility I may be moved again soon, but the only reason I would not like you to start today is that I don't think the Mediterranean crossing is very safe by boat.

However I believe Imperial Airways still have a passenger service which I will find out about.

J. to M. 3.12.39

I expect you will be wondering when I shall say something about you coming to me here, and of course I am thinking about it every day – however I must wait a little longer before I can tell whether we shall be here for keeps, or whether we are likely to be moved on elsewhere. Every day we find out new things and so you must be patient just a little longer as I know you will be. Also I am longing to know what Dr. Hedgcock said when he saw you although that will not necessarily affect our decision. I am also finding out about the Obstetric Doctors here.

M. to J. 13.12.39 [by which time John's first five letters had arrived]

I am longing for you very much, my pet, so you can imagine how thrilled I was to hear you really think I may come out, though I quite understand the importance of waiting to see what is going to happen to you, and what developments there will be in Roumania before deciding definitely. I had discussed the possibility with Hedgehog (as we usually referred to Dr. H) but I didn't say anything to you about it before because I didn't want you to think I was counting on it too much. He said he could see no objection to my making the journey, though he thought it would be less tiring by air than boat, and the sooner I went the better, as he said 'You wouldn't want your baby to be born in the aeroplane'.

I asked him if the extreme heat of the Egyptian summer would be bad for the baby, but he thought that they were not much affected by climate till they were a bit older. He would not advise my travelling any time during the last two months at least. Of course, it would be rather awful if I got there and I couldn't follow you, but unless there is a very big chance of this happening I would risk it. Mamma thinks it is unfair to the baby, but I think she is rather prejudiced as she wants to keep me here anyway. I do long for you so, darling, and I know you will

decide for me. I suppose there are good doctors and nurses out there, and nursing homes, and I hope they wouldn't be fearfully expensive. We could live together couldn't we darling, I wouldn't like it if you had to live in hospital, but I would put up with anything to be with you my precious one. I know though that there will be a good deal more to find out and I think it would be a mistake to come without permission from the Colonel or whoever it is. I am feeling extraordinarily well and somehow I don't worry about the future a bit; I have a new capacity for patience and tranquillity which is very useful now.



Here John is settling into Egypt, the weather, landscape, vaccinations and 'sand sores', while Maida in Cambridge is occupied by friends' visits, ante-natal chat, war gossip but no bombs yet. In May 1940 the phoney war culminated at Dunkirk, Churchill replaced Chamberlain as prime minister, Maida was eight months pregnant and John was posted to the western desert front line as a regimental medical officer to the 4th Royal Horse Artillery 7th Armoured Division, the Desert Rats. At this time John knew well Major Campbell, then commander of C Battery, who later became Major General Jock Campbell VC DSO MC, notable for leadership of the 'Jock Columns' as described by Alan Moorehead in *The Desert War* (see sources). John was part of these actions and present at the taking of Bardis, Tobruk and Benghazi. He wrote the two paragraphs below, among others, in 1963 at the request of Paul Boyns Ellis (Secretary, Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich), who was then compiling a biography of Campbell.

. . . at this time C batteries were engaged in taking over the 25 pounder guns and tracked towing vehicles. They had only recently given up horses as a means of locomotion . . . From June 10 to September 1940 the regiment was stationed near the western boundary of Egypt around Bug Bug and Sollum. Our role was to keep a forward troop of guns constantly shelling the Italians in Fort Capuzzo and to harry any Italian transport which left or entered the fort.

. . . He [Campbell] conducted the retreat before the Italians from Sollum to Sidi Barrani in September 1940 . . . I think only two troops



of guns were involved but these went on firing until the Italian infantry were only a few hundred yards away, when the guns would limber up and retire. During this retreat he [Campbell] reprimanded me once for making a detour to look at some bustard I had seen some way off in the desert. He rightly gave me to understand that should my vehicle break down while on my own I should be abandoned to the Italians. He drove himself about in a stripped 8cwt Morris at full speed over the desert hummocks, if you happened to be his passenger it required a great deal of physical energy to prevent oneself being thrown out of the car. I do not remember him requiring any medical attention during the time I was with him. When he did relax he liked to talk about polo and horses and the Royal Artillery riding school at Weedon . . .

Following are a few extracts from my letters home which being written at the time before Campbell became famous are no doubt a true indication of what I thought of him at the time in question.

Somewhere in the desert (unlabelled). John is standing, fifth from left

J. to M. 18.7.40

Major Campbell has come back as our Colonel. He arrived with a load of fresh fruit, apples and grapes which were a great treat. I have not met him as colonel yet as I was out when he called this morning but he was our second in command until about a month ago when we first came out into the desert so I know him quite well. He is a very keen soldier and a good polo player . . .

J. to M. 2.8.40

. . . the new Colonel is a great man for entertaining and good living and so we seem to get visitors here every night which will be interesting although Lieutenants are allowed to take only a very small part in the conversation. The MO who is relieving me arrives tomorrow so I may get off tomorrow night. It will take me some time, about two days, to get back. I think I shall stay at a hotel to be really comfortable and enjoy the luxury of sheets and baths etc. although I am told it is very hot there compared with here. I must have dinner now as we are expected to be punctual here and I have no more news.

J. to M. 13.8.40

Colonel Campbell is in good form and is helping me. He insists that the sandtight box I had made for my medical equipment be paid for out of regimental funds so I shall get some of the money I have spent back again. This evening we are having a big dinner party with lamb bought locally and killed this morning as a treat. We can buy them from the Bedouin for about 10/- . Still no letters from home so I suppose they are finding it difficult to arrange regular service. We are without wireless as our quartermaster Studley is away in hospital with tonsillitis. He took the set with him to get it mended. I gather from hearsay that the Germans are attacking our ports with big numbers of machines but that we are giving them hell. It looks as if they have given up the idea of an invasion for the time being at any rate.

J. to M. 2.10.40

We are just about to settle down again after a week in the same place without any alarms or excursions. I am still very busy as I have the whole regiment now to look after. Once again we have a new Colonel owing to Colonel Campbell's promotion to Brigadier. It is disappointing to have to say goodbye to him so soon, I suppose I shall have the same palaver with our new Colonel. At the moment I am the oldest member of the RHQ mess as Bobby Wilson is sick with sores, his own fault as he would not be bothered to have them looked after.

I have seen lots of interesting birds lately, the most beautiful pair of falcons I have ever seen quite tame sitting on low stones on each side of the road. The male was a very bright blue grey all over except for his tummy and underneath his tail which was a foxy brown and his legs which were bright red. They were a pair of red footed falcons. I have also seen a pair of merlin falcons close to, which were also most beautiful. At the moment I'm sitting alone in the mess with the sun just about to go down in a cloudless sky. I'm wearing a shirt and shorts and the temperature for once is just perfect. As I look out I see an almost flat plain as far as the horizon, the ground is mud coloured with sharp jagged stones scattered over it and a few tufts of vegetation which look brown rather than green. The ground is so hard that it is almost impossible to dig down more than 6 inches and there is no sand at all in these parts.

Maida made two typed pages in 1991 labelled 'Quotations from 'The Desert Rats' by Major General G L Verney, Greenhill Military Paperback.' Her typescript (pages 41 to 91) includes, with John's other chat, sections of numerous letters written between July 1940, when her daughter Harriet was already one month old, and February 1941 of actions in which he took part, with the exception of the battle of Beda Fomm when he was on a short local leave. Rather than try to edit together John's original words, I have used instead the following two brief excerpts written by Major General Verney.

. . . much patrolling and harassing of the Italians took place June – September 1940 and it was during this phase of the campaign that

'Jock columns' first made their appearance. They were named after Lieutenant Colonel JC Campbell 4th RHA and were small columns of all arms; armoured cars for reconnaissance, 25 pounders for hitting, and infantry companies for the protection of the guns and for doing night work. Their task was to probe into the enemy's back areas and attack any suitable target that presented itself. It was the work of these columns that established that moral superiority over the Italians [the colonial power which preceded the Nazis in North Africa] which was to assist so greatly in the gaining of the victories of the next few months . . .

. . . Despite almost incredible difficulties of terrain and supply the division had advanced in 30 hours across 150 miles of almost unmapped desert without the benefits of air support indeed in the face of a much more powerful air force than their own – at high speed into what was literally the unknown. There, outnumbered, short of water, food, ammunition and petrol, with no prospect of support or reinforcement, they had outfought and conquered an army more than 10 times their strength trying desperately to escape from the trap in which they were caught. Small wonder that they felt pride in their achievement.

It is difficult for those accustomed to the lavish scales of 1944–45, especially in transport, wireless and air support, to appreciate the problems that faced the desert fighters in those early days. What was achieved with such meagre and unreliable resources ought never to be forgotten.

The John-to-Maida drama of front line military action is punctuated with some Maida-to-John letters from home with questions as to which of her own and John's letters had or had not arrived, along with homely matters such as encouraging baby Harriet to feed and sleep, coping with night-time bomb siren air raids, and political and friends' gossip. The first news from John in the new year was a cable: 'My love for 1941. I've had Xmas in desert. All well. Bulman.' This must have been sent off by someone else as the regiment was chasing the Italians across the desert as vividly described by Correlli Barnett in *The Desert Generals* (1960). (See bibliography.)

J. to M. 4.1.41: on this date John [no longer so isolated near the front lines] was able to write himself.

My very own darling I have not been able to write for the last few days because I have been living with a battery for the recent fighting [victory at Bardia enabled Allied forces to advance into Libya, which led to the German intervention in North Africa, changing the nature of the war]. My driver and I are looking after ourselves cooking our own meals. We have had no casualties but I always have a good many sores to treat every day. I'm still learning a good deal of cooking . . . with the limited choice we have. You would laugh at some of my dishes . . . popular dish is spaghetti and bully stew; we have captured a good deal of spaghetti lately and we would have done badly without it. I had no idea we would miss bread so much but biscuits don't seem to satisfy everyone . . . Adjutant has just arrived back from Cairo by aeroplane bringing bread and butter with which I have just gorged myself for tea. It is the lack of variety and especially the lack of bread which is trying . . .

Darlingest, I don't know what I should do without the woolly balaclava you knitted me. It is quite my most valuable possession and is the envy of the other officers. I wear the gloves most of the day too. We are getting a little more acclimatised to the cold now and have been issued with leather jerkins which keep the wind out, but 7:30 to 11 am is still pretty trying. Darling, this year has started well and every day I pray that we shall see each other before it is finished. I love you sweetheart more than ever and live for the day when you will love me again. Your own adoring John.

J. to M. 8.1.41

I have almost given up hope of ever seeing Cairo again as we get further and further away, and our clothes get dirtier and more torn. I don't think I can ever have looked such a ragamuffin as I do now. My nice army overcoat is filthy with grease and sand and half the buttons are off. I wear this practically all the time, although I am glad to say it has been warmer this week. Under this I wear my white sweater then another

pullover, a shirt that is filthy round the neck – no tie of course – and a vest which I have worn all night and day for a month . . . no sign that we shall be able to get anything washed or repaired for weeks . . . we just don't take any notice and carry on . . . My latest acquisition is a kitten which I found today on an abandoned aerodrome . . . about eight weeks old. I long for you with a terrible ache, my sweet, and think of the day when we shall have a home of our own, but I'm mostly too busy to think much. All my love is waiting for you and the thought of you waiting for me keeps me going. Your own husband John.

The letters are not chronological, because of gaps of several weeks between being written and received in both directions, with many letters also lost in transit. The order in which Maida has arranged them suggests to me perhaps something of what it might have felt like for John and Maida: a strange old-fashioned delay in time before news arrived – *has what I'm worrying about already happened / is it somehow in the future?* – a feeling which may unsettle readers even now?

J. to M. 14.3.41

Midnight. I have just returned from the dinner [in the desert, given by the RAMC] which was a big success . . . Colonel was very pleasant to me and I think there is a chance I may get a surgical job yet, though . . . chance . . . pretty slight without the fellowship . . . as you know I shall be happiest doing that job [surgery], though whatever the future may have in store for us I shall be happy in your love in whatever branch of medicine I am forced to practise by circumstances. I can at any rate say that I am glad and lucky to be qualified and there is nothing else in the world I would rather use my brains on in making a living. It is extraordinary, I find, how many people are interested in the subject and would like to be doctors, and also how much they have found out for themselves. It is the only profession with such a combination of human and scientific interest.

John left his job as regimental medical officer to the 4th Royal Horse Artillery at the end of March 1941, transferring as General Duty Officer (Surgical) to 64 General Hospital Alexandria, so was no longer directly involved in the desert fighting.

J. to M. 8.4.41

At last I have got my things straight and I'm beginning to feel at home. My old cut throat has come out of the bag he has lived in since last summer, and I shaved with him for the first time this morning . . . I have over 100 beds to look after and most of them have nasty wounds which are very septic. It will take a little time to get to know them all . . .

M. to J. 4.5.41

Reading my diary I find that April was a dull month, mostly helping Adda with spring-cleaning; I was very depressed and worried by the news of retreats in Libya and Greece; I must have had a set of Polyfotos taken, and these reached John as several of them are stuck in the little album of snapshots he kept while he was overseas [but are now missing].



Maida Bulman with
Harriet, aged two
months, 1940

. . . It is a heavenly May morning and the garden looks lovely, though it will be even better in a few days when the apple-blossom comes out. The Viburnum Carlesii with its glorious lily-scented balls of flowers is in full bloom outside the drawing-room window and the tulips are starting to come out. Unfortunately it isn't warm enough to sit out yet, but soon I hope to be able to write to you sometimes in the garden again as I used to do this time last year when we were getting so excited at the thought of how near was little Harriet's birth. I remember I used to look back last year at my diary of the year before to remind myself of the dates of those heavenly weekends together at Wycombe, but this year I can't bear to, as it would make me long for you too much, dearest. But I often find my mind spontaneously picturing the bluebell wood and the other lovely places we went to, and while it makes me sad to think that I must spend another spring without you, precious one, I thank God for all the happiness we have had together and all that we have . . . Harriet crawls all over the place now, and on Friday came all the way in here from the far end of the dining-room, exploring all on her own with a look of suppressed excitement on her face. When she arrived here she discovered the waste paper basket and I found her sitting on the floor methodically taking everything out of it, and she has evidently not forgotten the pleasure it gave her as she is now doing the same thing again; she has taken everything out and is now trying to put the bits of paper back, but unfortunately she isn't finding it very easy as she has got the basket upside down, rather an Alice-in-Wonderland situation! She has just been over to me carrying her slipper to show me that it had come off and needed putting on again . . .

Mr. Churchill keeps saying that 'the struggle will be long and hard'. I wouldn't mind it being hard if only it could be short and you could come home to me, precious one. However so long as you are safe and well I can go on being brave. We were both feeling very lonely at this time.

At about this time Maida made friends with Miss Waring, a neighbour, who gave her a watercolour of the orchard apple blossom, which ever after hung above the family dining room fireplace. Having my eye caught both by the lovely garden and by the

*Orchard of 7 Queen Edith's
Way, Cambridge, c.1941, by
Lily Florence Waring*



*Maida, c.1941, by Lily
Florence Waring.*
Warrington Museum &
Art Gallery; [http://www.
artuk.org/artworks/
maida-104251](http://www.artuk.org/artworks/maida-104251). Now in
the collection at Bolton
Museum



elephant and two sitting men forming shapes in the undergrowth between the first two trees on the left has been a playful recurring memory since my earliest childhood. The picture passed to Harriet and then to daughter Nicola Lambert who has kindly lent it (for now) to me. Fixed to the back is a label in Maida's writing, which might provide useful provenance should it ever come to be sold: 'Lily Florence Waring 1877–1966. This photograph [not here in the book, but attached to the picture] shows Miss L Waring formerly a neighbour and friend of my mother and mine in Queen Edith's Way Cambridge. She was a very good painter and had worked a great deal before the war in Yugoslavia where she had found the subject of the picture on which her hand is resting. During the war I sat to her for the portrait seen behind. She offered to sell it to John but at the time, just after the war, we could not afford to buy pictures and I believe it went with much of her other work to the art gallery at Warrington where her family came from. [It is now in Bolton Museum – see artuk.uk/maida 104251] She gave us a charming picture of my mother's orchard in apple blossom time now owned by Harriet'. Frame labelled Ref. no. 9128. by James Bourlet and Sons, 17 and 18 Nassau Street, London W1.

M. to J. 18.5.41

My own darling sweet – Today has been the first real warm sunny day, which I have welcomed by putting on my old black dress with yellow butterflies, which always reminds me, darling, of the first day I came to see you in Lambeth wearing it, and feeling so thrilled and so nervous in case after so long we might find we had nothing in common any more. I can feel myself now waiting on the doorstep for Madame Lang to open the door, and she said 'You know the way' and I said 'No, I've never been here before', so she explained which your room was, and I climbed the funny little poky stairs with the big window and the tree outside, and tapped on your door, and your lovely voice said, 'Come in' in just the tone I remembered, and it went straight to my heart like an arrow, darlinest, and I opened the door as if I was in a dream and felt as if I should never get further than the threshold but just stand there looking at you; and the first thing I noticed was that your hair was different, all plastered back; and then you got up and got me a chair, and the spell broke and we began talking like ordinary people being social; but

that first moment was so terribly exciting, I shall never forget it. Poor Madame Lang, I'm afraid she and her house may have been flattened out by a bomb by now as that part of London has had such a bad time; we must go to see when you come home, darling, if fate has spared such an historic spot.

This meeting was our first after three years when we never saw each other at all while John was a medical student at St. Thomas'. The house in a little terrace right opposite the hospital was indeed totally destroyed as was so much of Lambeth. Continuing my letter at 9.30 p.m. I describe my bedtime routine –

. . . between 9.45 and 10.00 I groan and stretch myself with more or less sleepiness according to what the foregoing day has brought, and proceed to tidy the couch where I have been sitting; then I creep upstairs to fetch the first of my two bed-time loads. This consists of Harriet's jerry, cotton wool, spare nappies and blankets, your photograph to stand by my bed, and sometimes a toy for Harriet to play with in the morning if I have nothing down already. My second load consists of my pyjamas, dressing-gown, fur coat (in case of being bombed out!) and bedclothes . . . One of the reasons I like to stay in the drawing-room now that the warm nights have come is that I can have a last little walk down the orchard all alone before turning in and blacking-out, when I feel specially near you, my darling. I have just returned from tonight's walk; the orchard is like fairyland with the apple blossom and primroses glimmering in the dusk. Unfortunately when the world looks specially beautiful I miss you more than ever.

J. to M. 29.5.41

I have not been able to write a letter for a week because I have been posted temporarily to assist an RMO in the Queen's Royal Regiment and we have been on the move again. However I am back again and safe and sound.

This letter is a masterpiece of understatement as 'being on the move again' had consisted in setting off as RMO Queen's Royal Regiment to reinforce our troops in Crete, which had been subjected to a massive German parachute attack on 20 May and was captured after fierce fighting. The ship that John was on was bombed and set on fire and he was dealing with casualties below deck and must have been in danger as great as any he faced during the war. They were unable to land and returned to Alexandria and a desert camp where he remained for a week with nothing to do.

M. to J. 2.6.41

Today has been such a happy one, as the postman brought me your lovely long letter of May 5th, with the star for Harriet, your letter-card of May 8th, and your very sweet cable of May 28th (or 21st I can't quite make out which) telling me not to worry and sending me all your love, darlingest . . . Harriet was delighted with the star, her first birthday present, and I gave her your love and a big kiss and told her you said she wasn't to eat it, and she never put it near her mouth but put it in each of our hands very gently and picked it up again lovingly over and over again with the sweetest little smile.

She was now sleeping in the drop-side cot, which she didn't like at first, and we had both moved back upstairs. I went into Cambridge to buy Harriet's birthday present, a wooden horse to push. Clothes rationing had been announced on the radio and I was annoyed that material for home-made clothes would also require coupons.

Harriet's first birthday [9 June] was a landmark which made us both happy and sad: she had a party with three little boys and one little girl, Sophia Roberts, whose father, sadly, was later killed in action. I remember the afternoon well. Sophia was the only one who could talk but couldn't walk, so she sat on the bathmat in the middle of the floor talking, and Harriet and the three boys, who could each walk a few steps but couldn't talk, went round and round her in silence.

M. to J. 9.6.41

I didn't begin my letter until tonight because I wanted to tell you all about our darling baby's first birthday before anything else; and now it is 7.0 o'clock and she is in bed after a very happy day. Sweetheart, wasn't it lovely, your letter card written on May 15th specially for her birthday arrived this very morning, and you may be sure I gave her the special kisses you sent her with all the love I could put into them. Darlingest, I can imagine that you sometimes feel you would like to be back in the desert with the gunners. Perhaps now, when you must be busier at the hospital, I should think, you are feeling more occupied and content.

The last six months of 1941 John was in a base hospital in Cairo, which was quite pleasant for him with 'house surgeon' type work, field games, trips in a little old ramshackle Fiat, yachting races, ten days leave in Palestine and later leave in Luxor. Homesickness was an exception. There was also interesting work in a POW camp for Italians where he made good progress learning the language so as not to need an interpreter.

On 15 October Maida recounts harvesting apples in their orchard to sell to Newnham College.

Only three of John's letters January to April survive from his new address – APO 5 287, MEF, a camp at Safaga on the Red Sea – where he also worked on his published ornithological research. Maida wrote forty but only ten survive. A local civilian, Mrs Crookston, badly injured in a motor accident, was well cared for by John and eventually made a good recovery, rewarding John with the gift of a longed-for piano.

M. to J. 12.6.42

I listen to the news eagerly, hoping all the time that we may at last manage to drive the enemy out of North Africa and use the Mediterranean for shipping again. It would make so much difference to the letters as well as bringing the end of the war so much nearer. It is always so exciting when a new campaign starts and then after a few days it always seems to settle down to a slow and wearying succession of unfulfilled hopes. But I feel we must be on the verge of better things now. Darlingest, I long for you more and more, I can't bear it if you don't

come home soon. Still, if I hear you are doing useful and interesting work, and specially if I know you are safe and well, my beloved, I have really very little to grumble about when so many people have such terrible troubles to bear.

J. to M. 16.9.42: a trip with Major Treganza to recruit local labour.

We stayed at the best hotel in each town each of which had about 50,000 inhabitants . . . he was an interesting companion, interested in education, geology, and exploring, so we had plenty to talk about. His peacetime job is to teach Egyptians in the secondary government schools. The great bar to education here is the extreme difficulty of the written Egyptian language. Sometimes after studying it for five years they are still not proficient. The reason for this is that the language they are taught is that of the Koran, which is as different from modern spoken Egyptian as Chaucer's English is from modern English. The result is that no modern books are yet written in Egyptian except the newspapers and one has to use words not spoken at all nowadays. The reason for this failure to bring things up to date is chiefly religious, as the priests cling to Koranic traditional Arabic.

J. to M. 26.11.42

Yesterday the hospital celebrated the anniversary of its arrival here, there are about 10 men who have been here the whole year. Things have certainly changed a lot for there is still much to do. We had a very good smoker concert using my piano and practically everyone including myself giving turns. The beer flowed freely and we all enjoyed ourselves and feel better for it today.

On 31 December 1942 John transferred back to No.6 General Hospital MEF Cairo.

Only three of my autumn letters survive . . . I was in Cambridge all the time . . . most of it dressmaking, gardening and going for immensely long walks with Harriet in her pram . . . war seems to have been

Mary Adelaide with Harriet,
aged nearly 2, probably
in the garden of Queen
Edith's Way, Cambridge,
March 1942

Harriet at Queen Edith's
Way, Cambridge



rather getting us down as there are many references to having colds and feeling tired in spite of being cheered by the good war news . . . on November 15 I heard the church bells ring out for the victory at Alamein. Harriet was always a great joy to us.

My 1942 diary ends with Harriet's party 'another happy day to end the year'. We could not play oranges and lemons as no one of Harriet's generation had ever seen a lemon.

The end of 1943 (and book one) covers only half of the full six army years from which it was not possible 'to resign'. By now the excitement and sense of alert commitment to the common good reflected in the early letters is slowly seeping away, replaced by creeping frustration and deep boredom, albeit with less dread. Letters about daily life – household and garden tasks at Cambridge for Maida; simple ward work for John – perhaps take the place of the more familiar domestic emotion of simply holding hands in companionable silence, also repetitive but mostly done while asleep. It is impossible now to imagine no car travel, no amusements, just a few family visits. Mentions of books, papers, radio or gramophone are very few. Most of John's postings were of just



Maida Bulman shortly after John's return from Egypt just before Christmas 1943

a few months, when John could, between being on duty, sometimes enjoy ornithology, riding, his piano, the odd games of tennis or hockey and a few days' local leave. Harriet seems to be the only joint pleasure and there is no play school for her. Nothing which today seems challenging or interesting happens over more than forty or so pages from 1943 on. Maida records life as 'uneventful'.

John had just one period of UK leave during the entire war, between his arrival in Egypt on 16 November 1939 to his return home to Maida in mid-October (the actual date not recorded).

The last fortnight of 1943 and the first three months of 1944 were like a marvellous dream. By the greatest good fortune, John's unit, number 10 C.C.S (casualty clearing station) was stationed in Cambridge . . . He was able to live at home and go to work each day. We spoke of it as "going to the office" . . .

12.12.43

I shall never forget how he looked when I let him in; he seemed to fill the entire doorway – home again at last. It was the most wonderful moment.

15.12.43

We heard that uncle Philip is in hospital, not seriously ill, very good news. Can't remember what else we did, too happy to think straight.

17.12.43

John and I spent all day happily in London. Ordered a dress from Jersey Company and J. bought me a lovely blue house coat. Lunch at Café Royal. A very happy day. Uncle P. going on well.

18.12.43

J. went to office in a.m. I went to C [Cambridge?] early and bought meat et cetera otherwise a lovely quiet day. John did some digging in p.m.

21.12.43

J. went to office a.m. and p.m. I went to the welfare with Lady Clapham. My weight in clothes, no shoes, 8 stone 9 lb [Maida was 5ft. 3in. tall]. I must have weighed myself because John had been upset to find me so thin when he got home.

The tone of their dialogue seems to become more animated again with John's closeness, with comments on birds, music, books and gossip filling the the long letters, now delivered within days. A posting to the Military Hospital in Shaftesbury enabled John to graduate in March from ward work to the operating theatre – he was busy with cases from the D-Day offensive in June. He returned for a few days leave each month



John and Maida Bulman with Harriet and Charles (b. 1944), February 1945. John was based in Shaftesbury, England, at the time

or two, in particular just after Charles was born uneventfully on 18 October 1944. Mary Adelaide was by now showing signs of confusion, perhaps one reason prompting Adda's decision to retire to be near her family home six weeks later, but a replacement proved impossible to find, and she changed her mind and happily returned after six months.

On new year's day 1945, John at last became a full-time graded surgeon, allowing more FRCS training and his ambition to flourish. Maida reported that 'war hardly features now in the letters'. Harriet starts play school just as John sets off for Antwerp and Brussels in March, at the height of the V1 and V2 bombardment, as surgeon to the 6th General Hospital at the crossing of the Rhine.

M. to J. 2.5.45

It is fearfully exciting to think that the war may end any day now. Every bulletin is exciting and I listen several times a day . . . I was thinking about you and longing for you so much this afternoon and feeling so happy to think all the fighting is over in your part of the war; thank God you have come safely through the long years since 1939, my beloved, and we can look forward to being together soon.

J. to M. 18.8.45

I have been reading the 'Ibis' this afternoon and see that Ian Molteno was killed in the Black Watch in the fighting for the Rhine. I met him at Ismailia when I was in Egypt and we went birding together. I liked him immensely. It is tragic that he leaves a wife and two daughters.

J. to M. 21.8.45

Another day is nearly over and the time gone horribly slowly. I long for you more every day which makes matters worse. However I have been fairly busy with an appendix last night two operations today and another accident case just arrived in to sew up. After tea I had to go over to Caen to examine the French civilian who had been injured by a British lorry. The French doctor, Gaillard, who came with me was a nice man about my own age. He wore a little beard all the way round from one ear to the other but shaved above and below it. The people of Caen cannot help treating us with a certain amount of bitterness for what we did to their town, especially as they say the Germans had departed before the bombs arrived. Even Gaillard complained to me rather plaintively that his old house and all his books had been burnt, as if we were to blame for it. One doesn't have this feeling in Bayeux which is almost untouched.



John Bulman, February
1944; Leaving Dieppe,
25 August 1945; Dr (Col)
Dick Kloss

Maida, writing in 1990:

Dr Bonham-Carter was advising doctors on post-demobilisation work, and John decided to try for the FRCS in November and hoped to do a lot of reading in preparation for the examination as the Army medical work gradually decreased.

J. to M. 6.9.45

It is a tiresome journey and I did not find anyone I liked as much as Colonel Kloss [an American colonel he had made friends with on the boat to England]. I'm looking forward to finding out about the unit tomorrow.

J. to M. 26.9.45

. . . feel I have really started for home already. I walked down to Bayeux after tea today to find out if the tapestry was on view yet. However they seem to be dilly-dallying over it and told me it would be another week before it was hung up. I am glad you are going to see the flat of Miss Waring's cousin. Do take it if it proves at all suitable as I expect we could move from there at short notice if we wanted to . . . Sweetheart darling, I am terribly excited to think we may have an abode of our own any day now.

All my love. Your own John

J. to M. 27.9.45

My own darlingest – Another dull day is nearly over and my only achievement has been to get some more reading done. I have now almost finished going through the questions which I brought back though I have not yet written any out in full. Your Sunday letter reached me this morning and was the nicest thing in the day. This afternoon I packed up two parcels containing clothes and my big boots so that I shall be able to travel as light as possible. I am leaving my helmet and water-bottle and all that sort of junk with the quartermaster. I am rather frightened of the weight which my books will make, but don't want to send any of them away at present.

J. to M. 28.9.45

My own darlingest – No letters at all today because the car that should bring them has broken down en route. I have been reading some of your back ones to make up and also Hilary's letter about hiring a house. The premium idea sounds quite a good one – pay £300 down and then £150 a year. This in a way would be better than spending a monstrous rate like £265 a year. Still I shall leave it all to you as you know pretty well what I feel about things, darling. I am getting more excited every day and it is nice to say only a fortnight more in the army! I shall probably

stay here another week and then go to Antwerp, but will let you know in tomorrow's letter if possible so that you can change the address.

I have been out for a bike ride which was very pleasant. The small lanes round about are ideal for cycling along slowly, and I found the remains of an enormous aerodrome at Sully which must have been ripped out of the countryside in double quick time. It just cuts across hedges and roads and everything in its path . . . Still no patients, so I am really leading a life like a varsity reading party which is all to the good.

All my love sweet one. Your own John.

This letter has been re-directed by Mamma to 7G Hyde Park Mansions, London W1 where I was staying with Miss Waring [painter of the orchard at Queen Edith's Way, shown earlier in this chapter] in her late cousin's flat. Unfortunately, though I was most grateful for her kindness, the flat gave me the creeps. The colour scheme was purple and black, and it was a corner flat on the second or third floor of a block of Edwardian flats with French windows giving on to a balcony with a low balustrade. I had visions of Charles, who was already showing signs of becoming a keen climber, somehow getting over this and landing head first on the Edgware Road far below. However, I disguised my feelings, and asked Miss Waring if she could let us decide when you had seen it, which she very kindly agreed to do. John's next letter brought exciting news.

J. to M. 29.9.45

My own beloved – My news today is that my release date on this side of the Channel is Oct. 14th, so I hope I shall be at Q.E.W. on Oct. 16th. This is even better than I expected. I shall be leaving here a week on Monday, so address your next letter to No. 106 Br. Gen. Hosp., BAOR. I got your Monday letter today but shall not hear about Charles' op until tomorrow. I don't think we shall be going to the Club today as we are so short of transport; the only vehicles now remaining are an ambulance and a three-tonner . . . I had a difficult appendix to do this afternoon

which was a pleasant change and did us all good – the first for a week.

Only a fortnight more now darling. I am afraid it is going to be the slowest in all our six years.

All my love, precious. Your own John.

J. to M. 30.9.45

My own darlingest darling – I was relieved to get your letter this morning and find that Charles was safely through his operation. You don't give any details so I suppose Tuesday's letter is still to come. I also got the letter you addressed to C.R.S. Bayeux and a letter from Bonham-Carter. I don't think I can be sure of getting a £550 p.a. job. It might be £350 plus £100 for lodging. However, I shall have to leave that to the powers that be. I don't know whether you read the letter, but it was to ask whether I should prefer a job at a voluntary hospital or a good County Hospital. I am going to say that I should prefer a voluntary, as I should be likely to get in with better consultants there and learn more which is the important thing in next year or so.

Darling sweet, I am sorry you have had another of your colds. I think you must have been worrying too much lately, but it is lovely to think so much of our spade-work is already done and if we can now find somewhere to live we have our worst problems solved.

I was indeed getting tired and worried by the responsibility of finding somewhere for us to live. However I was as thrilled as John at the prospect of his return and relieved to have Charles' circumcision safely over.

J. to M. 1.10.45

My own beloved – It was a lovely surprise to get the photos in your letter today – the ones we expected to be failures have come out best. The one I like best is the one of you standing on the other side of the llama! But I think the one of Charles chewing is rather sweet for family circles though I think I shall have to take one of him with his hair brushed and

if possible cut for general circulation. I don't want my son to look sloppy and untidy!

Only a fortnight more darling. I can hardly believe it. I shall be starting for Antwerp a week today I hope . . . I have done a fair amount of work today though I had to take the afternoon off to write a surgical report for the past quarter. It was rather disheartening to have to record such a process of decay. I started with 150 surgical beds and now have 25! However nothing can dishearten me much at the moment.

J. to M. 2.10.45

My precious one – I have just returned from quite an interesting trip to Cherbourg. The Carentan Peninsula is quite a pretty spot with lots of trees and small hills. The towns we went through, Isigny-Carentan, St Mère Église and Valognes are all very badly damaged, but the country districts don't seem to have suffered much. Really the war passed them in one month though it was pretty intense while it lasted. We came back by St Laurent where the Americans landed which was interesting to see.

I got back to find your letter waiting for me. I am very pleased to hear that Charles is improving so quickly – it is nice to have that worry over. I am wondering what day this week you will be in London, my darling. I am not surprised to hear you are feeling rather exhausted, but please darling rest in the afternoons for the next week. You should be able to sit back a bit now with the thought of so many things accomplished. It is lovely to think of the future so don't let us worry too much. I know you will look after yourself until I come sweetheart. All my love is yours for always.

Your own John

J. to M. 3.10.45

. . . I was excited to hear in your letter that you will be in London today. For me it has been rather hair-raising, as I have done two operations and the anaesthetist has had trouble with both of them. However, both are alive and well so the damage was chiefly to our nerves.

I am sending off two more parcels today which I hope will reach you before I do. I am hoping to get back a fortnight today. I shall be very glad to leave this place which is now a dying concern. I have not yet heard definitely which day I leave but hope it will be Monday. The Dental Officer is leaving for good tomorrow which further depletes our company, and most of the others are going on leave, so it is rather like a sinking ship. Darlingest I am very glad to hear your toothache is better and that Charles is so good.

*I am hoping I shall hear your news of London before I leave here.
All my love sweetheart.*

Your own John

J. to M. 4.10.45

My own loved one – Today has passed uneventfully and I have done quite a good amount of reading. I am not making any plans until I know about the result of your visit to the flat. My rough scheme however will be to work hard for one week on arrival (I shall have had an enforced break on my demob) and then take a few days' complete rest before the exam. In a way I am glad I am working for the exam as it is making the time go very much quicker. In any case I shall be in England for at least 24 hours before I get home, so will either telephone or wire you probably on Monday week. My operation cases are all doing well and I have three small ops to do tomorrow.

I evidently wrote to John on arriving in London but my letter is missing. It must have been a very short visit as by Oct. 5th I was writing from Cambridge.

J. to M. 5.10.45

Sweetheart darling – I had a lovely surprise when I got your letter from Hyde Park Mansions this morning, and am just longing to get tomorrow's letter to know how you liked the house near Sloane Square. It has been a lovely day here and I have quite enjoyed myself. This

morning I did three operations and was then taken to Caen by the Padre where I finally obtained some scent to send to my Mother.

J. to M. 6.10.45

My own darlingest – No letter alas from you today but I expect I shall hear your latest news tomorrow. I have had a nice day with reading this morning and a pleasant trip with the Padre this afternoon. We motored from Caen to Falaise, about 15 miles, with all the villages, and trees even, destroyed on the way. Falaise is terribly badly damaged but a statue of William the Conqueror remains which claims he was born there in 1027. The statue is only about 100 years old. We came back through Aunay and Villers-Bocage and Tilly, all of which are flat as a pancake. I really think the local people show very little animosity when one considers how completely their towns are destroyed, and Caen and Falaise in particular must have been very beautiful. Bayeux seems to be the only town round about which has escaped . . .

Darling, I am longing for you very much and am more than ready to face the future with you to help me. All my love sweet one. Your own John.



34 FDS (undeciphered military code), Bayeux, France, August 1945. From left, standing: Lt. Wilson, Major Moore, Capt. Scott, Capt. John Bulman, Sister Jack, Lieut. Duckett, Father Mulligan. From left, sitting: Capt. Renton, Diana Seth-Smith, Diana Phipps, Sister Burton-Powley

J. to M. 7.10.45

My own darlingest – I am in a state of suspended animation today as I think your letter about the house must have gone to Antwerp and I won't reach there until Wednesday. However I am filling in time by reading and have absolutely nothing else to do. I am beginning to feel a little stale and am looking forward to my journey as a break. It looks as if I should go on Tuesday but nothing definite has come through yet. It has been a lovely day but very cold at nighttime, and I am very thankful I have not got to pass the winter in these huts. Darling, there will be hundreds of things to think of when we do meet. I am wondering whether I need go to Morwick this winter at all, the only reason for going would be to get made a trustee but I don't see why we could not do that by post.

J. to M. 8.10.45

My own lovely darling – I now have news that I am leaving here for Antwerp tomorrow. The uncertainty of the last few days has been rather a worry, but now I feel like a recaptured prisoner who is to be set free. I shall go through Paris and hope to get on the night train to Brussels which should get me to Antwerp on Wednesday. I am especially keen to get there as I know I shall have lots of news from you waiting for me. No more letters have come here after the first one you wrote from London. I don't suppose I shall be able to write tomorrow but will drop you a line from Paris if possible.

This morning I went down to Bayeux to get some money and luckily found that the tapestry was on view for the first time since the war began. I was actually sold the first ticket. It is a most exciting piece of art, expressive and interesting. I had not realised that according to the tapestry Edward the Confessor sent Harold over to ask William to succeed him as king, though I can't see what was wrong in Harold succeeding Edward. The impression one gets from the tapestry is that the Normans won because they had far more horses than the British, though both sides had archers on foot. It is amusing to see the horses in the quite small boats crossing the Channel. William himself is chiefly remarkable for the striped football stockings with huge garters that he seemed to fancy.



Ticket 00001, confirming John as the first post-war visitor to the tapestry at Bayeux, which he left in October 1945

Sakkara: the Step Pyramid, visited by John in January 1940. Postcard not sent, but given to and kept by Maida

The story of the Bayeux tapestry ticket had been told to us in childhood, probably prompted by seeing it stuck among holiday snaps in the fifties' album of snaps. Finding a mention here two years before I was born and in his own words, fits in with what I have only recently learnt of Dad's quirky character in his early years, of which much more in the next chapter. At that time he did have esoteric interests, not obviously persisting in his later life. He sent Maida two tourist postcards of places visited during



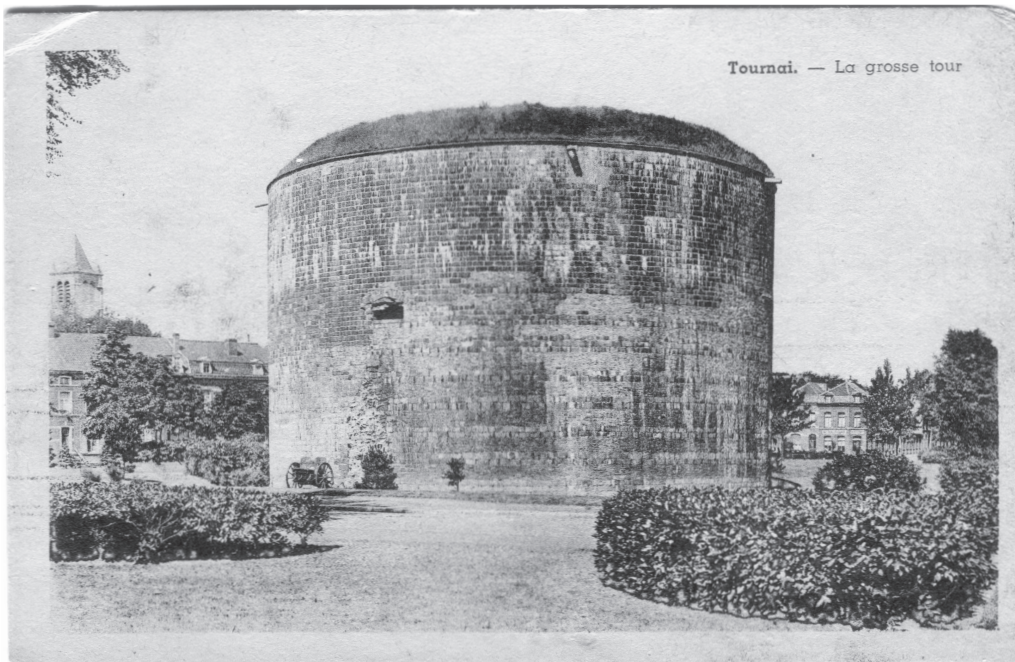
Andrew and Lesley Bulman at the Step Pyramid, Sakkara, in 1980. I seem to remember the whole place being deserted when we visited. It probably was midday, we were English. I didn't know that Dad had been there, too

the war which have somehow been kept loose for the last seventy years. I feel certain that had others been received by Maida, she would have treasured those too.

Suffice to say that, first, the Sakkara pyramid is unique: the earliest colossal stone monument in Egypt, built in the 27th century BC. With Lesley I visited the otherwise deserted site in 1980. Second, La Grosse tour at Tournai, epitomising for him the Battle of the Spurs, fought by Henry VIII at the age of about 20 and culminating after a few weeks in the Treaty of London, 1518, an early version of a NATO-style non-aggression pact.

This afternoon I went into Tournai with Major Williamson, who had not seen the place. I am getting on quite well with him . . . I have discovered that he is on the staff at Brighton and Hove Hospitals. We looked at the Cathedral, it is interesting to think it much the same now as when King Henry saw it. The collection of towers is unusual and imposing.

Darling, I am just longing to be with you. I did like the black pleated skirt you put on to see me off. You looked so sweet when I said goodbye to you on Cambridge station. I wonder whether we shall meet



Tournai – La grosse tour.
Visited by John Bulman
while on his homeward
odyssey, 1945

again on the same platform – darling, it would be nice if you put your best stockings on whatever the danger as this is really a very special occasion. All my love, my own, Your own John.

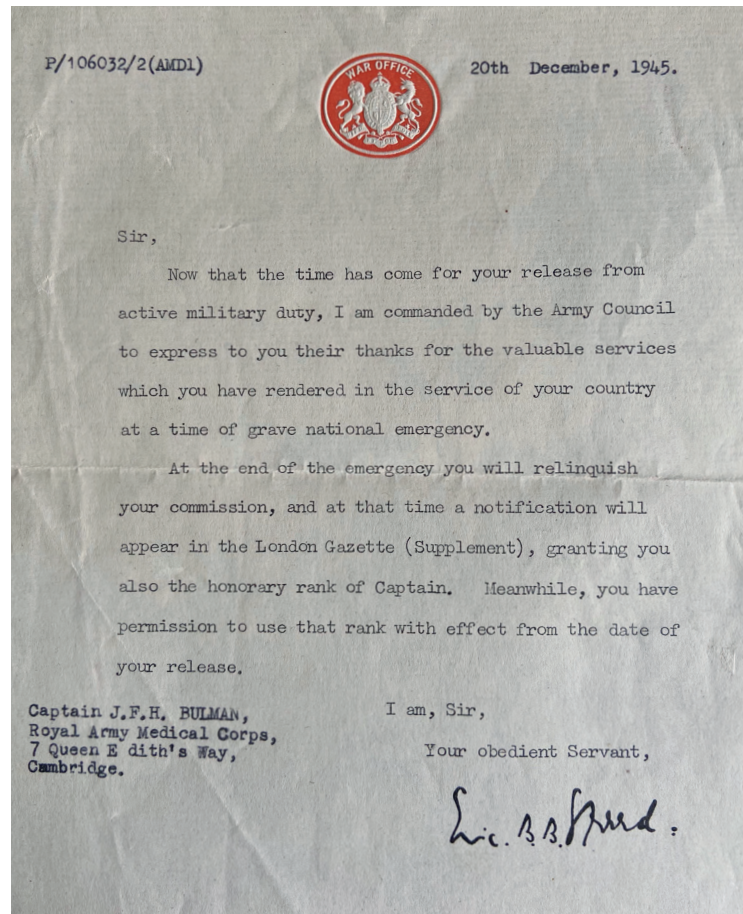
John was always pleased to remember having seen the tapestry and the ticket is still in the photograph album, but I had not realised until re-reading these letters that he did not see it until his very last day in Normandy. I am afraid at the time I had other things on my mind than William's problems in conquering England. The vision of meeting me on Cambridge station in my best stockings (they must have been silk and much treasured; what danger to them did he anticipate, I wonder) did not materialise, as will shortly be seen.

J. to M. 9.10.45

My own beloved – I am writing this at the Bedford Hotel in Paris. I left Bayeux at 10.15 this morning and got here at 4 after a good journey. I have had a good bath and a meal and am going to catch the 10.30 train to Brussels tonight . . . I am very excited at the thought of getting your letters at Antwerp which I should reach about midday with any luck. It will be rather fun going back to Antwerp now that the flying bombs are a thing of the past. [This refers to his time at No.9 General Hospital in March 1945.]

The next letter is the one from me that John was waiting for and is my last war letter to survive. The house was 38 Eaton Terrace, right opposite the Halpins house No.41. It had been empty for a long time except for being used as an Air-raid Warden's Post, and was indescribably dirty and bomb damaged, though in itself a charming little London house (basement and three floors above); the disadvantage was that being on a corner it had no garden, only a tiny yard at the back with no exit to the street. The whole street was part of the Duke of Westminster's Grosvenor estate and I had to ring up the Agent to try to persuade him to let us have it. I remember that when I said, I was enquiring on behalf of my husband he replied, "How do I

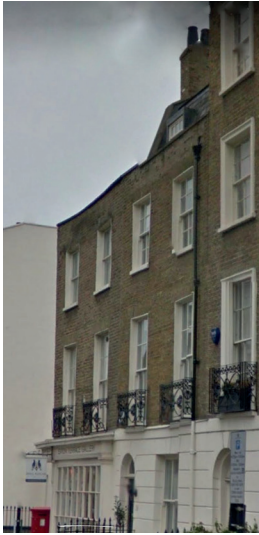
War Office formal
discharge, 20
December 1945



know that your husband isn't a man of straw?" this apparently being a lawyer's expression to describe a man with insufficient money to back up an offer. To this I replied tartly, "If that is your way of describing a man who has been serving his country abroad for nearly six years, it wouldn't be mine." After this he was more civil.

M. to J. 5.10.45

Darlingest darling - I am writing at 3.00 p.m. having returned here at 11.32 this morning. I didn't write at all when I was away, I just couldn't, everything was such a whirl, and even now nothing is settled, but I have seen the flat and have till next week before giving an answer,



38 Eaton Terrace, London,
rented from the Grosvenor
estate

and have also seen the house though unofficially. At first I thought I wasn't going to be able to get in at all, as the builder who was working at bomb-repairs there till last Tuesday had sent the keys back to the owner who should have returned them to the agents but they hadn't arrived; without the keys they refused to show me the house or even discuss possible terms; however in the end they said they wouldn't offer it to anyone else till we had seen and made an offer, and I am hoping to hear next week that they have the keys and will then go to town again. Meanwhile the builder who turned out to be a perfect angel helped me to climb in and took me all over it. But naturally I haven't told the agents this! I would very much prefer the house and very much hope we can take it. It will need redecorating throughout, but so would the flat, and probably we would get in in about two months or less, I hope to get really settled next week, darling. The full account of all my doings and adventures in London would be too long to write now, as I am up to my neck in plans of all kinds and am now going to sort out all the relevant information, addresses etc. I have been collecting on odd bits of paper for the last three days. The furnishing question is worse than I thought – we shall just have to camp out in bits of either the flat or house and pick up furniture as we go along. But everyone has been very kind and helpful, even the most unexpected people. I shall have so much to tell you, darling.

It is wonderful to come home and find you will really be home about Wednesday week. I just can't believe it! I don't expect you will lose any letters as I haven't written since Tuesday night: and don't expect anything but little notes henceforth, sweetheart, as there is so much to see about you wouldn't believe.

I am feeling well and very excited. I found the children well, Charles quite better and Harrie in very good form, both gave me a great welcome. All my love, my own perfect darling. I am just thrilled to bits.

Your own adoring Maida.

P.S. Bring your camp bed home, in fact I wouldn't mind your bringing two if you can get a second one cheap.

John's last four war letters are written at 106 British General Hospital at Antwerp.

J. to M. 10.10.45

My own precious love – I arrived at Antwerp at 11.00 this morning and am now comfortably installed in a new mess. I find all your missing letters here, darlingest, and am a little disappointed to hear you think it may take two months to get the house in order and that you have not been able to discuss terms yet. Still, as long as we have something definite in view I can put up with Q.E.W. for a little longer. I had quite a good journey from Paris but could not get a sleeper. I slept most of the night in a first-class seat. On arrival at Brussels I nearly got stranded in the centre of de Gaulle's reception, and reached the Gare du Nord with considerable difficulty.

J. to M. 11.10.45

I have enjoyed today with odd jobs and a medical examination of myself this morning, and a nice lot of reading this afternoon . . .

Your nice Sunday letter reached me this morning, darling. In a way I am glad we shall spend our first fortnight at Q.E.W. as we have spent so many happy times there. I now have three more whole days to spend here in which I shall get through a good deal of reading. I really do feel I am getting to know a bit more now though I shall not have had much practice in examining orthopaedic cases. However I am now glad that I did enter for the exam. I hear rumours that I shall be released from Oxford so I shall know the route. However I will let you know definitely later. All my love sweetheart. Your own John.

J. to M. 12.10.45

. . . I have finished getting my medical documents filled in today, and I am glad to say the X-ray which they took shows only a little thickened pleura, so I don't think my six years in the army has done me any harm. They have given me the X-ray to keep so that I shall have it for comparison later if necessary which I am sure it won't be.

It is exciting to think that I might get to you before this letter but that won't matter at all. All my love darling, it will be nice to be on the

*way on Monday and then there will be too much to do to think much,
Your own adoring John.*

On the back of this last letter John wrote as an R.A.M.C. officer the letters S.W.L.K., the soldiers' ending, standing for "Sealed With A Loving Kiss".

So came the end of our long separation. I have no record of the exact day John reached Cambridge but it must have been October 17th or 18th 1945, the time of Charles' first birthday.

The army powers-that-be dealt us one final blow before John parted with them for ever. His release was so arranged that he would arrive at Bedford station at about 1.00 in the morning with no means of travelling any further. He therefore telephoned to ask me to meet him there; the car was fortunately ready, but the journey was alarming. I had never been to Bedford, and the road at that time, as I recall, was a series of right-angled corners: moreover, the signposts,



Medical staff, Royal Northern Hospital, February 1946. John as senior registrar: back row, fourth from left. The unit was run by 'Bailey and Love', who are not in the photo but were authors of the British surgical textbook that was the standard for at least two postwar decades. John passed the Royal College of Surgeons FRCS exam in November 1946

which had been removed in wartime, had barely been replaced and were few and far between. It seemed a miracle that I did not end my trip upside down in a dyke. However, I arrived safely and we drove joyfully home together, never to be parted again for more than a few days until John's death in 1985.

We took the house in Eaton Terrace and moved in, as I remember, quite soon with a mattress, a sack of coal and an old rug to pin up over the window as a curtain, and set about cleaning up sufficiently to fetch the children to join us. John was given a registrar's job at the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, by the resettlement service, but it was plain that to continue with full-time surgery [he passed the final FRCS in November 1946] he would next have to take a residential post. To be parted again was the one thing we could not bear, and John longed to have a settled home with a garden. He therefore went into general practice at Wallington in Surrey, and in addition was elected before long to the staff of



Medical Benevolent Fund dance, November 1949 at Kennards (Croydon Department Store). John with his elbow on the table, Maida opposite with the big smile and her gaze on the pretty blonde resisting John's attention

The back garden of the family home at 36 Maldon Road, Wallington, Surrey



36 Maldon Road is the house on the right across the road, with Dad's medical 'brass plate' fixed to the front gate pillar. The new flats on the left were built to fill up the hole left by a German rocket in 1944. The garage wing is on the left, kitchen window next to it, the bathroom above; the boys' bedroom peeping out of the trees on the right, the general practice surgery, waiting room and dispensary in the wing below. 1956, taken by a neighbour from his roof



36 Maldon Road as it was when John and Maida retired and left in 1976. Dad admired the open-plan front gardens, which became popular in the 1960s and 1970s, when the Victorian houses with large gardens towards the church were replaced by blocks of flats, sodium vapour replaced coal gas for street lighting, and the never-lit open hearths inside gave way to night-store electric heating.





Charles driving his Jeep, 1947, aged 3



Andrew, January 1950, aged 2



Claire, 1955, aged 2

The four of us in 'The Rocket', hanging from the cherry tree at Malden Road, 1954



Final resting place of the
ashes of Maida and John –
and later of Harriet (2021)
and John Panting (1996)
– at All Saints, Burnham
Thorpe, Norfolk



the Carshalton War Memorial Hospital and the Wilson Hospital, Mitcham, as a general surgeon. These hospitals later became part of the St. Helier, Carshalton, Group. In this dual role the experience of men and the extremely varied medical experience of his war years were a valuable preliminary, and when he retired to Norfolk in 1976, though never rich or famous, he could look back on a happy and useful career, in which it was my joy to help him as much as I could. I just add that he had a well patronised bird-table outside the window of his consulting room at 36 Maldon Road which he could watch while the consultations were going on.

In offering you these memories, I hope that you, our dear grandchildren, will remember us with love.

Harriet Nichol Panting, née Bulman, 1940–2021



Harriet by the Serpentine, London, summer 1946. Rumoured to have been snapped by a passing newspaperman

Harriet (9 June 1940–14 January 2021) was Maida's first baby and my elder sister, who 'seemed one' with our mother Maida, and the only one of us to remember grandmamma [Mary Adelaide Hunter]. There are pictures of her sailing at Frensham pond and swimming at Alnmouth, but fewer family photographic prompts than I expected. She went to Dinorben School, Woodcote Road, Wallington, then on to Cheltenham Ladies' College, where we made occasional weekend visits. I suspect an additional attraction for Dad was that Cheltenham was close to the groundbreaking Slimbridge bird reserve run by Peter Scott, his contemporary at Trinity, which grew into the World Wildlife Fund. Dad's pre-war scrapbook reveals – or maybe it's just my hunch – that they did not altogether see eye-to-eye. Perhaps Dad was justifiably shy, or Peter aloof and not recognising John as his sort of celebrity ornithologist. I expect Maida liked visiting partly out of Cheltenham nostalgia.

Her attractive and vigorous character was first snapped in a large photo in the local paper of her delivering Christmas mail as an 18-year-old. I know she went to a Parisian cordon bleu cooking school, returning with skill to make crisp ginger



Harriet delivering the
Christmas post, c.1958

Harriet on a cordon bleu
course, c.1958

brandy snaps which dad blamed for a secondary haemorrhage from the bed of tonsils removed from me, by him, a week or so before. From Newnham Harriet collected a 2:1 in biochemistry and met a fiancé John Panting. After graduation she lived at home working with a pharmaceutical company near Croydon aerodrome, commuting on a Vespa, moving later to a job at the Hammersmith hospital (and to a Pimlico flat to share with other young women). An avid reader of *New Scientist* magazine while in the sixth form, I was interested in scientific research of all sorts, and extended this to her work too. While a student she had shown me Watson and Crick's MRC Laboratory of Molecular Biology at Cambridge, with a model of DNA in the foyer, and later I visited her Hammersmith lab developing radioimmunoassay methods. Etonian John Panting was staying with her at Wallington the day my O-level results came through: 'you ploughed Latin' was an unfamiliar expression to me but it meant having, damn it, to do it again and pass on a retake.

A hinge point came when the Hammersmith lab, with its staff, was mostly 'brain drained' to La Jolla, California, and she had to decide between that and marrying John, training for the cloth, which indeed she did in October 1963, with Nicola born a year or so later.

The Pantings with the mail at the vicarage desk, early 1970s at Shotton, Stratford upon Avon. From left: Rachel (foreground), Nicola, Harriet, John and Stephanie



She became a deeply involved vicar's wife and honorary social worker, school-teacher of chemistry, keeper of the geese, and marvellous mother to three talented girls as John pursued an eclectic but morally rising trajectory: curate in Woking, teacher at Dean Close Boys, vicar at Cottingham, Shotton, Keresley and their last posting for 20 years or so in Norwich, where they were the first incumbents of the newly built St. Elizabeth's C of E church on the Larkman estate, possibly the roughest area of the city, noted in the postwar years for its poor rural migrants. Then the terrible shock of John's sudden death at only 60, swimming across the river at Burnham Overby 'point'. Harriet had to move 100 yards or so from the tied housing of the vicarage to a small terrace. It did not take long before she was elected as Labour councillor for Nelson Ward in Norwich, shortly afterwards also taking on a Norfolk County Council seat with responsibility as Children's Champion. Her contribution to the social welfare of Norwich was both generous and huge. By then Diana and I were living in Low

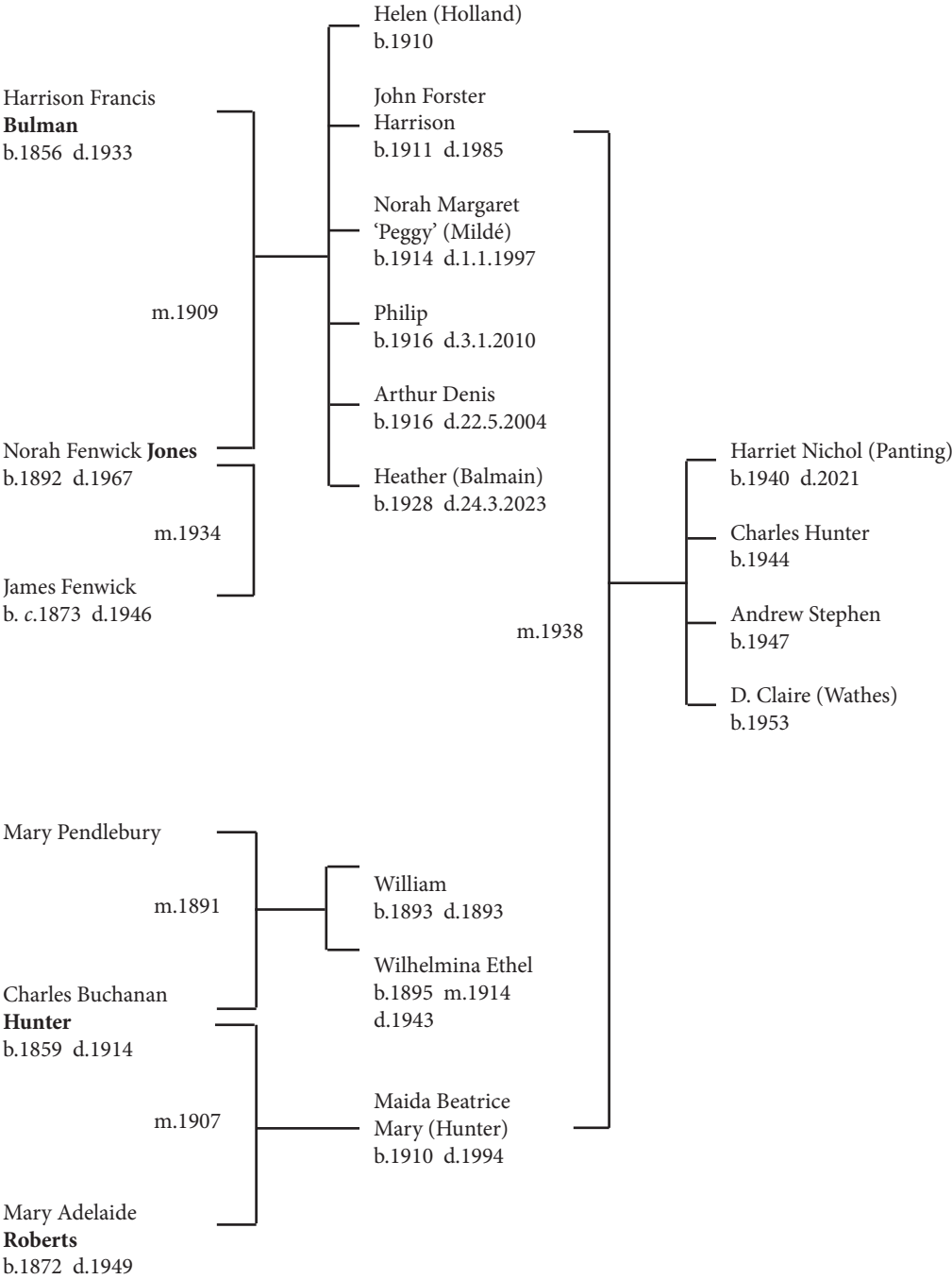
Farmhouse, Keswick, three miles away, and I saw Harriet for supper maybe every six weeks or so.

Eventually losing her seat to the Greens, she did not talk to us about her motive in leaving Norwich for a small terrace in Walthamstow, local to youngest daughter Stephanie's family at the time but just a few months before promotion moved them to BBC Salford Keys and Bolton. Although she seemed to settle and enjoy volunteering at Labour head office during the Brown/Harman/Miliband years, her emotional space was surely filled by the terrible disability and death of James, husband to second daughter Rachel, of recurrent brain cancer. By now nearly 80, and with hardly any outward sign of waning powers, it did seem very reasonable that she moved again to a comfortable Cheltenham bungalow very close to now widowed Rachel and son Isaac. She was always extremely independent, but her wandering in the street attracted concern from neighbours. She moved finally in the autumn of 2019 to a room at Lilian Faithfull nursing home and day centre just yards from the Ladies' College familiar from her youth. She continued to walk about really until the end of December 2020 when she became bed bound for her last month with virtually no medication beyond a few antibiotics. She died on 14 January 2021 with her three daughters present, and no distress at all.

Note

At the end of chapter 7 is a letter written by Harriet (on 4 January 2012) at my request, which includes a list of the eight children of Robert Roberts and Ellen of Crûg, one of whom was our grandmother, Mary Adelaide.

Four families: Bulman, Jones, Hunter, Roberts





CHAPTER 2

1911–1938

JOHN BULMAN’S EARLY YEARS

After John had died, Maida wrote the brief chapter 1 outline of their lives from early years to marriage in 1938. Surprisingly, she never mentioned to me that he had made copious contemporary scrapbooks and writings during this period. Even though this material has now been in my possession for decades, until recently I had not found time to look at it in any detail. So while it may seem odd not to know what Maida had thought having read them, my own behaviour may seem equally strange, but true. Discussing them with her could have been eye-opening.

I remember Dad now as a loving, reliable and gentle man, attentive but not talkative to children, a great observer of the natural world for which he radiated quiet enthusiasm. He was sometimes a bit stern to me as adolescent: ‘When are you going to get your hair cut?’ After growing out of the dawn infant cuddles, as youngsters we didn’t see him in the morning, with consultations in the surgery (a built-in annexe to our home) running from 8 till 10, followed directly by home visits, the result of phone calls answered by Mum and Adda: ‘Wallington double-one three five’ they would say when picking up as I was having breakfast. Local hospital work followed. I sometimes tagged along with him in the car for the visits, when his remarks were limited to sightings of interesting birds or garden plants. During the hour or so he had at the daily lunch table with Maida, conversation heard when we dashed in from the garden revolved around the patients. Then hospital rounds and surgery again from 4 till 7, supper and snoozing over the BBC Third programme (often ‘Grand Hotel’) with *The Times*. In later years he preferred *The Mirror*, bought and passed on by Adda; she lived in her own room next to the warm Aga, owned a TV years before we did, and

John Forster Harrison
Bulman (JFHB)

acted – for me anyway and only in short absences of the real one – as back-up mother. On Saturdays he worked mornings, in the afternoon I enjoyed watching him garden or do a bit of DIY. Sometimes he helped me with model-making – a two-foot-long, steel, meths-powered, steam-driven ship with soldered metal joints comes to mind. It worked well, but most enjoyment was in the making. I have no memory of him telling jokes or stories (apart from showing us his hawk's 'furniture' – that is, hoods and leashes), for which we relied on Mum. Learning now about his own youth and the breadth of his activities, interests and views on current events demonstrated in the scrapbooks has come to me as a heart-warming, eye-opening surprise. I'm sorry to feel unsure what changed him from those times to the apparently much more reserved postwar, professional father of four. I am grateful to him for not holding me back – I don't remember him forbidding me from doing anything.

I was never aware of a predecessor in our home at 36 Maldon Road, which had a purpose-built waiting room with WC, consulting room and dispensary. I think, without any evidence, that John started there as a junior partner in the general practice owned by Dr Stewart, before the July 1948 launch of the NHS, which he joined at the outset as both GP and senior hospital medical officer. There were two satellite surgeries which ran until the 1960s, one overlooking the ponds at Carshalton, the other overlooking



Morwick Hall, John's childhood home from 1918. After his father, Harrison, died in 1933, his mother Norah stayed on until 1951. His stepfather, Jim Fenwick, died in 1946

the marshes at Hackbridge. I do not think these were started by John and may have been taken over from Dr Stewart.

At the Carshalton War Memorial Hospital (from 1947) and the Wilson Hospital in Mitcham (from 1954) he did weekly surgical outpatients and an operating list. Neither had an emergency department or acute surgical admissions. Referrals for surgery came from GPs for inguinal hernia, varicose veins, lumps and bumps and maybe cholecystectomy, just possibly elective appendices and tonsils. I do not think he was involved in peptic ulcer, chest or gynae surgery, urology, orthopaedics, or cancers, all of which went to St Helier or the Royal Marsden. He resigned from general practice and moved to full-time surgery at Saint Helier Hospital when local surgical services were consolidated in 1970.

John was born on 5 March 1911 at Priestfield Hall, Burnopfield, County Durham, NE16 6AF. In 1918 they moved into what would be the family home at Morwick Hall, Warkworth, rented from the Duke of Northumberland.

John's younger brother, Major Philip Bulman (1916–2010), wrote the following (from source 2) in 1982 as part of a broad family history addressed to his own children. As with all of the pieces Philip wrote, I have not corrected any details. My idea is that family stories are like that: they may convey misunderstandings. You may need to compare his account with any others available.

His brother Philip's perspective

Your Uncle John [1911–1985] was born at Priestfield Hall, County Durham, my elder brother by 5 years. To me he always seemed to be extremely successful in all he did, which was just about everything. Too often I was the mere fetcher & carrier or considered too young & useless to be taken into account at all. Five years is a big gap amongst the young & sadly I can recollect nothing in the way of brotherly love.

Anyway, after the usual governess period at home, he was sent to Packwood Haugh Prep School in Warwickshire [1920–24] & then on to Rugby [1924–29]. At Rugby I believe he achieved the Classical VI & then, having decided to become a doctor, he transferred to the science side & again achieved the VI Form. I never got into any sixth form.

John and Helen Bulman,
eldest son and daughter



The boys were allowed to keep certain livestock at Rugby & I can remember one holiday when he brought home a magnificent goshawk & we all helped with its training or at least thought we were helping. During one term he made a canoe & there was great activity during the holidays carting it about so that he could pretend to be a floating log while bird watching. My job was usually the humping part. He was always a keen ornithologist & had a great collection of the eggs of every bird that nested in the Morwick area.

He was a Boy Scout with all the qualification badges you can think of on his sleeve. I also remember "assisting" at the construction of model aeroplanes, wireless sets & tree houses of course & also at developing photos.

From Rugby he went to Trinity College, Cambridge [1929–34] where he achieved his B.A. with 1st Class Honours in the Natural Science Tripos Pts 1 & 2 and was awarded a Research Scholarship to stay on for an extra year. He had been interested in rock climbing & while at Cambridge went out to the Alps on various expeditions & often to Wales. Also he joined the Cambridge Air Squadron & learnt to fly & on one occasion signed on with a trawler on a fishing trip somewhere round Iceland which sounded a bit rough. One summer he brought home a remarkable little two seater Jowett which we dismantled to the last nut & surprisingly, having reassembled it, he drove it back to Cambridge without trouble.

Our financial crisis in 1933, when Father died, put an end to any carefree galivanting & it was only due to the generosity of Uncle Philip that he was able to complete his time at Cambridge & to carry on to St Thomas' Hospital in London. He qualified M.B.BChir in 1937 & F.R.C.S. Eng in 1946. When he had qualified as a doctor I think he had a job at St Thomas' Hospital for a time before the War. He then became a Captain in the RAMC & served as a Regimental Medical Officer with the 8th Army in the Middle East from 1939–43. I believe he was then involved in the invasion of Europe.

After the War he worked in London for a time before taking on a general practice at Wallington in Surrey. In due course he became a Consultant Surgeon at the St Helier's Group of Hospitals in Surrey until he retired to Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk in 1976.

He married Maida Beatrice Mary Hunter [b.22.9.1910] at St Benet's Church, Cambridge on 27 July 1938. Maida had been educated at Cheltenham Ladies College & Newnham College, Cambridge where she got a B.A. Degree in French & Italian. They have four children.

John's own written records

From the age of sixteen for nearly twenty years John made an unusually large and varied quantity of records. Those surviving include four large scrapbooks, each about a foot square and three inches thick, plus three smaller, thinner notebooks, a dedicated photo album compiled by Maida, and his original handwritten war correspondence with Maida, transcribed by her into a typescript of which maybe two per cent appears as extracts in chapter 1.

The list of source material I have on John is as follows:

1927–30 ‘Bird field notes’ pocket book, his earliest surviving diary.

1930 August–March 1932 Plain-paper diary, starting with the long summer holiday at the end of the first university academic year. Dense handwritten text includes: eight weeks at RAF Brough flying school, a Scottish hike, shyness with girls, memories of earlier schools and of 1931 alpinism in Arolla, Switzerland, advice to lecturers.

Scrapbook 1 (SB1 1932–33) The academic year leading up to final graduation in July 1933 with a double first in natural sciences. So far he had had no contact with patients or their medical attendants. The book has mostly newspaper cuttings of current events, but about a third is pages of lengthy personal handwritten thoughts similar to the previous diary, a few letters he received, and a handwritten three-page index. This is mostly in good chronological order.

Scrapbook 2 (SB2 1933–34) John's father had died in the spring of 1933, he graduated in the summer, and for the autumn months he was banished to a local authority TB sanatorium in Northumberland. This scrapbook differs from the first, being dominated by letters he had received and kept, with handwritten pieces now down to only about a tenth of the pages. It still manages to be twice as thick as the first. The layout and date order seem disorderly and it has been hard to capture the flavour of it.

Scrapbook 3 (SB3 1934–36) Declared fit, and moving back to Cambridge in the new year of 1934, John decided to move from the just-started post-grad physiology research year to being an ‘on the wards’ medical student in London in the autumn. An



The scrapbooks

even mix of clippings, letters, exam papers, expedition logs, invitations and writings, but fewer than before and with no index.

Scrapbook 4 (SB4 1936–46) John qualified as a doctor in the summer of 1937. This scrapbook is of smaller size, a similar spread of material, but over a longer period compared to SB3, with the war years not mentioned. It closes when he was thirty-five years old and had just gained the surgical qualification of FRCS (Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons) in November 1946. All the personal writing is now diary-like and practical rather than thoughtful: logs of expeditions, surgical operations etc.

1939–1945 While in the Royal Army Medical Corps, a crateful of more or less weekly correspondence with Maida. The handwriting and all the envelopes make the originals cumbersome and hard to study; I have not looked at them recently. The typescript is described in chapter 1's opening paragraph, and verbatim fragments make up chapter 1.

1963–1979 ‘Bird notes’ pocket book. John retired to north Norfolk aged 65 in 1976. The notes are almost entirely ornithological and in a strictly observational style similar to that used in 1927.

Other material, of various dates In addition to the materials listed above are various ‘orphan’ bundles, including:

- reports and letters home from both prep and public school, which he left at age 18 in April 1929
- contacts from the Trinity Millers group (who visited Burnham Overy Staithe windmill)
- bird papers from the desert 1942–1944
- memories of desert colleagues
- postwar CV and job applications
- academic postwar letters and papers
- will
- obituary from the British Medical Journal, written by my brother, Charles.

What follows aims to give a taste of this (often disorderly in SB2) mass of papers. In the early years, while John was still a young undergraduate, there is much freehand recording of thoughts interspersed with newspaper clippings on current affairs. In later volumes his own ideas are increasingly replaced by records of activities, with the loose added papers mostly letters he received, the most engaging for me being those from his father Harrison (Harry), who died in 1933, from his uncle Philip, who then paid for him to complete the next four years of his medical studies, and from Maida Hunter, whom he married in 1938.

In his own writing I found it surprising to find so few comments about the sheer difficulty of learning the medical curriculum. It must have been particularly demanding, in the summer of 1929, to switch from classics at school to a university atmosphere and the basic scientific disciplines of physics and chemistry. I know from my own experience that it is also difficult in the next stage, although at least shared with all the other new students, to suddenly learn the more refined disciplines of physiology, biochemistry and anatomy, in those days with its hands-on, choking, formalin-soaked dissections. In the postgraduate period I have no details of the physiology research, or much reflection from John on being a medical student on the wards St Thomas’.

Letters from Rugby, 1924–1929

From the age of nine John was at Packwood Haugh prep school at Hockley Heath, Warwickshire, a place 'limited to 50 boys'. His reports and bills from September 1920 to July 1924 show the fee was £60 per term including extras. Reports were encouraging overall, much like the ones I had forty years later, and, again like me, he learned Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, history, geography and English.



Letters, reports and bills from John's childhood



Rugby, 1924–32, from a black album of photos centred on John and compiled by Maida to remind him of his past when he became ill with dementia. Pages 2–3 cover his teenage years: pets, Combined Cadet Force, scouts, rugby

At Rugby College (£80 per term) from September 1924 to March 1929 his accrued reports were mixed: bland, encouraging, nothing special on the academic front, placed in the middle of most classes on his reports, all from the ‘classical’ rather than science side (an interesting contrast to what brother Philip wrote above). I have no idea how his love of ornithology was planted, beyond his having been brought up in the idyllic countryside at Morwick, with the river Coquet running through the grounds to the North Sea and the port of Amble three miles to the east. I have seen no mention of his parents having any special interest in natural history.

Tutor at Rugby: ‘[John] is still doing excellently. He is very keen on his hawk, but I hope he will not spend so much time on it that he has more left to give to the general activities of the house. Housemaster’s report: very good. Remarks by headmaster: excellent. Inclined to walk by himself’

I have chosen to start with a representative two of the nine remaining Rugby letters. In the real world background (not mentioned), 1.2 million coal miners were locked out with no pay during the UK's nine-day general strike of May 1926, with the miners holding out for another six months. It sounds as though there may have been not one hawk (see John's brother Philip's account) but two, at least one a sparrowhawk.

11 July 1926

Dear mother,

I hope you have got the young sparrowhawk by now or else it will be flying, ours are not quite ready to take yet but they were an extra late brood. If you do take it, feed it on as much raw lean meat as it can eat about twice a day and don't give it anything else. Some boys in my house have got three young kestrels. They are quite sweet but no good for hawking. I shall send my sparrowhawk straight home before I go to camp and you can feed it till I come home. I don't know quite what I will do about clothes when I'm staying at the Ogilvies you will have to send me something from home, I have got two pairs of flannel trousers here that are quite respectable but I will need a grey flannel jacket and evening clothes. I will need about £3 altogether for camp and I may need more coming home from the Ogilvies. People going to camp are allowed free tickets to watch the Rugby-Marlborough match at Lords on the 29th so I think I'm going with Ogilvy. If my clothes could go by parcel post you could send them straight to Ogilvy's home in Suffolk. Tell Philip I have made a fine catapult and I'm bringing it home for him as I don't think it is worth sending by post. There are only two more weeks now and during exams we don't get up early which is a great blessing, you begin to feel very tired at this time of term. I went out bathing in Mr Raven's car on Friday and had a nice time. We had a lecture last week by Lord Foster, who was governor of Australia and is an OR, telling us what an opportunity the colonies gave for public schoolboys of leading an out-of-door life farming, with love, John



John as a teenager



John kept a sparrowhawk in 1926, but had moved on to a goshawk by 1931



John with goshawk and Jack Close, a friend at Rugby, c.1931

23 July 1926

Dear Mother,

I'm sorry I have not written sooner but I was waiting until I knew what I was going to do about the hawks. I am sending them off by the train leaving here 8.15 on Monday evening and getting to Newcastle without a change early in the morning so I hope they will arrive at Accrington sometime on Tuesday morning.

They must be fed every day twice a day with raw lean beef if possible, or any fresh raw meat. You will probably have difficulty in making them feed because they are very wild and will be frightened after their journey. I should keep them in the rabbit hutch until you can get something larger when I come home. If they will not eat don't move about or make a noise but rub the tips of their beaks with a little bit of meat until they pick at it. The big one will probably eat if you leave her alone with some meat near her but you will have to feed the little one which is a [??] out of your hand. If he simply won't eat anything, push some bits of meat down his throat with your finger but I don't suppose you will have to do that. Don't stop feeding them until the crops are full, you can easily feel to see how full they are. They can almost fly now so I should not let them out in the open but you could give them some exercise in the loft sometimes.

The big one is a female and is the one we are going to try to train for hawking but you don't start training until they are full grown. You won't have much difficulty in feeding them after the first day but don't run out of meat altogether and feed them on something else, of course rats and starlings are excellent diet for them. I hope they will be alright until I come home, I'm afraid they will be rather a nuisance but I daresay Helen will look after them for you. Write and tell me about them, I think my camp address is Cadet JFH Bulman, Rugby contingent, Tidworth Camp, Hampshire, but I expect Daddy will know it. I think a week will be long enough to stay with the Ogilvies but I will let you know later. I have had a killing time lately getting things for camp. The overcoats and khaki drill suits and other things belong to the Rugby contingent and they spread them out in front

of the armoury and everyone scrambles to get things to fit him, no one knows quite what fits him and it takes hours to make up your mind which is the best fit. We are having six in a tent this year and we sleep on straw mattresses and pillows. I am sending all my luggage in advance to Ogilvy's home because I couldn't send half and half with only one trunk.

Camp lasts until the Wednesday, just a day over a week altogether, so I expect I shall be coming home on the Wednesday or Thursday after that, but I haven't the faintest what route I shall go on.

We have only three more exams left and have got over most of the bad ones. I have not done as badly as I expected. HC came down to see us on Tuesday, he couldn't come down when you were at Rugby because he broke his leg. He was very keen to know all about Philip. I must go to the dentist at the beginning of the hols, so try and arrange some appointments.

I hope everything is flourishing at home, I suppose I will miss Uncle Philip if he comes at the beginning of August but I hope he gives me a gun.

I had a letter from Laurie Lang last week asking me to stay at the end of the holidays but that means only having four weeks at home so I don't know whether I shall go. He was shooting in the cadet pair for Clifton in the Ashburton shield and the Clifton eight won it. He says he is getting a new gun so that if I go I will be able to get plenty of shooting. I really must stop now, so cheerio. John

7 November 1926, then brief extracts from other letters, 7–28 November 1926

I have to start working and revising for the school certificate soon, the examination starts in about a month. I was first for my half term place in my form but only by one mark so I don't expect to keep it up till the end of term . . . The lecture by Captain Knight was very good and we had a short talk with him afterwards. He has got a tame golden eagle and a goshawk he said he could get us a merlin next year to train. They are easier to train than sparrowhawks and not so delicate. I played in a house match yesterday which turned out as a draw at

the end of the proper time so we had to play 20 minutes extra and in the end we were beaten . . . Tomorrow night all the school is going to the theatre to see a play called Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall . . . A boy in my house had got a baby ciné cinematograph and shows it in our study, it is quite good and just like a miniature cinema. Ogilvy is thinking of getting one to show to the house it gives a picture about 4' x 2'6" . . . I expect a rest will do Jesse good even though it will make her rather frisky . . . Where is Perry making your rock garden? I didn't know he was going to make one . . . The weather has been a bit cold lately but no proper frost and it doesn't look as though we will get any skating. There is not much news this week. I hope you are all very well, with love from John.

Left: brothers in the reserves, c.1927: Denis (Royal Navy), John (Combined Cadet Force).
Top right: real life in the Royal Army Medical Corps, 1939. Bottom right: Maida with baby Harriet, 1940



Brother Cadets Denis (L) RN
John (R) CCF



REW 1939



He travelled in the trains unaccompanied. After leaving the 'classics side' at Rugby in April 1929, John's own chronology in SB2 (p124) has 'April to June 10th 1929 worked at Cambridge'. Among other exam papers attached at the start of SB2 are: 'Examinations for medical and surgical degrees. Easter term 1929. First examination'. Each subject and parts one, two and three are separate: 'June 10–13; practical chemistry, mechanics, practical mechanics, physics, general and inorganic chemistry, practical physics'. To prepare for these unfamiliar subjects he must have spent the summer of 1929 doing some foundation A level-style work. There is nothing on where he lodged. All four undergraduate years 1929–33 at Cambridge were in natural sciences.

A lifelong ornithologist

The budding of John's ornithological interest is obvious from childhood letters to his mum from Rugby, asking her to care for his hawks; an obsessive practical observer emerges in his teenage years from the 1927–30 bird notes pocket book. Throughout all the scrapbooks from his early twenties and mostly compiled while at university, wherever he happens to be, he makes similar detailed and frequent notes on bird sightings and behaviour. From the war-torn western desert he tells Maida in numerous letters what he has seen, and also has time to establish semi-professional academic ornithology contacts, work up data and publish in learned journals. Extracts from this work follow directly here from the first notebook entries. The timeline is not chronological, both to show the increasing depth of his commitment, and also so as not to interrupt the flow of other life events during the earlier scrapbook years.

