

LOVELOCK LINES

The Lovelock Family Newsletter

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EDITORIAL

There were times this year when I began to think that 2010 might pass without an issue of our newsletter. A speculative issue on Lovelock artists did not materialise because there was no reply from those approached. Ideas have never been the problem; getting the material is the difficulty. I am therefore especially grateful to James Loveluck for offering his guide on how to use the latest technology on the website. Such things usually terrify me, but I can reassure those who share my fears that playing with these files is an enjoyable and informative experience.

I am also grateful to Jacqui Rowe for giving me permission to adapt one of her Maxwell Demon stories for this issue. I came across an excerpt at about the time I was writing to other authors about their reasons for using our surname. In her case, it turned out that her husband was a colleague of mine during the period that he was a headmaster and we served together on Birmingham's Standing Advisory Committee for Religious Education. I don't think he discussed this aspect of his work with Jacqui, so it is unlikely that her victimised teacher owes anything to me. The name Maxwell Demon does have a definite origin, however. It derives from a thought experiment created by the Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell to 'show that the 2nd Law of Thermodynamics has only a statistical certainty.' The famous butterfly's wing is invoked when explaining another piece of fancy mathematics and its significance is made clear in the course of the story.

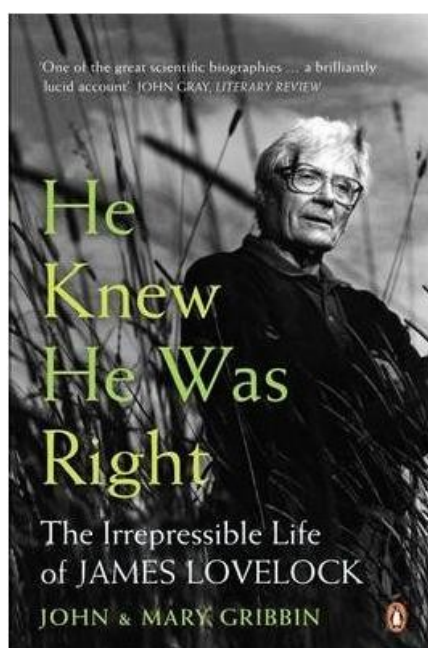
The shorter features were originally meant to complement the artistic theme. Instead, we should remind ourselves that we Lovelocks have a scientist of our own, whose 90th birthday last year we allowed to pass unrecognised. Let us take this opportunity to wish him a further decade of creativity. The centenary of the Olympic runner, the next most famous Lovelock, seems to have been a comparatively low-key event in his native New Zealand. Nevertheless it has produced another work of art and brought back to remembrance the now almost deserted community in which he was born. Little did his mining father dream that Jack would eventually strike gold in a completely different manner.

The Quizical Face of Gaia

- portraits of James Lovelock

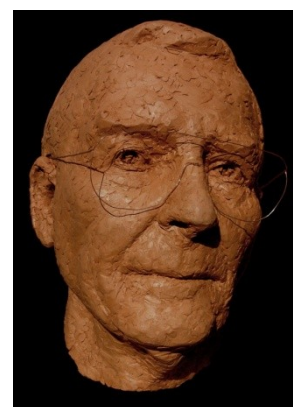
James Lovelock celebrated his birthday in July last year with a lunch in the Orangery of Blenheim Palace to which 156 guests were invited. A trio of books were also published in 2009, taking advantage of that significant anniversary. First on the scene in February was *The Vanishing Face of Gaia: a Final Warning* (Allen Lane), the eighth in the Gaia series of titles, by Lovelock himself. This was followed in April by *The Medea Hypothesis: is life on*

Earth ultimately self-destructive? (Princeton University Press, limited preview on Google Books). Its author, Peter Ward, professor of biology at the University of Washington in Seattle, will have nothing to do with theories of benign life-supporting planetary entities. His thesis is that life forms (from microbe level on) have consistently created threats to diversity of life and caused massive destruction of it.



Trailing this ideological clash of titans came John and Mary Gribbins' *He Knew He Was Right: the irrepressible life of James Lovelock* (Penguin Books), a biography published in October that supplements (and updates) Lovelock's autobiography of 2000, *Homage to Gaia* (Oxford University Press, 2000; the first chapters are available on Google Books). The book borrows its main title from an unsuccessful novel by Anthony Trollope but what is interesting about it in the originally intended context of this

issue of the newsletter is its cover, since it uses one of the specially commissioned photographs of the author, taken by Paul Tozer for the National Portrait Gallery in 1994. Nick Sinclair's photo of the year before is not quite so successful: another half portrait posed behind woody undergrowth, it pictures James looking a little fed up against a stand of immature tree trunks. The one he has preferred for his own website, taken by Bruno Comby, pictures him amid the greenery of his garden with the statue of Gaia in the background.



James has sat for his portrait in other media as well. This includes the head and shoulders painting by abstract artist Rachel Clark (see p.1) in her "Contentious and Influential" series which to my eye is not one of her most successful. He also sat in 2007 for sculptor Jon Edgar who has since produced five bronze heads from the original terracotta model pictured here; this remains in the artist's own collection. It should not be forgotten, however, that James inherited a love of painting from his father, which he passed on to his artist daughter Christine. She has now revealed that her father also used to paint and reproduces one of his landscapes, dating from the Bowerchalke days of the 1960s, on her blog (<http://artistsagainstwindfarms.blogspot.com/2010/03/more-from-james-lovelock.html>).

FINDING YOUR WAY BACK

James Loveluck on getting to know PhpGedView

Purpose

The goal of PhpGedView (which I'll refer to as PGV below) is to present essentially all available information about a family tree in a way which is accessible to all via the Web. However, finding one's way around the data, and the various screens on which it is presented, is not trivial, and the main goal of this article is to provide a basic guide which I hope will help to make this easier. But before doing this, I'll attempt to convince you that it's worth making the effort!

Why PhpGedView?

For quite a few years now we've been building up a collection of Lovelock descendant trees on the Web site. These provide a very useful overview of a particular tree, and include basic information about individuals in the tree, including birth, baptism, marriage, death and burial dates and places, when these are available. However, this is not the complete story, and anyone who has done family history research understands the importance of the original source material, such as entries in parish registers, census records, wills, and other documents. Indeed, it is this source material which enables us to build up a family tree, and to have some confidence in its accuracy.

