

# LOVELOCK LINES

The Lovelock Family Newsletter

\* January 2005 \*

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Editorial



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Lovelock Elementary School

## EDITORIAL

Happy New Year, Folks, and welcome to our second newsletter. So far we have received 30 postal subscriptions. The rest will be able to read this on our web site, where there is the added bonus of colour. Many thanks to those of you who have sent in articles and please keep them coming. There are two new contributors to this number but we would welcome many more. The newsletter can only grow if it reflects the interests of its readers. Many thanks too to the editorial team: John Lovelock for looking after subscriptions; Robert Sterry and James Lovelock for their technical assistance.

James reports from the family site that 2004 was a very fruitful year for Lovelock family history, both in terms of progress in research as well as the pleasure of so many meeting at the Lovelocks Alive event. Of two significant developments, one has been the linking of the Lieflock and Wootton Rivers Lines to make them the most detailed so far established; the other has been tying James E. Lovelock into two of the Hampshire Lines, including that of Noah Lovelock.

Let's hope that 2005 is equally rewarding!

# Father's Iron Horse and the Other One

Max Lovelock

Father's rather trusting negotiations with the local horse trader resulted in the transfer of hard-earned cash for a big strong-looking chestnut gelding. Mother enthusiastically named him Dillon - for what reason nobody knew. But if it was meant to denote speed and stamina, then she too had misread the signs. Just as father did when he ran expert hands over the horse's legs and peered into its mouth.

In reality and in modern terms, Dillon was a 'lemon'. His impressive looking chassis concealed faulty suspension, poor acceleration and a high fuel consumption, all of which became evident by degrees. As always, however, father's sense of disappointment took refuge in a kind of baffled calm. A calm that in turn baffled mother who characteristically reacted to life's machinations very vocally.

'Your father,' she often complained, 'is too soft,' even as he would go quietly around drowning unwanted kittens, beheading fowls and putting down terminally ill dogs.

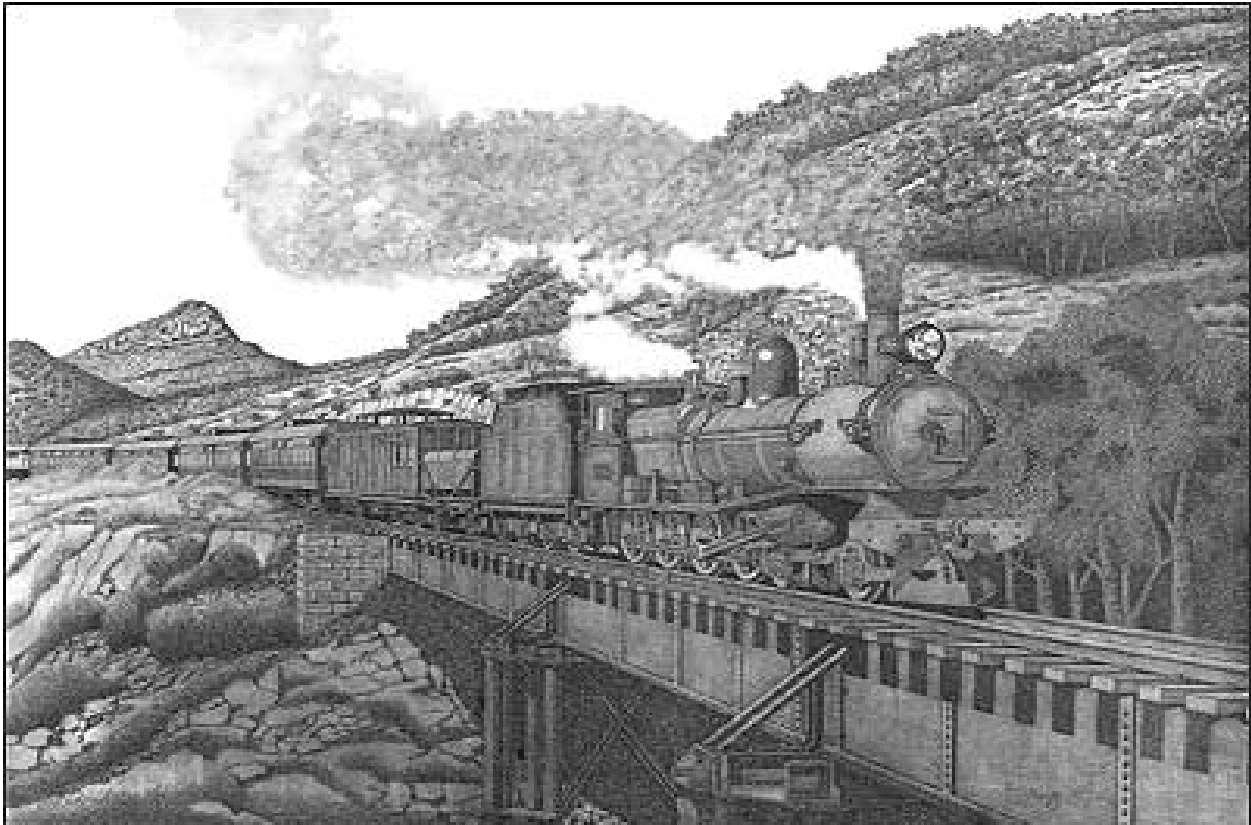
It was possible that his working life engendered that kind of mute fatalism, for where his fellow citizens took undisturbed slumber as a matter of course, father's lot very often would be a rude awakening, perhaps at two a.m. on a cold frosty morning by a railway call boy. His rather grievous response usually woke us up. That would be followed by muted sounds of preparation with mother packing his metal tucker box with cold fare. Lastly the closing of the front gate and the familiar thump, thump, thump of the tucker box bouncing on his back as he started the frosty two mile walk to the railway depot. A sound gradually receding into distance and time as we went back to sleep.