As he settled into a suitable working environment in postwar Wallington, I remember him installing a bird bath and feeders, with unobstructed views from his consulting desk; the patient's place was back to the window, in a chair at his side. No surprise either that his north Norfolk holiday home was on a major migration route (towards the UK for summer, to Africa in winter) shared with the Northumberland coast of his childhood. He was a founding sponsor of Peter Clarke, a man after his own heart and the first professional warden from 1962 at Holme Bird Observatory.

Intense interest in birds sustained him throughout his life. The last pen strokes we have from his demented old age are from November 1979, the last thing he wrote before losing this capacity:

. . . 20 snow buntings feeding on the shore when they got up like a whirlwind together. Red breasted mergansers (female and male) first seen on 19/11/79 reddish beak and legs. Pochards about 10 head, browns with back grey and black over front and back. The female is brown except the back which is a fairly dark back [sic]. Tufted ducks large numbers of males with black in head and back and breast white. Female brown all over except white round big and a small about white [sic] in wings. The male has a tuft of drake diagnostics [sic].

The '1927–30 Bird Notes' pocket book

Small '1927–30 Bird Notes' pocket book, started when he was 16 years old, opened at random and quoted here as it was written:

. . . Saw grey wagtail feeding on grubs in moss on the stones. Kingfisher came once. April 21st found owls nest at rookery with three young, eyes not open also skin of rabbit and hind quarters + legs and some feathers. Saw 4 shelduck the males kept stretching their necks up and forwards and chased each other. Later 2 flew out to sea. Saw lots of redshanks flying in flocks as evening advanced. Saw long-eared owl being pursued by rooks. April 22nd saw first swallow. Saw kestrel being pursued by crows, later saw both kestrels near nest by stream. Saw kingfishers beginning their hole near little bridge. April 23rd saw first sandpiper. Male dipper spent most time feeding family. Heard redshanks.

Almost all the text is dense ornithological observations over maybe sixty pages. But starting from the back, and upside-down, there is a fourteen-page 'Log of The Freedom', a Broads sail-only cruiser on which he had a week's trip with friends Bob Staniland and six others:

Which saileth from Wroxham on this day of our Lord the 15th of March in the year 1930. Having arrived at Alf Collins quay at about 2 pm and met the others I boarded the Freedom and proceeded to check and stow the stores . . .

I am not sure if this was his first Broads adventure, but it is the earliest example of a non-bird diary entry, two thirds through the first academic year. They went from Horning via Thurne Mouth to Hickling and back. It is good natured and funny, reminding me of *Three Men in a Boat*, but with a snow storm taking the place of summer on the Thames.

There are also seven pages on a 'first long vac' July 1930 Scottish hike dealt with in more detail later. They went from Carlisle to Dumfries by train then walked the 230 miles to Glen Affric. There are two pages of bird observations made at Brough in summer 1930, but broadly the ornithological sections carry on as above to 24 June 1931, the months overlapping with events in the next book.

Ornithological articles, published 1942–44

These articles, in an envelope not indexed by Maida in source 3, were written while John was serving with the RAMC in Egypt from 1939 to 1943.

1. 'Notes on the Birds of the Libyan Desert', Zoological Society of Egypt – Bulletin: No.4 1942.

Between May 1940 and March 1941 I travelled over large areas of the western desert in the course of my military duties. During this period I was camping out in the desert travelling on an average 30 miles a day by car between different units. I was thus afforded an opportunity of observing the birdlife and have marked the areas covered and the time of year spent in each area in map 1 . . . These notes are by no means comprehensive; eagles, falcons and ravens were occasionally seen in the interior; and gulls, terns, waders and swifts on the shore . . .

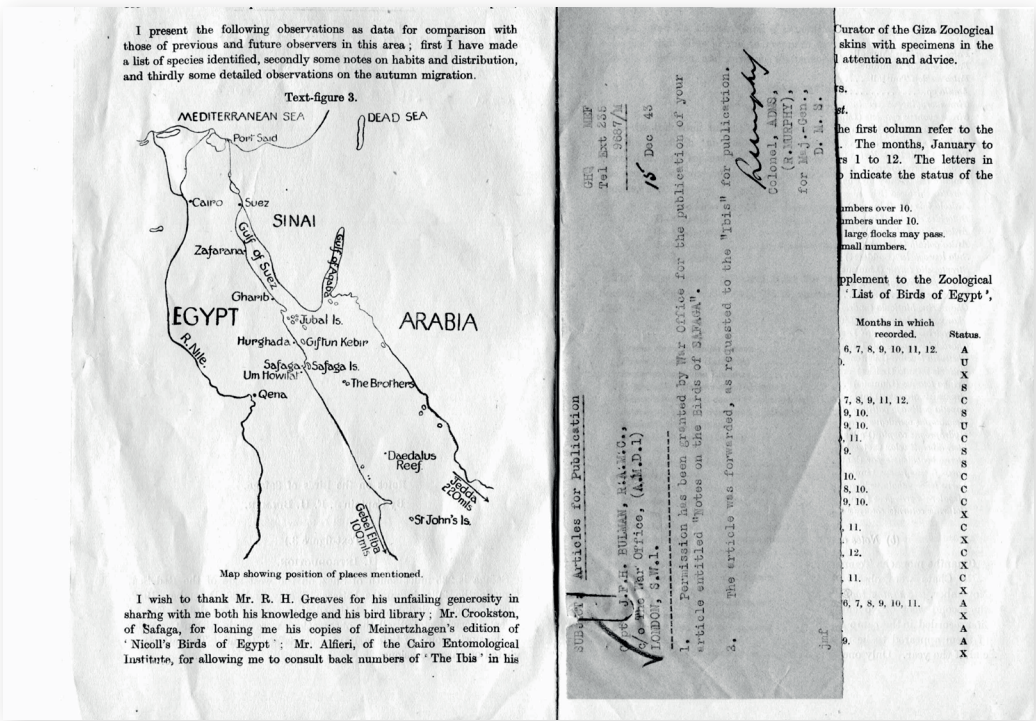
There are seven pages with comments on forty-six species. From the dates, this text must have been drafted when he was working under Jock Campbell.

2. 'Bird Notes from the Daedalus Lighthouse', compiled by Captain J.F.H. Bulman from S.J. Beales' records.

Introduction

The following observations are a summary of records compiled by a British Lighthouse Keeper (Mr. S.J. Beale) while in the employment of the Egyptian Government on a reef in the Red Sea. The records were mostly made during the spring migration of 1936 in response to the stimulating interest of Mr. R.H. Greaves . . . Without that stimulus and without the voluminous correspondence which Mr. Greaves undertook with Mr. Beale to enlighten him on a hundred and one points, we should not have these records today.

Mr. J.S. Beale has never claimed to be an experienced ornithologist, but from his descriptions (many of which are reproduced here) in the making of which he was undoubtedly helped in that he was a cage-bird fancier, it is clear that he is a careful and accurate observer. When he made these records he had already served for ten years on the lights in the Red Sea. He presented his notes to Mr. Greaves who has kindly allowed me to summarise them for publication.



Map of the northern Red Sea, reproduced from *The Ibis* for October 1944, pages 480–492, with attached army permission to publish

The position of Daedalus reef (a minute island in the middle of the Red Sea, just north of the southern boundary of Egypt) makes these notes of particular interest in the study of migration.

The bulk of his observations are arranged in tabular form for convenience. Notes, however, are added on points of special interest. These also mention several birds which have been omitted from the table because they were recorded only a few times.

Maida Bulman writes, in 1988:

We have no definite record of the publication of these notes, but a letter enclosing the typescript from Mr. DVR Mackintosh of Shell House, Cairo, who gave John so much help and encouragement with his 'birding', is dated Nov. 18th 1943, when he was just leaving Egypt for England. References in JFHB / MBMB letters in April 1944 suggest that they were published in the Zoological Society of Egypt's Bulletin at about that time.

Mackintosh, Hon. Sec., Zoological Society of Egypt, also forwards a list of ten other British soldier ornithologists with addresses in Egypt, Syria and Iraq who had contributed recent 'notes' to the Bulletin.

3. 'Notes on the Birds of Safaga'

Reprint from *The Ibis* (journal of the British Ornithologists Union since 1859). October 1944; 86: issue 4; pp480–492. Text figure 3 is an interesting hand-traced map of the Red Sea region. The text is 12 pages long, it finishes with:

Summary [the closing lines of a 12 page article]

1. A list of birds observed close to the shore at Safaga during the late spring, summer and autumn of 1942 has been compiled.
2. The skins of two species believed not to have been obtained previously on Egyptian territory have been preserved. These belong to *Ardea goliath* and *Butorides striatus*.

3. A live chick belonging to a pair of Kentish Plovers, *Charadrius alexandrinus*, was observed on Safaga Island on 13 May.
4. Four European Swallows were observed to spend the summer at Safaga.
5. A detailed account of migration during the autumn of 1942 has been given. This was of small density and appeared to follow the line of the coast.

An excellent example now of the prevalent bureaucracy. The necessary wartime authorisation for the publication of the paper as follows:

SUBJECT. Articles for publication GHQ MEF
Tel Ext 235
Capt. J.F.H. Bulman, R.A.M.C. 9687/M
c/o The War Office, (A.M.D.I.)
London S.W.1. 15 Dec. 43

Permission has been granted by War Office for the publication of your article entitled "Notes on the Birds of Safaga".

(Signed) R Murphy, Colonel ADMS for Maj-Gen DMS

Maida Bulman, writing in 1988:

For these contributions to Ornithology John was delighted to be elected a Member of the British Ornithological Union (M.B.O.U.) on the recommendation of Mr. N.B. Kinnear of the British Museum Natural History Department, Cromwell Road, London, in 1944.

Unfortunately after the war his medical work left him no time for serious ornithological study, but these scholarly papers show the intellectual capacity he could have brought to research had the circumstances of his life turned out differently.

Extracts from notebooks and scrapbooks

The 1930–1932 notebook

The 1930–1932 notebook is completely different. Instead of dense ornithological observations, this book thoughtfully describes everyday events and adventures, mostly of the first university long summer break. After a few pages John states, ‘... what I want to avoid is mere narrative diarism’, and this he certainly achieves. Running from 5 August 1930, it starts with an account of a six-week posting with the Cambridge University Air Squadron (he had signed up to the RAF reserve) to RAF Brough in Yorkshire, where they were taught to fly propeller driven biplanes.

This was only the second time I have ever travelled first class, the last being when uncle Philip sent me off from King’s Cross after I had stayed with him. I was rather surprised by the number of people (all gentlemen) who travel first class. My journey cost me nothing except tips which amounted to 4 shillings, haircut at Dellow’s one shilling and left luggage sixpence. I also bought ‘All Quiet on the Western Front’ 3/6 my journey therefore actually cost 9s. The tips seem ridiculously extravagant, but it was more the number than the amount. In future I shall send my luggage in advance, it costs much less than tips or I might give 3d tips instead. The whole system of tipping is probably wrong. How much simpler it would be for the Railway Companies to pay them better. The obvious reason why they don’t is that if they had nothing to gain by working most of them would bat around trying to avoid helping you. I wonder what proportion of slackers there would be ...

This little piece covers just the first page. There are ninety more – densely written, no page numbers, no blank spaces, no drawings! Just the odd page heading: ‘Tips’, ‘Why Fly?’, ‘Is war necessary?’, ‘Is there a God?’ Of what follows I have made just brief extracts. A three-page diatribe about money is followed by life in Brough, still in use today as an aerodrome just upstream from the Humber Bridge and fourteen miles from Hull:

My first impression was 'what a godforsaken place' and literally it is. There is an active hostility to religion. Most of the inmates other than the flyers look debauched if not actually drunk. I think Sam Harris may be responsible for this first impression. The only sensible person on the management is Vincent. I met two good fellows at dinner. Kenrick, a Shrewsburian 1st year Trinity 1st boat and Noble just down from Oxford.

Wednesday 6.8.30 Got up did exercises had breakfast 8.45. Went to the office about 9.15. Even Lowton seem to me rather irresponsible and he is the best of the instructors I think. I was glad when I went up with him. I flew 11 to 11.40 and 4.15 to 4.45. In the morning I was a bit at sea over the controls but in the afternoon felt decidedly more at home and did a couple of quite good landings. I resisted a suggestion to go to Hull. At the moment I feel quite content. If I'm going to earn £5 a week I can put up with a good deal. When I come to think of it it was chiefly the money which made me join. Perhaps it was partly the result of the glamour of flying in the Rugby days. It is rather extraordinary now how I made up my mind flying must be a good thing before ever having tried it. I do enjoy flying solo you can express yourself so well in the air. I certainly didn't join prompted by any feeling of patriotism. I haven't really thought yet about whether or not it would be a good thing if we gave up all thought of war. I have been reading Rémarques' book *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It is absorbing but all rather the same. I can't really accept the truth of what he says. No one who has read it could want another war though it seems the German soldier had a worse time than the Allies.

The flying itself takes up two line entries for Thursday and Friday (date, time in the air, weather) and there are then three dense pages under the title 'Is there a God?' He mentions that he was reading Julian Huxley's 'Rationalisation and the Idea of God' (John's father, Harry, was keen on religion, leading daily home prayers at Morwick).

I agree that God is a product of evolution just as much as man, and is a consequence of the development of man's mind . . . Huxley defines religion as the recognition of certain powers behind the natural

world and the emotion felt in regard to these powers, feel gratitude etc. I don't think I recognise powers behind such inorganic things as winds and rain, weather and earthquakes. Some people do though Mr Hemmings thought that God would send him a fine day for his fête if you prayed for it. He must therefore think that the weather is directly controlled by a power. Daddy however did not agree, chiefly I suppose because experience has shown that the weather bore no direct relation to human beings. Therefore if there was a directing power behind the weather it was entirely impartial to man: it deserved neither gratitude nor fear; it did not concern the emotions and was therefore not connected with religion. The only powers that I myself have still some belief in are, firstly, a power which directs evolution of man, the supply of his needs and to make the world beautiful for him. I believe in this because otherwise I can't understand how an amoeba developed into a coelenterate, or how a fish or a sea plant ever came to live on the land . . . [etc].

The second power I recognise is one which tries to show man how to get the best out of life. Jesus was sent by this power or else was a man who felt the influence of the power very strongly. This power though may not exist, what Jesus taught may be only the result of observation and tradition . . .

Saturday 9th August 1930. No flying this morning because clouds were too low. Very good lecture on logs and wireless by Freddie Downham. This afternoon I went into Hull with Kenrick and Meiklejohn. We saw Myrilon Murray in 'Sally', it was all coloured and was really very beautiful in parts. It had a good effect on me anyway. If I had stayed at home I should not have been able to do any work. We then migrated to Brown's bookshop, really a very good shop. After 2 poached eggs on 2 pikelets we walked as far as Ferriby and then enjoyed an excellent bitter in the grounds of the Duke of Cumberland. We discussed many things. Meiklejohn suggested that a birth tax would be a good way of remedying unemployment . . . [there follows two pages on this] . . . I advocated that capitalists were unnecessary and everything ought to be state-managed. Kenrick was very hot against this on the grounds that the post office made a loss every year.

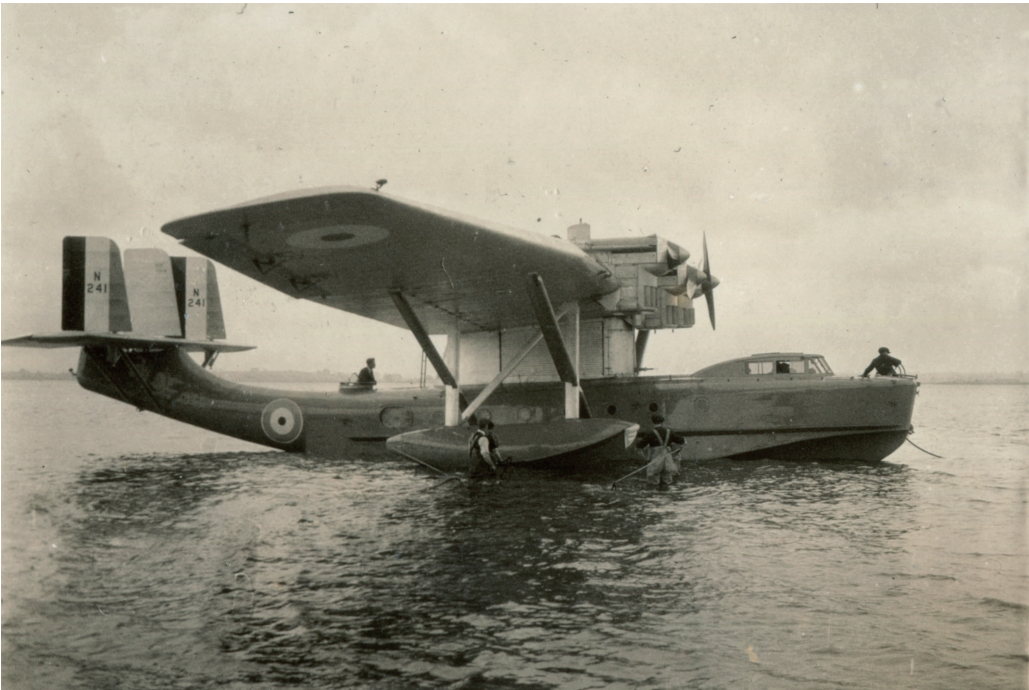


Left: John's ornithological life

Above: Undergraduate summer holiday hike 230 miles from Dumfries to Glen Affric, July 1930

Finally we discussed the universe. On getting back I played snooker until 11. I spent the following in Hull: 1s railway, 1s cinema, 2s dinner, 2s drinks, books, notebooks and map 6s/9d.

There follows a twenty-three-page log of a two-week hike in Scotland done just before the trip to Brough. John's mother had driven him and Bob Staniland from Morwick to Haltwhistle, they took a train to Dumfries, picking up Ramsey Rainsford-Hannay (mentioned in a few pages on the hike in the earlier small bird log), then walked the 230 miles to Glen Affric, just north of Fort William. The first half describes the route and the adventures, there are two very short interjections about flying at Brough, then the second half details each food component, how cooked, best stove and other equipment, maps, clothes, shoes, birds, flowers. He is reading JC Thompson's book, *Nature Cure*: 'The player (mind) must study harmonics (soul) and have his instrument (body) in perfect order before he can enjoy the balanced symphony of life'. [NB: the Nature Cure Trust still had a website in 2019.]



RAF reserve training school at Brough, North Humberside, with Cambridge University Air Squadron, 1930

(A)
LICENCE 1.

LICENCE.

MINISTRY

Photograph of Holder.

Signature of Holder.....

This Private Pilot's Licence No. 3136 dated 16th October, 1930, has been issued to J. F. H. Bulman, who is hereby licensed to fly the following types of flying machines: All types.

This licence is valid. (See page 4.)

Given at London this 16th day of October, 19 30.

(Signature)
F. P. A. Sutherland
Deputy Director of Civil Aviation.

(A)
LICENCE 2.

LICENCE.

Particulars.	Description.
Surname.....	Bulman.
Christian Names.....	John Forster Harrison.
Nationality.....	British.
Place of Birth.....	Burnupfield.
Date of Birth.....	5th March, 1911.
Address.....	Morwick Hall, Warkworth, Northumberland.

Pilot's licence, 16 October 1930

13.8.30 10 minutes solo flying this morning. I got VG progress on the report which was rather bracing. I heard from Ramsey. He roughly gives me these answers to the following questions:

1. How to deal with people you consider are morally wrong. Win their love and trust and so try and explain to them why they're wrong. Without doing this you have no business to interfere with others, their life is their own and provided they are not harming their fellows they can do what they please. It is not your business to pronounce judgement on them, God will see to that. They may be wrong but you do not know how great the temptation has been and so cannot judge.
2. Don't worry about money. If you work hard you will earn enough alright. I should say it is very important to earn enough money to support yourself. Your duty to society is really your duty to God and dealing as he tells you with other men. On the other hand by making too much money you may be harming your fellow men either by charging them too much or by doing their share of work yourself which is unfair to yourself and them. It boils down to showing your love of your fellow men. The best sort of charity is giving away high spirits and affection, your sympathy and good taste. Ramsay says that your main duty to society is to be perfectly honest to yourself. Know what you like and what you don't like and be clear what you're aiming at (for knowing what you want is the best way of getting what you want).

Then nine pages on a book by Asat Khan (no longer mentioned in either Amazon or Wikipedia) on Indian sexual morality, risk (in particular relating to sex and flying), Freud, and the birth-control choice offered by the Lambeth Conference of abstinence versus contraceptives.

I have been talking a lot to Uncle Pat [Pat Barry-Jones, 1888–1963, a solicitor in Newcastle and brother of John's mother, Norah]. He says money is everything in life and nothing else matters, just the opposite to what Ramsey says. He says it is human nature to make as much money as you bally well can regardless of everyone else . . .

John goes on about uncle Pat: he does not take an interest in politics . . . he thinks people should spend their time doing nothing . . . he never reads any books.

18 Aug 1930 Flew 2hr 25mins, Beverley Minster looked nice from the air. Letter from Father about saving money, I must try and do something about it again. Mother could spare a great deal more, I am sure. I must do a great deal of work, everything in life may depend on it and I find it interesting on the whole. I have been wondering whether I have been writing too much in this diary. My object in getting it was to make me think and so anything which may have this result is justified. What I want to avoid is mere narrative diarism.

I have been wondering today about my relations to the rest of the blokes here. I should like to make friends of most of them yet I'm not prepared to spend all my money and waste my time in Hull with them. I must seem very dull to them. I never tell a joke and have little to talk about. I try to care for them but there are so few ways I can show it. However, don't worry and try to learn jokes.

Tuesday 21.8.30 Played vingt-et-un last night 9 to 11 and lost about five shillings. It is played as follows . . .

I'm going to put down all I can remember about school. I can just remember going up to the school from Knowle in a horse cab with Mummy and Laurie Lang. Next I remember eating a boiled egg in Miss Bradshaw's room . . .

A page later the subject moves:

Kennedy major 'told me the fundamentals of sex' and that the prep school headmaster had given him a lecture on sex when he left aged 12.

An eight-page discussion follows: compared to my own experience, surprisingly learned and more or less up-to-date. There are five more pages on primary school a bit further on, interrupted by:

17.9.30 a very difficult situation has arisen. Phyllis has asked us to go out with her and two of her friends. She has really no right to ask us and we have a perfect right to refuse . . .

It turns out that Phyllis and her friends worked in shops, so both sex and class are discussed in the next eleven pages, such as:

Phyl's brother suggested 10 mins necking. Unfortunately for me, Noble meant to get the most out of it and there was nothing for it but to follow suit. The gestures and happenings of the next few minutes are best left unsaid. I only wish someone could have caught a photo of my face at the time, suffice to say that I got off without having to kiss . . . Finally we parted as friends.

28.9.30 I'm home again but somehow I don't get quite what I expect or want. There is very little love, we each go our separate ways, not wanting to see each other. Heather [John's young sister 1928-2023] is a joy at any rate. The others seem to amuse themselves chiefly by squandering money right and left although we are in debt. There is so much that wants doing and it is so difficult and discouraging to attempt it. Daddy read us a long passage out of the bishop's report, which would have been quite interesting had free discussion been allowed. Poor old Dad, he does his best to bring us up on Christianity, but it is a pity he won't start at the beginning and tell us what reason there is to suppose there is a God in the first place. If ever I am a father in the same position that will be my first step. [ASB: I don't remember him doing this. He kept pretty quiet on religion, as on almost all topics, especially by the time I was the age at which he had written this.]

1.10.30 travelled down to King's Cross arrived Cambridge House [in Camberwell] and found a lot of familiar faces although I knew few names . . . The Bishop of Southwark gave us an interesting account of the housing problems, the LCC has done extremely well in erecting 1 1/2 million new houses since the war round about London. The rent of these is 12 shillings per week, [but] there is also the expense of

travelling to and from work, therefore this has done little to abolish the slums, where the rent is from five shillings to seven shillings a room. Quite a small room may be occupied by a man, his wife and six children. Many of these were earning only 50 shillings per week and 40 shillings was needed to feed a family. They also had to be on the spot to get their work which was mostly at the docks.

They were shown round housing estates, a nursery, borstal and schools, meeting all sorts of people, finishing up visiting the *Daily Mail* printworks, a telephone exchange, the crypt of Saint Martin in the Fields, and Covent Garden and Billingsgate markets. He then went on to visit his Uncle Philip at his 14 Pall Mall flat. After family enquiries:

He said he would choose himself to go out to the colonies and farm. He thought it best for me to continue as a doctor and either succeed uncle Beresford or start in Newcastle and continue to live at Morwick. He also advised me to go to France next summer and learn to dance, he seemed doubtful whether I could learn in Cambridge. Our last and most interesting discussion was about clothes. I really found him much more human than I had expected and my admiration and affection for him has gone up 100%. He was not really intolerant about anything . . . I'm also beginning to think he is right about clothes. It is important at any rate to be clean and tidily dressed. Clothing has the possibility of beauty and to be well-clothed requires art. I shall now think about getting some decent clothes. I think I shall go to Huttons for them . . .

8.10.1930 Section about choosing his future career, a bit lacking in commitment given that he had already done a foundation year of pre-clinical medicine.

If I was thinking of taking agriculture I should have to do botany exams as well. My brain is rather slow . . . I'm good at doing jobs with my hands . . . I'm much more interested in the animal creation than in human beings . . . the thing to do would be to see as many other medicos as possible.

1931 Lents crew. John second chair from left. On the ground is Ronnie De Bunsen, my godfather, who had introduced Maida to John



By the end of the week he had decided to keep his attention on medicine:

I'm afraid I'm becoming too much of a dilettante. There is nothing almost which I have not taken a vague interest in. I have studied most branches of natural history – birds, butterflies, animals, fishes – I have tried most sports – hunting, fishing, shooting, walking, beagling, Bassett hound hunting, and other hunting (not stag hunting or shooting). I have tried most games – rugger, soccer, cricket, fives, squash, tennis, badminton, fencing, hockey, swimming, running, golf. I'm interested in music, pictures, drawing and photography. I have tried OTC and scouting. I'm interested in climbing, motorcars and aeroplanes. Yet I have not developed a passion for any of these – perhaps better to concentrate on just a few.

Overleaf, an interesting ornithological club meeting, discussions regarding the classification of animals, how to organise his work better, a good scout meeting and the connection between scouting and cubbing.

10.11.30 Went to see Ibsen's Dolls House [sic] in the evening with mother, Peg and Bob.

7.12.30 Home again: what it means to spoil a child [presume he means Heather, now age 2].

On 21 December that year John enjoyed the evening service at Warkworth, and on 10 January 1931 the New Year's ball at Selkirk. The entry for 10 January also features a half-page discussion of the pros and cons of the University Air Squadron, including:

'Decided to resign from the flying reserve . . . I shall continue to get Punch and I'm considering getting the Times . . . I shall also take more interest in things medical.'

Evidently back at university by 19 January, he went to *All Quiet on the Western Front* with Stephen, Hugh and Edmund, and a few days later to a scout patrol meeting in his rooms. Then on 18 January the letter below, with identical versions in his book and on loose stationery. It may be a draft, and it's not clear whether another copy was sent.

Dear Rum [Ramsay Rainsford-Hannay, a Rugby friend with whom he had done the Scotland walk in July 1930],

Thank you for your Christmas card. I hope you had a good vac and plenty of rest. I suppose your term is just about beginning again now.

In some ways I'm glad that 1930 is over. It has been rather a year of doubt and perplexity for me. I've had no important examinations. Perhaps this is the root of the tree of uncertainty. 1929 was on the whole a very busy year and therefore happier for me. I passed my first five medical examinations and spent six weeks in Sweden between April and December 1929. The spring term of 1929 which I spent at Rugby was in many ways the happiest I spent there. It was the first time I began to see things in their natural proportions. Before then I had worked blindly, the driving power the strength of which amazes me now was the fear of failure, an unnatural fear of impositions, beatings, bad reports and interims. Then I was suddenly transferred at the beginning of 1929 into the 'modern 20' into quite a different atmosphere. Instead of having to keep pace with classical scholars the

standard was set by people with mediocre brains. I could keep up with them without spending 80 minutes on a 40 minute prep. For the first time almost since I left my prep school I was amongst people who had the same capabilities as myself. The result was that I began to take an interest in our work instead of slamming the book down when I had finished the allotted amount with a sigh of oppression. I frequently overread (sic) the prep.

But soon I began to realise I lacked something, which I have not yet made up for. This was the social training which ought to have been a part of school life. People of my own age shunned me as a bore. At least this is what 1930 has taught me.

I look forward to 1931 with great hope. Work is again coming my way. At present I do not feel too confident at passing the second MB exam in June. The driving force of the past which has never let me down in any examination has mostly disappeared, but I hope its place has been filled by better ones. Interest in the work and the realisation that my future livelihood is the stake.

Do you remember when I went to the sanatorium a few days before the school certificate . . . [last letter page missing] . . . illness must have been caused chiefly by my subconscious mind to prevent me taking the exam with the possibility of failure that my conscious mind feared. I think it was this prevented me from ever being really happy at rugby until my last term when I was suddenly transferred into the 20 modern.

A two-month jump to 6 March 1931:

‘ . . . the second day after I have attained the age of 20.’ ‘I have been talked to twice by Pennell [his Trinity anatomy tutor], his words were something like this: “you never will be a surgeon at this rate” . . . [John goes on to reflect that he hasn’t worked hard enough on the dissection, but also . . .] ‘working in the afternoons I consider impossible or at any rate undesirable at the University at my age of life. 3 whole mornings a week is none too much to spend on dissection.’



Cambridge academic life
1929–34

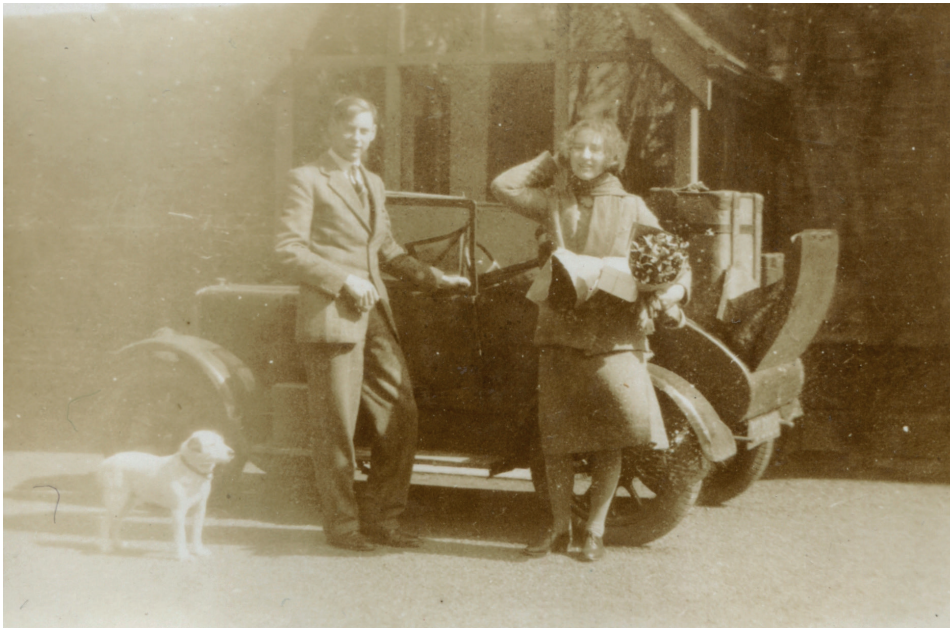
A week later:

I went to a lecture by Professor Fraser of Barts Hospital on the position of the hospital in the medical curriculum. He explained that it had evolved from the old system of apprenticeship. The disadvantage of the old system was that theory and fact were widely separated. The goal of hospital education is to make it possible for the student to test all the theories in actual practice. He said that medicine had still some way to go before reaching this stage. Medical practice was still to a considerable extent founded on nothing but tradition and magic. However the best medical schools provided facilities for the better type of student who wished to test his theories in the laboratory. The object of a preclinical university training was to learn the scientific principles which could be brought to bear on medical science in the clinical period. The object of clinical training is to fit you with principles which you can apply to cases you meet after hospital, the hospital cannot supply you with identical examples of

cases you will meet later as no two individuals are the same. The range of structure and functioning which is grouped as normal and healthy is very large and so the effect of the same disease is very different on different individuals. In hospital it is essential to remember that you are only seeing a brief period in the history of most diseases. A large percentage of diseases are chronic and a patient does not come to hospital until he is afraid for his life or his ability to carry on. It is a very great affair for an average man to go to hospital. All his friends and relatives are consulted and he arrives very full of his disease. The clerks and dressers are often the first people to see these patients after admission and so must learn all about their history and thoughts. This is a very important side of clinical training: to learn as much as possible about people in general. It is a mistake to specialise or become attracted by surgery too early. Surgery is attractive because of its simplicity of comprehension and apparent success in treatment. You must not forget however that surgery leaves an unpleasant scar and weakens the body. The final advice he had to give was to be always on your guard when in the wards not to say anything which might lead a patient to worry about himself. Treat each patient as a mother or father or daughter or son.

On 20 March John was shown over Guy's Hospital, and the following Tuesday Jack Easton took him over King's College with an explanation of medical careers:

Once you qualify as a house surgeon you get nominal pay £1 a week and board and lodging. If you want to get on the staff you must become a registrar [of which there are] 2 medical and 2 surgical. After about four years of this you will probably get onto the staff. Registrars get £170 a year. Once you're on the staff you put up your plate in Harley Street probably age of 40, at 50 you are raking in money and at 60 you are really well off. On the whole this course of events is hardly worth it if you have no money of your own as you cannot marry. The alternative is to get a house surgeon job at provincial hospital after qualifying and after getting some experience and perhaps being a ship's doctor settle down in general practice. He said that St George's



The Jowett, with John, unknown companion (possibly even his mother) and Jack Russell terrier, almost identical to the family pet recruited when the children started to leave home

was smaller than King's but rather snobbish, Barts was all theoretical but hopeless practically and Thomas' probably the best of the big hospitals.

June 5, 1931 since my last entry I have spent a fortnight at Morwick and the best part of a term at Cambridge. I have learnt quite a lot about secondhand cars, in particular that they have no market value. I've given the thing back to Bayne-Powell [was this 'The Jowett' mentioned in the piece by his brother Philip?] and my knowledge of cars has cost me £7, perhaps not much to pay for the experience. I have now decided to write down each day the things I have enjoyed most of that day. I hope by this to come to a fuller realisation of happiness or a fuller knowledge of how to attain it. Today's enjoyments: teaching Edmund anatomy. Lunch with Lewis at which he did most of the talking. I've enjoyed myself thinking about things this evening.

June 9th enjoyed working today.

June 10th failed to be interested in work this afternoon, enjoyed tea with the tutor.

22 June 1931. It is rather disheartening to see that my scheme has broken down so quickly still it just shows that I should not take on such jobs without more thought beforehand. I also need more fixity of purpose to carry them out. Immediate cause of failure was working, which came first, and secondly no sooner had I began to enjoy life again than I failed to see any good in carrying out my resolve. Most results are undertaken in the most depressing moments because it is only then that I'm forced to think. I am now rather sorry that I am going mountaineering not because I will not enjoy it hugely but because I feel I'm rather wasting money. It is rather rotten for me to go away to Switzerland to enjoy myself while mother can't even afford to come down to Cambridge for a holiday. I shall try and spend more time at home except for the time I have to fly. I should very much like to improve my conversational powers not so much as an object in itself but as a means of making friends. I want to have more intimate friends and fewer acquaintances. But this object must not swamp my other activities. I should like to get a first in the natural science exams next year. I should also like today to take a leading part in the bird section and in the scouts.

6.7.31 Seven-page log of holiday at Arolla (between Chamonix and Zermatt with access to the high Alps). This was the main adventure of his 1931 third long vac, the total cost was £25 for eleven days in a hotel, four nights in mountain huts, and all the train travelling and food.

It seems rather doubtful whether it was worth all this money. For this I could've had sleeping bag, motorcycle and field glasses. Still I certainly never felt more energetic than when I got home after this trip . . .

He ends this book at age 21 having experienced an extremely wide range of activities, thought about quite a number of occupations – finally deciding on medicine – and considered lots of 'meaning of life' questions. He had also explored his social confidence, influenced to an unknown degree by his boys-only private schools. It was during this time that finances at home had become so stretched that Norah had had to spend her time running a poultry farm.



Cambridge University
Mountaineering Club trip,
Arolla, Switzerland, July
1931. The Matterhorn is
the view

There are no notebook entries for the nine months from autumn 1931, but evidence of a trip to the Overy Staithe Windmill just before Christmas is provided by a loose, typed paper written by one of the Millers. An address list made by John in 1950 shows there were as many as seventy of them.

Trinity Millers 1931. written by John Graham

The Third Party of Trinity Millers started to arrive on Friday, the 11th of December; the advance guard, consisting of the Chaplain, Patrick Duff and John Graham drove up from Cambridge and arrived at about 12:30 to find the Cross Country Runners still at it. They left soon after, bequeathing us an enormous bowl of apples and a letter or two for Mr Kensit. John Bulman, Gervase Markham, OTM and the honourable FEHTCB were the next to arrive – by the teatime train. Later, in the evening gloom, Bill Harris's gleaming car disgorged Charles Fletcher OTM and Ronnie de Bunsen and Fred Hollins who

At the Tower Mill,
Burnham Overy Staithe,
Norfolk. That's John
riding round on the sails



immediately struck up in song – a pursuit he indulged in practically non-stop for three days, clad sometimes in a Leander scarf and occasionally in somebody's sister's derelict bowler (now left in the Mill stage properties). The party had now achieved double figures and, at bedtime, averaged a dozen with the arrival of Tony Karney's veteran vehicle, containing himself and Peter Hazell whose plastic face was almost as hard worked as Fred Hollins voice, but for a shorter spell.

For the weekend we were, as the Greek philosophers put it, in a state of flux; all night and all day veteran Millers came and went, high watermark being reached at Sunday dinner at the Moorings when we sat down 25. Saturday was spent on Scolt Head and there could not have been a better day for it; brilliant blue sky and sea and the sun in very fine form all day; it's last kind action before it sank was to give light enough to photograph Charles's ingenious beast modelled on a bent tree trunk and variously designated as a mermaid, a walrus and a chimaera; whichever it was it survived till Tuesday and proved

its powers of endurance. Dinner at the moorings – with intervals of Peg'ity while waiting for fish – was occupied almost entirely by supplying adjectives for Charles' framework story; this was read out afterwards and contained a very nice hit at Gervase whose vulgarity recoiled upon his own head. Till 10 we sang and danced – Sir Roger de Coverley as *pièce de résistance* – and then marched home singing about two lily white boys who curiously enough were clothed in green. This anomaly must have started Patrick Duff speculating, for he woke on Sunday with an ardour for crosswords that was quite insatiable, all he could remember of the sermon was that it contained the name of a Bavarian village of 12 letters and murmured all the way home from Church O tic E tic A tic tic E tic G tic U. Michael brought (i.e. preached. T M Vernac. Ed.) to a full house – almost turning money away and produced an excellent Cambridge Burnham mixture; a large party also attended the Celebration at 8. Meanwhile the caravan had arrived with ? three old Millers, Stephen Hoare, Ramsay R Hannay, and John Coatsworth and one recruit, Ralph Grubb. Roger Treadgold also was seen appearing, a few feet at a time, on a bicycle on Saturday afternoon, the tops of the doorways have since suffered

John's Trinity Miller circle
of friends, inside Tower
Mill, Burnham Overy
Staithe, Norfolk



severely. [He was John's best man – see the wedding photo on the front cover]. Most of Sunday was spent at Holkham in a storm of crosswords; we dined again at the Moorings and some Londoners left late to refit their noses to the grindstone.

(footnote by the editor University Mountaineering Journal. J.H.) The caravanners having spent the previous night dancing, started off much too late. They ran into fog at Downham Market. The last 12 miles occupied one hour, as all the signposts had to be climbed to be read and most of them were found to say 'byroad'. As it grew darker reading became more difficult. One of the party shinned up a post, did a hand traverse along the arm, hung on by one arm, struck a match on his foot with the other and slowly spelt out the name C R O M. At this the arm collapsed and both fell heavily to the ground. This explains the subsequent appearance of a board labelled Cromer in the Mill which later disappeared.

Monday we decided should be a "Church crawl" and accordingly the whole party set off less some early worms who had caught no birds – to the hulks at Morston. We ate lunch on the Noah's Ark – the Chaplain still fails to see why Moses never ate cheese in the original model – and after visited Blakeney and Cley churches; these gave varying degrees of satisfaction and pleasure and, after a vain attempt to see the inside of another mill at Cley we returned home very glad to see the inside of our own, with glorious warm fires to greet us nobly stoked and maintained by John Bulman.

On Tuesday morning we were greeted at breakfast by the sight of a dead goose – Peter McLean's handiwork (the death not goose) which he left to be "treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life". After this triumph he departed and the rest of the party except for PWD set off for Scolt by boat from the Moorings, after an adventurous crossing in which First lost to Third by a length or two owing to an egregious sandbank, we all walked round the island and were again rowed over to Brancaster by a cockle and mussel monger. All that is except



John in one sling coming down the Davy Fire Escape, a device whereby a rope with a canvas sling at each end passes through a braking unit fixed inside the top floor window. One sling supports the armpits of an escaper who walks down the wall. The other ascending sling is supposed to hang loose outside, going up as the escaper comes down. There was never a fire for it to be used in anger, but brother Charlie and I played at going up and down all the time in the 1950s

Hollins and Bunsen who rode off after lunch to Sweden, visited Aunt Emma and were back at the Mill in advance of the rest of us.

A slightly uproarious evening was then spent; despite the Chaplain's efforts to Realise Religion in the best seat in the room, a rough house or two led by Charles and Gervase and complicated by a scuffle of coal, occupied most of our time. This, and the intervals of sail climbing by John Bulman, with fire escapades and an unending succession of flashlight photographs by Charles tended to keep us lively; the ministrations of the gravigrade housedames who lavished plentifully of their store completed our cheerful state; only the fact that we sat down 13 to supper on Tuesday night clouds the superstitious brow. By Wednesday we were reduced to 8 by the departure of John Bulman at 7 and Bill Harris' load later in the morning; such a lazy eight that we spent till lunch in the mill and picnic-ed there instead of in the cold, cold wind. In the afternoon we all invaded the Market where

despite differences of opinion on the observance of Early Closing, we entered most of the shops and succeeded in buying very little; there was no wild excitement evident in the town and the chief thing of interest we did was to see the Nelson relics at Rowland's, the antique shop; apparently he was born near here and left a good deal of interest behind. Cigars and the novels of Hugh Imber were the prominent features of the evening, signs of the paganism prophesied by Miss Josephine Butler at the Moorings – and John Cosworth was hard put to it to finish his quota of each before bedtime.

Someone had remarked at lunch that the climax of the party had been reached too early; so, to show that the spirit of adventure was not yet moribund, Gervase and John Graham set out for a midnight walk at 11 and returned at 3, in the course of which they saw much more than you might expect and came home wiser men. If anyone wants a really marvellous experience let him walk out by night along the dyke from the Staithe, getting nearer and nearer to the roar of the sea and finally rush to the top of the last line of sand dunes; given a high tide and a bright moon the effect of the sudden roar and whiteness is quite incredible and quite indescribable; so I won't try any more. Dawn saw

John's Trinity Miller circle of friends, outside Tower Mill, Burnham Overy Staithe, Norfolk



the departure of Roger Tredgold, John C. and Hannay; dawn and the untiring Patrick Duff were the only witnesses for the rest of us were caught breakfasting unashamed at 10:30 by the paper man. A short walk was indulged in before lunch when a vigorous effort was made to consume the remainder of some very sound slab cake at 1/2d the pound; and a slightly longer one after during which the Honourable Hovell sat by the fire and meant to shave. After tea the High Table went off in the car to send off a mislaid gun to Rainsford Hannay who wired that he had urgent need of it in Chelsea! And to pay a final visit to Mrs Phillips and enquire her latest figures for weight reduction. We then dined off Peter McLean's goose and practically finished it, in this case less the bones and the beak, followed it up with a superb lemon pudding and a violent wrestling with accounts. All these three being equally well cooked, a general satisfaction reigned over the faithful remnant of five as they went cheerfully to bed with the prospect of an early departure . . . (all *sic*)

The SB1 scrapbook: July 1932–June 1933

In a dramatic move from the previous slim small notebooks, there follows the first of three books in the larger 'quarto' size and much thicker, packed with added papers of one sort or another. Most of SB1 is current affairs newspaper clippings with a classified index. Thickly sprinkled among the cuttings, the remaining third of the pages are John's handwritten thoughts. Ten letters from friends and acquaintances are pinned to the last seven pages. Notice that it does not start with his first university year, but the final one up to June 1933, when he graduated with a first and was given a scholarship for an upcoming post-grad period.

He begins with rather a grand idea:

I have bought this book to contain newspaper cuttings and my daily thoughts. I don't mean to identify my daily thoughts with the articles in the daily papers, but I believe some of these articles may provoke me to reply to them on paper and hence help me to think. Also that some of the articles may be useful for future reference. Even though

it should prove to be an unprofitable investment of five shillings this book will at any rate give me interesting experimental evidence as to whether my present beliefs on the subject of newspaper cuttings are true or false. 24.7.1932.

I have used extreme selection in trying to give a taste of over 130 pages. The subjects for the handwritten notes are summarised next: verbatim John in black type, grey words written by myself. They usually focus on a single subject and have no everyday 'diary' details of daily work or appointments.

- Index Three handwritten pages
- Page 6 Ideas for cancer research & becoming a great research worker
- 7 A balanced and sympathetic conversation on home economics with a beggar selling matches
- 8 The Golden Age, an Edwardian evocation of the separate world of childhood; Kenneth Graham, author of *The Wind in the Willows*
- 9 What sort of God can we see in nature?
- 17 Russian communistic ideology
- 26–28 . . . night slept out in a punt on the Cam, meaning of life (MoL), beauty of nature.
- 31–32 Home commercial Market. Freight. Financial market numbers and vocabulary
- 42–50 . . . rant on microscopes, poultry farm labourers, respect for others, MoL, thoughts on my own childhood/manhood, and a family row over how sister Heather is treated
- 54–55 Extract from letter to friend Jack Close about MoL
- 58–64 More MoL. What is there to do in life? What are the blessings and curses of money? How can we best serve our fellow man? What is our duty to our neighbour? What is our duty to ourself? . . . Double meanings and metaphors.
- 72–3 What a man chooses to do in life depends largely on what he believes in. . .
- 86 thoughts on re-visiting prep school with . . . [uncle & aunt] in Mr Shires' Rover.



On board a trawler on a
birding trip to Iceland, 19
August–3 Sept 1932. John
is seated, bottom left

88–89 Iceland trip (19 Aug–3 Sept 1932) log; includes relations with the sailors NB: starting on p42 of SB3, and dated 6.1.35, are ten more pages of entirely ornithological observations from the trip.

97 *The Ideal Lecturer*. (His advice: one of the few instances of ‘constructive comments’)

101 MoL, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (Thornton Wilder), subjects for poetry, moods, lovely river walk to Warkworth

111–118 Lectures attended: Lucretius by AE Housman, Hypnotism by Dr Buchanan, Courting of birds by J S Huxley.

116 February 5th Father died – just a single line (1933).

117 Conversation on MoL with unknown hitchhiker Jim Wright, bird behaviour

- 124 Rant on behaviour in lectures on histology and physiology
132 . . . less than a fortnight to my exam . . . Incapable of keeping my
mind on one subject for more than five mins.
135 What have I learnt during four years at Cambridge? See below.
138 on Letters, 1930–32

Now just a few excerpts from a tiny fraction of the above. All the indented text which continues is by John.

Page 135

28 May 1933 Finished written exam part two yesterday. Last night I had a vivid dream that McCarthy the trawler stoker was dead [a reference to the Iceland trip]. It was so vivid that I woke up at 1:20 am.

One can't be good company for other people until one has learnt to be good company for oneself. The most important thing in life is a proper balance of activities, to be able to switch one's mind completely from one subject to another completely [sic].

Undergraduate friends.
From left: John, Maida,
Diana Low, and three
unknowns



3 June A holiday has three parts, forethought, action and after-thought. No holiday is complete without these three.

5 June Went to Horsey mere yesterday. Major Buxton showed us marsh and montague harriers and bearded tits. I made a (written) record of dawn song yesterday morning in the sanctuary at 3 to 5 am. Last Thursday slept out in a punt on the river. Very heavy dew.

What have I learned during four years at Cambridge? Perhaps chiefly a tolerance for other people's weaknesses and also I hope the ability to sit still and think. I can certainly understand now why people don't pass exams. A man must be completely fearless, able to understand and sympathise with his fellow men, and able to think for himself and act on his thoughts, while having complete confidence in his own abilities, he must respect and acknowledge other people's work and interests.



Swimming in the Cam,
about 1933

13 June Went to Tower Mill to unload furniture with Mr Hughes and Michelin Walker. Bathed and saw ring plover's nest. Very good day.

16 June 1933 I've scored a first class again [in Cambridge undergrad finals], heaven only knows how. I am beginning to doubt whether examination results have any value at all. I didn't do more than one question in any paper and in the last two papers I finished about 3/4 of an hour before time and went out of the hall half an hour early. The night before the first written paper I very nearly decided not to go in for the examination at all. A week before the examination I had definitely decided several times to tell Butler [his tutor] I would not enter for the exam. However when the time came I could never bring myself to do it because I felt it was running away. The result is a feather in the cap of my courage more than anything else.

We kill the things we love.

There are no friendships at the top.

Do ideas come before material or vice versa?

27 June 1933 Home again but no energy. My rib is giving me considerable pain [this seems to be the first mention of serious concern about chest disease], especially when I wake up, and prevents me doing anything energetic. I have spent 10 days at home and done practically nothing except practise the piano and help Philip with geography and history. One day we burnt all Daddy's old notebooks. It was disheartening to be reminded of the futility of human effort. On Sunday we had a very strenuous day motoring in Vernon's Blue. We lunched at Dunstanburgh, visited Holy Island, tead on Saint Abbs Head and saw the Memorial chapel at Edinburgh just before it closed at 7 o'clock. Yesterday I went to Staftoe to visit MVH. We had a very pleasant ride together.

The majority of the SB1 scrapbook – 150 separate newspaper cuttings (probably from *The Times*) – is extremely varied. Using John's index headings to show the subjects by proportions, these are roughly: medical 28 per cent, zoological 12 per cent, agricultural

9 per cent, ornithological 5 per cent, letters 5 per cent, and general 41 per cent. Detailed subjects are listed in the index, but I have not included any because the writing is too small to show up in reproduction.

The SB2 scrapbook: July 1933–March 1934

A frequently erratic date order – possibly due to the death of John’s father (Harrison ‘Harry’ Bulman, who probably just faded away from old age (passing away on 5.2.1933 at 76), to his helping to manage debts, and to the approach of the final university exams – gives a confusing feel to SB2. This scrapbook differs from SB1 in having a lot of exam papers, letters and cards (over fifty in all, often from several years before), photos, concert and theatre programmes. There are fewer cuttings (less than forty, some about the imminent war), and over twenty pages of written thoughts. Also included are several pages of photographs of groups of friends from Wooley Grange, a local authority-funded sanatorium, where John was confined for five months with suspected TB chest disease, missing the autumn term 1933 instead of taking up a scholarship to do physiological research. Conditions at Wooley (see photos in SB2) must have been so different from those at Cambridge, never mind the (hard to understand) geordie accents. I have only recently discovered the contents of the scrapbooks: Dad never spoke about them, and Mum hardly said more than what she has written at the start of chapter 1, mentioning his time at Wooley only in passing.

I suspect at least some of the scrapbooks were made between university terms, when he had more time and, at home, from drawerfuls of old exam papers (even since Rugby days), letters, reports and the like.

The first two pieces of writing, between pasted-in material, are diary-style entries interspersed with letters and information for future reference (9.7.33).

There are three rules in life: fear nothing, respect everyone, don’t pity yourself.

Don’t be bitter, don’t nurse a grievance, let bygones be bygones.

To accommodate all this, instead of the earlier, more or less chronological diary format, what follows is arranged in three themes: career, health and the family money crisis.

Career

From his dad, aged 72 and very much still alive, a seven-page handwritten letter written when John was 17 and still at Rugby. The coal industry was in turmoil [see *Black Gold: the history of how coal made Britain*, J Paxman, Collins 2020]. John Bowes & Co, who owned the mine previously managed by his dad, had seventeen mines in 1896, eleven in 1921, and only six by 1935. The famous financial crash did not happen until September 1929. Here are extracts from the letter:

16.3.1928

My dear John, Mother has told me that you have suggested coalmining and aviation as occupations you might take up. As I know a good deal about coalmining I think I had better give you the benefit of my views about it. In favour . . .

[There are two or three pages, then:] Now it comes to the drawbacks. Socially it is regarded by many as hardly suitable for a gentleman. You are brought into direct competition and daily contact with men, many of them very good fellows, but not what is commonly known as gentlemen. It is a very strenuous and in many ways a very disagreeable and dirty occupation. A man should be very strong and tough physically to take it all cheerfully without giving way or getting done up. The salaries paid are not high until you get to the top. In short from a social and worldly point of view the drawbacks are serious.

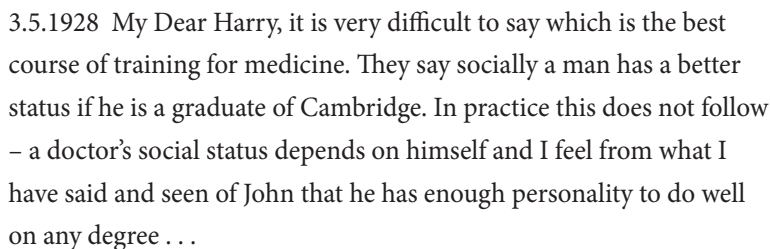
Aviation in its present stage of development is so risky that neither your mother nor I would like you to take it up. Then there are the learned professions (so-called) church, law, medicine, in each of which you have an uncle who might be of some help.

With regard to occupations that would take you abroad I should much prefer you to stay in England because at my death you will be the male head of the family. I've made you a trustee under my will as soon as you are 21 years old, four years hence, and I feel I can trust you to look after the general interests of the family.

I have always hoped to be able to give you the advantage of three years in Oxford or Cambridge but as things are it does not look as if the family exchequer can run to it. You are old enough I think to grasp the position for yourself but mind that what I am telling you now is for your own information and not to be told to others. Last year school fees & travel expenses for all of you cost £950. House rent, rates and taxes, repairs, coal, gas, servants' wages, garden et cetera £904. Food £405. Clothes and other expenses £657, making a total of £2916. Now I regret to say that this exceeded the income by several hundred pounds which means that I have to make up the deficit out of capital. Capital can be invested to bring an income of 5% on average, less income tax which at present is four shillings per pound. Thus £1,000 invested at 5% gives a net income at present of £40 a year. And of course if one spends £1,000 of capital one loses the income permanently as well as the capital. Now at my death you will be dependent on the income I leave so that I don't at all want to reduce the capital. Three years at Oxford or Cambridge costs about £1,000, which does not include money spent during holidays. Then after that before you could earn anything for yourself you will probably need another four or three years training and then another thousand pounds to get you well started. Evidently looking at it from the point of view of the interests of the whole family, the sooner you can be earning money the better. My present income like that of many other people has been much reduced by all the labour troubles of recent years and by the general result of the war and there is a reasonable prospect that things may improve. Also uncle Philip might be induced to help in giving you a good start but both these prospects are uncertain. The present position is that our expenditure is considerably larger than our income. It is the first time during my life that I have found myself in this position and I strongly dislike it. This letter has developed into a much longer yarn than I intended when I started it but it is better I think that you should know the whole position and I hope it may help you in choosing a vocation. I want to help you in every way I can,

your affectionate, Father

Choosing a career:
a letter from John's
maternal uncle, Beresford
Jones, surgeon at the
Kent & Canterbury
Hospital, 3 May 1928



Then, in the summer of 1928, while still at Rugby, a letter from John with his decision:

Dear Father,

I have made up my mind to go in for medicine so I should like to get full particulars about my study at Cambridge as soon as possible. I have looked at the school certificate [available from 1918 to 1951, when it was replaced by O levels] results and find I have got a credit in scripture alright. I had a very nice time staying with uncle Beresford and he thought it would be an excellent thing if I went to Cambridge first and a Newcastle hospital secondly but thought it would be rather a pity to be a year behind owing to not being on the modern side [a reference to the two Rugby streams at rugby: modern included all sciences, non-modern the classics].

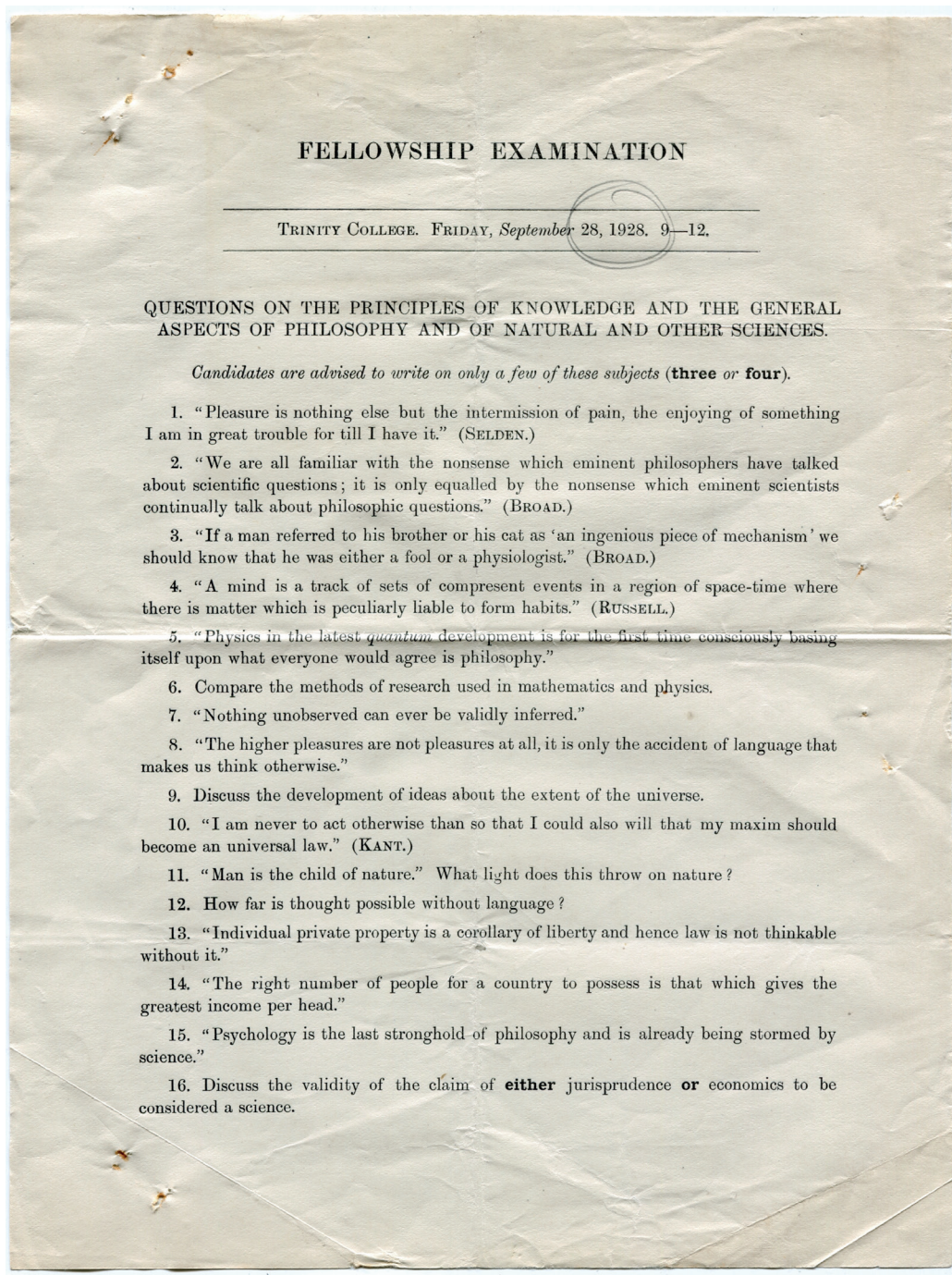
I met Mr Raven [previously his Rugby housemaster] in London on my way to school. He has got his job as a London University Don after all and is living in a flat in London. He said if ever I was studying at a London hospital he would put me up at his flat.

I am in the lower bench this term but I must confess I cannot get myself thoroughly interested in classics. I think it would be rather a waste of time and money if I stayed another term when it might be possible for me to be doing science or learning French properly.

The weather is terrible here as usual. It has been raining nearly all the time so far.

I hope you are still keeping well and fit,
with love, John

The two fellowship examination papers of September 1928 for admission to Trinity College, are interesting for the range of subjects compared to what might be expected in today's world. Leaving Rugby at Easter 1929, where he had been in the classics stream, John kept (and had presumably sat) the June 1929 exam papers for both theoretical and practical chemistry, mechanics, physics, organic and inorganic chemistry. July accommodated a holiday in Sweden before the official undergraduate course in natural sciences started in October 1929. There is nothing in the diary about teaching, fees or accommodation. In May 1930 and 1931 there were exams for physiology, anatomy and zoology.



Fellowship examination paper for entry to Trinity College, Cambridge September 28, 1928

The letter below comes from Philip Bulman, John's uncle, and was translated from the Latin by my friend Ann Fordham, a retired consultant physician sharing John's and his uncle's aptitude for classics.

Scr. Londini Nonis Februariis.
 Caro Ioanni
 Accipi tuas litteras hodie mane, in
 quibus cognovi te medium esse statutum
 id quod jamdum a patre tuo sciebam.
 Istam tuam sententiam omnino comprobato
 nam ars medicinae omnium certum
 est prima. Non est alia quae tantam
 diligentiam, scientiam, sapientiam,
 humanitatem, exactitatem et
 sollicitudinem possit. Non multos
 medicos novi nisi in exercitu
 et medici militares saepe non

A letter in Latin to
 John from his uncle
 Philip, c.1929

Written in London
 Nones [5th] of February [1929]

Dear John,
 I received your letter today morning, from which I learn that you have
 decided to be a medical doctor, something which I knew from your
 father.

I approve in every way that opinion of yours, for the art of medicine is foremost of all the arts. There is no other which demands so much industry, knowledge, wisdom, humanity, pleasant manner and good sense. I do not know many medics except in the army, and army medics are not often in the front line of battle, but I do not wish you to be an army medic, and do not inform me of this, as for this purpose I will give you neither money nor help. For as long as you are in Cambridge I will put down three hundred a year. I do not know where you will live during those months while you are not in an academic institution? After October, as I conjecture, you will have a room in college.

Farewell

June 1933. Letters from his tutors congratulating him on achieving, less than a month before, a first in Part 2 Natural Sciences and a Scholarship to carry him through the next twelve months, when postgrad physiology research was mapped out.

28.7.33

Dear Bulman, the college have awarded you for next year the Dunning scholarship of £118 approximately, which is the most valuable at their disposal. This with your scholarship and any payment that you can obtain by demonstrating et cetera should enable you to stay up next year. If any difficulty arises I hope you will come and speak to me. The college has also made you a supplementary grant of £50 for 1932–3. This will enable you to repay the loan of £40 which I have made you from tutorial funds and will give you a little extra. I hope this will mean that you are not in debt for last year but here again please do not hesitate to let me know frankly how things stand.

Yours sincerely [His tutor, Mr Butler]

21.3.34

. . . on Monday the 19th I got fixed up with the Dean of St Thomas' to go in October. [Excerpt included here so as to finish the section clearly for readers. The full text is quoted as the last entry from SB2.]

Health

His first symptom, pain in a rib, has been mentioned above at the end of SB1 (27.6.1933)

9.7.33

Hurrah I have definitely not got TB! Life is good again and I can sing.
[This turned out to be premature: he spent the autumn of 1933 in
Wooley Grange TB sanatorium – near Slaley NE46 1TY – instead of
starting a post-grad research year at Cambridge].

24.7.33, p40: An entry relating that Uncle Philip had been knocked down by a car, fracturing ribs and pelvis, and needing surgery in Westminster Hospital. This was likely to be of above average concern: since the death of his father, John was dependent on Uncle Philip, aged 75, for funding ongoing training and living costs at Cambridge, and later at St Thomas' Hospital.

25.8.33

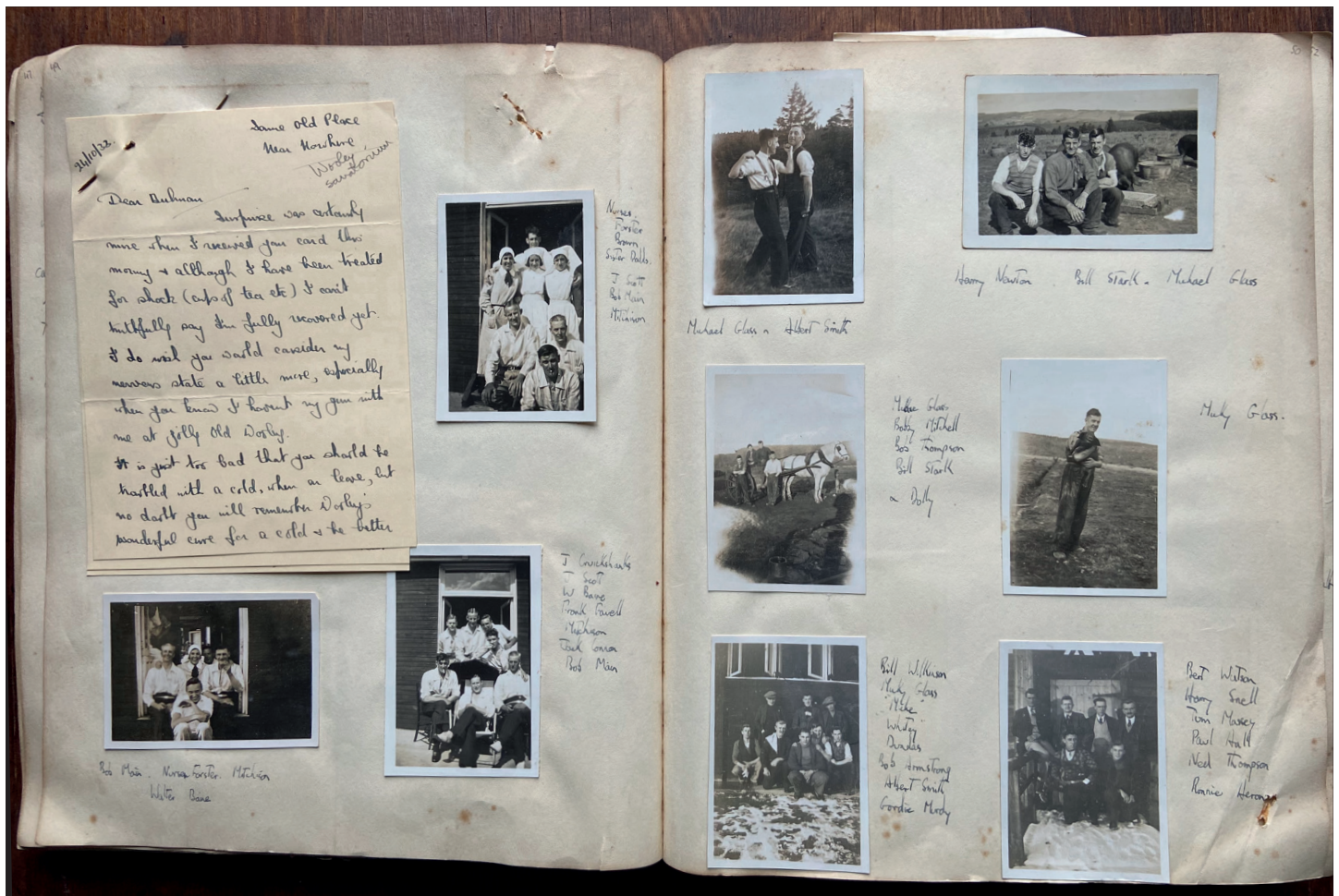
'I am sorry you were ill with pleurisy . . . I got back from hospital
yesterday . . . Are you going to settle down at Cambridge for life as a
fellow? Let me hear about your prospects. Also all news of Morwick,
yours sincerely, P Bulman'

25.10.33

A visit home after 10 weeks at Wooley. (Good points about his
fellow inmates: great self-confidence, they speak very convincingly,
cheerfulness. Bad points: very inconsistent, lack of interest in
anything that doesn't concern themselves).

John is at home finally in December 1933, with goodbye letters from less fortunate patients remaining at Wooley, so he must have developed friendships with many.

Around 1952 John underwent lung surgery to remove a troublesome patch of what turned out to be bronchiectasis, with no sign of TB. I remember us being physically



close, both in our pyjamas (me having been ill for something forgotten, aged five), convalescing at 36 Maldon Road over the same weeks.

The family money crisis

On the family finances, the letter of 16 March 1928 from John's father, (see the career section above) speaks of financial tightness. The handwritten table shows they had been running at a loss at least since 1921, having only moved to Morwick in 1918.

In November 1931 John's father wrote the letter below just after a general election in which a new National government had won 67 per cent of votes cast, the Labour Party losing four out of every five seats won at the previous election.

Letter from Wooley sanatorium, Slaley, Hexham, 24 October 1933, and John's fellow patients. He graduated with a first in June, but by October was confined at Wooley with suspected TB. It turned out to be a false alarm

	Charities	Exp	Income	Def
1920	172	2620	2074	-546
1921				
1922	100	2838	2442	-395
1923	111	2065	2359	+294
1924	96	2514	1618	-896
1925	72	2409	1849	-560
1926				
1927	69	1937	1888	-49
1928	56	2165	1859	-306
1929	43	2377	1437	-940
1930	23	2030	1444	-586
1931				
1932				
1933				

Austerity: the hard numbers in John's handwriting (Expenditure - Income - Deficit), with my arithmetic in the box

My dear John, I'm glad you find your Tripas work interesting, 'no profit grows where is no pleasure taken' as Shakespeare puts it or something to that effect. There is no doubt about the enormous turnover of the Labour vote in the industrial districts at the election, there are many constituencies where a member cannot be returned unless he has the majority of the Labour vote. Many of these returned for the first time a Conservative or National candidate in opposition to the direct orders of the trade unions who they generally obey. I don't think we can expect any increase in income for a year or more. There is increased tax to pay and it will take some time to show the effect of tariffs. I've raised a loan of £550 at 5½% on my life policy which reduces the overdraft in the bank by that amount but we are still about £1000 in debt. I was in hopes that Helen would be able to support herself at any rate for a year or two but she seems to be giving it up in despair. I am glad you are going to spend a day or two with Mr Raven; he is a good sort. I have had a hard time physically during the last three or four weeks due mainly I think to the increasing infirmities of old age. I can't walk now owing to difficulty in breathing arising I think from ruptured muscles and I can't stand cold. I should like to have heard Dr Haldane's lecture. I take a special interest in him owing to the admirable work he's done for the mining industry, your loving Father.

John's mother's letter of 3 March 1932, wishing him well on his 21st birthday, is on headed notepaper from Morwick Poultry Farm, including her name. Adjacent, but undated, letters speak of an attack of fowl pest, and the price of hens, eggs and transportation; the worries of running the farm clearly mattered. Before reading these I had seen Norah as too smart a lady to consider the graft of running a poultry farm.

At Christmas 1928, 1929 and 1932 there are three letters from William Scorer Harris, a fellow colliery manager who kept in touch with John's father, Harry. In the most recent letter he writes: 'We had news of you last month saying that you had started a poultry farm . . . I'm sure we wish you success in your ventures'.

Late February 1932 'Hen Farm Worries': letters from John's mum about hens dying of fowlpox, while other letters report a daily egg record of around 120, with a price of around two and sixpence a dozen.

Harry died on 5 February 1933, aged 76. In July 1933 John includes five pages of handwritten calculations, letters and documents relating to the finances of Harry's sister Winnie (1871–1953), who lived at The Lays, Lawrence Grove, Henleaze, Bristol. It seems Winnie cannot have benefited from the large sums given by their father to her brothers, but she did have a trust income from her brothers and various equity investments. Winnie also paid £300 p.a. to her female companion, Mrs Brake. Uncle Philip writes that Mrs Brake 'seems to me rather grasping . . . but she suits Winnie which is the main thing.' It is not clear whether she was a carer, housekeeper or landlord, or indeed what became of her after Winnie died.

9.1.34

Father's will. 1. Personal estate . . . remaining after debts paid £490.
 2. Children settlement originally worth about £20,000 now worth £4,500. Heather gets £1,200. Remainder to be divided among Philip, Denis and Myself. Worth to each of us at least £750 . . . 3. Blaina settlement [a Trust, due to be paid when the youngest child reached 21, which for Heather took until 1949, when the total] capital value will be about £7,000. Value now – nil.

On 26 February 1934 John's mother Norah was married again at Warkworth (her own father Canon Arthur Jones 'took the service' according to her son Philip, writing in 1982) to JC Fenwick, a well-off neighbouring widower with three grown-up daughters

keen to protect their inheritance. He moved from his home at nearby Longframlington to join Norah at Morwick, and continued with his hunting shooting and fishing interests. The deal was that he would support the household but not Norah's children. I suspect Mr Fenwick's arrival allowed the poultry farm to lapse, since there is no further mention of it.

A few general excerpts from SB2

End of March 1933,

Dear Mum I have decided not to go in for the scholarship after all for several reasons. 1. It is going to be very awkward as well as expensive staying up here for another three weeks. 2. After a terms work I am feeling rather stale and I'm finding it very difficult to do a lot of revision. 3. I have not yet decided definitely whether I am going to stay on in Cambridge so it might be no use to me if I did get it. 4. There are plenty of other scholarships going in June and July when I shall have finished my Tripos and be free to give my whole energy to working for them. 5. I know there is another Cambridge fellow going in for the scholarship who has a great reputation for winning these things.

11.6.33

I have now been through most of Father's papers. It is rather disheartening tearing up dozens of notebooks beautifully kept but quite valueless to anyone else. Perhaps many of them have served their purpose in compiling his mining books. I hope I have benefited from it in so far as I shall be less inclined to accumulate junk which is no use to anyone. [There is a list of fifty-three charities his father had subscribed to in 1920 to a total of £130.]

SB2 also includes six letters entirely in Latin from Uncle Philip, of which three have been translated. On 5 March 1929 (John's 18th birthday) in favour of non-military medicine as a career; 4 April 1929 a 'gold birthday present' (presumably one or more

sovereigns) and whether to study medicine or surgery; and 13 December 1929 a gift of £220 to allow expenses of £25 per month for riding, flying, fencing etc.

3.7.33

. . . just read Brave New World. V great book . . .

Aug 1933, p44

At the end of eight years schooling when I left Rugby I had gained nothing but a certain reputation. I didn't know enough Latin, Greek, French or German to be able to get any pleasure out of any of these languages. I couldn't draw or play the piano or sing. It seems to me a wiser policy instead of dabbling in so many things to make up your mind that at 21 you will be able to read Latin, talk French, play the piano and sing, and let all the other things – Geography, History, English etc. – go by the board. What counts in life is what you can do now and not what you have done. I have reached the age of 22 and can do nothing in spite of all the examinations I have passed. English literature, scripture and history are subjects which would be far better left out at school as you can enjoy them so much better when you're older.

Then follow some thoughts about an international police force and a theory of interior decoration.

Dated 25 June 1933 is a charming letter from Maida, in which she replies: ' . . . Thank you so much for your two letters [now missing] and for your charmingly tactful recognition of my 2:1. I was rather annoyed with myself when I saw the results for not getting a first, but everyone has been so nice about it that I am feeling consoled and even comparatively conceited.' She kept the BA scroll and glowing all-round references from the professors, and started teaching French and Italian at Wycombe Abbey that autumn.

At Christmas 1934 John had sent Maida a card from Wooley along with twenty-nine others he sent to friends and relatives. After his hospital discharge and return to Cambridge in the New Year 1934 to work in the physiology lab as previously planned,

they met and she wrote on 26 January 1934, along with the chat about her playing the comic servant in *Taming of the Shrew*, finishing ‘My dear, I’m so glad you’re better. I could go on saying that over and over again, yours ever . . .’

A block of eighteen pages contains concert programmes, various clippings, and a letter from the Air Ministry, after an examination, declaring him unfit for service because of his chest for eighteen months, when it will be reconsidered. There is an invitation to a meeting of the Royal Society (2 February 1934), addressed to him at the physiological laboratory, Cambridge, but no mention of his work there.

10.3.34

. . . went to a flick for the first time by myself, saw Sydney Howard in *Trouble*, came out early.

On the following page are letters from his mum and dad for his 21st birthday, two years previously.

The penultimate piece of free text in SB2 is a log (dated 4 April 1934) of an Easter holiday in Northumberland with brother Philip, 31 March–3rd April: motoring and walking around the Cheviot hills, with a good variety of birds listed as ‘seen’.

13.3.34: ‘A Chronology’ in John’s handwriting: a one page summary of what he did in the years between prep school and graduation.

21.3.34

. . . on Monday the 19th I got fixed up with the Dean of St Thomas’ to go in October. Saw St Catherine the Great in the afternoon. Had tea with uncle Philip. Dined with Hugh Easton and Denis Haviland at the Café Royal after which we saw the ‘Mystery of MrX’. Talked with Denis until 3:10 am at the Lyons next to the Cumberland. Then walked with bag to Liverpool Street where I arrived about 4.25, caught the 4.35 train and got back at 6:30.

The SB3 scrapbook: May 1934–autumn 1936

John spent the summer based at the physiology lab but not going without copious holidays. In September his four undergraduate years, the Wooley diversion and the research lab year were all in the past and he said goodbye to Cambridge.

The scrapbook is more or less orderly, with an even mix of attachments and handwritten comments on most pages and a reasonable chronology (although there is also a section of mixed papers, some going right back to schooldays). The book holds lots of letters from friends and family, printed clippings are mostly of political events anticipating the war, small pieces of general interest, and with concert and theatre programmes.

Written comments are usually bird observations, of outings with friends of both sexes, and short one-page logs of weekend trips to North Wales, the Mill, and the Broads, and home to Northumberland. There are very few deep thoughts, little mention of money, and as usual nothing about his daily work routines, exams or team sports.

6.5.34 [The opening line]

X-rayed this morning and found fit in spite of pains after punting and bathing last weekend.

11.6.34

Climbed lantern of Hall and placed balloon thereon.

16.6.34

How very different is the real John Bulman from JFHB's idea of John Bulman. He thinks he is possessed with self-control able at any moment to give up smoking if he wants to and yet I doubt if there are 40 days in the last two years in which he has not smoked. On the other hand he thinks he has a very inferior brain and knowledge whereas he is really rather above the average. The worst thing human beings have inherited from their animal ancestors is the physical attraction between the sexes. This can produce nothing but a baby. It

does not lead to growth in mind, body or soul. The worship of Venus is much too easy and altogether bad. On the other hand indulgence of the senses which is not dependent on sex for enjoyment is a good thing, the smell of a rose, the feel of the breeze.

June 1934. Here a letter thanking John for a donation to the academic assistance council supporting refugees from Germany. 'A tribute to learning,' he writes. Also cuttings about Nazi atrocities.

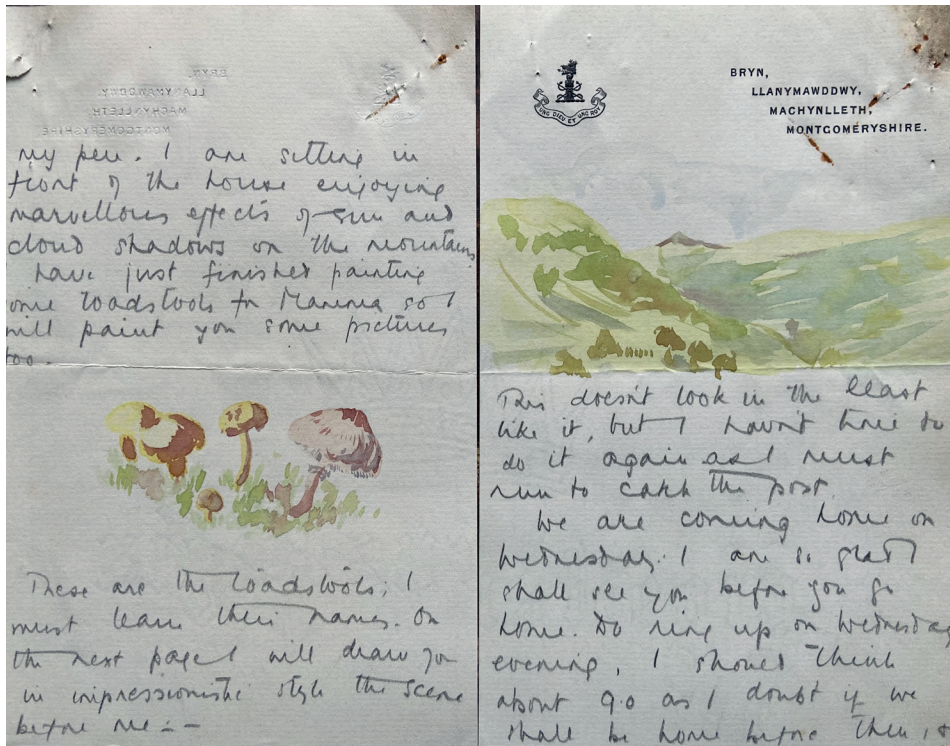
It was two years since John and Maida had first met and gradually fallen in love. In the spring of 1934 she wrote three long and friendly letters from High Wycombe, where she had been working since graduation a year before:

Brevity is the soul of wit
And you have demonstrated it
Alas! with equal terseness I
Can scarcely hope to make reply.
I cannot say with what delight
I shall await next Saturday night
To dance upon light hearted toe
Exchanging gossip as we go. . .