Genealogy programs for private home use provide the capability of including source material in a family tree database, but this information is not accessible over the Internet. The advantage of PGV, and other similar programs, is that they can make available information which is normally restricted to programs on a local computer.

Some genealogy programs do provide a mechanism for producing web pages, but in most cases these present a somewhat static view of the data, since they consist of static web pages generated by the program. PGV provides the ability to modify data on-line, and any changes made are immediately visible to all users.

An Introduction to Gedcom Files

Genealogical programs use a database to store information about individuals. However, each program has its own database format, so one cannot immediately copy files from one program to another. Fortunately, most genealogy programs are able to export their data to a file in a (more or less) standard format, called a gedcom file. There is nothing very mysterious about a gedcom file, it consists of plain text and can be opened by a text editor. The content is fairly transparent, as can be seen from the following small extract (from the file aldermaston.ged):

```
0 @I4@ INDI
1 NAME Nathaniell /LOVELUCK/
2 GIVN Nathaniell
2 SURN LOVELUCK
1 SEX M
1 CHR
2 DATE 7 Oct 1687
2 PLAC Aldermaston, Berkshire, England
```

```
2 SOUR @S3@
1 BURI
2 DATE 7 Dec 1709
2 PLAC Aldermaston, Berkshire, England
2 SOUR @S3@
1 SOUR @S2@
1 FAMC @F1@
```

Lines consist of a digit, followed by a 'tag' (a sort of keyword, in capitals) and data. The first line contains an identifier (the RIN, or Record Identification Number) for the individual (I4). The next three lines give his name (with a bit of redundancy) and this is followed by his sex (Male) and details of the date and place of his baptism (CHR) and burial (BUR). The data is structured by the initial digit: 0 is the top level at which the individual is defined (I4) and all following lines with a higher digit belong to this individual, until the next occurrence of a line at level 0. Similarly, the lines starting with the digit 2 after the CHR 'tag' consist of data relevant to the christening event (date and place of the christening). The line with the SOUR tag is a source reference. The details of the source (S3) will be found further on in the file, and actually has the following form:

```
0 @S3@ SOUR
1 TITL Aldermaston St Mary the Virgin Parish Registers
```

Any number of entries can refer to this source.

Finally, the 'FAMC' tag indicates a family in which the individual (I4) is a child. Details of the family (including the date of marriage of the parents if available, together with other children) is recorded further on in the gedcom file. There can also be a 'FAMS' tag which indicates a family in which the individual is a spouse or partner.

Exporting genealogy data to a gedcom file allows the information to be shared with others who are using a different program. One caveat is that while there is a standard for the gedcom file format (the gedcom 5.5 standard, which is available for example on <http://homepages.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~pmcbride/gedcom/55gctoc.htm>) many genealogy programs have defined non-standard tags, in order to include additional information, sometimes specific to a particular program, in which case some parts of the information in the file may not be understood by all programs. However, the more reputable genealogy programs have an option to export in conformance with the gedcom 5.5 standard.

PGV is able to store and display all the information contained in a gedcom file which conforms to the gedcom 5.5 standard. This includes references to images (photographs and scanned documents) although the actual image files themselves have to be uploaded separately to the web site. It is also possible to download a gedcom file from the PGV web site, and this file will reflect the information currently available on the site.

A Brief Tour

Finding Your Way Around

Probably the first thing you will want to do is to find a particular individual in a particular tree. Those who have already tried out PGV will probably have found out how to do this, and can move on to the next section.

If you know which tree the individual belongs to, you can select this tree by placing the cursor over the 'Welcome Page' tab at the top of the page, which will bring up a list of gedcom files; clicking on one of the names will select that gedcom file and display a page

containing information and news about the file. Then, place the cursor over the 'Lists' tab at the top of the page and click on 'Individual List' which allows you to select a surname, first of all by letter then the complete surname. Individuals with that surname are listed and clicking on one of the entries will take you to the details concerning that individual.

If you don't know which tree the individual belongs to, you will have to use the 'Search' capabilities. The simplest approach is to use the 'Search' box at the top right hand side of the page. Suppose you type 'Alfred James Lovelock' in the search box, then you'll be presented with a list of four individuals matching the search criteria (one of these is actually an Alfred James Cooper, due to the vagaries of the search engine). By examining the individuals (in different gedcom files) you should be able to determine which is the one you're looking for.

More sophisticated searches are possible by clicking on the 'Advanced Search' item in the 'Search' tab at the top of the page. This allows one to specify additional details such as birth date (approximate or exact), birth place, etc. in order to refine the search.

Individual Records

Once you've found the person you want, you should find the individual record for the one concerned, and by default the 'Personal Facts and Details' of this individual will be displayed. The meaning of the data is self explanatory, and the only point to be aware of is that you can click on many of the text fields to obtain information about a name, a date, or a place name; clicking on a place name, for example, will display a map (if the place name has been included in the database of places) showing where it is, and a list of other individuals associated with that place. Clicking on one of the + symbols next to a Note or a Source will produce further details of a note or source record. Note that the identifier (RIN, see above) for an individual is included in parentheses after the individual's name (I68 in the example in Illustration 1 below).

Arthur James LOVELOCK (I68)
 Given Names: Arthur James Gender: Male Birth: January 1875 33 37 — Battersea, Surrey, England
 Surname: LOVELOCK Death: Yes