His return would be as uncertain as his going.

Father was a locomotive engine driver then attached to an emergency roster. A Russian roulette kind of arrangement wherein he constantly expected to be called but never knew when. His job took him over long dreary miles of the outback rail network, hauling loads of important but uninteresting content, sometimes broken by nights spent in barracks superheated or freezing according to the season.



The incessant up and down of the foot plate too put its stamp on driver and firemen alike: a kind of rolling gait not unlike that of a seaman. Sometimes those long night vigils watching the track ahead resulted in badly inflamed eyes. Overall, perhaps, having the guiding hand on the throttle of that steel leviathan had its compensations but, if so, none of the glory ever emerged in father's conversations. Yet to us children he was a figure of immense grandeur on those occasions when we saw him roaring along in a magnificent presentation of steam, smoke noise and movement.

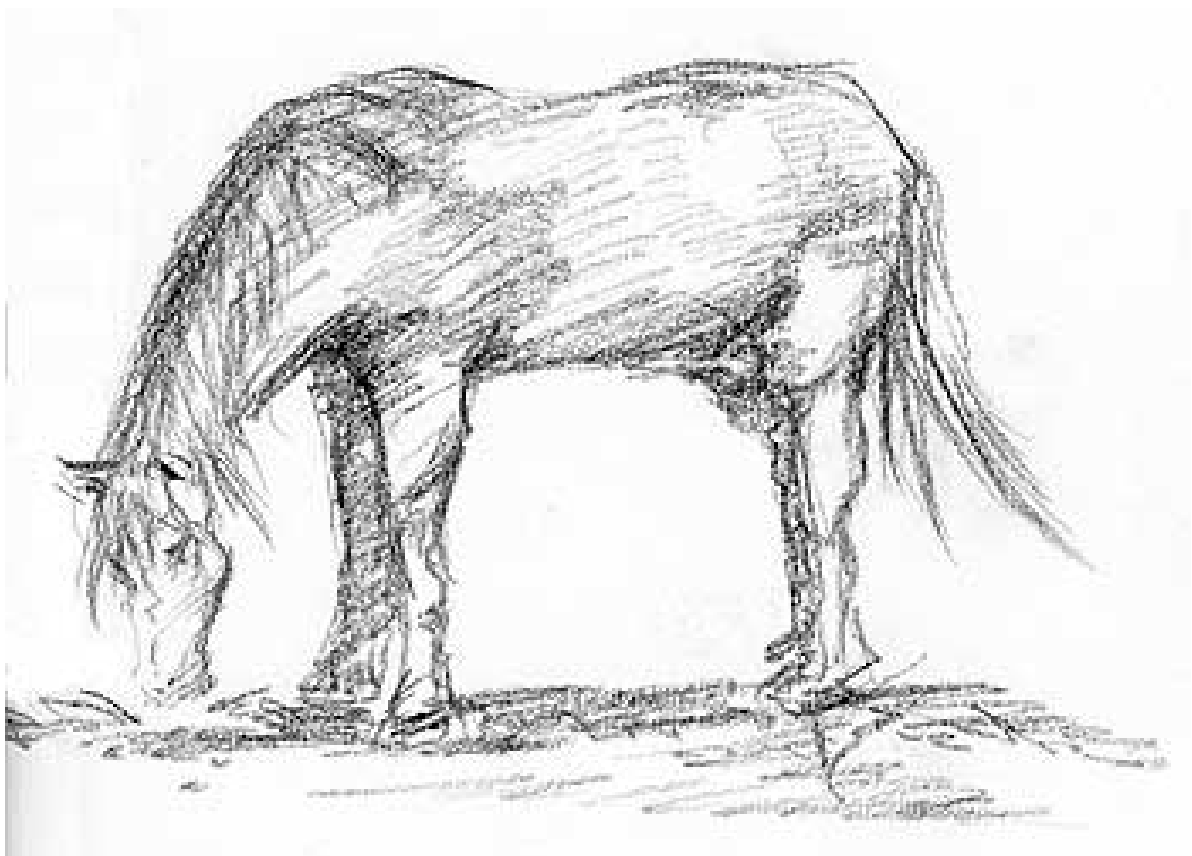


Once back at home, the scenario underwent a downgrading. The genie of steam appeared only out of the kettle. Instead of a multiplicity of horsepower, poor father was reduced to just one and that embedded in the reluctant musculature of the horse Dillon. Yet he managed to straddle that persistent dichotomy with no apparent displacement of the outlook.

Dillon, of course, was lucky that one of the more endearing qualities of our family was that any new acquisition, however imperfect, was accorded loyal membership. So overly fecund cats, useless dogs and eggless chooks provided the friendly environment in which he found himself. He settled readily into a life that involved a good deal of resting, most of it spent leaning against the side fence of our large backyard gazing philosophically into the street beyond - the very embodiment of a horse that the Roman Emperor Caligula might have nominated for consul.

It was such a statuesque and long-lasting pose that neighbours and passers by were convinced that he slept with his eyes open. The butcher shattered that hypothesis, however. He operated a 'cutting cart' or mobile butchery. One day when passing by with a basket of orders, he idly waved a piece of rump steak under the old horse's nose. To his regret and astonishment, a profusion of yellow teeth snatched the meat. Up went the head and after a few juicy chomps the steak, like vintage hay, went down the long chute into the stomach. He then looked to see if there was any more.