3.8.1934

Spent in Cambridge. Maida Hunter helped me to pack up my things
at 36 Sidney Street

There had been a bland enough comment on the planned move to St Thomas' in London, decided by John as long ago as March 1934. But there were two elephants in the room stalking the scene, unwritten in the scrapbooks, and known to me from family legend. She refused to sleep with him until they were married. He, and perhaps she too, felt they could not marry until he was earning, although she had started her teaching twelve months before and had already bought her Austin 7. Much later she wrote in her chapter 1 introduction that 'Lack of money . . . made marriage out of the question (or so it seemed in those days).'



Illustrated letter from Maida, 25 July 1934. One month later they decided to split up

5.8.34

Splendid sailing [in *Sabrina*, rented from Wroxham, on the Broads].

26.8.34

My policy for the last three months has been completely successful – no smoking – see nobody – temperance – practise the piano. I think I have had fewer bad attacks of depression than ever before. Policy for September same as before *but* make as many acquaintances as possible and use your wits in talking.

31.8.34

'I am. My history comes to an end.'



31 August 1934: 'I am. My history comes to an end.' The *Sabrina* on the river Waveney, with John's younger brothers, Denis and Philip

9.9.34

... critical interview with Maida after Mrs Hunter had retired, decided not to see each other again. [Next day:] 'A pleasant talk with Maida at bottom of garden – decision confirmed. Sat on Backs for quarter of an hour and left by 12:30 train, arrived at St Thomas' Hospital 3pm' [to start three years on the wards as a clinical student].

Several pages covering the first three months in London have lots of diary-type handwritten detail: normal, sociable, everyday diary comments, prices of trains, cuttings and thoughts, concurrent with his studies.

. . . very good digs at Pembroke Street bed-bath-breakfast 6/6 [But per night or per week? It sounds as though he was on his own with a landlady.]

Also here is an attached letter from Wooley: 'Chest x-ray: "L base clearer than Dec 1933. There is no evidence of any tuberculous deposits in the lungs. I do not think you have any cause for worry." ' i.e. All Clear.

14.9.34

Saw semi-albino starling feeding on the lawn. Crown of head and back a light fawn-grey, bottom half of tail nearly white, dorsal surface brownish, cheeks and breast darker and apparently brown. It was feeding with several other starlings and seemed identical in shape and size, the rest took no notice of it.

Further entries include a weekend trip to a friend's wedding in Oxford, many walks exploring London, including a visit to friends at McCartney House, Greenwich. (Coincidences: we considered buying a flat there when in 1991 we moved from the NHS in Leeds to the Department of Health at Elephant & Castle, but we bought 21 Kidbrooke Grove instead: we now live at 21 Park Lane, Norwich. New medical work is briefly mentioned, a lot of bird sightings. Visit to British Museum reading room 'with the intention of consulting Van Slyke's *Quantitative Clinical Chemistry*'.

9.10.34

A thrush definitely seen flying over. Kestrel flew lower. I have accepted two invitations to stay this summer which I had very little intention of fulfilling. This is very bad manners. The reason why I have been unable to fulfil them is that my financial position makes this impossible . . . I like to think I have plenty of money. Dined last night with Mrs Jenkins and Miss Peggy Jenkins.

14.10.34

Work spoiled by an overdose of alcohol on Tuesday which has taken me the rest of the week to get rid of. In future one glass of wine and one pint of beer will be all I shall take at a time (I wonder) [his words]. Yesterday had a day's falconry with Lord Howard's falcons at Linton. 12 peregrines and one goshawk . . . [goes on in detail for a page].

22.10.34

Ian Graeme Ogilvie died at Cambridge aged 20. Suicide.

27.10.34

Read an account of Jack the Ripper's crimes by Harold Dearden in the *Evening Standard*; the inhabitants of Whitechapel were accustomed to act with such spontaneity and forcefulness that a death by violence was regarded by public and police alike as little more than a boyish prank.

1.11.34

. . . only 4 out of 28 Metropolitan Boroughs have at present a socialist majority. In 1919 they held 14. The whole Council of a Metropolitan Borough retires every three years whereas in the provinces one third are elected every year . . . This sightseeing must stop it ties the mind and occupies the attention . . .

11.11.34

The plane trees in St James's Park were very beautiful yesterday, the rain made them look clean and increased the depth of colour of the bark . . . Great tit heard. The starlings in St James's Park have deserted the island there . . . roosting in the ledges of the Canada Building, the National Gallery . . . but only on the parts of these buildings that face the square, also on the plane trees in the square.

Here are appended two letters (see immediately below) from John's Uncle Philip, dated 6.11.34 and 22.5.35, in which he explains how he can make up the sum of £300 a year for John and each of his other two nephews. Surrounded by more text about the starlings, also a new session of Parliament.

6.11.34

. . . I do not think you ought to pinch yourself, five shillings a day for food is about the minimum . . .

22.5.1935 [verbatim: an odd, abrupt letter]

Dear John, I paid £50 to your credit this morning. This completes the £150 I said I would pay for your first year ending in October. I also said I should pay £250 for your second year and you have money yourself for your third year as you can capitalise your remaining £300 – I mention this to avoid any possibility of any mistake about your third year for which I pay nothing, yours sincerely, P Bulman

4.12.34 On this day John passed FRCS part one. The first essential step on the path to training as a surgeon.

While he spent Christmas 1934 at Morwick, twenty pages then contain a historic mixture from previous years, possibly retrieved from a bedroom drawer, including Rugby prize essays (thirteen pages on 'Kingfisher and Dipper'), workbooks from prep school and Rugby, pamphlets and old common entrance examination papers along with a few old 'meaning of life' loose papers. Current items are a summons for speeding and the customary twenty-person yearly Christmas got/sent list. He also tackled (on 6 January 1935) the task of making a ten-page log of ornithological observations made during the two-week trip to Iceland three years before in 1932 on trawler *Braconmoor*. He was back in London on 12.1.35.

17.2.35 A page of short bird observations:

Visit to Cambridge blackbird chaffinch thrush dunnock robin and wren singing . . . Sanctuary full of water again . . . About 50 redwings

seen there . . . Almond blackthorn jasmine quince snowdrops aconites
and crocuses in bloom . . . On the sewage farm 40 mute swans 12
redshanks . . . Owl heard last night from STH.

On 5 April 1935 is a one-liner: 'depression'. The random order of the previous twenty double pages reminded me of SB2, and a note from his old Cambridge tutor hinting at a rude letter John sent regarding a small reimbursement he was due, made me think he was perhaps having a further period of emotional difficulty. If so he recovered quickly since the rest of 1935, over the next twenty double pages, is letters, theatre programmes and photos, sprinkled with short, sensible, active, varied diary entries, suggesting that normal thinking and leisure activities quickly resumed.

April–May 23rd: entries for this period include a bird weekend on the south coast with old friend Jack Close, Easter at Kidmore End . . . a swallow seen in Lambeth Palace Gardens, a hospital dance at Weybridge, the King George V Jubilee Procession day watched from Uncle Philip's flat (14 Pall Mall), a trip to Royal Tournament Olympia.

17–19 May 1935

. . . dined with Hugh Easton at the Spanish restaurant and saw *The New and the Old King* afterwards at the Curzon . . . Received two new shirts from Groves and Lindley made of Nevashrink. Cost for plain one 12/6, striped 18 shillings without collars 1s 6d each . . . flew home for the weekend with Glen [presumably in Glen's plane since John had left the RAF reserve].

29.7.35

Spent £32 on a Leitz microscope . . . Five days at Morwick: weekend with Beresford in Canterbury.

10.8.35

Watched Surrey against Hampshire at the Oval.

On 17 August 1935 Glen again flew him up to Morwick for a dance for Peggy's 21st, dancing at Otterburn Hall.

Several pages containing letters from girlfriends, weekend trips, theatre programmes.

1.9.35, p64

Cambridge to see Herbert Parry [John's ex-physiology supervisor and sole author of an attached J. Physiol. 1935; 84: 454–7, paper 'The effect of liver feeding in relation to oxygen want', on which is written 'When we were young . . . Herbert'. Also mounted is an undated note in John's writing: 'Subject of Research. Investigation of the relation between the oxygen tension in the alveoli air and the arterial blood. . .'].

At the sewage farm, saw 12 common sandpipers, 2 green sandpipers, 3 redshank, 200 sandmartin, about 12 snipe . . .

From 4 to 11 October 1935 John spent a week climbing in North Wales with Charles Rob; the scrapbook entry includes a list of crags climbed. More chest pains in June and September made him consult a posh physician at the end of October – nothing much was wrong. (I mention Rob because he became Professor of Surgery at Rochester, New York. When I as a student was due to be away for three months on an 'elective period' Dad suggested I go to visit his friend Charles, but I decided to spend the time in Iran. Much later I thought this preference for adventure over modern experience might have made a surprising difference to my later career.)

March 1936

. . . week climbing in North Wales. Week at Morwick. [Newspaper cutting: 'Herr Hitler's speech to the Reichstag']

May 1936 spent a week on the Norfolk Broads.

12.6.36

Bought wireless. Lost notebook.



St. Thomas' Hospital medical unit under Prof. De Wesselow, c.1936. John is third from the right in the back row, fourth is Charles Rob, his climbing partner and a postwar professor of surgery in Rochester, New York

16.7.36

Motored to Wales Helyg [Ogwen climbing hut] with CG Rob and Ashley Greenwood. Electrical apparatus was being installed and supervised by Mr Duncan the President and Mr Bartram. Climbed Holly Tree Wall on 11th. Climbed Crib Goch Buttress and Parsons Nose on 12th. It rained all the time.

The last few lines here show that January–August 1936 are briefly covered compared to earlier years, with just ten pages also including the coronation of the new king, a Bond Street exhibition of paintings by Peter Scott, then a July North Wales climbing weekend followed by a week at Morwick playing tennis and golf with Dennis, Penny and Philip. The St Thomas' House 'medical unit photograph' for 1935 (with him definitely smartly dressed) is the end page.

The SB4 scrapbook: August 1936–September 1939

This last scrapbook is smaller, a bit thinner, the handwritten entries briefer and reserved, with just the first eighteen double pages covering the whole 1936–7 academic year. The 1936 Christmas card tally was down to ten overall. It's much shorter than previous books, and mostly impressive for the numbers; of friends' marriage invitations, of papers of exams passed, the many detailed operating notes of various procedures at which John was the assistant, and lists of many purchases.

In August 1936 John spent a week climbing at Burnthwaite, Cumbria, beyond Wasdale Head, with Edward Latham, with lovely historic climbing photograph postcards. Six months later a newspaper cutting, but no comment: 'Climbers fall 900 feet. 2 Medical students killed. To be buried on the mountain'. Edward Latham, 24, was one of them, falling on Idwal Slabs.

19.9.36

Ramsay [one of John's best friends] married. Bought squash racquet 10s, Golf clubs & bag £3.18s.

On 11.12.36 'King Edward VIII renounces throne' newspaper cutting.

April–Sept 1937

Bought [selected from a list of things bought over seven months or so] shirt 5s, tie 3/9, golf shoes 35s, 2 pyjamas 5s each, cap 3/6, braces 2/6, tennis bag 8/6, tobacco 4/3

16.2.1937

Played in STH rugby team against KCH to reach hospitals cup semi-final.

March 25–29

Mevagissy Rugby tour. Glorious weather. Beat Hornets 24-3 & Penzance 23-3, lost to Redruth 17-12.

23.4.37

Club dance with Rosemary Broadley etc. [sic]

13–18 May

Morwick, climbed Cheviot with Philip. Found two pairs wood warblers in the Hearthope Burn Valley and a pair of dunlin about 200 yards south at top cairn

22–29 May 1937

[On the Norfolk Broads in *Perfect Lady* from Herbert Woods of Potter Heigham with three male friends] Saturday to Acle . . . Monday to Beccles, stuck on bank, Anthony fell in. Finally sailed boat off backwards. Tuesday to Oulton. Bent rudder in mud on the way . . . Tea with nuns . . . No Harriers, many shelduck with young families in Breydon Water, Shoveller close to Burgh Castle, only 1 reed warbler seen, sedge very common. Heron more plentiful than usual. Took 4½ hours to go up [from London] and four hours return in Anthony's Lagonda 10. Glorious weather. Cost £3 10 shillings for beer money on shore. Journey free.

More climbing trips: 28 June to 1 July 1937 at Helyg with Charles Rob, with list of crags, but not routes, and 13–15 August 1937 in North Wales.

On 30 July 1937 John receives his MB. BChir. Cam – Cambridge archaic code, still in use, to show, on a brass door plate, a basic qualification as a doctor of medicine and surgery. He soon arranged to meet Maida again in his lodgings, which she describes in chapter 1. On 9 September 1937 he saw Maida again. They went to 'Shall we Dance', eliciting a charming note from her the next day, which she ended with:

. . . I look forward so much to hearing from you and seeing you again.
Goodbye, my dear,
your Maida.

On 1 November 1937 John notes his first ever job, at Hampstead General Hospital, Haverstock Hill, together with a letter accepting his resignation dated 22 January 1938. Also a letter from Mr Gray of Harley Street, 31 January 1938, thanking him for help while at Hampstead, and 'hoping he is feeling better again', addressed to Morwick. Maybe he had resigned through illness to convalesce at Morwick? Mr Gray wrote again on 9 February and another Hampstead consultant, Mr Paley, wrote on 10 February, both declining to give him a reference on account of his illness and his short stay at Hampstead but both appreciating his excellent work while he was with them.

From 4 April to 3 October 1938 John was a house surgeon proper with uncle Beresford at Canterbury. Pay £125 per annum.

27.7.38 Marriage to Maida Hunter at St Benet's, Cambridge.

7.10.38 Paternal Uncle Frederick died at Hove on 2 October 1938, aged 77.

After he left Canterbury having completed the planned six-month appointment he seems to have had a three-month break, Oct–Dec 1938. There is an angry letter from Beresford, 24.10.38. He says John had had a firm job offer from a Dr Trevor at the Charing Cross but had instead applied for a post at Nottingham without telling Dr Trevor, who had been discouraging other, later, applicants and was now embarrassed to have turned them away. Beresford says that John has behaved so badly over Mr Trevor, but also with high-handed behaviour while at Canterbury, that he is now ashamed of him. John may have been unwell, but there is no written evidence of that.

28–31.12.38 Hill walking in N Wales.

1.1.39 John started his next substantive six-month post, his second 'house job', at the Royal Cancer Hospital, later to become the Royal Marsden, which paid him £100 per annum, including board and lodging. A letter from Maida, also dated 1 January 1939, was addressed now from 7 Queen Edith's Way, where she must have been staying.

2.2.39 FRCS part 2 exam paper. He either was unable to complete the exam, or failed to pass, since the papers for a retake in May 1946, when he did pass, are attached on p74 close to the final scrapbook pages.



First paying job, as house surgeon at Kent & Canterbury Hospital under maternal uncle Beresford-Jones, 1938. John is third from left

Jan–March 1939: many notes of operations at which which he assisted, demonstrating his health while at Royal Cancer Hospital.

12.7.39 An excellent reference for Maida from Wycombe Abbey. She writes at the end of her ‘war chapter’ that their plan was to have a flat and work in London; she does not mention Beresford’s idea that John had applied for a job in Nottingham.

Beresford’s suggestions of unreliability and rumours of spells of illness are not mentioned in the scrapbook text or at any time as gossip over the years by Maida. What really happened remains unknown. I never witnessed him being discourteous or unreliable, or taking ‘sickies’ during the time I was brought up, and he was working thirty years full-time, first as a general practitioner and later as a consultant surgeon. His operation for bronchiectasis in around 1953 has been mentioned above; I never witnessed any chest symptoms after that, he remained a strong walker right up to the end. If he was given to panic attacks as a young man, I never saw any of those either.

War came on p59, towards the end pages of this scrapbook, when his mum refers to him as having joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, and his sister Helen writes to him of her own army job plans.

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The scrapbooks peter out with an assortment of odds and ends, a few final pages probably added post-war, then:

- A letter 'To My Darling John on his Birthday' from Maida, 5 March 1938;
- John's final 1946 FRCS exam papers; his 1972 CV lists November 1946 as the pass date (while at the Royal Northern Hospital), an essential qualification for his surgical ambition, delayed seven years by war.
- A letter from Colonel Philip to Maida on 15 November 1940, describing gifts from his bombed flat at 14 Pall Mall, including the family owned portrait of Oliver Cromwell (copy of a Lely and now with my brother Charles), the two bronzes (and their brief story, of himself, Philip, one on a horse and now with Charles, the other a bust now with me), the Boulle inlaid metal table (abused by Dad who used it to clean his shoes and ignite fireworks, but later sold for quite a decent sum), and a silver trophy from a 'boys club that I ran for some years', now missing.

A few old photos:

- Harriet Nicol, John's paternal grandmother.
- Uncle Philip at the head of a column of Shropshire light infantry going to church at Pembroke dock (around 1900).
- Fred Bulman, John's paternal uncle.

On the very final page is a printed, but apparently signed, note:

I feel I cannot let you leave 21 Army Group on your return to civil life without a message of thanks and farewell. Together we have carried through one of the most successful campaigns in history, and it has been our good fortune to be members of this great team. God bless you and Godspeed

B L Montgomery
Field Marshall, Commander in Chief
BLA1945



Maida writes, c.1991: 'Mrs CB Hunter with Maida in uniform of Lloran House school Oswestry probably about 1919. The school moved out to Morton Hall where it still flourishes as a public school and, as I would have had to be a border, my mother sent me instead to Oswestry Girls High School.'

CHAPTER 3

1910–1930

MAIDA HUNTER: GROWING UP WITH MAMMA

What I have from John he wrote as it happened, in his real here-and-now, and almost all before he was 40. In contrast, Maida wrote her stories after John died. Apart from letters, I have not found any diaries from her own younger years, or from postwar when we were growing up.

Immediate post-war life was busy for Maida and Adda. In late 1946, while caring for both Mary Adelaide and benefactor Uncle Philip as invalids, they moved from the elegant if dilapidated rented terrace by Sloane Square to a suburban house in Wallington for John to start his first experience of general practice. In 1947 builders were there, repairing bomb damage and dividing bedrooms to make a sickroom for Uncle Philip, who died there in February, the coldest in living memory. To add to Harriet and Charles, I was born there in November. Mary Adelaide transferred to a nursing home in April 1949, fading away in October.

I have no memory of Maida ever being in a panic, or letting me down, whether it mattered or not. When we saw Mr Smith across the road coming to complain of Charles and me dicing with death, climbing up the roof to sit on the ridge she said nothing to us and he seemed to go away without trouble. She took us all to church along the road on Sundays more I suspect as a conscientious teacher and networker than as a necessary believer. I do remember feeling the rough side of her tongue for contravening one Sunday's sermon (Matthew 5:22) when brother Charlie and I had a hilarious game calling each other fools over lunch: statutory boiled mature chicken

followed by a block of Wall's 'Neapolitan' from Burgess the newsagent. I loved being taken to the South Kensington science museum on Sunday afternoons to wind the handles and see the engines go, the ones that worked. Although she liked and was good at driving she must have been totally exhausted by bedtime, when we amused ourselves in the bath pulling little wet pieces off her treasured sponge to use as self-adhesive wall missiles. In later years we went to picture galleries instead; Bonnard at the Tate comes to mind. She sometimes surprised (and secretly delighted) me by revelling in risqué jokes and providing the enthusiasm for family trips to laugh together at the Whitehall Theatre, first to Brian Rix, then to Flanders & Swan and Beyond the Fringe. Much later she was prepared to act as chauffeuse (return from Charterhouse school to the Festival Hall or similar) for me and friends to hear a whole string of jazz greats (Ella, Mingus, Gillespie, Davis, etc, etc). I don't think she ever heard or understood the music, but she was a great sport and trusted us to know. How they afforded the generosity of sending all four of us to public schools I will never know: I witnessed the excitement when a single private hernia patient was recruited, Dad can only ever have had a vestigial private practice. Our education was indeed generous, and I am grateful. It was Maida's inspiration that took me in her footsteps at age 18 for a few months after school to the British Institute in Florence to explore the Italian renaissance and life's cultural pleasures were truly launched for me that year, blossoming into the trips we later made to Italy, Istanbul and Greece in the car she lent us with incredible kindness, significant inconvenience to herself and with absolutely no complaints. Strange how we could undertake such overseas adventures when each restricted to £50 a year both by the law and political circumstances around 1967. The particular luxury which John and Maida afforded themselves was their annual spring two-week, no-offspring holiday in the Savoy Alps, when Maida could indulge her nostalgic prewar dreams and John could bond with his noted friend, ornithologist and painter, Paul Barruel (whose aquarelle of an Alpine accentor took pride of place above the mantelpiece, and which I still have and admire). I cannot resist thinking about the two professional pictures by Cambridge neighbour, Miss Lucy Waring, a watercolour of the orchard at Queen Edith's Way (and if you look hard, the two men and the elephant, a shared joke with brother Charles; it's a picture I still greatly admire), and a delightful recent find of a portrait of Maida. Following in her imaginative footsteps brought out in me then, and still does, the feeling of being connected to her passions and refreshes the rather discrete love we shared. My eulogy is fully justified: for me she was a marvellous mother.

Increasingly distracted in retirement by looking after John, she continued to read, mostly biographies of her contemporaries. It was a surprise to find in her a new-found enthusiasm for TV snooker made possible by the coming of colour. Suddenly alone in Glasston after John died and encouraged by a local class, she also turned to writing about her first forty years, some of which follows:

- the family précis which launches chapter 1, then in this chapter
- the winding up of her first homes after the death of her father and then her grandfather, with stability restored by starting school in Oswestry
- holidays with her godmother May Bradford at Bryn, Llanymawddwy
- emerging into the world, and adventuring in 1929 France
- as student at Cambridge and teacher at Wycombe Abbey – there are a few photos and letters, but no text

Neither Maida nor John wrote about life in Wallington, Burnham Thorpe or Glasston, and although I have six fat albums of family photographs, it has been too complicated to include these.

At the chapter close I have written a short account of the final years. There is also a sheaf of surviving letters – with some quotations from those written in the 1800s – odd papers and remembered stories.

Of the years before her father died: 1910–14

I was born at Bronceris on September 22nd, 1910. My father, who had by then returned to Africa, sent a cable saying that I was to be called ‘Maida’. They had taken a flat at 70 Yale Court, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, and furnished it with much of the furniture I have always known, mostly old oak bought partly in Wales and partly from antique shops in London. It was unfashionable in that mahogany dominated period, but she [Mamma] liked it and it was comparatively cheap. The only pieces which reflect Edwardian taste are the couch-bed and the brass tray on legs in typical Liberty style of the time. When I was five months old Mamma engaged Adda as my nanny. I remember being told how she came to be interviewed at the Bradfords’ house in Manchester Square [W1U 3PH], so



Dr. CB Hunter, c.1907,
before Maida's birth in
1910

that my godmother could give advice and moral support. Agnes (as she would be known until my pet-name had been adopted by the family) arrived accompanied by both her parents; Mr Buggey was tall, red-bearded and confident (he was for many years head carter to the Rothschild family at Halton House and had charge of forty men and horses in spite of being unable to read or write); Mrs Buggey, who worked as a laundress, was small and timid. They had one son and eight daughters, two of whom were already in service in north London. Luckily there was mutual approval, and Adda settled in. She was twenty-five and it could hardly have been anticipated that she would stay with us (apart from two short unsuccessful periods of retirement) until she was nearly eighty. She had the unenviable task of pushing me in my large high-sided pram

up and down Arkwright Road which was then, as it still is, almost perpendicular. Sometimes she would take me out to tea, presumably to the houses where her sisters worked, and two treasured items survive from those days, gifts, I imagine from the ladies who employed them. I can hardly have been old enough to appreciate them at the time; they were 'The Animals Trip to Sea', still enjoyed by my grandchildren, and, rather less suitable, 'Misadventures at Margate' which I knew by heart from an early age. When I was about eight, and a very junior pupil at Oswestry Girls High School, I can remember being seated on the knee of one of the sixth formers to recite it.

When my father returned on leave in 1911 we all lived at the flat, certainly until after May when his Will was drafted by a London solicitor, but we must have been at Bronceris in the summer as it seems to have been then that my parents rented a house in Anglesey and moved up there to be near my grandfather. The address is usually given as Maen Hir, Llanfair PG, the P. G. standing for Pwllgwyngyll, there was even more to the name of the small village, said to have been the longest name in Wales. It often featured on local comic postcards, but unfortunately I do not have an example in my two postcard albums which have been preserved. The cards have however been extremely useful in enabling me to date, usually by the postmarks, our various addresses from 1912 to 1919.

The origin of the house's name is "menhir" which my dictionary defines as 'a tall upright monumental stone found in Europe, Africa and Asia (from the Breton – *menhir*, long stone). The gateposts looked like menhirs though they were not as tall as others I have seen in Wales and Britain. I do not know how old the house was; it stood by itself surrounded by fields. John and I looked at it from the end of the drive in 1953 when we were on a birding holiday in Anglesey, but stupidly did not go any nearer. It looked a nice house and a few photographs survive. It is difficult to be sure when we moved in, but I think my mother and I with Adda were probably there through the winter of 1911–12 and my father must have spent at least part of his leave there in 1912. There is a postcard to me



Maen Hir, Llanfair PG
(the PG standing for
Pwllgwyngyll), Maida's
home before her father,
Charles Buchanan Hunter,
died when she was three
years old. The baby is Molly
Phillips, a cousin of Maida

from Tricka dated 2nd Nov 1912 which ends 'Best love to Mamma, Daddy and Ickle Baba'.

He was now working in the Gold Coast (Ghana) where he is listed as promoted to the grade of Senior Medical Officer in the Government of the Gold Coast Medical and Sanitary Report of 1912. When my mother joined him there at Seccondee (now spelt Sekondi) from April to September 1912, Adda and I were transferred to Bronceris and the welcoming arms of Bamps, Tricka and Nonin, where I was probably horribly spoilt. I have only four letters from this tour: they show how her heart was torn between her eighteen-month-old daughter and her husband; but the wonderful welcome he gave her must have made her feel how right she had been to come

back to West Africa. They returned together in September and we all went back to Maen Hir, so I consider it my first home though I cannot remember it at all. Adda used to talk about it as I grew up and some of her stories have remained in my memory; for example, if I heard anyone shooting round the fields I would say 'That's Daddy shooting bungas (bunnies) in Afkra' (sic). There is also a half-remembered tale of a pet lamb at the neighbouring farm, which created a sensation by following its owners to Chapel one Sunday and walking unaccompanied up the aisle to look for them. My father must have been a strict master of the house in the manner of his generation, and I remember Mamma telling me that he gave instructions to Adda that if I did not eat my rice pudding it was to be served up again at the next meal. Adda was evidently much in awe of him but apparently on one matter she won the battle of wills as he expected her to wait at table when the parlourmaid was off duty, which, being very shy, she flatly refused to do.

Dr CB Hunter with Maida at Maenhir, Anglesey, probably during his last leave from West Africa shortly before his death on 14 April 1914



Looking at an old map of Anglesey to see exactly where our home was, I find a steam ferry marked from a tiny hamlet called Foel, only about two miles from Maen Hir across the Menai Straits to Carnarvon. This has stirred a very faint memory of indeed crossing the water by this convenient boat. We would have shared it with farmers and their livestock, cows and calves, sheep and lambs, all standing, as I recall, in a casual manner on the deck – a very enjoyable experience. I wish I could remember it better. We would have been met at Carnarvon's little port below the castle by Ganga with the wagonette. I believe my mother had her own pony and trap for going about in Anglesea, but I have no memory of this nor any photograph.

It was at Maen Hir that the nicest photographs were taken, presumably early in 1913, one of my father holding me by the hand, a similar one of me with Mamma and one of myself alone with a restraining hand visible at one side: this, I have always been told, shows me being forcibly prevented from strangling a chicken. At that time I was dressed in the day in gingham smocks, usually pink, over lace-edged drawers (as knickers were then called) and I would have been based in my nursery until tea time when Adda would change me into a clean white muslin dress and bring me down to the drawing-room to join my parents until it was time for me to go to bed. Adda at the same period would wear her uniform of rather dark grey gingham with white cap and apron. The grey was an unusual choice of colour by my mother, but it looked very nice with her wonderful long auburn hair piled or top of her head. Though never pretty, she must always have looked striking, especially among the dark-haired inhabitants of Wales, and I have often wondered if she ever had a 'young man' but, alas, she was one of the generation of surplus women left after the slaughter of the First World War with not enough young men to go round. I can just remember the feeling of total comfort and security I felt when sitting on her knee with my head leaning against her stiffly starched apron; even at that early age I must have sensed that

though she was a strict disciplinarian, her steadfast loyalty and affection would never fail – and it never did.

I have four picture post-cards sent in 1912. The first two are from Mamma, written on the voyage out to the Gold Coast, one on board S.S. Elmina and one from Las Palmas to “darling little Pip”; in her letters to Tricka I was usually called “Noll” or “Piccin”, the African term for a small child. The other two are from my father:

10.5.12 Warehouse at Sekondi. There is a ship in the background. Love from Daddy and Mammy. Look at the ship that brought Mammy out.

27.7.12 Daddy sends his best love and this is to tell you that he will soon be coming home now with Mummy.

After his leave he must have returned to the Gold Coast in the spring of 1913. There is one card sent to Mrs C.B. Hunter, Hotel Great Central, London, written by what is evidently my hand guided by Tricka – saying ‘Darling Mummie xxxxxx from BaBa’. It is postmarked May 13th 1913, which is probably when Mamma was seeing him off for his last tour before retiring from the Colonial Service. He sent me three postcards addressed to Maen Hir:–

31 Oct 1913 European Houses, Accra, Gold Coast, W.A.
From Daddy with love. (And several kisses drawn not in a row but one on top of another to form a star.)

14th Nov 1913 Surf boat on the Gold Coast, Accra, showing how a traveller gets ashore there. With love from Daddy. Isn’t this a funny picture?

5th Dec 1913 (Ostriches at Accra) From Daddy for Xmas ’13

Then came his last letter to Mamma from the Coast, which, although it is with the rest of the African letters, I must include in this record as it is so much part of the story of the three of us:–

Victoriaborg,

Accra.

Friday 26th Dec 1913

My own darling

This will be a surprise for you. I am coming home soon. The day after my last letter went off to you I felt a bit out of sorts, next day Sunday, more chippy, and on Monday after I did my morning work I retired to bed and a pretty bad go of fever came on. It came down a bit in the afternoon and I came over to hospital to lay up there, as it's more comfortable in a way than in my quarters: that bronchial affair came on again, but thank goodness no pains. I had no fever yesterday nor all night nor today and my cough is nearly gone and I'm feeling much better, but they think I'd better go away from the coast and I am leaving by the 'Elmina' on the 9th two weeks today and should be at Plymouth on the 24th January. It's lovely to feel that I am getting quit of the coast. I've got sick and tired of this place, and begin to loathe it, oh how glad I'll be to be back to you, my darling.

I won't make any suggestions about our plans for when I come. It's better to wait till we meet and discuss things. I know you will be just as glad as I am to think I'm coming for good this time. Can you come up to town and meet me at the Great Central Hotel? If you come up on the Sat 24th it will be in time enough as it would be the evening before I would reach there or it might be Sunday, being winter the steamer might be a little late.

Your dear letter reached me yesterday afternoon, Xmas day, which was very nice for me to read yesterday, and I am so sorry darling you have had all the trouble about my Xmas box. I think I'll just bring it back as it comes and we can chop the lot together; with a small bottle of the brandy: won't that be nice.

You think out what we should do, but for my old kidneys I think it would be best for one to stop down south for a couple of months or so before going to Maen Hir till it gets warmer.

What a trouble you have had with [illegible]. I am so sorry, Maida, dear. When you come up will you bring my Burberry suit (not knickers), and a black morning coat and vest, and that knitted silk vest, and a pair of thick trousers and my dark overcoat, oh and thick underclothes and top hat and bowler, I think that's all. Oh, and my black tie.

They were having a regular Xmas week here, the Races, a cricket team from Lagos, the band from Coomassie down, a fancy dress dance tonight at Government House etc. etc. I'm not a bit sorry to be out of it all.

The Governor and Lady Clifford came in to see me yesterday evening, very nice of them.

That piccin of ours has her head screwed on the right way. It was splendid of her to want to know if there was money in the pudding. I am glad to know they are all well at Bronceris. I had very nice letter from Trixie yesterday too, and am going to send her a wee note in answer.

I'm writing a line to Jess to tell her I'm coming home soon, but not telling her the date. I don't feel I want to be bothered with her coming messing around; if she writes, say you are having a wire from Plymouth from me when I arrive, and don't say you are coming up or that we shall be at the Great Central.

Now don't be worrying, my childie. I expect when you see me you will think me a fraud coming home so soon. It will be lovely to see your bonny wee face again and feel you close to me.

All my love darling and kisses to piccin.
Your own loving old Cokey.

Postcard / sketch / scrap books collected by Maida. Robert Roberts left two from the 1890s, Mary Adelaide three from 1900 to 1912. Maida annotated postcards she received between 1914 and 1918. There's also a sketchbook she made, 1920–25, and her visitors book, February 1976–April 1993





December 1913–February
1914, final postcards . . .
'I never saw my father
again.'

I never saw my father again, and he never returned to Maen Hir. He came back to England in January 1914 as planned, and I have a card from the Hotel Great Central 'From Daddy with love.' (Jan. 26th 1914) and one from Mamma on Jan. 28th with a picture of a small child with a teddy bear like my own Bickie; they were still in London on Feb 4th when another post card came showing a black cat bowling a hoop: 'Mummy thought of you when she saw this. Can you run along quickly with your hoop now? best love from Daddy and Mummy.'

By Feb. 19th. the next post card shows that they were at Teignmouth (Devon) where they had gone as suggested in my father's letter for the warmer climate. They had friends there, a Dr and Mrs Patterson, but they did not stay with them but in 'rooms' (what would now be called a guesthouse) at 9, Powderham Terrace, and several cheerful postcards arrived, the last of April 5th, saying:—

Please thank A. Tricka so much for her long letter. Daddy and Mummy thank you so much for your sweet letter. How nice that Adda found a diggledy's nest (my word for a bird) Daddy laughed very much that you want sand. I think he is quite certain to get it for you. Tell A. Tricka Mummy will write to her tomorrow. How do you like the diggledy?

Ironically, the picture shows a red cock digging up worms with the caption 'I am picking up wonderfully at Teignmouth'.

Five days later on April 10th, Good Friday, he suddenly had what I think must have been a severe heart attack. Mamma looked after him with the help of nurses until he died on April 14th. I can remember her telling me how distressing it was that he could not speak, but I am ashamed to record that although I think she would have liked to talk more about those last days, I could never bear to hear of them.

No one from the family came to Devon to be with her, and she would have been short of money if she had not received a cheque for £50, a large amount in those days, from Lord and Lady Newlands, sent off immediately when they saw the announcement in the Times. This enabled her to pay for the funeral, and she often told me how touched she had been by this prompt and practical help, and how grateful for the extreme kindness of complete strangers at Teignmouth.

My father was buried in a beautiful graveyard above Teignmouth with a wonderful view over the Channel. John and I took Mamma to lie with him when she died on Oct. 1st 1949. On the stone cross she had had inscribed:-

Sacred to the memory of Charles Buchanan Hunter of Maen
Hir, Anglesey.
born Dec. 22nd 1859 died Easter Tuesday April 14th 1914.
Till the last bright Easter Day be born.

I made a little sketch of the stone in my diary; there was still room for her name to be added, and I feel almost sure, but have no record, that



Mary Adelaide Roberts (Mamma or Mrs CB Hunter), Maida Beatrice Mary Hunter (aged about 3), Robert Roberts (Maida's grandfather and author of *Mynydd-y-Goff*, c.1915

when I had this done I also had her favourite verse 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' (Isaiah 30.15), which she often quoted to me, telling me it had been a special favourite of her much loved mother [Ellen Roberts of Crûg], who knew her Bible from end to end.

She came back to Bronceris wearing widow's weeds, the deep mourning customary at the time, closed down Maen Hir, and settled once more in her father's house with me and Adda. It turned out that my father had died six months before his pension was due, so there was no money at all for her from the Colonial Office, and there was of course no state pension at that date. It is only now that I realise the full sadness of it all.

Meanwhile dear Nonin [aka Catherine, Kate], the plainest of the four sisters, had found an admirer, Mr Llewellyn Phillips, a solicitor



From left: Kate Roberts ('Nonin') with white dog, Tricka, Molly, Margy, Llewellyn Phillips (Uncle Louis, husband of Tricka) at Borth, July 1919

from Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire. I do not know how they met but she brought him home and alas he fell in love with pretty Aunt Trixie. They became engaged and the wedding was fixed for the summer of 1914. I have never been able to understand why the sisters had remained unmarried for so long. Was it lack of money, or did their parents chase all the young men away? Nonin and the eldest sister Elsie trained as nurses, suggesting a need to earn their living and Elsie (my Aunt Ah) married Dr Richard Williams, a distinguished eye surgeon in Liverpool, nearly twenty years older than herself, and had two sons, (Roderic, killed in the Royal Flying Corps in 1917) and Robert (Rob or Robin) who remained an affectionate cousin until his death in 1977.

So – I am back at my starting point. Tricka and uncle Louis were married on June 25th, and I was the sole bridesmaid as reported in press cuttings preserved with other treasures of family reportage in “Nonin’s Scrapbook” an invaluable source of information for this record, [although almost devoid of any numbers or dates]. I can



From left: Aunt Elizabeth Roberts (Mrs Richard Williams – Aunt Ah), Maida, Adda, Mamma (Mrs CB Hunter), c.1915



Trenton Lodge, Leicester, September 1928. From left: Aunt Elizabeth Roberts (Mrs Richard Williams – Aunt Ah), Maida Hunter, Mary Adelaide Hunter with George

just remember walking down the aisle, but when I saw Mamma I rushed to her, buried my face in her lap and there remained. I can also just remember the reception at Bronceris, and my indignation at being removed by Adda to my nursery where a tea of rock buns was provided instead of the delicious food downstairs.

Then the door of memory closes once more.

As the only child of a mother widowed after 1914: handwritten memories

Handwritten by Maida Beatrice Mary Bulman, and found with typed papers 'A week in the life of a would-be writer', dated 23.1.1991. Tricka [Beatrice, b.1878] was her maternal aunt to whom almost all of the 1908 letters from Sierra Leone were addressed.

After Tricka's 1914 wedding and departure with Uncle Louis to Llanidloes, Mamma, Adda and I remained at Bronceris with Bamps and Nonin, I can remember very little about those two quiet years. [Llanidloes crops up often, although it is 80 miles south: not only did Louis and Tricka live there, so did the Jones sisters, who married two of Robert Roberts' brothers mentioned in passing in chapter 7. Ann Jones married Thomas Foulkes Roberts, (tanner, and mother of May Bradford – see below); Elizabeth Jones married John Roberts (textile entrepreneur and a Lord Mayor of Manchester)]. Adda and I would sometimes walk into Caernarfon and I recall a tiny dark shop entered by several steps down from the pavement where we bought yeast for the homemade bread. There were quite a number of children about with whom I exchanged visits, but no memory of them remains. The magnificent castle fascinated me even then. Tricka's first child, my cousin Molly, was born in 1915 and Tricka brought her to stay at Bronceris to enjoy Adda's help with looking after her while her own nanny was on holiday. One day I visited the castle with the grown-ups and climbed to the top of the Eagle Tower: looking down I could see Adda far below standing gloomily with the pram in which Molly was bawling at the top of her voice, this much embarrassed me. I was

very jealous of Molly when she was small, she was extremely pretty and much admired. As far as I remember, my next visit to the castle was with John and my own family in 1959. A postcard of July 1915 shows that Mamma and I were visiting Teignmouth. The address is 12 Powderham Terrace, close to number 9, where my father had died the previous year. I guess Mamma must have returned to see his grave. I think we were staying with a friend, Jeannie Patterson, whose husband was a doctor in Teignmouth, possibly at that time away serving in the army. I was very nearly drowned playing on the beach. I paddled into the sea unnoticed by my elders and stepped into a deep pool. I can still recall looking up to see the water closing over my head. Fortunately the nanny of another child pulled me out, and I never remember my mamma mentioning this episode but knowing her I probably got into trouble for paddling out so far. It may have been this same summer that we visited my great uncle, Mr Griffith Roberts, at Treyarthen, a charming house in Anglesey on the shore of the Menai Straits opposite Caernarfon. Here we walked on the beach, which was covered, and probably still is, by the black seaweed which pops when stepped on. The grown-ups returned to the house for tea but I was keen to continue popping the seaweed and managed to slip back to the shore unnoticed – trouble again! I was missed and a frantic search ensued. I have never forgotten the spanking which was my punishment. Such adventures never seem to have happened when Adda was in charge of me. Although my dear mother was devoted to me it's clear that she preferred adult conversation to child minding. Bamps was ill and he died on Jan 25th 1916. There is a newspaper account of Bamps' funeral in Nonin's scrapbook. He was buried at Llanfan-ys-gair near Port Dinorwic, where Molly and I also took Nonin to be buried in 1951 – a lovely place to leave her. I remember how kind and helpful husband Reggie Cook [husband to Molly, Tricka's elder daughter] was on that occasion. A few more recollections of Bronceris remain. On one occasion my cousin Rob Williams, then aged about 14, was visiting. I was trying to follow him out of my nursery and was pushed back with the words "Get back in your cage, little monkey". The depth of my chagrin at this affront is proved by the fact that after all these

Maida's caption: 'Maida with Tricka [standing], Aunt Ah [Mrs Richard Williams] and Rob Williams [her son]' c.1914, Broncheris



years I can see in my mind's eye the door closing in my face. A second picture emerges, the landing bannisters against which I am crouching, trying to catch the conversation going on in the hall below between, I think, Adda and one of the other maids, who had been to the cinema the night before. It must have been a very primitive affair (was it even called the cinema at that date?) It was of course silent & black and white. Fascinated, I heard how "you could tell what they were saying by the way their lips moved". This must be an authentic memory as no one else knew I was there but it may be a later tale of Adda's that I saw an airship flying over the house. This would have been one of Britain's answers to the Zeppelins with which the Germans did quite a lot of damage in the First World War, mostly on the east coast, because John's father evacuated his family from Newcastle upon Tyne, which is why Philip was born in the Lake District. But I do not think they ever attacked North Wales, though they will appear again in this story before the end of the war.



Mary Adelaide riding
'The Doctor' at
Broncheris stables

Mamma and the aunts of course knew a great many people in Caernarfon, and Adda and I exchanged visits with other children and their nannies and I was sometimes taken to tea with older family friends. One old lady, Miss Owen, who lived at a big house with a beautiful garden going down to Menai Straits, gave us a wonderful box of Christmas tree decorations. She also sometimes sent Mamma orchids from her greenhouse, shaped like slippers with yellow spots.

One of Bamps' last birthdays had been celebrated with the making of a cake often described to me by Adda, which contained among other ingredients 24 eggs and was decorated with over 80 tapers there being no room for so many candles. Adda and I were sent to stay in lodgings in Segontium Terrace, the name of which struck me as remarkable; it is in fact the Roman name of Caernarfon and the site of an important Roman settlement. I still know exactly where the terrace is down on the riverside below the castle walls and the castle square dominated by a statue of David Lloyd George. Bamps

sat on the bench with this celebrated Welshman [UK prime minister 1916–1922] and once introduced Mamma to him.

I think it must have been shortly after these events that I developed what was said to be bronchial pneumonia. I must have been quite ill as I remember being treated as an invalid for some months if not years afterwards. All I remember of the illness is that the doctor was sent for, but as the family doctor, Dr Lloyd Roberts, was away his assistant Doctor Jones came to visit me. This young man, thinking to cheer up the little patient by making her laugh, dived into the kitchen upstairs and grabbed a saucepan which he carried to the bedroom. I do not know if it made me laugh, but it horrified Adda who was so outraged by this unprofessional, ill-mannered and



Broncheris from the Bangor-to-Caernarfon main road. The lane on the right leads down 300 yards to the Menai Strait

View north from the rear of Broncheris over the Menai Strait to Anglesea. Llanfair is seven miles away as the crow flies over the strait on the far right



generally unacceptable behaviour of the doctor that she talked of it off and on for the rest of her life. It must be admitted that saucepans in those days of coal fires were very black objects compared with the modern variety.

After Bamps' death the Bronceris household broke up. Nonin moved to a house in Farrar Road, Bangor, she renamed Bronceris, next door to her two cousins Katie and Blodwen Roberts, the unmarried daughters of my grandmother's brother, Dr John Roberts of Menai Bridge. Williams the gardener/coachman (my dear Ganga who, according to Adda, I had once locked inside his greenhouse – more trouble) retired to Anglesey, where he married and settled down in a smallholding. He was given the horse as a leaving present and there is a photograph of the two of them outside Bronceris. I wonder what happened to the brougham and the wagonette.

Maida writes: 'The wagonette early spring 1914. Maida, Adda, Ganga (Mr Williams, my grandfather's groom / gardener and pony) Biddy, Maen Hir, Anglesey'



Mamma must I think have been very undecided and unhappy about the future. She did not get on well enough with Nonin to share her home and could not afford one of her own. My only faint memory of the time is that I was briefly sent to a nursery school where we

were taught to bow our heads at the name of Jesus. One little boy in a grey jersey bent his head backwards instead of forwards – I cannot think why this made such an impression on me. Eventually Tricka and Uncle Louis suggested that she should store her furniture and move temporarily to the front part of an old house outside Llanidloes which had become a farm. The farmer, Mr Morgan, his wife [both pictured] and daughter lived in the rooms at the back. It was called Glandulas, and this is the address which now appears on my postcards. We seemed to have moved there in May 1916 and we were to stay for 18 months. Though it must have been sad to leave Bronceris and I did not like living in Bangor, I recall the period at Llanidloes as a happy and interesting time. The house was very old, it stood on the bank of the beautiful River Severn, one of 3 flowing off Cader Idris, the others being the Ystatyl and the Wye. It was still not far from its source but already a broad and fast flowing stream of brown mountain water. The banks were very steep, more like cliffs, and heavily wooded. I seem to remember a bridge, which consisted of a single plank to walk on and a single waist high wire to hold. I must admit I cannot actually remember crossing the river by this means but it must have been a dangerous place for a child of 6. I spent many hours playing outside by myself enjoying make-believe adventures. I felt no fear, nor presumably did anyone else on my behalf. What were alarming were the nights. I would be put to bed in the huge double bed I shared with my mother in an enormous low-ceilinged room. I think a coal fire must have been lit in the old-fashioned fireplace on cold evenings for I remember the flames casting weird shadows on the walls and in each corner. Mrs Morgan, the farmer's wife, had placed flat irons standing on end to prevent mice or even rats from emerging from behind the skirting boards. From my reading of Beatrix Potter I was well aware that this was distinctly possible if not probable; I watched nervously in case Mr Samuel Whiskers or his wife Annamaria should suddenly find the strength to push the irons aside. Meanwhile I told myself long and complicated stories to keep my spirits up.

Some of my own children and grandchildren have been more frightened by others of Miss Potter's creations, particularly Mr Fox

Maida's caption: 'Mr and Mrs Morgan, farmers at Glandulas, Llanidloes where we lived 1916-17'



and Mr Jeremy Fisher; these would be out of doors and never alarmed me. It was the awful nightly terror – would the flatirons hold?

The stories I told myself were inspired by the books my mother constantly read me. Books did not condescend to children in those days and there were Greek and Roman myths and tales of King Arthur and his knights as well as fairy stories of which some, like the collections of Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, were really frightening. They had beautiful illustrations by artists like Edmund Dulac and Arthur Rackham and were treasures to be treated respectfully, but always used, not kept in locked bookcases. There were very few other children for me to play with. We frequently saw my cousin Molly but she was too young to be a companion. However I do not remember being conscious of any deprivation in being an only child. It was fun living on a farm and I well recall my excitement at being hoisted up to sit on top of the loaded haycart to ride into the yard. Mr and Mrs Morgan and their daughter Dorothy were the nicest and kindest people possible and allowed us to roam all over the fields and woods round the farm. I imagined the woods to be full of fairies and indeed the whole place was as beautiful as any fairyland.

We were a course in the middle of the First World War and there were serious shortages of all kinds of things, particularly food. Rationing was introduced but not so efficient as it was in the Second

World War. In those days in Wales there was still rivalry between Church and Chapel and it was said that one's food supplies depended largely on finding a supplier of the same religious persuasion as yourself. I cannot vouch for the truth of this theory.

However, we grew our own vegetables [and] I was allowed a small of patch of garden in which I planted carrot seed. I was excited when one of the carrots came up white, a kind of albino carrot. We also picked anything edible which grew wild and on one occasion Adda was persuaded to cook some nettles, a nasty and unrepeated experiment. Mamma was a great naturalist and I never knew a time when I was not encouraged to notice all the buds, plants and insects around me. I think it was not until I went to France many years later that I realised with surprise that there were people (apparently nearly an entire nation) totally unconscious of the natural world.

Expeditions on foot to Llanidloes were frequent; I think it was about a mile away. I cannot remember whether main roads were tarred then, certainly the country roads were white and very dusty in the summer. Llanidloes was a small market town built where the smaller River Cleredog ran into the Severn. The old stone church stood on the angle of the two rivers near the bridge. On the right side of the main street going down to the bridge was an old-fashioned baker's shop kept by Miss Francis, who sold bread and delicious muffins. Many years afterwards John and I were staying with my cousin Rob (the teasing cousin of my babyhood) and his wife in Shropshire. They took us to visit the reservoir which had been made by damming the Cleredog. It was sad to see the stream reduced to a trickle and the lovely wild valley where Tricka would sometimes take us to picnic tarred and planted with rhododendrons. Returning by way of Llanidloes, Rob said, 'I wonder if you can get lunch there,' and I said 'Yes, there used to be a pub in the main street with a big red lion over the porch,' and there it still was (not that I had ever been inside), right opposite where Miss Francis' bread shop used to be, something entirely forgotten until that moment: and we got sandwiches and drinks there in a little dark room surrounded by little dark farmers all talking Welsh – unchanged I am sure for centuries, sadly I felt a complete foreigner.

Before Christmas 1916 I can remember going to another shop, which sold wallpaper. The reason I remember it is that I was annoyed to have to wait outside with Adda while Mamma went in. I think I connected her business then in some way with a mysterious trip she had recently made by train to Liverpool, that distant and exotic sounding metropolis. Sure enough all became clear on Christmas morning. Unable to afford a proper doll's house, she had constructed one from one of the big oblong boxes that oranges were then imported in, standing on end with a curtain down the front. Its three compartments, papered and completed, became a bedroom, drawing room and kitchen. Some of the furniture (which had been the reason for the trip to Liverpool) survived until fairly recently. The bedroom and drawing room suites were upholstered in pale blue satin and I well remember many other furnishings. It was inhabited by four tiny teddy bears, three traditionally brown but one, named Sapphire, turquoise blue. This improbable doll's house gave me many hours of delight for years.

We gave a party that Christmas. Between Glandulas and Llanidloes a local magnate, Lord Davies, who had made a fortune from South Wales collieries, had built a number of small houses similar to modern council houses. I imagine they may have been intended for retirement homes for miners but were not yet occupied. In them Lord Davies, who was a philanthropic and internationally minded man, housed families of Belgian refugees who had been driven out their homes by the Great War. In one lived an artist and his wife and seven children, who were our guests at the party. We had an enormous Christmas tree decorated of course with the treasures from Miss Owen Ty Coch and I am sure there was a lavish tea, presents all round or both. But the thing which I have never forgotten was the moment of embarrassment when Mamma asked one of the little boys if he would not like to take off his overcoat. It turned out that his brother was wearing the families only little jacket and he had nothing on under the overcoat except I suppose underwear. At that moment I learnt the meaning of poverty. I hope they enjoyed the party.

Another of the houses was occupied by two unmarried ladies of, as the French say, 'a certain age', the Mesdemoiselles Cazenove,



Maida's first permanent home after Charles Hunter died, at 73 Park Avenue, Oswestry, Shropshire

Maida at Oswestry, May 1919

Maida writes: 'Maida aged 8 with Adda at Oswestry 1919'



charming, with beautiful manners but knowing not a word of English. Mamma, whose French was far from perfect, managed to make friends with them and they corresponded with her for very many years. I remember her pleasure when one of their letters arrived addressed in exquisite sloping handwriting and purple ink. They had lived in an apartment in Brussels and before they left had had time to bury the family silver in the garden. I seem to remember hearing that they dug it up intact on their return. They resumed life in their old flat and one sister died between the wars but the other survived until the late 30s (sic), as John discovered when in 1945, being stationed near Brussels, he went to seek them out at my request. Mamma and I were so glad she hadn't had to endure a second invasion of Belgium.

I remember being fascinated at hearing French conversation going on above my head. Was this I wonder the seed of my later love for the language? Curiously I never remember hearing Welsh spoken at that stage of my life though Mamma spoke it fluently, the only one



Maida writes: '2 of diamonds August 1923 at Brynderwen', Bwlch-y-cibau, SY22 5LH

Mary Adelaide Roberts with George, her signature Pekinese, and daughter Maida Beatrice Mary Hunter, c.1922

of her family to do so. Perhaps Mr and Mrs Morgan did not speak it.
It was much less spoken then in Montgomeryshire than in Merioneth.
I think Welsh Nationalists hardly began until much later.

Their stay at Llanidloes on the Morgans' farm lasted from May 1916 to about Nov 1917. For the next nine months they moved back to Bangor, with trips to Scotland and Hereford. Maida started at Oswestry School in September 1918, and there are postcards in the album here addressed to Mrs Hunter, 73 Park Avenue, Oswestry. Until I saw Google Street View, I had no idea where they lived. Robert Roberts had left Mary Adelaide £250 and a seventh part of his property, perhaps £1,500 in all. This may have been enough, with a contribution from the Bradfords (see below) for them to own the house in Oswestry, and later move to 7 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge, to fit in with Maida's education.

May Bradford and Sir John Rose Bradford

May Bradford, née Mary Roberts, (1856–1937) was the daughter of Thomas Foulkes Roberts, magistrate and tanner of Dolenog, Llanidloes, Meirioneth, one of the eight Roberts sons born in Anglesea and featuring in *Mynydd-y-Gof*, chapter 7. When her father died aged 67 in 1883 (May was then 27 and unmarried), she became a ward of the youngest brother, Sir William Roberts (youngest brother of Robert Roberts – see chapter 7). When he in turn died in 1899, and his own son having predeceased him aged 20 in 1893, May inherited both Sir William's London house and his Welsh country estate at Bryn, 30 miles north of Llanidloes. She went on to marry one of his close friends, Sir John Rose Bradford (1863–1935), 1st Baronet of Mawddwy, among the most distinguished London physicians of his day, and President of the Royal College of Physicians, 1926–30 (see Wikipedia, accessed 30 April 2020).



At Bryn, 1926. From left:
Mary Adelaide, Maida,
unknown man, May
Bradford, John Bradford



on the Rymrhyd walk.



May Bradford



Jack & May Bradford



BRYN
Llanymawddwy.



Maida writes: 'Bryn,
Llanymawddwy. Top R:
Jack & May Bradford'.
Fishing on the river Dyfi
(Dovey)

They had no children of their own. May was a great friend of her cousin Mary Adelaide Roberts, and became godmother and much loved mentor to Maida Hunter, to whom Sir John became known as Uncle Jack. From her childhood until the mid-1930s Maida and her mother were frequent visitors both to the Bradford's leased London home at 8 Manchester Square (now W1U 3PH) and to the country house they owned at Bryn, Llanymawddwy.

Sir William also left £500 to Mary Adelaide. It is possible that bequests from May, along with what her father left, allowed Mary Adelaide to move to a house in Oswestry when Maida's first schooling demanded it, and later to move to 7 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge, when Maida studied there.

At Bryn, 1928. From left:
(back row) Sir John Rose
Bradford, May Edwards,
Miss Gulie Lister, (front
row) Lady Bradford, Miss
Isabella Lister, Mrs CB
Hunter with George



Of her experiences during World War One May Bradford OBE later wrote *A Hospital Letter-Writer in France* (Methuen & Co Ltd, 1920, 108pp). Both Sir John (d. 7 April 1935) and May (d. 31 March 1937) died just before Maida married in 1938, May leaving Maida £200 in her will.

A letter to the librarian of the Royal College of Physicians

The letter below is a transcription of a handwritten draft letter, dated 6 May 1991, from the papers of Maida Bulman (god-daughter of Lady Bradford) to the Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dear Mr Davenport

How very kind of you to send me copies and another obituary and photographs of Sir John Rose Bradford. Thank you so much.

I thought you might be amused to see a snapshot showing my interest in him taken around 1923/5 when I stayed several times at his

country house in Wales. I shall be grateful if you would pop it in the enclosed envelope and send it back as it is the best one I have [now missing]. It shows him with his wife May, my much loved godmother, front left. She was a first cousin and great friend of my mother, Mrs CB Hunter, who sits on the far right. The other two ladies are Miss Bella (seated) and Miss Gulie Lister, nieces of Lord Lister [see note below], who was close friends of the Bradfords. Miss Gulie, like my mother and my godmother, was a very good botanist. Miss Bella was more interested in people and was a JP. They went for a holiday in the Pyrenees shortly after this visit to Llanymawddwy and while Miss Gulie and a friend were botanising, poor Miss Bella disappeared and her body was not found for several days later at the bottom of cliffs at the Cirque de Gavanne. Having walked along that path myself and having regard to her age and figure I can well understand the accident, which was a terrible shock to her circle of friends. I am at



Roadside picnic. Maida writes: 'Summer 1926 on the way to Bryn', with probably Tricka, Molly and Margie

the back holding my mother's Pekingese, George. I have never been photographed in such distinguished company before or since.

Since I recently reached the age of 80 and am now a widow I have been thinking a great deal about the past, especially as one of my daughters has asked me to write down some of what I remember of my early years. So when on one of my rare visits to London I was staying with friends near Regents Park I thought it would be fun to look for a portrait of 'Uncle Jack'. We were most kindly received and much enjoyed our visit to your beautiful new building, where I was pleased to discover the portrait of a relation on my father's side, William Hunter. I am familiar with the portrayal of his brother John at The College of Surgeons; my husband was a fellow FRCS as are our two sons. I think William had the nicer character, which shows in the portrait.

My godmother, who suffered from Alzheimer's disease at the end, died not long after her husband. Their houses in London and Wales were left to her unmarried niece Miss May Edwards and the contents were, I believe, stored at Harrods repository, where they were totally destroyed by bombs during the war, which may account for the disappearance of the original portraits. I completely lost touch with Miss Edwards after the war, but she must have died years ago.

I am glad to be able to remember Sir John. Someone said in his lifetime, 'It is impossible to be as wise as Rose Bradford looks.' I am not qualified to comment on his contribution to medical science but he was a very kind and amusing man in private and I realise now how bravely and patiently he bore the strain of his wife's dementia while slowly dying himself of the disease in which he had been a specialist. With many thanks for your kindness in writing,
MBMB.

Joseph Lister, Baron Lister of Lyme Regis OM, 1827–1912, was a British surgeon and pioneer of antiseptic surgery and preventative medicine. He revolutionised the craft of surgery in the same manner that John Hunter revolutionised the science of surgery. As a child I remember Maida telling stories about the Listers as the Lister Institute (now defunct) was often passed on our frequent car trips from Wallington to central London. See Wikipedia for more information.

Sir John Rose Bradford: obituary published in *The Times*

The Art of Medicine

The death of Sir John Rose Bradford M.D., DSc, F.R.S, yesterday at his house at Manchester Square, W., at the age of 71 removes a venerable and dignified figure from the medical life of London. It closes, also, a chapter in the history of medicine, the importance of which has probably been underestimated.

Rose Bradford as a young man was a physiologist of distinction; but he was also, and remained throughout his life, a physician in the older and wider meaning of that word. His efforts, in consequence, were spent in attempting to adapt the new knowledge which sciences ancillary to medicine had made available to clinical uses. It was no fault of his if the majority of his contemporaries chose to reverse this process, and to adapt clinical practice to the demands of the ancillary sciences. He resisted the majority of his contemporaries and became, in consequence, something of an isolated figure, but he lived long enough to witness a change of outlook not only in England but throughout the world. Thus, when he became President of the Royal College of Physicians he found himself the leader of a profession which was coming, gradually, to see that the ideals he had championed belonged not to a dead past, but to a living future. The great clinical tradition of the English school needs no apologist today, for the truth that medicine is an art, indebted to many sciences, but wholly dependent upon none, is everywhere being acknowledged. But it is well to remember that such men as Rose Bradford encountered both obloquy and scorn because they upheld that doctrine 40 or 50 years ago.

Rose Bradford was born in London on May 7, 1863, and received his education at University College School, College and Hospital. His physiological studies earned him his F.R.S. at an unusually early age. Later he became Professor of Medicine at University College and then Holme Lecturer on Clinical Medicine to the University College

Hospital Medical School. He was secretary of the Royal Society from 1908 to 1915. During the Great War he served as a consultant to the forces with the rank of Hon. Major-General A.M.S. and was mentioned in dispatches. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1911, C.B. in 1915, C.B.E. in 1919, and a baronet in 1931, and he received honorary degrees from many universities. His presidency of the Royal College of Physicians, 1926–1931, included the tercentenary celebration of that body. He wrote widely on medical subjects. Personally he was the most lovable of men with a high courage and an exceedingly kind and loyal heart.

In 1899 he married Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ffoulkes Roberts. There is no heir and the baronetcy becomes extinct. The funeral will take place at Llanymawddwy, North Wales, on Thursday.

Sir Humphry Rolleston writes:–

The death of Sir E. A. Sharpey-Schafer has been followed all too soon by that of another distinguished son of University College, London, Sir John Rose Bradford, who in early life was a physiologist of such distinction as to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in full maturity President of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

When comparatively young he attained success of the best kind and the confidence of his colleagues; but in spite of this trial of strength, more insidious and often more searching than that of evil fortune, he did not deteriorate. The soul of honour and unobtrusively modest, he had strong convictions, was fearless in expressing them, never played for his own hand, and indeed seemed to avoid the limelight. He shouldered, however, much public work as Secretary of the Royal Society, Consulting Physician in France during the War, adviser to the Colonial Office, Chairman of University College Committee, a member of the Senate of the University of London, and chairman or member of many bodies within the profession he adorned. At the Royal College of Physicians he presided with dignity, was remarkable for his accurate memory, and carried through the celebrations of the tercentenary in 1928 of the publication of

Harvey's De Motu Cordis with brilliant success. With a wide circle of friends, especially among Fellows of the Royal Society, and often the counsellor and companion of an older generation, he was an unofficial liaison officer between men of science and medicine. With rare wisdom and simple kindness of heart he was a great gentle-man; many have now lost a friend who stood by them in time of need.

On April 7, 1935 at 8 Manchester Square W.1. Sir John Rose Bradford. Bt. K.C.M.G. F.R.S, late President of the Royal College of Physicians, beloved husband of Mary Bradford, aged 71. Funeral at Llanymawddwy, North Wales, on Thursday, Arrangements for a memorial service will be announced later.

French connections

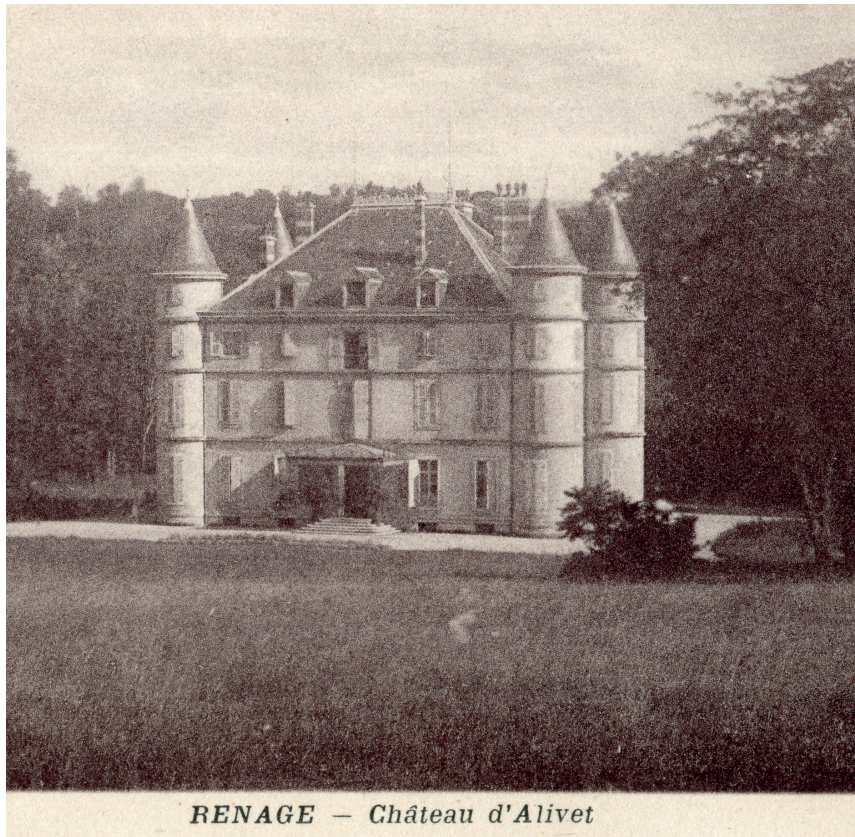
Maida's love of France matched John's for ornithology. It stood out on stalks. She herself suggests a possible origin from the Desmoiselles Cazenove at Glandulas and from inspired school teachers. She made a strong friendship with Augustin Jordan (of which more below), chose to study modern languages at Cambridge, and treasured postwar spring holidays alone with John, always in the Savoy Alps. I have wondered whether Maida's lack of love for Wallington might have been due to her finding there very few other sympathetic French speakers.

She first visited France aged 18, going to Loches, pictured in a postcard dated 3 August 1929. On the back of the postcard is written:

Mme Mascarel wished to let you know . . . your daughter has arrived safely at Loches.

M Wolstenholme [an unknown person]

I believe she stayed with a family. The next year she went to a summer school at Grenoble University. Below is the message on a postcard from Maida to Mary Adelaide, dated 8 August 1930:



Chateau D'Alivet, Renage,
France, home of the
mother of Augustin
Jordan

We are just off (8am) on an expedition to the Grande Chartreuse. Yesterday we had a topping picnic, the nicest we've had. I regret to say I cut two lectures for it and am cutting another couple today but they aren't very interesting at the moment. This is just to keep you going 'til I've time to write on Sunday or Monday. Yesterday morning we (Patsy, Jean, André and I) got up at 6 to go to Grenoble to play tennis before the picnic, it was pricelessly funny but we enjoyed it very much. Jean leaves tomorrow night. The rest of the party will be leaving in instalments during the next 10 days or so. Longing to see you. Love Maida.

PS what day exactly do we go to Bryn? Let me know so I can plan accordingly.

A collection of loose photos is not well labelled; just one has *St Nizier, Isere July 1930*. This is Saint Nizier du Moucherotte, Isère, 20 miles south-east of Alivet.

Maida had met Augustin Jordan on a train about this time and had evidently been invited home to visit Madame at Chateau d'Alivet at Rives, near Grenoble. As a child I remember her speaking on the phone what seemed to be flawless, musical French, perhaps when arranging holidays or exchanges. I did not know then that after their pre-war acquaintance, Augustin had fought for the Free French but I did remember that he had been in prison at Colditz, the 1955 movie screened on a Saturday night at prep school having left a deep, heroic impression on me. After the war, bearing the tiny but unmistakable red lapel mark of the Legion d'honneur, he continued in the French diplomatic service, becoming ambassador to Poland 1970–73 and Austria 1973–75.

Françoise, eldest child of Augustin and Marie (there were also three sons; Bernard, Louis & Augustin), was sent to Wallington as my 'exchange' one summer, when we were both about twelve years old. The flight back to Paris was my first. We stayed in the Jordan flat at 3 Place Iéna (Madame was away in the country), went to a *son et lumière* at Les Invalides and motored south the following day. The story went that the brother of Augustin had been killed pre-war in a Citroen Traction Avant crash; Augustin was said to have resolved never to risk owning such a powerful car, hence

Christmas greetings
from Augustin Jordan
(standing) and his family.
Left to right: Charles-
Etienne, Françoise, Louis,
Marie, Bernard



La Chazotte, St Leger-sous-Beuvray, France, the summer home of Augustin and Marie Jordan in their later years. This photo was probably given to Maida before the war, when neither were married.



his 2CV. I noticed the cultural gulf when we lifted out the seats to more comfortably enjoy our picnic. Next stop, via Vézelay, was a night with Mme. Marie Jordan's parents, whom I understood to be titled nobility; I was embarrassed, even aged 12, not to be able to join in the conversation. We went on to Autun (long before the motorway was built), staying in a hotel just yards from the marvellous west portico of the cathedral (my first memorable experiences of Romanesque architecture, sculpture and roast duck). Nearby are Mont Beuvray, site of Vercingetorix's last stand against the Romans, a legend for French patriotism, and La Chazotte, Augustin's carefully chosen home, where he died in 2004. The picture of La Chazotte in the snow is most likely to have been given by him to my mother, Maida, in the 1930s or 40s. Alivet, where Augustin's mother lived during my first visit and which was our destination, was over the years host to Maida's three elder children, who all, in their turn, were exchange students there. It passed later to a du Besset, when the Jordans moved to La Chazotte.

By a complete chance it turned out that one of the Jordans' closest neighbours, about three miles away from La Chazotte, are very long-term London friends of Diana Bulman, with whom we stayed on many delightful occasions – starting when our son Thomas was a pre-teenager – so we were able to call on Augustin and Marie, and later their children, several times between 1990 and 2010.

Guests at the front door of La Palisade, summer 1991, one kilometre from La Chazotte. From left: Andrew Bulman, Kate Basham (Diana's eldest sister), Dick Basham, Tom Bulman, Thomas Sharp, Diana Bulman, Margaret Sharp (Diana's elder sister)



Dreams of France must have continued into Maida's later years, when in the 1990s she wrote the following two essays, tying together memories of Augustin, the du Bessets and Alivet, and found as loose sheets with other papers.

The Three Greengages – a Fragment of Autobiography. 20.11.90
MBMB

I was horrified when I reached the Paris terminus to find that my suitcase had been left behind at Lyon. This was in the early Thirties when suitcases were larger and heavier than those young people carry now. It had been put in the guard's van at the small village where I had been staying, and should have been transferred when I reached the main line.

As usual I had spent nearly all my money, and there I was, facing the prospect of spending the night in Paris without the slightest idea of where to go. I remembered one acquaintance in the suburbs, but would she be at home in the middle of the summer holiday? Fortunately she answered the telephone and I explained my plight. She suggested a small hotel in the Latin quarter which she thought would not be unsuitable for an unmarried girl of limited – very limited – means.

I took a taxi feeling daring but nervous, and arrived at one of those tall dingy hotels such as figure in the pages of Simenon, in a dark, narrow street. I can remember nothing of my reception, but it must have been satisfactory. I was shown a room where I shut myself in and, I am not ashamed to admit, pushed the one armchair in front of the door. There was nothing to do but go to bed as I couldn't afford any dinner. I had nothing edible with me but three greengages, which I was taking home with a view to planting the stones in my mother's garden, never having anything so delicious as those I had been consuming daily at my late host's home. I decided to eat two and save the third though they were so good that it was hard to refrain.

It would be romantic to say that I spent a sleepless night, tired and hungry as I was; still more to describe how I shared my bleak room with a handsome stranger; but I recall nothing of the kind, and am certain that I slept alone and as soundly as usual.

Next morning I returned to the Gare de Lyon where my suitcase had arrived by the night train. I well remember my fury at having to pay for the privilege of its spending a few hours unaccompanied on the station. By now I was almost down to my last centime and, luckily, my return ticket to London, and I duly reached home with relief.

And what of the third greengage? I planted its stone, which eventually produced a little tree about three feet high. But it never bore any fruit. It appears they need a friend.

The Cousins Synopsis for an English class. 1991 MBMB

Setting – a large family luncheon in Paris to celebrate New Year's Day 1935. A young English woman looks round the long table – two young men interest her particularly – one intelligent, quiet and shy, the other handsome, vivacious and amusing, ready for an easy conquest. They are first cousins.

Five years pass. It is the summer of 1940. The sun shines gloriously day after day. In France long lines of refugees crowd the roads; hot, dirty and terrified, their slow progress often interrupted by Nazi dive-bombers. In England the little ships of Dunkirk have

brought home an army in retreat but not defeated. The bombing, daily expected, has as yet hardly begun.

The three friends of 1935 are widely separated. The girl is now married to an Englishman, but he is serving with the British army in the Western Desert of Egypt. The two Frenchmen are also in uniform, the vivacious one – let us call him Pierre – is in the regular army; he will obey the orders of Marshall Pétain to lay down his arms in surrender. The other – let us call him Louis – has been sent to North Africa to be demobilised; he has however heard de Gaulle's call to Frenchmen to join him in London to carry on the war; he escapes with one suitcase posing as a business man, and manages to get a sea passage to Glasgow. He had to choose between obedience and honour, and has chosen honour. The cousins will meet again briefly once during the war. Only one will survive.

It is transparent that the girl is Maida Bulman herself. Pierre is one of the du Bessets (two of the sisters of Augustin married du Besset men). Louis is Augustin Jordan.

Maida kept a *Sunday Times* spread from 4 May 1958 about *The Phantom Major*, an account of David Stirling, the first commander of the Special Air Service (SAS), whose notoriety continues to this day. Her interest was the many direct references in both the newspaper and the book to the significant role of Augustin Jordan, who for a time led the Free French section, for which he later received the British Military Cross. Since 1940, spying and sabotage in the Italian and German-controlled desert zones had been undertaken by both the Long Range Desert Group and the 'Jock Columns', with the SAS playing an increasing role from February 1942 after Lieutenant Colonel JC 'Jock' Campbell died in a motor accident. The approach of all these groups was that usually fewer than 30 men would attack German warplanes on the ground behind the lines on moonless nights, destroying around 250 planes before Stirling and Jordan were captured in 1943, both surviving (but not escaping, as far as I know) imprisonment at Colditz.

Augustin wrote a history of his family of which the italic section in French here is the whole short preface, the only place in the book where he mentions himself:

Une Lignée de Huguenots dauphinois et ses avatars. Les Jordan de Lesche-en-Diois du XVI au XX siècle. Étude Généalogique et Historique.

Augustin Jordan, published by SOPREP, 1983.

Après des études à la Faculté de Droit de Paris et à l'École libre des Sciences politiques, Augustin Jordan collabore à partir de 1935 avec Louis Joxe au Centre d'études de Politique étrangère et avec Pierre Brossolette à l'Europe nouvelle. A la fin de 1937, il part pour le Maroc où il assume les fonctions de secrétaire général du Comité central des Industriels du Maroc jusqu'à sa mobilisation en septembre 1939.

Dès l'été 1940, il s'engage dans les Forces Françaises Libres. D'abord commandant en second, puis capitaine commandant la 1^{re} compagnie de parachutistes, unité française intégrée dans la brigade SAS du colonel Stirling, il effectue de nombreuses opérations sur les arrières de l'Afrika Corps en Egypte, Libye et Tunisie, notamment sur les aérodromes de la Luftwaffe. Il est fait compagnon de la Libération en 1943.

En 1945, il entre aux Affaires étrangères et y fait une carrière qu'il termine comme ambassadeur d'abord à Varsovie, puis à Vienne.

I feel that Augustin was, next to John, one of Maida's closest soulmates. As children we heard his name often, Maida speaking at every opportunity in French and often admiringly of France and de Gaulle. She left a little bundle of eighteen of his letters to her (1958–85) and was over 80 when she visited Augustin and Marie in Burgundy by train for the last time.

Final years

John and Maida had bought Appletrees cottage, Burnham Thorpe, North Norfolk, around 1963 and from the outset it was a great success. On many alternate weekends – those when he was not on call – they sped up in the 3.8 Jag after lunch on Fridays. John's pleasure was the most overt: he loved sailing at Burnham Overy creek, first in an Enterprise, later in his OK [two types of dinghy]. It's no exaggeration to say he was addicted to keeping a beady eye out for all bird activity, restarting the bird notebooks of his youth. Maida's love for the place perhaps carried some nuance; she did occasionally mention missing the mountains of Snowdonia, but catering for 'holidays' no longer needed to be in the spartan windmill, with no electricity, or mains gas or drainage. She appreciated the friendship of several well-heeled local ladies and families more or



Appletrees, February 1963

less associated with Holkham and the church, and also I suspect being surrounded by polite, old-fashioned deference.

When John retired at 65, they moved there from Wallington. Gifts from family and grateful NHS staff had included an aluminium greenhouse kit suitable for

John and Maida with Anna and baby Jess Bulman in the garden at Norfolk House, Glasson Dock, home of Charles and Susie Bulman – when John had become too detached and ill to live at Appletrees they moved to live in the Coach House there

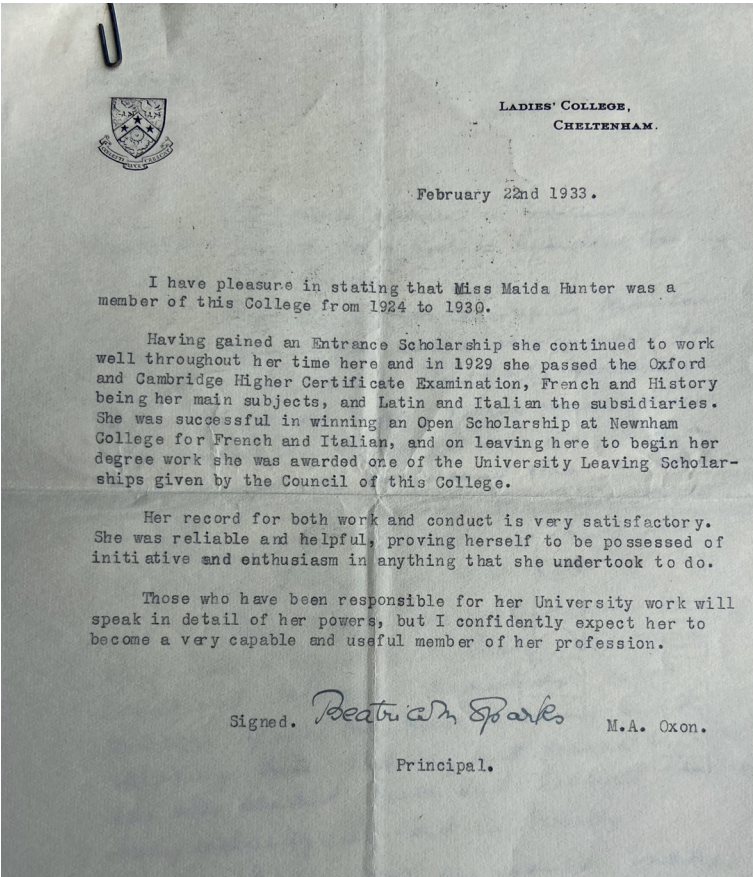


tomatoes and an SLR telephoto camera suitable for ornithology. John's inability to work out how to use either of these brought home to me with a shock a definite dementia diagnosis, coinciding with my most difficult period of training as Senior Houseman on the surgical unit at St Mary's Paddington. The car had already by then been scaled down to a Ford Escort, which took them one more time on their signature spring trip to France, calling on the Jordans. Solo sailing on the creek at Overy lasted longer, the final entry in his last bird notebook from November 1979 is the last record of his written intellectual life and appears in the ornithological section of chapter 2.

Print of Ladies' College,
Cheltenham, attended by
Maida 1924-30, paid for
by a scholarship



A glowing passing out
reference from Cheltenham
Ladies College, 1933





Maida Hunter dressed
for first May ball 1932

Maida, 1933



Maida writes: 'Corpus
Christie May Ball,
Cambridge, 1932.
MBMH and party
including Diana Low
second row from the
top.' Maida is eighth
from the left, Diana
Low tenth



Maida writes: 'Taken at Wycombe Abbey about 1936. From left: Maida Hunter, Joyce Whetham, Joyce Partridge, Marjorie Darrell, Winifred Stone, Polly'

Maida writes: 'Maida Hunter with Griselda at Lynwood August 1937'. Griselda was bought with the first money she earned



Dad's desk, where the paper archive had been stored when first Dad and then Mum died, leaving it to Andrew

They left Burnham Thorpe for Glasson Dock, Lancaster, in 1981, where Charles and Susie very generously turned the barn of their home into a comfortable flat, latterly with a visiting nurse to provide some day respite. When the nights also became too difficult, John moved to the Moor psycho-geriatric hospital in Lancaster, where Maida visited him every day. The cavernous ward reminded me of those at the Victorian St Thomas' of my student days and I fancy John may have felt the same. I remember him at the Moor, wearing a wan smile. He died there peacefully in 1985.

In the few years before, when Maida lived alone at the Coachhouse, with Charles and Susie next door in Norfolk House, she must have occupied her mind by going through and indexing the Bulman papers which lived then, as they have done until I disturbed them again, in the desk used by Dad and which had originally come from his stepfather, Uncle Jim. Her own

papers she kept in her bureau, but she did not index these or indeed anything relating to herself. Beyond the handful of introductory paragraphs in the war chapter (chapter 1), she was equally silent about her time at Cheltenham Ladies College, at Newnham College, Cambridge, and her first job at Wycombe Abbey School where she taught french and italian. There is nothing written about bringing up her family or our childhood.

Memory papers

Now bereaved, she took some years to pick herself up and, still driving her car, left Glasson in 1991 for a sheltered flat at 19 Burling Court, Cherry Hinton Road, Cambridge CB1 8EB, less than a mile from her student home in Queen Edith's Way. It was around this time that she wrote the pieces reproduced above. Outside the flat,

the Cambridge buzz, an academic local vicar, and daughter Claire (Professor Claire Wathes) living 15 miles away, seemed to support a fine second wind. When I visited, she told me how much she enjoyed the nostalgia, attending public college lectures and coming across a surprising number of former student acquaintances who had settled close by in their maturity.

With only one spare room, Maida's own archive – her core memory papers – were confined to her bureau. What follows in the paragraphs below may give a flavour of her generosity and their contents.