Options for Individual
 Charts Lists Reports Other

Personal Facts and Details Notes Sources Close Relatives Tree Map ALL

Personal Facts and Details

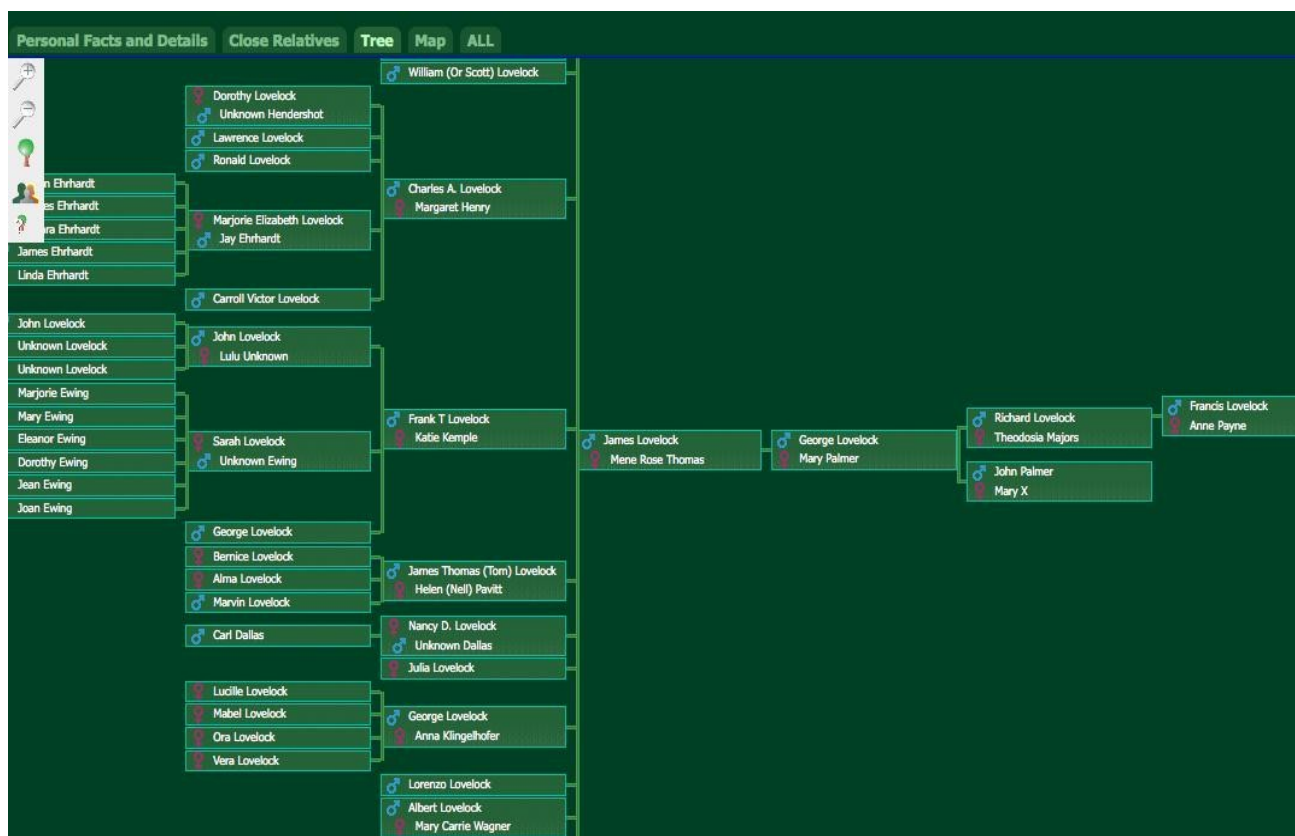
Events of close relatives		View Details of ...	
Birth	January 1875 33 37 Battersea, Surrey, England Source: GRO Index of Births Source: 1881 Census	Father	Thomas LOVELOCK 1842 - 1916
Marriage	between July and September 1898 Elizabeth TINGLEY - [View Family (F21)] East Grinstead RD, East Grinstead, Sussex, England Source: GRO Index of Marriages	Mother	Eliza KENWARD 1838 - 1892
		Brother	Thomas Edgar LOVELOCK 1865 -
		Brother	William LOVELOCK 1869 -
		Sister	Emily Caroline LOVELOCK

On the right hand side of the 'Personal Facts and Details' display is a list of closely related individuals. Clicking on one of the names will take you to the corresponding individual record, so this is a handy way to navigate within a family. A useful feature of the Personal Facts and Details display is that, for example, hovering over the box labelled 'Father' on the right hand side shows the parents of the father, or hovering over a 'Brother' box shows the brother's family. This is a useful way of navigating around the immediate family. [Many thanks to Graham Lovelock, who discovered this feature.]

There are a series of tabs at the top of the individual record display, the first of which is the 'Personal Facts and Details' tab, followed by 'Notes' and 'Sources' which provide complete lists of notes and source references associated with the individual, most of which are already available from the 'Personal Facts and Details' display, shown in Illustration 1 (from the Aldermaston tree).

There may also be 'Media' and 'Album' tabs if there are any media items associated with the individual concerned (rather rare for the Lovelock databases!). 'Close Relatives' provides more detailed information about the immediate family of the individual. More interesting are the 'Tree' and 'Map' tabs. The 'Tree' tab displays an 'hourglass' chart for the individual concerned – this is a chart which shows both descendants and ancestors of the individual. Illustration 2 is an example taken from the Kingsclere tree. For most of our Lovelock trees the ancestor part of the hourglass tree is focused on the Lovelock ancestors, but would be much richer if maternal ancestors were pursued – currently deemed to be beyond the scope of the Lovelock web site, which is dedicated to the Lovelock name and variants. One can do various interesting things with the tree, including:

- Moving it around, which is useful if it doesn't fit on the page. This can be done by 'click and drag' on the tree area but outside the boxes containing names.



- Zoom in (magnify) and zoom out on the tree can be performed by the '+' and '-' icons at the top left hand corner of the tree.
- Clicking on one of the boxes will display basic details (birth, death and marriage dates and places) concerning the individual or couple in the box. For example, Illustration 3 shows what happens when one clicks on the box containing James Lovelock and Mene Rose Thomas in Illustration 2.

- In Illustration 3 you will notice a little tree icon at the end of each name. If you click on this tree, the individual concerned will become the root of the hourglass tree, instead of the individual initially selected. So in this way one can navigate around the tree.

James Lovelock (I102)
B: 15 May 1827
D: 1 September 1899 Livingston, Illinois, USA

Mene Rose Thomas (I108)
B: 8 June 1830 Bavaria, Germany
M: 18 June 1855 La Porte, Indiana, USA
D: 1 September 1916 Pontiac, Livingston, Illinois, USA

The 'Map' tab displays a map (based on Google Maps), hopefully with markers indicating where events associated with the individual occurred. Clicking on one of the markers will indicate which events are associated with the corresponding place, as shown in Illustration 4. The 'hopefully' is necessary because locations will only be displayed if they are correctly included in the place name database. The map can be moved around or zoomed in a manner familiar to anyone who has used Google Maps, and the menu at the top right hand side of the map allows one to change to satellite, hybrid or terrain views.