Occasionally after that, for the benefit of spectators, that butcher would re-enact the offering using a cheaper cut of meat. Although partial to such entrées, Dillon was a solid muncher on a variety of fodders, including any of father's vegetables within reach of his long neck. Between repose he would snort his way through large helpings of oats and chaff, setting in motion a chain of events at his rear end that kept father busy making a ferocious brew called liquid manure. Its tendency to bubble, hiss, spit and smell earned mother's undying hatred, and it therefore performed its grisly reactions in a remote part of the garden. When after maturity it was fed to the plants it never seemed to promote any furious bursts of growth. Rather the reverse. It was possible, though never mentioned, that Dillon's aversion to sustained movement had somehow been incorporated into the tonic.



On this particular day off from work father was deflected from some pressing domestic chores by mother's desire to be taken to visit a friend some miles from town. That was why he appeared in the back yard rather self-consciously clad, since

mother always insisted on presentable dress standards when going out. His appearance penetrated Dillon's reverie. From his position on the side fence the old horse swung his head around and gave his master a meaningful look. For his part father took a jaundiced look at his prime mover and permitted himself a brief soliloquy. 'Bloomin' coot!' he said and disappeared into one of the sheds. Dillon moved to the outermost section of the yard, believing perhaps that there he was invisible.

When father reappeared with a bridle Dillon knew the game was up and consequently gave every indication of a strenuous resistance. But as always he ended up backing himself into a corner. As a last desperate resort he tried to hold the bit in his teeth, but he was up against one whose patience was monumental. The struggle was brief and Dillon was led over to the harness shed.

At that important point in the proceedings I, who had unwisely lingered too long, was commanded to hold the old villain's head while father fetched the various pieces of harness. I detested the job, for I feared horses in general and Dillon in particular. He would sometimes, while I stood holding the bridle in fear and trembling, suddenly plonk a heavy hoof on my bare big toe. He would then remove it before my cries of anguish and accusation could bring father's eye on the scene. He never really believed me.