I have a clear picture of her, when I was a small child, at her old bureau in the sitting room at Maldon Road, the emotional heart of the house, writing letters and household accounts. Looking back I suspect she met at least the internal household expenses. Mostly I was impressed by the concentration she gave to the small workspace provided when the front panel was hinged down, exposing heaps of memory papers which never really moved, and whose extent was only limited by the need to allow the desk lid to be tidily closed. I was not curious then to ask more, I had very little idea what memories were, or what papers might have been below in the drawers. What I have now is, I suspect, only a fragment of what might have been there then.

Just after I left school in 1966 – which I think of as ‘the year life started’, thanks to Maida's insight and generosity – she arranged for me to catch the train to Firenze, Dad amazingly taking time off work on his 55th birthday to wish me bon voyage from Victoria Station. I went via Paris for a few months at the British Institute, in her footsteps of 35 years earlier. There's a long letter here, dated 21 June 1931, from her lodgings in the Via Pacinotti to her mum, addressed to 73 Park Avenue, Oswestry so just before they moved to Cambridge. Her text bubbles at receiving news of her passing the second year of her degree exams with a 1st class honours, the various Italian families she has been introduced to, and tennis with Bridget and Nina at the

‘... lovely villa of a friend of the Professor. He drove us out at the most incredible speed, we simply clung to the car and gibbered with fright. We did eventually arrive [it's 11km] at this exquisite spot above the Certosa and had three good sets before coming back at an equally appalling speed for dinner.’

More excitement going to the Pitti Palace, the Bargello, the Palazzo Vecchio etc. I felt eye-watering nostalgia when I read this letter for the first time!

For me, 1966 autumn was taken up by starting at St. Thomas', after which I left home with my Honda 50 and moved first to a shared student house in Trigon Road, Lambeth then Beaufort Street, Chelsea, from where in 1969 I married Lesley Hannah, Maida having made a memorable fuss that we should not live together unmarried in a student flat. A small digression on money, which I never heard Maida (or John) discuss in any meaningful way, has been prompted by the mention of accounts and brings to mind a recurrent story: that her father had died just six months before his colonial service pension could be paid and that therefore she and her mother were extremely hard up in her younger years. The free website <https://probatesearch.service.gov.uk> shows Charles Buchanan left £3,986.18s.4d, and Mary Adelaide £13,926.8.5d. She occasionally mentioned her stockbroker, Freddie Nelson, who lived not far away and whose son also attended, with brother Charles and myself, St Aubyns (aka 'Stubbins') prep school at Rottingdean. I had no insight then about what a grim time the 1960s and 1970s were for savings, I think Lesley and I did feel grateful when she must have decided to sell some or all of her stocks, shares and bonds to generously buy instead a flat at 20 Norfolk Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, Battersea, as a new home for us, something we had not asked for. Looking back at what I have only recently learnt of Maida and John at Cambridge makes me realise the scale of the gap between 1969 and the 1930s for student expectations. Once married, she voiced no objection to our having anaesthetist Dr Elspeth Patrick as a lodger. There must have been memories of her own dream of 'settling down' being postponed for years at least partly for lack of money, of which I had no knowledge. I had the complacent, unaccountable and quite likely offensive confidence to take our own good fortune for granted.

Around the time I qualified in 1973, Maida even gave us her half-timbered Morris 1000, a very generous gesture, although 3596 PK had done well over 100,000 miles. A little later, probably with the proceeds of the sale of Norfolk Mansions, she bought Hobson's Cottage next to Appletrees in Burnham Thorpe, let at very low holiday rents to needy clergy; I suppose Dad's pension after he retired in 1976 was more than enough to supply their needs. They made one final nostalgic spring trip to France before John became too ill with dementia to be allowed to continue driving and managing such things.



Maida was a generous and expert keeper and sender of beautifully phrased letters, a late example of an increasingly rare breed. Looking through them, over the years, I fancy she must have now and again decided not to throw each one away. The oldest ones appear on a list she wrote on 11 July 1968, stuck to the back of an old brown envelope. Below, in no special order, are some examples that indicate the variety of things she kept . . .

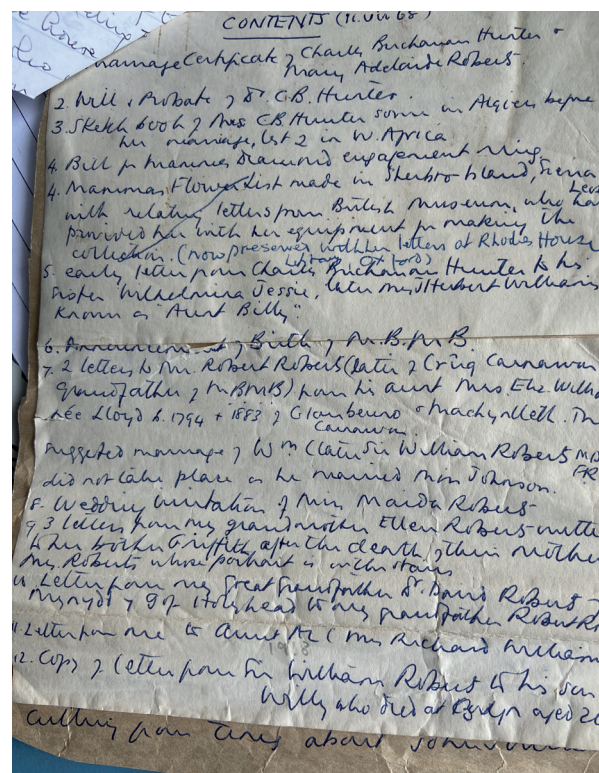
Between Maida and her mother from Italy 1931, six letters on Cambridge yearly exam results, also daily to and fro.

From Diana Low, a Cheltenham and Cambridge contemporary, artist (see artuk.org; I have two small still-life oils) and friend, I believe, of Eric Ravilious, and my much-loved godmother: a 1930 newspaper photo of her as a débutante, letters to Maida from Diana (who was by chance also in Italy on holiday in 1931), and letters from her final years, 1974–5, before dying aged 64. Being with her during that time was an impressionable early experience of what it was like then as a cancer patient – I wonder whether this might have influenced my ending up in oncology as a career.

From Robert Bayne-Powell 1910–1994, a Cambridge friend and godfather to my brother Charles, she kept five letters from 1960 to 1990, a 1930s photo and this amusing piece of doggerel. See also an unusually entertaining obituary www.independent.co.uk.

Maida, you have now completed
four score years and soon shall I
count as many. They have fled
'fast, too fast' perhaps we cry.

Yet let us recall with pleasure
all those happy Cambridge days,
memories of work and leisure
that the years cannot erase.

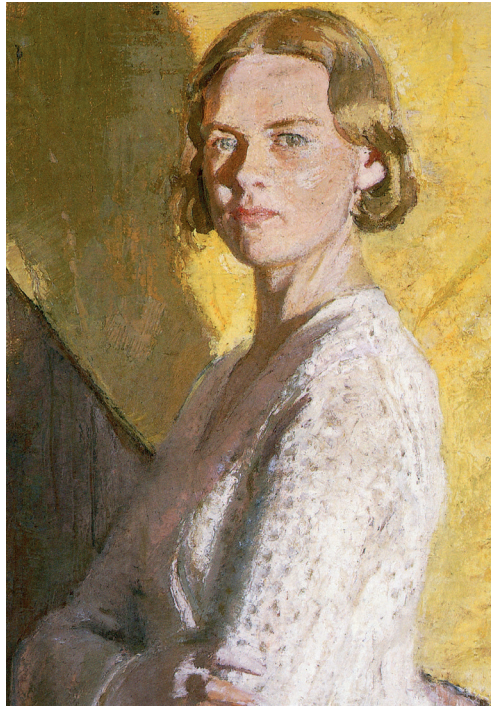


A list of memory papers, some very old indeed, kept in Maida's desk and made in a strangely informal way



Diana Low, a friend of
Maida at Cheltenham
College and Cambridge

Portrait of Diana Low, 1933.
Oil on canvas, 61 x 56 cm,
by William Nicholson,
her tutor. Andrew Bulman
writes: 'She was an
attentive and generous
godmother to me,
especially annual winter
matinées at the Mermaid
theatre Puddle Dock with
Charing Cross Lyons Corner
House tea on her way
home. Summer weekends
spent at her home studio at
Stone-in-Oxney'



In that misty autumn weather,
in that quiet college room
Dante brought us first together
with his poem of heaven and doom.

And how many times thereafter
would we meet at work or play.
serious or filled with laughter
were the hours long passed away.

Talking in your house, or dancing,
reading poetry or prose
flirting and, perhaps, romancing
Ah what happy days were those!

Time, implacable, has taken
all those days long, long ago,
but our friendship lives unshaken
and unchanged through weal or woe.

Eighteen letters from Augustin Jordan, 1958–85, untranslated.

From the Welsh Folk Museum and the V&A, with thanks for gifts of ancient dresses.

From Shirley Guiton, a Cambridge friend, godmother to my sister Claire and generous resident at Rue Vaugirard in Paris, and at Torcello and Asolo in Italy [and whose two books appear in the bibliography], came a letter of congratulation to Maida for having successfully moved in 1992 to her Cambridge flat.

A list of the thirty-six friends attending Maida's eightieth birthday party.

A letter from husband John in 1966, so very rarely parted from her even for a few nights and the occasion of this letter. I [Maida] was away with Harriet when her second daughter Rachel was born.

The title to Charles Buchanan Hunter's Teignmouth 1914 grave, with scribbled notes on an envelope for provision of flowers on the grave until Maida's own death; all together with a miniature diary for 1949, with entries from the last year of Mary Adelaide's life in Wallington.

A single letter from Gervais Markham, an ordained Cambridge friend and one of the Trinity Millers, written in 1987 just after John had died, with advice on her future life. He was to give the main address at Maida's own funeral.

From Diana Hailstone, six letters: from Tom Bulman's birth in 1982 through to her mother Sidney's death in 1989.

A list of Christmas cards received 1991, all 130 of them.

A letter of Jan 1992 from Maida to 'My darling Andy, I couldn't find words on Thursday night to tell you how very happy I am to hear of your new appointment [Senior Medical Officer, Department of health, HEF-A, environmental radiation] . . . I know how hard it has been for you and Diana to bear the long waiting and many disappointments of the last years. I long to have Daddy with me to join in congratulations and good wishes. My hope is that he does know and rejoices with me.' I stayed at DoH for three years until, at my instigation in the public interest although not a move I personally wished to make, my section moved to the National Radiological Protection Board at Culham, Oxfordshire. By then a welcoming market



Rowing on the Cam. From left: Robert Bayne-Powell, Maida, unknown

in NHS clinical oncology consultancy had developed and I happily took up such a post, my original ambition, in Norwich.

Government civil defence leaflet in the event of a nuclear attack, c.1962.

A letter from Lesley Hannah, September 1981, wishing Maida well on the move from Appletrees to Glasson, expressing regret at the ‘... sadness I have caused you by leaving Andrew. It’s very hard to explain which is why I haven’t written to you before. I’m sorry to have added to your problems when I would like to have been a help.’

A letter of January 1868 from Charles Buchanan Hunter [aged 9] to his sister, Wilhelmina Jessie, later Mrs J Herbert Williams, known as Aunt Billy (see photograph in chapter 6).

The next five items in a transparent celluloid envelope are some of the oldest letters in her collection:

First, an 1842 marriage proposal letter from Hugh (Roberts) of Mynydd-y-Gof (see chapter 7), who was about 22 at the time. It is easy to read; there is no punctuation beyond that first comma. She very definitely has ‘Mrs’ as a title, so she must have been a widow.

to: Mrs Edwards, Tyddyn Mawr Llanelilian near Amlwch Anglesey
[now LL68 9NH]
5 Nov 1842

Dear Mrs Edwards,

I fully intended since I had the pleasure of seeing you last to have seen you personally but I have come to the conclusion that it is best for me to write to you what my intentions are and I at once beg to make a proposal of marriage to you and if you can make up your mind to be of the same opinion I shall upon hearing from you drop you another letter stating more fully my views in the meantime I shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience with best wishes I beg to subscribe myself yours very respectfully Hugh Roberts

Next, from 1860, one envelope with two tiny letters to Mr Robert Roberts later of Crûg, Caernarvon, grandfather of MBMB [and author *Mynydd-y-Gof*; see chapter 7] from his aunt Mrs Elizabeth Williams, née Lloyd, b.1794 d. 1883 of Glanbeuno Machynlleth. The suggested marriage of William (later Sir William Roberts MD.

FRS) did not take place as he married Miss Johnson. Sir William was Robert's younger brother. On a more anodyne note, most of the letter is to do with him hurrying up the Manchester watch mender! Touching and impressive across the years is the small size of the envelope, the 1d stamp, postmark and address almost completely fill its 9×5 cm.

Then, from 1866, two black-edged envelopes, now with a total of four sheets. Maida writes: 'Three letters from my grandmother Ellen Roberts written to her brother Griffith after the death of their mother, Mrs Roberts, whose portrait is on the stairs.' The portrait is now with my sister Claire Wathes, these notes may give possibly useful provenance.

And the fifth letter, Maida writes, is a 'Letter from my great-grandfather, Dr David Roberts of Mynydd-y-Gof, Holyhead, to his son and my grandfather, Robert Roberts.' It's hard to read but seems to be warning him to avoid a fraudulent appeal for money.

Maida writes: 'Mamma's collection of flowers from Sherbro Island, Sierra Leone, with related letters from the British Museum, which had provided her with equipment



Mrs Roberts of Castell, Llanddeiniolen, the mother of Ellen Roberts, who became the wife of Robert Roberts, the author of *Mynydd-y-Gof*. Her inherited relationship to the Roberts of Mynydd-y-Gof is unknown to me. This oil painting, now with Claire Wathes, was almost certainly copied from an early photograph. Maida has written on the back label, 'portrait of Mrs Roberts of Castell, Caernarvonshire'

Maida with John at the wedding of Caroline Staniland, 20 August 1977. Caroline's father was one of John's boyhood friends



for making the collection [now transferred with her letters to Rhodes House Library, Bodleian, Oxford. The original letters make up the text of *My Darling Belle* – see bibliography].’

Watercolour sketchbook of Mrs CB Hunter: some in Algiers before her marriage, some in West Africa.

Printed *Times* announcement on card of the birth of Maida, 22 September 1910.

Letters to Dr CB Hunter from Count de Bylandt (see chapter 6) relating to the old Dutch clock (sent by Maida to Claire Wathes, 5 June 1984, and still working in her possession in 2022).

The marriage certificate of Charles Buchanan Hunter and Mary Adelaide Roberts. Will and probate of Dr CB Hunter.

Copy of a letter from Sir William Roberts (see chapter 7) to his son, Willie (then sixteen), who died at Bryn aged twenty. Below is a transcription made around 1910; the writing seems to be that of either Mary Adelaide (mother of Maida) or her grandfather, Robert Roberts, Sir William’s brother. No original survives.

25 Sep 1888

My Dear Willie,

I am sending by parcel post this evening a little packet of Clarke Russell's sea stories for you as your birthday present. I hope you will enjoy reading them at your leisure.

I trust your birthday will be a happy one and that you will have many joyful returns. Every successive birthday should find us with an increasing store of knowledge and with ever increasing steadfastness of religious and moral principle. There is no rule of conduct in life so important and so comforting in all the varying circumstances which surround us as absolute truthfulness and candour. Hitherto I have found you unblemished in regard to this, the constant practice of this simple rule of life will strengthen year by year a sound basis of honest character which will carry you triumphantly through all difficulties.

Wishing you all strength and happiness,

believe me, your ever loving and devoted father Wm. Roberts.

The order of service for Maida's funeral, with a copy of the address given by Reverend John Panting, son-in-law and vicar of Saint Elizabeth's, Norwich. In it he pays tribute to Augustin Jordan, who read at her funeral, in French, from St John, 14: 'If you shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'



Harry at the wheel, in a photograph with old label 'Argyll Motor, Leazes Hall, Burnopfield'. From 1899 to 1932 Argylls were 'a Scottish supercar', first made by the Hozier Engineering Company

CHAPTER 4

1856–1947

EDWARDIAN BULMANS: HARRISON, PHILIP AND SISTERS

My grandparents were well-dressed ladies and gentlemen living late-Victorian and Edwardian ‘empire’ lifestyles. By the time they were in their fifties, servants, horses, cobbles and very large (but almost certainly cool) houses were on the way out; cars, old age pensions, votes for women and tarmac were newfangled. Now that I am 75, it feels as though all this should have been much more than about 100 years ago. This chapter has what I know about Harrison and his two brothers and three sisters, who called him Harry. His wife Norah follows in chapter 5.

All three brothers went off to a prep boarding school in Headington, an Oxford suburb. The life of Frederick, the youngest, remains mysterious: I have found just three brief speculative paragraphs reproduced at the chapter end. There is much more of interest for the other two Bulmans, who moved on to public schools, though neither to university.

At 18 Harrison became indentured as an engineering apprentice at Killingworth colliery, and worked his way up over twenty years of hands-on, face-to-face coalmine management. The surprises start to tumble out in his forties with a huge inheritance, equally shared with his brothers, when his Dad died aged 71, allowing him to leave the Stygian world and branch out into teaching, with the writing of several successful textbooks, round the world tourism, offshore yacht racing, frequent moves between seemingly luxurious rented homes, and capped off at 53 by marrying 17-year-old Norah and having six children, none (as far as we know) dying young. If only he had left a diary!

Philip too offers surprises, starting in a minor way by apparently having only one given name. And adventures: he joined the army at 18, took ship for India and fought numerous actions in Afghanistan and South Africa, retiring thirty years later as a colonel. In mid-career he took two years out with the foreign office as vice-consul in central Turkey, as the Armenian pogroms became known. Those writing about him in later years paint an attractive, reserved, cultured and generous man. He took a keen interest in his wardrobe, in the boys clubs he ran, and in the wellbeing of his brother Harrison's children after his death, for which they were all extremely grateful. In his eighties and bombed out of his Pall Mall flat, he was looked after and died in our home nine months before I was born.

Of the sisters, only Fanny Winifred survived to die of old age. Two daughters 'died young', something so commonly written then, but imagine the grief if it happened today. Their stories remain undiscovered.

Harrison Francis Bulman, 1856–1933

Harry was 55 when his eldest son, John FH Bulman, was born in 1911. In 1918 they moved to what became John's family home at Morwick Hall, which Maida says in chapter 1 was rented from the Duke of Northumberland. Nine pages of its history from 1129 (item 1a in Maida's 1984 papers), extracted by Harry from *History of Northumberland*, volume V, records the Duke having bought it in 1885. In marked contrast to Maida and John, nothing has survived of anything grandfather Harry wrote about himself (John commented in his SB2 scrapbook that he had been unable to find any records 'of his life as a young man'), but he made up for this in his professional life, producing very successful mining textbooks, the first published in 1896 and justifying a fourth edition by 1925, when Harry was nearly 70. I see these as the culmination of his life's work.

According to the British library catalogue there were at least four separate titles in all, more than mentioned below by either his son Philip or in the obituary. Many versions are gratifyingly still available by electronic printing, although this has made it hard to accurately list the first editions for the bibliography.

In 1924 he compiled a thirty-page Bulman family genealogy (source 1: HFB 1924) using dates from inscriptions in a Bible now with my brother Charles, and from the 1898 papers titled 'Notes on the Latimer & Nichol families', handed on by Isobel Reid, a

maternal cousin, and now part of the family desk collection. In it he does not mention his own generation at all, and he avoided cameras: only six photos of him remain. Fortunately his second son Philip put pen to paper for his own family in 1982, which now follows.

A 1982 verbatim account from Philip, Harrison's second son.



Harrison
Francis
Bulman

It will seem strange to you no doubt, but I really never knew your grandfather very well, although he was my father. This I suppose was partly due to the fact that he was 60 years old when I was born in 1916 and partly because he was very much a Victorian, i.e. children were tolerated for short and specific periods only and most of their time was spent under the care of nanny in the nursery wing of the house.

He was born on the 15th June 1856 at 10 Framlingham Place in the district of St Andrews, Newcastle upon Tyne, and educated at the Rookery prep school, Headington, Oxford, and Rugby school. In 1877–79 he was a student at the College of Physical Science, Newcastle, which was run in association with Durham University in those days. He must have been quite clever because we have here two



Harrison as a boarding schoolboy in Headington, Oxford

prizes which he won at Rugby (Bacon's essays and Tennyson's poems) for classics, divinity, maths and natural science, and also two from the College of Physical Science for maths and physics. I never won any.

He qualified in due course as a member of the Institute of Mining Engineers and associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and a Fellow of the Geological Society. I believe that most of his professional career was spent in the coal industry, which of course in those days really was King Coal and the north-east was booming and prosperous. He was manager of various mines in County Durham and nanny once told me how splendidly he got on with the miners.

After the war he wrote two books: *Working of Coal and other Stratified Materials*, published by Methuen in 1920, and *Colliery Working & Management*, 1925, in partnership with Sir Hugh Redmayne. I believe these books were selected as the standard works for students taking the exams for membership of the Institute of Mining Engineers for many years. Earlier in his career he must have done some good work for the Committee of Mechanical Coal Cutting because they gave him quite a handsome clock which mother handed on to me inscribed as follows: 'Presented to HF Bulman Esq.



Postcard of Aunt Mary Anne Nichol's home in Headington, with legend on reverse: 'Philip Bulman September 1872 from M A Nichol Headington'



Rookery School, Headington

Rookery School, Headington, present day, with information from the census of 1871



The Rookery (now Ruskin Hall) in Dunstan Road was the **Rookery School** from 1861 to 1897

The Revd. **John William Augustus Taylor** (1818–1886) bought the Rookery and turned it into a prep school in about 1858.



Right: This extract from the 1876 map of Headington shows the Rookery School, with its playground clearly marked.

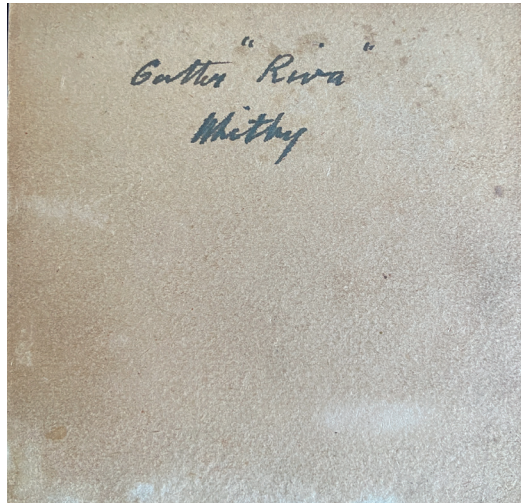
The April 1861 census lists just a housekeeper and four servants in residence at the Rookery. One of these servants is described as a "Pupils' Maid", and a directory for that year lists the Rookery as being occupied by the Revd Taylor's "Boys' Boarding School". In other directories, his school variously described as a "preparatory school for Eton and Harrow" and a "school for young noblemen".

The 1871 census shows the Revd John Taylor and his wife Jane living in the Rookery with two of their children, Sarah (27) and Arthur Mould Chapman (7), plus two nieces in their twenties and a housekeeper, butler, cook, nurse, and four housemaids. Boarding with them at the Rookery were the following 23 schoolboys aged between 9 and 14; their place of birth (given in brackets) shows that they came from far and wide, with no local boys.

Charles McCarthy (Ceylon)
Thomas Martin (Bermuda)
Harry Buddicon (France)
Norman Sibley (Sussex)
Algernon Hankey (Dorset)
Herbert Hope (Staffs)
Philip Bulman (Newcastle)
Charles Wilson (Durham)
Hercules & William Porteus (Scotland)
Bernard Gunston and Benjamin Jones (Liverpool)
William & George Pilkington (Lancs)
Francis Slaney and Edgar & Alfred Kenyon (Shropshire)
Llewellyn Thomas and Herbert Wilson (Surrey)
Henry Cooke and John Bateson (Cheshire)
Sidney Owen (Hants)
William Myers (Herts)

Jane Taylor died in April 1877, and the 1881 census shows the Revd Taylor as a widower, living at the school with the same children and five servants, and only nine pupils. In 1883 the Revd Taylor sold the Rookery and its school to Walter Sumner Gibson and retired to **Stoke House**.

Gibson continued as head of the Rookery School until 1897. He lived there with his wife Julia Elizabeth Olivier (the aunt of Lord Olivier), his growing family, and six female servants, as well as a dozen or so pupils. He appears to have done all the work himself: **this postcard** shows him putting in an order of ink for the school in 1885.

The cutter *Riva*, WhitbyThe cutter *Riva* (reverse)

by the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Coal Cutting 1905'. Also I can just remember some excitement at Morwick when he was asked by the Russian government to go to Russia to advise them on their coal industry, but he declined the invitation. At Morwick there was a chest of drawers, each drawer divided into small square compartments and each filled with a different sort of rock or mineral of fascinating colours and shapes which he had collected. Unfortunately Norah ditched them or gave them away after he died.

I'm not sure when he retired from full-time work but I believe his father left him about £50,000 when he died in 1892 so he had no pressing need to work after that date. However he must have been working in 1905 when he was presented with the clock and so must have carried on for a time after the death of his father. He certainly remained a bachelor until he was 53 years old and must have taken time off in 1897–98 when he went for a trip round the world at a time when we really did rule the waves. I can remember him saying that he liked New Zealand and he brought back some attractive ivories from Japan. I think he was especially fond of the sea and for a time had a half share with Mr J Bruce, a friend of his, in a cutter called Riva. They won various races across the North Sea and your uncle John has two very large silver cups presented as prizes [had – I remember at least

one of them in the attic at Maldon Road, but it did not make it to my father's retirement home in Burnham Thorpe, and brother Charles tells me it was sold]. Sometimes when he went to London he used to take a ship from the Tyne rather than go by train.

He married Norah at Saint Paul's Church, Winlaton, County Durham, on the 6th January 1909 (he was 53, she 17) and they went to live at Leazes Hall, in County Durham, where your aunt Helen was born the following year. I believe they moved to Priestfield Hall where your uncle John and aunt Peggy were born, and possibly to Burnopfield Hall, both in County Durham, before they went to North Cottage in Jesmond, Newcastle, where we certainly lived during the Great War before going to Morwick in 1918 with a family of four, and me the youngest at two years. Before the war I think they must have had quite a gay old time with plenty of money, staff and entertainment. I can remember mother telling me that he used to go like the wind in the hunting field and making us laugh at her stories of their expeditions in a splendid new Daimler with a chauffeur called Hogarth to cope with the frequent breakdowns. Horses were normal in those days and cars dangerous and quite unusual, causing consternation among livestock in general. Apart from sailing, riding and driving he was a great walker and bicyclist. Those were the days of grooms, gardeners, chauffeurs, nannies, cooks and parlourmaids etc. Every morning the indoor staff of four or five joined us after breakfast in the dining room for a few minutes of morning prayers and on Sundays Father would usually go to both Matins and Evensong. Normally we children would go to the morning service and after lunch would troop into his study for a period of Bible instruction

Leazes Hall, 1909 (from the time of the marriage of Harrison Bulman to Norah Jones in 1909. They had moved to Priestfield Hall by the time John was born in 1911, all according to Major Philip Bulman)



Leazes Hall, 1909



All: Leazes Hall, 1909

which always began with the recitation of the first and second commandments. During the winter months he spent quite a time translating various books into braille, a series of dots on thick paper which blind people could read with their fingers. Also he knitted what seemed to me to be huge scarves in thick navy blue wool for the deep sea fisherman and sometimes he played a pedal organ in his study, mostly hymns and Bach. I think he was a churchwarden at Saint Laurence's, Warkworth, and possibly at Acklington as well, and served on the local lifeboat committee. There was great excitement when we were taken out in the lifeboat at Hauxley [closed 1939]. When he died mother told me that the vicar at Warkworth suggested that she put up a plaque in the church in his memory but she turned down the suggestion.

My memory of him is of a quiet, shy, gentle and retiring character whom I never heard say anything unkind about anyone. Nor did I ever hear him swear or lose his temper. Bother or tut-tut was the extreme in my hearing anyway. I think he was a deeply religious man and really tried to live his life as a Christian. It is my guess that he married out of a sense of duty to some extent, as neither of his brothers had done so. But on the other hand it is not surprising that he was smitten by mother who must have been extremely attractive. However at only 17 years of age it really was baby snatching even in those days. I expect she was encouraged by her parents to accept this successful and wealthy bachelor and I fear that

Harry in a car that could
be the Daimler mentioned
by his son Philip in his text



she never completely forgave them or Father, who had a difficult time with her when she grew up into a somewhat dominating character in later life. He certainly had his cross to bear. He died at Morwick Hall on Sunday 5th February 1933 (aged 77) and is buried in the family vault in Gosforth.

Inheritance

Philip's statement above that Harry's father, John Bulman, 'left him about £50,000 when he died' can now be expanded. John's will and 1892 probate, available online today for £1.50, shows that he actually left £124,923 8s 3d, which, according to the National Archives website, would be equivalent to some £10 million in 2017. He provided life annuities of £500 for his second wife Laura (after Harriet died), and £300 for his daughter Winnie, leaving the rest to the three sons – Harrison, Philip and Frederick – a tidy sum.

An early CV

Another addition to Phillip's account from FindMyPast.co.uk is a membership proposal from Harry, aged 41, to 'The Institution of Civil Engineers', with a useful early CV:

9769 FORM A, FOR ELECTION. 264

The Institution of Civil Engineers.
ESTABLISHED JANUARY 2, 1818—INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER JUNE 3, 1828.
GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.
[TELEGRAMS, "INSTITUTION, LONDON." TELEPHONE, 3051.]

Received from Harry
Bland
18.3.97

Christian and
surnames and
address in full,
with date of
birth.

Harrison Francis Bulman
of Byermoor, Burnopfield R.S.D. Co Durham, being upwards of twenty-five years
of age, born on the 15th day of June 1856, and being desirous
of belonging to THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, I recommend him from PERSONAL
KNOWLEDGE, as in every respect worthy of that distinction, because

The
Qualifications
of the
Candidate
must be
distinctly
specified
according to
the spirit of
sect. II. Cl. 2-G,
of the By-Laws
(SEE OVER).

from 1874 to 1881 he was an articled pupil, and afterwards
assistant to Mr Stephen Campbell Grove, general manager
of Killingworth, Gosforth, Seaton Burn, and Dinnington Collieries
in Northumberland with several miles of railway and large coal shipping
staithes on the River Tyne. (Obtaining an Entrance Exhibition, and prizes in Physics,
Mathematics and Geography.)
1874-78 attended the College of Science, Newcastle on Tyne, where he obtained a
certificate in Mining, and also holds authorisation
1881-86 was assistant to Mr Edward Fenwick Boyd, a consulting mining engineer
with a large practise.
1886-88 resident manager of Broomside Colliery, Durham, working a thin
seam of coal under difficult conditions as to roof and haulage.
1888-97 resident manager of Byermoor Colliery, producing about
130,000 tons of coal and 45,000 tons of coke annually.
1885-96 was editor of the Journal of the British Society of Mining Students
and secretary, treasurer, and reporter of the Society.
1896 fourth author of "Colliery Working and Management" (Griffin, London) and
holds a Government 1st class certificate as a colliery manager.

On the above grounds, I beg leave to propose him to the Council as a proper person to belong to the
Institution.

Signature of the Proposer G. B. Forster Corporate Member

Dated this 24th day of February 1897.

We, the undersigned, concur in the above recommendation, from PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE, and being fully con-
vinced that Mr H. F. Bulman is in every respect a proper person to belong to the Institution.

Signatures of
at least

FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE. FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

Harrison Francis Bulman: a working career résumé

. . . 1874–1881 articled pupil, and afterwards assistant to Mr Grove, general manager of Killingworth, Gosforth, Seaton Burn & Dinnington collieries in Northumberland with several miles of railway and large coal shipping staithes on the river Tyne

1877–8 attended the College of Science, Newcastle upon Tyne, obtaining an entrance exhibition and prizes in physics, mathematics and geology, also holds an honours certificate in [illegible] under science and art department.

1881–86 . . . assistant to Mr Edward Fenwick Boyd, a consulting mining engineer with a large practice.

1886–88 resident manager of Broomside colliery near Durham, working a thin seam of coal under difficult conditions as to roof and haulage.

1888–97 [aged 41] resident manager of Byermoor Colliery, producing about 130,000 tons of coal and 45,000 tons of coke annually.

1885–96 . . . editor of the journal of the British Society of Mining Students, and secretary and treasurer for the society.

1896 joint author of 'Colliery Working and Management', Granby Lockwood and Son.

Holds a government first class certificate as a colliery manager.
Proposed for associate membership of the Institution of Civil Engineers 24th February 1897, and elected.



Harry with Helen and John, c.1914



Harry writes: '[photograph of] Claude Palmer, Tom White and myself at my house at Byermoor', c.1890, when he was 34. Harry was resident manager close by, at Byermoor Colliery, 1888–97. He is the one inside, looking out

The Durham Mining Museum website (dmm.org.uk) is extensive, having a section on each colliery and a list of managers, including Harrison, who managed Byermoor from 1888 to 1900, when he was 44. It also gives his residence at different periods. The exact year in which he stopped hard physical colliery management work remains unclear.

Coal industry: the books

The story so far does not seem to me to do justice to Harry's professional life. The British Library catalogue lists him as having written four textbooks, and the *Colliery Guardian* lists many more pamphlets. *Colliery Working and Management*, co-written with RAS Redmayne, came out in 1896, with a fourth edition in 1925, and is still available from print-on-demand websites. *Mine Rescue Work and Organization* followed in 1921 and *The Working of Coal and other Stratified Materials* in 1927. I hope his life's work may again become clearer via the reproduction below of the preface and contents page of

his textbook *Coal Mining and the Coal Miner*; I have my father's first edition, published by Methuen in 1920, on my shelf.

Harry remarks there that the worldwide expense of manufacturing depends largely on the twin costs of labour and energy, as it still does. Climate change has ensured that almost nothing good is thought now about coal; *Black Gold* (see bibliography) describes in retrospect both the disasters and the associated economic development, for good or ill. British output seemingly peaked in 1913. Echos of the political legacy arising from the dire working conditions, pay and safety, may still be found in the 1919 Sankey Coal Commission report commissioned by prime minister Lloyd George, the MP for Caernarvon and acquaintance of great-grandfather Robert Roberts. Harrison's book was launched into the acrimonious debate, the report was not implemented at the time, and only partly with nationalisation in 1947. The enduring social divisions of the 1984 miners' strike gave rise just in June 2022 to *Sherwood*, a six-part TV thriller.

A look at the contents page below will show very little on the physical aspects of mining, the emphasis being on labour relations, necessary investment, and safety, with the last quarter of the book devoted to improving miners' housing. I like to think that Harry's was at least a progressive voice, as these two verbatim extracts may illustrate, the Macaulay 1842 poem 'Horatius' and the final quote close Harry's chapter 6:

p46

Under present conditions trade unionism appears to be essential to the protection and promotion of the interests of labour. This is largely the fault of bad employers and greedy capitalists.

p60

The great end to be achieved is to bring about the community of interest and the goodwill between employers and employed which is natural amongst men engaged in furthering a common object to their mutual benefit – that understanding and respect which does exist in some instances where employers have devoted themselves wholeheartedly to bringing it about.

Then none was for a party,

Then all were for the state;

Then the great man helped the poor

And the poor man loved the great.
 Then the land was fairly portioned
 And the spoils were fairly sold;
 The Romans were like brothers,
 In the brave days of old.
 'L'union fait la force.'

The French quote – 'unity is strength' – directly follows Macaulay's verse. Various attributed to Aesop and Homer, it is now the national motto of Belgium, Bolivia, Georgia and Bulgaria.

Coal Mining and the Coal Miner

PREFACE

The coal-mining industry is unique, or at least outstanding in several ways — in the paramount importance of coal to the modern life of civilized peoples; in its great value as our chief source of power and light and heat, and of many much needed substances such as benzol and ammonia, and the appalling wastefulness of many of our present methods of using it; in the dangers and difficulties and the seclusion in which the coal miner works; in the prominent position which he occupies in the labour movement; in the attention which the industry receives from the legislature; in its close connection with engineering and scientific progress and development.

These are some of the more engrossing features of the subject which it has been sought to bring out in this book.

As the war has so greatly upset the normal condition of the industry, figures and statistics relating to the number of persons employed, output, wages, accidents, etc., have been confined for the most part to the period before the war, terminating with 1913 as the last full year.

On the various matters dealt with, the author has tried to give the best expert opinion and practical results obtained up to date. This entails perhaps a redundancy of quotation and reference, but knowing

the authority the reader can better gauge the value of the statements made.

The book was written before the Coal Commission commenced its novel proceedings. That Commission and its findings are the outcome of an altogether abnormal state of the industry, arising from the five years of the war, and the Government control then instituted.

This book describes the conditions in times of peace, which happily prevail, and it may perhaps serve as a useful corrective to some erroneous ideas, which have arisen from the proceedings of the Coal Commission. Having been a colliery manager, and a director of colliery companies, and having lived for many years amongst working miners, the writer knows and appreciates their work and their sterling qualities. Certainly they deserve to be well paid, well housed, and not overworked.

The miners' representatives on the Coal Commission did their best to create prejudice very unfairly against colliery owners, by blaming them for the bad housing of the miners. The truth is that colliery owners, most of whom it should be remembered are small shareholders, have done more than most employers to provide houses for those they employ. It was given in evidence before the Coal Commission that during the ten years 1904–14, there was spent in purchasing, or in building, or in improving miners' houses in Durham and Northumberland, £2,567,000.

The instances given in this book, and many more might be added, show that until the war stopped progress, much had been done and was being done to provide good houses with pleasant surroundings in nearly all the mining districts of the country. The dimensions and accommodation of the houses, with the cost of building them and the rents charged for them, are given in some detail at the risk perhaps of wearying the general reader, but with the view of supplying full information to those who have to provide houses of this type.

With respect to colliery profits — to pick out the plums as a sample of the whole pudding is simply misleading, so it is also to take results of a period of prosperous years, and to ignore the lean years.

The truth, as the reader of this book may learn, is that the return received on the capital invested in collieries over the whole is very moderate, and less than that obtained in many other industries.

The author wishes to acknowledge with grateful thanks the help he has received from many colliery managers and others, especially in connection with the subject of miners' houses.

It is hoped that the book may be of some service in the difficult period of industrial reconstruction on which we have entered after the war.

H. F. BULMAN

July 2, 1919

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The cutter *Riva*

The huge silver trophy cup in the shape of a champagne glass, kept loose in the attic at Maldon Road and almost as big as ourselves, was admired with a degree of wonder by brother Charles and me. We sometimes used the attic as a lair before we were old enough to read or understand the cup inscriptions. This memory, together with that of his own experience of sailing the 'Brat' – a 36 foot yawl – on the way to his first medical job in 1968 South Africa, may have led my brother Charles to track *Riva* down starting in 1971 when D. M. Adkins obliged with a solitary letter which follows. Recent renewed efforts have been suddenly rewarded by an email on 2 June

2022 from current owner Jan Rautawaara attaching a short 2007 paper by Stephen Hetherington, covering her adventures and complete overhaul in the years 1971–2007, both of which also follow. Neither Charles nor I have any plans to follow this up further.



The cutter *Riva* at Hull Regatta, 1901

Yacht Riva,
Cobb's Quay,
Hamworthy,
Poole, BH15 4EL
16th June, 1971

Dear Mr. Bulman

I was very pleased to receive your letter concerning Riva. From the pictures, I can understand why it is that she sails so hard mouthed – what a fearsome bowsprit!

My wife and I bought her from Mr. Rackham in 1965; we are now divorced and I live on the yacht at the above address. During the last three years Riva has undergone a most thorough refit, which has the final removal of centre-board box, new keelbolts, floors, fastenings, mainframes midships, foredeck beams, etc. etc. The last time she was actually at sea was New Year's Day 1968, which was when I brought her round to Poole. I hope that she will be ready for sea again within the next month or so. Mr. Rackham, I believe, had her gaff rig altered to Bermudan in 1951 by Frederick Parker, but even though the mast was moved aft at that time and she still carries a bowsprit of 6 3/4 ft overhang, it's obvious from your pictures that she doesn't carry enough sail forward – which would account for her having so much weather helm! However, I have increased the rudder area to try to counter this. She is, nonetheless, very swift.

Perhaps you would be good enough to answer some questions for me in order that I may more clearly know her past, and I will tell you what I know of her to date.

My certificate of British Registry shows her to have been first registered in 1900 in Hull; then again – I can't think why! – in 1906 in Whitby, and yet a third time in 1917 in Hull. This certificate gives her owner as "George Crookes of Orsop Grange near Hereford in the county of Hereford, Gentleman." I presume this was your Grandfather? The next fact I have of her is an extract from "The Yachtsman's Annual" (1950/51) describing the Poole and Bournemouth Yachting Week 3–8 July, 1950: "Perhaps the most

outstanding performance during the week was that of Commodore E. A. Phillipson's (Parkstone Y.C.) 10 ton cutter, Riva. Built in the 1890's and perhaps one of the oldest yachts racing in Poole Harbour, gaff-rigged and with the old fashioned jackyard topsail, that picturesque but nevertheless efficient sail, which, unfortunately is dying out. Pitted against the more modern and larger yachts of her class (8 to 25 tons) she showed them the way round in each race, securing first place on each of the four days she sailed." This raises an interesting point: E. A. Phillipson's name does not appear on the certificate of registry, and the next recorded change of hands is in 1952 – two years later. So it looks as though it was Phillipson who had the rig altered and the engine (Stuart 8) installed (not Mr. Rackham after all he didn't become the owner until 1955) because I have seen a copy of the drawings for the change of rig dated 1951. Although I believe E. A. Phillipson to be dead now, I suppose I could enquire after him at Parkstone Y.C. to try to find out when he took over Riva and from whom. Do you recall the name of the gentleman to whom your grandfather sold Riva? Did your grandfather actually commission her to be built?

Well, I seem to have written a rather garbled letter: I hope you can make some sense of it: I also enclose a recent photograph whose return I would appreciate.

I would ask you to forebear from visiting Riva until she is back in sailing trim: two friends and I spend long hours working on her – we are installing a Junkers diesel engine at present, which is almost as old as the boat and she is seldom in a tidy state. However, as soon as she is clean and shipshape, you will be most welcome. I look forward to hearing from you again.

Yours sincerely,

D. M. Adkins

P.S. Riva is still in Lloyd's.

— • —

Stephen Hetherington writes in 2007:

A rare survivor from a previous age, thanks to an enthusiastic owner a lot of money and a lot of energy.

Designed and built by Charles Sibbick of Cowes in 1898. Charles Sibbick was a successful designer and prolific builder, his yachts of all sizes had a reputation for speed and for more than a decade led the field. Riva was built as a “Gentleman’s Yacht” almost certainly with racing in mind.

She was found by the present owner in 1996 in poor condition in Gosport. She had been abandoned during the war then used as a house-boat before being refitted and sailed as a Bermudian cutter in the 1970’s. A major rebuild followed to restore her to near her original appearance, much of the structural work being done by Coombes Boatyard, Bosham, where she was finally relaunched and commissioned in 1997 . . .

[here, over two pages, is a detailed description of the restoration]
. . . This is a remarkable yacht, beautifully rebuilt with the best materials and careful attention to the detail of all major structural parts. She has proved to be very fast, manageable despite her big gaff rig (though not for the faint-hearted) and a show-stopper wherever she goes. Nice, quality finish with excellent fair hull and varnish-work. The yacht is very much as built and the care has been taken to retain the original simplicity from the days before engines and electrics on yachts. A new owner might want to complete a few small items such as lining the hull sides behind the settee berths and fitting some shelves but the yacht is ready for sea and sea proven. Despite this monumental achievement and considerable cost, the owner is selling to fulfil a desire to do an Atlantic circuit and feels this yacht was not designed for such work. Though almost certainly capable, he would prefer more comfort for a long off-shore passage!

— • —



The cutter *Riva*, 2022

Dear Charles Bulman

Nice to hear from you! I attach here the information I got of her [*Riva*] when I purchased her in 2012, the only thing changed since then is the engine which I replaced with a Betamarine. Attached are also the restoration photos taken by the previous owner Stephen Hetherington who did this major restoration on her. I was told it put him back almost £200,000 and that shows in the craftsmanship on her! Well, she was 85% completed when I bought her, I did some interior work on her but basically she is as original as she can possibly be.

I was so lucky to get her, a real beauty to sail and to spend time on. Here are some more images with me on board *Riva*. Due to the heavy rig without winches I don't prefer to sail her alone so I always have a friend with me, when racing we are four on the crew.

Your grandfather was actually owning *Riva* together with another man called J. Bruce as per my yacht register. You can actually see his name mentioned on the photograph as well.

Best regards from Rovio (near Lugano)

Jan Rautawaara

Money troubles

John Bulman's scrapbooks contain a kind, perceptive and, I would have thought, very helpful seven-page handwritten letter from Harry to John (see SB2; also partly reproduced in chapter 2), dated 16 March 1928, when they were 72 and 17 respectively. It tells of what a hard physical life mining had been but also reveals him as surprisingly modern and warm about his eldest son's welfare. It covers both John's career ambitions and the dire condition of the family finances. John Bowes & Co, who owned the mine managed by Harry, had seventeen mines in 1896, eleven in 1921, and only six by 1935. The famous financial crash did not happen until September 1929. Also reproduced in that chapter is a table handwritten by John showing that from 1920–30, the decade just after moving into Morwick, the mean annual family expenses exceeded income by one-fifth.

The letter shows that it hurt Harry to find the fees for John to finish at Rugby and go on to Cambridge. From about 1928 Norah had had to start Morwick Poultry Farm to make ends meet. When Harry died he was virtually insolvent and all but two – George the gardener and Nanny as housekeeper – of the 'staff' were 'sacked' (quotes from Philip's account in Norah's chapter). In the introduction written by Maida Hunter (see chapter 1), she says that this money shortage was due to unwise investments. He must have spent freely on his round-the-world trip, and on the large houses, sports and yachting mentioned by his son Philip. I like to think that he believed that money was there to be spent, to enable fun to be had, and to make the world go round. In contrast, Maida, who did not appear on the scene until after Harry had died, used to murmur that she wondered whether his death had been by his own hand. Having read all the papers available, I have found no written hints to support this: a number of letters from Harry kept in John Bulman's scrapbooks mention the problems of money management and regret at feeling the cold, but no gloomy thoughts.

Memory papers

'BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS ETC. (roughly sorted by Maida Bulman, wife of J.F.H.Bulman 1984)' is the title she gave to an eight-page index of papers Dad left in the family desk (source 3). Her paragraph 10 on Harrison (Harry) has a few dated

after Harry's death in 1933 likely to have been added by John or Maida; all the earlier ones must have been collected by Harry himself and/or by Norah. How he stored them is unknown, but he evidently felt they were worth keeping; they are likely to be the basis of his HFB1924 family history (source 1), which has been central to this account, and which in turn must have informed 'A Family History' by Major Philip Bulman (1982) (source 2), but there are no signs that the pre-1924 papers had been lent to my uncle Philip for his work. Maida makes no references in the seven-page index to either herself or her side of the family.

Although parts of the 1924 history can be hard to understand, I like the way Harry ordered his text to show his own sense of what was important. To me, it lacks the clarity of expression found in the text from the coal mining book quoted above. I hope you will look at it and decide for yourself, also that this volume may be easier to follow.

Obituary from an unknown newspaper

Maida's 1984 index, paragraph 10a, has 'Obituary' as a close-cropped paper as follows, with no hint of where it might have appeared:

We regret to announce the death, which occurred suddenly on February 5 1933, at Morwick Hall, Warkworth, Northumberland, of Mr. Harrison Francis Bulman. Mr. Bulman was educated at Rugby and served his time at Killingworth colliery in the '70s. Afterwards he acted for some years as manager of the Byers Moor Colliery, owned by Messrs. Bowes and Partners, Ltd. About 20 years ago, however, Mr. Bulman retired from active mining work in order to devote himself to literary pursuits. Possessing high qualifications as a mining engineer, Mr. Bulman was able to bring a wide knowledge and an admirable gift of literary expression to this work.

For some years he acted as editor of the Transactions of the Society of British Mining Students and he was the author of many papers and articles, including several in the Colliery Guardian [see online archive]. Perhaps his best-known work is 'Coal Mining and the Coal Miner', a book peculiarly well adapted to give the layman an idea of the human aspects of the industry.

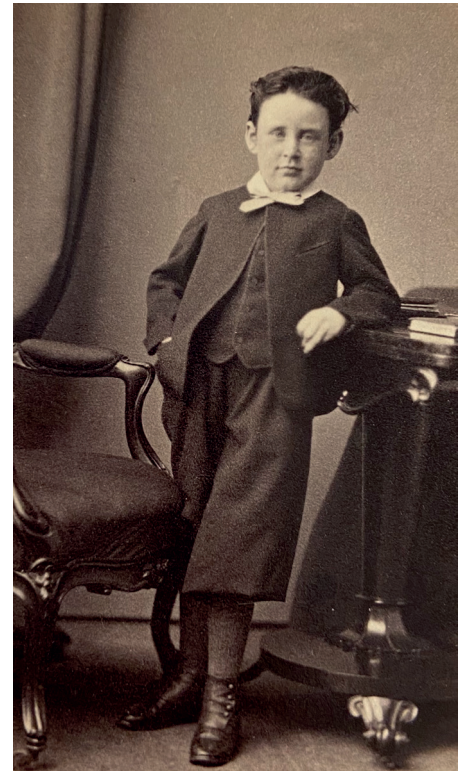
With Sir Richard Redmayne [the first government Inspector of Mines – see Wikipedia] he was joint-author of *Colliery Working and Management*, recognised as a standard work on the subject. In 1927 his exhaustive book on *The Working of Coal and other Stratified Minerals* was published. For the last year or two Mr. Bulman had suffered from bad health and heart trouble, which had withdrawn him from circles in which he was held in the deepest respect. The funeral took place at South Gosforth on Tuesday.

Colonel Philip Bulman, 1857–1947

Colonel Philip Bulman, 3 November 1857–1 February 1947, is not to be confused with Major Philip Bulman, the younger brother of JFH Bulman and nephew of the colonel himself.

My knowledge of Col. Philip comes from two main sources. The first is the ‘Bulman Family Papers’ from the desk, indexed by Maida in 1984 with twenty paragraphs and lettered subheadings (see source 3). The second is twenty or so letters Philip wrote in the 1930s to my father, who kept them in his scrapbooks, and which I have listed on the final page of SB4.

I have long had a soft spot for him and feel I might really have enjoyed his company. I too have enjoyed travelling in Iran, Turkey, Israel and Egypt. I like the confidence of his having had a flat in Pall Mall along with his reputation as a snappy dresser, and of his being able to write to John in Latin, and to refer to Horace, Erasmus and Milton in his letters. Two bronzes of him, allegedly done by an army colleague who shared his tent, maintain my image: the one of him astride a horse is by my brother Charles’s front door, while a portrait bust graces my own hall – I admire it every day. He also left us a table (according to Maida, featuring valuable metal inlay by André Boulle, 1643–1732, if correctly identified), on which Dad used to set off fireworks – which I loved – with an aplomb which I fancied matched that of his uncle. Most of the year Dad used it for cleaning his shoes, but for the eagerly awaited Guy Fawkes night it moved from the back kitchen to the lawn.



Philip Bulman

In the last few years I have tried to find out more about the Soho boxing clubs (mentioned below), but with regret drew a blank. The Boys' Brigade archive could find no record of him, the associated church had been destroyed by bombs, the London Metropolitan archive could not help.

He is listed in the census of 1861, when he was four, living in 10 Framlington Place, St Andrew's Parish, Newcastle. He was the second of three surviving boys; of the girls, only a single sister, Fanny Winifred, survived to die of old age. Of the packets of Bulman papers in the family desk, his is the largest, catalogued with the others by Maida, who looked after him in the time leading up to his death, just nine months before I was born.

The following two paragraphs (source 3: section 11, paragraphs V and W) are examples of Maida's catalogue entries:

V

Letter from Col. P. Bulman to his nephew J.F.H. Bulman dated 10.4.1944 [now missing] giving some details of his earlier life and referring to the bombing [the week before 20.10.1940] which forced him to leave his rooms [three including the kitchen] at Carlton Mansions [now Crusader House], 14 Pall Mall during the blitz. He went first to lodge with a Mr. Hayes, who lived in Putney [at 9 Coalecroft Road, SW15], and who had been manager of his Boys' Club in Soho; later, on becoming seriously ill, he came to live with J.F.H. Bulman and his family at 38 Eaton Terrace SW1 (1945) and moved with them to 36 Maldon Road, Wallington, Surrey, where he died on 1.2.1947.

W

Copy of letter from J.F.H. Bulman to General Lionel Banon, written 23.2.1947 giving details of his uncle's life for an obituary in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry Regimental Journal [see both the details and the published obituary below]. Some of these details are confirmed by other papers listed, some must have been given in conversation. Unfortunately he became almost stone-deaf at the end of his life, and conversation was extremely difficult, though we should have loved to know more about him. My husband told me he

received many presents from him when he was a boy, and when at school used to correspond with him in Latin [six examples survive in SB2]. He also received much kindness from him later, when his father, H.F. Bulman (Col. Bulman's elder brother), died shortly after losing nearly all his money. Col. Bulman paid for him to go through medical school. We were both very fond of him. I visited him occasionally in London during the War, when his nephews were serving abroad, and he gave me some of his Italian books; also after the bombing some of the furniture from 14 Pall Mall which we later sold, and the portrait of Oliver Cromwell (copied possibly from a miniature) [actually a good copy of a Lely – see artuk.co.uk] now in the possession of C.H. Bulman.



The King's Shropshire Light Infantry going to church at Pembroke dock, with Uncle Philip at the head of the column. He served in the regiment from 1878 to 1906

Below is a paper of 23 February 1947 written by JFH Bulman for General Banon, then composing a regimental obituary:

He was commissioned as lieutenant in the 85th Foot on the 15th of September 1876.

Writing to me in 1944 about his life history he said "I left England to India when I was 18 and saw little of my brothers for many years. In India I was in the Afghan war and was then sent to Natal for the first Boer war [1880–81] which was an ignominious affair altogether. Then later I was two years as consul at Sivas, Turkey, during the Armenian massacres and then the Boer War of 1899–1902."

He has the Afghan medal 1878–80, Queen's South African medal and DSO dated 26 September 1901.

He was appointed vice consul at Sivas on the 20th of November 1895. His resignation of this post for 'private reasons' was accepted on



Sivas, Turkey, 1894. Back row, from left: American consul, French consul, British consul (Philip Bulman), others unknown

July 26, 1897. With reference to his work at Sivas I enclose:

1. Lord Salisbury's letter, of which my uncle was very proud. [Salisbury was both prime minister and foreign secretary at the time.]
2. An appreciation of his work there by the acting Armenian Bishop of Sivas. The middle paragraph of his letter in French might be worth quoting as it is short and neat.
3. The third appreciation I enclose is from the Dragoman at the Sivas consulate which is more detailed.

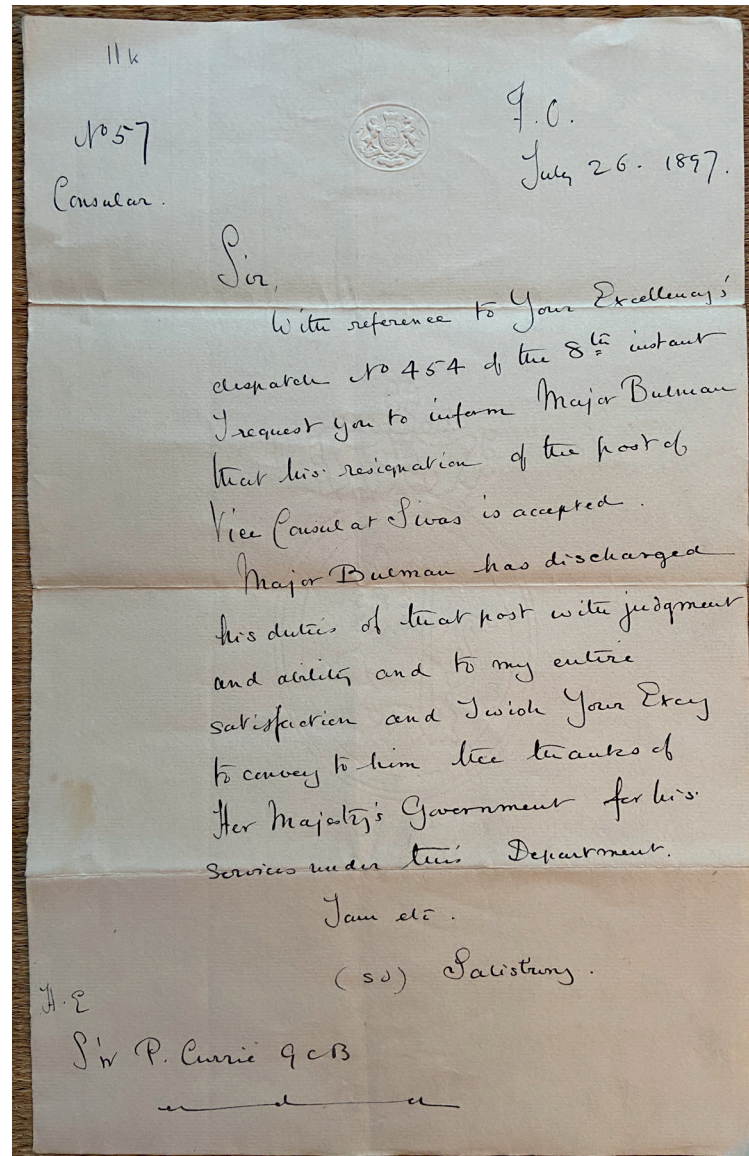
He could speak Turkish

fluently at that time and he appears to have studied Persian in the army as early as 1880 as I enclose a testimonial so dated. You know he had also a knowledge of Latin, Italian and French and liked reading Horace and Dante. His chief boys club was in Soho and he took a special interest in boxing and fencing. His boxing team were so well-trained that they were unbeaten, he told me, for 12 years. He had another club in Westminster Bridge Road. I think both clubs are now out of action but during the last year he has been corresponding with two of his old boys who are now running clubs in Bath and Wembley.

He was a member of the Army and Navy Club Pall Mall and a subscriber to the London zoo.

Concerning his life history he was born November 3, 1857 the third in a family of six. His father was a solicitor and town clerk [my dad possibly had the title wrong here] of Newcastle for over 30 years. The family dates back to the 17th century and are hereditary Freemen of Newcastle. His mother [Harriet] was the 10th and last child of Anthony Nichol, a prosperous merchant and JP of Newcastle. My uncle was educated at the Rookery, Headington, Oxford, first and then at Uppingham-under-Tring.

Letter of thanks from Lord Salisbury (both foreign secretary and prime minister at the time) for Philip's work as a consul in Turkey



Major Philip Bulman, a nephew, wrote in 1982:

Philip was Harry's next younger brother, my Godfather, and the only one of this generation I ever met. I can remember well the occasions when he came to see us at Morwick, sometimes preceded by exciting crates & boxes from London containing most generous presents for

us children, such as bicycles, fishing rods & guns. He was a typical Colonel of the Victorian period & must have had a very good London tailor because he always dressed immaculately. He never married & latterly, when he retired, he lived at 14 Pall Mall, London, convenient to his various clubs.

He was educated at the Rookery Prep School in Headington, Oxford and at Uppingham School. He then joined the army by buying a commission, which was the normal way in those days. I think he must have been a bit of a classical scholar and linguist because we have many such books of his including a prize, Wordsworth's Poetic Works, which he won for classics at Uppingham. I believe he used to write to your uncle John in Latin & French at times and he was an interpreter in Turkish & Persian in the army. He seems to have had quite a distinguished career in the army & was awarded a Victorian D.S.O, which was not very common, & he was also Mentioned in Despatches. I have tried to obtain the citation for his D.S.O. but the best I could do was to establish that it was gazetted in the London Honours Gazette. It seems likely that he got it for his work at Sivas after the Kurdish massacre of Christians [but see below DSO citation accessed 2022]

However we as a family owe him a big debt of gratitude for coming to our rescue when father died. He paid for John to finish at Cambridge & for Denis's training at Dartmouth for the navy. Also for Helen to spend 6 months in France & a year or two later he was a great help to me in getting my commission, paying for the crammers & my uniform etc & giving me a few bob for holidays occasionally. Goodness knows what we would have done without him at that time. He also handed on his silver to us & some nice china & two beautiful Boule cabinets to Denis.

Some time before he died my brother John persuaded him to move into his house near Croydon where he lived & practised as a doctor. Here he could look after him & have a nurse when necessary & here he died aged 90 and once more earned our sincere gratitude by leaving his worldly wealth equally amongst the six of us. So in due course, we each received about £3,000 and felt like millionaires.

Map 'translated' and probably annotated by Phillip's Turkish batman around 1895–1920, before Armenia or Kurdistan were acknowledged to exist, being part of the Ottoman Empire. It's still not resolved for the Kurds 100 years later



A contemporary of his, General Banon, who had known him for 65 years and author of the published obituary, wrote to me 1.6.47: “Had he not been averse to serving under officers he did not approve of, he should have reached higher rank. He did not suffer fools gladly. He did great work away from The Regiment.”

His Regiment, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, kindly gave some career details, which have been updated for me in 2022 by the Soldiers of Shropshire Museum:

. . . because of his rank, the highlighted text is the citation for his DSO – not much detail but at least we know for which campaign – much of his service history/docs are only available from the National Archives (at a cost) via Ancestry. (Our licence doesn't give us that level of access unfortunately.)

BULMAN, PHILIP, Major, was born 3 November 1857, son of John Bulman, of Clifton. He was gazetted to the 85th Foot 11 September 1876, becoming Lieutenant,



Officers of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry before embarking 1899 for the Boer War, where Philip was awarded a DSO. Image courtesy of www.soldiersofshropshire.co.uk

COLONEL SPENS AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BN. THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT CORUNNA BARRACKS, ALDERSHOT, BEFORE EMBARKING ON THE S.S. "ARAWA," 1899.
Back Row.— Miles, Hooper, Hanbury, Atchison, Underwood, Simpson, Dorrien-Smith,
Second Row.— Mr. Forrest, Bryant, Bulman, Sowray, H. M. Smith, Kettlewell, Forbes, Gubbins,
Third Row.— Banon, Money, R. A. Smith, Austen, Colonel Spens, Higginson, White, Wright.
Front Row.— Carter, Middleton, Fitzgerald.

Shropshire Light Infantry on the same date, and serving in the Afghan War, 1879–80, with the Kurram Division in the Yarmusht Expedition (Medal). He became Captain 4 February 1885; Major 11 February 1894, and was Vice Consul, Asia Minor, 27 November 1895 to 16 October 1897. Major Bulman served in the South African War, 1899–1901, and in command of the 2nd Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry from 1 May to 5 June, 1900, also from 22 January to 13 March, and from 16 May to 4 September 1901. Operations in the Orange Free State, February to May 1900, including operations at Paardeberg (17 to 26 February); actions at Poplar Grove, Driefontein, Houtnek (Thoba Mountain), Vet River (5 and 6 May) and Zand River. Operations in the Transvaal in May and June, 1900, including actions near Johannesburg and Pretoria. Operations in the Transvaal, east of Pretoria, July to 29 November 1900, including operations at Elands River (4 to 16 August). Operations in Orange River Colony, May to

28 November 1900, including action at Rhenoster River. Operations in Cape Colony, south of Orange River, 1899–1900. Operations in the Transvaal 30 November 1900, to September 1901. He was mentioned in Despatches [*London Gazette*, 10 September 1901]; received the Queen's Medal with five clasps, and was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order [*London Gazette*, 27 September 1901]: "Philip Bulman, Major, Shropshire Light Infantry. In recognition of services during the operations in South Africa". He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel 19 August 1901; was given the Brevet of Colonel 19 August 1904, and retired 24 October 1906, entering the Reserve of Officers.

Source: DSO recipients (VC and DSO Book)

Obituary

Published in the KSLI Regimental Journal in April 1947, written by General Lionel Banon, April 1947:

Colonel P. Bulman, D.S.O. who died on 1st February 1947 joined the 85th in India in 1876, served in the Afghan War and in Natal in the latter stages of the 2nd Boer War and returned home in 1881. Except for two years under the Foreign Office, he remained with the 2nd Battalion & accompanied it in 1899 to the 3rd Boer War until 1901 when given command of the 1st Battalion in India. His Regimental service ended in 1905.

Educated at Uppingham, he had good abilities & a determined personality. Reserved & secretive, he yet had many friends among his contemporaries. A bachelor with private means, he was erratically generous & helped many who had fallen on evil days with gifts and loans. He gave £500 to the Regimental Aid Society.

With a good knowledge of his profession he looked after the soldier's interests, improved messing & barrack amenities and did much to discourage drinking & gambling. With a gift for languages



Philip with his Boy's
Brigade contingent,
possibly in the 1930s

he was an interpreter in Turkish and, shortly after joining, passed the lower standard in Persian. As a young officer he played polo, hunted & shot & owned a steeplechaser which ran well at Aldershot.

His best work was done at Sivas after the Kurdish massacre of Greek & Armenian Christians. He not only saved the lives of thousands from further massacre but assisted the survivors with gifts and money to replace their looted property. Largely by his exertions some of the leaders were tried and sentenced to death. For this work Lord Salisbury, our Foreign Secretary, sent him the thanks of the government and his own high appreciation of his work. Similar appreciations were sent by the Armenian Bishop and our ambassador at Constantinople.

After retirement he devoted his energies & money to encourage boys clubs, especially the Soho Church Lads Brigade. He provided furniture & equipment, boxing, gymnastic & other instructors & supervised their work five nights a week. His boys won the Boxing

Shield 20 years in 21 and were only once beaten. He helped boys to start life well and several have benefited, two having started clubs at Bristol & Wembley.

Bombed out of his Pall Mall flat, he moved to uncongenial rooms in Putney. His nephews serving overseas, he was lonely & unhappy. Though his brain kept clear, failing health, sight & hearing made life difficult. Well prepared & worn out, he longed for death which came on February 2nd. Spencer, the Elizabethan poet's lines would have appealed to him –

Sleepe after Toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after Warre, death after life doeth greatly please.

Their brother Fred, and sisters Caroline, Ethel and Fanny

Caroline Eleanor Bulman,
1854–1879



Caroline Bulman, 1854–79

Philip Bulman in 1982 mentions that she lived to only 25 years of age, but nothing more.

Ethel Forster Bulman, 1859–1873

Frederick Bulman,
1861–1938; Ethel Bulman,
1859–73



Philip Bulman writes in 1982: 'I know nothing about her or her short life of 14 years.'

Two pictures of Ethel appear in a small album with a metal clasp, each page with a mounted picture taken about 1870. The head portrait of her is labelled 'Ethel Bulman died aged 14'. To my eye, and with this short life, I do wonder whether she might have had Down syndrome. Her 'baby book' of a few drawings radiating love, survives from perhaps her third year.

Both: Ethel Bulman,
1859–73



John Frederick Bulman, 1861–1938



Frederick Bulman

Philip Bulman, 1982:

I never met Fred, the youngest of the three brothers, but somehow was given the impression that he never pulled his weight but lived an idle bachelor life, travelling the world in those great days of Empire & collecting things. So perhaps he enjoyed himself & appreciated the fine arts. I think he went to the same Prep School as his brothers at Headington, Oxford but where he went from there I do not know. Apparently he did not attempt to qualify for any profession or go into any business. However I believe he got the same as his brothers, about £50,000, when his Father died in 1892. I do know that he provided his share of the cash, together with his two brothers, to make up the Blaina Settlement in February 1926 for our benefit & when he died, which must have been during the War or soon after it, he left his worldly wealth to his brother Philip.

The interesting thing is that, apparently, during his lifetime he had made quite a collection of things that had taken his fancy in various parts of the world & deposited them in London in some room or store. He never seems to have settled down with an ordinary

Both: Frederick Bulman



house or estate in which to keep things. If my information is correct, he left everything to his brother Philip when he died & he never even bothered to have a look at this collection but got some London dealer to make an offer. This offer was, I understand, £600 & was promptly accepted.

So you can amuse yourselves by imagining what made up that collection? How many Constables & Canalettos; how much Georgian silver & Sheraton furniture; what glass from Tyneside & Venice; china from France & Denmark & so on. What fun to potter round the world with a million quid in your pocket collecting what you like? And how sad that none of us had a peep at what might have been in dear Fred's Aladdin's Cave. Perhaps he inherited his father's good taste in fine art? And who was the lucky dealer at the end of the War who, perhaps, made his fortune?

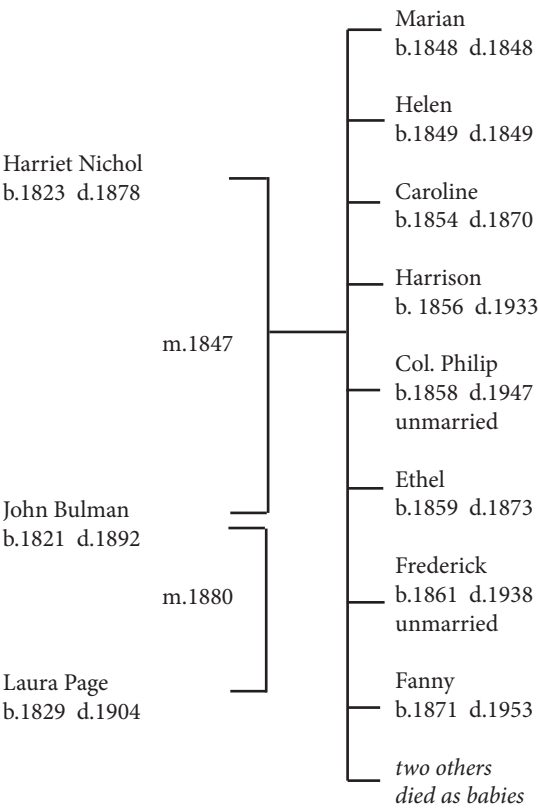
Fanny Winifred Bulman, 1871–1953

Philip Bulman writes in 1982:

I never met her but I think both John & Helen did so. She never married and lived in Bristol. She died on 20 Sept 1953 & her very small estate came to the six of us – about £500 each as far as I remember.

I have no pictures of Fanny. In John Bulman's SB2, dated 9 July 1933, are five pages of handwritten calculations, letters and documents relating to the finances of 'great aunt Winnie'. It seems she cannot have benefited from the large sums given by their father John Bulman to her brothers, but did have a trust income from them and various equity investments. She lived with her female companion Mrs Brake. I don't know whether Mrs Brake was a carer or partner, or what became of her after Winnie died. They lived at The Lays, Lawrence Grove, Henleaze, Bristol.

Edwardian Bulmans: Harrison, Philip and sisters





Heather's wedding celebration at Lorbottle Hall, 13 February 1965. From left: Major Philip Bulman; Mac Balmain; Heather Balmain, née Bulman; Norah Bulman, née Jones, and mother of all except the groom; Peggy Mildé, née Bulman; Denis Bulman; John Bulman; Helen Holland, née Bulman

CHAPTER 5

1892–1967

NORAH JONES, MOTHER OF JOHN BULMAN

My mind's eye has two pictures of grandmother Norah, beginning with a summer holiday at the Alnmouth flat where she lived after moving the six miles from Morwick in 1951. She was about sixty and I was six, around the time my sister Claire was newborn in 1953. The six of us fitted into the Austin A30, setting off from Wallington on the one-day journey to Northumberland, about the same as now, surprising since we passed through central London with a viewing of 38 Eaton Terrace, which was to become customary; I'm not sure whether this was also regretful or simply nostalgic. Further on there were no town bypasses, let alone motorways.

In the sand dunes we made runs for tennis balls, visited the Farne Islands' seals, bought kippers at Seahouses, paddled in the sea and had picnics by the marvellous, cold, peaty waters of the Coquet. I also let my infant sister Claire's pram roll dangerously down the garden path. Although my memory seems clear on this, I cannot tell now whether it was an experiment or an accident. Norah herself does not appear in this picture: it feels odd fending off the modern augmented reality trick of remembering photos, but with no recall of conversations, meal times, or stories. I was only six. She must have been a remote figure, quite fragile and 'old'. Visiting us later at Wallington, when I was close to being a teenager, she did introduce me to the fun of tennis, which I still play weekly, giving us a tennis game for the lawn with frame, racquets and a bungee-suspended ball. All the information here is from various writings handed down, with particular thanks to my uncle Philip, her second son. It has been a surprise



Norah in front of windows very like those at Maldon Road, c. 1953.

recently to learn of her Irish grandfather and a pleasure to hear hints of brogue in Canon Jones's section.

I remember meeting Norah's eldest brother Beresford in retirement and hearing his stories of how surgery in Canterbury had developed in the early decades of the twentieth century.

Another brother, Patrick, had as a son-in-law Peter Cotton, a pioneering endoscopist at St. Thomas' hospital when I was a student there, and who inspired my trip to Iran in 1971. He later migrated to South Carolina, becoming a major international academic influence.

There is a photo of Norah's glamorous sister, Marjorie (identified by Maida's legend on the back of the 1928 Dennis Jones marriage photo), but absolutely no text about her. I wish I knew more.

Being reminded of them now causes me to reflect on the differences between networking and nepotism, on what a slow starter I was at building my own career, and



Friars Court flat, Alnmouth, to which Norah retired in 1951. This postcard is from the same year, with an arrow marked by John Bulman. Norah had the first floor, with sea view



Picnic and bathing by the river Coquet, near Rothbury, September 1955. From left: Charles, Andrew, Harriet, Claire, Maida and Norah Bulman

how contented I remain now with this side of my life. I hope my own grandchildren have inherited whatever it takes to be satisfied with their lives.

Norah came down to Wallington when she was unwell, probably in 1963, when Dad wrote to her local GP, summarising her medical notes. It seems she had had surgery for a benign sigmoid adenoma in 1959 and a malignant ovarian cancer removed in 1961. The main problem seemed to be heart failure and I suspect this is what carried her off aged 75 on 9 March 1967. She left £58,480.

Norah Fenwick Bulman, née Jones, 1892–1967

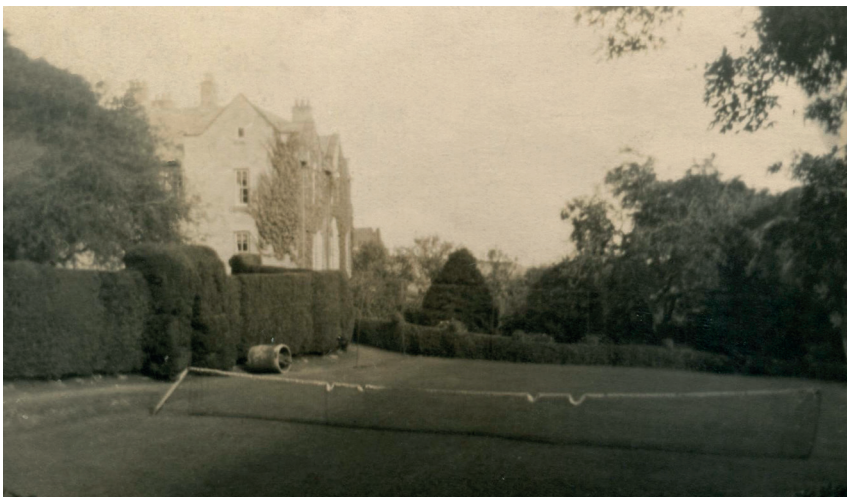
Below is Major Philip Bulman's writing about his own mother from 1982. His full twenty-four page paper, written for his own children, is reproduced in the source documents at the end of this book and warmly acknowledged.

Norah was one of the five children of Canon Arthur Jones – 3 boys & 2 girls. She was born at Winlaton Rectory, Co Durham, on 25th April 1892 and here she spent all her youth where her Father was Rector for 45 years. However they were anything but wealthy (as poor as church mice was a favourite expression of hers) so when the chance to marry a rich bachelor came along, even though she was only 17 years old, I think her family probably encouraged her to accept.

She married my father on 6th January 1909 at St Paul's Church, Winlaton, & they went to live at Leazes Hall, Co Durham, where your Aunt Helen was born the following year. Then I think they moved to Priestfield Hall, where your Uncle John & Aunt Peggy arrived & possibly Burnopfield Hall, both these in Co Durham, before going to North Cottage, Jesmond, Newcastle, where they certainly lived during the Great War [they were evacuated to Portinscale, where Philip's birth is registered, for a few months at the start] before moving to Morwick Hall in April 1918. By then the family had grown to

The Rectory at Winlaton, where Canon Arthur Jones presided as rector, 1884–1929. He was also a canon at Durham Cathedral

Norah Bulman, née Jones, 1892–1967, who married Harrison Bulman in 1909





Norah in December 1917 with her four older children: Helen, 7 years old; John, 6; Peggy, 3; Philip (b. 16.6.1916), 1. There followed Denis, b. 18 June 1919, and Heather, b. 19 February 1928

four – two of each – with me the youngest at 2 years. And there she remained in this lovely old red brick house with its glorious garden, the Coquet River a few hundred yards away & the sea at Warkworth only two miles, until 1951.

So I expect my generation all remember Morwick as home in our young days more than anywhere else & until Father died we lived there very comfortably with Perry & George running the garden & dear Nanny plus a cook & two or three maids fighting it out in the house. Your uncle Denis & aunt Heather were both born there & mother was quite excellent at running the house & very much loved the garden. We have two water colours of it painted by Mrs Irwin of Warkworth.

Mother fed us very well & filled the house with huge bowls of flowers in the summer. A tall, well built woman with a forceful character and plenty of common sense; expert at knitting and crochet work and in her younger days played the violin and piano a bit. I have no doubt that she was very pretty and attractive in her youth and was most sociable. However no one would have called her an intellectual, least of all herself.

Things changed very much after father died in 1933 and quite suddenly we all realised that there was practically no cash in the till. The staff had to be sacked except for George to keep the garden going and Nanny to help in the house both I think worked more for love than the tiny wages they received. Aunts Helen and Peggy went off to earn their living as best they could; I was recalled from Uppingham (having just finished my 'fagging' stint & with hopes of the Rugger XV the following winter) and mother had to cope alone with Nanny's wholehearted and completely loyal help. Fortunately your great-uncle Philip came to the rescue in paying the fees for your uncle John to finish his time at Trinity College, Cambridge, and for your uncle Denis to complete his naval training at Dartmouth.

This financial crisis lasted until Mother decided to marry Uncle Jim, as we called him – (J C Fenwick of Embleton Hall, Longframlington, Northumberland) – which she did on 26th February 1934 at St Lawrence Church, Warkworth. This certainly eased the situation because he took over full responsibility for both Mother and Morwick. However he accepted absolutely no financial or other responsibility for us, his step-children. We were welcome to stay at Morwick up to a point & that was about it. But I think we all liked him and got along very well on the whole. The only real snag was that his four daughters most strongly disapproved of his marrying again and bullied him unmercifully until he handed over his whole estate to a trust which made certain that only a very small portion would ever go to mother when he died. There was an unpleasant and uncomfortable feeling between us and the Fenwick women.

Anyway I am pretty certain that mother and Uncle Jim were really very happy during their years together. He came to live at Morwick with only a few of his things and left Embleton to his daughters. Mother and he spent their time fishing on the Coquet or in Ireland or Scotland, hunting with the Percy, beagling with the T.F.B., shooting at Longframlington and elsewhere; paying an annual visit to the Cheltenham spring meeting and so on. There was always plenty of whisky, and good port after dinner made up for having to change into a stiff shirt and dinner jacket. Life was mostly about how best to

enjoy themselves. I wonder how Mother came to be christened Norah Fenwick and then should marry a Fenwick in due course? [Andrew Bulman: we are all confused by / interested in this.]

I think they had rather a rough time during the War trying to keep things going, in common with most people, but they struggled on & he served in the local Home Guard. Soon after the War, while I was serving at my Regimental Depot in Newcastle, Mother rang me up to say that Uncle Jim had died quite suddenly and unexpectedly so I was able to help her over this difficult period. But once again the financial position had become quite critical & although she struggled on at Morwick with the help of Nanny and George, it was a losing battle however much we loved the place.

So in 1951 she moved to Friar's Court, Alnmouth, where she remained until she died after quite a long illness on 9th March 1967 at St Catherine's convent and nursing home, Jesmond, Newcastle, & was cremated at Newcastle crematorium as was her wish.

Canon Arthur Jones, 1852–1944

Canon Jones was father to Norah, who married Harrison Bulman when she was 17. She had three brothers and a sister. I still find it strange and confusing that they used – was it sometimes or all the time? – one of their given names to double-barrel the Jones surname, hence Beresford-Jones, Barry-Jones etc.

The Canon's story is based on two handwritten, undated, anonymous papers from the desk archive, which I have edited together. The first I believe was written by the Canon's eldest son, Arthur Beresford Jones, 1881–1974, to my father, John Bulman (Norah's son). The second reads as another version of what Beresford may have said perhaps at a different time to someone else. The text is as far as possible verbatim, so allowance may need to be made for the sometimes unclear style.

Your mother's father Arthur Jones [ie father to both Norah Fenwick Jones and Arthur Beresford Jones], was born in Ireland in a house called Barn Hill at Kingstown but since the republic was formed Kingstown became Dunleary [Dun Laoghaire], near Dublin. About



Canon Arthur Jones,
1858–1944

1852 he was born. His father Edward Jones died when he was a boy, I do not know whether there were uncles or aunts. His mother, who was a Cohen, married again a man called MacBurney, the owner of a big general store in Dublin, like Harrods [now spelt McBirneys]. Businessman MacBurney was a hardheaded man and insisted on my father going into the business and he did not want this. So he worked in the business during the day, worked at night to pass exams to fit him for getting to Trinity College Dublin [where he was 1872–5]. He was very proud of Trinity College Dublin Professor John Pentland Mahaffy. My father spoke very little about his home life, the main cause being this row he had with his stepfather. His mother, who married MacBurney, was a very talented musician, she sang and was a good pianist, and was invited to perform at many concerts in the country, from her I believe [my brother] Dennis got his talent of pianist and organist.