George Lovelock (I47)
Given Names: George Gender: Male Birth: about June 1794 41 44 -- Hannington, Hampshire, England Surname: Lovelock Death: Yes

Options for Individual
Charts Lists Reports Other

Personal Facts and Details Sources Close Relatives Tree Map ALL

Map Deactivate

Birth Christening Marriage Son

Birth
Hannington, Hampshire, England
about June 1794

Birth	Hannington, Hampshire, England about June 1794
Christening	Hannington, Hampshire, England 15 June 1794
Marriage	Mary Palmer Hannington, Hampshire, England 29 July 1815
Son	Francis Lovelock Hannington, Hampshire, England about 1814
Son	John Lovelock Hannington, Hampshire, England about 1819
Daughter	Marianne Lovelock Hannington, Hampshire, England about 1825

To enlarge on the last point, the Google Maps module has a database of place names, with a hierarchical format: country, county (or state), town, ... So in the example shown in Illustration 4 Hannington, Hampshire, England, is recorded in the Maps database, so if the place of birth is recorded in this form the place will be located. If it had been recorded as Hannington, Hampshire or Hannington, England it would not have been located. On the other hand, the Maps module does do its best to locate a place name, so if the town name was missing, it will place a marker somewhere in the middle of the county, and if only the country is recorded it will place a marker somewhere in the middle of the country. You can obtain an overview of the place names recorded in the database for a particular gedcom file by clicking on the 'Place Hierarchy' item under the 'Lists' tab of the main menu at the top of the page. This takes you to the top level (country) of the place name hierarchy, and you can then drill down to lower levels using the table on the right hand side. When you reach the bottom level a list of all individuals or families who were ever recorded at that location is presented.

The 'Media' and 'Album' tabs, when present, display media items associated with an individual. Illustration 5 is an example from the 2nd St Pancras tree (one of the few with a couple of images, thanks to Bill Lovelock).

Charles William LOVELOCK (I22)
 Given Names: Charles William Gender: Male Birth: 14 December 1879 — 23 — 24 — Kentish Town, Middlesex, England
 Surname: LOVELOCK Death: 18 September 1958 (Age 78) — Ilford, Essex, England

Options for individual
 Charts Lists Reports Edit Other

Personal Facts and Details Notes Sources Media Album Close Relatives Tree Map ALL

Media

Re-order media

Charles William Lovelock 1879 - 1958 (M6)
 Use this image as the thumbnail?: Yes
 Source: Bill Lovelock

Charles William and Frederick Lovelock (M3)
 Source: Bill Lovelock

Add a new Media item
 Link to an existing Media item

Clicking on one of the images will open the 'Lightbox Viewer' with the following capabilities: slideshow (bottom-left hand corner of image); zoom (using the mouse scroll wheel); and even music (speaker icon bottom left hand corner). Clicking on the icon bottom centre of the image displays details of the image, including the source and any other records which use the image.

Family Records

In addition to Individual Records, PGV can display Family Records, with information concerning a family: spouses, parents (when recorded), children, together with details of associated events (marriage, census records, etc.). As for Individual Records, there are various ways to access a given family record, including the 'Family List' item in the 'Lists' tab of the main menu. However, the simplest method is probably via the 'Marriage' record of one of the spouses, which should include the text [View Family F...] Clicking this text will take you to the family record.

Charts and Reports

There are 'Charts' and 'Reports' tabs in the main menu, but these produce charts and reports for the progenitor of the corresponding tree. To obtain charts and reports for a specific individual, you should first locate this individual and then use the 'Charts' or 'Reports' items in the menu 'Options for individual' at the top right hand side of the individual record – see Illustration 6

Robert Lovelock (I1125)
 Given Names: Robert Gender: Male Birth: about 1736 — 30
 Surname: Lovelock Death: Yes

Options for individual
 Charts Lists Reports Other

Personal Facts and Details Notes Sources Close Relatives Tree Map ALL

Personal Facts and Details

Events of close relatives

Birth about 1736 — 30

Christening 12 March 1735/36 (23 March 1736) Easton Royal, Wiltshire, England

View Details of ...

Parents Family

Father Richard Lovelock 1706 -

The difference between 'Charts' and 'Reports' is that the former displays the information in the browser, whereas the latter produces PDF or HTM files which can be downloaded, for example for printing.

The types of chart and report are fairly standard for genealogy programs, and I won't discuss them in detail here, except perhaps for the “interactive Tree”, which is very similar to the tree obtained from the “Tree” tab, described above.

One chart which is not available from the “Options” menu, but which is available from the “Charts” tab at the top of the page, is the “Relationship Chart”. This allows one to select two individuals in the gedcom file and determine the relationship between them. The individuals concerned are selected either by entering their RINs or by selecting individuals using the person icon on the right of the selection box.

More PGV Features

Help and Documentation

There are several types of help and documentation available for PGV.

Contextual help is available for some features of the PGV display, and its availability is indicated by a question mark. There are several examples on the “Welcome Page”, for example next to the “Gedcom Statistics” heading.

The “Help” menu at the top right hand corner of the PGV display lists several other sources of help. The first group of topics are fairly evident, except that the “FAQ List” does not exist! The next group of topics are pointers to the PGV Wiki, and the information is more technical in nature, even for the “User's Guide” which includes a lot of information which is useful only to administrative users who are creating or modifying databases. However, after you've read this overview of PGV, the User's Guide is the place to learn more about it.

Finally, there is a link in the Help menu which allows you to send a message to the Technical Help Contact (myself).

View Gedcom Record

Under the “Other” heading of the menu “Options for individual” at the top right hand side of the individual record (see Illustration 6) there is an option “View GEDCOM” record. This displays the actual information contained in the PGV database, in GEDCOM format (see the section on page 3).

Clippings Cart

Related to the above feature is the “Clippings Cart”. Just below the “View GEDCOM” item you will find the option “Add to Clippings Cart”. This will copy the Gedcom information for the individual into a file, which can later be downloaded. This file can then be imported into a genealogy program on your home computer. The details for a number of individuals can be added to the Clippings Cart, and the resulting file can then be downloaded by clicking on the “Family Tree Clippings Cart” tab in the main menu at the top of the page.

User Account

A user account allows you to access some information in the gedcom files which is not accessible to all users. At the moment the additional information is limited, but may be increased in the future. A user account also allows you to send messages to other registered users. To obtain a user account, click on “login” at the top left hand side of the PGV display,

which takes you to a page with, at the bottom, a link to “Request new user account”. Clicking on this link brings up a registration form.

Collaboration through PGV

One of the advantages of PGV is that it allows collaborative work to be done on a family tree. Multiple users may be given the necessary privileges to add or modify data in a gedcom file. The changes are made using on-line editing screens which do not require detailed knowledge about the PGV software or about gedcom files. However, the screens do require some familiarisation, and the Wiki User's Guide is very useful in this respect. In order to avoid accidental or unintended changes to our main family trees, we have a 'test' gedcom which can be used to gain experience.