'Ah, don't be silly. It was an accident. How could a horse ever think of a thing like that? Now do as I say and hold him steady.' But today Dillon did not transgress. He stood in majestic resignation while pieces of leather were added to his equine person. Collar, girth strap, blinkers, etc., until he began to look like a lady in her basics. Then he was ready to be added to the sulky. But when father went to get that vehicle from an adjoining shed, an altercation broke out. Father's old, faithful retriever dog, Laddie, was in aggressive possession of that part of the sulky where passengers' feet normally rest.

Father was in no mood for negotiation and Laddie refused to budge. He had got wind of the outing and considered it his divine right to go. He was situated where mother's feet would rest and that was bad enough, but in addition he was prone to break wind with unpleasant results and mother would have none of that. Father therefore rode roughshod over any godly rights and menacing growls, by dragging Laddie out by the scruff of his neck and planting a boot on his retreating rear. Laddie too had never lived up to expectations. His role had been to retrieve ducks shot down by father in watery places. But alas! Laddie turned out to be hydrophobic.

The sulky was a two-wheeled vehicle: large wheels with wooden spokes and iron tyres, each wheel covered with a protecting mudguard. The seat was mounted transversely between the wheels and could accommodate two fat people or three thin ones. Attached to each side of the passenger compartment were two long projecting arms called shafts. These connected the sulky to the means of propulsion. They were long enough to ensure that the horse's rear, with its sometimes embarrassing performance, did not intrude into the passenger section. To make doubly sure, an upright panel called a dashboard was between horse and passengers. Underneath the seat was a tray with modest room for small items.

Having attached Dillon to the sulky, father checked the fastenings. If it happened to part company with Dillon in transit, there would be trouble with mother. At that moment she was lingering over toilet much to father's dissatisfaction. Then Laddie returned with a look of entreaty and was harshly dismissed. Finally mother appeared, bestowed a few kind words on Dillon and, helped by father, took her seat. He climbed up after her. I opened the gate and Dillon pranced out like a charger.

Out on the road the controls that father was using in some way resembled those on the locomotive. The reins perhaps were a bit in advance of railway technology, since they combined a guiding system, a throttle, a reverse and a brake. If more speed was required the command landed on Dillon's rump via the reins. If, however, speed in excess of the norm was required, there was a supercharger in the form of a whip holstered on the dashboard. Varying tensions on the reins could slow the horse or make him stop.

They drove to the outskirts of the town at a leisurely pace. Once out on the open road, father built up Dillon's speed by a quick series of flicks on the rump. Then, having programmed him to a reasonable pace, he left him on automatic pilot and gave undivided attention to mother's conversation, of which there was an abundance. As they conversed, the old horse, calculating their degree of engrossment to a nicety, would gradually slow down. Then, mesmerised by the slowness of the pace, he would stumble, bringing father back to earth with a jolt. 'Blasted coot!' he would yell and, half standing, would snatch the whip from its holster and give the somnambulistic horse a hearty lash on the rump.

The result would be a galvanic leap, hurling father back into his seat and mother nearly overboard. That would be followed by a disarticulated kind of a gallop that threatened to dismember the sulky. In the midst of such chaos father would struggle for equilibrium like a captain on a ship where fore and aft moved independently. Mother, helpless with indignation, would hang onto her hat. For some time after that father would prod the old horse along, but a repeat performance was inevitable once concentration faltered. Always the sight of father's horse doing a gallop with both ends out of kilter never failed to fascinate the locals.

Dillon had other faults too, but there was one quality he possessed signally lacking in his pedigreed and flashy brothers. When father had occasion to visit a local tavern, he could drink secure in the knowledge that his old horse would wait patiently in the pub yard. When the session was over and father had some difficulty in making a connection with the sulky, Dillon would never stir until his master had floundered aboard complete with reins. Then the old horse would do what no modern computerised motor car could ever do. He would head for home with such unobtrusive skill that bystanders would think father was in complete control. What was more, in deference to mother's feelings, he never carried his master to the front of the house. Always he plodded discreetly up the back lane.



# Imaginary Lovelocks

Yann Lovelock



**HE** Lovelock surname is an attractive one and seems to have appealed to imaginative writers considerably earlier than members of the family themselves broke into print. In fact, two instances appear within a few years of each other at the end of the nineteenth century.