Well, my father got his BA and MA from TC Dublin and came to England, was ordained to be an Anglican clergyman at Worcester



From left:
Canon Arthur Jones, 1852–
1944, his wife Mattie Jones,
née Cunliffe, miniature
(external diameter: 30 mm)
of Mattie Cunliffe, John's
grandmother

Cathedral and then moved north to Lancashire, where he became curate at Walton Parish Church in 1879. After 8 months he became the first Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Higher Walton, near Preston. He married my mother, Miss Mattie Cunliffe, the daughter of John Tattersall Cunliffe of Lower Walton, Warrington, a wealthy tanner with a big business. Lived luxuriously, had 8 or 9 children, went off to his office daily in a brougham with his crest painted on the doors, some of his sons went into the tannery business. Children Beresford, Dennis and Pat were born at the Walton Vicarage. Father Arthur moved to Winlaton in 1884 where he was Rector and also a Canon of Durham Cathedral. After 45 years he retired in 1929 and died at Acklington Northumberland in 1944 aged 92.

Helen and John [elder children of Norah] were born at Priestfield, Burnopfield. Norah was very ill with eclampsia when Helen was born, I went out there several times to get her through this. I [Beresford] was then house surgeon in Obs & Gynae in Newcastle and little was known about eclampsia then and I thought the doctor knew nothing about treatment.

Your home at Burnopfield was a lovely large house. After that I rather lost touch with the Bulman family as I was going after my own pursuits. I have no recollection of there being any others of our family who became doctors and now that you [John Forster Harrison



From left:
John Bulman, Canon
Jones with terrier,
unknown (possibly
Rev. Basil Dennis
Jones)

Bulman] have started medicine you were brilliant and your two sons [Charles Hunter Bulman and Andrew Stephen Bulman] are going to be great assets to the profession. I always had admiration for Harry Bulman [Norah's husband, father to John Forster Harrison Bulman]. He was clever and a great mining engineer, a charming personality.

Major Philip Bulman adds, in an extract from his 1982 paper:

When Canon Jones retired in 1929 he spent the last few years of his very long life at Wellfield House between Acklington & Guyzance where his youngest son Pat & his family lived. This was quite near to Morwick. I think he died there in 1944 aged 92.

I remember him as a man with a very forceful & outspoken character & with any amount of self-confidence but I can hardly remember his wife at all. Between them they seem to have spent useful & successful lives & brought up a family of five children. I believe they had only his stipend on which to live but they seemed to manage very well & had a great way with them.

A. B. Beresford Jones, 1882–1974

There is a letter from Beresford reminding me of a visit for lunch in February 1968, when I was 20 and he was 87. I was halfway through my studies at St. Thomas' Hospital at the time. He told me that he was the first full-time surgeon in Canterbury, his predecessors all having been part-time general practitioners. For six months in the summer of 1938 my own father had been Beresford's house surgeon; during his time there, he and Maida married in Cambridge on 27 July 1938. When Dad finished at Canterbury there was a very disapproving letter from Beresford (mentioned in chapter 2) relating to his next job, but all seems to have been forgiven by the time of the kind letters they exchanged in the 1970s.

Beresford was succeeded in Canterbury by Mr Richard Williams, one of whose house surgeons was a very good friend of mine, Mark Wiles, who later rose to the chair of medicine at Cardiff. Williams himself was a flamboyant character whose career came to a sticky end following his assisting a vet with an operation on a horse – or was it just arranging a CT scan? – on NHS premises.

Major Philip Bulman, 1982:

Beresford was the eldest of the Canon's five children & born at Walton Vicarage, Lancashire. He qualified as a doctor of medicine, probably in Newcastle and to the best of my knowledge, practised most of his life as a very successful surgeon in Canterbury. I can just remember him when he came to stay at Morwick as a very distinguished looking white-haired man with a limp. All I know about his family is that his wife was called Eve & they had a daughter Susan who married a fellow named Twyman. They had a son Sean Garstin Twyman, now married & living in Cape Town, & a daughter Josephine who married someone called Mariet & they now live in Johannesburg. Both have children

BMJ obituary (30.11.1974; p538 abbreviated)

Arthur Beresford-Jones qualified MB BS from the University of Durham 1906 and gained a Masters degree in Surgery 1922. During the first war he served as a captain in the RAMC and was badly gassed

in France. From 1917 he was stationed at Canterbury and in his spare time did some surgery in the Kent & Canterbury Hospital. In 1918 he was appointed honorary surgeon (sic). Essentially a general surgeon he had a special interest in orthopaedic and fracture work and soon formed a fully functioning orthopaedic department, at that time quite an unusual feature in a provincial non-teaching hospital . . . He was elected honorary FRCS in 1950, a rarely offered compliment. A great man . . . he retired in 1946.

Rev. Basil Dennis Jones, 1883–1967

Major Philip Bulman, 1982:



Rev. Basil Dennis Jones,
1883–1967, with fish

Number two of the Canon's family, he followed his father into holy orders. He was at Christ Church, Oxford, from 1901 to 1904 and at Keble College, Oxford, from 1904 to 1907. Then he was curate at Hexham Abbey from 1907 to 1910 and a minor canon & precentor at Manchester cathedral from 1910 to 1915.

During the Great War he served as a padre at Gallipoli & in East Africa and Palestine from 1915 to 1918. He was given an O.B.E. on 1st January 1919. We have a little book by him giving his war experiences. From 1920 to 1957 he was Chaplain & Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

He married Merle Shiers, daughter of Percy Shiers of Brookfield, Cheedle, Cheshire on 19 June 1928 & they had a family of three sons & two daughters all of whom are now married with children of their own.

Fortunately the Shiers were a wealthy family and I understand that they were not bothered with financial problems. I believe that Robin was lucky enough to be given a farm in East Anglia. My recollections of this uncle of mine are of a big, cheerful, self-confident man who could play anything on the piano & had atrocious hand-writing. I remember him as a warm & friendly person. As



Precentor he was responsible for taking the Trinity College services and for all the chapel music. I am told that he was keen on madrigals. He died at Cambridge on 31 December 1967 aged 84.

His family is as follows:

Robin Dennis-Jones. m. Elspeth Seward 1955. Three children. Farming.

Christine Dennis-Jones. b. 193[?]. m. Michael Coffey 1955. Four children. Farming. South Africa. Merle Dennis-Jones. b. 1935. m. Noel Lewis 1958. Airline pilot. Four children.

Michael Dennis-Jones. b. 1940. m. Deborah Marsh 1973. Two children. Estate agent.

Colin Dennis-Jones. b. 1942. m. Ann Jackson 1965. Three children. Farming.

The marriage of Rev. Basil Dennis Jones to Merle Shiers, 19 June 1928.

From left, standing: unknown, Uncle Dennis and Merle, unknown, Mr Shiers, A Beresford Jones FRCS; seated: Pat Barry Jones, unknown, Marjorie Waddell (Nora's sister), Canon Arthur Jones (John's grandfather)

Patrick Barry-Jones, 1888–1963

Major Philip Bulman:

Number three of the Canon's family, born at the Walton Vicarage and educated at Durham School. He was training to become a solicitor with the firm of Sheriton Holmes in Newcastle when the Great War broke out. I have no details of his war service but I understand that he served as an officer in France both with the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Durham Light Infantry. After the War he qualified as a solicitor and became a partner in Sheriton Holmes & Jones. In due course he took over the firm when Holmes died & continued practising until his death in 1963. By then his son had qualified as a solicitor and carried on the firm.

I can remember him quite well because he was kind enough to take me into his office as an articled clerk without charging me the usual fee. In those days one was expected to pay to learn. He was always good natured and cheerful but completely failed to inspire me with the attractions of the law. It was mostly dull, drab and sometimes sordid and there was absolutely no prospect of any reward for five years – not even pocket money.

I think he would have sooner been a farmer than a lawyer. He lived up the Tyne valley for many years and hunted with the Haydon & Tynedale hunts. He was a good mimic and quite excellent at geordie. He got on very well with the so-called working class but I think he steered clear of politics.

He married Dorothy Dunn (b. 1900, d. 1970) about 1932–33, they had two children as follows:

Patricia Barry-Jones. b. 1934, m. Peter Cotton 1960.

Gastroenterologist – London, two children.

Dennis Barry-Jones. b. 1936, m. Margaret Hewitt 1966. Solicitor – Newcastle, two children.

As a teenager I attended with the family Peter's wedding at King's College chapel, Cambridge. In the 1970s he was a gastroenterologist at St Thomas' when I was a student there. He put me in touch with an Iranian colleague, Dr Amin, with whom I arranged by letter a two-month 'elective period' at a hospital in Shiraz, Iran, for the summer of 1971. I was just married to Lesley Hannah, who came too. It was a wonderful trip. I have been interested in the soft power of all things Iranian ever since and still enjoy a good collection of kilims. I was at an impressionable age and can still call up the feeling of the truly intense August heat, giving way a little to the leafy humid quiet entitlement of the British Council grounds, pool and surprisingly good library where Lesley studied the upcoming 'kitchen sink' vogue. On the way back the treats of sharbah and palmiers, and at the days' end with the other students' picnics of salami and gherkin rolls down on the airport road. More of a challenge was the unchanging lunch menu of chelokebab and rice water 'ice-cream'; I lost two stone which has never returned. We were able to visit Persepolis just as the Shah's great international party was being assembled to celebrate 2,500 years since the founding of the Achaemenid Empire under Cyrus, much mocked after the Islamic revolution of 1979. The month's journey home by neck-and-neck races in identical D302 buses on winding roads followed by patchy trains, allowing all-too-short explorations of Isfahan, Qom, Teheran, Tabriz, Konya, and Side on our way back to the Mediterranean and Istanbul, was for us an epic experience, laying the foundations for future adventures. I was shamefully unaware during our visit of how the United Kingdom and United States had visited the 'curse of oil' on the country only twenty-six years before, removing the elected republican government in favour of the Shah. The outstanding kindness of Iranians wherever we went still commands my lasting respect and thanks. It seems astonishing now to have had no insurance, almost no money and definitely no phone.

There was a later rumour, nothing spoken, that Dad would have preferred me to spend the time in Rochester, New York, with his old university climbing friend Charles Rob, professor of surgery there. I don't remember him showing any feelings or saying anything at my decision to go east, which perhaps if I had been in his position I would have done. I think now it may have been a turning point in my life of which I was unaware until decades later. The American experience could have given me the perspectives I badly needed (but had failed to pick up at St Thomas') to realise my thoughtless ambition to build a credible surgical career in the UK in the 1970s. As things have turned out, leaving surgery at age 35 in favour of oncology was a good decision, and my life has turned out well with what I was later able to achieve.

James Charles Fenwick, 1873–1946

Major Philip Bulman:



JC Fenwick, 1873–1946, Joint Master of the Percy Fox Hounds, Norah's second husband and so John's stepfather. Known as 'Uncle Jim'

He was born at Chilton Hall, County Durham, son of Dr J.C.J. Fenwick, who was a general practitioner in medicine. I believe it was his Father who bought Embleton Hall, Longframlington, & gradually added the adjoining land as it became available until he had several thousand acres on both sides of the main road. I think he used it chiefly for shooting in those days. However I can remember various outlying farms being sold until the estate amounted to 1,390 acres in 1970–71, valued at £174,220. Mother's share of this, which she had left equally to Helen, Heather & myself, amounted to about £50,000 & this we sold back to the Fenwicks in 1971.

I never heard Uncle Jim talk about any brothers but I have an idea that he had a sister. He was educated at Harrow & Trinity College Cambridge, where I think he spent most of his time hunting, shooting & fishing as, in fact, he did for most of his life. He had quite a bit to do with the Trinity Foot Beagles coming up to Northumberland to hunt in this area each September & I think he whipped in to them.

After Cambridge he certainly joined the Northumberland Hussars at some period & served for a time in Ireland but I do not know what he did during the Great War. For a time after leaving Cambridge he tried his hand at farming at Berryhill in the Border country but I understand it was not very successful. Also he had his own pack of foxhounds from 1903 to 1908, which he called the Glendale. We have a picture of them somewhere.

My own memory of him starts from the time he used to lease a rod from us for fishing on our beat of the Coquet when we lived at Morwick. He was a good fisherman. I think his first wife Beatrice, daughter of Sir Jacob Wilson, had already died, leaving him with four daughters. One married Rex Armstrong, the Rothbury doctor, & another Tim Brummell, who was in the wine trade. The other two never married & I think they must all be dead by now.

He married Mother at St Lawrence's Church, Warkworth on 26 February 1934, & your great-grandfather, the Canon, took the service. I can remember putting them on the train for London at the central station, Newcastle, looking very pleased with themselves & prosperous. I was about 17 years old at the time & was appointed caretaker at Morwick during their absence.

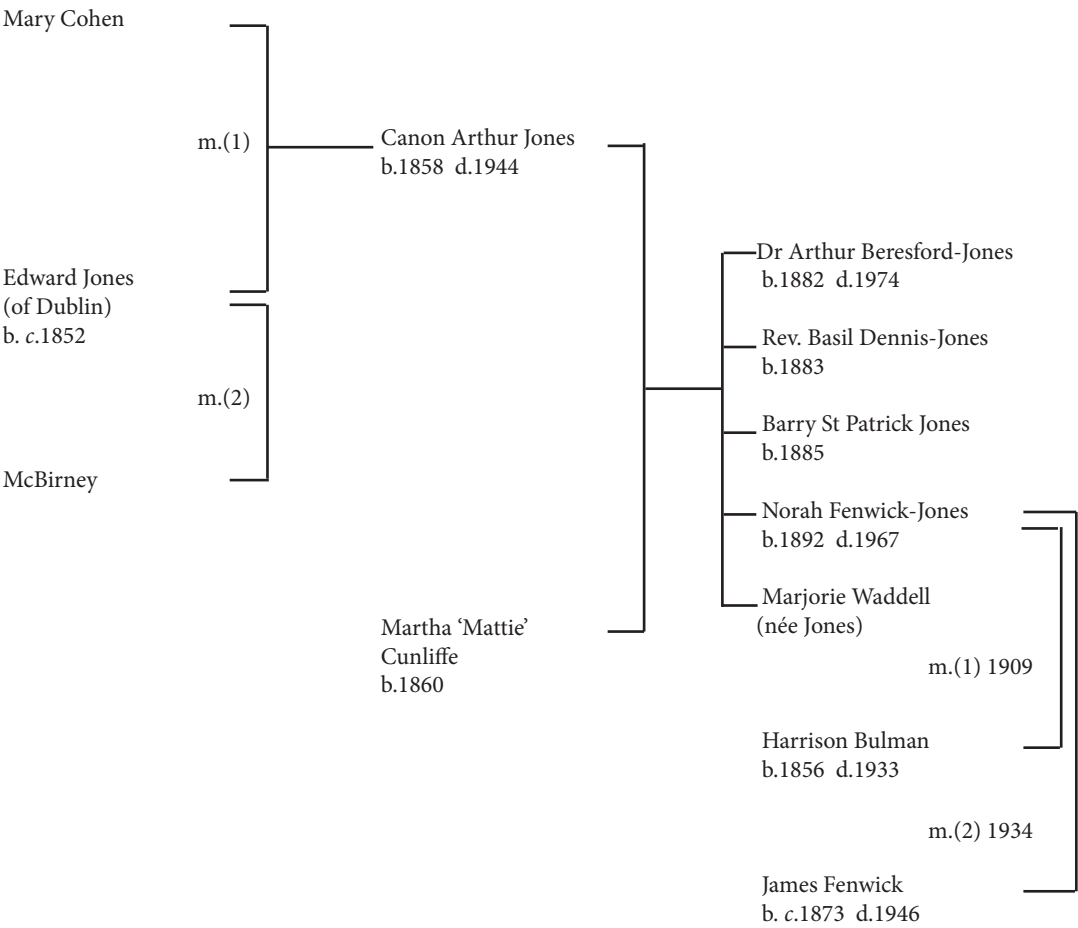
On their return he moved in to Morwick with a few of his things & left most of his belongings, including his daughters, at Longframlington without much regret, as far as I could judge. Unfortunately his daughters all disapproved most strongly of his marriage & bullied him unmercifully about his money until he gave way (anything for peace) & handed over his whole estate to a trust in which they made sure that mother's share was very limited. As a result of all this we never had much to do with the Fenwick daughters. Now I think the whole estate has devolved on the Armstrong children.

However, I think we all liked Uncle Jim & got on well with him. I am sure that he & Mother were really very happy during their time at Morwick. He was chairman of the Percy hunt & also field master and a J.P. at the Rothbury Court. Most of their time together they were comfortably well off & life was all about how best to enjoy themselves. We younger generation came & went & were tolerated quite happily on the whole. He died at Morwick on 21 December 1946 aged 73. He is buried in Longframlington Churchyard.



Norah in the garden at
Maldon Road, 1960

Norah Jones, 1892–1967, mother of JFH Bulman



See also, on page 396, a version of this family tree by Maida Bulman



CB Hunter with Mary Adelaide Roberts at Crûg, c.1904

CHAPTER 6

1859–1949

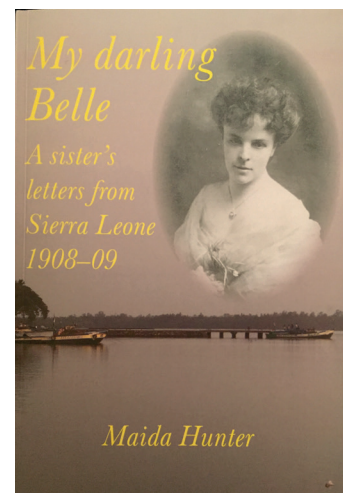
CHARLES HUNTER AND MARY ADELAIDE

Confusion here is possible, but not inevitable: my mother, Maida Bulman (1910–1994), was born Miss Maida Hunter, the only child of Mrs Mary Adelaide Hunter, née Roberts (1872–1949). Mary was nicknamed ‘Maida’ by both her dad, Robert Roberts, 1828–1916, and her new husband, Charles Buchanan Hunter, 1859–1914, whom she married in 1907, when her formal title became Mrs C B Hunter. Her daughter Maida still addressed her thus on letters from Italy in 1931. I do not think anyone used Mary Adelaide’s ‘Maida’ nickname after the death of her husband in 1914 and her father in 1916.

From Charles Buchanan Hunter my older brother, Charles Hunter Bulman, derives his forenames.

The year after their wedding Maida and Charles Hunter set off for Sierra Leone. He was a physician in the Colonial Service whose current posting this was. Stories about their low key but adventurous life in colonial Africa are not repeated here, having already appeared in *My Darling Belle: A Sister's Letters from Sierra Leone 1908–1909* by Maida Hunter (my grandmother, not my mother). Maida was relatively well travelled, but had never before been as far as West Africa. She wrote letters frequently, both during the journey and after her arrival, especially to her sisters and father back in Wales. The letters of hers that survive were mostly written to her younger sister, Beatrice Annie Roberts, whom she addresses as Belle (and by a variety of nicknames based on Tinker Bell), although there are a few to her sister Elsie and to her father. This

My Darling Belle: A sister's letters from Sierra Leone 1908–09, by Maida Hunter (Lasse Press, 2017)



collection of letters, which is now in the Rhodes House Library division of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, also includes some letters from Dr Hunter. In them she wrote both of her impressions and on practical matters. Their destination and where they were to live, the small town of Bonthe on Sherbro Island in the south-west of Sierra Leone was quite isolated and undeveloped, and she and her husband were dependent on the family back in Wales to provide them (via the shipping post, which took only a few days) with various necessities that they could not obtain locally, as well as with news.

My mother, Maida junior, was born on their return. Charles and Mary Adelaide then had a second six-month trip together to Ghana from April 1912, leaving infant Maida to be looked after at home by Adda and her aunts.

Grandfather Charles Buchanan Hunter provides a link to the family cluster of doctors of which Maida junior was well aware but mentioned only lightly. My generation has Charles as ENT surgeon, Andrew as FRCS and clinical oncologist, and Claire as Professor of Veterinary Reproduction and the first female professor at the Royal Veterinary College, London. Maida junior also had doctors as great-grandfather and great uncle, an additional one as father, and then chose one as a husband. She also happened to be related, some generations earlier, to two medical brothers who contributed to the world of today in particularly valuable and diverse ways, of whom more in Chapter 10.

In chapter 1 Maida introduced briefly both sides of our family; in chapter 3 she tells of her first 25 years and of her final years. Here now is the intriguing story of the younger life of her father Charles Buchanan, before Mary Adelaide knew him.

Maida Jr.'s 'Recollections of Childhood'

I am standing on a table by an upstairs window and pins are sticking into me. The atmosphere is charged with impatience and rage. I must have been having my bridesmaid's dress fitted; it was made of white muslin and lace and was to have a blue sash of a shade then known as Nattier blue and a lace-edged mob cap to perch on my dark curls. It was the summer of 1914 and I was three and a half.

I have always had this memory in my mind but have only lately in old age had the time to think about it and realise the situation in which I was an unconscious participant. The pinpricks were the least of my troubles.



Family scenes at Crûg, c.1905. Clockwise from bottom right: Charles Buchanan Hunter; Trixie Roberts; Robert Roberts and his daughter, 'Maida' (aka Mary Adelaide); Robert Roberts with his wife, Ellen; unknown child; unknown lady with white scarf; Ellen Roberts, wife of Robert Roberts and tenant of Crûg (the likely setting of these photos); Mary Adelaide Roberts; Kate Roberts (Nonin); 'Maida' Roberts

The household was an unusual one, though perhaps it would not have seemed so at the period. The house, Bronceris, stood on the outskirts of Carnarvon, North Wales, on the main road to Bangor at the corner of short road running down to the Menai Straits over a level-crossing, for the railway must have been at the bottom of the garden, though I do not remember it [see page 163]. It must have been quite large as it housed my grandfather, Robert Roberts JP, then aged 86, whom I called Bamps; my two unmarried aunts, Kate, known to me as Nonin, then aged 47, and Beatrice Annie (Trixie), 36, known to me as Tricka; my mother (43) and myself with my Nannie, Agnes Buggey (Adda, 28), a cook and a house-parlourmaid [see chapter 3]. How could so many mature women share a house without friction? There was also a coachman/gardener who lived over the coachhouse at the back. His name was Williams, but I always called him Ganga, presumably a corruption of gardener. As well as the garden he looked after the horse,



Kate Roberts ('Nonin'), sister of Mary Adelaide and daughter of Robert Roberts



Crûg today, home to unique plants collected by Sue and Bleddyn Wynn-Jones. A magical garden in picturesque surroundings, www.crug-farm.co.uk



View of the Snowdonia massif from Crûg

a bay called 'The Doctor', which my mother sometimes rode, and two carriages, a brougham and a wagonette. It must have been potentially a pleasant house; I drove past it a few years ago without stopping, but could not see much of it as it is surrounded now as it was then by a high brick wall; but it cannot have been happy. The family had previously lived in what was a pretty old house called Crûg (pronounced Creeg) [now home to a pair of international plant-hunters and Chelsea exhibitors, Sue and Bleddyn Wynn-Jones – see www.crug-farm.co.uk. I visited in 2017]. Behind its extensive grounds the open farmland, moor, and fine view leads up to the slopes and peak of Snowdon. It must have been a most charming place and certainly seemed like an earthly paradise, if not to all of them, certainly to my mother who could never bear to go back to see it as long as she

lived, which is why I know it only by photographs and the memory of her voice speaking of it with longing. It had been the home of my great grand-father, Ebenezer Roberts, of the family of the Roberts of Castell, Llanddoiniolen, and, after his death of my grandmother, Ellen Roberts. Unfortunately it did not belong to them but to a family called Wynn Griffith, with whom there was evidently an unfriendly relationship as so often between landlord and tenant.

Either because of the death of my grandmother, or for some other reason, the lease was terminated, hence the enforced removal

to Carnarvon in 1905. My mother seems to have been prejudiced against Bronceris from the start. She always loved the country and hated exchanging the free life of Crûg for the small provincial town that Carnarvon then was in spite of its castle and romantic history. However she had become engaged to my father, Charles Buchanan Hunter, in 1904; he was a medical officer in the West African Colonial Service. She and Tricka had met him on board ship when he was returning home on leave and they were coming back with Bamps from a winter holiday in the Canary Islands. My grandmother had died on December 23rd 1900, and he always escaped from the melancholy anniversary by travelling abroad. I seem to recall learning that he always returned about Easter to supervise the planting of the new potatoes: I remember Mama telling of visits to the Riviera, Algiers and Florence which I accepted as quite normal when I was young, but now realise that they were really enterprising for the time, especially as Bamps was not a rich man, and they used to stay in quiet inexpensive hotels where my mother and aunts were, I fear, very often bored. This voyage turned out to be far from boring, and seems to have provided a case of love at first sight. While on leave my father stayed at Crûg, and an engagement ring for which I still have the receipt was bought in Glasgow on June 6th 1904 for £40.

I have been trying to put together all I know about this distant figure who was my father, and at this point must acknowledge gratefully the help I have had from my second cousin, Neil Christopher Hunter, who, previously unknown, got in touch with my son Charles in 1990 in connection with his research into the Hunter family tree. Thanks to him, more information has been added to what my mother told me and the evidence of the African letters.

Charles Buchanan Hunter was born on 22nd December 1859 at Laphroaig, Isle of Islay, the youngest of the nine children of William Hunter (then working as a distiller) and his wife Wilhelmina, née Buchanan. With such a large family the sons would have had to make their own way in the world. He was educated at Rothesay Academy and Glasgow University, and qualified as a doctor MB.MS in 1881. There is a strong medical tradition in the family owing

Maida Bulman's
grandfather, William
Hunter, 1814–1897



Maida Bulman's
grandmother, Wilhelmina
Hunter (née Buchanan),
1816–1883, m. 1840





CB Hunter as a young
doctor in Glasgow, c.1890

to the connection with the two famous eighteenth century brothers, William, anatomist, physician and obstetrician, and John, his even more celebrated younger brother, anatomist and surgeon. Our branch of the family is descended from their brother Archibald. According to my mother, Charles had been a brilliant student; she may have learnt this from two doctor friends, Dr Quinton McLennan and Dr Norman Maclehose whom she met later.

He does not seem to have had a hospital appointment and I think may have gone into general practice at Carnwath near Glasgow. At that time he got to know Mr Hozier, parliamentary private secretary to Lord Salisbury, whose daughter Lady Mary Cecil he [Mr Hozier] married. Mr Hozier, elevated to the peerage as Lord Newlands, became

a very kind friend to my father, who, I believe, helped him with Conservative party work. I remember my mother once described him as 'Charlie's patron' in the old fashioned sense of the word, and it was probably due to his influence that my father got the post of Medical Officer to the H.H.N.G.S Railway India [probably standing for 'His exalted Highness Nissam's Guaranteed State'], and was stationed at Secunderabad in the early nineties. He [Charles] married Mary Ethel, daughter of Mr William Pendlebury, agent of this railway in 1891, and they had a son William Charles, born in 1893 who only lived seven weeks, and a daughter, Wilhelmina Ethel, known as Ena, born in 1895. It must have been not long after Ena's birth that her mother transferred her affections to William Cumberland Nicholson, an

Army officer whom she married in 1901. My father told my mother that his first wife, who was I believe, very beautiful, persuaded him not to divorce her for adultery, as this would have meant in those days that Nicholson would have been cashiered from the army for being cited as co-respondent in a divorce case, but to leave India so that she could divorce him for desertion. I have no documentary evidence of the divorce, but remember Mamma telling me that a relative of her family had been working in that part of India at the time, knew the circumstances of the affair and reported that great sympathy had been felt for my father. This was a comfort to my grandfather [Robert Roberts] who felt some apprehension about the engagement of his favourite daughter to this stranger, very understandably at that period and with the family's strict Methodist background.

Certainly my father left India for South Africa, where I think he served, presumably as a Medical Officer, in the 2nd Boer war of 1899–1902. He was in England for the Coronation of King Edward VII in 1901, at which he was Surgeon-in-Charge of the Colonial troops. The Coronation was postponed for two months because the King had appendicitis (one of the earliest patients to be operated on for that condition), so the troops were in England much longer than intended, and my mother used to wish she had known my father at that time so that she could have seen the procession. He must have joined the Colonial service before this, as he is mentioned in a letter to *The Times* of 15th August 1902, thanking [him] for kindness and hospitality shown to the Colonial contingents on Coronation duty as Dr Hunter, Colonial Medical Service.

Dr CB Hunter was in England in 1902 as surgeon in charge of colonial troops, part of celebrations at the coronation of King Edward VII. CBH is in the front row (sitting), third from the right.

The group seems to include more than just troops. The title of the group and the location are unknown





Dr CB Hunter of the colonial service, surgeon in charge of colonial troops at the coronation of King Edward VII in 1901

It seems that he had brought his small daughter back to this country and entrusted her to his sister, Jess (Jessie Wilhelmina, known to me as Aunt Billy). As far as I know, Mamma never saw her step-daughter, and I certainly never did. I got the impression that my father's first marriage had brought him so much unhappiness that he wanted to put it all behind him, and I never remember questioning this attitude, which now seems unkind and uncharacteristic, particularly as by the time of my father's will, made in 1911 after my birth, Ena inherited a third share of his estate, Mamma and I getting the other two thirds. In the will she is described as living with a Miss Lewis at Findhorn Place, Edinburgh. Was this perhaps a school?

What is certain is that she was married at Aden on July 14th 1914 to Lieut. James Walter Foley, 1st Irish Rifles, by Harold Frote, Chaplain at Aden. She was 19 and her residence is given as Aden. This would have been three months after my father's death, and less than a month before the outbreak of the First World War, in which the young couple must surely have been involved. On her marriage she would have inherited her share of my father's estate, which was left to her in trust 'until she reaches the age of 24 or marries'. Mine was similarly in trust, but I had to wait, somewhat impatiently, until 1934. As the whole estate only amounted to the rather pathetic sum of £3986.18.4 it is easy to see how straitened were my mother's means. Years later in 1945 John and I met Ena's daughter Joan, now the wife of Major (I think) Davis, and others of their family at Aunt Billy's funeral. We liked them very much and made vague plans to meet again, but in the hectic post-war years these never materialised, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of this particular story. But, writing now in 1991, I feel, and certainly hope, that contact would have been maintained had my father lived, for though, judging from the African letters, he sometimes found his sister irritating, he had made her home his base when in England

before his marriage to my mother, who remained on cordial terms with her sister-in-law though she did not altogether like her.

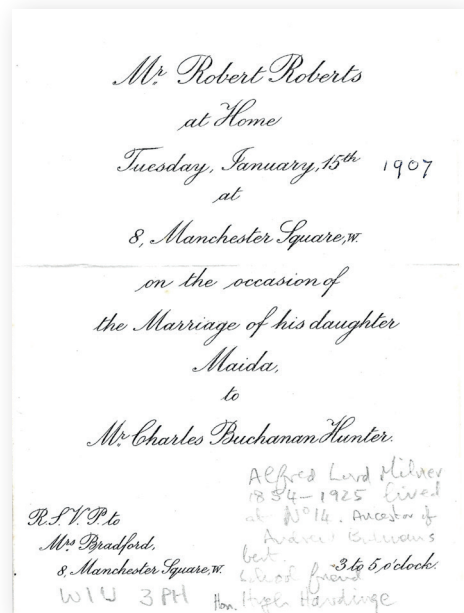
I must describe Aunt Billy a little further. She was the wife of John (Jack) Herbert-Williams, a barrister who enlisted in the First World War and served as Captain and Judge Advocate. He died of illness contracted on active service in 1917. His name is on the Roll of Honour in Trinity College, Cambridge. He had no children. They lived in Harrow-on-the-Hill, quite near the school in a pretty road running down at that time to open fields. I remember my mother taking me to stay with her there in, I suppose, about 1920, and recollections of this visit will appear in due course in these pages. She was a lively and attractive woman, clever and sophisticated, and I am sorry now that I did not see more of her, but I suppose I was too busy with my own affairs. She took a friendly if distant interest in me as I grew up, and introduced me to various Hunter relations and old friends who always turned out to be pleasant and interesting people. She must have been somewhat irresponsible, as I recall Mamma telling me that she had cut out from the Hunter family Bible the page recording generations of births, deaths and marriages to prevent people finding out her age!

My parents were married on 15th January 1907 at the Presbyterian Church, Regent Square, St. Pancras, London. He was 47, she 35. The witnesses were her sister Trixie and his nephew, Cecil Hunter, then aged 23. After the wedding my grandfather was the host at a reception at 8 Manchester Square, the home of my mother's cousin, May Bradford, later to be my godmother.

My father must have been a very attractive man, tall (6 ft.) and handsome with very dark hair and moustache and blue eyes and always very well dressed. Mamma often told me how proud she was to introduce him to family



CB Hunter with his sister, Mrs J Herbert Williams (Jessie Wilhelmina, Maida's Aunt Billy), at Crûg



Invitation to the wedding reception of Charles Hunter and Mary Adelaide (Maida) Roberts at the home of Lady Bradford in London, 15 January 1907

and friends. He was good at all sport, tennis, golf and the Scottish sport of curling, and was an excellent shot. More importantly, he was a devoted husband 'in sickness and in health' and a dedicated doctor to the patients of all races whom he treated in Africa. I only remember one fault that Mamma found in him, that he had little small talk; she once threatened when in West Africa to buy a parrot as 'at least it would talk'. But this was a very small complaint. She was obviously deeply in love with him and remained so all her life. I am glad to feel sure that he would have approved of my own dear husband, John Bulman, who was like him in so many ways.

CB Hunter at Bonthe,
Sierra Leone

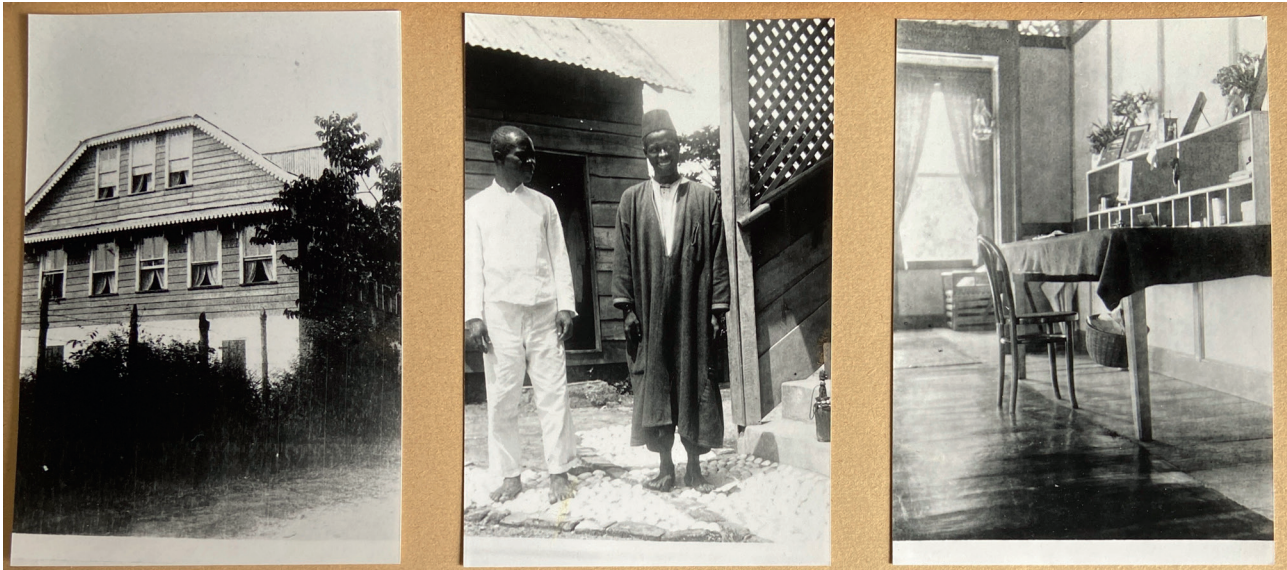


They went to the south of France for their honeymoon, and planned to come home by way of Switzerland for a reason which makes a curious story. As my father was travelling home on leave in 1906, the ship's doctor came to him to ask for his help in treating a patient who was lying dangerously ill in his cabin. This proved to be the Count de Bielandt, a young Dutchman who had boarded the ship in West Africa having *walked* across from the East coast. Fortunately my father was able to cure the high fever, and as the patient recovered they became friends. As well as exploring, the Count's great interest was in winter sports, and he was a champion tobogganer. He was intending to go to Switzerland on his return to Europe: and hearing of my parents' approaching marriage, he invited them to join him at St Moritz. They were much looking forward to this when one morning my father read in the *Continental Daily Mail* that his friend had been killed on the Cresta Run the day before. He had been the first man to go down on his luge in the morning, one of the big logs which are put across the track at night had accidentally been left in place; he struck it at high speed and it penetrated his chest, killing him instantly. My parents returned sadly to England where they found a very large parcel waiting for them. It contained a

beautiful old Frisian clock which Count de Bielandt had sent them for a wedding present. It is now in my daughter Claire's possession and still going well after 200 years.

It seems as if my father must have gone back to West Africa for one more tour on his own in mid-1907 and returned to the UK in 1908. Certainly in September 1908 he and Mary Adelaide travelled out together on the S.S. Karina for him to take up the post of medical officer at Sherbro Island, Sierra Leone. Previously he had worked in the interior. They arrived in October, going via Freetown to Bonthe, Sherbro, to start what Mamma always described as 'the happiest year of my life'. It did not begin too well. Fighting back homesickness she watched the pilot leave the ship and go off towards Anglesey, only a few miles from her beloved family; but she was very much in love and determined to make a happy home for her husband whatever the circumstances. In this she triumphantly succeeded, thanks to her skill in the art of home-making and her alert mind, interested in all aspects of life in West Africa, its natural history, its people and its scenery. While she was there she made a collection of pressed plants for the British Museum (Natural History), not without difficulty in the hot damp climate, and I have two letters acknowledging this and the museum's list of identifications, now preserved with her original letters in the Rhodes House division of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. She was qualified to do this as, though having very little formal education, she had attended a course on botany at Bangor College (now Bangor University) and had also learnt much from Miss Gulielma (Gulie) Lister, a niece of Lord Lister [first Baron Lister, OM, PC, PRS, FRCSE 1827–1912, surgeon, medical scientist, experimental pathologist and pioneer of antiseptic surgery and preventative medicine], who was a great friend of May Bradford and a distinguished botanist. She used to tell me of botanical expeditions led by Prof. Phillips on which in her long skirts she would scramble up the Idwal Slabs, known to initiates as the home of various rare plants which may now have been scraped off by the boots of generations of modern climbers with their ropes and ironmongery.

At this point I must recommend my reader to turn to the splendid collection of over fifty letters which give a vivid picture of their life during that eventful year, in the course of which my mother nearly died of yellow fever, and my father had to perform post-mortems on the victims of an outbreak of leopard-murdering. From Freetown they were accompanied by two members of their domestic staff, Sam and Mormo, and a white cat with black spots. This animal comes remarkably to life in the letters; originally named 'Ermine' it was always referred to as 'Pooz' first by the Africans and then by its owners, and is clearly to be seen in the few surviving photographs preserved with the letters in the Rhodes House library at Oxford (copies kept for the family).



The Hunters' home at
Bonthe, Sierra Leone;
their servants, Sam and
Greenlegs; an interior

They returned home in the autumn of 1909, both feeling exhausted. Mamma's last extant letter of this tour says:- 'I've lost all my colour and look real West Coastish'. Not for nothing was West Africa known as 'The white man's grave'. However they much enjoyed their leave, part of the time they spent in furnished rooms in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, the rest at Bronceris or visiting friends and relations. They went north to my father's old haunts in Glasgow, and

spent a few days with Lord and Lady Newlands at Mauldslie Castle, Carlisle, at the time of the General Election of early 1910. It was a very grand house-party, and in spite of suffering from pregnancy sickness Mamma was thrilled by the experience; the election results were marked as they came in with little flags on a chart showing a Liberal victory, not what was wanted in that household.

There is no doubt that Mamma was an 'elitist', horrid modern word, in the sense that she enjoyed the society of well-mannered and intelligent people in all walks of life: with her intellect, charm and sense of humour she never lacked friends who invited her to their homes, and were happy to visit her in the very small houses which were all she could afford as a widow. Having many interests – ornithology, gardening, dressmaking and embroidery – she preferred her own company to that of people she found dull, and I can truthfully say that I was always proud to introduce my own friends to her as I grew up, especially when she moved to Cambridge when I was an undergraduate.

MYNYDD-Y-GOF

OR

*THE HISTORY OF A WELSH CALVINISTIC
METHODIST FAMILY*

BY

A "LAX," ONE OF THEMSELVES

"Oh, that mine adversary had written a book"

(FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)



LONDON

SWAN, SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., LTD.

25 HIGH STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

1905

CHAPTER 7

1800–1916

ROBERT ROBERTS AND *MYNYDD-Y-GOF*

There is now a jump from my grandfather, a Scottish Hunter, to my great grandfather, a Welsh Roberts. They never met, but have in common being ancestors and dying almost at the same time, one in 1914, the other in 1916.

Easter holidays at Rhyd-Ddu and Beddgelert introduced Wales to me in the 1950s. but I don't think I understood that these places were very close to Mum's childhood home, or what the neighbourhood might therefore mean to her, until some years ago when I first read *Mynydd-y-Gof*, a truly remarkable book. On those childhood visits I did register the dramatic landscape and odd spellings as those of a foreign land, and the adventure of being scared off by a shepherd from damming the bubbling streams and thus flooding his field.

Mynydd-y-Gof was written by my great-grandfather, Robert Roberts (1828–1916), when he was 77, a few years after his wife Ellen died. From his childhood to leaving home for boarding school, he depicts the family of David and Sarah Roberts and his many brothers respectfully attending compulsory daily prayers at home, while a few hours later attempting to conceal their entertaining and unruly escapades. He continues into his early professional life in the booming Manchester of the 1850s until the time of his marriage. The Tudors had prohibited the Welsh language, and one of many social strands mentioned in *Mynydd-y-Gof* tells of the social need to still conceal Welshness in the Manchester of the 1800s. BBC Radio Cymru, its Welsh-language service, started only in 1977. Grandmother Mary Adelaide was a fluent speaker, but

Title page of *Mynydd-y-Gof*, the book written about the family of Dr David and Sarah Roberts, who lived there with their eight sons. The book's author was Robert Roberts, the sixth son



Mynydd-y-Gof: the back yard in September 2017

did not teach Maida, who was born and spent her childhood in Wales until starting day school in Oswestry. When we were children at home, she made very little of the Celtic ancestry of both parents, and indeed hardly spoke of them. It seems that it was only in later life that pride in her origins emerged sufficiently for her to want to write about them.

Robert Roberts's mother, Sarah Roberts, née Foulkes, came from the ancient Lloyd family of Plas-yn-dre Bala, and there are two old papers relevant to her history included towards the chapter end. David Roberts, the father figure, is pictured dividing his time between promoting Calvinist Methodism in Anglesey, general medical practice and running Mynydd-y-Gof as a working farm (its name shared with the book), where eight gratifyingly intelligent sons were brought up, a mile or so from the village of Bodedern. Robert Roberts grew up to run a successful wholesale textile business, as well as fathering eight children of his own, one of whom was Mary Adelaide, nicknamed 'Maida', mother of the christened Maida who was my own mother.

Sarah Foulkes (1788–1879, m.1815), David's wife and Robert's mother, had a distinguished ancestry associated with the origin of Methodism. She was the daughter of Thomas Foulkes of Machynlleth (d.1802) and Lydia Lloyd (1758–1837). Her grandfather was Simon Lloyd of Llanycil, Bala (1730–1764), who married Sarah Bowen of Tyddyn in 1755; all were significant early 'exhorters' of Methodism. (See Rhiwaedog Plas-yn-dre (Bala), generation 11 in the source 4 section of this book, and Wikipedia on Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon 1707–1791, founder and principal at Trevecca college). It is hard now to imagine the huge social and political impact of the

eighteenth and nineteenth-century evangelical Methodist revival which swept Wales, preaching its concern for people who needed help, with the Calvinist offshoot also committed to Welsh nationalism, and both in contrast to the established Church of England of those years.

Mynydd-y-Gof farm is only five miles from Holyhead, from where ferries depart for Dublin. It is even closer to the newly built (1848) railway to Manchester, which from 1826 crossed the strait, along with a road, on the Menai bridge, a modern engineering miracle and the world's first major suspension bridge. The book is set just at the time their destination city quadrupled in size, becoming, with the help of David and Sarah's sons, the dark heart of UK cotton textile manufacturing. But Robert steers clear of industrial history: the light-hearted stories which cover the pages are mostly those of daily life and what it was like being either on the farm or successful Welsh migrants and entrepreneurs in Victorian England.

I feel sensitive about having made such outrageous cuts to Roberts's work; the indented extracts I have chosen can give no more than the smallest idea of the amusing tenor and panorama of the whole story. There is keen variety, everyday detail and humour. I hope you will perhaps be encouraged to access the original, of which there are two copies in the National Library of Wales, as well as the one that I have. I have not yet found an electronic version – I hope to commission one. In the hand, it has the outline of a Penguin, with a hard cover but surprisingly light to read, and two-and-a-half inches thick!



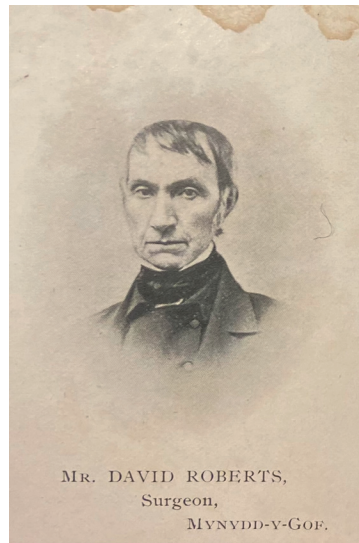
Mynydd-y-Gof: the front door in September 2017, now overgrown, when it was still a farmhouse

Extracts from *Mynydd-y-Gof*

The book begins with a foreword to only the two youngest of Roberts' children: Maida, his pet name for Mary Adelaide, and Trixie (Belle), for Beatrice Anne. Not included in this dedication are his two older daughters, Elizabeth (called Aunt Ah by my mother) and Catherine (Nonin), or his four sons, who had presumably left home and are mentioned by Harriet in the letter which closes this chapter.

Dr David Roberts,
1788–1869, and Mrs Sarah
Roberts, née Foulkes,
1788–1879, m. 1815

Mrs Sarah Roberts, née
Foulkes, of Mynydd-y-Gof,
1789–1879



To Maida and Trixie.

You know that a great misfortune met us five years ago – you lost an affectionate mother and I a devoted wife – and wishing to have some occupation suitable to my age, something that would engage my thoughts in addition to the ordinary bodily exercise, I decided that I would write down some of the incidents of my life, and those of my brothers, to do that would necessarily bring in some of those of our parents. I was under no illusions respecting my literary powers, never having been trained to anything of the sort. Being loth to inflict upon you and my other children, and perhaps grandchildren, the pain of having to read these incidents or memories in manuscript I determined to have them printed in the form of a book.

I endeavoured to hold before my mind as a kind of basis for my task some of the principal influences that governed our lives from youth to manhood – such as Home Influence or Religion. Calvinistic Methodism in its development. Nationality. Language. Cymry-Fydd.

The work has increased under my hands till it has assumed its present shape including much that is frivolous, but they speak for themselves and let those that read draw their own conclusions. 1905.

On the first page, Robert is young enough to remember being carried, and the pages are then filled with stories of the family of eight boys – he was number six – having scrapes, japes, laughs and adventures, as one might expect. Weeding the turnips was definitely often expected, being sent off to a distant village to collect money for a medical bill only mentioned once. His father David appears as a farmer and doctor, but mostly a leading light in Calvinist Methodism in West Anglesea. And mother Sarah Foulkes, with only Betty Hughes as nanny mentioned to help in the house, are both quoted and offer influence now and again in the first half of the 400 pages. What David thought was important to these boys clearly made a deep and mostly fond impression, although they bridled at his disapproval of their games, the need to set a good example, and Bible readings every day. They certainly appreciated learning, at home and the local school, to read and write, at Holywell prep school for Greek, Latin and so on, and as teenagers at school in Manchester. Three of them went straight from apprenticeship into owning what became very successful textile businesses (John Foulkes Roberts also became an alderman and Lord Mayor of Manchester in 1896-7, and was on the Council of Aberystwyth College), one into farming, and one – via University College Hospital, London and training in Europe – to a knighthood as one of the outstanding medical consultants of his day.

p96

My father being a country doctor and farmer and himself the son of religious parents was early made a deacon by the church at Bodedern . . . My grandmother's mother was a Miss Sarah Bowen of Tyddyn in Montgomeryshire and was a member of that band of earnest men and women who separated themselves from the Church of England because that body failed to perceive the signs of the times and adapt itself to them. This was about 1730 to 1750. They therefore with great courage started a new movement which had its headquarters at Trevecca College. This movement was apparently communistic in its origin, being of the same character as that of the first establishment of Christianity itself as described in the acts of the apostles . . . One day a stranger made his appearance at the college . . . one Simon Lloyd of Bala, I believe he came upon the same pious errand as Sarah . . . The consequence was that the two contracted a friendship . . . which ripened into love and after some time they became man and wife . . . How long the communistic element remained I know not, but in this

case the property or dowry that Sarah had brought was restored to her on her marriage to Simon . . .

p98

. . . no history of Mynydd-y-Gof would be complete without some attempt at a description of Robin Lewis whose connection with the family as farm manager lasted some 60 years: . . . he was straight and tall – over 6 feet in height – black hair that curled like a negro's, and which was always cropped short, clear blue eyes, of an easy sunny nature, high pitched voice, and a bright smile. There was something suggestive of a patriarchal age in his whole bearing . . . Robin Lewis knew that Queen Victoria ruled over the United Kingdom but who was prime minister or anything of the history of his country he was entirely ignorant. But the priests and princes of Judah and Israel – especially the former – he was quite familiar with. And also the names of the wives and children of the kings as well as the prophets and generals and other dignitaries [in the bible] of all those small countries not much bigger than Wales, all of these were household words with him . . . My father had the utmost confidence in him, and consulted him in everything respecting the farm work.

p102

My father commenced in a half laughing way, 'The railway is all the talk now' . . . 'yes and one or two of the others asked for an increase,' said my father . . . 'a great many farm servants are leaving their places. . . . 'It is then disturbing everything,' said my mother. 'What will become of us! What else did Robin Lewis say?' 'Oh,' replied my father, 'he said that he had worked hard for me for 10d [ten pence] a day and for longer hours . . . This new railway [Chester – Holyhead] is upsetting everything. But they are forgetting that men-servants get their food and their work regularly all year round and as for Robin Lewis he's allowed to keep a pig and a cow. Whether this is wise I do not know . . .'

This conversation is sufficient to show the state of feeling there was at the time. The only trouble between master and servant that I ever remember at Mynydd-y-Gof. It lasted for sometime . . . I do not

think Robin Lewis left my father's service. If he did it was only for a week or so.

[In a footnote:] I can recollect one man Hugh Pentwllcacwn – a very big man – but one of the lowest labouring class men whose wages were only 7½d [seven-and-a-half pence, or 'sevenpence halfpenny'] a day and his food. But that was when farming was very bad and work scarce.

No doubt the wages of men and women servants were very low and that it improved after the railway was finished and perhaps permanently so.

On p124, Robert writes about an unusual trip out with his dad, David Roberts, and they pass a few miles from home a small farmhouse at Pen-Llanddeusant, which:

. . . ought to be interesting to me as that farmhouse is the home of my ancestors, and it is still in the possession of the head of my family. The present proprietor is the son of my eldest brother, Robert Hughes of Tyn-cae, and it is said that there still exists an old family chest that has been in the family four hundred years. But I am speaking vainly . . . And my father quoted the verse:

“And they call the land by their names”

. . . and he went on to say “I have six brothers. The eldest is Hughes . . . The second is Jones, the third is Roberts, the fourth is Roberts (myself). The fifth is Hughes, and the sixth is Owen Jones Aberalaw, and Aberalaw is the old home where we were all born.” [We] laughed heartily at the way in which my father recited the variety of the family names. He threw a little humour into it – a very rare thing with him, but sometimes he would show a vein of humour, and sometimes he would attempt a rhyme, but it was always in Welsh.

David's 'Short Memoir' (see source 5) tells of his apprenticeship to a local doctor, of his very early enthusiasm for Calvinistic Methodism, and of travelling to London to pass

medical exams and staying on for further training. He married Sarah Foulkes in 1815 and divided his professional life between being the only local doctor, supporting the church and running a small farm.

p136

There was an event that had important bearings on the fortunes of the . . . family. Mr Hugh Lloyd of Chester was a descendent of Sarah Bowen and he was one of the Lloyds of Plasyndre [see source 4]. He removed to Chester and became a tea merchant and realised a large fortune nearly £100,000 much of it made, it was said, by lending money to the English government during the Peninsula War. Having no children of his own (he was never married) his fortune was divided between his rather numerous nephews and nieces . . . My mother being a niece came in for her share (which was, I have no doubt, welcome).

p143

I was gathering stones . . . in the growing hayfield, dressed in my fustian suit and my clogs on my feet, when, looking up in the distance, I saw a tall man coming towards me accompanied by my father. While I was wondering who it could be I heard the strange gentleman ask him 'who is this boy?' and my father answering, 'This is your brother Robert.' That was practically my first introduction to my brother Thomas [b. 1816] (for it was he). He having been away a good deal during our childhood, and served his apprenticeship at Machynlleth, and was afterwards for some two or three years with a large firm of tanners . . . in London. No doubt he had been home more than once during the interval, but I did not recognise him at the time, and I was myself only emerging out of childhood. . . . He insisted on going to bed in *llofft-yr-hogiau* (the boys room) . . . I fell fast asleep with Luff [the dog] in my arms, very happy and very proud of my newfound brother Thomas.

pp144–151

The education of some of us younger ones was soon openly talked about . . . a few months after my brother Thomas' visit it was announced to us that Richard, William and I were to go to Holywell [Denbighshire] to a Mr Cole's school, Castle Hill, and also that Betty Hughes was to accompany us

to act as Thomas's housekeeper as well as to superintend us, the younger brothers . . . Thomas had become possessor of a tanyard in Holywell and being very enthusiastic in all he did, thought there was no tanyard like it in the world. So as soon as we arrived from the coach . . . we sallied out notwithstanding our fatigue to visit it. The first thing that struck me was the very disagreeable smell and on my mentioning it to Thomas he only pooh-poohed it as not being worth a moment's notice. He then marched before us . . . A big dog made a jump at us and Richard, being the eldest, was attacked. To escape he turned sharply and fell down a pit. I followed close at his heels and William, who was keeping close to me, did exactly the same. Next thing I remember was hearing a demoniacal laugh from someone on the margin of the pit and then feeling a hook catching hold of my jacket and afterwards seeing the three of us dripping and spluttering among the men on the bank with the big yellow dog who had done the mischief wagging his tail as if it was all a very good joke. We had all fallen into one of the tanyard pits. Fortunately it was only half full and had some hides in it which broke our fall, and though not deep enough to be dangerous it was deep enough to submerge us all, which was very unfortunate as it was the worst smelling of all the pits in the yard . . . The whole thing only took a moment, but we were in our best clothes. [There follows a huge amount of laughter, plans to keep the whole thing secret, and how to manage the smell for the next few days.]

p167

[In chapel . . .] One Sunday night I found squeezed into my hand an immense peppermint as big as a half crown, which came with some blushing and bashful smiles from the girls – sent, I soon found out, by a pretty girl called Alice Lloyd, daughter of a large grocer – and by certain blushings and other self-conscious signs that I had made some impression on her heart . . . So Rehoboth Chapel became a place full of romance . . . I was at most but 11 years of age, Alice might have been 10. But the sound of the silk dresses rustling . . . was music to my ears.

p181

[Home to Mynydd-y-Gof from school . . .] My father's way was to give us a warm welcome the first day. On the second he would throw out hints

that idleness was a bad thing. The third he would give us some work to do. He did not recognise holidays as being necessary at all, man's life being too serious for play and pleasure. The consequence was there was a certain amount of slyness in all our play, we were always under a sense of the danger of being found out. But it did not follow that we had no play, we managed to evade the parental rule. These rules had become so well known that it was not difficult to do so. There were the horses and cows, the garden, the Rhoh-ho and the fields, the river . . . each place and each thing had its own story to tell us. One of the first places we went was the Baban-arad marsh . . . and at one end there was an old disused watermill . . . [then follow some stories told by Yargo Hughes, one of their labouring acquaintances].

p230

[The death of Robert's brother, David (c.1819–36), from consumption at the age of 19. A prayer meeting was held for the family at home on the day before the funeral.] It was a solemn occasion for us boys. On the afternoon of the day a hushed silence fell on everything about the house. The first to arrive was my father's old friend, the Rev. W. Roberts, Almwch (who was to preach the sermon), my uncle and aunt Williams, Frongoch (my mother's only relatives in Anglesey) came early having a long journey . . . Then at intervals the various uncles, my father's brothers, of Llanfaethlu, Holyhead, Penybont, Tyn-y-Cae, Carrig Mynedd, and ABERALAW, they all came to tea (the presence of their wives was not expected). The *parlwr-mawr* was well filled.

p242

[Robert's planned move to Daisy Bank secondary school, Manchester – 'superior in every way' to Holywell, having sports and music part of the curriculum. Father, Mother, Betty Hughes and Robert, Edward and William all went by coach, then steamer, from Menai Bridge to Liverpool, thence by train to 23 All Saints' Place, home of eldest brother John Foulkes Roberts (1817–1902). It's a funny story, father leading the way, about the new-fangled 'ticket class' decision, being scolded in the train by Mrs Roberts for the expense of getting a 'first', and electing to walk what turned out to be an unreasonable distance to the final destination, rather

than taking a cab, exacerbated by needing a porter for the quantity of luggage.]

p261

The Daisy Bank days are over. My brother William [1830–99] soon entered medical school in London treated of elsewhere. Edward's health continued failing [and he continued at home a confirmed invalid]. Richard remained in my brother's warehouse and then removed to London where he served in the retail trade, when his health broke down he came back to Anglesey as a farmer.

My progress at Daisy Bank . . . as at Castle Hill . . . could only be called average, . . . [but after a short spell at home I got] an apprentice position in the Manchester warehouse of Oughton, Hobday & Roberts [no relation]. An unequal discussion follows between my father and the merchant as to the scale of the premium required to take me on; '£10 for the third year, £15 the fourth, and £25 the fifth year,' said Mr Roberts looking jauntily at my father. 'And for two years my son will get nothing?' This my father said in rather a rueful and hesitating way, as if he had not realised it before. This Mr Roberts noticed and in his most sprightly fashion continued, 'Well, my dear sir, far be it for me to press you in any way.' . . . 'My son will be in his 21st year before he can keep himself.' . . . Mr Roberts put on a cool and indifferent look and said, 'Some people consider it some advantage to place their sons with the sons of gentlemen.' I dare say this argument had some weight with my father . . . who dejectedly said, 'It will do if I send you a cheque when I return home?'

pp275–6

I soon got to understand that Mr Roberts had many aliases – "Old Bowells", "Old Plausible", "Old Humbug" were the favourites – but it was quite evident that he was not regarded with respect by the apprentices, at any rate. 'Did your father pay any premium, Jack,' enquired Gibson. 'Not such a fool,' he replied. [Chatter between the apprentices had turned to their surprisingly variable experiences of being recruited, and that Old Plausible was on the make in taking any charge at all.]

Mr Roberts bought all the goods of the Scotch departments. Mr Jones was head salesman of the shawls and there was a similar

complement of hands in the cotton handkerchiefs and the muslin departments. My principal work for the first few months was to carry shawls from the packing room to the top room, this was very heavy work . . . We had to be at business by 8 o'clock in the morning and the hour of closing was (professedly) seven o'clock in the evening but these hours were much exceeded at the time I speak of. In the wholesale trade there were two busy seasons, Spring and Autumn . . . we were often detained at business until 10 or 11 o'clock at night: on the other hand we had a good deal of time on our hands between the seasons. This is very different in the wholesale to what it is in the retail.

[When Mr Roberts departed on buying visits in Scotland by steamer, many stories follow of the 'larks' arranged by the apprentices to amuse themselves. On one such they went for a ten-mile walk into Cheshire, not stinting on pub visits and plenty of food and drink. A marvellous, friendly and generous scene then unfolds, depicting the adventures of their day out together]

pp291–4

. . . the whole scene to me was new and seemed to open out another world. If I did think of my father and the preaching meeting at Grosvenor Square it did not trouble me. Nothing at Holywell much less at Bodedern had I ever seen before. It came to an end, however, as all things will. When I got home [23 All Saints' Place] I found . . . my father and uncle Jones, Machynlleth, and four or five brothers in chairs all about. All in the unspeakable attitude of those having reached a crisis awaiting its further development . . . 'Well, Roberts bach, where have you been?' . . . Disapproval of every element of our pleasant day out was lengthy and overwhelming, culminating in 'Are you sorry for what you have done?' said my father in almost a pleading tone. A very unusual thing with him. 'I'm sorry to have given you pain, but not sorry I have been.' My feelings were in such a high tension by this that if I attempted another word I should have broken down. As it was I walked out of the room and went upstairs to my bedroom. I felt I was the only black sheep in the family.

p295

[Father David often visited J.F. and H. Roberts, a new and later very successful textile firm started by the brothers, then in its infancy.] But not only did John work hard with his business till late at night, he was also diligent studying to learn the Greek Testament . . . Smiles's self-help and Carlisle's books and many others I can well reflect him poring over . . . We seldom had visitors . . .

Brother Hugh became a member of the Athenaeum, we both became good at chess. William never became proficient at any games, neither chess nor cards.

Betty Hughes . . . took a strong dislike to chess and called it "worshipping idols" . . . Richard and Edward had left for good . . . this state of things continued for some years . . . until my brother John [became engaged] to Miss Elizabeth Jones of Llanidloes, sister to my brother Thomas' wife, this event taking place . . . about the middle of my apprenticeship.

p316

[Mr Hobday died falling from his horse, Mr Roberts took over the running of Oughton, Hobday & Roberts, which gradually declined. Robert moved to I. and N. Phillips & Co.]

p337

[John and Elizabeth move to Park Terrace, ten minutes walk from All Saints' Place. The uncle Williams also moved, changing address meant changing their 'familiar' name – (of) Frangoch become – (of) Glanbeuno, a village 4 miles west of Crûg. In conversation it turned out both sister-in-law and aunt knew Ellen, who had been born and lived at Crûg, whom Robert Roberts was to marry, and who would become the mother of Mary Adelaide. She was then about 16.] Her dark curls fell down the side of her face which had a warm colour in them, her eyes were remarkable for their intelligence. But there was something more. There was an enthusiasm in them that caught my fancy at once.

p345

[Robert's youngest brother, Edward, died of Bright's disease (strep. A, scarlet fever nephritis)]

p366

[Conversations about the workings of the fabric wholesale trade.]

pp372–384

[Robert was by now a travelling salesman for the increasingly successful firm of J.F. and H. Roberts, run by his brothers John and Hugh. Here he visits London to see his younger brother William almost finishing medical school, they have a lengthy conversation with a German socialist friend, Fritz, discussing the books of Jenner and Darwin and their degrees of respect for John Calvin and Martin Luther.]

p389

[A visit to brother Richard, now comfortably settled in Cleifog farm, two miles from Mynydd-y-Gof, but unmarried, which they discuss.]

p399

[William's first job was house-surgeon in Manchester in 1854, and he was appointed to the staff about two years later. In the gap he had an attack of what turned out to be typhus fever and was for many weeks at the point of death, but recovered and went with Robert on a convalescent trip to Switzerland. Robert's London friend Fritz moved to Manchester.] 'As a chemist, he was fortunate enough to gain a prize of £5000 for some chemical discovery in connection with calico printing.'

[Several pages of discussion follow on the pros and cons of being German, Welsh or English in terms of temperament and language.]

pp411–412

Carnarvon had great attractions for me in those days . . . I was looking over Illustrated London News with the same young lady who some four years before accompanied me to the oratorio at the free-trade hall . . . She was most interested in the pictures, especially those that bore any political bearing. I was able to explain a good many of them and she received my explanations in a very appreciative manner.

Becoming conscious that my attentions were a little marked, I rose up and walked to another part of the room. Upon looking back . . . I thought I saw (for I was as vain as a peacock) a look of regret to pass over her face. That look went to my heart . . . before Easter in the year 1860 I became engaged and we were married on the 19th of the following July. The rest, those who may read these lines, will know all.

A final word respecting my own business career. I commenced as a shawl merchant in 1855 [see singhtwins.co.uk. for info/ artwork on the competition with the Raj]. I was 27 years of age. I succeeded beyond my expectations. In a year or two I enlarged my business, and moved into larger premises. I more than doubled my capital. My returns amounted to £80,000 a year. I had a staff of travellers and buyers. I had several offers of partnership. But through the collapse of the shawl – the only trade I understood – I became convinced that the effort was too much for me and was affecting my health. I struggled at it in the home trade for 15 years. Paid my trade creditors in full. And at great sacrifice relinquished my position as a Manchester warehouseman. During the remaining 15 years of my stay in Manchester, I turned my knowledge of the shawl trade to a good account by acting as agent to woollen manufacturers.

p426

Father and mother continued to live at Mynydd-y-Gof for many years, attaining a green [sic] old age. Father died at 81 in 1869, mother at 92 in 1879. Robin Lewis continued with them until the end, when he moved in with his daughter at the chapel house Bodedern, he died when over 80. After his death five shillings a week was contributed by the surviving members of our family until the present in 1905.

The brothers: Thomas, John, Robert and Sir William

In addition to the four with bigger stories below, four other brothers are briefly listed here, making eight Mynydd-y-Gof brothers in all. There was David (died of TB), Hugh

(business partner of John), Richard (unmarried Anglesea farmer), and Edward (died as a young man of kidney failure). Their dates are shown in the attached family tree.

Thomas Foulkes Roberts, 1816–83

The oldest son, and having a role in many good *Mynydd-y-Gof* stories, he built a successful leather tanning business. He and brother John married the Jones sisters from Llanidloes. He was father to Mary, who later became Lady Bradford [see chap 3].

The following brief biographies of John and Robert Roberts are from the online *Dictionary of Welsh Biography* (accessed 29 August 2017) by Prof. Robert Thomas Jenkins, 1959.

John Foulkes Roberts, 1817–1902

Second son, went to Manchester 1838; later on, he and his brother Hugh founded the prosperous textile warehouse firm 'J. F. and H. Roberts'. Like his father, he was extremely conscientious, took Samuel Smiles as his mentor, and strove after self-culture (e.g. he learned some Greek). He showed no zeal for the Welsh language, and indeed joined an English Congregational church, but was not behind-hand in supporting Welsh interests at Manchester. Over and above this, he took a prominent part in the public life of the city, and was lord mayor in 1896–7. He was a zealous promoter of higher education in Wales, and from the foundation of University College, Aberystwyth, till his own death – a period of thirty years – he was one of its vice-presidents. It may now be added that the recent publication of the Thomas Charles Edwards Letters (ed. T. I. Ellis, 1952–3) has brought into fuller light his inestimably valuable services to the college in very critical days. He died 5 Nov. 1902.

Robert Roberts, 1828–1916

The sixth son was also a Manchester business-man; he launched out on his own there in 1855, but closed his shawl business down c. 1870 with the general decline of the shawl trade, and from that time till his retirement in 1885 acted as an agent to woollen manufacturers. He is nothing like as well known as two of his brothers but was in some ways a more interesting man – notably as reflected in his privately-printed book ‘Mynydd-y-gof, or the History of a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Family’ 1905, under the significant pseudonym ‘A Lax’, to which the present notice owes much. It is not only an autobiography and a family history but also a valuable account of Anglesey Methodism and its leaders during the first half of the 19th cent. – and also of Welsh commercial life in Manchester. He retired to live at Crûg becoming JP, and after his wife Ellen died (she was the leaseholder) at Bronceris, Carnarvon d. 28 Jan 1916 (information from his grand-daughter, Mrs. Maida Bulman).

Note: see the closing pages of chapter 1 for a letter in which Harriet Nichol Panting, née Bulman, lists the eight children of Robert Roberts and Ellen of Crûg, one of whom (Mary Adelaide Hunter, née Roberts), was her grandmother.



Mrs Ellen Roberts of Crûg, 1840–1900, as a young woman with an unknown baby. One of Ellen's children was Mary Adelaide, mother of Beatrice Mary Bulman (née Hunter)

Sir William Roberts (1830–1899)

There is a long obituary at the end of the *Mynydd-y-Gof* book, reprinted there from *Lancet* 29 April 1899. It is here much abbreviated; Sir William has his own Wikipedia page. The youngest son, Dr William Roberts went to Mill Hill school and University College, London, graduating in 1851 and afterwards studied in Paris and Berlin; he was elected F.R.S. in 1877 and knighted in 1885. He settled at Manchester in 1854, was chief physician of the Royal Infirmary there from 1855 till 1883, and was from 1863 till 1873 lecturer, and from 1873 till 1889 professor, of medicine at Owens College (later the Victoria University). He specialised in kidney diseases, but made important contributions in other fields, notably in physiology. In 1893 he served as a member of the Opium Commission, pictured here on a



Maida Bulman writes:
 'Dr Sir William Roberts
 (youngest brother of
 my grandfather Robert
 Roberts), taken in India
 when serving as a member
 of the Opium Commission
 1893'. Dr Sir William
 Roberts is seated on the
 left, above the arrow

visit to India [see Wikipedia]. For twenty years before his death he had owned the estate of Bryn in Llanymawddwy, Merioneth, and used it as a summer retreat; there he died on 16 April 1899, and was buried in the churchyard. (D.N.B. First Supplement; *Mynydd-y-Gof*; Trans. Cymm., 1932–3, with a list of his papers.) Not mentioned in these august reports is that he adopted as his ward May Roberts, the natural daughter of a deceased oldest brother, Thomas Foulkes Roberts. Also not mentioned is that he was awarded the 1880 Cameron prize for therapeutics at the University of Edinburgh for coining the word 'enzyme' and observing the antibacterial effect of penicillin moulds before Fleming (Wikipedia; accessed 27 January 2022).

Miss Sarah Foulkes of Machynlleth 1789–1879

Here are the two old papers mentioned in the chapter introduction

First, a very fragile original handwritten two-sided paper letter, 133 × 174mm, dated 1 August 1815, in an envelope on which my mother, Maida Bulman, wrote: '... from my great-grandmother Miss Sarah Foulkes, to her future husband Dr Roberts of Mynydd-y-Gof. Given me on Feb 3rd 1963 by Gertrude Findlay her grand-daughter.' Sarah and David married that same year.

The letter itself reads:

Machynlleth, Feb 1st 1815

Once more I am retired to address a few lines to that far distant spot, which now often occupies my thoughts and fills my Mind with emotions, mixed and various, not easily described. It is not my pleasure, (I assure you) to cause you a moment's uneasiness, if I knew how to be more explicit and decided, I would be so. I must tell you that the liberties and privileges of my present state have ever been near and dear to me and the most distant idea of relinquishing these and plunging into Bonds with its attendant innumerable cares do appear quite formidable.

Were I but convinced that it is the Lord's providence that calls me to give up these delights and the endearing ties that bind my heart to the individuals that compose our little circle, I think I should not be found to rebel against his dispensations. Should the times you allude to suit you best, I shall be *silent* but hope the Lord will enable us to arrange [illegible] and act consistent with his will and glory.

Rees Jones came here on Friday, on Saturday there was a heavy fall of snow; it was with much persuasion that we kept poor Rees here till Monday though it would have been highly dangerous for him to have gone sooner, our servants went to send him the greatest part of the way to Llanidloes, we judged it more prudent for him not to preach on the controversial point as the Baptists here are very quiet at present.

I am happy to say my Mother is better, for the sake of privacy she wishes your horse to be in stables. I believe you will not see my Uncle in the Island as soon as you expected, he has been rather poorly lately.

I am your friend,
Sarah Foulkes

With Maida I visited by car the home of the Findlays at Stansted Hall, Essex, when I was about 10 or 15, long before the commercial airport was visible. I remember an apparently deserted, grand, dark Victorian house surrounded by a park with a

delightful lake, dappled summer sunlight and a small moored rowing boat all looking in my mind now like a classic Monet painting. I was led to believe that the Findlays were something important in the spiritualist movement. I don't remember any introductions or being offered any food; I think we were both there for some hours while Maida was presumably talking with Gertrude. The memory itself seems spooky. A Findlay relation was said to have brought the Ffestiniog Railway back into working order, before migrating to the Inner Hebrides. I was delighted to find this letter since I had no idea then, or really since, what our connection was with the Findlays, but this does open a few clues.



The second document I would urge you to look at, if only briefly, is a 'Pedigree of the Rhiwaedog Plas-yn-dre Bala family', found with Maida's papers, having been translated from Welsh and typed on 20 May 1890 by George Lloyd Roberts (son of Robert Roberts of Crûg and a brother of Mary Adelaide, who, according to the closing lines written by my sister Harriet – see below – migrated to the United States), from *Golud yr Oes*, Cyf II, 1864, published in Welsh by Humphreys, Carnarvon ('the riches of the day'; a national magazine for the support of literature, music, art, education, patriotism and religion, and having no affiliation with any party, national or religious). The full text is shown in source 4.

This also shows the line of Sarah's ancestors back to and beyond Simon Lloyd of Plas-yn-dre Bala, who died around 1711. A non-family version, which seems reliable if hard to understand taking the opening paragraph below as a guide, is to be found in the dictionary of Welsh Biography under:

Rhiwaedog, near Bala, Wales. Owned by the Lloyds since c.1395, the house was probably rebuilt c.1664. Photographed by AH Gaddum in 1989, when it was a youth hostel



LLOYD family, of Rhiwaedog (Rhiwedog), parish of Llanfor, Meirionnydd.

Although the present (Plas) Rhiwaedog, near Bala, was not built until the second half of the 17th century (1664 ? – see sketch plan in Merioneth Inventory under item 364), there is documentary evidence that the Lloyd family is ancient and

was once dominant. According to J. Y. W. Lloyd (*Archæologia Cambrensis*, 1874, 198) the ‘Lloyd family became possessed of Rhiwaedog by the marriage of their ancestor MEREDYDD AB IEUAN AP MEREDYDD with MARGARET, eldest daughter and coheiress of EINION AB ITHEL of Rhiwaedog, Esquire of the Body of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in A.D. 1395, and high sheriff of Meirionydd for life. He was [according to Lloyd] the son of ITHEL AB GWRGENEU FYCHAN AB GWRGENEU AP MADOG AP RHIRYD FLAIDD.’ According to Wikipedia, ‘Rhiwaedog is the name of an ancient estate located in the Penllyn forest near Bala, Gwyneth. It gives its name today to two hills . . . There is also the ancient manor house, Plas Rhiwaedog, from which Rhirid Flaidd ruled his demesne.’

David Roberts, 1788–1869, a short memoir

I found this little red booklet (140 × 109 × 2mm) tucked behind the dustcover of *Mynydd-y-Gof*. The full text is printed as source 5; the two extracts reproduced here, to give a taste, are the first few and last two pages:

DAVID ROBERTS,
MYNYDD-Y-GOF,

*Translated [from the Welsh] 1870 from an article
by the Rev. Ebenezer Evans
in the “Drysorfa”
of November and December, 1870.*

DAVID ROBERTS, the subject of this Memoir, was one whose memory is blessed, and his manner of life a sweet savour after his departure. He was the fourth son of John and Catherine Roberts, Aberalaw, in the Parish of Llanfachreth, Anglesea, and was born on the 20th of July, 1788. His father who was a man of high character died in middle life, and his mother was a pre-eminently pious woman, one in whom were united the different virtues which are characteristic

of a good wife. She possessed strong common sense, was cautious, calm, and refined. To train up her children religiously, so as to fit them to be of service to their fellow men, was the primary object of her life; and to obtain this object, she was unwearied in teaching and advising them, and made it a constant subject of her prayers on their behalf. Her deepest wish for them was:— that the Lord should be to them throughout their lives a Defender and Guide, and that He would give what was necessary for the present life, so as to enable them to do good, but especially that they should have true religion, and be of service to their generation.

Inasmuch as she prayed chiefly, that her children might become godly and useful, the Lord answered her as he did Solomon, granting her chief request, and in a great measure the desire for their prosperity. She was permitted to live to see all her children prosper under the guidance and blessing of heaven, each one in happy circumstances, and in addition, she had the joy of seeing all of them religiously inclined, and five out of her seven sons active officers of their Church in Anglesea.

It would be a blessing if Wales had many mothers like Catherine Roberts—it is one of the great needs of our times.

To return to the subject of our Memoir:— when a child at home he was a boy of good conduct, and even at that early age disposed to listen to the preaching of the gospel. He became a member of the Calvinistic Methodist Church at Tyn-y-main Chapel when a youth, and previous to his apprenticeship to a doctor. When first interested in religion, he thought highly of the privilege of becoming a full member of the Church. He looked upon the Church of God with awe, as the very gate of heaven, and when advanced in age he often referred to his early impressions, with respect to the Lord and His house on earth. He took up religion in earnest, it absorbed all his thoughts, and he had an ardent desire that God should be glorified by the extension of His Kingdom in this world. At this time the London Missionary Society was being first brought to the notice of the country, and when its claims were laid before the Tyn-y-main Church, he was so enthusiastic over the object of the Society in

spreading the knowledge of salvation over the world, that he gave ten shillings (all he possessed at the time) in the collection. There was inspired in him at that time a love towards this Society, which continued all through his life, and he always subscribed to its funds. During his apprenticeship to Dr. Williams, Holyhead, he withdrew from membership of his Church, without assigning any reason, but that he was disheartened at not being in touch with his brethren there; however, he was saved from falling into any reckless departure from faith or conduct. When his apprenticeship at Holyhead was over, he went up to London for his examination in medicine and surgery, and having passed, took a post as assistant to a pious doctor in London (Dr. Stubbs) whose good religious example became a blessing to him, and he acknowledged with praise throughout his life, the kind and special care of the Lord in preparing such a place for him. The Metropolis with its temptations and terrible corruption, has often been the grave of the hopes that godly parents have had for their children, and the death of religious feeling in the children themselves. But in the case of David Roberts, it was in London that God in His mercy visited him a second time; his mind was re-awakened, his affection for the Gospel re-kindled, and its truth and testimony became again precious in his sight. The old emotion under the preaching of the gospel was renewed, and became stronger than ever, he made a friend of the Bible, and entered into a covenant with the Lord to read a portion of it daily while in London, especially with the purpose of increasing his knowledge of God, and the growth of his Christian life. His acquaintance with the Bible proved an incalculable blessing to him, he loved its laws greatly, and it became so dear to him, that he kept this covenant while he lived. Under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, he was completely convinced of the truth, and in his anxiety for his eternal welfare, he obtained an interview with Mr. Charles, and spoke of the sermon which had so impressed him, and offered himself anew to the Church in London. It was thus he was planted in the house of the Lord, and became a faithful, diligent, and strenuous servant of God to the end of his life.

Upon his return to his native home, he settled down at Bodedern, where he henceforth carried on his profession as a medical man, and, like David, King of Israel, served his day and generation. His skill as a doctor was such, that a great loss was felt when he passed away. He was well suited to his profession, a man who aimed at doing his duty thoroughly, so much so, that he had neither the time nor disposition for amusements, even lawful ones. He was most conscientious in his professional work, and very devoted to those under his care.



For the last two years of his life he was prevented by ill-health from being an active worker in the cause of religion, it was evident that his working days were over, and that he was divesting himself of the robes of office. All his life he was diffident of his own capacity, his fears arising from the fact that he fully realized the immense importance of true religion, the exactitude of judgment, and the holiness of heaven, but in spite of fears, he was never hopeless, but clinging to the Lord, his soul always found rest in the merits of Christ. Hoping while yet fearing, was his constant experience but when he approached the solemnity of dying, the fears were removed, the terror was lost, his mind became clear, and he trusted himself entirely to the mercy and faithfulness of God. At times his communion with God would overflow, and he would exclaim, "Oh what love"! "Oh dear Lord Jesus, when shall I come to Thee"? Having spent his life in fear of the act of dying in his case when it came to pass this experience was very different to what he had anticipated. He fell into a calm sleep, gentle and natural as a babe in his cradle, he slumbered and knew not that it was death until he awoke in glory; he fell asleep safely in Jesus. On this account he spoke but little in his last moments; he had spoken sufficiently during his life, and now he received an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, having had the approval of his own conscience, of his Church, of all his friends who knew his life, and of his eternal King.

He died on the 12th day of January, 1869, at the advanced age of 81. He was buried on the 16th of that month, in the Llanfachreth Cemetery, where his three sons and his daughter, and many of his relatives reposed.

A letter from Harriet Panting about the children of her Welsh great-grandmother

The letter below was written at my request by my elder sister, Harriet Nichol Panting, née Bulman (see the final page of chapter 1). In it she lists the eight children of Robert Roberts and Ellen of Crûg (one of whom was her grandmother, Mary Adelaide). The family tree (see page 304) gives all the dates that I know.

Dear Diana [Bulman]

January 4, 2012

Thank you both so very much for having me to stay overnight. It was truly lovely to see you and reacquaint myself with Norwich and Keswick. We seemed to fit quite a lot in one way and another. I do hope you enjoyed your weekend with Edward and Heather in Burnham Market.

Re the Family Tree I seem to have a bit more than I remembered and I'm struggling to get my head round it particularly as I'm riveted to 'A History of the World in 100 Objects'. I shall visit them in the British Museum when I return from my next stint in Cheltenham which is scheduled for Jan 8–19th. I enjoyed the radio 4 talks but somehow looking at the book with a good photo alongside seems to make them really come alive. The handcream is also GORGEOUS as you know!

Anyway back to the point! I think the main Q Andy asked was the names of Grandmama's siblings: all 8 are the children of Robert Roberts, who moved from Anglesea to Manchester. He retired to Crûg in Port Dinorwic and then to Bronceris in Caernarvon.

I have made a little note that Robert was one of 8 sons from whom were descended various other families who Mum used to mention from time to time, eg Caprons, Findlays, Claphams – all much grander than the 2 of them and with whom Mamma greatly enjoyed staying as a child!

I have some info about all these if you are interested but I think it would be easier for you to call sometime to see what I have as I do not have the skill to type it out properly on my PC.