Conclusion

I hope that this note has convinced those who have hesitated that PGV is not all that difficult to use, and that it is a much richer source of information than a simple descendant report. As mentioned in the preceding section, unless you have the requisite privileges, there is no way that you can modify or delete any information in the database, so you should not feel afraid to just try things out.

LOVELOCK CENTENARY OBSERVED IN NEW ZEALAND



This statue of Jack Lovelock, one of New Zealand's greatest Olympic heroes, was unveiled on the centenary of his birth, on January 5, 1910, at the small West Coast township where he was born. The wrought-iron silhouette statue depicting the Olympic gold medal-winning runner has been mounted on a quartz rock at

Crushington, the gold-mining township near Reefton, at which Jack's father was working at the time. The town gained its name because of extensive quartz crushing which was done there as part of gold extraction and now only has two permanent residents.

MAXWELL DEMON AND THE BUTTERFLY'S WING

- a comprehensive romance by Jacqui Rowe

Maxwell Demon was late. He ran through the school gates, and bounded up the steps, pausing only to wipe his feet on the doormat. WELLCOME, in flickering red letters, slid across the electronic notice board in the entrance, followed by TODAYS EVENTS INTERHOUSE LACE MAKING CONTEST DONT MISS THE EXITMENT.

It was always difficult getting through the foyer, what with the flowers, the tropical plants, the water features, the suggestion box, the trophy cabinets, the reception table, and the marble statues and today somebody had added a moth eaten, stuffed bear, which was blocking his way through to the corridor. Maxwell tried to dodge past it, but it wobbled into his path; when he sidestepped the other way, it followed, growling. Then it shuddered, lunged its yellow, jagged claws towards him, shouted, "Watch out!" and fell over backwards.

Tentatively, Maxwell peered round the bear, which was still grumbling, and moaning, "Help me, someone!" Nice Mr Darwin, the Deputy Head, was peering out from where the creature's enormous bulk was pinning him in the doorway. "Sorry, sir," Maxwell said.

"Don't worry, Maxwell," Mr Darwin panted. "I'm just trying to get Bruno up to the third floor, for a cover lesson."

"Is it Biology, sir?"

"No, Business Studies. Could you give me a hand?"

Maxwell helped him to push the bear back up, so that it could stand on its own and Mr Darwin could breathe.

"Thanks very much. You'd better get off to your lesson now, Maxwell."

Maxwell hesitated. "Yes sir. Sir, any idea where Room 8 is?" he asked, eventually.

Mr Darwin looked at him curiously. "Isn't that your tutor room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmm, you're a little late for registration, I'm afraid. Let's think of the shortest way. Go down this corridor, then turn right, then left, then take the second on the left, run round the fountain, anticlockwise, of course, take the same second on the left again, then go past the room with the blue door – that's the sky blue door; if you see the powder blue one you've gone the wrong way and if it's the china blue one you're in the wrong school. Then all you have to do is click your heels together three times and say, 'There's no place like school,' and Room 8 will be right in front of you. You can't miss it anyway, because Ms Keats will be in there, staring out of the window. Come on, Bruno. We've got work to do."

The bear and Mr Darwin ambled off. Maxwell stretched out his hands and stared at them. One was right and one was left, he was sure of that; which was which had always escaped him.

"Not the wrong bus again, Maxwell?" Ms Keats, his form tutor, sighed, as he eventually burst through the door.

"No, miss," Maxwell said. "Right bus, wrong direction." That had been the start of it, before he even reached school that morning.

"How long have you been at this school, Maxwell?"

"Nearly three years, miss." Ms Keats was not listening. Her attention seemed to have turned to his neck.

"And why are you wearing an Aston Villa tie?"

"Well, miss..."

"Don't explain. Maxwell, we might win the year prize for punctuality if it wasn't for you. Why can't you be average, like everyone else in my class?" Maxwell was about to explain, precisely and thoroughly, then he remembered that teachers, even Ms Keats, tended to think you were being cheeky if you did that. He did not want to put her in a position where she felt obliged to punish him. Ms Keats was safe; some of them even called her soft because she did not shout much and she let you talk in her lessons, especially when you were discussing things like, "If Romeo and Juliet were types of food, which one would be an ice cream and which would be a burger?" She reminded Maxwell of his all-time favourite teacher, Mr Lovelock, who used to teach him Science. Recently, though, she had seemed a bit unhappy. They had not had a lesson where they turned a great work of literature into a board game for ages.

The school rule was that form tutors should give half hour detentions for every two lates, but Ms Keats had never given one to Maxwell, even though he had been late 117 times. Maxwell waited; perhaps this would be the day she cracked. She was staring out of the window, into the bright sunlight, and sniffing.

"Lovely weather, isn't it, miss?" Maxwell said. "I hope we're not going to have a tropical storm."

"It's hardly likely, is it, Maxwell? We're not in the tropics and it's only April."

"Suppose not, miss. But if a butterfly flapped its wings somewhere, it would set off a chain of events that could lead to freak weather conditions. The next time you look out of that window there might be a tornado passing by."

Ms Keats's eyes were a bit damp, the way they often were when she had been staring outside. "Did Mr Lovelock teach you that, Maxwell?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"I thought so. Just get off to your lesson."

"I'm not going to lessons this morning, miss."

"Don't be silly. Just go."

Maxwell was not being silly. Ms Keats must have forgotten that he was Reception Boy for the day. He presented himself at the school office.

"Go and sit at that table and smile at the visitors," the Secretary commanded sourly. "You don't have to mean it." Maxwell hoped the bus driver would not arrive, complaining that Maxwell had begged him to turn his vehicle round in the middle of the high street. "Wait a minute," the Secretary said. "You can't represent the school in an Aston Villa tie. Go and look for one in Lost Property."

"Is that where you keep the lost properties, miss?" For some reason, the Secretary never laughed when Maxwell made that joke.

He went to the cupboard in the corner and searched through the Lost Property box. Underneath a toy dinosaur, a box of fireworks, a very large pair of purple underpants, half a birthday cake and an Argentinean passport, was a school tie with "M D" embroidered neatly on the back. The phone rang as he was putting it on. Maxwell turned round. At first, he thought that an unscheduled eclipse of the sun was taking place, then he realised that Miss Garland, the Music teacher, was standing in front of the window.

"No!" the Secretary was saying forcefully to someone on the other end of the line. "She says no! Not today, not ever! No, you can't. No, she doesn't want to speak to you. Definitely not. Goodbye." She slammed down the phone. "Poor soul," she said. "Tragic, isn't it?"

Ms Garland's floppy cheeks had gone bright pink, like balloons with microscopic holes in them. "Was that Mr Lovelock?" she asked. The Secretary nodded. "I wouldn't dream of criticising the Head." Ms Garland glanced around, as if the office might be bugged. "But what she's doing to him, it seems so harsh."

"I'm sure he'll survive. To be honest, Janice, I don't know what you and Joanna see in him. He's quite cute, in a weird sort of way, I'll grant you that. But if you're looking for a real man, you could do a lot worse than Mr Hardy."

Maxwell squeezed through the narrow space Ms Garland left between the cupboard and the door.

"What do you want?" the Secretary demanded.

"Is Mr Lovelock ever coming back, miss?"

"Never you mind. Want something to do?" the secretary enquired. Maxwell sensed that refusal was not an option. "Take this note to Mr Newton. No, I don't know what room he's in. You'll have to find him."

After a false start in which he set off for the canteen, Maxwell finally found the Art Room, by way of the RE Suite, the Textiles Atelier and the spiral staircase to the top of the tower and back down again. That was not much use, though, because Mr Newton was Head of Science. Maxwell's friend Montague Winstanley was standing in front of his own picture on the Most Wanted notice board.

"Any idea where the Science department is?" Maxwell asked, casually.

"Just up these stairs. Look!"

At the top of the staircase, a flashing neon sign announced FACULTY OF SCIENCE. The folding doors, with twinkly moons, stars and satellites, were made out of the same fabric as Maxwell's bedroom curtains, that his nan had got down the market. Maxwell ran up and pressed his palm against a pad with TELEPORT written underneath. The doors did not budge, so he squeezed in between them. Inside, most of the labs had cracked windows, doors hanging off their hinges and peeling paint. In Mr Lovelock's, Mrs Hippocrates, the supply teacher, was pointing at a model torso that had a shoulder and a couple of ribs missing. Half of its face had gone too, but somebody had replaced the nose with chewing gum.

Maxwell quickly identified Mr Newton's lab from the bleeping of computers, and the hologram of Mr Newton's head, projected onto the wall where the whiteboard used to be. Mr Newton's chair, which could rotate, recline and levitate and had control buttons for the TV in the arms, as well as a drink and popcorn holder, was empty. Instead, Ms Keats was there, in front of a class Maxwell could identify from their fidgeting backs alone. Ms Keats was close to tears. Again.

"Do you know where Mr Newton is, miss?" As he asked, he could feel the cause of her discomfort. A shower of paper balls, clearly

aimed at her, since she ducked, glanced off his shoulders. Best not to turn your back on a class like 8B2/Sc3/UKH, he thought.

"He's at a meeting and I'm covering for him. He's always at a meeting when he has 8B2/Sc3/UKH. Oh, Maxwell, what am I going to do?"

"Should I fetch someone, miss?"

"No, the Head will think that I can't control the class. But how can I teach this lesson when this is all the information he's left me?" She held up a half sheet of A4, roughly torn. It said, in large capitals, "COVER: TEACH THE WATER CYCLE". "I don't even know what the water cycle is," she shouted over 8B2/Sc3/UKH's insistent chant of "You're rubbish, go home!"

"That's easy, miss. You see, the snow melts on the tops of the mountains then it flows in streams and rivers until it gets to the sea. The sun heats up the ocean," he picked up a marker and, dodging multi-layered paper balls, began to draw on a bit of available wall. A few members of the class stopped chanting but remained open mouthed, watching. "That makes the sea water evaporate and turbulence (that is the word, isn't it?) carries it upwards. It gets colder as it goes, then con-" he thought for a moment, "-denses to form little tiny water droplets in clouds." Three quarters of the class were quiet now, wide-eyed and seeking to pacify the few who persisted in tearing pages out of their exercise books. "It goes up higher and these drops of water freeze to form ice crystals, the crystals bang into each other and stick together to make snowflakes which fall on to the mountain tops and you're back where you started." His diagram was completed, with black and white arrows, lacy snowflakes and fluffy clouds. Silence filled the lab. Ms Keats, Maxwell observed proudly, was gobsmacked.

"OK you lot," he said, to help her out. "Just copy that into your exercise books, what's left of them." 8B2/Sc3/UKH complied.

"Maxwell, how did you learn all that?" Ms Keats whispered. She would not want to disturb their concentration.

"Well, Miss, Mr Lovelock told us that the average child learns the water cycle six times while they're at school." Maxwell counted on his fingers. "I've got one more to go. It was

only when Mr Lovelock taught it us that I remembered it all, though. He had us acting it out, running round the playground. I was a water droplet," he said proudly. He did not tell Ms Keats how many times he had run back into the sea before Mr Lovelock had turned him round. The best moment had been seeing the Head's purple face as she hammered on her office window for them to be quiet. Eventually, though, she had leaned out and ordered Mr Lovelock to take them all back in because they were disturbing her meeting with the Chair of Governors.

"Do you ever hear from Mr Lovelock, miss?" Maxwell asked. Some of them said they'd seen him in the High Street, selling the newspaper that was supposed to help homeless people, others that he came back once and sat outside school in a big red sports car, with the top down. Maxwell just wished he had not gone.

Ms Keats did not answer. She was staring out of the window, through the steel bars, at the brick wall of the Technology block. Maxwell began to wonder if Mr Lovelock's disappearance had anything to do with upsetting the Head. If that was the case, Maxwell had to look out for Ms Keats. He had saved her from a fiasco with 8B2/Sc3/UKH, but it could happen again, at any time. From now on he must be vigilant; it would not do for another safe teacher to vanish without trace. Time to make a sacrifice.

"Miss?"

It took about five minutes for Ms Keats to turn round. "Yes, Maxwell?"

"Do you think you'd better start giving me a few detentions?"

When Maxwell finally found Room 8, Ms Keats was sitting at her desk not marking the exercise book in front of her. She stared out of the window, with her pen frozen a centimetre above the page.

Maxwell stamped into the classroom. "All right, miss?"

Miss Keats shuddered dramatically. As she turned, her hand shaking, drips of ink from her pen nib formed purple blots all over the tiny handwriting in the book.