Anyway Grandmama's siblings are

1. George m. Winnie who had one child Bridgetta m. Stephen Johnson. They lived in Conway where we used to visit.[Bridgetta & Stephen went back and fro' to South Arica]
2. Charlie (no info)
3. Llewellyn David who went to USA
4. Wynne Howell who married a French Canadian
5. Mary Adelaide m. Charles Hunter . . .
6. Catherine (Nonin). She was unmarried. When you were a toddler Mum moved her – I think from Bristol – to residential care in Wallington and cared for her until she died. We used to visit her in both places but you probably stayed with Adda.
7. Elizabeth m. Richard Williams. Parents of Roderick (RIP before I was born in 1940) and Robin Williams m. Dorothy parents of Janet m. Peter Cottingham parents of Amanda, Robert and Jonathan. Janet is a year or two older than me and was at Cheltenham Ladies' College at the same time. I used to go to Leicester to stay with them. Rob was a senior Manager with Wolses who made (make?) hosiery. I used to stay with them a lot. I particularly remember being there for half-term one Remembrance Day and watching the Albert Hall ceremony for the first time. I must have been about 13. I think we did have a small TV at home but Dad kept it in the bedroom you shared with Charlie! [It shattered in a pillow fight, excused by me aged 6 as 'a little puff of wind'.]
8. Beatrice (Tricka, Belle) m. dear Uncle Louis, parents of Molly and Margie (Woof – unmarried, spend her life in London teaching elocution at RADA). Molly m. Reginald Cooke parents of Christopher (Kippy) m. Robin parents of Pippa, David and Richard; also Penelope (Pen) RIP in Australia; and William m. Sheila parents of Huw, Robert, Tom

and Kate. William is a solicitor in Welshpool and Kippy also lives very near Welshpool. I think I told you that his main interest in retirement is Christian Solidarity monitoring treatment of the Christian minorities in Egypt and other Arab countries. I used to stay with them every year at Guilsfield just south of Welshpool. He now lives in a village called Lower Varchoel where I have been invited to stay next summer. We shall see. Growing old makes all such arrangements provisional!

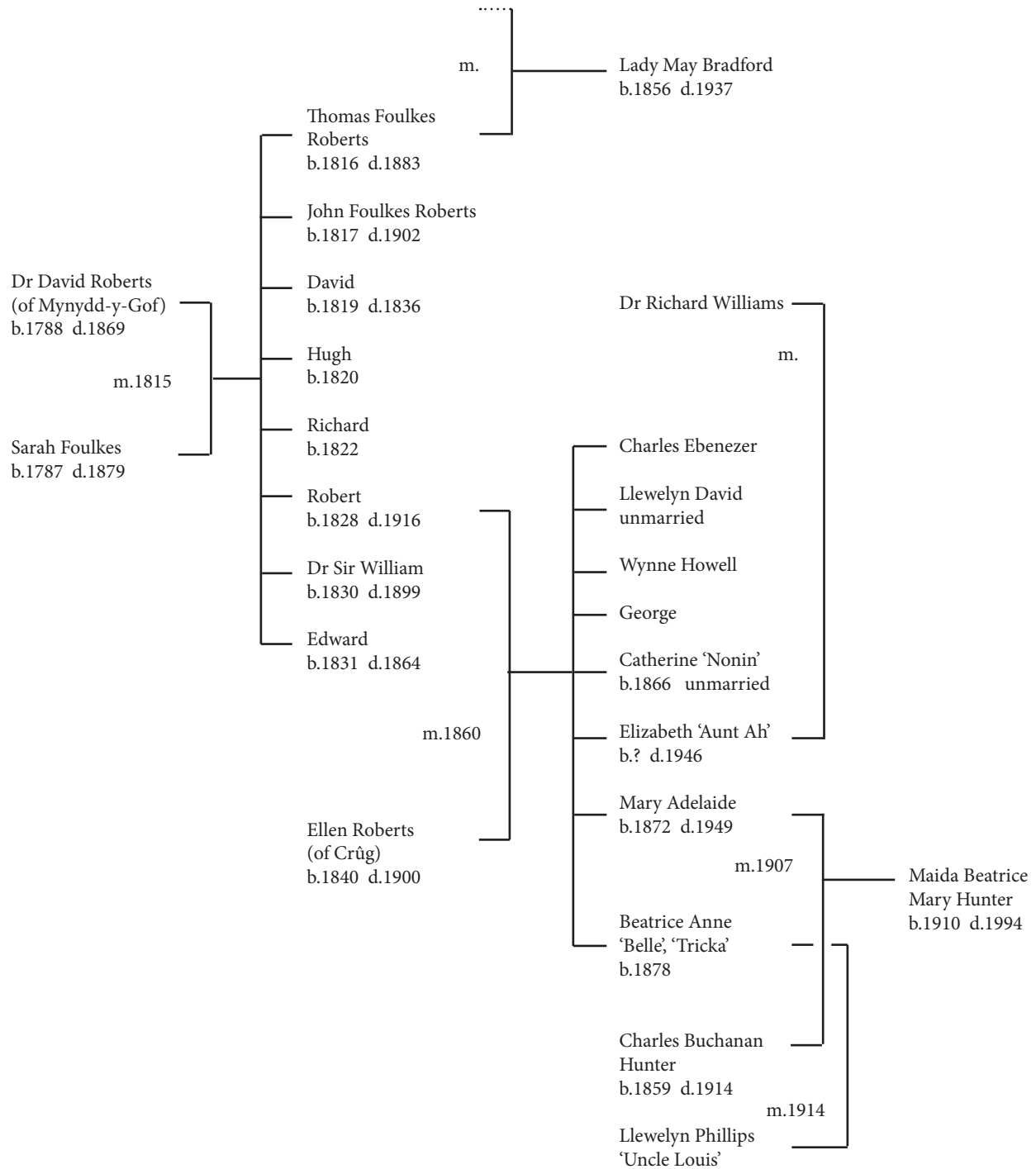
Enough for one day!!!

Harry

PS

1. I'm not sure that these 8 are in order of birth. I think I may have put them in this order to fit the descendants all on the page.
2. Charles and Mary Adelaide Hunter lived at Maenhir Llanfair near Menai Bridge but as I recall from childhood conversations they were often away and Maida was often living at Bronceris when she was very young until Charles died.

The Roberts





John Bulman



Harriet Bulman

John and Harriet Bulman

CHAPTER 8

1821–1892

JOHN BULMAN AND HARRIET NICHOL, AND THEIR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Turning back now to the forebears of my father.

John Bulman, the lawyer, and Harriet Bulman, née Nichol, married in 1847 and had a family. Their contemporaries were Queen Victoria (1819–1901), and Charles Dickens (1812–1870); then, as now, changes were afoot. The electric telegraph modernised civil war in the United States, for instance, while in England reducing germs with antiseptics enabled surgery to develop safely. Harriet had an eventful childhood, then produced a family of ten, among them Harrison the miner and Philip the soldier (see chapter 4). As my Uncle Philip put it in 1982:

‘... quite a brood by today’s standards but the first four all died of scarlet fever while babies between 1848–52. It must have been a very traumatic start to married life. And Caroline, the fifth to arrive, only lasted until she was 25 years old.’

Although both John and Harriet came from families based in Newcastle, a good many of their relatives lived near Oxford, where their boys were sent to school.

John Bulman, 1821–1892



John Bulman: as a young man; in his middle years; as an older man



A young Harriet Bulman, née Nichol



What follows about John is based on what my grandfather Harrison (HFB 1924) and my Uncle Philip (in 1982) wrote. Losing your father at 14 sounds tough, even though his mother and aunts were there to see him into middle age. After school and some years of articles he was admitted at age 23 as ‘solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, and an Attorney of the Court of the Queen’s Bench’ in Newcastle. Buying a new house and marrying 24-year-old Harriet Nichol all sounds good. It must have been hard then losing their first four children, and a relief when Caroline, Harrison, Philip and Fred were born and prospered.

HFB 1924 records that in 1852 John was appointed as ‘Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle’. My own father, JFHB, responding to a request for obituary information on his uncle Philip, describes his grandfather John as ‘Town Clerk of Newcastle’. I tried to check this, but the newly revised Tyne & Wear Archive’s online catalogue search signally failed to find an entry for him at all, even with the help of the Archive’s professionals.

In ‘The Corporation: Officers’ – from *Historical Account of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Including the Borough of Gateshead*, Newcastle-

upon-Tyne, 1827, pp. 611–627. British History Online, <http://www.british-history.ac.uk/no-series/newcastle-historical-account/pp611-627> (accessed 27 March 2021) – the author lists, among the corporation officers from twenty-five years before (perhaps suggesting that the structure of the City Council was changing) a ‘town-clerk’ whose job is described thus:

In the charter 42 Queen Elizabeth, it is said, ‘Whereas the town of Newcastle upon Tyne is a town of merchants . . . it is necessary to order and establish a certain order within the said town, and the speedy recovery of debts to merchants . . . The queen appoints William Jackson, gentleman, to be her first and then modern clerk, for taking recognisances of debts, within the said town . . . if a merchant or any other shall be made a debtor, he may come before the mayor and clerk of recognisances, and before them acknowledge his debt and day of payment. And the said mayor and clerk may do and dispatch all other things, which by the statute aforesaid are requisite . . .

The wording here is not exactly the same as in either his son’s 1924 description, ‘Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle’, or, in the obituary he quotes, ‘Clerk to the Borough Justices’, or my own fathers’s ‘Town Clerk of Newcastle’. All three may be the same post. I remain uncertain about the the nature of his day-to-day working life and after many months of inquiry, I think now that HFB 1924 is most likely correct. I hope that fuller information will be found one day.

John and Harriet sent their sons at the age of about eight to the Rookery prep school in Headington, Oxford, where they spent much time with both paternal Aunt Edgecombe and the Latimer maternal aunts, who lived there well before Harriet died aged 54 in 1878, as the boys entered their twenties. Their dad, John, was by then 57 and sounds to have been extremely busy, moving from the clerkship to being a magistrate himself, while also managing the Grainger estates, built twenty years earlier some way up the valley side and away from the medieval town, quayside, castle and cathedral. I have wondered whether the children’s spending at least term-time away in Oxford was because of Harriet being normally busy entertaining as Harrison suggests below, or because she was already unwell, or perhaps related to her caring for daughter Ethel who looks a bit odd in the photos and who died at 14 in 1873 (possibly, a new suggestion from me, with Down syndrome). As a side matter, in 1875 John sold for



John Bulman and two unknown boys football teams, possibly from the Rookery

£20,330 (equivalent to £1.3m in 2017) a 330-acre estate at Ayden, Corbridge-on-Tyne, inherited by entail from an earlier John Bulman, 1744–1815.

I do not know how John met his second wife, Laura from Bristol, to marry her only two years after Harriet's death. He lived with Laura in Bristol for ten years or so and we hope they were happy together. His will, now available for online download, shows that he left £120,000, according to the National archives website this would be equivalent to around £10 million in 2017. He provided life annuities of £500 for Laura, and £300 for his daughter Winnie, leaving the rest to the three sons, a tidy sum.

Harrison Bulman on his parents

The account below was written by Harrison Bulman, 1856–1933, in 1924 about his father and is reproduced here almost verbatim. The whole original text is included as source 1 at the end of this book.

John Bulman

John was the only son of Harrison Bulman (1784–1835), a merchant on Newcastle quayside, and his wife Mary Anne, née Forster. There was one sister older than John and two younger, but no brothers. He was sent to the Grange School, Sunderland, a well-known school in the north of England in those days which turned out some eminent men, e.g. Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, Lord McNaghten, a Lord of Appeal, Major-General Maxwell, etc. He was only 14 years old when his father died in 1835. He carefully preserved this short prayer, given him by his father in writing shortly before his death:

Oh God give me an understanding heart to discern between
good and bad, and give me firmness to abide by what is good
through the merits and mediation of our blessed Saviour
Jesus Christ, Amen
Signed Harrison Bulman November 1, 1835.

In 1838 three years after his father's death he was articled for five years to Mr George Waugh Stable solicitor of the firm of Stable, Armstrong and Dees, now Dees and Thompson our family solicitors. In 1844 being 23 years of age he was admitted a solicitor of the high court of Chancery and an attorney of the court of Queen's Bench. In 1852 he was appointed Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle, an appointment which he held till 1873. I don't think that he liked the legal profession and he did not encourage any of his sons to adopt it. In 1873 he became manager of the Grainger estates. Thomas Grainger was a building contractor who built a great part of modern Newcastle, Grey Street, Grainger Street, the Butcher Market et cetera. These are the Grainger Estates a valuable and extensive property. My father resigned the appointment after a few years, before 1878 when my mother died. He was made Justice of the Peace for Newcastle after retiring from the clerkship and sat on the bench very regularly, for which his long experience eminently fitted him.

In 1847, when 26 years old, he married Harriet the youngest daughter of Anthony Nichol JP of Newcastle. There were 10 children four of whom now survive. My mother Harriet Nichol died in 1878 and in 1880 my father married again Laura Elizabeth Page born in 1829 the daughter of a solicitor of Bristol. They lived in Newcastle for a couple of years or so and then moved to Clifton, Bristol. He died there on 25.1.1892 aged 70 and is buried at Arnos Vale Cemetery Bristol. His widow died in 1904 aged 75. The following extract from the Newcastle daily Chronicle appeared shortly after his death by whom written I don't know.

'The late Mr John Bulman JP. Our obituary column the other day contained an announcement of the death of John Bulman JP. The deceased gentleman was 70 years of age and died at his residence Rossville Clifton near Bristol (his will gives a last address of Acton Lodge, 23 Cotham Road, Bristol). He was formerly Clerk to the Borough Justices of this City. Out of four candidates Mr Bulman was appointed Clerk to the Borough Justices on the resignation [of] Mr W. Elliott on 19th April 1852. In this position he earned to the fullest extent the confidence of the Justices to whose regret he retired about the beginning of 1873 to assume the management of the Grainger Estates. The duties of this new office he discharged for only a short period & for several years past he has lived in comparative retirement. To his vocation of Magistrate, however, to which he was called shortly after his retirement from the Clerkship, he attended for some time with the greatest regularity & his ripe experience in the administration of magisterial law was of the greatest benefit to his brother Justices. The deceased gentleman was a great admirer of the fine arts & had accumulated a private collection of paintings of considerable value.'

He had good artistic taste and left a fine collection of china and glass and silver but the reference to the pictures is a mistake. He never

claimed to be a judge of pictures and those he left were not of much value. In his younger days he made frequent tours in France and Italy. He spoke French and Italian well. Diaries which he wrote during these tours have been preserved and may interest you.

Neither Philip Bulman in 1982, nor I in 2022, know where these diaries are, although a note in Maida Bulman's 1984 index of Bulman family papers is intriguing: '5. Very old Diary of a journey in Italy . . .'. Could this hard to read fragment of diary with no dates be one of John Bulman's?

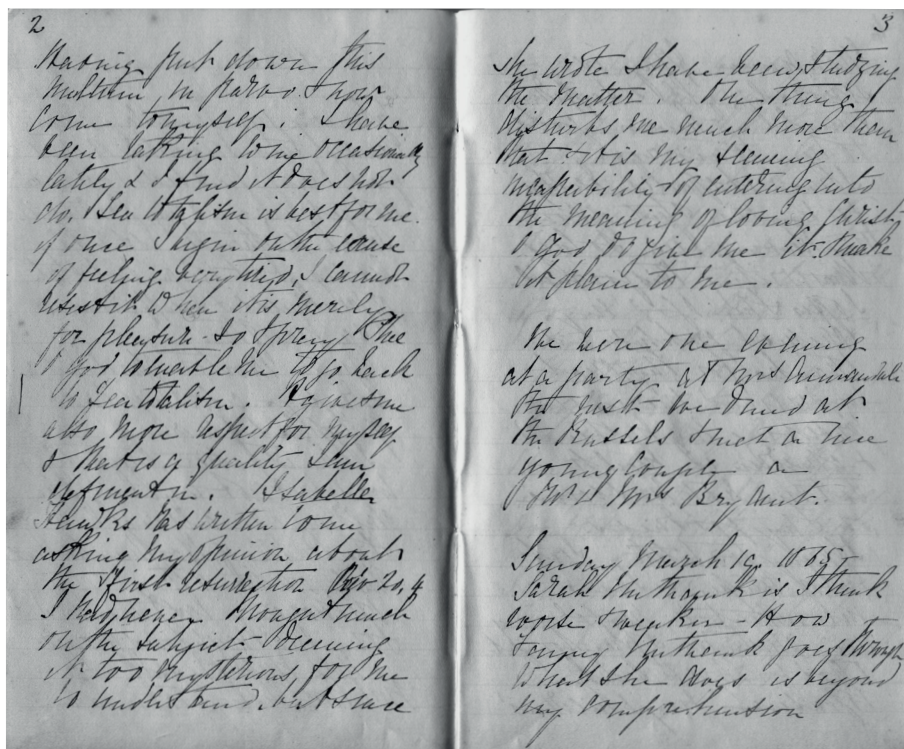
Harriet Nichol, 1823–1878

Recent generations of Bulman men have been born around both Newcastle and Carlisle, but marriages further back in time introduce the names of Latimer and Forster, both with a strong presence in the Carlisle area of the Scottish border, of which more in the next chapter.

I mused above on why Harriet went along with sending the children to school so far away. Having been a baby when her own mother died, she caused me to reflect that she herself spent much of her own childhood away from home, which seemed to promote a studious nature and perhaps setting a precedent. Regarding her character in later years, she did leave a 170-page personal diary for the two years from 1865, when the children were between six and 11 years old. It is beyond frustrating that her handwriting is extremely hard to decipher, as shown by the image of a single page.

Harrison Bulman, writing about his mother in 1924:

Harriet was only 2½ years old when her own mother died on 18.3.1825 and was buried at St. Giles, Camberwell. She was entrusted to the care of an aunt of her father, a Mrs. Unthank, who was then living at Newcastle, a widow with four daughters. Her education was not neglected, judging from some of her letters which have been preserved. In 1833, when she was 10 years old, she was attending a day school kept by a Miss Tidy. On 13 Dec 1833 she writes to her father [Anthony Nichol] who was then living in London:



Harriet Bulman's hard-to-decipher diary

'I am happy to inform you, I gain the first prize in my class at the conclusion of this half year. perhaps you will like to hear some account of what I am doing at school. I am at present reading Goldsmith's History of Greece, and I think the most interesting part, the life of Alexander. We always accompany our reading with the examination of maps, and I traced his route to-day from Macedon to Asia. I have finished the Simple Rules and Reduction in arithmetic, and I have now commenced the Compound. We parse English twice a week, and write dictations both in French and English. I have lately joined the higher class in writing observations upon what we have read, which are to be preserved to show the improvement we shall make.'

In another letter to her father written at the same age of 10 years, she says:

‘I translate French fables, write exercises, and like it very much. I was glad one day Miss Tidy said I read a French fable correctly. We have dancing lessons from Monsieur Dupuis. I am very fond of music, and learn it from Mr. Thompson.’

At the age of 11 – in 1834 – my mother writes from London, where she was staying with her father, to Sarah Unthank at Newcastle:

‘I intend to be very studious when at Ridley Place (the Unthank’s house) and à l’école to make up for my idleness. I enjoy planning it all so much. I propose to get up at seven and give you a music lesson till breakfast time, perhaps till eight o’clock; then, as in winter it will be lightest at that time we will draw till half past then at twelve we will go out till one or half past, and if we have any time will do French. At five we will perhaps do some more French, then I will learn my lessons and go to bed at eight. Just tell me what you think when you write.’

Writing from London in 1834 to his cousin, Sarah Unthank, at Newcastle, her father says:

‘I cannot let this opportunity pass without assuring you of the perfect satisfaction, which my dear little Harry’s conduct and attainments have given me. Her sweet disposition and happy temper are everything I can wish for. If I have anything to fear it is from her too great anxiety to fulfil the wishes of her friends. I would rather have her restrained than urged, for she feels so strong a desire to excel, that I am afraid of her being excited more than is good for her health and comfort . . . She is a universal favourite here and will be much missed.’

When she was 12 the family came back to live at Newcastle, taking a house at 5 Jesmond High Terrace [1851 census], which was then on

the outskirts of the town. At 17 years old, my mother was at a well known school for older girls kept by a Miss Murray at Moray Place, Edinburgh. She enjoyed her time there, and always afterwards had an affection for Edinburgh. She keenly appreciated poetry, and wrote some herself when a girl. The following verses composed by her have been written from memory by your Uncle Philip. They were given him in writing many years ago by Miss Fanny Unthank, but the paper has been lost.

Why should we seek in foreign shores to roam
 When beauties unexplored remain at home?
 Can nature's moat insatiate slave desire
 A scene more fit to wake poetic fire
 Than Grasmere's lovely lake where every dell
 Is hallowed by the poet's magic spell?
 Here we may realise sweet fancy's dream
 In glen, in hill, in wood and mountain stream.
 Can all the boasted charms of Leman's lake
 Softer emotions in the soul awake?
 (cannot remember here)
 Or if we wish on classic soil to tread
 Where glory has its sacred halo spread
 Have we not Flodden field where heroes fell
 And war's shrill clarion rang their funeral knell?
 Have we no thoughts like these in our loved land
 But needs must seek them in a foreign strand?
 Breeze-home they come down dream-loved valleys blowing;
 With memory's hopes of other days oërfloving;
 With pleasure's dreams and hopes long sunk in death;
 Long dead but living still in music's breath.
 But we, forgetful of all other things,
 Let loose imagination's golden wings
 And let poetic imagery beguile
 Our wayward footsteps from our heaven-blest isle.

In 1847, at the age of 24, she married my father John at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle. Early in their married life my father bought a house in Framlington Place [no. 10], then newly built, and here most of their 10 children were born. It was a small house for a large family, and the family income in their earlier years was also small. Besides her heavy family ties, my mother had social duties to fulfil. She was a good talker, clever and humorous, and had many friends. Large and elaborate dinner parties were the fashion in Newcastle society. My father and mother had many dinner engagements, and there was much afternoon visiting amongst the ladies. Unfortunately her health and strength were not equal to the strain they had to bear, and she died in 1878 at the early age of 54.

I have the paper will of 1862 (item 7u in Maida's desk index) of a Margaret Graham, evidently not the same person who married John Latimer in 1700. In it she makes bequests to, and causes to be her executors, John Latimer Nichol of Bush Lane Lime St. London, and Edmund Graham the younger of Newcastle on Tyne, Merchant. It also makes bequests 'to my cousins Margaret, Sarah, Fanny and Sybel Unthank', all recorded as buried in Arthuret churchyard, 1851–1873 (see chapter 9) and as having had Newcastle addresses. It strengthens the idea that these were early Cumbrian families. It was Sarah Unthank who had looked after Harriet in Newcastle in her youth.

Two years after Harriet died, on 5 February 1880, John married again to Laura Elizabeth Page at Kingsdown, St Matthew, Bristol. She was 51 and previously unmarried, he 59. Her father, Edward Marchant Page, is in the 1841 census as having been born in 1797 and married Elizabeth Page b.1796. His occupation is not listed, his children were Louisa, b.1827, Laura, b.1829, and Augustus (down as a girl), b.1831. They lived at upper Montpelier Road, St James and St Paul, Clifton.

Harrison's aunts: Mary Anne Nichol, the Reids, and Jane Edgecombe

Headington

Headington, three miles east of Oxford, had at least four separate houses lived in by relatives from both sides of the family, including John's sister, Jane Edgecombe, née Bulman; two of Harriet's sisters, Ellen Reid, née Nichol, and Mary Anne Nichol; and Harriet's uncle, Edward Latimer. There is more on the Nichol and Latimer families in Chapter 9.

Harrison Bulman wrote in 1924:

In my boyhood Old Headington was full of both Bulman and Latimer relatives. This family connection accounts for my two brothers and myself being sent to The Rookery school there [now the home of Oxford's Ruskin College; see http://www.headington.org.uk/history/listed_buildings/rookery_walled_garden.html], kept by the Rev. A.W. Taylor. In our time it was a well-known preparatory for Eton and Harrow, but after Mr Taylor's death it did not prosper under his successor and was given up. It is now a private house, an attractive place, with good garden and grounds.

Harriet's maternal uncle Edward Latimer lived in a big house there. Harriet and her sisters and brother used to stay there often in their younger days and three unmarried sisters later lived there. He [Edward] and his wife, Elizabeth, had 15 children, nine sons and six daughters. John Nichol my mother's brother married one of the daughters, Caroline, his cousin, but there were no children.

These notes are extracted verbatim from Harrison's 'Family Notes' of 1924; I have found it hard trying to grasp his grammar and grasshopper style, so different from the precision of his mining textbook. Perhaps he too found the family genealogy confusing. The first two 'Headington nostalgia' pieces below relate to Harriet's relatives, the last to John's.

Mary Anne Nichol, 1816–1895

One of Harriet's unmarried older sisters. Harrison Bulman wrote in 1924:

I always think of Aunt Mary with affection and respect. She was a capable woman of fine character and great energy. She was born at Crookholme, Canonbie, on 16.1.1816 and christened at Kirkandrews-on-Esk. On her fell the responsibility – after the marriage of her elder sister, Aunt Ellen [b. 1812] – of keeping house for her father and of the care of her younger sisters. At Headington she was always active in good works. One of her philanthropic efforts was the establishment of a “British Workman” for the men of the parish as a counter attraction to the public house [<https://headington.org.uk/history/otherbuildings/britishworkman>]. Her idea of it is expressed in the lines which were inscribed over the entrance:

“A public house without the drink
where men may meet, read, talk and think,
and sober home return”

She died at Headington in August 1895 at the ripe old age of 79.

Paradoxically, it seems the fearsomely teetotal Miss Nichol was the niece of Edward Latimer of Headington House, one of Oxford's leading wine merchants.



Mary-Anne Nichol

The Reids

Ellen Nichol, Harriet's eldest sister, married George Reid, a merchant in Portugal. They had a son, George, and an unmarried daughter, cousin Isobel. In 1904 Isobel gave to Harrison papers with details of the extensive connections between the Latimers of Cumbria and the Bulmans written by his mother, of which chapter 9 has a simplified account.



From left: Grace Whiteley,
her father John Whiteley,
and Isobel Reid

A young Isobel Reid



Isobel lived for some years at Headington after the death of her mother at Oporto and now living in Bath, whom most of you know.

Her mother, aunt Ellen, was born at the White House, Heworth, Co Durham 4.2.1812 (Hallgarth St, DH1 3BB). She married Mr George Reid, a merchant in the cotton trade at Oporto where they lived.

Of their family, one son another George Reid, grew to manhood. In his youth he spent some adventurous years sheep farming in the river Plate district of South America but lost all his property there in a revolution. Returning home he bought a partnership in an old established wine business at Oporto, and married Alice Whiteley, a cousin. She was the daughter of the Reverend Edward Whiteley, English chaplain at Oporto for 50 years.

George Reid and Alice Whiteley had two sons, George and Ronald. George was at Charterhouse and Oriel College Oxford and then got a commission in the army. In the great war he was captain and adjutant in the Hampshire, and was killed on the Gallipoli peninsula within a week of the first landing of our troops there. Ronald is carrying on the wine business in Oporto. He married Marjorie Tate and had one daughter, Valerie.

Jane Edgecombe, 1820–1896

Aunt Jane, my father John's eldest sister b.1820 married in 1843 John Treeve Edgecombe of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, solicitor. There were no children. They lived a good many years in London and afterwards at Headington near Oxford. Mr Edgecombe died there in 1881 aged 66 and my aunt in 1896 at the age of 76. Aunt Jane left us a fine old silver teakettle bearing the Edgecombe arms: Gules on a bend ermine between two cotises or, three boars heads coupé sable. Motto: Fides et patientia.

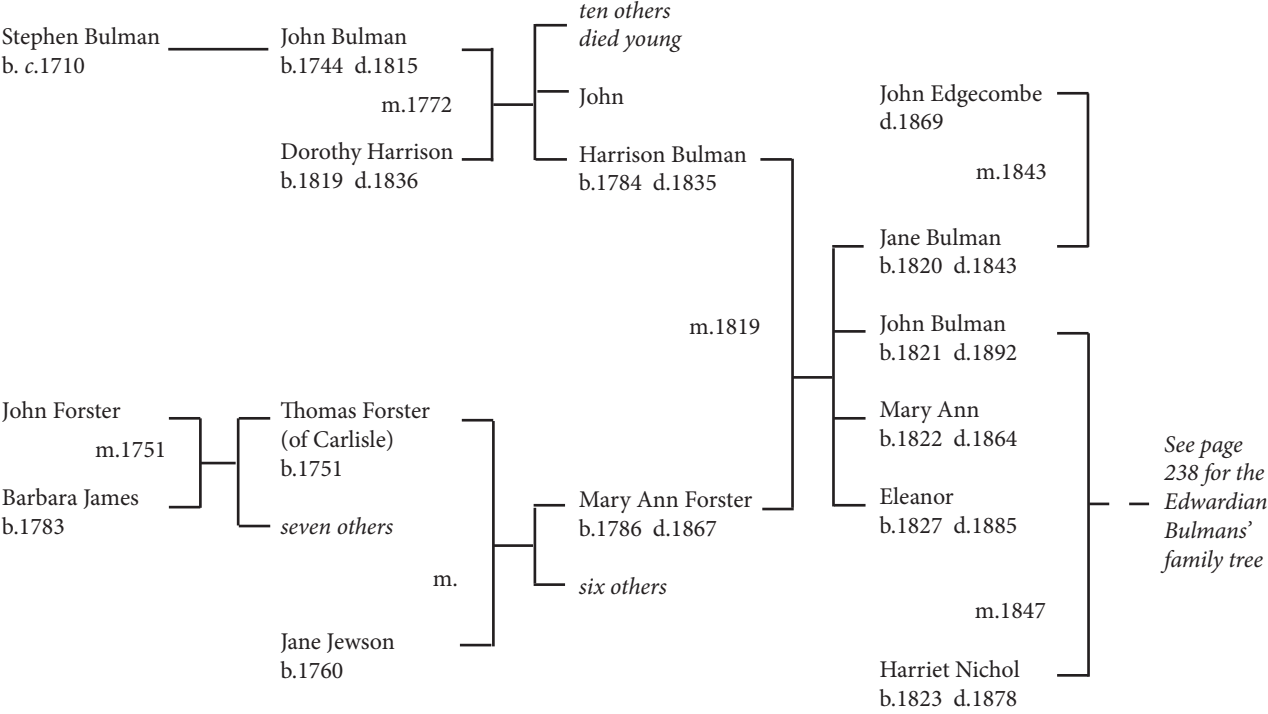
The following is an extract from the Headington parish magazine written no doubt by the vicar:

In memoriam Jane Edgecombe, died on Saturday, October 24, 1896 at the ripe old age of 76 years. A true friend to this parish, the mission room at Barton stands as a memorial of Mrs Edgecombe's kind thought for the interest of that hamlet and there is not a single house there but will bemoan the loss sustained through her decease. Her generous gifts of food and clothing at Christmas and other times will be much missed and the kind genial face that wore so bright a smile when visiting the homes of the poor will cheer their lives no longer. Who will rise up and take her place?

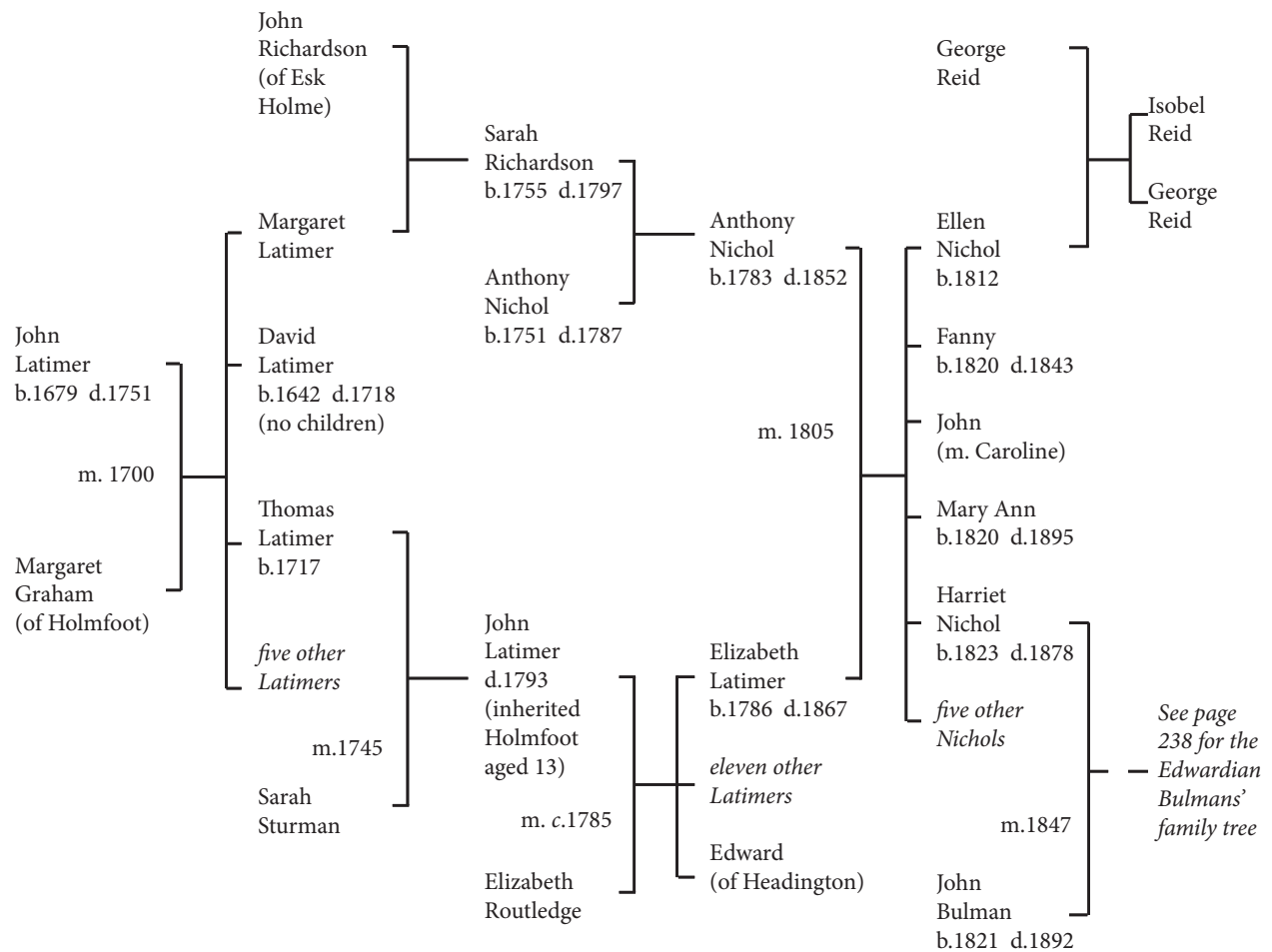


A younger Jane
Edgecombe, née Bulman

The earliest known Bulmans and the coming of
the names Harrison, Forster and Nichol



Latimer ancestors, from 1679





Arthuret church, Cumberland, with Diana Bulman on the right, 2022

CHAPTER 9

BEFORE 1821

THE FAMILIES OF BULMAN, FORSTER, NICHOL AND LATIMER

This chapter starts with a review of the Bulman ancestral line, moving on to the respective parents of John Bulman (Harrison and Mary Ann Bulman) and Harriet Bulman (Anthony and Elizabeth Nichol). The closing pages then record what HFB1924 tells of families most closely related, with such names as Forster, James, Latimer, Anderson and Jewson, so far hardly mentioned, now lost from view in the distant past, but with characters who should be remembered for their contributions by marriage to the Bulman line.

They all lived under kings George II and III, 1727–1820. At home the population doubled, with the way of life for some moving from agriculture towards the new towns of the industrial revolution. ‘Overseas’ started to intrude into their lives, an empire in which our country exchanged trying to own the United States for ‘ruling the waves’ in so many other places. I can only guess what our family forebears believed about their ‘enlightened’ times, and find myself thinking less about sea battles and more about the feminine achievement of managing their many children, so often hardly visible in text or family trees. They populated the time before the birth of John Bulman (b.1821, the year Napoleon died), and before horse power started to give way to steam engines and railways. In the future lay the mid-1800s, when now unimaginable wealth from coal and engineering descended on Newcastle, paying for an entirely new commercial city centre, the Grainger estate, which John actually managed for some years from 1873.

Most of what I know is taken from that written by Harrison Bulman in 1924 (HFB1924) and Major Philip Bulman in 1982 (abbreviated to Philip1982) in their original papers (sources 1 and 2).

Bulman

For ancestors with Bulman surnames before the time of my grandfather, Harrison Bulman (d. 1933, and the writer of the HFB1924 notes), the direct male line goes back through his father, John (b. 1821), then Harrison (b. 1784) and another John (b. 1744) to the earliest Bulman patriarch in our records, Stephen Bulman of Low Heaton, a village two miles north-east of Newcastle quayside.

The flyleaf of Stephen's bible starts with: 'John Bulman [1744–1815] son of Stephen Bulman of Low Heaton, married to Dorothy Harrison the 20th Apr 1772.' The Harrison familiar name given to my father, my grandfather and my great-great grandfather surely commemorates this Dorothy Harrison; her name is all I know. My own full name, Andrew Stephen Bulman, may refer back to this early Stephen namesake, but I never heard Mum or Dad refer to him, and I know of no dates or other information about him. 'Andrew' was my given name, Mum said, because I was born two days short of his saint's day on November 30th. Stephen's huge bible, now with my brother Charles Bulman, also shows that his and his son John's children were baptised in the church of Saint Nicholas, Newcastle, acceptance of which as a cathedral by central authorities seems to have been controversial until the 1740s. The writing is difficult to decipher with confidence, but Philip1982 must have counted John's thirteen childhood entries to comment on him being a 'good breeder'.

HFB1924 does contain a hardly interesting aside, the only practical note we have about John (b.1744), who:

'... bought in 1793 an estate of 330 acres of land with some woodland and buildings at Ayden near Corbridge-on-Tyne which came to my father by entail. For a good many years it was let to a tenant at a rent of £300 a year but in 1875 my father sold it to Mr John Coppin Straker of Stagshaw House for £20,330.'

Harrison Bulman, 1784–1835, father of John Bulman

This Harrison Bulman is the only one leaving much of a paper trail, with nine items listed in packet 6 of Maida's 1984 desk index (source 3). A Society of Genealogists website has him at age 15 an apprentice tanner. The *Newcastle Courant* of 7 October 1820 shows him to be newly elected as one of twenty-four on the Common Council. His will survives, with a probate value of £25,000.

Rewritten from Philip1982 text: '... Harrison married Mary Anne Forster (1786–1867) on 23 November 1819 at St Mary's Church, Carlisle [the official dedication of this 1133 building as a cathedral seems still to be controversial, but it is labelled thus in a 1883 etching shown by wikipedia]. He was a successful business man on the Quayside, which was the centre of business in Newcastle in those days. All four sisters and six of his seven brothers died in childhood. A nephew, Edward Liddell, succeeded to his business.'

HFB1924: 'My grandfather, Harrison Bulman, had more than one brother, the only one of whom we have any record is a John Bulman [no dates, but I presume similar to his brother]. He was a director of the Newcastle-Carlisle Railway, one of the earliest, and which awarded him a Director's Medal [now missing].'

I believe this railway carried freight from 1834 and passengers from 1837, before the Newcastle-to-London line was built. The story is a reminder of the strong historic trans-Pennine links of those days, which are still felt by many locals (eg. in the 1970s Lake District residents still expected to be referred for high-quality medical treatment in Newcastle, not Manchester), but are harder to envisage from London.

Mary Anne Bulman, née Forster, 1786–1867, mother of John Bulman

Harrison's wife, Mary Anne, was the daughter of Thomas Forster of Carlisle, b. 1752. Brief stories of more Forsters are below, and the dates of her three sisters and two brothers appear on page one of HFB1924 (source 1). She had four children with Harrison:

Jane (1820–96), m. 1843 John Treves Edgecombe, solicitor.

John (1821–92), her only son and my great-grandfather, the Newcastle solicitor and magistrate.

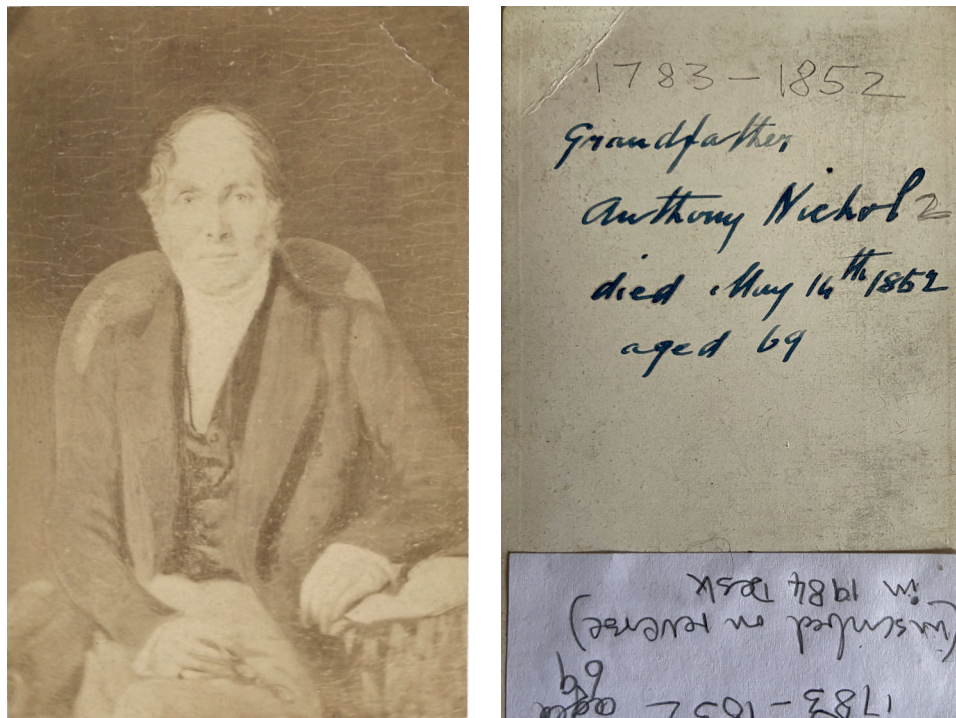
Mary Anne (1822–64), became the second wife of John Gray of Bilton, 'a well known hunting man'. No children.

Eleanor (1827–85), remained unmarried.

Anthony Nichol, 1783–1852, father of Harriet Bulman

Anthony Nichol, 1783–1852

Reverse of photograph of
Anthony Nichol



The following text is rewritten from several paragraphs in HFB1924, with additions from current websites. The names Harriet and Nichol lived on as the given names of my elder sister, until her death in 2021.

Anthony started his professional life on Newcastle Quay, as a 'wharfinger' (harbour-master). His father, an earlier Anthony Nichol (1751–87) and also a wharfinger, died aged only 36 when his son was four. I do not know who brought young Anthony up, but at 22 he married Elizabeth Latimer, a cousin, on 12 August 1805 at Kirklington,

Cumberland, her home ground (see Latimer below). They lived close to the docks on the south bank of the Tyne in Gateshead for five years, then at White House, Heworth, Durham for two years before moving to rural Crookholme, Canonbie, just a few miles north of Kirklington and where over seven years they brought up most of their ten children. In 1819 they moved to Camberwell, where the youngest daughter, Harriet (who later married John Bulman (b. 1821)), was born, and where 44-year-old Elizabeth died and was buried at St Giles.

While in the south, Anthony was proprietor of Dowgate Wharf, 83 Upper Thames St in the City of London, and was named as such in the proceedings of the Old Bailey, 14 January 1824, when a Matthew Walker was sentenced to transportation for stealing seventy-one printed books valued at nearly £5 (£340 in 2017) from the doorstep, his defence 'that he thought they were unwanted'. It is almost certain that it is Anthony's name which adorns Nichol Ludlow & Co, a general cargo shipping firm trading in 1827 both at Dowgate Wharf in London and at High Crane Wharf in the heart of Newcastle docks, where his career had started.

Anthony returned north in 1835 'with his numerous family of daughters' to live at Jesmond High Terrace, Newcastle, then on the outskirts of the town. *The Globe* newspaper of 14 May 1841 reports him attending a special meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead shipowners society to organise a petition to parliament in favour of an alteration of the Corn Laws (whether abolition or retention is not stated, and the meeting was attended by both Liberals and Conservatives).

Ward's Directory of 1850 records Anthony as an alderman of Newcastle on the same page that lists John Bulman (his son-in-law) as a borough magistrate. While sitting as a JP at age 67, he is shown in the 1851 census as a retired glass manufacturer at about the time that glass-making was the second most important industry, after coal, on Tyneside. In the Tyne and Wear Archive (ref. DX 34/4/1-3 accession number 2455), I found a record of a £2,000 gift to his daughter Harriet. He died at 69 and was buried in the old cemetery in Jesmond Road.

Philip 1982 says of a Newcastle newspaper obituary kept by HFB that Anthony 'was thought to be a splendid fellow, remarkable for his energy, activity and shrewdness in helping the people of Newcastle'.

Elizabeth Nichol, née Latimer, 1782–1826, mother of Harriet Bulman

Elizabeth (b. 1782) was the ninth of twelve children of John Latimer and Elizabeth Routledge (of which a little more below) and wife to Anthony Nichol (b. 1783). Nothing seems to be written about her personally, but a few details of some of her ten Latimer children appear above at the end of chapter 8, of whom:

Ellen married George Reid, two children.

Fanny was unmarried.

John married Caroline.

Mary Ann, unmarried, lived in Headingley, Oxford.

Harriet married John (b. 1821), the solicitor, continuing the Bulman family line to the present.

Elizabeth's brother Edward, a wine-merchant, had a large house in Headingley, well known to her grandchildren in the late 1800s.

Forster

Grandfather Harrison Bulman (d. 1933), who in 1911 christened my father 'John Forster Harrison', begins the front cover and first few pages of his HFB1924 history, the earliest record of Forster-Bulman links that I have, with:

The Forsters were an old family with wide relationships . . . their coat of arms is that of the Forsters of Northumberland dated 27.2.1605 . . . John Forster [no dates], who married Barbara James [b. 1783, m. 1751] established a Bank in Castle Street, Carlisle, [c.1790; see banking-history.org.uk] and also a Woollen Manufactory. After his death the Bank was carried on under the firm of "John Forster, Sons, and James," and the manufacturing business under the name of "John

Forster & Sons". The Bank failed [in about 1837–38, see cumbria.gov.uk then CASCAT, the Cumbria Archive Service Catalogue] when my father [John Bulman, b. 1821] was a boy, and he lost a good deal of money through the failure.

John & Barbara had 8 children, their son Thomas Forster, was a magistrate for the County of Cumberland, and a Captain in the Cumberland Militia in Lord Lonsdale's Company, all the officers of which were gentlemen of some fortune. Jane Jewson was his wife.

Thomas and Jane had four daughters (Barbara, Mary Anne, Jane and Helen) and two sons (Joseph and John). Harrison writes:

It seems probable that daughter Mary Anne [Forster] 1786–1867 met Harrison Bulman 1784–1835 at the house of the Andersons [see below], they married at Saint Mary's church Carlisle 23 Nov 1819 and had as an only son John Bulman (1821–1892), Newcastle solicitor.

Gloves from the time of Cromwell, now passed to Norwich Museum

Ladle incorporating in the cup a coin from the time of George II, yet to be classified, still in the desk

Thomas Forster's children passed on various items mentioned as valuable in HFB1924, including '... ancient gloves given me by my aunt Eleanor. They were worn by some member of our family in the time of Oliver Cromwell', and were recently accepted by Norwich Museum, entry no. 23351. An oak chest, a fine Edwardian clock and a delicate punch ladle with an embedded George II coin are the only Bulman relics which remain with me now.



James

HFB1924 gives the James family the next most prominent listing to the Forster family. Barbara James' 1751 marriage to John Forster makes the earliest Forster connection to Harrison Bulman (b. 1833) of which I know, and draws attention to their links to the parish of Arthuret, abutting the Holmfoot estate dominated by the Latimers, who were closely linked by marriage to the Nichol family of Newcastle (see below).

HFB 1924, pages 5–7:

The Jameses were another old family, many of whom were buried at Arthuret, the parish church of Longtown, Cumberland. The inscription on the tombstone of the James family in front of the communion table in Arthuret church:

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John James DD Rector of Arthuret and Kirk-Andrews-upon-Esk who died 1st. January 1785 aged 56. And of Ann his widow who died 17 May 1820 aged 88. And of Rev. John James who succeeded his father in the above rectories and died at Brompton nr. London 1786 aged 26 years. And of Hugh James MD who died 1817 aged 45.

The Barbara James who married . . . John Forster of Carlisle [1751] was a daughter of Hugh James of Long Park, Cumberland. He married twice, first a Miss Scott, by whom he had one son, who lived at Thornbarrow, and who had two sons, the Dr. James of Arthuret (above-mentioned) and a William James of Moston Hall, Penrith and of Thornbarrow, who sold Long Park, the old family house, "in a fret" to the annoyance of other members of the family.

For his second wife, old Hugh James married a Miss Ann Noble, by whom he had six daughters (including Barbara) and one son. This Ann Noble was a daughter of Gawen Noble, parson and schoolmaster of Cockermouth, and of his wife Elizabeth Fletcher . . . Her father, Lancelot Fletcher, was parson of Dean and Vicar of Plumland, and lost

Plumland in Oliver Cromwell's time. He married an Anne Fothergill, born at Treby Hall, Cumberland, who died at Whitehaven at the great age of 93, about the year 1700.

Of the sisters of Barbara [James], who married John Forster of Carlisle, one married David Latimer of Angus Bank, Kirklington, a member probably of the same family, the Latimers of Holmfoot, Cumberland, as my maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Latimer, who married Anthony Nichol of Newcastle [1 June 1805] . . . A Hugh James was Attorney General in the island of Jamaica for a short time.

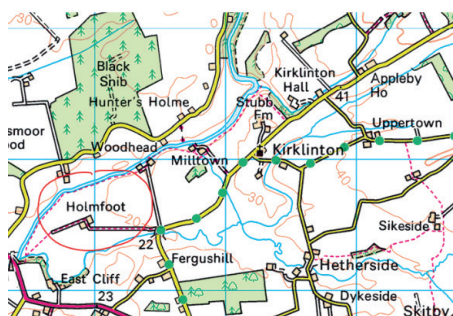
Many of the Jameses are buried in Arthuret at St Michael and All Angels, the parish church of Longtown. There is still a Long Park House on Google satellite maps, but all appears reconstructed in the twentieth century.

A fondness for the Cumberland geography has been rekindled by this research, in that Lesley Hannah, whom I married on 1 November 1969 at St Mary's, Thornthwaite, was born in adjacent Braithwaite, with her maternal grandmother a native of Whitehaven. We had no children, but until amicable divorce in 1981 we did have a marvellous twelve years together, with great mountain walking, capped by memorable 'Chelsea bun' teas and hospitality from her mother, Kathleen, a widowed Keswick postmistress. Those were the days. Lesley went on from dental student at the London hospital, where we met while I was doing a BSc. in anatomy, to being headteacher of a local authority secondary school in Dulwich, South London, and later still to becoming the worldwide chief Girl Guide, based in London but travelling the world, overseeing a membership of 17 million.

Latimer

What we know about the relevant Latimers is best understood in their family tree. The information comes mostly from the papers kept by Isabel Reid, given to Harrison Bulman and listed in section 7 of Maida's 1984 desk index, items C & R (see source 3). In one, Harrison Bulman has written, 'This is in the handwriting of my mother and was given me by my cousin Isobel Reid in January 1904'. In the same packet are a typed seven-page copy Harrison made in 1898 of notes on the Latimers and a handwritten Latimer family tree (of unknown date, but quoting Longtown registers reportedly

lost in a fire), on which is written that a Latimer was High Sheriff of Cumberland. These papers have been supported by a recent visit to the churches of Arthuret and Kirklington, whose yards contain thousands of memorial inscriptions, of which lists are available from cumbriaafhs.com. After viewing the land where these Latimers lived, I imagine them to have been gentleman farmers.



A family tree shows that Harriet Nichol's mother was Elizabeth Latimer (1782–1826), and her maternal grandfather, John Latimer (no dates). This John was the only son of Thomas Latimer, whose mother Margaret, née Graham, was given the Holmfoot estate by her father around 1700 as a wedding present. The centre of the estate is likely to be at the name on the OS map, within the modern Netherby Estate, the archives of which are not with Cumbria County Council; the boundaries of these historic estates remain unknown.

Arthuret is a very ancient parish, the site of a historic church since around 500 AD and a centre for the Border Reivers, a group of about one hundred families active between about 1200 and 1650, of whom wild tales are entertainingly told at borderreivers.co.uk. English-Scottish banditry diminished after 1707, with the passing of the Act of Union creating a United Kingdom under Queen Anne, daughter of James II of England and VII of Scotland. The eleven memorials in the present 1609 church to various Grahams suggest that this family had come to dominate by 1700, to the obvious benefit of Margaret Latimer, née Graham. Fenwick and Forster names frequently to be found in these pages are listed among the prominent reiver families. A very early but undated paper family tree records that John Latimer (1611–87) was buried under a large square stone with a coat of arms in Arthuret churchyard. A search of Cumbria Family History Society's digitised catalogue of graves (<http://www.cumbriaafhs.com/shop>) gave:

Transcripts of Arthuret and Kirklington Graves 1665–1812

C155 (Tablestone) Under this stone lyes the body of John LATTIMER who upon the last day of June yielded unto death gods impartial messenger and in the year of our Lord God 1687 anno aetatis 76. And his son David LATIMER of Burnfoot who died Aug the 28 AD 1718 aged 76 years. Interred here Mr John LATIMER of Holmfoot who died May 29 1751 aged 72 years.

C156 (Cross) Sarah UNTHANK died April 4 1865. Fanny UNTHANK died May 7 1873. Margaret UNTHANK died March 16th 1880. "I am the resurrection and the life".

C178) Interred here the corpse of Mr Thomas LATIMER who was a merchant in Virginia [...illegible...years] and died here Febr 15th 1745 in the 28th year of his age. And also the corpse of his sister Janet the wife of the Revd Samuel RICHARDSON who died Novr 1st

1736 aged 29 years.

Note – The death of Thomas Latimer is mentioned in the diary of the Rev Williamson, curate of Arthuret:

February 1745/6 Sunday 16 Mr Tommy Latimer's Corpse from Dumfries.

A family tree of the Latimer family descended from Thomas Latimer is included in the Munby papers held at the York City Archives: Thomas Latimer's son John Latimer of Holmfoot was born in America and died at Holmfoot in 1793. He and his wife were buried at Kirklington.

A collection of letters and documents, including pedigrees of the Moody family and the Latimer family of Holmfoot (see C155) and letters of several members of the Moody family, are held in the Munby papers in York City Archives. According to the family pedigrees in this collection Thomas Moody (buried at Arthuret in 1796) was born in Kircloy near Dalrymple, Ayrshire: two of his brothers had been "out" in the 1745 Jacobite rebellion and later emigrated to America.

To summarise how the estate ownership developed, Margaret and her husband John Latimer of Burnfoot (a place probably on the river Esk, between Gretna and Longtown), went on to have eight children. The eldest son, David, inherited Holmfoot, and when he died childless it passed to his brother, Thomas, who had migrated to the United States but returned to take possession. Thomas later died of consumption at Dumfries, when it was taken over by his son, a younger John Latimer (1744–1815), aged 13 and who married Elizabeth Routledge, the grandmother of Harriet Nichol.



A view of the Stubb Farm,
Kirklington, Cumberland

Harriet Bulman also had Latimers on her father's side, from a separate branch. Her father, Anthony Nichol (1783–1852), and her grandfather (1751–87) shared both names and professions: both were Newcastle wharfingers. The earlier Anthony had married Sarah Richardson, who was born a Latimer, her father, John of Esk Holme, having been one of the eight children of Margaret Graham. Living memories connected with the area possibly died with Anthony Nichol (1783–1852). It would be intriguing to research the estate boundary and what has happened to it since those times.

A fine memorial embedded in the Kirklington nave wall records the church as having been rebuilt in 1845, forty years after Anthony Nichol (1783–1852) and Elizabeth Latimer married there, carving their initials on a pew according to an old family tree, but no longer to be found. From 1813 to 1819 they lived a few miles north at Crookholm Farm, where many of their children were born.

Sixteen Latimer burials between 1714 and 1847 are listed at the church in Kirklington, three miles to the south of Arthuret, where a further thirty-eight Latimer burials in the 1700s are shown. Both gravestone records also show numerous family names of Nichol, Richardson and Unthank.

An additional Latimer – mentioned not because of direct line of descent but to show how interlinked the families were at that time – is Mary, another of the eight

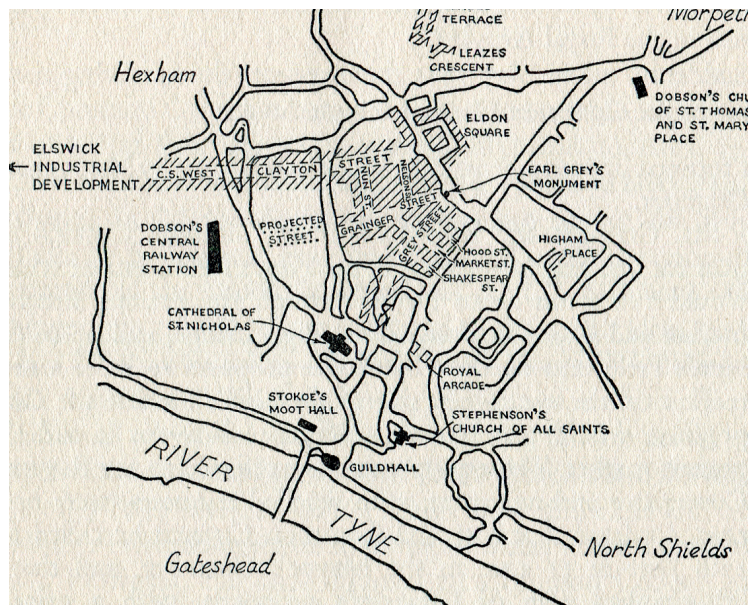
children of the first John Latimer (b. 1679) and Margaret Graham, who married 'Atkinson of Stubb'. The Stubb dairy farm still prospers just across the road from Kirklington Church.

Anderson

The Andersons are mentioned not because of an important inherited family link but because grandfather Harrison (d. 1933) collected historic images of their home, a large house in Newcastle known as Anderson Place (standing in its own grounds, shown on ancient maps of Newcastle), long since demolished to make room for the growth of the city, which became, from about 1825, the grand new centre of Victorian Newcastle (see *Tyneside Classical*, second only to The Venerable Bede as the book my teenage self was most likely to see in the snoozing hands of my father).

John Anderson (1749–1815), surgeon of Newcastle, married Ann Forster (1753–1828) – she was the right age to have been a sister of Thomas Forster of Carlisle, although I have no evidence of this. My brother Charles has a copy of the two-volume first edition of Thomas Bewick's *A History of British Birds* (widely known simply as 'Bewick's Birds'), inscribed:

Mr John Anderson Surgeon
with Thomas Bewick's compliments 8 Nov 1813.
The gift of Ann Anderson as a token
of affectionate regard to her dear nephew
John Forster 18th of October 1823.



Map of Newcastle. There is a steep hill up from the cramped medieval quayside adjacent to the Guildhall to the more elevated, flatter area developed by Grainger, 1834–40. This land, previously occupied by Anderson Place and Nun's Field, is shown hatched

HFB1924 (page 3) writes:

A Major George Anderson of Anderson Place [in Newcastle, although we don't know what relation he may have been to surgeon John] presented a great bell to Saint Nicholas church, now the cathedral. It was hung in the belfry in 1833 and is still known as 'the major'.

Jewson

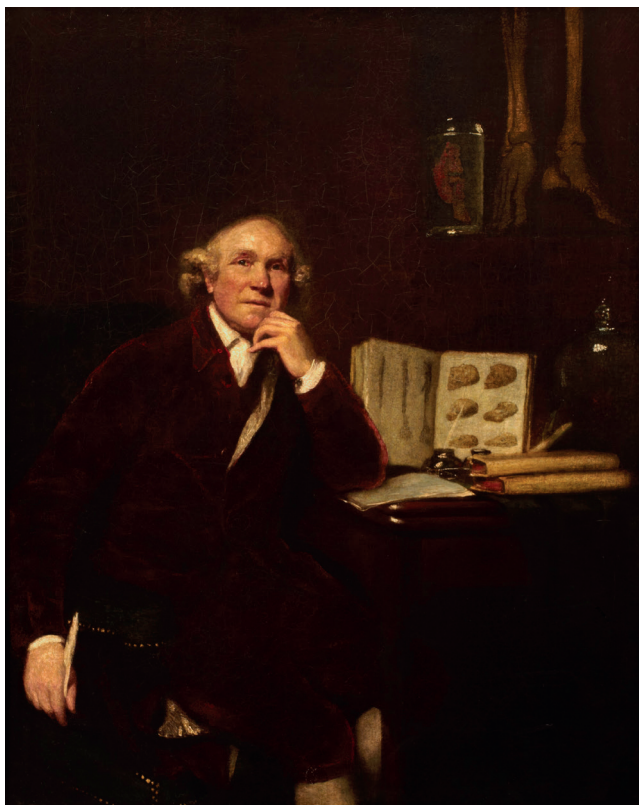
HFB1924 (page 8) writes:

My great-grandmother, Jane Jewson, was a daughter of Joseph Jewson of Howden, Yorkshire . . . and of his wife Mary Marshall of Aikton Banks, nr. Whitby.

This Mary Jewson's mother was a widow when she married Mr. Marshall. Her first husband was a Mr. Wood, by whom she had a son, who was a Supervisor of Excise in Newcastle. His descendants are, I believe, the Woods – the well-known Bankers of Newcastle.

Joseph Jewson died in 1785 at the age of 88. His wife Mary died in 1765 aged 44. They had 3 daughters, heiresses of £7,000 each.

Jane, the youngest, born in 1758, who married Thomas Forster of Carlisle; Mary born in 1750, and Anne born in 1753, one of whom married a Mr Tindall, a banker of Scarborough, . . .



Portrait of John Hunter by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the Royal College of Surgeons, London. The skeleton of the Irish giant is behind him. Courtesy of the Royal College of Surgeons



William Hunter, c.1758, by Allan Ramsay, at the Hunterian Gallery, Glasgow

CHAPTER 10

WILLIAM HUNTER (1718–1783) AND JOHN HUNTER (1728–1793)

I came across, and liked, the historic tone of the commemorative piece below, clipped by Maida when she was 18 from *The Times* of 13 February 1928. Although they are distant family, I do think it fair to mention the brothers.

William was the seventh, and John the tenth and youngest, child of a Hunter family all born at Long Calderwood, ten miles south of Glasgow. Both came to London in their early twenties. William started as an anatomist and obstetrician, but rapidly rose to be ‘physician extraordinary to the queen’ (Charlotte, wife of George III). He later bequeathed his name and the founding collection (of cultural rather than medical artefacts) to the outstanding Hunterian Museum in Glasgow (<https://www.gla.ac.uk/hunterian/about/history>), thought to be Scotland’s earliest museum. I knew nothing of it prior to my first visit only a few years ago, when we stayed in Glasgow on the way home from a week’s sailing off Skye with Norwich friends. I came away deeply impressed. It bears comparison with the great London art galleries.

John, on the other hand, contributed a great leap forward in anatomy and experimental physiology, which led to a lasting reputation, among those that know of such things, as ‘the father of modern experimental medicine’. His collection became the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in England (<https://www.rcseng.ac.uk/museums-and-archives/hunterian-museum/about-the-hunterian/history>).

I was more aware of John than William from a very early age when, dawdling in Dad’s surgery, I was impressed by the large framed etching of him, now with Tom Bulman, at his desk below the skeleton of the Irish giant. As a teenager I remember visiting his incredible museum with mum. After swanning through medical school (once you were in, no one really failed), house jobs and Casualty, and now with a surgical ambition, gaining the FRCS exam part 1 turned out to be a significant hurdle,

as Dad and so many others had found. To pass, you actually had to learn the *whole* of Grey's Anatomy, along with the other tomes on physiology, biochemistry and pathology, of which only a glancing knowledge (for me anyway) was acquired for the undergraduate exams. To join the surgical freemasonry, guarded by the hall of their College, meant being permitted, by passage of their exam, to walk past the huge white marble statue of the man himself, giving off the same aura as the more familiar one of Abraham Lincoln sitting in Washington. After failing the first attempt, I have a memory of never having had to work so hard in my life to later succeed. Awe of John Hunter and the College compounded my earlier impression.

The museums of both William and John are now world-famous and still going strong.

Note

See the online resources below for more information and pictures:

<http://awalkinhistory.blogspot.com/2008/07/friday-18th-july-2008-hunterian-museum.html>

<https://www.rcseng.ac.uk/about-the-rcs/support-our-work/funding-heritage/hunterian-museum/>

JOHN AND WILLIAM HUNTER

There is a dispute about the birthday of John Hunter, the father of modern experimental medicine. The parish register of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, states that he was born this day 200 years ago. John Hunter himself used to say that he was born on February 14, and the Royal College of Surgeons, consequently, will listen to-morrow, and not to-day, to the annual Hunterian Oration. That first doubt about Hunter's life seems to have been something of a portent, for, even until the present hour, disputes about him and about his work have continued. That is the less astonishing when it is remembered that this transcendent genius arrived in London from his native country with no better equipment for his life's work than a short apprenticeship to a cabinet-maker in Glasgow. Hunter came to act as dissector to his elder brother, Dr William Hunter, who had already acquired much fame as an anatomist, and thought, doubtless, that young John might be

trained as a useful, if humble, assistant. But John discovered in anatomy an imperious summons. A year after his arrival in the metropolis this young Scottish carpenter was attending on his own account the lectures and operations of William Cheseldon at the Chelsea Military Hospital. The following year he became a surgeon's pupil at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Eight years after his arrival he was appointed house surgeon at St. George's, with which hospital he was destined to be connected during the best years of his life, and where, very suddenly, while engaged in a dispute with a colleague on the Board of Management, he died. That dispute, it is illuminating to recall, concerned a rule made by the Board that no person should be admitted as a student of the hospital without certificates that he had been educated for the medical profession. Hunter desired to admit two young Scots who, like himself, had come to science without a letter of introduction. Doubtless he made good use of his own case in the course of the argument, for he was a rebel by nature, with great dislike of the academic mind in his heart. Perhaps he told the members of the Board who opposed him how he had repented of the step he had taken years before (in 1755) in entering as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, "to stuff Latin and Greek at the University" and how he had written to an opponent :– " He accuses me of not understanding the dead languages ; but I could teach him that on the dead body which he never knew in any language dead or living." John Hunter is revealed in that retort. Here was no schoolman, but a "rank outsider," with 'extra-mural' stamped on his personality and on his mind. A doctor born, not made, with small respect for the opinions of his fellows. Such a man must needs seek other support than authority; Hunter found the strength he required in the results of experiment, that is to say, in ascertained truth. "Why think?" he wrote to Jenner ; "why not try the experiment?" It was the challenge of his life to the world in which his life was spent.

And yet Hunter was unacquainted with Bacon. He discovered, as have others, the experimental method for himself. He put that method to uses which were peculiarly his own. His brother William, who was notably impatient of criticism, excused this fault in himself once by

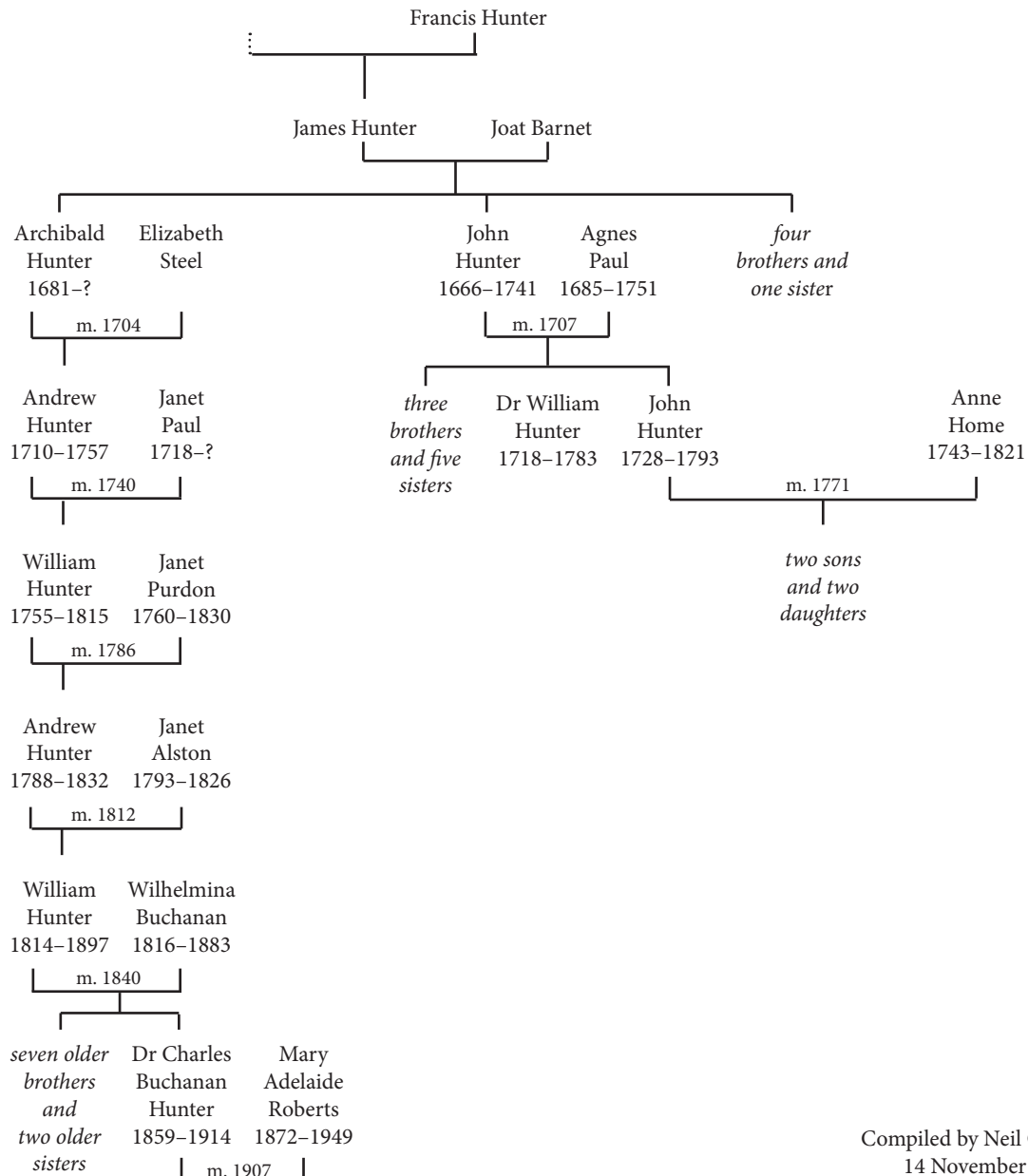
saying that his study of anatomy had accustomed him to “the passive submission of dead bodies.” Brother John knew nothing of that attribute of the dead. “As from life only,” he declared in one of his lectures, “we can gain an idea of death, so from death only we gain an idea of life.” Death interested him but little ; it was to the study of life that his days were dedicated. What, he asked himself insistently, was this life which permeated [the] universe? In what did it consist? He froze the sap of trees, and found that the sap in the tree resisted the cold as the sap out of the tree could not resist it. He froze living eggs and eggs which were addled, and observed that the living and the dead behaved differently during the ordeal. There was, he perceived, a quality of resistance in life of which death is wholly bereft. This quality of resistance, moreover, as he clearly realised, is subject to law. Hunter became, in process of time; a seeker of the laws of life, of first principles rather than of isolated facts. “The principles of surgery,” he is quoted as having said, “are not less necessary to be understood than the principles of other sciences; unless indeed the surgeon should wish to resemble the Chinese philosopher whose knowledge consisted only in facts. Too much attention cannot be paid to facts; yet a multitude of facts overcrowd the memory without advantage if they do not lead us to establish principles by an acquaintance with which we learn the causes of diseases.” The method of this great physiologist was to build up out of a few facts a question which might be submitted to the arbitrament of experiment. Nature, that is to say, was his oracle, and her answers furnished him with the principles which he sought. Then he applied his newly found principles again to Nature, and by her further responses learned whether or not he had read her messages aright. This, surely, is the proper use of the experimental method. “Experiments,” said Hunter, “should not be often repeated which tend merely to establish a principle already known and admitted, but that the next step should be the application of that principal to useful purposes.” Here speaks the Glasgow carpenter as well as the illustrious man of science, the “rank outsider” as well as the physiologist of European repute, the practising doctor as well as the research worker. For Hunter was a practising doctor all

his life, first in the Army, in Hodgson and Keppel's expedition to BelleÎsle in 1761, and later on the frontier of Portugal, then in Jermyn Street, in the house vacated by brother William and finally in Leicester-square. He studied life in a thousand forms, but most often and most diligently in the form of man, as his astonishing 'Treatise on gunshot wounds', his work on 'absorbents' and his various operations show. Even when he was experimenting on animals he always had a human need in the back of his mind. Hunter loved knowledge, but he loved humanity more and did not hesitate to bend all his resources of science and discovery to the everyday needs of his practice. His practice, again, furnished him with many of the questions with which, in his laboratory, he approached the oracle, Life. And almost every day the answers which he received from life assumed some new significance in his mind: "You had better not write that down," he would say to his students, "for very likely I shall think differently next year."

An astonishing spectacle is presented by these brothers, William and John Hunter, who, from the utter obscurity of East Kilbride, burst upon the great world of science, conquered and dominated it. But the conquest of John was much greater than the conquest of William. William, genius as he was, seems to have been warmed by a less generous enthusiasm for life than his younger brother. He was a bachelor and a scholarly man, who left his Alma Mater, Glasgow University, a fine library of Greek and Latin classics, as well as his natural history specimens, which now form the basis of the Hunterian Museum. He conceived, too, "that man may do infinitely more good to the public by teaching his art than by practising it". John dwelt remote from all these ideas and interests. He quarrelled with William over a discovery which they both claimed to have made, and was estranged from him until William lay on his death-bed. Glasgow accepted with gratitude William's bequest which took effect twenty years after his death; but John's museum, which included such strange exhibits as the skeleton, 7ft 7in. in height, of the Irish giant, O'Brien, went abegging for many a day. John had left it, characteristically, to the British Government on condition that the British Government

bought it from his widow. Pitt scouted [sic] the idea. The year was 1793 and the Prime Minister, as he said, had more need of gunpowder than of 'preparations'. Six years later, however, Parliament voted £15,000 for the purpose of buying the collection. The College of Physicians was invited to become custodian, but declined the honour. Then appeal was made to the Corporation of Surgeons, a body possessing far more kinship of mind with John than the Physicians. The Surgeons accepted and the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is to-day the greatest glory of that body. William lies buried in the rector's vault at St. James's Piccadilly ; John had two burials – even as he is credited with having had two birthdays. On October 22, 1793, six days after his death, his remains were placed, privately, in the vaults of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Half a century later, when his fellow-countrymen had begun to perceive the imperishable lustre of his genius, his body was removed to Abbot Islip's chapel in Westminster Abbey, where it now rests in the north aisle of the nave. That is as it should be, for John Hunter laid the foundations of clinical physiology and of experimental medicine. In the fields which, single-handed, he sowed, reapers the whole world over are busy every hour.

The Hunters



Compiled by Neil C. Hunter
14 November 1993

See page 59 for the family tree
of the four families: Bulman,
Jones, Hunter, Roberts

AFTERWORD

Feeling a connection to these long-dead people has drawn me into the now pleasurable task of passing on their stories. This has been interesting and engrossing thus far; it intrigues me to think what more may be discovered if new methods were brought to bear on some of the leads. Harrison's history, the Rhiwaedog papers, and McBirney's store in Dublin could all be starting points.

It has taken me seventy-plus years to think of tackling this, but the pattern seems common. I gratefully acknowledge the debt to my mother, uncle, grandfather and a great-grandfather, who all, equally late in life, added to the record, and indeed to all those who contributed the original material.

Most of the relatives lived lives which were easy in some ways, with privilege sufficient to be able to grasp education and invest in trade, but which were also difficult, involving the awful 'died young' experiences and occasional bankruptcies.

Chatting over tea recently, the question of 'what period to prefer if I had my time again' came up. I decided I could not help choosing the here and now. I fancy I might share this with earlier relatives, although I suspect they may have been more optimistic in their day about the pre-climate-change future. A few overarching words removed from an earlier draft of my introduction perhaps fit better here: belonging and identity, memory and forgetting. And hope – what was left in Pandora's by-then empty box. The past feels to me to have been a rough old place, strangely fascinating. As in William Faulkner's epigram: 'The past is never dead. It's not even past.'

So here we have it. Three centuries of a well-off, middle-class family. Although the idea of such a disparate group having something in common may seem a bit odd, together they undertook perhaps an unusually wide range of activities. Review the chapters and you can find at least one in each of medicine, the church, army, law, farming, and trade. Almost none were childless, only one a possible black sheep, and

none convicted! A writer, a yachtsman, linguists, no known adult musicians. For them, sport, media and 'collections' were enjoyed, not as careers or lasting assets, but for adding savour and personal interest to their lives. Reputations seem to be of decent jobs well done. What they left to be passed on was more to do with family experience and knowledge, with little accrued stuff beyond tokens (a ladle, the grandfather clock, this book) with which to burden the young, and some family precedent for not being bound to a particular place.

Long may the endeavours of their descendants prosper!

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SOURCE 1

‘FAMILY NOTES’ BY HARRISON BULMAN (1924)

I believe my brother, Charles Bulman, has the original version of this, typed and hand corrected by my grandfather, Harrison Bulman (d.1933). It is referred to throughout as HFB1924. The words, spelling and indents are reproduced carefully and verbatim with no omissions. Elements changed include the number of pages (originally thirty), removal of paragraph indents, reduced inverted commas at the line starts of some passages, and main characters now in bold rather than underlined. Items of value said to be present in 1924 have often gone missing in the last 100 years and are present no longer.

*These family notes were written for my children
HF Bulman Morwick Hall, March 1924*

John Forster married Barbara James on Jan.13.1751

|
(Born in 1752) Thomas Forster to Jane Jewson (born 1758) on Feb.11.1782 at Scarborough

Barbara	Joseph	Mary Anne	Jane**	John*	and Helen
1783–1786	1784–1866	1786–1867	1788–1853	1790–1870	

|
Harrison Bulman of Newcastle on Nov 23 1819
at St. Mary’s Church, Carlisle

**Jane was born in 1788 and died at Glasgow in 1853; buried in the little cemetery of St. Mary’s Church, Carlisle, adjoining the Cathedral, in a vault made on the Abbey Side of her parents’ tomb.

* This John married Alice Cowan of Glasgow in 1844 and died in London in 1870.

The **Forsters** were an old family with wide relationships. Their Coat-of-Arms is that of the Forsters of Northumberland dated 27 Feb. 1605,

“He Beareth Argent, a Chevron Vert, between three Bugle Horns, Stringed Sable by the Name of Forster of Northumberland, Crest on a Wreath a Stag’s head erased – these were allowed by Patent to Sir Thomas Forster of St James Street in the County of Middlesex by Wm Camben Clarencieux the 27th of Feb, 1605.”

John Forster, who married Barbara James, established a Bank in Castle Street, Carlisle, and also a Woollen Manufactory. After his death the Bank was carried on under the Firm of “John Forster, Sons, and James,” and the manufacturing business under the name of “John Forster & Sons.”

The Bank failed when my father, John Bulman, was a boy, and he lost a good deal of money through the failure.

Thomas Forster, a son of John Forster, was a magistrate for the County of Cumberland, and a Captain in the Cumberland Militia in Lord Lonsdale's Company, all the officers of which were gentlemen of some fortune.

Living as we do at Morwick, it is interesting to note that there was a family connection between the Linskills, a well-known family of North Shields, and the Forsters.

William Linskill of Tynemouth bought Morwick in 1857 from Sir George Grey, but retained it only for 5 years. A fine pair of stone pillars at the entrance gates is said to have been brought here by him. There is a Linskill Place, Street, and Terrace at North Shields.

Another connection of the Forster family, Sophia Malin, married in 1795 the Lord Mulgrave who died in 1831.

An Ann Forster, who died in 1828 aged 75, married John Anderson, surgeon of Newcastle on Tyne, who died in 1815 aged 66.

We have a copy of Bewick's Birds, First Edition, inscribed

Mr John Anderson Surgeon
with Thomas Bewick's compliments 8 Nov.1813.
The gift of Ann Anderson as a token
of affectionate regard to her dear nephew
John Forster 18 Oct. 1823

We have also an old two-handled silver "Loving Cup" with the Anderson coat-of-arms on it.

They had a large house in Newcastle known as Anderson Place, standing in its own grounds, shown on ancient maps of Newcastle, long since demolished to make room for the growth of the city.

A Major George Anderson of Anderson Place presented a great bell to St Nicholas Church, now the cathedral, it was hung in the belfry on Dec 10, 1833, and is still known as the Major.

It seems probable that Harrison Bulman met Mary Anne Forster at the house of the Andersons. They were married at St Mary's Church, Carlisle on Nov. 23, 1819.

We have or had (some having disappeared, I regret to say) several old family relics of the Forster family, handed over to my father by his uncle, Joseph Forster, who died in 1866,

1861. To my nephew, John Bulman, the pair of pistols, presented to my late father by Colonel Lowther, a relative of James, Earl of Lonsdale.

Ancient gloves given me by my Aunt Eleanor; they were worn by some member of our family in the time of Oliver Cromwell.

A 2 guinea coin of the reign of Charles 2 given by my father to my mother on their marriage

An old China Coffee Pot. – I believe it belonged to my grandmother Jewson of Scarborough, and faithfully preserved by my mother as such.

Also an old-fashioned blue dish – in which, as my late grandfather Forster being a presbyterian of the Church of Scotland – all his sons and daughters were baptised in the said dish – and was always preserved in the family as a sacred relic (they afterwards all became members of the Church of England).

The silver spoon marked B.F., the initials of Barbara Forster who died in early life,

to the great grief and sorrow of her parents in 1786.