"Maxwell, don't go creeping up on me like that. I was so engrossed in marking Kayleigh

Barker's wonderful story I didn't hear you." She looked back to the page, then wrote, "Excellent work but very messy," at the bottom. "What is it, Maxwell?"

"I've come for my detention, miss."

"Oh, yes."

Maxwell waited. Ms Keats's gaze was irresistibly drawn to the overspill car park outside her window again. "What shall I do, miss?" he asked.

"Ah. I'm not sure. Have you had a detention before, Maxwell?"

"Oh yes, miss. In fact, you were lucky to get me tonight. After today, I'm booked up solid until the summer holidays. Though I might be unexpectedly available at the end of June when Ms Williams goes on sick leave during Wimbledon."

"Well, then, you should know what you normally do in detention."

"I sometimes do homework, miss."

"Have you *got* any homework, Maxwell?"

"I've got some Science."

"Sit over there and do it, then." She opened another book.

Maxwell emptied his bag onto the desk. Beneath a laminated card with his address on one side and an extract from an A to Z map with a cross over his house on the other, a CD of African drumming, a brown paper covered copy of *A Brief History of Time* by Steven Hawking, a Christmas card from Hayleigh Persimmon and a test tube with something brown and sticky at the bottom were his Geography book, his R.E. book, his English book, his Maths book, his Technology book, his History book and three school ties.

"Miss."

Her pen was in mid air again. "Maxwell, I wish you'd stop interrupting me. I'll never get this marking finished."

"I seem to have handed my Science book in to Mr Palin in Geography, miss."

"So you haven't got anything to do. What was your homework about?"

"Gravity, Miss." It had been a worksheet, with a cartoon drawing of Sir Isaac Newton

going, "Doh!" as an apple with a face fell on his head. Mr Lovelock would have had them all on the roof, dropping real apples on passers by, Maxwell thought, wistfully.

"I can show you the effects of gravity. Come here, Maxwell." Ms Keats opened her stockroom door, very slowly, peering inside as if something was about to leap out. Suddenly she thrust her shoulder against the door, but even superhuman strength would not have held back the tidal wave of books, folders, packs of A4 paper, pieces of computers, dead flowers, ripped open envelopes, assorted stationery and confiscated toys. At least, Maxwell assumed that Ms Keats did not own the water pistol that washed up on his foot when a box of felt pens capsized.

"It was stacked neatly once." Ms Keats sounded a bit ashamed.

"That's not gravity, miss. It's entropy. Everything deteer – deteriorates in the end. Mountains crumble into the sea and stuff."

"I suppose Mr Lovelock taught you that as well."

"Yes, miss. Miss, is Mr Lovelock ever coming back?"

"I don't know, Maxwell. I really don't know."

"I asked Mr Darwin once and he said Mr Lovelock was on a course, but no one goes on a course for thirty seven weeks, do they?" Ms Keats turned her face away for a moment, then sniffed brightly.

"Anyway Maxwell, you can investigate gravity, or entropy or whatever it is. You can tidy my stockroom."

The only light in the stockroom came from one high, grimy window. Maxwell scrambled over stalagmites of educational debris. To be fair to Ms Keats, the tall, narrow room was not well suited to someone as short and frail as she was. Everything was tumbling off the over filled shelves at Ms Keats' head level and lower, while dusty, dirt coloured text books neatly lined up on the top shelves.

"Miss?" he shouted, not sure whether to risk the journey back to the door.

"What is it now, Maxwell?"

"Do you want to keep all these old books? I could get them down for you. Then there'd be room up there for the stuff on the floor."

"Do whatever you want, Maxwell." He guessed she was staring out of the window again.

Maxwell began to climb, using the shelves like the rungs of a ladder. The sound of the classroom door opening jolted him and he dislodged an avalanche of loose papers. He could not fight them off with his hands, for fear of falling, so he blew and panted at them, but he still found he had a sheet in his mouth when the other pages had settled like dust on the floor. As he struggled for the safety of the highest shelf, he heard the squeal of rubber soles across the wooden classroom floor. It was Mr Hardy, the Head of English. Maxwell could picture his curly ginger hair, his scuffed leather jacket and his tie depicting some animated water buffalos that had been on television for one series in 1983.

"So, how's the marking going, Joanna?" he was asking.

"It always seems endless, doesn't it?" Ms Keats was saying, wearily.

"You shouldn't work yourself so hard. They never read a word of it, you know. Just put on a number and a letter. Any letter will do. If you add a squiggle, they'll think you've gone to the trouble of making a comment."

Ms Keats laughed, as if he was joking. "I'd never get away with that, Tom."

"It always works for me."

"The thing is, Joanna, I've got something to tell you," Mr Hardy continued.

"Yes, Tom?" Ms Keats sounded anxious, but then she always did.

"I've had a good offer, from Stonefield."

"Not Stonefield. That's a dreadful place."

"Hear me out, Joanna. I know Stonefield used to have a bit of a reputation, but it's had a makeover. It's about to reopen as the Ibiza College and Community Leisure Facility – ICCLF or Icklef as we like to say. It's going to turn out fine young citizens for the world of work, so there'll be none of this creativity and self-expression nonsense. It'll have state-of-the-art faculties for accountancy, catering and cardio-thoracic surgery. And you should see the cutting-edge technology."

"It's still Stonefield, Tom. A rose by any other name, as Shakespeare said."

"What did he know? The thing is, Joanna, Ibiza's asked me to head up their Interpersonal Linguistic Intercourse Team – I-lit, as we like to say. And I've said yes, as long as they let me name my own staff. I want you on board, Joanna."

"Oh no, Tom. I couldn't go to Stonefield." "You hate it here, Joanna. The Head bullies you worse than the rest of us."

"I know. But it's just ... I can't leave... because of..."

"It's Jamie, isn't it? Face it, Joanna, he isn't coming back."

"You don't know that. One day..."

"The Head will never let him return, not after that appalling incident with the Reverend French and the child covered in red paint."

"But she didn't sack him."

"Of course not. She knew that would lead to dodgy publicity. Her devilish solution was to send him on a course, then another, then another. And not just Science, either. He's done "Flower Arranging for Building Service Supervisors", "Spot Welding for Nursery Assistants" and then there was the government fact finding task group working party looking into the feasibility of employing geese to supervise infant classes."

"I'd heard rumours. Dear God, no wonder he hasn't let me know where he is. He must be so ashamed."

"They say in the office that he phones every morning, begging to be allowed back in from the cold, but that miserable cow always has something else up her sleeve. Every day, another conference venue, another buffet lunch. You have to think about your own future, Joanna. At least tell me that you'll consider my offer."

"All right, Tom, I will think it over, I promise. Perhaps I do need a new start, somewhere else."

In the silence that followed, Maxwell could hear Ms Keats sniffing. What could he do to stop her from going? Mr Lovelock had taught him that understanding science made you powerful, yet there was nothing Maxwell had

learned that would bring him back and make Ms Keats happy.

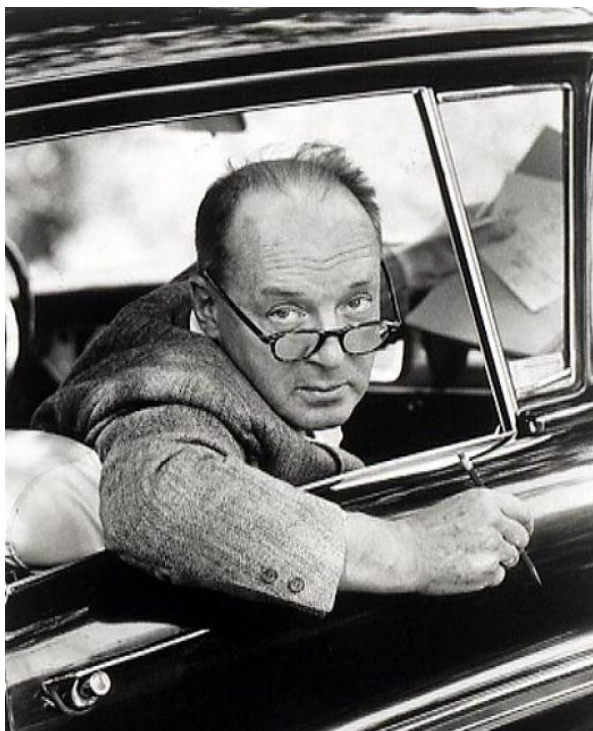
A cheer went up in the playground. As Maxwell leant out of the window to see what was happening, he disturbed the creeper that grew round the sill; a cabbage white butterfly, the first he had seen that year, fluttered agitatedly from the tangled stems. It swooped and dived across to a chestnut tree that grew inside the neighbouring garden, where it must have stirred the leaves enough to upset a blackbird carrying worms to a nest. The blackbird veered back over the wall, where the caretaker's cat was cleaning its paws. It pounced, missing the bird but attracting the attention of a Great Dane in the garden. The dog darted playfully at the wall, which chose that moment to collapse. The cat shot across the playground; through the gap, the dog gave chase. Behind the dog came a man on a motorised lawn mower, shouting, "Come back, you stupid animal!" over the clatter of rotor blades on asphalt.

The trash cricket match in the playground continued as if none of the players had noticed the commotion. Just as the bowler released a fast, spinning brick, the cat swerved. The lawnmower overturned, spilling its driver onto the wicket, which tumbled down in a clatter of flimsy aluminium. At the exact moment that brick made contact with spray painted polyurethane coated wood, the dog, whimpering at the cacophony, collided with the bowler. Knocked off balance, she turned through ninety degrees and the super-human power of her adrenalin sent the brick sailing past the tree and over the grass, in the direction of the main school building. Because, as Maxwell knew, light travels faster than sound, he saw the Head's office window shatter before he heard her blood-stopping scream....

Maxwell Demon was late and he was on his way to get a tie from Lost Property to replace the West Bromwich Albion one he was wearing. He had lost all of his proper ties again during the two days the school had been closed while the police investigated what the local paper had called the "tragedy of freak accident to well-loved head teacher." In the entrance hall, the Caretaker was manoeuvring a stuffed bear into the Head's old office. Mr Darwin, who was going to be Head from now

on, was patting its claws. "Patience, Bruno, old friend," he said gently. "Won't be long, now."

Through the open front doors, Maxwell could see the rain still tumbling down in bucketfuls. The freak tropical storm had pushed news of the Head's mishap off the front pages. An arc of spray flew up into an oily rainbow as a car turned into the drive. It was a red car. It was not a sports car, and it certainly did not have its top down, but it was...



"Mr Lovelock!" Maxwell screamed, as his favourite teacher dodged the puddles and ran up the steps into the building.

"Maxwell, you've grown," he said. That was likely, after thirty seven weeks, but Maxwell still had to bend his head right back to look Mr Lovelock in the face.

"Sir, it was chaos," he gasped.

Mr Lovelock laughed, but his attention was elsewhere. Ms Keats was running up the corridor. All that looking out of the window had finally paid off, then. Maxwell was not surprised that she was running in slow motion, because Mr Einstein had told him that time was different whether you were standing still, moving fast or floating around in space. After what seemed like hours, she reached Mr Lovelock's open arms.

LOVELOCK GHOSTS AND DOPPELGANGERS

For a village that no longer exists, Lovelock in Butte County, California, has done very well for itself, occupying two sites as it does. George Lovelock had moved to the state in 1851, shortly after it was occupied by the United States. Following the mining and logging northwards, he finally settled in the forest near Butte Creek, operating a small mill to harvest sugar pine. He also retailed lumber and built a store to serve the settlement growing up around him. With the beginning of the Civil War the demand for lumber ceased and he moved on to Nevada in 1864.

Until then the area was known as Lovelocks and was served by a post office which was then moved northwards to where the tracks now called Coutolenc Road (running south) and Lovelock Road (running north) cross the highway known as Skyway. But in 1890 a French settler of Alpine origin named Eugene Coutolenc, having bought the old Lovelock site, began agitating for the Lovelock post office to be moved back. Eventually Coutolenc was allowed to run a separate office from his house, and it was named after him, leaving the Lovelock post office at the northern crossroads. Coutolenc's office was closed in 1937 and the settlement has disappeared. The site is still occasionally referred to as Old Lovelock, as well as Brownharts and Musselmans.

The Lovelock name persists at the crossroads as that of an unincorporated community lying at an elevation of 3136 feet. The post office closed in 1922 but there is a Lovelock Inn on the corner, with the peaked gables characteristic of the district. Photos of this, of the former hotel and the old village are on my Facebook site: <http://www.facebook.com/album.php?aid=56524&id=685097475&l=08d82ecde6>