The Punch Ladle and Apostles Spoon. The spoon has been in our family 200 years. It is called an Apostles spoon from its being used by monks in convents in former times. The donor has only to express a wish that it may be carefully preserved by Mr. Bulman and his descendants London Sept 1858.

We have also a good deal of old family silver marked with the Forster crest or their coat-of-arms.

All these old family things should be carefully preserved and handed on to our descendants.

James

The **James** were another old family, many of whom were buried at Arthuret, the parish church of Longtown, Cumberland.

Inscription on the Tombstone of the James family in front of the Communion Table in Arthuret Church:

Sacred to the memory of the Rev John James DD, Rector of Arthuret and Kirk-Andrews-upon-Esk who died 1 Jan. 1785 aged 56.

And of Ann his widow who died 17 May 1820 aged 88.

And of Rev. John James who succeeded his father in the above rectories and died at Brompton nr. London 2 Oct. 1786 aged 26 years.

And of Hugh James M.D, who died 20 Sept, 1817 aged 45.

The Barbara James, my great-great-grandmother, who married John Forster of Carlisle, was a daughter of Hugh James of Long Park, Cumberland. He married twice, first a Miss Scott, by whom he had one son, who lived at Thornbarrow, and who had two sons, the Dr. James of Arthuret (above-mentioned) and a William James of Moston Hall, Penrith and of Thornbarrow, who sold Long Park, the old family house, "in a fret" to the annoyance of other members of the family.

For his second wife, old Hugh James married a Miss Ann Noble, by whom he had 6 daughters (including Barbara) and 1 son.

This Ann Noble was a daughter of Gawen Noble, parson and Schoolmaster of Cockermouth, and of his wife Elizabeth Fletcher who died at Whitehaven in 1727, aged 72. Her father, Lancelot Fletcher, was Parson of Dean and Vicar of Plumland, and lost Plumland in Oliver Cromwell's time. He married an Anne Fothergill, born at Treby Hall, Cumberland, who died at Whitehaven at the great age of 93, about the year 1700.

An uncle of Ann Noble, William Fletcher, was killed at Chester Battle fighting under Sir George Booth against General Lambert.

Ann Noble's great-grandfather, another Lancelot Fletcher, held the same livings as his son – Parson of Dean and Vicar of Plumland – and married a Susan Fenn about the year 1600.

Of the sisters of Barbara, who married John Forster of Carlisle, one married David Latimer of Angus Bank Kirklington a member probably of the same family, the Latimers of Holmfoot, Cumberland, as my maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Latimer, who married Anthony Nichol of Newcastle.

Another sister married a Mr Verty, rector of Wolsingham Co. Durham, a connection of the Claytons, a well-known family in Northumberland.

A William James married a Senhouse of Calder Abbey.

A Hugh James was Attorney General in the island of Jamaica for a short time.

Jewsons

My great-grandmother, Jane Jewson, was a daughter of Joseph Jewson of Howden, Yorkshire, an only son, and of his wife Mary Marshall of Aikton Banks, nr. Whitby.

This Mary Jewson's mother was a widow when she married Mr. Marshall.

Her first husband was a Mr. Wood, by whom she had a son, who was a Supervisor of Excise in Newcastle. His descendants are, I believe, the Woods – the well-known Bankers of Newcastle.

Joseph Jewson died in 1785 at the age of 88, His wife Mary died in 1765 aged 44. They had 3 daughters, heiresses of £7,000 each.

Jane, the youngest, born in 1758, who married Thomas Forster of Carlisle; Mary born in 1750, and Anne born in 1753, one of whom married a Mr Tindall, a banker of Scarborough. Mr. Tindall's mother was an aunt of Admiral Kendal. The other Jewson girl married a Mr. Anderson.

Nichols

My mother was the tenth and youngest child of Anthony Nichol of Newcastle on Tyne.

He married Elisabeth Latimer, a cousin, at Kirklington, Cumberland, on Aug 12 1805.

My mother was born on 22 Oct. 1823 at Camberwell, London, where her parents were then living. They moved about a good deal, living at Gateshead for 5 years after their marriage, then for 2 years at White House, Heworth, Co. Durham. In 1812 they moved to a country house at Crookholm, Canonbie, Dumfriesshire, where they lived for 7 years. In 1819 they went to London.

My mother was only 2½ years old when her mother died on 18 March 1825. She was buried at St. Giles, Camberwell.

My mother being so young was entrusted to the care of an aunt of her father, a Mrs. Unthank, who was then living at Newcastle, a widow with four daughters.

Her education was not neglected, judging from some of her letters which have been preserved. In 1833, when she was 10 years old, she was attending a day school kept by a Miss Tidy. On 13 Dec. 1833 she writes to her father who was then living in London:

I am happy to inform you, I gain the first prize in my class at the conclusion of this half year. Perhaps you will like to hear some account of what I am doing at school. I am at present reading Goldsmith's History of Greece, and I think the

most interesting part, the life of Alexander. We always accompany our reading with the examination of maps, and I traced his route to-day from Macedon to Asia. I have finished the Simple Rules and Reduction in arithmetic, and I have now commenced the Compound. We parse English twice a week, and write dictations both in French and English. I have lately joined the higher class in writing observations upon what we have read, which are to be preserved to show the improvement we shall make.

In another letter to her father written at the same age of 10 years, she says;

I translate French fables, write exercises, and like it very much. I was glad one day Miss Tidy said I read a French fable correctly. We have dancing lessons from Monsieur Dupuis I am very fond of music, learn it from Mr. Thompson.

At the age of 11 – in 1834 – my mother writes from London, where she was staying with her father, to Sarah Unthank at Newcastle:

I intend to be very studious when at Ridley Place (the Unthinks' house) and à l'école to make up for my idleness. I enjoy planning it all so much. I propose to get up at seven and give you a music lesson till breakfast time, perhaps till eight o'clock; then, as in winter it will be lightest at that time we will draw till half past, . . . then at twelve we will go out till one or half past, and if we have any time will do French. At five we will perhaps do some more French, then I will learn my lessons and go to bed at eight. Just tell me what you think when you write.

Writing from London in 1834 to his cousin, Sarah Unthank, at Newcastle, her father says:

I cannot let this opportunity pass without assuring you of the perfect satisfaction, which my dear little Harry's conduct and attainments have given me. Her sweet disposition and happy temper are everything I can wish for. If I have anything to fear it is from her too great anxiety to fulfil the wishes of her friends. I would rather have her restrained than urged, for she feels so strong a desire to excel, that I am afraid of her being excited more than is good for her health and comfort . . . She is a universal favourite here and will be much missed.

In 1835 her father, with his numerous family of daughters, came to live at Newcastle, taking a house in Jesmond High Terrace, which was then on the outskirts of the town.

In 1840, when 17 years old, my mother was at a well known school for older girls kept by a Miss Murray at Moray Place, Edinburgh. She enjoyed her time there, and always afterwards had an affection for Edinburgh.

She keenly appreciated poetry, and wrote some herself when a girl. The following verses composed by her have been written from memory by your Uncle Philip. They were given him in writing many years ago by Miss Fanny Unthank, but the paper has been lost.

Why should we seek in foreign shores to roam
When beauties unexplored remain at home?
Can nature's most insatiate slave desire
A scene more fit to wake poetic fire
Than Grasmere's lovely lake where every dell

Is hallowed by the poet's magic spell?
 Here we may realize sweet fancy's dream
 In glen, in hill, in wood and mountain stream.
 Can all the boasted charms of Leman's lake
 Softer emotions in the soul awake?
 (cannot remember here)
 Or if we wish on classic soil to tread
 Where glory has its sacred halo spread
 Have we not Flodden field where heroes fell
 And war's shrill clarion rang their funeral knell?
 Have we no thoughts like these in our loved land
 But needs must seek them in a foreign strand?
 Breeze-borne they come down dream-loved valleys blowing;
 With memory's hopes of other days oërflowing;
 With pleasure's dreams and hopes long sunk in death;
 Long dead but living still in music's breath.
 But we, forgetful of all other things,
 Let loose imagination's golden wings
 And let poetic imagery beguile
 Our wayward footsteps from our heaven-blest isle.

In 1847 at the age of 24, she married my father at St, Andrew's Church, Newcastle.

Early in their married life my father bought a house in Framlington Place, then newly built, and here most of their children were born and reared. It was a small house for a large family, and the family income in their earlier years was also small. Besides her heavy family ties, my mother had social duties to fulfil. She was a good talker, clever and humorous, and had many friends. Large and elaborate dinner parties were the fashion in Newcastle society. My father and mother had many dinner engagements, and there was much afternoon visiting amongst the ladies. Unfortunately her health and strength were not equal to the strain they had to bear, and she died in 1878 at the early age of 54.

Our family Coat of Arms is:

Gules two Bars wavy between in chief two Bugle-horns stringed and in base a Pheon Or. And for the Crest on a Wreath of the Colours Upon a Mount Vert a Bull passant Sable resting the dexter hoof on a Mascle Or

Motto 'Virtute tutus'

Our family burial place is a vault in old Gosforth Parish Church Yard, where your great-grandfather and great-grandmother and other members of the family are buried.

[Here, on a blank facing page, is stuck a scrap of paper handwritten by Harrison:]

He succeeded to his father's business, who had the same name, Anthony Nichol,
 and who married Sarah Richardson, a grand-daughter on her mother's side of John
 Latimer who married Margaret Graham (see Latimer family tree).

Bulmans

Your grandfather, **John Bulman**, was born in 1821, the only son of **Harrison Bulman**, a merchant

on Newcastle quayside, and of his wife Mary Anne Forster.

There was one sister older than him and two younger, but no brothers.

He was sent to the Grange School, Sunderland, a well-known school in the north of England in those days, which turned out some eminent men, e.g., Tom Taylor, Editor of "Punch"; Lord MacNaghten, a Lord of Appeal; Major-General Maxwell; &c.

He was only 14 years old when his father died in 1835. He carefully preserved a short prayer given him by his father, in writing, shortly before his death, as follows:

O God, give me an understanding heart to discern between good and bad, and give me firmness to abide by what is good thro' the merits and mediation of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, Amen, (signed) Harrison Bulman. Nov. 1. 1835.

In 1838, three years after his father's death, he was articled for five years to Mr George Waugh Stable, solicitor, of the firm of Stable, Armstrong & Dees, now Dees & Thompson our family solicitors.

In 1844, being 23 years of age, he was admitted a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, and an Attorney of the Court of Queen's Bench.

In 1852 he was appointed Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle, an appointment which he held till 1873.

I don't think that he liked the legal profession and he did not encourage any of his sons to adopt it. In 1873 he became manager of the Grainger Estates. Thomas Grainger was a building contractor who built a great part of modern Newcastle, Grey Street, Grainger Street, the Butcher Market &c. These are the Grainger Estates a valuable and extensive property. My father resigned the appointment after a few years, before 1878, when my mother died.

He was made of Justice of the Peace for Newcastle, after retiring from the clerkship, and sat on the bench very regularly, for which his long experience eminently fitted him.

In 1847, when 26 years old, he married Harriet the youngest daughter of Anthony Nichol, JP, of Newcastle. There were 10 children, four of whom now survive.

My mother died in 1878, and in 1880 my father married Laura Elizabeth Page (born in 1829) the daughter of a solicitor of Bristol.

They lived in Newcastle for a couple of years or so and then moved to Clifton, Bristol.

He died there on the 25 of Jan. 1892, aged 70, and is buried at Arnos Vale Cemetery, Bristol. His widow died in 1904 aged 75.

The following extract from the Newcastle Daily Chronicle appeared shortly after his death, by whom written I don't know.

The late Mr John Bulman JP. Our obituary column the other day contained an announcement of the death of John Bulman JP.

The deceased gentleman was 70 years of age, and died at his residence, Rosville, Clifton, nr. Bristol. He was formerly clerk to the borough justices of this City. Out of four candidates Mr Bulman was appointed clerk on the resignation Mr. Wm. Elliott on 19th April 1852. In this position he earned to the fullest extent, the confidence of the justices, to whose regret he retired, about the beginning of 1873, to assume the management of the Grainger Estate. The duties of this new office he discharged

for only a short period, and for several years past he has lived in comparative retirement. To his vocation of Magistrate, however, to which he was called shortly after his retirement from the clerkship, he attended for some time with the greatest regularity, and his ripe experience in the administration of magisterial law was of the greatest benefit to his brother justices. The deceased gentleman was a great admirer of the fine arts and had accumulated a private collection of paintings of considerable value.

He had good artistic taste, and left a fine collection of China and Glass and Silver but the reference to the pictures is a mistake. He never claimed to be a judge of pictures and those he left were not of much value.

In his younger days he made frequent tours in France and Italy. He spoke French and Italian well. Diaries which he wrote during these tours have been preserved and may interest you. [Philip Bulman, Harry's son, wrote in 1892 that he did not know where they were.]

My grandfather Harrison Bulman [1784–1835] had more than one brother, but the only one of whom we have any record is a John Bulman. He was a director of the Newcastle on Tyne and Carlisle railway, one of the earliest railways to be made, and we have his director's Medal, dated March 26. 1840. He was unmarried. [Andrew Bulman writes in 2020: I regret I never knew the whereabouts of this medal.]

My great-grandfather John Bulman [1744–1815], bought, in 1793, an estate of 330 acres of land with some woodland and buildings at Ayden near Corbridge on Tyne, which came to my father by entail. For a good many years it was let to a tenant at a rent of £300 a year, but in 1875 my father sold it to Mr John Coppin Straker of Stagshaw House for £20,330.

Aunt Jane Edgecombe

My father's eldest sister, Jane, born in 1820, married, in 1843 John Treeve Edgecombe, of Newcastle on Tyne, a solicitor. There were no children.

They lived a good many years in London, and afterwards at Headington, near Oxford. Mr Edgecombe died there in 1881, aged 66, and my aunt in 1896 at the age of 76. The following is an extract from the Headington parish magazine written, no doubt, by the vicar:

IN MEMORIAM – JANE EDGECOMBE.

Since our last issue amongst several other names there has passed away one who proved herself a true friend to this parish.

The mission room at Barton stands as a memorial of Mrs Edgecombe's kind thought for the interests of that hamlet, and there is not a single house there but will bemoan the loss sustained through her decease.

Her generous gifts of food and clothing at Christmas and other times will be much missed, and the kind genial face that wore so bright a smile when visiting the homes of the poor will cheer their lives no longer. Who will rise up and take her place?

Jane Edgecombe died on Saturday, October 24, 1896 at the ripe old age of 76 years, and after a life spent in her Master's service is resting with him in the Paradise of God.

Aunt Jane left us a fine old silver teakettle bearing the Edgecombe arms: Gules on a bend ermine

between two cotises or, three boars heads couped sable. Motto – Fides et patientia.

Aunt Mary Anne Gray, another sister of my father's, born in 1822, married, as his second wife, Mr John Gray of Bilton, Northumberland, a well-known hunting man. No children. She died in 1864, aged 42, and is buried in Eglingham churchyard. They had moved from Bilton to Titlington, near Alnwick, before her death.

By his first wife Mr Gray had a daughter, Sarah, who married Mr Thomas Tate of Bank House, Acklington.

Aunt Eleanor Bulman, my father's youngest sister, was born in 1827. She never married, and, after her mother's death in 1867 she lived at Tynemouth, where she died on the 1st of Feb. 1885 aged 57 years.

My father, being an only son, and neither of his sisters who married having children, we have few family connections on that side. All I know of are the Liddells, the Dands and the Russells.

Liddells

My grandfather, Harrison Bulman, had a sister who married a Cuthbert Liddell.

They had four sons, Matthew, John, Edward and Henry, who all made large fortunes in the 6th and 7th decades of the 19th century, when British Industry was booming.

Matthew was a mining engineer, or a colliery-viewer, as the local term was in his youth. He started,

[Here, on a blank facing page, is stuck a scrap of paper handwritten by Harrison:]

Much of the coal produced at Northumberland collieries is exported, and a coal fitter has to keep in touch with foreign markets and foreign buyers, and to arrange the shipping of the coal, and its sale abroad.

and was managing owner of, the Prudhoe and Mickley collieries on the Tyne. He bought the Prudhoe estate and built Prudhoe Hall. Some years after his death it was sold to Mr. Swan, the ship builder, of the well-known firm 'Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson'. Matthew was married but had no children.

John Liddell, who lived at Benwell, was a coal fitter, i.e. he sold coal on Newcastle quayside; he was largely interested in collieries. He had four sons.

Edward, who lived at Benton Hall, Newcastle, was a merchant on the quayside, chiefly in corn, I believe. He succeeded to my grandfather Harrison Bulman's (his uncle's) business.

He married a Miss Grainger, a sister, or some other relation, of the Thomas Grainger who built so much of modern Newcastle. He had two sons and a daughter.

The daughter married, for her first husband, a Mr Mather, a wealthy shipowner, and after his death she married Hubert Jerningham of Longridge Towers, near Berwick. He was in the diplomatic service. No children of either marriage.

Henry Liddell was, I think, in partnership with his brother Edward. He was married but had no children.

The four sons of John Liddell and two sons of Edward, all of them, I think, bought estates in various parts of the country and settled down as country gentlemen.

I noticed in the Papers about a year ago the announcement of the death of Charlie Liddell, the youngest of John Liddell's sons, who had bought an estate in Cumberland and had been high sheriff of the county. He was the one we knew best when we were boys.

Of the younger generation, four died in the great war 1914–18 viz:

John Aidan Liddell VC, a captain in the Royal Flying Corps

Henry N Liddell, a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery.

C H Liddell, a lieutenant in the Hussars.

L C Liddell, a midshipman in the Royal Navy.

A grand daughter of John Liddell of Benwell is the wife of Mr Riddell, the owner of Felton Park, Northumberland.

The Liddells, like the Riddells, are a Roman Catholic family.

The Dands

What our relationship to the Dands is, I don't exactly know, but I think it is through Cuthbert Liddell who married an aunt of my father's. I remember meeting some of the Dands, who were then living at Morwick Hall, when I was a boy. Mr James Dand of Togston bought Morwick from Mr William Linskill in 1862. It remained in the possession of the Dands till 1885 when they sold it to the Duke of Northumberland, but they continued residing there for a good many years longer as tenants of the Duke.

Russells

There were two Miss Russells, Dora and Mary, cousins of my father's whom I can just remember. Dora had some reputation as a novelist. Some of her novels were published first in weekly numbers in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle. The only one I can recollect now was called "The Miner's Oath", a story of north country pit life.

Anthony Nichol

Your great grandfather, Anthony Nichol, was born at Gateshead on the 1st of March 1783. In early life he was engaged in business as a wharfinger at Newcastle. As he was living at Crookholme, Dumfriesshire, for seven years 1812 to 1819, it looks as if he tried farming as a change. His wife was delicate which perhaps accounts for their trying the effect of country life. In his later years in Newcastle he was a managing partner in some glassworks at the Ouseburn in which the (then) Sir Matthew White Ridley of Blagdon was also a partner.

He died on the 14th of May 1852 at the age of 69 and was buried in the old cemetery in Jesmond Road.

The following notice appeared in the local Newcastle paper:

Anthony Nichol Esq. JP.

Our last week's obituary, we regret to say, chronicled the demise of Mr Nichol, one of Newcastle's most meritorious citizens. His useful and exemplary life however demands some further testimonial than a mere record of his death. He was a native we understand of Gateshead where he lived for several years but his business in early life as a wharfinger was conducted in Newcastle in connection with the highly respectable firm still existing there of Nichol Ludlow & Co. In 1810 he left Newcastle other vocations having appeared to him as more consonant to his taste, and as affording greater scope for the exercise of those superior faculties with which a kind providence had endowed him. After pursuing for a considerable period, in the cultivation of those kindlier objects, the even, unobtrusive and friendship-creating tenor of his way, he returned to the locality of his birth and of his affections, entering with all the energy, activity and shrewdness for which he was most remarkable, into every project and every means by which the charities and the liberties and the comforts of the community could be best promoted, protected and increased, and deeming no exertion, however great, a toil, which tended to the amelioration of the condition of the masses and the consequent contentment of his country. He was honoured by his fellow townsmen with high municipal distinction and was placed by his Sovereign in the commission of the peace for the town and county of Newcastle; compliments to his ability and integrity, which, by his conduct in every capacity in which he acted, were pre-eminently justified.

The Nichol coat of arms is: sable three pheons argent. Crest: a Cornish chough wings elevated proper perched on the battlements of a tower, argent.

Latimers

Your great grandmother Nichol was the ninth of 12 children of John Latimer and Elizabeth Routledge.

This John Latimer was the only son of Thomas Latimer who went to America and there married in 1745 Sarah Sturman from some place on the Potomac river in North America.

Thomas Latimer returned home before his death, which occurred at Dumfries, when his son John was 13 years old. John's mother married again, and he was brought up by his grandmother, Margaret Latimer. She was born Margaret Graham, and married a John Latimer in 1700, bringing with her the Holmfoot estate in the parish of Kirklington, Cumberland, which was given to her by her father on her marriage. Their grandson, John Latimer, succeeded to the Holmfoot estate on the death of his uncle David, who died unmarried, and who was the eldest son of Margaret.

Headington

Your great-grandmother Nichol had a brother, Edward Latimer, who lived in the big house at Old Headington village near Oxford. He had 15 children, 9 sons and 6 daughters. My mother and her sisters and brother used often to stay with their Uncle Edward in their younger days. John Nichol, my mother's brother, married one of the daughters, Caroline, his cousin, but there were no children.

In my boyhood Headington was full of family relatives. Three unmarried sisters of my mother were living there and several Latimers. Later, Cousin Isobel Reid lived for some years at Headington, after the death of her mother at Oporto; also Aunt Jane Edgecombe, as already mentioned.

This family connection with Headington accounts for my two brothers and myself being sent to a school there, 'the Rookery', kept by the Rev. A.W. Taylor. In our time it was a well-known 'preparatory' for Eton and Harrow, but after Mr Taylor's death it did not prosper under his successor, and was given up. It is now a private house, an attractive place, with good garden and grounds.

Aunt Mary Anne [Nichol]

Of my mother's unmarried sisters I always think of Aunt Mary Anne with affection and respect. She was a capable woman of fine character and great energy. She was born at Crookholme, Canonbie, on January 16, 1816 and christened at Kirkandrews-on-Esk. On her fell the responsibility – after the marriage of her elder sister – Aunt Ellen – of keeping house for her father, and of the care of her younger sisters. At Headington she was always active in good works. One of her philanthropic efforts was the establishment of a "British Workmen" for the men of the parish as a counter attraction to the public house. Her idea of it is expressed in the lines which she inscribed over the entrance:

A public house without the drink
where men may meet, read, talk and think,
and sober home return.

She died at Headington in August 1895 at the ripe old age of 79.

Reids

Our nearest living relation on my mother's side is cousin Isobel Reid, now living in Bath, whom most of you know.

Her mother, Aunt Ellen, was born at the White House, Heworth, Co. Durham on 4 Feb. 1812. She married Mr George Reid a merchant in the cotton trade at Oporto where they lived.

Of their family, one son (another George Reid) grew to manhood. In his youth he spent some adventurous years sheep farming in the River Plate district of South America but lost all his property there in a revolution. Returning home he bought a partnership in an old established wine business at Oporto, and married Alice Whiteley, a cousin. She was the daughter of the Rev. Edward Whiteley, who was English chaplain at Oporto for 50 years. Her grandmother was a Latimer (Ellen) who married a Mr John Atkinson.

George Reid and Alice Whiteley had two sons, George and Ronald.

George was at Charterhouse and Oriel College, Oxford, and then got a commission in the army. In the Great War he was captain and adjutant in the "Hampshires", and was killed on the Gallipoli peninsula, within a week of the first landing of our troops there.

Ronald is carrying on the wine business in Oporto. He married Marjorie Tate and had one daughter, Valerie.

Whiteleys

Alice Reid has a brother, John Whiteley, who was a distinguished civil engineer in the Indian government service, now retired. He married Gertrude Martin, a daughter of the Martin who figures under that name in 'Tom Brown's School Days' as a keen naturalist when a schoolboy in the School House, Rugby.

They had three children: Edward Claude, John Frederick Martin, and Grace Latimer.

Claude was a captain in the Royal Engineers and was killed in the great war at Atbara in 1915. He was already known as a promising young officer. A bridge which he built at Basra is now known, I am told, as 'Whiteley's Bridge'.

The second son John is also in the Royal Engineers – a captain with the Military Cross, and at present Instructor at Woolwich.

Grace lives with her father.

Other families with whom we are connected through my mother are Aikenheads, Hawks, Longridges and Moodys.

Akenheads

An Akenhead was distinguished as a north-country poet and we have, or had, a copy of his works in the library. A Rev. David Akenhead was one of your Uncle Phillip's godfathers. An Akkenhead – I think the Rev. David – married Mary Graham. Her brother, Edmund, married Margaret Nichol, a sister of my grandfather Anthony Nichol and an aunt of my mother. I remember this Mrs Margaret Graham, as an old lady, a widow, living in Eldon Street, Newcastle. She died there in 1863 at the age of 83.

Hawks

I remember being taken as a small boy to call upon an old Lady Hawks, the widow of Sir Robert Hawks. He was head of the Firm of Engine Builders, 'Hawks Crawshay & Co', whose Works were at Gateshead. He had been Mayor of Newcastle, and got his knighthood on going to London on some business of the town during his mayoralty.

There was a Rev. William Hawks, who lived in Bath, and was one of my brother Fred's godfathers.

Longridges

Mr James A Longridge was a well-known engineer in the north of England in the 1850s.

He married Hannah Hawks, a daughter of the Rev. William Hawks.

One of her sons I remember; Cecil Longridge was a captain in the Royal Artillery and when stationed at Newcastle used to come and see us at Framlington Place.

Several members of the Longridge family have been engineers of some distinction.

Moody's

In my youth the vicar of Newcastle was a Rev.Clement Moody.

David Latimer, a brother of Grandmother Nichol, married an Ann Moody.

Vicar Moody had several sons and daughters, who we knew in our youth, but what has become of them I don't know.

SOURCE 2

A FAMILY HISTORY BY MAJOR PHILIP BULMAN (1982)

Written forty years ago by Major Philip Bulman (1916–2010), younger brother of my father, JFH Bulman, this is his very substantial contribution to our family history, and I am much indebted to him for it. Quotations I have used are referred to throughout as Philip1982. Passages which I have used relevant to my own telling are acknowledged in my own text, in some cases with a few amendments, because they were so helpful and his voice so distinctive, mostly in chapters 2, 4 and 5. To his full text printed here I have made no corrections but a handful of very minor additions. My first very vague memory of him and his wife Claire, with whom he had two children, Judith and Christopher, was when they were farming in Essex. I have a much clearer memory of them at Lorbbottle Hall, to my teenage suburban eyes an almost unbelievable and shockingly grand country house with spectacular, sweeping moorland views and a large walled garden, not then restored. Philip writes that it was rented from “black Browne, the old sinner”. We enjoyed staying for a night or two one family summer holiday; as we drove away we came across two very young piglets escaping in haste a mile or two down the lane. Much later I visited him with Diana at Glanton, where he welcomed us warmly with a good lunch, showed us his bees, and could not help complaining about the noise of youngsters playing football in the bus shelter opposite.

To: Judith & Christopher, my children.

West Acres
Glanton,
ALNWICK
Northumberland
1982

INTRODUCTION

I seem to have very little to do now that I am retired here at Glanton on my own & am therefore taking the opportunity to occupy & entertain myself by trying to collect together as much information as possible about our family & put it down on paper for you & those who may be interested in future generations.

It is surprisingly difficult to trace family history back very far if no one has taken the trouble to keep records. The National Registration of hatches, matches & despatches started only in 1837 & Parish Registers in 1538. We are fortunate that my Father left us some quite comprehensive notes concerning his connections during the last century & back to Stephen Bulman in about 1700, which should be read in conjunction with this. When the spirit moves me I will try to ferret back further in Parish Registers & possibly the Mormon Church, whoever they are, might help as they have microfilmed 32 million baptisms from Parish Registers

between 1538 & 1875. Even so there is no way of finding out what these relations did or what they were like. And your guess is as good as any about whether we were original Britons – I think not very likely in these parts – or arrived with the Romans; the Vikings; the Anglo-Saxons or Normans. My guess is the Anglo-Saxons. However, if the information which we have is correct, we have to admit to some Celtic blood because your

Great-Grandfather on my Mother's side came from Ireland & there are also Irish connections on your Mother's side e.g. your Grandmother Hardy was a Loftus from Ireland & the Goughs were Irish.

However, on the credit side, we can honestly claim to be "Geodies" [sic] & having spent the whole of the last War with them in the 2nd Battalion, the Fifth Fusiliers, I can promise you that they are second to none. And, although you will find them all over the world, it is extraordinary how loyal they are to the North-East.

So far I have failed to find any interesting skeletons in any cupboards or elsewhere & have to admit that our forbears seem to have been quite uninterestingly respectable & God fearing folk, who have neither distinguished themselves by producing any unscrupulous bounders or high-flyers nor had greatness thrust upon them. I can find no mention of any treasonable activity; no deportations to the sugar plantations or Australias nor any heads rolling. I fear that Shakespeare would have found us quite useless as subjects for his plays. Perhaps the Hardys tell a different story. [note: he parted company with his wife, Claire Hardy, soon after they left Lorbottle].

On the other hand we seem to have been lucky or clever enough to have had a fair amount of worldly wealth for the last two or three hundred years but never been embarrassed with filthy lucre. Your Great-Great-Great Grandfather John Bulman bought an estate of 330 acres at Aydon near Corbridge in 1793 which, regretfully, was sold to the Strakers of Stagshaw in 1875 for £20,330. And your Great-Grandfather John Bulman left about £150,000 when he died in 1892, equivalent to about three million pounds at today's values.

On your Mother's side, of which I know very little, I understand that a John Hardy made a real mint of money from an iron works in Yorkshire about 150 years ago. Then the family upsticked with their doubtless ill-gotten gains & bought up large chunks of Sussex & thereabouts where the Yorkshire lads could not get at them so easily. This John Hardy married a Miss Gathorne of Kirby Lonsdale in Yorkshire & his second son changed his name to Gathorne-Hardy before he became Lord Cranbrook. However I think your Mother's branch of the family descends from the third son, Charles of Chilham Castle, Sussex.

Most of this wealth, on both sides, has disappeared during the last century, what with a couple of world wars & various financial disasters. In fact I suppose most of it has gone during the last 50 years. For what it is worth in a worldly sense, I dare say that some people would think that your most "distinguished" connections are George Washington through his wife [2018 genealogy does not confirm this family legend] a Sturman & on through the Latimers & Nichols to the Bulmans; & on your Mother's side a successful politician & a remarkably distinguished soldier.

Gathorne Gathorne-Hardy first Earl of Cranbrook (b.1.10.1814 at Bradford. d.

30.10.1906 at Hemsted Park, Kent.) was the politician. After being called to the bar, he entered Parliament in 1865 & was then President of the Poor Law Board in 1866; Home Secretary 1867; Secretary for War 1874–78; & Secretary of State for India in 1878 when he went to the Lords as a Viscount. He was then President of the Council under Lord Salisbury from 1885–92 & retired from public life with an earldom. He was rather a good looking chap – his picture is in the National Portrait Gallery.

The soldier was Field Marshall Hugh Gough, 1st Viscount Gough, (b. 3.11.1779 in Limerick, d. 2.3.1869 at St Helens, Dublin) connected to you, I believe, through the Marrian-Wilsons. After being commissioned at the age of 13 (believe it or not) he served in the Cape of Good Hope & West Indies Campaigns followed by the Peninsular War. In due course he was sent as Major-General in Command in Mysore, India in 1837 before becoming C-in-C for the China Opium War 1839–42 & C-in-C India where he beat the Maratha & Sikh armies between 1843–49. He was made a GCB in 1841 & a baron in 1846 & returned home in 1849 to be made a Viscount & for the third time, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament who granted him a pension of £2000 a year as also did the East India Company. He was Colonel of the R.Horse Guards in 1854; a KP: a GCSI; a PC; & Field Marshall in 1862. He must have been some soldier &, as far as I know, has no connection with the General Gough who made rather a mess of things in 1916.

Apart from these we seem to have kept to the middle of the road with fair distribution of relations in the Church, the Law, Armed Forces, Medicine & other professions & business.

Then, on my Mother's side, there is the Jones family (your Great-Grandfather was a Canon of Durham Cathedral & a very forceful character) & his wife who was a Cunliffe of Lower Walton near Preston. And finally there is the "step" connection with the Fenwicks of Longframlington through my step-father Jim Fenwick.

We have been Freemen of the City of Newcastle upon Tyne since Harrison Bulman was admitted in 1807 as a member of the Tanners Guild & the succession has continued through the male line with John in 1847; Harry in 1877; John in 1933; Charles in 1968; myself in 1974 & Christopher in 1980. There are Bulmans on the Freemen Roll of Newcastle back to 1592 but no "tanner" Bulman prior to 1807.

To save you ploughing through all the rest of this, here are the names of families to whom we are related, omitting goodness knows how many. Forsters; James (your Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandfather was John Forster who married Barbara James in 1751); Jewsons; Andersons; Nichols (your Great-Grandmother was Harriet Nichol who married John Bulman in 1847); Edgecombes; Grays; Liddells (amongst them a V.C. a High Sheriff of Cumberland & connected with the Riddells of Felton Russells; Latimers; Reids (in the port trade in Oporto); Whiteleys; Akenheads; Hawks; Longridges & Moodys.

I will try to write a short biography of those about whom I have been able to collect some information or can remember personally. What a pity they were not all national figures with accurate & nicely written obituaries in the Times or elsewhere.

Biographies

Stephen Bulman

He seems to be the earliest Bulman about which we have any information at the moment & that is limited to the fact that his son, John was born in 1744. So, presumably, Stephen was born soon after the turn of the century. But where he lived or what he did I have no idea.

John

He lived from 1744 to 1815 & married Dorothy Harrison on 20th April 1772. He died suddenly on Sunday 9th April 1815 while attending morning Service at St Andrew's Church, Newcastle, so I imagine that he must have lived & worked in Newcastle. However in 1793 he bought an estate of 330 acres at Aydon near Corbridge so I may be quite wrong & perhaps he was a farmer who bred bulls at Aydon & tanned their hides ? At any rate he was a good breeder himself & had a family of thirteen.

Harrison Bulman

This Harry (ninth child of the above mentioned John) lived from 1784 to 1835 & married Mary Anne Forster on 23rd November 1819 at St Mary's Church, Carlisle. Apparently he was a successful business man on the Quayside which was the centre of business in Newcastle in those days. It seems that his nephew, Edward Liddell, succeeded to this business. He had a bachelor brother, John, who was a Director of the Newcastle/Carlisle Railway which was one of the earliest railways. His Director's Medal is still with us somewhere.

John Bulman

Another John (1821-1892) your Great-Grandfather who married Harriet Nichol on 7th September 1847. The following are extracts taken from the information left by my Father. He was the only son of the above mentioned Harry & was sent to school at the Grange, Sunderland which turned out many distinguished men in those days. His Father died when he was 14 years old & he carefully preserved a short prayer given to him by his Father shortly before his death, as follows –

O God, give me an understanding heart to discern between
good & bad & give me firmness to abide by what is good, through the merits
& mediation of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.
Nov 1st 1835. (Signed) Harrison Bulman.

In 1838 he was articled for 5 years to Mr George Waugh Stable solicitor of the Firm of Stable, Armstrong & Dees. which became Dees & Thompson, for many years our family solicitors. They are now called Dickenson & Dees. In 1844, when 23 years of age, he was admitted a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery & an Attorney of the Queen's Bench.

From 1852 to 1873 he held the appointment of Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle upon Tyne & then he took on the Management of the Granger Estates, a valuable & extensive property covering Grey Street. Granger Street, Butcher Market etc, built by Thomas Granger, a building contractor.

He was made a Justice of the Peace for Newcastle when he gave up the Clerkship. In 1847 when 26 years old, he married Harriet, youngest daughter of Anthony Nichol J.P. of Newcastle. She died in

1878 & two years after he married Laura Elizabeth Page, daughter of a Bristol solicitor. They lived in Newcastle for two or three years & then moved to Clifton, Bristol where he died on 25th January 1892. He is buried in Arnos Vale Cemetery, Bristol. The following obituary notice appeared in the Newcastle Daily Chronicle soon after his death.

The late Mr John Bulman. J.P. Our obituary column the other day contained an announcement of the death of Mr John Bulman J.P. The deceased gentleman was 70 years of age & died at his residence Rosville, Clifton near Bristol. He was formerly Clerk to the Borough Justices of this City. Out of four candidates Mr Bulman was appointed Clerk to the Borough Justices on the resignation Mr W. Elliott on 19th April 1852. In this position he earned to the fullest extent the confidence of the Justices to whose regret he retired about the beginning of 1873 to assume the management of the Granger Estates. The duties of this new office he discharged for only a short period & for several years past he has lived in comparative retirement.

To his vocation of Magistrate, however, to which he was called shortly after his retirement from the Clerkship, he attended for some time with the greatest regularity & his ripe experience in the administration of magisterial law was of the greatest benefit to his brother Justices.

The deceased gentleman was a great admirer of the fine arts & had accumulated a private collection of paintings of considerable value.

My Father in his "Family Notes" comments that although he had good taste he was never an especially good judge of pictures. But apparently he left a fine collection of silver, glass & china & in his younger days made frequent tours in France & Italy, speaking both languages well. He wrote diaries of these tours but I know not where they are.

Harriet Bulman (née Nichol, 1823–1878)

Your Great-Grandmother was the tenth child of Anthony Nichol who had married Elizabeth Latimer at Kirklington, Cumberland in 1805. She was born on 22nd October 1823 in London & was only 24 years old when her Mother died on 18th March 1826 – (buried at St Giles, Camberwell, London).

Harriet was then sent to live with a widowed aunt of her Father called Sarah Unthank, who lived in Newcastle. She seems to have been a very bright girl according to letters written by her to her Father in London, which are quoted in my Father's "Family Notes". At the age of ten she was reading Goldsmith's History of Greece; doing compound arithmetic; translating French fables & was very fond of music & dancing.

Her Father moved up North with the rest of his Family in 1835 to a house in Jesmond, Newcastle & in 1840, when Harriet was 17 years old, she was sent to a well known school at Moray Place, Edinburgh. Apparently she loved Edinburgh & keenly appreciated poetry. The following is an example of her own effort, handed on verbally by your Great-Uncle Philip.

Why should we seek in foreign shores to roam
When beauties unexplored remain at home ?
Can nature's most insatiate slave desire
A scene more fit to wake poetic fire
Than Grasmere's lovely lake where every dell
Is hallowed by the poet's magic spell ?
Here we may realise sweet fancy's dream

In glen. in hill, in wood & mountain Stream.
 Can all the boasted charmes of Leman's lake
 Softer emotions in the soul awake ?
 Or if we wish on classic soil to tread
 Where glory has it's sacred halo spread
 Have we not Flodden Field where heroes fell
 And war's shrill clarion rang their funeral knell ?
 Have we no thoughts like these in our loved land
 But needs must seek them in a foreign strand ?
 Breeze-borne they come down dream- loved valleys blowing,
 With memory's hopes of other days oërfloving.
 With pleasure's dreams & hopes long sunk in death,
 Long dead but living still in music's breath.
 But we, forgetful of all other things,
 Let loose imagination's golden wings
 And let poetic imagery beguile
 Our wayward footsteps from our heaven-blest Isle.

In 1847 at the age of 24, she married your Great-Grandfather at St Andrew's Church, Newcastle. They lived at Framlington Place & what with having ten children & her social responsibilities which included large & elaborate dinner parties in those days, & her many friends, she was always busy. Perhaps it was too much for her because she died young at only 54 years of age & I would think must be buried in the family vault in Gosforth Church.

There is a lot more about the Nichols & Latimers in my Father's "Family Notes" including a very complimentary obituary write up of your Great-Great-Grandfather, Anthony Nichol J.P. He was thought to be a splendid fellow. remarkable for his energy, activity & shrewdness in helping the people of Newcastle. Some of the Nichol silver has come our way with the crest a Cornish cough with wings elevated, perched on the battlement of a tower.

Harrison Francis Bulman (1856–1933)

Now we can move forward to the next generations your Grandfather & his brothers & sisters. He was the sixth of a family of ten, four boys & six girls. Quite a brood by today's standards but the first four all died of scarlet fever while babies between It must have been a very traumatic start to married life. And Caroline, the fifth to arrive, only lasted until she was 25 years old.

It will seem strange to you no doubt but I really never knew your Grandfather very well, although he was my Father. This, I suppose, was partly due to the fact that he was 60 years old when I was born in 1916 & partly because he was very much a "Victorian" i.e. children were tolerated for short & specific periods only & most of their time was spent under the care of Nanny in the nursery wing of the house.

He was born on 15th June 1856 at 10 Framlington Place in the District of St Andrews, Newcastle upon Tyne & was educated at the Rookery Prep School, Headington, Oxford & at Rugby School. In 1877–79 he was a student at the College of Physical Science, Newcastle which was run in association with Durham University in those days. He must have been quite clever because we have here two prizes which he won at Rugby (Bacon's Essays & Tennyson's Poems) for classics, divinity, maths & natural science & also two from the College of Physical Science for maths & physics. I never won any.

He qualified in due course as M.I.Min E. (Member of the Institute of Mining Engineers), Assoc M.Inst C.E. (Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers), & F.G.S. (Fellow of the Geological Society). I believe that most of his professional career was spent in the coal industry which, of course, in those days really was "King Coal" & the North-East was booming & prosperous. He was manager of various mines in Co Durham & Nanny told me how splendidly he got on with the miners. After the War he wrote two books *Stratified Minerals* published by Methuen in 1920 and *Colliery Working & Management* in 1925 in partnership with Sir Hugh Redmayne. I believe that these books were selected as the standard work for all students taking the exams for Membership of the Institute of Mining Engineers for many years.

Earlier in his career he must have done some good work for the Committee of Mechanical Coal Cutting because they gave him quite a handsome clock, which Mother handed on to me, inscribed as follows – "Presented to H.F.Bulman Esq by the North of England Institute of Mining & Mechanical Coal Cutting 1905." Also I can just remember some excitement at Morwick when he was asked by the Russian Government to go to Russia to advise them on their coal industry but he declined their invitation. At Morwick there was a chest of drawers, each drawer divided into small square compartments & each filled with a different sort of rock or mineral of fascinating colours & shapes, which he had collected. Unfortunately Mother ditched them or gave them away after he died.

I am not sure when he retired from full time work but I believe his Father left him about £50,000 when he died in 1892, (equivalent to about a million pounds at today's values). so he had no pressing need to work after that date. However he must have been working in 1905 when he was presented with the clock & so must have carried on for a time after the death of his Father. He certainly remained a bachelor until he was 53 years old & must have taken time off in 1897–98 when he went for a trip round the world at a time when we really did rule the waves & a great deal of the world. I can remember him saying that he liked New Zealand & he brought back some attractive ivories etc from Japan. I think he was especially fond of the sea & for a time had a half-share with a friend of his in a cutter called *Riva*. They won various races across the North sea & your Uncle John has two very large silver cups presented as prizes. Sometimes when he went to London, he used to take a ship from the Tyne rather than go by train.

He married Mother at St Paul's Church, Winlaton, Co Durham on 6th January 1909 & they went to live at Leazes Hall in Co. Durham where your Aunt Helen was born the following year. I believe they moved to Priestfield Hall where your Uncle John & Aunt Peggy were born, & possibly to Burnopfield Hall, both in Co. Durham, before they went to North Cottage in Jesmond, Newcastle where we certainly lived during the Great War before going to Morwick Hall in 1918, with a family of four & me the youngest at two years.

Before the War I think they must have had quite a gay old time with plenty of money, staff & entertainment. I can remember Mother telling me that he used to go like the wind in the hunting field & making us laugh at her stories of their expeditions in their splendid new Daimler with a chauffeur called Hogarth to cope with the frequent breakdowns. Horses were normal in those days & cars dangerous & quite unusual, causing consternation amongst livestock in general. Apart from sailing, riding & driving he was a great walker & bicyclist.

Those were the days of grooms, gardeners, chauffeurs, nannies, cooks & parlour-maids etc. Every morning the indoor staff of four or five joined us after breakfast in the Dining room for a few minutes of morning prayers & on Sundays Father would usually go to both Matins & Evensong.

Normally we children would go to the morning Service & after luncheon would troop into his Study for a period of Bible instruction, which always began with a recitation of the 1st & 2nd Commandments. During the winter months he spent quite a time translating various books into

Braille, a series of dots on thick paper which blind people could read with their fingers. Also he knitted what seemed to me to be huge scarves in thick navy blue wool for the deep sea fishermen & sometimes he played a pedal organ in his study, mostly hymns & Bach. I think he was a Church Warden At St Lawrence's, Warkworth & possibly at Acklington as well & served on the local Lifeboat Committee. There was great excitement when we were taken out in the Lifeboat at Hawkesley. When he died Mother told me that the Vicar at Warkworth suggested that she put up a plaque in the Church in his memory but she turned down the suggestion.

My memory of him is of a quiet, shy, gentle & retiring character whom I never heard say anything unkind about anyone. Nor did I ever hear him swear or lose his temper. Bother or tut-tut was the extreme in my hearing anyway. I think he was a deeply religious man & really tried to live his life as a Christian. It is my guess that he married out of a sense of duty to some extent, as neither of his brothers had done so: but, on the other hand, it is not surprising that he was smitten by Mother who must have been extremely attractive. However at only 17 years of age it really was baby snatching even in those days. I expect she was encouraged by her parents to accept this successful & wealthy bachelor & I fear that she never completely forgave them or Father, who had a difficult time with her when she grew up into a somewhat dominating character in later life. He certainly had his cross to bear. He died at Morwick Hall on Sunday 5th February 1933 & is buried in the family vault in Gosforth.

Norah Fenwick Bulman (née Jones, 1892–1967)

Your Grandmother was one of the five children of Canon Arthur Jones – 3 boys & 2 girls. She was born at Winlaton Rectory, Co Durham on 25th April 1892 & here she spent all her youth where her Father was Rector for 45 years. However they were anything but wealthy (as poor as church mice was a favourite expression of hers) so when the chance to marry a wealthy bachelor came along, even though she was only 17 years old, I think her family probably encouraged her to accept.

She married my Father on 6th January 1909 at St Paul's Church, Winlaton & they went to live at Leazes Hall, Co Durham where your Aunt Helen was born the following year. Then I think they moved to Priestfield Hall where your Uncle John & Aunt Peggy arrived & possibly Burnopfield Hall, both these in Co Durham, before going to North Cottage, Jesmond, Newcastle where they certainly lived during the Great War before moving to Morwick Hall in April 1918. By then the family had grown to four – two of each – with me the youngest at 2 years. And there we remained in this lovely old red brick house with its glorious garden, the Coquet River a few hundred yards away & the sea at Warkworth only two miles, until 1951.

So I expect my generation all remember Morwick as home in our young days more than anywhere else & until Father died we lived there very comfortably with Perry & George running the garden & dear Nanny plus a cook & two or three maids fighting it out in the house. Your Uncle Denis & Aunt Heather were both born here & Mother was quite excellent at running the house & very much loved the garden. We have two water colours of it painted by Mrs Irwin of Warkworth.

She fed us very well & filled the house with huge bowls of flowers in the summer. A tall, well built woman with a forceful character & plenty of common sense; expert at knitting & crochet work & in her younger days played the violin & piano a bit. I have no doubt that she was very pretty & attractive in her youth & was most sociable. However no-one would have called her an intellectual, least of all herself.

Things changed very much after Father died in 1933 & quite suddenly, we all realised that there was practically no cash in the till. The staff had to be sacked except for George to keep the garden going & Nanny to help in the houses both I think worked more for love than the tiny wages they

received. Aunts Helen & Peggy went off to earn their living as best they could I was recalled from Uppingham (having just finished my “fagging” stint & with hopes of the Rugger xv the following winter) & Mother had to cope alone with Nanny’s wholehearted & completely loyal help.

Fortunately your Great-Uncle Philip came to the rescue in paying the fees for your Uncle John to finish his time at Trinity College, Cambridge & for your Uncle Denis to complete his Naval training at Dartmouth.

This financial crisis lasted until Mother decided to marry Uncle Jim, as we called him – (J.C.Fenwick of Embleton Hall. Longframlington, Northumberland) – which she did on 26th February 1934 at St Lawrence Church, Warkworth. This certainly eased the situation because he took over full responsibility for both Mother & Morwick. However he accepted absolutely no financial or other responsibility for us. his Step-children. We were welcome to stay at Morwick up to a point & that was about it. But I think we all liked him & got along very well on the whole. The only real snag was that his four daughters most strongly disapproved of his marrying again & bullied him unmercifully until he handed over his whole Estate to a Trust which made certain that only a very small portion would ever go to Mother when he died. There was an unpleasant & uncomfortable feeling between us & the Fenwick women.

Anyway I am pretty certain that Mother & Uncle Jim were really very happy during their years together. He came to live at Morwick with only a few of his things & left Embleton to his daughters. Mother & he spent their time fishing on the Coquet or in Ireland or Scotland; hunting with the Percy; beagling with the T.F.B.; shooting at Longframlington & elsewhere; paying an annual visit to the Cheltenham Spring Meeting & so on. There was always plenty of whisky & good port after dinner made up for having to change into a stiff shirt & dinner jacket. Life was mostly about how best to enjoy themselves. I wonder how Mother came to be Christened Norah Fenwick & then should marry a Fenwick in due course ?

I think they had rather a rough time during the War trying to keep things going, in common with most people, but they struggled on & he served in the local Home Guard. Soon after the War, while I was serving at my Regimental Depot in Newcastle, Mother rang me up to say that Uncle Jim had died quite suddenly & unexpectedly so I was able to help her over this difficult period. But once again the financial position had become quite critical & although she struggled on at Morwick with the help of Nanny & George, it was a losing battle however much we loved the place.

So in 1951 she moved to Friar’s Court, Alnmouth where she remained until she died after quite a long illness, on 9th March 1967 at St Catherine’s Convent & Nursing Home, Jesmond, Newcastle & was cremated at Newcastle Crematorium as was her wish.

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Now we come to my father’s brothers & sisters. The only one I ever met was his next younger brother & my Godfather, Philip.

Caroline Eleanor Bulman

I regret to say that I know absolutely nothing about her or why she died so young at only 25 years of age.

Philip Bulman (1857–1947)

I can remember well the occasions when he came to see us at Morwick, sometimes preceeded by exciting crates & boxes from London containing most generous presents for us children, such

as rods & guns. He was a typical Colonel of the Victorian period & must have had a very good London tailor because he always dressed immaculately. He never married & latterly, when he retired, he lived at 14 Pall Mall, London, convenient to his various Clubs.

He was educated at the Rookery Prep School in Headington, Oxford & at Uppingham School. He then joined the Army by buying a Commission, which was the normal way in those days. I think he must have been a bit of a classical scholar & linguist because we have many such books of his including a prize, Wordsworth's Poetic Works, which he won for Classics at Uppingham. I believe he used to write to your Uncle John in Latin & French at times & he was an interpreter in Turkish & Persian in the Army.

He seems to have had quite a distinguished career in the Army & was awarded a Victorian D.S.O., which was not very common & was also Mentioned in Despatches. I have tried to obtain the citation for his D.S.O. but the best I could do was to establish that it was gazetted in the London Honours Gazette dated 27th Sept 1901. It seems likely that he got it for his work at Sivas after the Kurdish massacre of Christians. What happened to the letters of thanks from the Foreign Secretary & others I do not know.

However we as a family owe him a big debt of gratitude for coming to our rescue when Father died. He paid for John to finish at Cambridge & for Denis's training at Dartmouth for the Navy. Also for Helen to spend 6 months in France & a year or two later he was a great help to me in getting my Commission paying for the crammers & my uniform etc & giving me a few bob for holidays occasionally. Goodness knows what we would have done without him at that time. He also handed on his silver to us & some nice china & two beautiful Boule cabinets to Denis.

His Regiment, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, have kindly given me the following details of his Army career.

Bulman, Philip, D.S.O. – Sub-Lieutenant & Lieutenant Sept 11 1876. Captain June 9 1885. Major Feb 11 1894. Lieutenant-Colonel (Brevet—Colonel) Aug 19 1904. Retired Oct 24 1906. Afgan War 1879–1880. With the Kuram Division in the Yarmusht Expedition. Medal. South African War 1899–1901. In command 2nd Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry from May 1 to June 5 1900; also Jan 22 to March 13 & from May 16 to Sept 4 1901. Operations in the Orange Free State Feb to May 1900, including operations at Paardeberg (Feb 17 to 26). Actions at Poplar Grove, Driefontein, Houtnek (Thoba Mountain) Vet River (May 5 & 6) & Zand River. Operations in the Transvaal in May & June 1900, including actions near Johannesburg & Pretoria. Operations in the Transvaal, east of Pretoria July to Nov 29 1900, including actions at Elands River (Aug 4 to 16). Operations in Orange River Colony May to Nov 29 1900, including action at Rhenoster River. Operations in Cape Colony south of Orange River 1899–1900. Operations in the Transvaal Nov 30 1900 to Sept 1901. Despatches, London Gazette Sept 10 1901. Queen's Medal with five clasps.

The following obituary notice was published in his Regimental Journal in April 1947, written by General Lionel Banon, a contemporary of his, who had known him for 65 years. In a letter which he wrote to me dated 1.6.47, he said amongst other things, "Had he not been averse to serving under officers he did not approve of, he should have reached higher rank. He did not suffer fools gladly. He did great work away from The Regiment."

OBITUARY. COL. P. BULMAN. (Extract from his Regimental Journal).

P. Bulman, D.S.O. who died on 1st February 1947, joined the 85th in India in 1876, served in the Afghan War & in Natal in the latter stages of the 2nd Boer War & returned home in 1881. Except for two years under the Foreign Office, he remained with the 2nd Battalion & accompanied it in 1899 to the 3rd Boer War until 1901 when given command of the 1st Battalion in India. His Regimental service ended in 1905.

Educated at Uppingham, he had good abilities & a determined personality. Reserved & secretive, he yet had many friends among his contemporaries. A bachelor with private means, he was erratically generous & helped many who had fallen on evil days with gifts & loans. He gave £500 to the Regimental Aid Society.

With a good knowledge of his profession he looked after the soldier's interests, improved messing & barrack amenities & did much to discourage drinking & gambling. With a gift for languages he was an interpreter in Turkish &, shortly after joining, passed the lower standard in Persian. As a young officer he played polo, hunted & shot & owned a steeplechaser which ran well at Aldershot.

His best work was done at Sivas after the Kurdish massacre of Greek & Armenian Christians. He not only saved the lives of thousands from further massacre but assisted the survivors with gifts & money to replace their looted property. Largely by his exertions some of the leaders were tried & sentenced to death. For this work Lord Salisbury, our Foreign Secretary, sent him the thanks of the Government & his own high appreciation of his work. Similar appreciations were sent by the Armenian Bishop & our Ambassador at Constantinople.

After retirement he devoted his energies & money to encourage boys' clubs, especially the Soho Church Lads Brigade. He provided furniture & equipment, boxing, gymnastic & other instructors & supervised their work five nights a week. His boys won the Boxing Shield 20 years in 21 & were only once beaten. He helped boys to start life well & several have benefited, two having started clubs at Bristol & Wembley.

Bombed out of his Pall Mall flat, he moved to uncongenial rooms in Putney. His nephews serving overseas, he was lonely & unhappy. Though his brain kept clear, failing health, sight & hearing made life difficult. Well prepared & worn out, he longed for death which came on February 2nd. Spencer, the Elizabethan poet's lines would have appealed to him –

Sleep after Toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after Warre, death after life doeth greatly please.

Some time before he died my brother John persuaded him to move into his house in Croyden where he lived & practised as a doctor. Here he could look after him & have a nurse when necessary & here he died aged 90 & once more earned our sincere gratitude by leaving his worldly wealth equally amongst the six of us. So in due course we each received about £3000 & felt like millionaires.

Ethel Forster Bulman (1859–1873)

Regretfully I know nothing about her or her short life of 14 years.

John Frederick Bulman (1861–)

I never met Fred, the youngest of the three brothers. but somehow was given the impression that he never pulled his weight but lived an idle bachelor life, travelling the world in those great days of Empire & collecting things. So perhaps he enjoyed himself & appreciated the fine arts. I think he went to the same Prep School as his brothers at Headington, Oxford but where he went from there I do not know. Apparently he did not attempt to qualify for any profession or go into any business. However I believe he got the same as his brothers, about £50,000, when his Father died in 1892. I do know that he provided his share of the cash, together with his two brothers. to make up the Blaina Settlement in February 1926 for our benefit & when he died, which must have been during the War or soon after it, he left his worldly wealth to his brother Philip.

The interesting thing is that, apparently. during his lifetime he had made quite a collection of things that had taken his fancy in various parts of the world & deposited them in London in some room or store. He never seems to have settled down with an ordinary house or estate in which to keep things. If my information is correct, he left everything to his brother Philip when he died & he never even bothered to have a look at this collection but got some London dealer to make an offer. This offer was, I understand, £600 & was promptly accepted.

So you can amuse yourselves by imagining what made up that collection? How many Constables & Canalettos; how much Georgian silver & Sheraton furniture; what glass from Tyneside & Venice; china from France & Denmark & so on. What fun to potter round the world with a million quid in your pocket collecting what you like? And how sad that none of us had a peep at what might have been dear Fred's Alladin's Cave. Perhaps he inherited his Father's good taste in fine art? And who was the lucky dealer at the end of the War who, perhaps, made his fortune?

Fanny Winifred Bulman (1871–1953)

I never met her but I think both John & Helen did so. She never married & lived in Bristol. She died on 20 Sept 1953 & her very small estate came to the six of us – about £500 each as far as I remember.

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Now we come to your Great-Grandparents on my Mother's side & their families. I can find very little information about them & the following is the best I can do at the moment. How accurate it is I am not at all certain.

The Reverend Canon Arthur Jones (1852–1944)

I am told that he was born at Barn Hill, Dun Loaghair formerly known as Kingstown near Dublin; that his Father was Edward Jones who died while Arthur was a boy; that his Mother's maiden name was Cohen & that she was a talented musician who sang at concerts & was also a good pianist; that after Edward's death she married again to a Mr MacBurney who owned a large business in Dublin.

Arthur became an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin & in due course got his B.A. & M.A. Degrees. He then trained for the Anglican Church & was ordained at Worcester Cathedral. He was appointed Curate at Walton Parish Church in 1879 & after eight months, became the first Vicar of St John The Evangelist, Higher Walton near Preston, Lancashire. He married Mattie Cunliffe, daughter of John Tattersall Cunliffe of Lower Walton who was in the tannery business. His three sons were born at Walton Vicarage before he moved to Winlaton, County Durham in 1884 where your Grandmother & her sister were born & he remained as Rector for 45 years.

The following is an extract from a local paper in the Walton area after he visited his old Parish in

July 1927.

The first Vicar of Walton – Canon Arthur Jones.
A brief visit to his old Parish.

Walton has grown tremendously, almost out of recognition & yet without losing any of its old-time charm”. This was the praiseworthy comment made an interesting visitor to the town & district a few days ago after an absence of more than 43 years. He was the Rev. Canon Arthur Jones the Rector of Winlaton, Durham who was at one time Curate at the Parish Church & later had the honour of being appointed the first Vicar of Walton by the late Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.

Canon Jones who, with his daughter, had been on a motor tour to Devon & was on his way back to the Lake District, could not resist making a call to his old Parish where, he told a Guardian representative, he spent many happy early days.

In 1879 he was a Curate at the Parish Church under the late Rev William Queckett & after eight months there, was offered by the late Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., the first living of St John the Evangelist Church, Higher Walton. He married Miss Mattie Cunliffe, the daughter of the late Mr John Tattersall Cunliffe of Lower Walton & three of his sons were born in the Walton Vicarage.

A little more than 43 years ago Canon Jones accepted from Bishop Stubbs, who was then Bishop of Chester, the living of Winlaton in the diocese of Durham. The living, which is of the value of £500, is an extensive parish having three churches & a staff of four clergy. Canon Jones is an Honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral & he is proud of the distinction that he is but the second Rector of Winlaton in the last 100 years. The 100th anniversary of the consecration of the Parish Church will be celebrated this year. The three sons born in the Walton Vicarage are Dr Beresford Jones (surgeon in Canterbury), the Rev Basil Dennis-Jones (Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge), & Mr Barry-Jones (solicitor in Newcastle upon Tyne).

Desiring to enquire whether any of his old parishioners remained in the Parish, Canon Jones first called at the Vicarage & was welcomed by the Vicar, the Rev D.W.Darwall. Strolling into the village he met an old friend Mr Muskett who, despite the passing of more than 40 years, immediately recognised the Canon as the first Vicar of the Parish. With the happiest recollections of his association with the late Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Canon called at Walton Hall to see Lord Daresbury whom he remembered as a boy but was greatly disappointed to find that His Lordship was away from home. After visiting the Warrington Parish Church, the Canon left the district delighted with his brief visit & as he remarked “amazed at the growth & beauty of his old Parish”.

When he retired in 1929 he spent the last few years of his very long life at Wellfield House between Acklington & Guyzance where his youngest son Pat & his family lived. This was quite near to Morwick. I think he died there in 1944 aged 92.

I remember him as a man with a very forceful & outspoken character & with any amount of self-confidence but I can hardly remember his wife at all. Between them they seem to have spent useful & successful lives & brought up a family of five children. I believe they had only his stipend on which to live but they seemed to manage very well & had a great way with them. For example I believe it is true that on one occasion when Beresford was late for a train to London at the Central

Station, Newcastle his brothers Dennis & Pat successfully took on the engine driver & guard in bantering conversation & successfully held up the whole train for some time until Beresford arrived. Quite an achievement, even in those days.

Beresford Jones (1882–1974)

The eldest of the Canon's five children & born at Walton Vicarage, Lancashire. He qualified as a doctor of medicine, probably in Newcastle & to the best of my knowledge, practiced most of his life as a very successful surgeon in Canterbury. I can just remember him when he came to stay at Morwick as a very distinguished looking white haired man with a limp.

All I know about his family is that his wife was called Eve & they had a daughter Susan who married a fellow named Twyman. They had a son Sean Garstin Twyman, now married & living in Cape Town, & a daughter Josephine who married someone called Mariet & they now live in Johannesburg. Both have children.

Basil Dennis-Jones (1883–1967)

Number two of the Canon's family he followed his Father into Holy Orders. He was at Christ Church, Oxford from 1901 to 1904 & Keble College, Oxford from 1904 to 1907. Then he was Curate at Hexham Abbey from 1907 to 1910 & a Minor Canon & Precentor at Manchester Cathedral from 1910 to 1915.

During the Great War he served as a Padre at Gallipoli & in East Africa & Palestine from 1915 to 1918. He was given an O.B.E. on 1st January 1919. We have a little book by him giving his war experiences. From 1920 to 1957 he was Chaplain & Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

He married Merle Shiers, daughter of Percy Shiers of Brookfield, Cheadle, Cheshire on 19 June 1928 & they had a family of three sons & two daughters all of whom are now married with children of their own. Fortunately the Shiers were a wealthy family & I understand that they were not bothered with financial problems. I believe that Robin was lucky enough to be given a farm in East Anglia.

My recollections of this Uncle of mine are of a big, cheerful, self-confident man who could play anything on the piano & had atrocious hand-writing. I remember him as a warm & friendly person. As Precentor he was responsible for taking the Trinity College Services & for all the Chapel music. I am told that he was keen on madrigals. He died at Cambridge on 31 December 1967 aged 84.

His family is as follows:

- Robin Dennis-Jones. m. Elspeth Seward 1955.
Three children. Farming.
- Christine Dennis-Jones. b. 1931. m. Michael Coffey 1955.
Four children. Farming. South Africa.
- Merle Dennis-Jones. b.1935. m. Noel Lewis 1958. Airline
pilot (Noel). Four children.
- Michael Dennis-Jones. b. 1940. m. Marsh 1973.
Two children. Estate Agent.
- Colin Dennis-Jones. b. 1942. m. Ann Jackson 1965.
Three children. Farming.

Patrick Barry-Jones (1888–1963)

Number three of the Canon's family born at the Walton Vicarage & educated at Durham School. He

was training to become a solicitor with the Firm of Sheriton Holmes in Newcastle when the Great War broke out. I have no details of his War service but I understand that he served as an Officer in France both with the Northumberland Fusiliers & the Durham Light Infantry. After the War he qualified as a solicitor & became a partner in Sheriton Holmes & Jones. In due course he took over the Firm when Holmes died & continued practicing until his death in 1963. By then his son had qualified as a solicitor & carried on the Firm.

I can remember him quite well because he was kind enough to take me into his office as an Articled Clerk without charging me the usual fee. In those days one was expected to pay to learn. He was always good natured & cheerful but completely failed to inspire me with the attractions of the law. It was mostly dull & drab & sometimes sordid & there was absolutely no prospect of any reward for five years — not even pocket money.

I think he would have sooner been a farmer than a lawyer. He lived up the Tyne valley for many years & hunted with the Haydon & Tynedale Hunts. He was a good mimic & quite excellent at Geordie. He got on very well with the so called working class but I think he steered clear of politics.

He married Dorothy Dunn (b.1900. d. 1970) about 1932–33 & they had two children as follows:

Patricia Barry-Jones. b. 1934. m. Peter Cotton 1960.

Two children. Doctor – London.

Dennis Barry-Jones. b. 1936. m. Margaret Hewitt 1966.

Two children. Solicitor – Newcastle.

That brings me to the end of the generations prior to my own with the exception of “Uncle Jim” who was only a step relation. However it might interest you to know something about him so here is what I know.

James Charles Fenwick (1873–1946)

He was born at Chilton Hall, County Durham. son of Dr J.C.J. Fenwick who was a general practitioner in medicine. I believe it was his Father who bought Embleton Hall, Longframlington & gradually added the adjoining land as it became available until he had several thousand acres on both sides of the main road. I think he used it chiefly for shooting in those days. However I can remember various outlying farms being sold until the Estate amounted to 1390 acres in 1970–71 valued at £174,220. Mother's share of this which she had left equally to Helen, Heather & myself, amounted to about £50,000 & this we sold back to the Fenwicks in 1971.

I never heard Uncle Jim talk about any brothers but I have an idea that he had a sister. He was educated at Harrow & Trinity College Cambridge where I think he spent most of his time hunting, shooting & fishing as, in fact, he did for most of his life. He had quite a bit to do with the Trinity Foot Beagles coming up to Northumberland to hunt in this area each September & I think he wipped in to them.

After Cambridge he certainly joined the Northumberland Hussars at some period & served for a time in Ireland but I do not know what he did during the Great War. For a time after leaving Cambridge he tried his hand at farming at Berryhill in the Border country but I understand it was not very successful. Also he had his own pack of foxhounds from 1903 to 1908, which he called the Glendale. We have a picture of them somewhere.

My own memory of him starts from the time he used to lease a rod from us for fishing on our beat of the Coquet when we lived at Morwick. He was a good fisherman. I think his first wife Beatrice,

daughter of Sir Jacob Wilson, had already died leaving him with four daughters. One married Rex Armstrong, the Rothbury doctor & another Tim Brummell who was in the wine trade. The other two never married & I think they must all be dead by now.

He married Mother at St Lawrence's Church, Warkworth on 26 February 1934 & your Great-Grandfather, the Canon, took the Service. I can remember putting them on the train for London at the Central Station, Newcastle, looking very pleased with themselves & prosperous. I was about 17 years old at the time & was appointed caretaker at Morwick during their absence.

On their return he moved in to Morwick with a few of his things & left most of his belongings, including his daughters, at Longframlington without much regret, as far as I could judge. Unfortunately his daughters all disapproved most strongly of his marriage & bullied him unmercifully about his money until he gave way (anything for peace) & handed over his whole Estate to a Trust in which they made sure that Mother's share was very limited. As a result of all this we never had much to do with the Fenwick daughters. Now I think the whole estate has devolved on the Armstrong children.

However, I think we all liked Uncle Jim & got on well with him. I am sure that he & Mother were really very happy during their time at Morwick. He was Chairman of the Percy Hunt & also Field Master & a J.P. at the Rothbury Court. Most of their time together they were comfortably well off & life was all about how best to enjoy themselves. We younger generation came & went & were tolerated quite happily on the whole. He died at Morwick on 21 December 1946 aged 73. It was quite sudden & unexpected. I was serving at my Regimental Depot in Newcastle at the time so was able to help Mother over this difficult period. He is buried in Longframlington Churchyard.

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Now we come to the last lap, my own generation, six of us in all three brothers & three sisters. I think it is fair to say that we would all think of Morwick as home until we got married. It was certainly the only home which I knew in my youth & both Denis & Heather were born there.

It was a wonderful place in which to grow up. A large, old, rambling, red brick house with a glorious garden & heaps of space both indoors & outside for all our pets & enterprises. The Coquet was only a few hundred yards away for swimming & with two miles of the sea at Warkworth with miles of sandy beach to ourselves, only about two miles. So what with riding, hunting & fishing, shooting, swimming, tennis, croquet & golf, walking, dogs, cats & all manner of other pets; birds nesting & climbing; bicycling & driving a pony trap, I suppose we were very lucky & rarely went away for holidays.

Helen Bulman

Your Aunt Helen was born at Leazes Hall, County Durham on 10th February 1910, the eldest of the six of us. After the usual governess education at home, which was normal in those days, she was sent to Harrogate College in Yorkshire from 1922 to 1927 & then to be "finished off" with a French family in Paris for 6 months in 1928. She also spent a summer with a German family; trained at the College of Domestic Science in Housekeeping & Cookery & later as a secretary. After Father died in 1933 & there was no money for easy living, she went off on various jobs at Prep as a Private Secretary & taught domestic science at a Government Home Training Centre.

Then during the War she married Leslie Holland, who was an Officer serving in the Hertfordshire Regiment somewhere in Northumberland at the time. He was born in India & educated in Kent & at King's College, London University. After the War they moved down to Hertfordshire where he

was in the insurance business. He died at Watford on 3.8.1972.

They have two children as follows:

Sarah Margaret Holland. Born 29.9.42 at Morwick. Educated at Watford Grammar School. Has worked for the Bank of England since 1959 & is unmarried.

Roy Selby Holland. Born 8.10.47 at Watford. Educated at Watford Grammar School 1959–65; King's College, London 1965–68; B.A. Hons in history. Courtauld Institute of Art, London 1968–73. M.A. Byzantine Art 1970. Thesis on 14th century Bulgarian Art 1973. Since 1974 has been doing voluntary work for Amnesty International, National Council of Civil Liberties, the Chile Committee of Human Rights etc. Has published articles on ethnic minorities in Bulgaria & Iran 1979–80. He plays the clarinet, piano & sitar & has written a trio for clarinet, cello & piano in 1964–65 which was accepted for performance by the Society for the Performance of New Music 1980.

John Forster Harrison Bulman (b. 5.3.1911)

Your Uncle John was born at Priestfield Hall. County Durham, my elder brother by 5 years. To me he always seemed to be extremely successful in all he did, which was just about everything. Too often I was the mere fetcher & carrier or considered too young & useless to be taken into account at all. Five years is a big gap amongst the young & sadly I can recollect nothing in the way of brotherly love.

Anyway, after the usual governess period at home, he was sent to Packwood Haugh Prep School in Warwickshire (about 1920–24) & then on to Rugby (1924–29). At Rugby I believe he achieved the Classical V1 & then, having decided to become a doctor, he transferred to the science side & again achieved the V1 Form. I never got into any sixth form.

The boys were allowed to keep certain livestock at Rugby & I can remember one holiday when he brought home a magnificent goshawk & we all helped with its training or at least thought we were helping. During one Term he made a canoe & there was great activity during the holidays carting it about so that he could pretend to be a floating log while bird watching. My job was usually the humping part. He was always a keen ornithologist & had a great collection of the eggs of every bird that nested in the Morwick area. He was also a Boy Scout with all the qualification badges you can think of on his sleeve. I also remember “assisting” at the construction of model aeroplanes, wireless sets & tree houses of course & also at developing photos.

From Rugby he went to Trinity College. Cambridge (1929–34) where he achieved his B.A. with 1st Class Honours in the Natural Science Tripos Pts 1 & LL & was awarded a Research Scholarship to stay on for an extra year. He had been interested in rock climbing for some years & while at Cambridge went out to the Alps on various expeditions & often to Wales. Also he joined the Cambridge Air Squadron & learnt to fly & on one occasion signed on with a trawler on a fishing trip somewhere round Iceland which sounded a bit rough. One summer he brought home a remarkable little two seater Jowett which we dismantled to the last nut & surprisingly, having reassembled it, he drove it back to Cambridge without trouble.

Our financial crisis in 1933, when Father died, put an end to any carefree galivanting & it was only due to the generosity of Uncle Philip that he was able to complete his time at Cambridge & to carry on to St Thomas's Hospital in London. He qualified M.B.B Chir in 1937 & F.R.C.S. Eng in 1946. When he had qualified as a doctor I think he had a job at St Thomas' Hospital for a time before the War. He then became a Captain in the RAMC & served as a Regimental Medical Officer with

the 8th Army in the Middle East from 1939–43. I believe he was then involved in the invasion of Europe.

After the War he worked in London for a time before taking on a general practice at Wallington in Surrey. In due course he became a Consultant Surgeon at the St Helier's Group of Hospitals in Surrey until he retired to Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk in 1976.

He married Maida Beatrice Mary Hunter (b.22.9.1910) at St Benet's Church, Cambridge on 27 July 1938. Maida had been educated at the Cheltenham Ladies College & Newnham College, Cambridge where she got a B.A.Degree in French & Italian. They have four children as follows:

Harriet Nichol Bulman. Born 9.6.1940. Educated at Dinorben School, Wallington; the Cheltenham Ladies College & Newnham College, Cambridge where she got a B.A.Degree in Natural Science. On 5.10.1963 she married the Rev John Panting at Wallington & they went to live in his Parish at Stratford-on-Avon. They have three children; Nicola Mary. Rachel Margaret & Stephanie

Charles Hunter Bulman. Born 18.10.1944. Educated at St Aubyn's Prep School, Sussex & at Charterhouse. Then qualified as a doctor of medicine at London University & St Thomas's Hospital. Qualified M.B.B.S. in 1968 & F.R.C.S.Eng in 1973. Now he is Consultant Surgeon E.N.T. at Lancaster Royal Infirmary. On 20.2.1971 he married Susan Roberts in London & they have two children; Anna Catherine b.5.6.74 & Edward James b.16.6.76.

Andrew Stephen Bulman. Born 28.11.1947. Educated at St Aubyn's Prep School, Sussex & Charterhouse. Then qualified as doctor of medicine at London University & at St Thomas's Hospital. London. Qualified B.Sc Lond 1969. M.B.B.S. 1972. F.R.C.S.Eng 1977. On 1.11.69 he married Lesley Hannah. I do not think they have any family & believe someone told me that they had parted company.

Dorothy Claire Bulman. Born 5.8.1953. Educated Commonweal [Lodge] School, Purley & Cheltenham Ladies College. Then Birmingham University where she qualified B.Sc., Ph.D. On 30.9.78 she married Christopher Michael Wathes & as far as I know, they have no family.

Norah Margaret Bulman (b.14.8.1914)

Your Aunt Peggy (I cannot remember anyone calling her Norah or Margaret) was born at Priestfield Hall, County Durham, just about two years older than me. After the usual larking about at home with various governesses, she went off to boarding school at Harrogate College in Yorkshire & must have just about finished there when Father died. The financial crisis which followed meant that she had to go out into the world to earn her living. As far as I remember she managed to do this successfully by looking after dogs in various boarding kennels in the South East of England. A surprising variety turned up at Morwick with her when she could get home for a break.

However on 25.5.1940 she very sensibly married Raymond Otto Milde & they seem to have lived happily ever since. He is the son of Willie Hans Mildé Von Richthoven & Dora (nee Gamlin) & grandson of Graf Otto Mildé Von Richthoven. He was born in 1907 & worked in the tea business of Jardine Matheson & Co for most of his life. During the War he served in the RAF. They made their home in Hertfordshire in the area around Ware & have three children as follows:

Ann Catherine. Born 1942. (I am short on exact dates). Married Christopher

Manderson at some date & place I know not. He was born in 1943 was educated at Westminster School & is now a Director of Arbat Ltd – something to do with computers, I think. They have three children; Thomas b. 1969, Katherine b. 1971 & Joanna b. 1976.

Simon James. Born 1946. Educated at Blundell's School & qualified as a Chartered Surveyor. Now he is a Proprietor Partner (sounds very grand) in Jones, Lang & Wooton & Co & at the moment is the boss of their office in New York. However he manages to hitch an occasional lift home in Concord. He married Pauline Heward at some date & place I know not. She was born in 1944 & they have three children: Benjamin b. 1973. Tobias b. 1975 & A.N. Other.

Susan Nichola. Born 1948. Married Stephen Drake at some place & date I know not. He was educated at Felstead School & then qualified as a Chartered Accountant. Now he is Financial Controller to Harrison & Crosfield Ltd. They have three children; Emma b. 1969, Susanna b. 1972 & Alice b. 1976.

Philip Bulman (b.16.6.1916)

I was born at Portinscale near Keswick in the Lake District. I have been told that the reason for my arrival over in the West Country was that the Germans were making life hell on Tyneside with their Zeppelin raids. So I suppose it was an effort to find some peace & relative quiet. As far as I know we stayed over there only for the summer & then returned to North Cottage, Jesmond, Newcastle. In April 1918 we moved to Morwick Hall & remained there until 1951. So Morwick was home for me for 33 years.

It was a splendid place in which to grow up. A large, rambling attractively old red brick house with heaps of room, both inside & out, for anything we wished to do. In those days we could afford an indoor staff of four & also two gardeners, not to mention ponies & dogs & cats; rabbits & chickens, goats, pigeons, hawks & mice & goodness knows what else. From April to September we bathed almost daily in the Coquet on our doorstep & frequently in the sea at Warkworth; we fished on our two miles of the Coquet & hunted with the local foxhounds, beagles & otterhounds; we shot starlings, rooks, rabbits & rats with airguns & .22 rifles; we played tennis & croquet on our grass courts; we bicycled all over the place or drove in the pony trap. Our entertainment was what we made it; no cars until latterly; no central heating or electricity; no T.V. & not much wireless to begin with. But I can remember making crystal sets ourselves & being astonished at hearing voices & music, however indistinctly, in the earphones we used.

However we were well fed & coal was about 10/- a ton. Governesses came & went & tried to teach us the three Rs & Kipling's "If" amongst other things, until my turn came to go to Packwood Haugh Prep School in Warwickshire, where my elder brother had already been & gone. It seemed a very long way away & letters were the only connection during the Term. Mother delivered me at the beginning of the first Term & that was the last I saw of my parents during termtime. On all other occasions Newcastle Central Station was as far as they got. However somehow we all survived but I must admit that school had a completely negative effect on me – it literally scared me out of my wits rather than encouraged me to use & develop them. It was something to be endured the best one could.

From Packwood I went on to Uppingham School (Farleigh House) because I was too witless to cope with Rugby. Then, having completed my two years of fagging & with hopes of making the Rugger XV the following winter, I was whisked away because of our family financial crisis & there was no money to pay the school bills. I was told I must earn my own living as quickly as possible & become a solicitor.

So then I had to take the Law Society Entry Exam as I had not got to the School Certificate stage at Uppingham. After this my Uncle Pat Barry-Jones very kindly took me into his office in Newcastle as an Articled Clerk without charging the usual fees which were normal in those days. I lived at Morwick & travelled by train daily to Newcastle. My annual income was £50 & the train season ticket cost £20 of this so you can imagine that life was not very rosy with five years to go.

I stuck it for about two years & then revolted. After a time I decided to join the Army through the Supplementary Reserve as I could not go to Sandhurst. These years after leaving Uppingham were a strange mix up for me. I was living at Morwick where life was quite luxurious after Mother married Jim Fenwick – dinner jackets every evening & plenty of good port etc – & yet I was almost penniless. I almost felt an impostor & a fraud & was tremendously pleased when, at last, I became independent as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Fifth Fusiliers on the magnificent sum of 10/6 a day if I remember correctly.

For this I am greatly indebted to Uncle Philip who paid for the crammer I went to in Edinburgh for some months & for my lodgings & all my uniform. He also gave me a few quid so that I could hire a horse to have a day or two out hunting occasionally & for a memorable trip to Norway for a week or two. For this I will always be tremendously grateful even though, at the time, I was scared stiff of him. Strangely enough I never had a penny from my Step-Father or Uncle Pat.

I received my Commission as a 2nd Lieutenant S.R.O. on 8th June 1938 & was fortunately able to join quite the best Regiment in the British Army, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, commonly Known as The Fifth Fusiliers, being the fifth in order of seniority. I joined the 2nd Battalion at Dover on 2.9.39 as a Platoon Commander & went to France with them as part of the B.E.F. I was collecting some reinforcements from the Base when the balloon went up in 1940 & was lucky to catch the last boat back from Cherbourg in June. Having rejoined the Battalion I was stationed with my M.G.Platoon on Chesil Beach in Dorset. then at Lymington in Hampshire & on to Aldershot & Dalbeattie, Selkirk & the Border Country before going down to Cornwall near Plymouth for a short stay prior to embarking at Bristol for the 1st Army in North Africa on 16.6.1943 as Second-in-Command of a Company. We landed at Algiers.

In November 1943 we embarked at Bizerta for Italy & fought the Italian Campaign up to Florence & Rimini before moving to Greece in – March 1945. During all this period I was a Company Commander. The European War ended while we were helping to sort out the troubles in Greece & I was asked to stay on as a Regular Officer. This I accepted & was granted a Regular Commission on 21.12.1946.

I returned to the U.K. in November 1946 & had various jobs at home until I was posted to our 1st Battalion in Gibraltar on 25.5.48. On 9.2.50 I returned to the U.K. with the Battalion & was posted as adjutant to our 7th Battalion at Alnwick on 1.5.50 where I remained until 22.3.53 when I rejoined the 1st Battalion at Barnard Castle & went out with them to Kenya on 15.9.53 to deal with the Mau-Mau troubles.

This is when I made a very big mistake. Before leaving U.K. I had been offered the job of M.A. to Frankie Festing who was G.O.C. in Egypt & at the time Colonel of our Regiment. I turned down the offer so as to stay with the Battalion & go out to Kenya with them. Kenya had a remarkably strong effect on me. I loved the place; bought a 600 acre farm at Kipkabus in the Highlands with the strong encouragement of the Wethams in particular, & decided to leave the Army as soon as I had qualified for a pension & return to my farm. In the meantime your Mother had turned up & decided to marry me. I think she was even more under the spell of Kenya than myself & it all seemed to fit together & make sense.

We were married in Nairobi Cathedral on 15.3.1955 & disembarked with the Battalion at Liverpool on 9.9.1955. After a long Intelligence Course in Sussex I was posted as Intelligence Officer to H.Q. 3rd Infantry Division at Colchester & continued as such until I retired from the Army on 28.4.1958. It was during this period that both of you were born & most of that time we lived in a funny little house on Layer Breton Heath near Colchester.

I never went back to Kenya. The politicians, especially Mcleod & MacMillan, handed over control to Kenyatta & the locals much more quickly than I had ever dreamt & it seemed much too risky to go back with you two youngsters. My 999 years lease of the farm from the British Government turned out to be of little value & much of my careful savings over many years went down the drain. But I did sell the farm in the end for about half what I gave for it. It was a great set back & disappointment. However on leaving the Army I was given a “golden bowler” of about £6000 & this went straight into the Old Rectory at Colne Engaine near Colchester which I bought in 1958. It was in a proper old mess & I really put everything I had got into it for 4–5 years until it was quite nice & respectable & in good order. In addition there was a living to earn from the pigs, the mink & the blackcurrants to supplement my small pension of £500 a year. Somehow we kept our heads above water thanks chiefly to my splendid pigs.

Then, for very good reasons, we moved to Lorbottle Hall in December 1963 & sold the Old Rectory for about £17,000, which seemed wonderful at the time but was most necessary to start up farming at Lorbottle, especially the wretched chickens. & not to mention all the curtains & carpets in the house.

Personally I left the Old Rectory without any regrets & arrived at Lorbottle without any intention of staying for long – it seemed much too big – but in spite of all the worries & uncertainties; the ridiculous arrangement for the land with that so-and-so “black Browne”; the very hard work & having to learn about stock farming the hard way, I came to love the place & during these these years came nearer to achieving my purpose in life than at any other time. The prospect of owning it was like seeing the “promised land” after slavery in Egypt & as you know, turned out to be too good to be true. The way various so-called friends behaved was horrifying & I have never really got over it. Everything was shattered & I had to set about dismantling all that I had so personally built up & to sell my cattle & sheep at a time of serious slump in prices. It was like tearing myself into pieces.

My Farm Sale was on 22.9.1975 & we moved from Lorbottle to Pixley House, Ledbury, Herefordshire on 16.12.1975 having turned Lorbottle from an overgrown, unoccupied shambles into an attractive, well-ordered establishment during our tenancy & made a fortune for that old sinner Browne.

Once again Pixley presented the same problems. It was a mess of a place which had been neglected for about 20 years. However it belonged to us this time & so we set about the hard work of putting it right. But you were both old enough to remember all this quite clearly & take part in some of it, so there is little more for me to say. We bought it for £23000 on 3.1.1975 & sold it for £52750 on 8.9.1978. Not bad but you must remember that it was a whole time job for me & there were quite large bills to be settled for alterations, plumbing, new wiring etc. Your Mother paid for half & received half the amount for which it was sold. Long before the place was sold your Mother pushed off back to Sussex. However you know all about this part of my story & will form your own judgement about mothers, wives & women in general & I expect men & husbands too. I admit to many faults but I certainly never abandoned her or you.

Finally I moved here to Glanton on & for the fourth time took on a shambles & made a home of it for myself & the dogs & you of course when you choose to come. Perhaps I had better add your particulars here for others information:

Judith Caroline. Born 5.1.1956. Educated Oxenford Castle & St Michaels Schools
Then Durham University 1974–77 where she got a B.Sc Hons Degree in Botany.
Followed by a job in South Africa for about a year & then at Kew Gardens, London.

Christopher Peter. Born 16.12.1957. Educated at Belhaven Prep School, Dunbar
& Charterhouse. Then 3 year Estate Management Course at R.A.C., Cirencester.
Qualified as Chartered Surveyor while working for Laws & Fiennes, Broughton,
Banbury, Oxfordshire. 1982.

Arthur Denis Bulman (b. 18.6.1919)

Your Uncle Denis was born at Morwick almost exactly three years younger than me. Both he & I did a good deal of fetching & carrying for elder brother John in the early days but what I remember in particular was a rather violent temper which he used to let rip on me, goodness knows why because I was never a bully. Fortunately I was a bit bigger & heavier & could either sit on him or escape with the help of my longer legs. Of course I was always blamed for these outbursts.

At a very early age he was decked out in a sailor's suit & plied with any number of books about the Navy & its exploits, so that it became a forgone conclusion that he would join the Royal Navy. When I was sent off to Packwood Prep School he was left rather on his own at Morwick & therefore it was thought a good idea for him to go to Shawdon Hall which had recently been started up as a Prep School near Alnwick. I gather that this idea was not a success so he came on to Packwood younger than usual & I was instructed to protect him from all bullying & nasty little boys. Here he remained from 1927–32 becoming captain of the School before going on to Dartmouth from 1932–36.

At Dartmouth he did very well & achieved Cadet Captain & all that sort of thing, passing out at the top or near the top of his Term. His career in the Navy then took him to most parts of the world, including convoy work to Russia & on the Western approaches during the War. Strangely enough, the only times we met up were in Gib soon after the War & in London in connection with the Suez crisis.

He specialised in gunnery & in due course, reached the dizzy rank of Commander in command of his own ship. However, when we were all looking forward to saluting Admiral of the Fleet Sir Denis Bulman with a string of letters after his name, he decided to pack in the Navy & instead joined the Texaco Oil Company in the U.S.A. This job kept him in America for some years until he was sent to London as Managing Director of the Regent Oil Company, which was part of Texaco, in 1970. Then, as far as I remember, he went back to the U.S.A. for a time before being posted to the Texaco Office in London, where he remained until retiring in 1981 when he came to live at Midlem near Selkirk & took on another job concerning the new Government Enterprise Zone on Tyneside.

On 27.12.1940 he married Kitty McVean at Falmouth. She was born at Abbottabad in Pakistan & was educated at the Royal School, Bath & then studied music in Belgium & Germany. Her family came from Loch Awe, Argyll & she plays the piano & sings beautifully. During the War she worked in the Censorship Department doing German Translations. They have two children as follows:

Marney Jane. Born 3.6.1943. Educated at Royal Naval School & Angers
University. A most attractive girl. Married Thomas Macklin Swan on 6.7.1968 at
Holy Trinity, Brompton, London. Tom was born 7.5.1942 & educated at Gresham
School & Oxford University. They live at the Old Hall, Bedburn, Co Durham &
he has a chemical business of his own. They have three children. James Douglas
b.24.7.1971 Kirsty Jane b. 27.6.1973 & Harry Macklin b. 7.1.1976.

Susannah Christian. Born 1.11.1945. Educated at Royal Naval School &

Sussex University; qualified B.Sc. A clever girl. Married Nigel Turner Bateman on 10.12.1966 at Holy Trinity, Brompton, London. Nigel was born 3.4.1943 & was educated at Marlborough; University College, Oxford & St Thomas's Hospital. He is now a Consultant Physician in London. They have four children. Thomas Andrew b.25.7.1969; Patrick Edward b.26.6.1972; Colin David b.7.10.1973; & Michael Geoffrey b.5.3.1981.

Diana Heather Bulman (b.19.2.1928)

Your Aunt Heather was born at Morwick & was too young to be bothered with the financial traumas of 1933. She was soon introduced to "Punch", a tough little Shetland pony, & became adept at leading the Percy Hunt across any country. She remained at Morwick until after the War. The question of education then arose & for various reasons, cash no doubt being one, she went to stay with her sister Peggy in Hertfordshire & attended the Grammar School in Ware.

After leaving school she had a variety of enterprising jobs from horses for courses, including Point-to-Pointing; working in the American Embassy in London to running the Blue Bell at Belford, the Collingwood Arms at Cornhill & Tilmouth Park. However she changed her ways & married Mac Balmain on 13.2.1965 at St Batholomew's Church, Whittingham & then retired to the Old Smithy, Blagdon. Mac was then Secretary to the Northumberland T.A. Association & previously had had a distinguished career at Eton, Cambridge & with the 15/19 R.Hussars – apart from a short interlude when he was nearly eaten by a tiger in India. They reckon that they have had enough trouble with families without adding any more.

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Philip's account closes with twelve pages of photographs – black-and-white photocopies in my edition – along with a typed, Bulman-centred family tree from about 1700 to 1981.

SOURCE 3

PAPERS IN A FAMILY DESK: A LIST BY MAIDA BULMAN (1984)

Bulman family papers etc. roughly sorted and typed by Maida Bulman wife of JFH Bulman 1984: the core of source 3 is the index on seven sheets of A4, under nineteen headings as below, many with lettered sub-headings.

Papers from each numbered heading Maida had put in a separate bundle tied with string, filling the middle drawer of the family desk brought to Morwick by Mr Fenwick (see chapter 5), passed on to Norah, then to my father, and when Maida died, on to myself. I have put the bundles into plastic bags which are now in a single crate separate from the desk. There remain a very few Bulman relics: the George II ladle, Harrison's heraldic scroll, my father's military ribbons and medals, Victorian photos with no legends etc etc. And even fewer non-Bulman relics: the swat brought back from West Africa by grandfather CB Hunter, two prize medals from his Rothesay Academy school, a typescript of the original Sierra Leone letters (mostly now reproduced in the *My Darling Belle* book), Maida's leather letter binder, two fat folders of death commiseration letters (one for John, the other for Maida), Dad's hawking leather leads, a swagger stick, Tom's proof coins set, my stethoscope.

Maida's paragraph headings are as follows:

1. Folder containing notes on Warkworth Castle, Warkworth Church and Morwick by H.F. Bulman
2. Box containing "Gloves of the time of Cromwell"
3. Will of John Anderson, Surgeon, 1831
4. Very old Notebook . . . [of Anderson, Foster and James families 1780–1860; 'difficult to read']
5. Very old Diary of a journey in Italy . . .
6. Various papers relating to Harrison Bulman (d. 1835) . . .
7. Nichol Papers
8. Papers relating to John Bulman (grandfather of J.F.H.B.) b. 1822, d. 1892
9. Ethel Bulman's Baby Book – she died in 1873
10. Harrison Frances Bulman (father of J.F.H.B.)
11. Colonel Philip Bulman, D.S.O.
12. Family Coats of Arms, Crest, etc. . . .
13. Latimer Family Tree in cardboard roll
14. John Frederick Bulman – J's "Uncle Fred"
15. Papers re Tanners' company of Newcastle [handwritten note: 'missing 13/7/12']
16. Photographs of Leazes Hall, home of H.F. Bulman . . .
17. Papers relating to Jones family – H.F. Bulman m. Norah Jones
18. J.F.H. Bulman
- 19a. Portraits and Silhouette of Harriet Nichol and Edward Latimer
- 19b. Photograph of Isabel Reid with John Whiteley and his daughter Grace . . .
20. Family snapshots from Norah Fenwick's desk . . .

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS ETC.

(roughly sorted by Maida Bulman, wife of J.F.H. Bulman 1984)

- I. Folder containing notes on Warkworth Castle, Warkworth Church and Morwick by H.F. Bulman, including manuscript notes in H.F. Bulman's writing of sermon preached in Warkworth Church on 10.8.1921 to celebrate 1192nd anniversary of its foundation - also printed article on Warkworth Hermitage (no date given.)
- b. Part of a letter from H.F. Bulman to his brother, probably Philip, re. an early John Bulman at Warkworth 1534.
- c. re. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Newspaper cuttings showing Anderson Place, Newcastle, etc. There is no mention of John Anderson, Surgeon; was he a member of the same family?
- d. Newspaper article by Alan D. Moat concerning Thomas Forster of Adderstone, a Jacobite General, and his sister, Dorothy Forster, who helped him to escape from prison. There is an old novel about her entitled "Dorothy Forster", now mislaid, possibly in the possession of Major Philip Bulman.
- e. Letter to H.F. Bulman by an American, William Goodwin, re Fenwicks and early Bulmans.
2. Box containing "Gloves of the time of Cromwell".
3. Will of John Anderson, Surgeon, 1831.
4. Very old Notebook with manuscript notes and cuttings showing relationships with Anderson, Jewson, Forster and James families, also references to "china coffee pot", "pair of pistols" and "silver spoons". (Note by M.B.M.B. - I have never seen any of these objects, which appear to be missing, and the manuscripts are so fragile and difficult to read that I have touched them as little as possible, and have not attempted to decipher them.)
5. Very old Diary of a journey in Italy and some old manuscript note on Isaiah. (Note: I have looked at these briefly, but so far have found no way of identifying writers. M.B.M.B.)

2.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)

6. Various papers relating to Harrison Bulman (d.1835), John's Great-grandfather, and Forsters & Jewsons etc.
 - a. Manuscript notes showing births in Forster and Jewson families.
 - b. " " " connections with Forster and Jewson families also Dowkes, Tindalls and Andersons.
 - c. Manuscript copy of poem "Nobody".
 - d. " " " Latin letter by Charles Wake of Worksop 1802 (no apparent connection with Bulmans.)
 - e. Letter from a Mr. Akenhead to John Bulman dated 1859 regarding the death of his grandfather in church on Sunday April 9th. 1815 in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle.
 - f. Prayer of Harrison Bulman dated Nov. 1st. 1835 given to John Bulman before his death.
 - g. Letter from John Forster to his nephew John Bulman July 18th. 1867 giving details of the Forsters and their family business interests in Cumberland.
 - h. Will of Harrison Bulman dated 29th. November 1819 with legal opinion on validity of his codicils; there were evidently disagreements involved.
 - i. Certificate of burial of Mrs. Grey née Mary Ann Bulman, at Eglington Church April 21st. 1865.
7. Nichol Papers. (N.B. Portraits of Harriet Bulman, née Nichol, also preserved, also silhouettes).
 - a. Photograph of Anthony Nichol.
 - b. Family tree of Nichols showing connection with Latimers, Reids, Whiteleys etc.
 - c. Notes (typed) on Latimer and Nichol families by H.F.B. 1898.
 - d. Very old Music Note-book of Jannet Latimer 17 ? (illegible).
 - e. Letters from Harriet Nichol, later Mrs. John Bulman:
 - (I) to her father Anthony Nichol 1833 May & Sept. while at Miss Tidy's School.
 - (II) " Cousin Sarah Unthank (2) 1834
 - (III) " her sister from Bridge of Allan 1842.
 - (IV) " Cousin Margaret 1840
 - (V) " Aunt Unthank 1842.
 - f. Letter from Aunt Margaret Graham to her niece Mary Ann Nichol.
 - g. Poem by Harriet Nichol 1838.
 - h. Letters from Anthony Nichol to Mary Ann Nichol and Sarah Unthank.
 - i. Letter from Mr. W. Simpson to Mary Ann Nichol.

3.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)

- j. Letter to "Pegasus" from IO, Framlington Place, Newcastle, signature illegible.
 - k. Title to Vault in Newcastle Cemetery, 1837.
 - l. Notes on Lineage of Nichols.
 - m. Letters to Anthony Nichol from his son John, who was sent to school in Switzerland for a year 1827-8 with William Simpson of Edinburgh; also other letters relating to this.
 - n. Notice of British Association 8th. Meeting held at Newcastle 20.8.1838
 - o. Memorial Card of Harriet Bulman née Nichol.
 - p. Manuscript prayer.
 - q. Manuscript list of addresses where Anthony and Elizabeth Nichol lived in ? Anthony's writing.
 - r. Notes in Harriet's writing for Margaret Nichol showing early relationships in John Bulman's family, also Latimer family tree, given to H.F. Bulman by Isabel Reid 1904.
 - s. Harriet Nichol's Certificate of Baptism 1828, on which the dates seem to be wrong, c.f. also Philip Bulman's letter to H.F. Bulman.
 - t. Notes on James family on blue paper - Barbara James married ? Thomas Forster of Carlisle.
 - u. Will of Margaret Graham.
 - v. Letter to Norah Fenwick from Ronald Reid 29.12.1937 from Portugal.
8. Papers relating to John Bulman (grandfather of J.F.H.B.) b.1822 d.1892 married Harriet Nichol b.1824 d. 1878
 " secondly Laura Elizabeth *Page*. He was
 Town Clerk of Newcastle on Tyne and a Director
 of original Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, see
 enclosed letters to H.F. Bulman.
- a. 2 Photographs of John Bulman.
 - b. Photograph of John Bulman's grave at Clifton.
 - c. Memorial Card of John Bulman.
 - d. Funeral Service Book of his second wife Laura Elizabeth *Page* d.1904.
 - e. Two letters from Thomas Charlton to H.F.B. re: N/castle & Carlisle Railway..
 - f. Certification of qualification as Solicitor and Attorney 1844.
 - g. Article of Clerkship to George Waugh Stable - agreement between Mr.G.W.Stable and John Bulman and his mother, Marianne Bulman 9.5.1838.
 - h. Will of John Bulman.

4.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)

9. Ethel Bulman's Baby Book - she died in 1873.

IO. Harrison Francis Bulman (father of J.F.H.B.)

- a. Obituary.
- b. Note re. burials in family vault at Gosforth.
- c. Commission as Lieutenant in Volunteer Forces (2nd. Durham-Seaham-Artillery Corps. 24.4.1985
- d. Copy of Indenture - Apprenticeship for four years as Mining Engineer from 23.2.1874.
- e. Notes on H.F. Bulman's book "Coal-mining and the Coal-miner" copy of which is in the hall book-case.
- f. Will of H.F. Bulman.
- g. Papers relating to Blaina Trust (other papers in folder in J's desk).

II. Colonel Philip Bulman, D.S.O.

- a. Photograph of Philip Bulman as a boy (2 copies).
- b. " " " " at Sivas (Turkey) in 1894 labelled in his handwriting.
- c. " " " " with his Boys' Club after retirement.
- d. Commission as Sub.Lt. in Land Forces 18⁷⁶ - 85th. Foot.
- e. " " Lieut. " " " 1878.
- e. Manuscript of poem on Battle of the Boyne from Geo. Bennett's "History of ? Bandon"
- f. Communion Book "Eucharistica".
- g. Manuscript Certificate of Proficiency in Persian under Bengal Army Regulations.
- h. Invitation to Ball at Buckingham Palace 1885.
- i. Queen Victoria's Commission of P. Bulman Esq. as Vice-consul at Sivas, Turkey 20.II.1895.
- j. Letter from Sir P. Currie, H.M. Ambassador at Constantinople enclosing congratulatory letter from Lord Salisbury (copy) F.O. 26.7.1897.
- k. Copy of Congratulatory letter from Lord Salisbury referred to above.
- l. Letter from Acting Arch-bishop of ? (somewhere in Turkey) from Bureau National Arménien 22.9.1897 expressing appreciation of Philip Bulman's work at Sivas.

5.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)II. Colonel Philip Bulman D.S.O. (cont.)

- m. "How a British Consul saved the lives of many thousand Christians in Turkey" - manuscript account by Lazaraki Jordanides, Dragoman of British Consulate at Sivas 1895 - 97.
- n. Letter from Lazaraki Jordanides to Col.Bulman 5.8.1927. They kept in touch until after the Second World War, and Col. Bulman gave him financial support, which his nephew J.F.H.Bulman unfortunately felt unable to continue after his uncle's death.
- o. Map of Ottoman Empire.
- p. Manuscript in language unknown to M.B.M.B., presumably written at the time of Col.Bulman's stay in Sivas as the date 1895 is clearly written.
- q. King Edward VII's award of D.S.O. 26.9.1901 with statutes of the Order
- r. Manuscript of notes on philosophy dated 1903 with P.Bulman's signature and two London addresses.
- s. Two manuscript sheets on subjects relating to above.
- t. Manuscript Diary of his mother Harriet Bulman marked by her to be given to Philip after her death.
- u. Large note-book on military matters.
- v. Letter from Col.P.Bulman to his nephew J.F.H.Bulman dated 10.4.1944 giving some details of his earlier life and referring to the bombing which forced him to leave his rooms at 14, Pall Mall towards the end of the Second World War. He went first to lodge with a Mr.Hayes, who lived in Putney, and who had been manager of his Boys' Club in Soho; later, on becoming seriously ill, he came to live with J.F.H.Bulman and his family at 38, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. (1945) and moved with them to 36, Maldon Road, Wallington, Surrey, where he died on 1.2.1947.
- w. Copy of letter from J.F.H.Bulman to General Lionel Banon, written 23. ²1947 giving details of his uncle's life for an ~~in~~ Obituary in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry Regimental Journal. Some of these details are confirmed by papers listed above, some must have been given in conversation. Unfortunately he became almost stone-deaf at the end of his life, and conversation was extremely difficult, though we should have loved to know more about him. My husband told me he received many presents from him when he was a boy, and when at school used to correspond with him in Latin. He also received much kindness from him later, when his father H.F.Bulman (Col.Bulman's elder brother) died shortly after losing nearly all his money. Col.Bulman paid for him to go through Medical School. We were both very fond of him. I visited him occasionally in London during the War, when his nephews were serving abroad, and he gave me some of his Italian books; also after the bombing some of the furniture from 14, Pall Mall which we later sold, and the portrait of Oliver Cromwell (copied possibly from a miniature) now in the possession of C.H.Bulman.
- x. Edgecombe Settlement. Envelope containing Will etc. of Mrs. Jane Edgecombe nee Bulman, leaving money to Col.Bulman and his brothers.

6.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS(cont.)II. Colonel Philip Bulman ,D.S.O. (cont.)y. Will of ~~Colonel~~ Bulman with Death Certificate.

z. Letter from General Banon enclosing two copies of Journal of K.S.L.I. and list of (presumably) some of Colonel Bulman's friends - handwriting not identified).

Executors Accounts for Col.Philip Bulman.

I2. Family Coats of Arms, Crests etc. of Forsters, Bulmans, Nichols and Latimers; also two relevant letters from Col.Philip Bulman to his brother Harrison Bulman; in one of these he states " I return to Pembroke Dock on Saturday, and in August complete my period of command after which further employment is unlikely as there are so many colonels waiting on $\frac{1}{2}$ pay". These letters are undated.

I3. Latimer Family Tree in cardboard roll.I4. John Frederick Bulman - J's "Uncle Fred". Photos and letters. He had very little contact with the family, at any rate in the years when I knew them. M.B.M.B

missing 13/12
 I5. Papers re. Tanners' Company of Newcastle.

I6. Photographs of Leazes Hall , home of H.F.Bulman and labelled by him.

I7. Papers relating to Jones family - H.F.Bulman m. Norah Jones.

a. Photograph and newspaper cuttings re; Rev. (later Canon) Arthur Jones (J's maternal grandfather).

b. Notes on Jones family by A.Beresford-Jones F.R.C.S. (J's uncle).

c. A.Beresford-Jones - Newspaper articles and letters to J.F.H.B.

d. Two photographs of B.Dennis-Jones, Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge

e. Letter from Merle Lewis (née Dennis-Jones) to J.F.H.B.

f. Two letters from a cousin "Dodie" to Norah. (No idea who she would be)

g. Wedding invitation -Norah Jones to Harrison Francis Bulman 1909 with flowers from her bouquet.

h. Norah Fenwick's Medical notes.

i. Newspaper cutting showing Will of Norah Fenwick.

j. Postcard of Winlaton Rectory.

k. Article from "The Field" oct.17th.1942 about village of Wycoller, Lancs., home of the Cunliffe family.

l. Little book "Ruskin Treasures" inscribed "Norah Jones" 1906. We also have her copy of "The Magic Nuts" by Mrs. Molesworth.

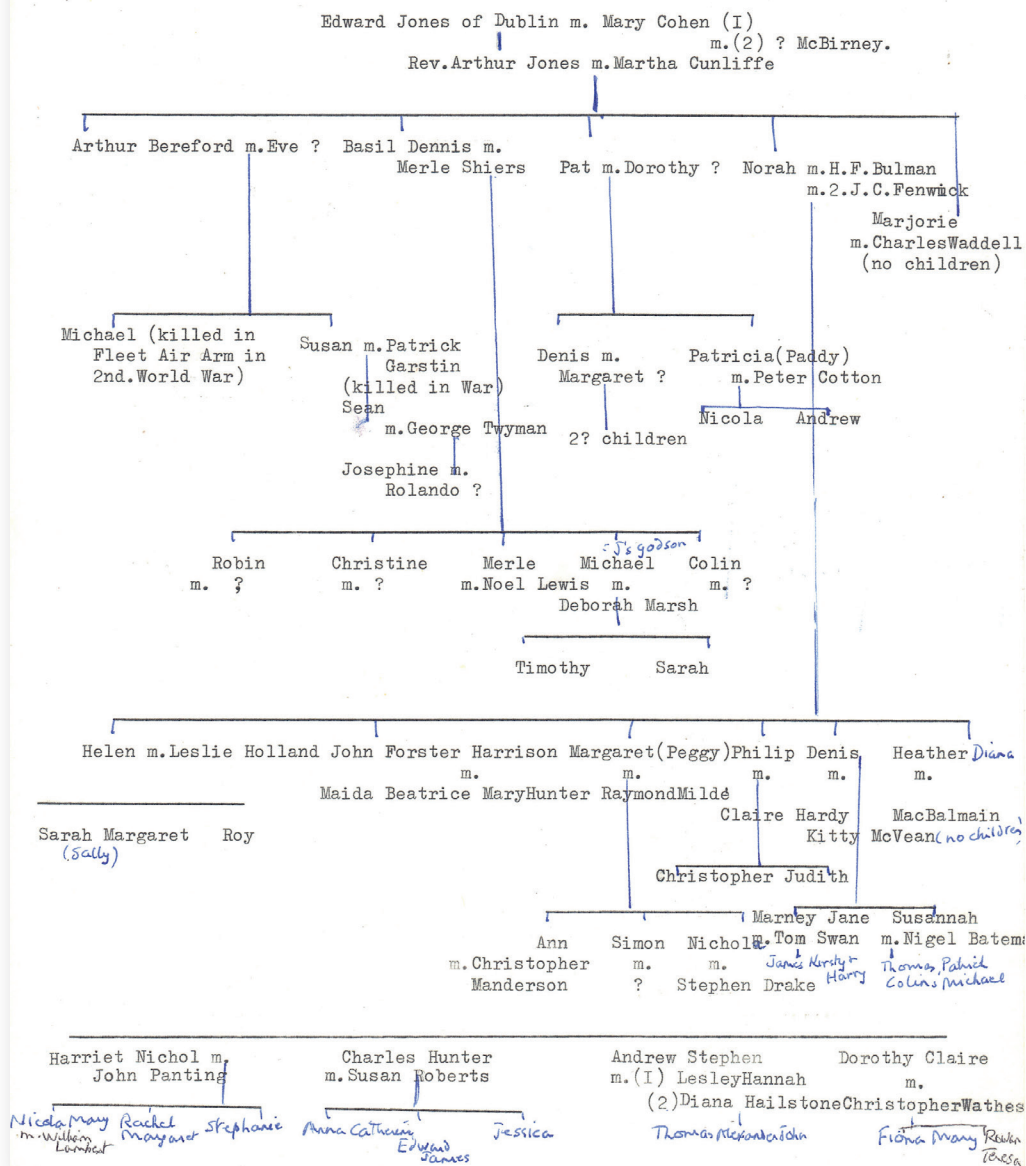
There is a miniature of Martha Cunliffe (maternal) Mrs Arthur Jones in the box in J's desk with other family miniatures.

7.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)

- I8. J.F.H.Bulman - These are papers etc. found in his Mother's desk, which John inherited at her request, and which formerly belonged to her second husband, Mr. J.C. Fenwick. There are, of course, many other letters and possessions.
- a. Baby Book filled in by his father H.F. Bulman.
 - b. Photograph at age about 2.
 - c. Painting done at age about 7
 - d. Letters home from his preparatory school, Packwood Haugh, and from Rugby, (labelled in his mother's writing),
 - e. Notes on admission to Rugby School.
- f. School reports, bills etc.
- I9. a. Portraits and Silhouettes of Harriet Nichol and Edward Latimer.
- b. Photograph of Isabel Reid with John Whiteley and his daughter Grace with other old photos.
20. Family snapshots from Norah Fenwick's desk and packet of unidentified snapshots.

8.

BULMAN FAMILY PAPERS (cont.)JONES FAMILY TREE (up to 1984)

SOURCE 4

PEDIGREE OF THE RHIWAEDOG PLAS-YN-DRE (BALA) FAMILY

‘Golud yr Oes’ Cyf II, 1864, from which this pedigree is taken, was published by Humphreys, Carnarvon, in Welsh then translated and typed in 1890 by George Lloyd Roberts (son of Robert Roberts of Crûg), whose five scanned sheets follow a verbatim but simplified version which I have made. I have added bold numbers at the left margin and emboldened the names to show generations of the direct line of descent of the Mynydd-y-Gof family as I have interpreted them. The first entry which seems readily relevant to chapter 7 is:

12. Sarah Foulkes, who m. David Roberts, Esq, Physician of Mynydd-y-gof, Anglesea.

My interest in imposing the numbered ‘line of descent’ is based on knowing for certain that Sarah Foulkes, who left us the chapter 7 handwritten letter, is a blood relative. I remain concerned that I may have misunderstood some details and implications of George Lloyd Roberts’s genealogical text.

m. = married

d. = daughter

bold = direct line of descent

ap = son of

My embedded comments in the indented original text are in square brackets: [].

PEDIGREE of the Rhiwaedog Plas-yn-dre (Bala) Family

Owen ap Gruffydd, or Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, descended from Rhodri Mawr, King of Wales died 1169, Rhodri ap Owen Gwynedd Thomas ap Rhodri, Caradog ap Thomas, Gruffydd ap Caradog, Dafydd ap Gruffydd, Howell ap Dafydd, Meredydd ap Howell, Ieuan ap Meredydd, [Robert ap Meredith was 2nd son of Meredydd ap Howell from whom are descended the Wynn’s of Gwydyn] Meredydd ap Ieuan, m, Margaret, d & heiress of Einon ap Ithel, Esq, of Rhiwaedog.

1. John ap Meredydd of Rhiwaedog m, Gwenhwyfar d, of Grono ap Ieuan ap Einion of Gwynfryn and had issue

- 1. Morys** ap John ap Meredydd, of whom again
- Owen ap John ap Meredydd, amistor of the Wynns of Ystymugyd
- Ieuan ap John ap Meredydd, amistor of the Brynkir’s of Brynkir

2. Morys ap John ap Meredydd m. Angharad d. of Elise ap Einion & had issue

1. **William Lloyd** of whom again,
2. Elise, amistor of the Morris's of Clynenau.
3. Roberts Morys, amistor of the Anwyl's of Parc.

3. William Lloyd ap Morys m. Ellen, d. of Dafydd Meredydd ap Howell of Bala and had issue.

4. Elisi ap William Lloyd, High Sheriff of Merioneth in 1565, m. Sibyl d. of Sir John Puleston, Kt: of Carnarvon and had issue:

1. William Lloyd [of whom again – see 5 next]
2. Rowland Lloyd m. Catherine d. of John Powys, Esq, of Fanner
3. Sir Hercules Lloyd
4. Hugh Lloyd
5. Gaynor Lloyd
6. Jane Lloyd
7. Lowry Lloyd

5. William Lloyd m. Elizabeth, d. of Owen ap John Howel Vychan of Llwydiarth, Esq, and had issue:

1. Elise ap William Lloyd [died without issue 1647]
2. John Lloyd m. Margaret d. of John Lloyd of Aberllefenny, Esq., he came into possession of the Rhiwaedog estate after his brother, he was Sheriff of Meirioneth in 1616 and died Dec 1646 without children
3. **Rowland Lloyd** of Rhiwaedog
4. Gaynor Lloyd, m. Richard Kynaston, Esq.
5. Sibyl Lloyd m. John Gwyn ap Dolau Gwyn
6. Margaret Lloyd m. Edwin Wynn of Guilsfield
7. Dorothy Lloyd
8. Lowry Lloyd.
9. Catherine Lloyd.

6. Rowland Lloyd of Rhiwaedog, the third son, m. Mary d. of Calwaladr Wynn of Bala and had a son [? Lewis – see 7 next]

7. Lewis Lloyd of Rhiwaedog m. 1 Dec. 1648 Sidney d. of Edward Thelwall, Esq. of Glantanat and had issue.

1. Ellis Lloyd, baptized 3 Dec. 1650 died young.
2. John Lloyd of Rhiwaedog m. Elizabeth, d. of Robert Wynn of Voelas and died 1724, and had a son:
 1. John Lloyd of Rhiwaedog m, Ann d, of Richard Hughes of Cwmpennlydan. J. Lloyd was buried Jan 1737, they had issue,
 1. John Lloyd of Rhiwaedog* m Margaret d, of John Jones of Nantbudr and had issue:
 1. William Lloyd who died without issue and was buried 1774.
 2. Meredydd Lloyd, d without issue 1739
 3. Susan Lloyd. John Lloyd, Esq. of Rhiwaedog [* above] m, Margaret, d. of John Jones of Nantbudr and had issue:
 1. William who died without children and was buried 1774.

Rhiwaedog and the large estates attached to it belonged to the 'Lloyd' family for many generations. In the last century (1700s) they were transferred by marriage to the Dolbens. The Mansion and the remainder of the estates at last through heirship came to two ladies of the name of Eyles, the last of whom left it by Will to Mrs Price of Rhiwlas.

We will now go on with the sons of Lewis Lloyd [7 above]

3. Simon Lloyd [of whom again, 8 below] 5. Margaret Lloyd m, John Price of Rhiwlas 6. Sidney Lloyd. 4. Meredydd Lloyd, born Dec 1660 m, Margaret, d and heiress of John Lloyd of Rhagat, and had issue:
1. John Lloyd 2. Roger Lloyd.

8. Simon Lloyd of Plas-yn-dre Bala m, Ann d, of Edward Wynn of Llamynhafod, Denbighshire, he d. Sept, 1711 and had issue

1. Captn, William Lloyd who died without issue.
2. Rowland Lloyd [of whom again see 9 below] [b. about 1690, d. 1747]
3. Ellen Lloyd

9. Rowland Lloyd m. Winifride Pugh, Carnarvaonshire. He died in 1747 and was buried in Llanycil, his wife was buried 19th June 1755 They had issue [presume one child, Simon, next line below]

10. Simon Lloyd, who was baptised at Llanycil, 2 May 1730 m. in 1755 Sarah Bowen of Teddyn, Montgomeryshire who d. 29 April 1807. He was buried at Llanycil 5 Dec 1764. They had issue:

1. Rev Simon Lloyd [of whom again]
2. Hugh of Chester, High Sheriff of Merioneth died without issue.
3. **Lydia Lloyd** born 7 August 1758, m. Thomas Foulkes of Llandrillo in Edeyrnion, descended, it is thought, from Rev Hugh Foulkes who held the living of that parish from 1709 to 1731. Thomas Foulkes died 15 May 1802.

1. Rev.Simon Lloyd who m. in 1789 Bridget d. of George Price Esq, Pigeonsford, Cardiganshire. He was educated in Rev. John Wesley's Grammar School, Kingswood, Bristol and then in Jesus College Oxford where he took the degree of B.A. and was ordained a Clergyman & served in the Parish of Bryneglwys-yn-Int & then in Llanuwelyn but because of his leanings towards Methodism he joined the Calvinistic Methodists, the same as his neighbour, the Rev. Thomas Charles, B.A. He was the Author of well known Welsh Books. He died 6 Dec 1836 and had issue:

1. Simon Lloyd, who died young.
2. Elise Jones Lloyd.
3. George Price Lloyd b, 1794 and m, in 1827 Emma Breese, died without issue
4. James Lloyd who m, Martha Davies of Bala
5. Hannah Lloyd who.m, 1st John Jones of Plasraere 2nd Rev. Henry Griffith MA. who held the living of Lliandrygarn, Anglesea they — had one son John Lloyd Griffith of Holyhead.
6. Dorothy Lloyd who m. Edward Evans, Esq of Chester and had a son Col Edward Evans Lloyd.
7. Bridget Lloyd died without issue
8. Elizabeth Alicin Lloyd who, m, 1st Hugh Edwards 2nd — Turnbull no issue.

11. Lydia Lloyd born 7 August 1758 m, Thomas Foulkes died 15 May 1802. They had issue:

1. **Sarah Foulkes** who m. David Roberts, Esq, Physician of Mynydd-y-gof, Anglesea, and had issue [see para 12 below – there are no further details of siblings 2–6 of Lydia]
2. Thomas Foulkes who m Jane daughter of Rev Charles Carmarthen and niece of Rev Thomas Charles BA of Bala, died without issue.
3. Mary Foulkes died unmarried, aged 25.
4. John Foulkes of Carno m, Mary Ann Gardner of Brinkworth, Yorks. High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire 1846 had an only son Rev. Thomas Brown Foulkes, Vicar of Llanyblodwel who m. Mary d, of Faithful Thomas Esq Coroner of Cheshire and had no issue
5. Elizabeth Foulkes who m. John Williams, Esq Lledwigan and had no issue.
6. Lydia Foulkes whom. John Jones Esq Machynlleth & had issue

1. John Foulkes Jones 2. Lydia Jones 3. Mary Jones 4. Sarah Jones
5. Hugh Lloyd Jones.

[There starts here, extending down to John Jones, Oaklands**, a piece from the original p4 in which I know none of the names and cannot usefully place.]

4. Hannah Lloyd who m.: Lewis Gwynn of Gwastadgoed, Montgomeryshire and had issue (1) Ann (2) Cordelia (3) Maria (4) Lloyd. 5. Cordelia Lloyd who m.: Thomas Jones, of Buthafarn, Ruthin and had issue. (1) Sarah Jones who m. R. Marshall. (2) Hugh Lloyd Jones who m. and had issue (3) Cordelia Jones who m. John Jones, Oaklands, Ruthin, their d. Cordelia m, John Savin, the Railway Contractor (4) Ann Jones whom Roger Jones of Caergroes, Ruthin (5) Hannah Jones who m.: John John Davies of Llamwen, Ruthin. 6. Ann Lloyd who: John Jones, Waunifor, father of above John Jones, Oaklands**.

12. Sarah Foulkes, who m. David Roberts, Esq, Physician of Mynydd-y-gof, Anglesea, and had issue.

1. Thomas Foulkes Roberts of Dolenog, Llanididloes who m. Ann d, of Hugh Jones, Esq, of Llandidloes, and had issue
2. John Foulkes Roberts who m. Elizabeth d, of Hugh Jones, Esq Llanidloes and had issue. [? 1 son and 2 married sisters]
3. Hugh Roberts who m. Lydia d. of John F. Jones Esq. Machynlleth and had issue.
4. David Roberts, who died young
5. Richard Roberts who m: Sarah d, of [illegible] Roberts, Esq, Bwlan, and had issue.
6. Joseph Roberts, who died young
7. Lydia Roberts, who died young
- 8. Robert Roberts, who m: Ellen d, of Ebenezer Roberts, Esq Crûg**, and had issue [one of whom, George Lloyd Roberts, translated and typed the original of this paper].
9. Sir William Roberts who m. Lilly d, of Richard Johnston, Esq;
10. Edward Roberts, who died young.

① etc added in pencil to show blood line
 to Sarah Foulkes 1788-1879 married David Roberts 1788-1869
 Owen ap Gruffydd, or Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, descended
 from Rhodri Mawr, king of Wales, died 1169, Rhodri ap Owen Gwynedd,
 Thomas ap Rhodri, Caradog ap Thomas, Gruffydd ap Caradog, Dafydd ap
 Gruffydd, Howell ap Dafydd, Meredydd ap Howell, Ieuan ap Meredydd,
 (Robert ap Meredith was 2nd son of Meredydd ap Howell from whom are
 descended the Wynn's of Gwydyn) Meredydd ap Ieuan, m, Margaret, d, &
 heiress of Einion ap Ithel, Esq, of Rhiwaedog,

① John ap Meredydd of Rhiwaedog m, Gwenhwyfar d, of Grono ap Ieuan
 ap Einion of Gwynfryn and had issue

1. Morys ap John ap Meredydd, of whom again,
2. Owen ap John ap Meredydd, amistor of the Wynn's of Ystymugyd
3. Ieuan ap John ap Meredydd, amistor of the Brynker's of Brynker

② Morys ap John ap Meredydd m, Angharad d, of Elis ap Einion & had issue

1. William Lloyd of whom again,
2. Elis, amistor of the Morris's of Clynenau.
3. Roberts Morys, amistor of the Anwyl's of Parc.

③ William Lloyd ap Morys m, Ellen, d, of Dafydd Meredydd ap Howell of
 Bala and had issue.

④ Elis ap William Lloyd, High Sheriff of Merioneth in 1565, m, Sibyl
 d, of Sir John Puleston, Kent of Carnarvon, and had issue.

1. William Lloyd (of whom again) 2. Rowland Lloyd m, Catherine d,
 of John Powys, Esq, of Fanner 3. Sir Hercules Lloyd. 4. Hugh Lloyd
5. Gaynor Lloyd. 6. Jane Lloyd. 7. Lowry Lloyd.

⑤ William Lloyd, Esq, m, Elizabeth, d, of Owen ap John Howel Vychar of
 Llwydiarth, Esq, and had issue.

1. Elis ap William Lloyd (of whom again) 2. John Lloyd, m, Margaret
 d, of John Lloyd of Aberllefeny, Esq., he came into possession
 of the Rhiwaedog estate after his brother, he was Sheriff of Mer-
 ioneth in 1616 and died Dec 1646 without issue 3. Rowland Lloyd
 (of whom again) 4. Gaynor Lloyd, m, ^{Rick} Wynaston, Esq. 5. Sibyl Lloyd

m, John Gwyn ~~af~~ Dolau Gwyn 6. Margaret Lloyd m, Edwin Wynn of
Segidfr (Guilsfield) 7 Dorothy Lloyd 8. Lowry Lloyd. 9 Catherine
 Lloyd.

Elise ap William Lloyd, of Rhiwaedog m, Jane d, of Hugh Nannau of
 Nannau, he died without issue in 1647, the third son,
 Rowland Lloyd, Esq, of Rhiwaedog m, Mary d, of Cadwaladr Wynn of
 Bala and had a son.

⑦ Lewis Lloyd, Esq of Rhiwaedog m, 1 Dec. 1648 Sidney d, of Edward
 Thelwall, Esq, of Glantana and had issue.

1. Ellis Lloyd, baptized 3 Dec. 1650 died young.

② John Lloyd, Esq of Rhiwaedog m, Elizabeth, d, of Robert Wynn
 of Voelas and died 1724, and had a son.

• John Lloyd, Esq, of Rhiwaedog m, Ann d, of Richard Hughes of Cwmpen-
 -llydan. J. Ll. was buried Jan, 1737, they had issue,

a (1) John Lloyd (of whom again)

(2) Meredydd Lloyd, d, without issue, 1739

(3) Susan Lloyd.

John Lloyd, Esq, of Rhiwaedog m, Margaret d, of John Jones of Nant-
 -budr and had issue.

William Lloyd who died without issue and was buried 1774.

- Rhiwaedog and the large estates attached to it belonged to the
 "Lloyd" family for many generations. In the last century they
 were transferred by marriage to the Dolbens. The Mansion and
 the remainder of the estates at last through heirship came to
 two ladies of the name of Eyles, the last of whom left it by
 Will to Mrs Price of Rhiwlas-

We will now go on with the sons of Lewis Lloyd.

③ Simon Lloyd (of whom again) *& Ples y dre Bala*

④ Meredydd Lloyd, born Dec 1660 m, Margaret, d, and heiress of

John Lloyd of Rhagat, and had issue, 1. John Lloyd 2. Roger Lloyd

5. Margaret Lloyd m, John Price, Esq, of Rhiwlas 6. Sidney Lloyd.

Simon Lloyd, Esq, of Plas-yn-dre Bala m, Ann d, of Edward Wynn of Llamynhafoel, Denbighshire, he d, Sept, 1711 and had issue.

1. Captn, William Lloyd who died without issue.
2. Rowland Lloyd (of whom again)
3. Ellen Lloyd.

(9) Rowland Lloyd m, Winefride Pugh, of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire. He died in 1747 and was buried in Llanfyll, his wife was buried 19th June 1755. They had issue.

(10) Simon Lloyd, who was baptized in ^{Llanfyll} ~~Llanfyll~~ 2 May 1730; (m, in 1755 Sarah ¹⁷³⁰⁻¹⁷⁶⁴ Bowen of Tyddyn, in Montgomeryshire, who died 29th April 1807) he was buried at Llanfyll 5 Dec 1764, they had issue. (37)

1. Simon Lloyd (of whom again) ^{Rev.}
2. Hugh Lloyd of Chester, High Sheriff of Merioneth, died without issue.

(11) 3. Lydia Lloyd, born 7 August 1758 m, Thomas Foulkes of Llandrillo in Edeyrnion, descended (it is thought) from Rev Hugh Foulkes ~~and~~ who held the living of that Parish from 1709 to 1731. Mrs Foulkes died in Machynlleth 24 Sept 1837. Thomas Foulkes died 15 May 1802.

See over:

Sarahs
Siblings
Thomas
Mary
John
Elizabeth
Lydia

They had issue. (12) I. Sarah Foulkes, whom: David Roberts, Esq, Physician of Mynydd-y-gof, Anglesea, and had issue.

1. Thomas Foulkes Roberts of Dolenog, Llanidloes whom Ann d, of Hugh Jones, Esq, of Llanidloes, and had issue.
2. John Foulkes Roberts whom: Elizabeth d, of Hugh Jones, Esq Llanidloes and had issue.
3. Hugh Roberts whom: Lydia d, of John F. Jones Esq, Machynlleth and had issue.
4. David Roberts, who died young.
5. Richard Roberts whom: Sarah d, of John Roberts, Esq, Bwlan, and had issue.
6. Joseph Roberts, who died young. 7, Lydia Roberts, who died young
8. Robert Roberts, whom: Ellen d, of Ebenezer Roberts, Esq Crug, and had issue.

9. Sir William Roberts whom Lilly d, of Richard Johnston, Esq, and had issue.

~~10~~
10. Edward Roberts, who died young.

II Thomas Foulkes whom: Jane d, of Rev. David Charles Carmarthen ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~issue~~ of Rev. Thomas Charles B.A. of Bala, died without issue.

III Mary Foulkes died unmarried, age ~~21~~ ²⁵.

IV John Foulkes of Carno m, Mary Ann Gardner of Brinkworth, Yorks. High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire 1846 - had an only son Rev. Thomas Brown Foulkes, Vicar of Llanyblodwel whom: Mary d, of Faithful ~~Robert~~ Thomas, Esq, ~~Esq~~ Coroner of Cheshire and had no issue.

V Elizabeth Foulkes whom: John Williams, Esq, Lledwigan and had no issue.

VI Lydia Foulkes whom: John Jones Esq, Machynlleth & had issue:-

1. John Foulkes Jones 2. Lydia Jones 3. Mary Jones 4. Sarah Jones 5. Hugh Lloyd Jones.

4. Hannah Lloyd whom: Lewis Gwynn of Gwastadgoed, Montgomeryshire and had issue (1) Ann (2) Cordelia (3) Maria (4) Lloyd. 5. Cordelia Lloyd whom: Thomas Jones, of Buthafarn, Ruthin and had issue.

unknown people not copied into 2023 Bulman book
5. (1) Sarah Jones whom: R. Marshall. (2) Hugh Lloyd Jones whom: & had issue (3) Cordelia Jones whom: John Jones, Oaklands, Ruthin, their dr, Cordelia m, John Savin, the Railway Contractor (4) Ann Jones whom: Roger Jones of Caergroes, Ruthin (5) Hannah Jones whom: John John Davies of Llanwen, Ruthin. ~~for~~

6. Ann Lloyd whom: John Jones, Waunifor, father of above John Jones, Oaklands.

* We now return to Simon Lloyd, ^{father} 1730 - 1764

Born in Llanfyll April 1730 whom: in 1755 Sarah ~~Bowen~~ of Tyddyn their ~~son~~ was the Rev. Simon Lloyd whom: in 1789 Bridget d, of George Price Esq, Pigeonsford, Cardiganshire. He was educated in Rev. John Wesley's Grammar School, Kingswood, Bristol and then in Jesus College Oxford where he took the degree of B.A. and was ordained a Clergyman & served in the Parish of Brvneglwys-vn-Int & then in Llanuwellyn

but because of his leanings towards Methodism he joined the Calvin-
-istic Methodists, the same as his neighbour, the Rev. Thomas
Charles, B.A. He was the Author of several well known Welsh Books.
he died 6 Dec 1836 and had issue.

1. Simon Lloyd, who died young.
2. Elise Jones Lloyd.
3. George Price Lloyd b, 1794 and m, in 1827 Emma Breese, died
without issue
4. James Lloyd who m, Martha Davies of Bala
5. Hannah Lloyd who m, 1st John Jones of Plasyravie 2nd Rev. Henry
Griffith, M.A. who held the living of Llandrygarn, Anglesea. they
had one son John Lloyd Griffith of Holyhead.
6. Dorothy Lloyd who m, Edward Evans, Esq of Chester and had a son
Col Edward Evans Lloyd.
7. Bridget Lloyd died without issue
8. Elizabeth Alicin Lloyd who m, 1st Hugh Edwards 2nd - Turnbull
no issue.

Copied 20th May 1890 by George Lloyd Roberts (son of above Robert
Roberts of Crug) from "Golud yr Oes" Cyf II, 1864, Published by
Humphreys, Carnarvon.

The riches of the day: a national magazine for the
support of literature, music, art, education, patriotism and
religion; and having no affiliation with any party, national
or religious.

SOURCE 5

‘A SHORT MEMOIR OF THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS’

This little red booklet, 140 x 108mm, I found in the dust cover of the *Mynydd-y-Gof* book in my care. The text from the title page on, is verbatim. Given that David died in 1869, there was no chance of meeting him, or even someone else who had.

The nearest I came was a visit to Mynydd-y-Gof in 2021 (see photos in chapter 7). The owner was no longer a relation, but welcomed us in for a look around for an hour or so with a hospitable cup of tea.

Perhaps a bit closer is a visit my mother made to Rev. D W Wiliam, who lived at Llwyn Llinos in Bodedern, in the summer of 1991. He had written to let her know that Ebenezer Watkin (mentioned in *Mynydd-y-Gof*) was in fact the Rev Ebenezer Evans, Calvinist Methodist minister of the chapel where David was a very eminent elder and writer in 1870 of the memoir below. Ebenezer apparently had a shop in the village, and Rev Wiliam remarks that ‘one would not be surprised if the publication of the volume created a stir’. A second letter of thanks for her visit signs off with ‘a great admirer of David & Sarah Roberts. Dafyd Wyn Wiliam’.

These letters and booklet remain tucked in the dust cover of *Mynydd-y-Gof*, along with a nine verse doggerel, ‘Ode to Dad Feb 8th 1910’, penned by Robert Roberts in memoriam.

Title page:

A SHORT MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
DAVID ROBERTS,
SURGEON,
MYNYDD-Y-GOF, ANGLESEA.

Main text:

DAVID ROBERTS,
MYNYDD-Y-GOF,

*Translated 1870 from an article
by the Rev. Ebenezer Evans
in the “Drysorfa,”
of November and December, 1870.*

DAVID ROBERTS, the subject of this Memoir, was one whose memory is blessed, and his manner of life a sweet savour after his departure. He was the fourth son of John and Catherine Roberts, Aberalaw, in the Parish of Llanfachreth, Anglesea,

and was born on the 20th of July, 1788. His father who was a man of high character died in middle life, and his mother was a pre-eminently pious woman, one in whom were united the different virtues which are characteristic of a good wife. She possessed strong common sense, was cautious, calm, and refined. To train up her children religiously, so as to fit them to be of service to their fellow men, was the primary object of her life; and to obtain this object, she was unwearied in teaching and advising them, and made it a constant subject of her prayers on their behalf. Her deepest wish for them was:- that the Lord should be to them throughout their lives a Defender and Guide, and that He would give what was necessary for the present life, so as to enable them to do good, but especially that they should have true religion, and be of service to their generation.

Inasmuch as she prayed chiefly, that her children might become godly and useful, the Lord answered her as he did Solomon, granting her chief request, and in a great measure the desire for their prosperity. She was permitted to live to see all her children prosper under the guidance and blessing of heaven, each one in happy circumstances, and in addition, she had the joy of seeing all of them religiously inclined, and five out of her seven sons active officers of their Church in Anglesea.

It would be a blessing if Wales had many mothers like Catherine Roberts—it is one of the great needs of our times.

To return to the subject of our Memoir;- when a child at home he was a boy of good conduct, and even at that early age disposed to listen to the preaching of the gospel. He became a member of the Calvinistic [Methodist Church at Tyn-y-main Chapel when a youth, and previous to his apprenticeship to a doctor. When first interested in religion, he thought highly of the privilege of becoming a full member of the Church. He looked upon the Church of God with awe, as the very gate of heaven, and when advanced in age he often referred to his early impressions, with respect to the Lord and His house on earth. He took up religion in earnest, it absorbed all his thoughts, and he had an ardent desire that God should be glorified by the extension of His Kingdom in this world. At this time the London Missionary Society was being first brought to the notice of the country, and when its claims were laid before the Tyn-y-main Church, he was so enthusiastic over the object of the Society in spreading the knowledge of salvation over the world, that he gave ten shillings (all he possessed at the time) in the collection. There was inspired in him at that time a love towards this Society, which continued all through his life, and he always subscribed to its funds. During his apprenticeship to Dr. Williams, Holyhead, he withdrew from membership of his Church, without assigning any reason, but that he was disheartened at not being in touch with his brethren there; however, he was saved from falling into any reckless departure from faith or conduct. When his apprenticeship at Holyhead was over, he went up to London for his examination in medicine and surgery, and having passed, took a post as assistant to a pious doctor in London (Dr. Stubbs) whose good religious example became a blessing to him, and he acknowledged with praise throughout his life, the kind and special care of the Lord in preparing such a place for him. The Metropolis with its temptations and terrible corruption, has often been the grave of the hopes that godly parents have had for their children, and the death of religious feeling in the children themselves. But in the case of David Roberts, it was in London that God in His mercy visited him a second time; his mind was re-awakened, his affection for the Gospel

rekindled, and its truth and testimony became again precious in his sight. The old emotion under the preaching of the gospel was renewed, and became stronger than ever, he made a friend of the Bible, and entered into a covenant with the Lord to read a portion of it daily while in London, especially with the purpose of increasing his knowledge of God, and the growth of his Christian life. His acquaintance with the Bible proved an incalculable blessing to him, he loved its laws greatly, and it became so dear to him, that he kept this covenant while he lived. Under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, he was completely convinced of the truth, and in his anxiety for his eternal welfare, he obtained an interview with Mr. Charles, and spoke of the sermon which had so impressed him, and offered himself anew to the Church in London. It was thus he was planted in the house of the Lord, and became a faithful, diligent, and strenuous servant of God to the end of his life.

Upon his return to his native home, he settled down at Bodedern, where he henceforth carried on his profession as a medical man, and, like David, King of Israel, served his day and generation. His skill as a doctor was such, that a great loss was felt when he passed away. He was well suited to his profession, a man who aimed at doing his duty thoroughly, so much so, that he had neither the time nor disposition for amusements, even lawful ones. He was most conscientious in his professional work, and very devoted to those under his care.

Many medical men in those days found leisure for sport, amusement, and self-indulgence, thereby lowering themselves and their profession; but David Roberts had too high an ideal to fall into that error, and ever gave the most precise care and attention to his patients. In spite of his efforts as a doctor, he, like every medical-man, was conquered by death, but though conquered, he made the path through the Jordan much easier for the dying. When he knew that the illness was to be fatal, he always directed the thoughts of the sick one to his state as a sinner, and led him with the greatest earnestness to seek God's plan of pardon in Christ the Saviour. He performed this important duty in the cases of his own two sons, who pre-deceased him; when he saw "that there was no hope of their recovery, he informed them of their serious condition. His position was a most difficult one, the doctor was also the father, his heart burning with love towards his child, it was not a stranger, but his own beloved one that he was preparing for death. He was in a strait betwixt two things—on one hand was his anxious tear lest he should unduly agitate the sufferer, and on the other, the conscientious solicitude for their eternal welfare, compelling him to speak plainly. Before doing this he would withdraw for secret prayer, and the effect of having been with God was evident—the inward sorrow of heart was easily discerned in his serious aspect, and the tears that flowed freely down his cheeks, unknown to himself, and every word that he spoke to them, came from heart that loved them as his own soul, From that time to their death he would converse with them daily about the plan of the gospel and its suitability for their most serious position. Soon after he had settled down at Bodedern, when he was quite a young member of the Church, it happened that he had occasion to amputate a limb. Having prepared the instruments, and the patient being ready, David Roberts spoke to his fellow doctor upon the seriousness of the occasion, then he read a portion of scripture, and offered prayer, afterwards he proceeded with the operation. Many people might consider this superfluous, but it was a true example of his piety. He always prayed much for the sick under his care. Doubtless, there is no profession where godliness is more necessary than the medical.

In the year 1815, he married Sarah, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Foulkes, Machynlleth, one of the preachers of the Calvinistic Methodists, a man who was notable for his faithfulness, charitableness, and godliness. His 'choice of a wife was a wise one, he obtained a helpmate in every sense, and looked upon her as "a favourite from the Lord." She was to him, all that one could desire, a comforter and a priceless blessing in all the varied trials and circumstances of a long and happy life. Her calmness and sound judgment was a great support and addition to his strength in times of difficulty, and to his usefulness at all times.

In the year 1816 he received an unanimous call from the Church at Bodedern, to be a deacon, which office he faithfully filled in that Church for 53 years. He rendered most effective service as an elder, and gained not only a good report of men, but also much joy in the service of Jesus Christ. He was most diligent in his care over, and labour for his Church, he prepared special subjects for each Church meeting, and took oversight of the condition of the members of every age. The benefit of his brethren, were:- repentance, righteousness, the second birth, holiness, and religious conduct and life under all circumstances. And not only was he an officer of his Church at home, but to all the Churches of the district. He took a leading part in the "Monthly Meetings" of his county, and often represented his brethren in the Connexional Associations, at the request of the "Monthly Meeting."

In difficult affairs of the Churches, weight was given to his opinion. His conscientious truthfulness, and his transparent straight forwardness in all which he took in hand, and his unbiassed disposition upon every occasion, were particularly advantageous for this purpose. It is possible that he sometimes mistook the wisest path, but he was always true to his principles even when he failed. In obedience to the "Monthly Meeting" he upon many occasions paid visitations to the Churches of a large part of the county, and once at the special request of his brethren he visited all the Churches of the district. The object of that visitation was well worth the effort he made, in spite of many obstacles, and though he failed to fully carry out his purpose, he did what he could towards it.

We know that his life, like that of all sons of men, was not without faults and weaknesses, but they were unimportant and easily forgiven, and his virtues much out-weighed them. There was innocence and candour underlying everything he did, and it may be truly said of him, that his spirit was without guile. He made during his life the best of both worlds, but it was easily discerned that the eternal and its affairs had the first place in his thoughts.

In connection with the things of this world, he was one, who, to a great degree, fulfilled the object of man's life on earth ; he made good use of his time, he did what he had to do with his whole energy, he was never idle or unfruitful during the whole of his life. The love of work was natural and a pleasure to him. He considered that to well fulfil his ordinary daily duties was service for the Lord. In worldly matters, as well as in religious, he was alert, diligent, regular and careful, accustomed throughout his life to rise early (5 o'clock) thereby gaining years for useful purposes, unnecessary sleep. His devotion to duty was a worthy example to follow by those who him, while strenuous in carrying out his earthly duties, he consecrated the fruit of his labour to spiritual and eternal purposes. He was a reader and thinker, but did not possess a quick or penetrating mind to grasp at once what he read, had he the gift of being able to pass on to others the result of

his reading. But he was painstaking and a hard thinker, and would not give up a book until he understood it, though he had to read it many times over; he gained his knowledge by determined application; his books were not for show in his library, but for use. It was his custom to peruse entirely all books and magazines as they came out, such as "The Drysorfa," "The Traethodydd," (Welsh Magazines), "The Evangelical Magazine," "The Reports of the Bible Society and the Missionary Societies." He was mentally acquainted with all the Mission Fields, and the various movements, difficulties, and successes Of the Missions. He read the exhaustive of the Rev. Thomas Scott on the Bible all through more than once, and that in the early morning, sometimes before daylight, so that he able to go on with his other occupations. Its teaching was stored in his memory. He was acquainted with the works of the Revs. Thomas Charles, Philip and Matthew Henry, Dr. Owen, and especially the latter's work on the person of Christ, so that their thoughts and spirit left a deep impression upon his mind. But the Bible was his chief book. "He 'put it before every other book, To him it was THE BOOK, it was always upon his table, he read and meditated upon it daily, he made a friend of it, he was well versed history, foreshadowings, prophecies, and its doctrines, all of which he clearly grasped. One could hardly tum to a single verse, but what his ideas were clear upon it. He mentally dwelt much for many years upon the book of Revelation, he treasured it all in his memory, 'so that he could repeat any portion of it and that after he had passed seventy years of age. But during his later years, he turned back from "the horns of the beast" in the book of Revelation, to dwell upon the epistles of St. John; this was his and resting place, on the verge of the glistening waters of love. He contemplated love which is the great vein of these epistles, so that his spirit was imbued with it, and he visibly ripened in amiability and gentleness. His view of religion became filled with love he meditated and conversed, and in the atmosphere of love he became ripe for that country where all love in perfection.

Another feature in his character was his solemnity and seriousness, he was looked upon by the frivolous as bordering upon the extreme in this. His seriousness was not a superficial appearance, but a true representation of what he really was, he so dwelt in meditation upon vital and important truths, such as the hopeless state of the sinner, death, judgment and eternity, that his seriousness was perfectly natural to him. He was especially devout in his practice of the ordinances of the Gospel, in the reading of Scripture, and in prayer. He was always deeply grieved at any approach to levity in connection with sacred things. He regarded all the ordinances of religion as awe-inspiring, especially the House of God, where the King, the Lord of Hosts, had promised to manifest Himself, to him it was holy ground, a place where God was present, and He a consuming fire, terrible in His holiness. The holiness of the object to be worshipped always kept him in the spirit of worship.

Another characteristic was his special attitude in prayer, he was truly, great, verily a prince in prayer; he would not express himself in lofty thoughts, or streams of eloquence, or flowery periods; his words came slowly and softly at the beginning of his prayer, he would occasionally be in difficulty in finding words to express his thoughts, he never sought to please the curious, but simply to clothe his thoughts in becoming language. His real purpose in prayer, was to pray ; modesty and holy confidence were blended if all his prayers. He would first observe the greatness and holiness of God, and his own corruption and misery as a lost sinner, but as he

proceeded to refer to the compassion of God, the riches of His grace, the infinite scope of the Atonement, and His gracious plan to save the lost, then it was easy to see he had escaped from despair, that the mist was dispersing, and he would pour out his desire in the language of the Welsh poet:-

Dyma yr enog ofnus aflan
Yr chwennyachu bod yn wyn,
Yn yr avon gymysg liwiau
Darddodd allan ar y bryn.

Translation:

See the fearful, guilty, vile,
Longing to be pure,
Bathed in that mixed stream of blood,
Which flowed from Calvary's hill.

He would finally entrust himself to God for life, before the close of his prayer, confident assurance of his acceptance with God through the great Sacrifice. When offering prayer, he realized his message, was bent upon obtaining it, and was thus: comprehensive in the object of his prayer. His manner was the same everywhere, whether in family worship or in the largest congregation, the same earnestness, urgency, and comprehension.

If anyone in his neighbourhood was sick or if the country was under signs of the displeasure of God, or some special blessing was evident, he would be certain to refer to it in his prayers. No one would ever forget him, who heard him at family worship; the devout manner, the earnestness and urgency he displayed in prayer weeping freely while he pleaded for mercy for the unworthy. The hidden source of his strength as a Christian, and his special fervour in prayer was the outcome of his secret prayer.

He was one who gave a foremost place to a holy life, his renown was not derived from earthly riches, but from his great godliness, and that he shone in good works. His life and his prayers corresponded to each other. He exhibited his colours everywhere, in the home, and in the fair, as well as in the Chapel. He was looked upon as a genuine man, honest and careful as to truthfulness and particular in right-doing in every day affairs. His godliness conquered the consciences of the most unthinking. He was looked upon as a man of God, one of His witnesses on earth. He was also a generous man, he was considered careful and thrifty, and would take care of the crumbs, nothing should be lost by waste, He hated wastefulness in everyone. But his special virtue was to turn his carefulness and thriftiness to the advantage of doing good. He performed his good works in a spirit of love, silently, and with enjoyment. As a doctor he alleviated the sorrows of the sick poor, free of charge, and he was kind to the poor of his own neighbourhood in every way. He also gave liberal support to every good cause which came under his notice. The Religious Societies and Institutions were freely assisted by him. When a fund was raised for Bala College he (though not a rich man) gave £100, being glad it was in his power to subscribe, and to put his shoulder to the wheel with his brethren in such a good cause.

A very notable feature in his character was his reverence for the Sabbath, and the ministry of the Gospel. He took an exalted view of the Sabbath; it was to him a day "Holy to the Lord," a day of delight and rest. His profession made it difficult for him to attend the Sunday services, but by careful management and effort, he was usually able to enjoy all the meetings with his family. He allowed nothing to keep him away from home on the Sabbath; it was to him a day for the religious instruction of his family, and by his care and labour, the minds of his children and household were enlightened in the doctrines of the Gospel, and their affections rooted in the truths of the Bible. He obtained real joy from the Gospel, and from its messengers. If he saw earnestness in the preachers, and a true desire to do good, he received them as the servants of the most High God, and entertained them as the angels of God.

His house was for 54 years a place of rest for preachers, and he counted this one of the chief privileges of his life. He was a hearty friend to the cloud of witnesses who preached in his generation: John Elias, Lloyd of Beaumaris, David Jones, John Charles, John Evans, Cadwaladr Williams, William Roberts, Amlwch, and many others. He loved them as his own heart, and he felt lonely after their departure; they who had been his co-labourers had gone to their rest, and he was left in a new generation; often he longed to join them in the heavenly home of peaceful rest.

An outstanding characteristic in him was his consistent care and labour as a head of a family he was in this respect an example it would be well to follow. As a husband, father, and master he loved them always made an effort to effectually fulfil the duties of head of his family, being a prophet, priest, and king in his house; and as it has already been said, he was remarkable in the way he kept family worship. He had an appointed time to read, sing, and pray, regularly twice a day, and that without a break all through his life. He was careful that all the family should attend, and he maintained the due reverence and dignity of family worship, and especially this was so on Sunday mornings. The whole household being present, he would himself read a portion of the Bible, explaining each part, he would then repeat those portions of the Scripture he had learnt by heart during the past week, then his wife, children, and servants would repeat their portions. After everyone had recited their task he would give out a hymn to be sung, and he would pray with his family in such a manner that the worship would prepare them for the public duties of the day. The service would last more than an hour, but would not be felt a burden by anyone. He was very careful in the oversight of his household, fearing lest any sin should break out, because of any neglect on his part. He thought and laboured for all who were under his care; he recollected that the servant was a man, and worthy of the respect due to all men. He often said he desired his servants to be as happy as possible, in their sustenance, their religious opportunities, and educational advantages. He spared no pains in teaching them, especially with regard to the plan of salvation. He had their highest welfare at heart, and was unwilling that a servant should leave his employment, without a sufficient knowledge of the way of eternal life.

He regarded the training of his children in matters useful and religious, as one of the chief duties of his life. His aim was not to unduly praise or make idols of his children, but to train them in true manliness, and to effect this, he gave them when young, every educational advantage, and profitable advice. When he sent them away from home he took them apart to his private room and committed them in prayer to the protection and guidance of the Lord, They were always in his thoughts

and prayers. He wrote to them regularly, and all his letters were for their highest advantage, and to the point on all matters. He continued his care over his children as long as he was able. He kept his place in their affections even when he had become old and feeble. They accounted their father worthy of the highest respect and consideration, and at the close of his life the authority which he had worn lost itself in kindness, so that he was more easily loved by all. His efforts to train his children aright were crowned with success.

Another remarkable trait in this character was his devotion in *every* department of the kingdom of Christ upon earth. He was not of one part only. Many men give especial attention to one thing – to some the Sunday school is everything, to others Temperance, and to others the Prayer meetings; but David Roberts was faithful in every department of service, as ardent in one thing as another. One could hardly say in which he excelled, he was a leader in all that he took in hand and every service in which he was employed, he carried out with all his energy. He never sought to show off his ability, his object was to do the work, and his reward was not to be seen of men, but in the work itself. It was his church at Bodedern that received the greatest benefit as the fruit of his labour; he was amongst his own people as a nurse fostering her children he dwelt in the hearts of his brethren.

When the Lord confined him from their midst during a long illness, it was an unsufferable loss to the church, because the burden of the work had been upon his shoulders. He was also of service to his county. For many years he had the greatest influence in the “Monthly Meetings” of his church in Anglesea; the correctness of his judgment, and the respect that he had earned, was such, that he seldom failed in attaining his objects. A stranger might perhaps consider him too domineering, but those who knew him best, who had seen him in the prime of his power and usefulness, and who respected his judgment and advice in difficult circumstances, in their minds his opinions carried great weight. His whole heart was in the cause of the Sunday School. He was Superintendent of that in Bodedern for over 52 years, and was faithful and assiduous at his post. He framed a variety of subjects on different texts, upon which to examine the school, which were excellent, and well worthy of being printed and made use of by future generations. He made every effort to obtain greater earnestness in the study of the Bible, and to promote a love of the work, and the school under his direction was a blessing to the neighbourhood. He attended the District Sunday School meetings from their commencement, and as long as he was able, and had for his fellow-workers—Messrs Rice Lloyd, Treflesg; and Owen Thomas, Gwalchmai. For a long period all three were of the highest service to these meetings, the oversight was upon their shoulders, and the Sunday Schools of the district prospered under their care, and became a blessing to the various communities. David Roberts was the last left upon the field, and one of his last services before he entered into rest, was to make a visitation to the Schools of the district; he was nearing the end at this time, but the visit was a source of great consolation to him. He was also a warm hearted friend of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from its foundation to the close of his life. He was the Secretary for a large part of the country for many years, and Treasurer for over 52 years. no one could have felt more deeply interested in its work, more anxious for its prosperity, or have prayed more fervently on its behalf. The same might be said of him with regard to the missionary societies; Wesleyan, the Baptist,

the Moravian, the London Missionary Society, and especially the Calvinistic Methodist Society. He deeply sympathised with those countries which were without the Gospel, and his anxiety was so great and practical that the who possess the Gospel, that he subscribed freely to the various societies. He lost all sectarian spirit in his desire that the Gospel should be given to the world. He became an active member of the Temperance Society from its inception, also for the Society for the Promotion of Purity, and he spoke much on behalf of both, He reasoned upon their high principles and usefulness, and pressed them upon the consideration of his countrymen. He made much of every scheme which might be of service in cleansing his country from its immorality.

For the last two years of his life he was prevented by ill-health from being an active worker in the cause of religion, it was evident that his working days were over, and that he was divesting himself of the robes of office. All his life he was diffident of his own capacity, his fears arising from the fact that he fully realized the immense importance of true religion, the exactitude of judgment, and the holiness of heaven, but in spite of fears, he was never hopeless, but clinging to the Lord, his soul always found rest in the merits of Christ. Hoping while yet fearing, was his constant experience but when he approached the solemnity of dying, the fears were removed, the terror was lost, his mind became clear, and he trusted himself entirely to the mercy and faithfulness of God. At times his communion with God would overflow, and he would exclaim, "Oh what love"! "Oh dear Lord Jesus, when shall I come to Thee"? Having spent his life in fear of the act of dying in his case when it came to pass this experience was very different to what he had anticipated. He fell into a calm sleep, gentle and natural as a babe in his cradle, he slumbered and knew not that it was death until he awoke in glory; he fell asleep safely in Jesus. On this account he spoke but little in his last moments; he had spoken sufficiently during his life, and now he received an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, having had the approval of his own conscience, of his Church, of all his friends who knew his life, and of his eternal King.

He died on the 12th day of January, 1869, at the advanced age of 81. He was buried on the 16th of that month, in the Llanfachreth Cemetery, where his three sons and his daughter, and many of his relatives reposed.

SOURCE 6

BULMAN FAMILY CRESTS

Bulman

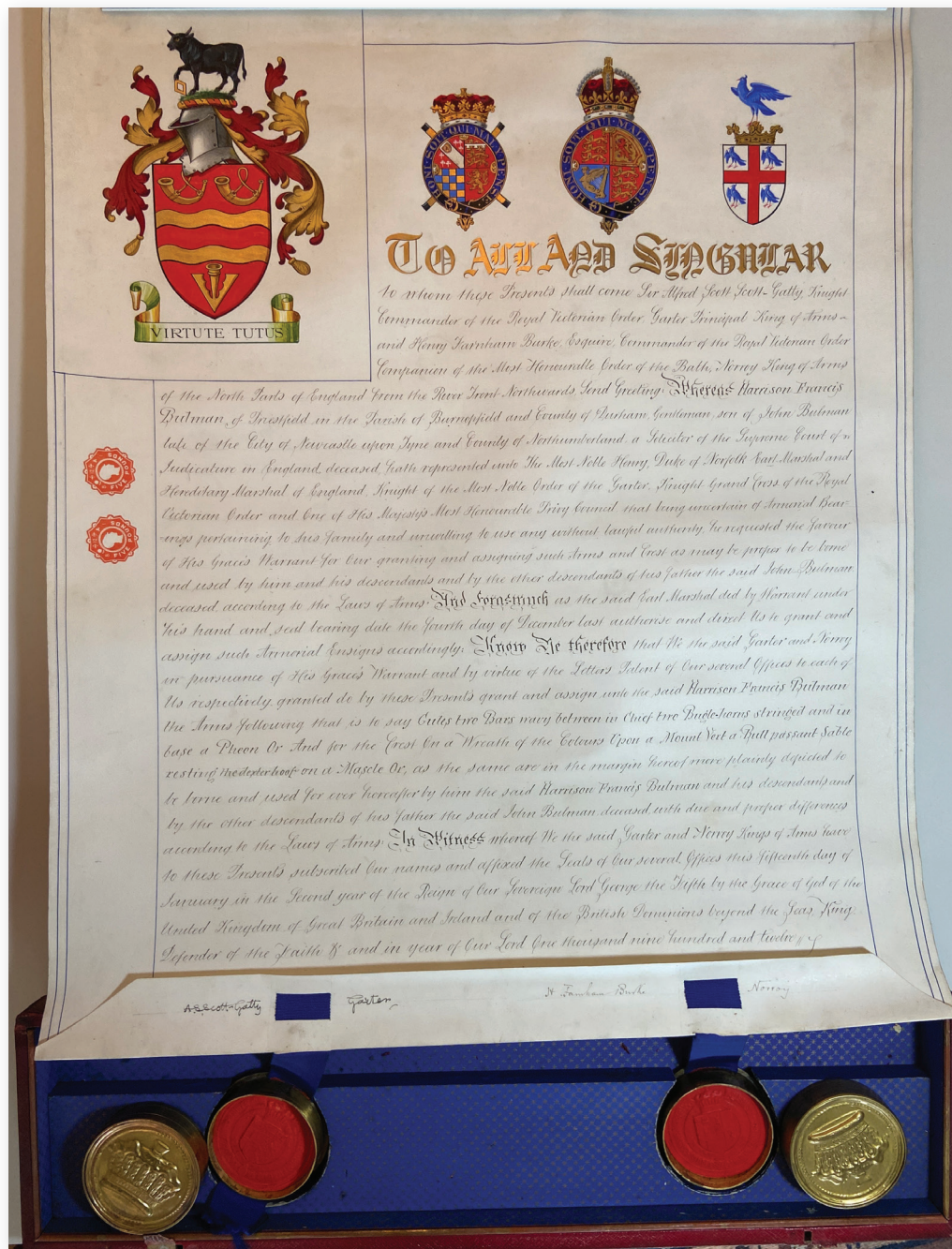


Gules two Bars wavy between in chief two Bugle-horns strung and in base a Pheon Or. And for the Crest on a Wreath of the colours upon a Mouchart Vert a Bull passant Sable resting the dexter hoof on a Maslet Or.

Motto: Virtute Tutus

Letters Patent for the male descendants of Harrison Francis Bulman

This image is of a scroll granting authority to the male descendants of Harrison Francis Bulman, so long as they are legitimate, to bear and use the arms displayed. It is dated 15 January 1912, the second year of the reign of George V, and is signed and wax sealed by A.S. Scott-Gatty, Garter, and H. Farnham Burke, Norroy. The scroll, which still lives rolled in a box in Dad's desk stamped with the royal GR crest, is 63cm long x 53cm wide. Evidence of its validity comes in an email (see *opposite*) from the College of Arms.



Fri, Sep 22, 12:45 PM 2023

Dear Andrew,

Thank you for your recent letter.

You have, in fact, already shown me this document – the Letters Patent by which armorial bearings were granted to your grandfather – back at the start of our correspondence, earlier this year. Since the 1660s all such grants of arms have been recorded in their entirety at the College of Arms, and from a brief inspection of the indexes to these records I confirmed your grandfather's arms are indeed recorded here. The College record will take the form of a slightly less glamorous copy of the Letters Patent, transcribing all of the text alongside a slightly rougher painting of the arms and crest.

The right to arms descends automatically along the original grantee's direct male-line descendants, as long as they were all born in wedlock. Therefore, if Harrison Francis Bulman was your paternal grandfather, and if both you and your father were born in wedlock, then you would have the right to bear the arms and crest depicted on the Patent.

To have such an inherited right to arms officially recognised by the College of Arms, you would need to place your pedigree on record here, demonstrating your legitimate male-line descent from the original grantee, your grandfather. I consulted the indexes to the College's pedigree records, and it does not appear that this has been done for your family before.

Registering your pedigree in this way is not essential – in theory, arms descend whether or not the College records this descent – but doing so would authenticate your claim in the eyes of the heralds, and allow you to, for instance, commission certified heraldic artwork from the College.

A pedigree of three generations – from your grandfather to you – with no siblings shown on any line, would cost approximately £400 to record. If this would be of interest to you, please let me know and I will be happy to discuss it further and calculate a more accurate cost.

Yours,
Adam

ADAM TUCK

Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, The College of Arms

130 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4BT • 020 7248 2762 • www.college-of-arms.gov.uk

Latimer

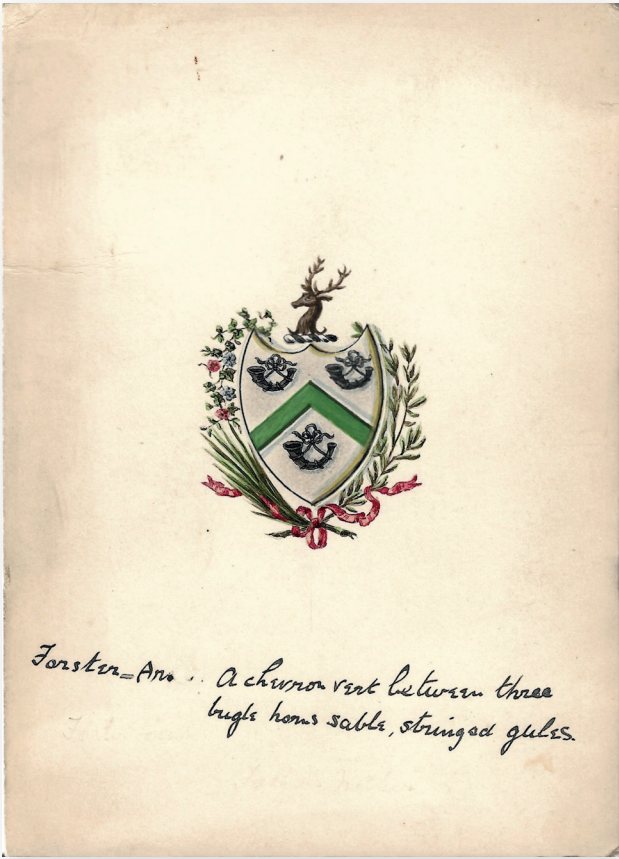


On a chief gules four crosses crosslet or.

Crest an Eastern crown gules.

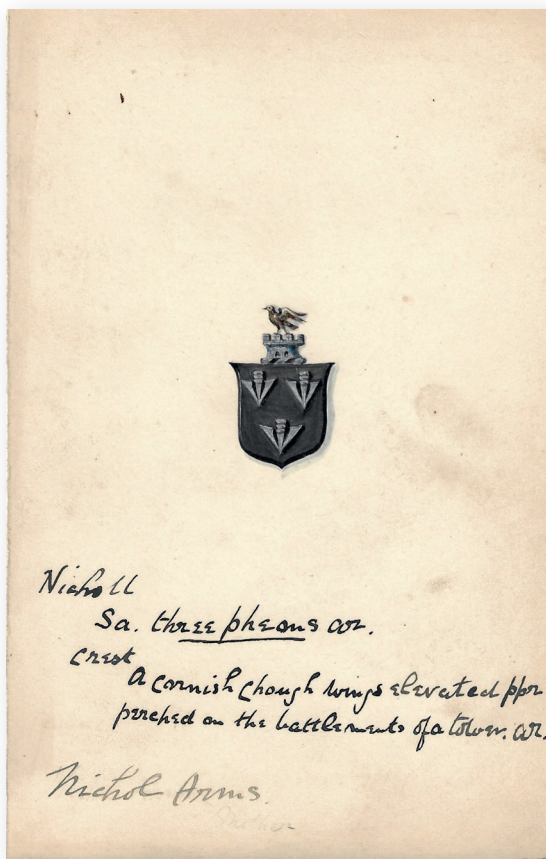
Motto: *Avito Viret Honore*

Forster



A chevron vert between three bugle horns sable, stringed gules.

Nicholl



Sa. three pheons ar.

Crest. A Cornish Chough wings elevated par perched on the battlements of a tower ar.

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