The first is in a novella by Vernon Lee (pen name of Violet Paget, 1856-1935), originally published as *The Phantom Lover* and later collected in *Hauntings* (1890) under the title “Oke of Okehurst”. Ms Paget was an admirer of Henry James and this story, especially in its reticence concerning the actual reality of the ghost involved, is reminiscent of but actually preceded Henry James’ *The Turn of the Screw*. The story was made into a 60-minute film by ABC Weekend Television in 1966. The Gothic boom also produced reprints of it but the most reliable source is probably the web, where it can be found at several sites – including this <http://www.harvestfields.netfirms.com/etexts1/01/43/04.htm>. Although qualifying as genre fiction, it goes considerably beyond most ghost stories of the period both in subtlety of characterisation and in fineness of writing.

The story is narrated by a painter hired to do portraits of the Kentish squire William Oke and his wife Alice, who live in a sprawling mansion which has changed little since early Stuart times, 250 years before. While Oke is conventional, Mrs Oke is ‘exquisite and strange’ - exquisite in ways not at all conventional, strange because she has cultivated dreaminess almost to an art form. She presents a ‘mixture of extreme graciousness and utter indifference’ and most of the time pays little attention to the painter. Just as well for him, in view of the treatment she reserves for her husband, continually returning to the one subject that he is the most uncomfortable discussing or hearing discussed. This is their common ancestor Nicholas Oke, his wife Alice and her lover Sir Christopher Lovelock. Christopher was ‘a young gallant and poet, in momentary disgrace at Court for some love affair’ in the time of Charles I. The end of their lover’s triangle came when Nicholas, accompanied by Alice dressed as a groom, waylaid and murdered Christopher.

Mrs. Oke creates and frequents a shrine to the dead Lovelock in the yellow drawing room her husband cannot abide. She glories in the legend of illicit love, betrayal and murder as a distraction from the boredom of her married life. As time goes by she becomes more and more involved in her imaginings of the past and increasingly goads her husband about his ghostly rival for her heart until finally the spirit of Christopher Lovelock, to the husband’s eyes at least, manifests itself and accompanies Alice Oke on her walks. Mr. Oke, driven mad with jealousy, shoots her. A locket is found around her neck, containing an auburn lock of hair that can only have come from Lovelock.

Another Cavalier knight, Sir Harry Lovelock, speaks his soliloquy during a siege at the close of the English Civil War in Helen Gray Cone's "The Last Cup of Canary". Almost an exact contemporary of Violet Paget, the poet (1859-1934) was born in New York. After graduating from the city's Normal College she was appointed as an instructor in English literature. She wrote two volumes of poetry: *Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay* (1885) and *The Ride to the Lady and other poems* (1891), in the second of which "The Last Cup of Canary" appears. It is now difficult to come by but is reprinted as part of the Gutenberg Project on the net at <ftp://ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext05/7ridl10.txt>. Besides the title, the poem bears the stage direction 'Sir Harry Lovelock, 1645'.



So, the powder's low, and the larder's clean,  
And surrender drapes, with its black impending,  
All the stage for a sorry and sullen scene:  
Yet indulge me my whim of a madcap ending!

Let us once more fill, ere the final chill,  
Every vein with the glow of the rich canary!  
Since the sweet hot liquor of life's to spill,  
Of the last of the cellar what boots be chary?

Then hear the conclusion: I'll yield my breath,  
But my leal old house and my good blade never!  
Better one bitter kiss on the lips of Death  
Than despoiled Defeat as a wife forever!

Let the faithful fire hold the walls in ward  
Till the roof-tree crash! Be the smoke once riven  
While we flash from the gate like a single sword,  
True steel to the hilt, though in dull earth driven!

Do you frown, Sir Richard, above your ruff,  
In the Holbein yonder? My deed ensures you!  
For the flame like a fencer shall give rebuff  
To your blades that blunder, you Roundhead boors, you!

And my ladies, a-row on the gallery wall,  
Not a sing-song sergeant or corporal sainted  
Shall pierce their breasts with his Puritan ball,  
To annul the charms of the flesh, though painted!

I have worn like a jewel the life they gave;  
As the ring in mine ear I can lightly lose it,  
If my days be done, why, my days were brave!  
If the end arrive, I as master choose it!

Then fill to the brim, and a health, I say,  
To our liege King Charles, and I pray God bless him!  
'T would amend worse vintage to drink dismay  
To the clamorous mongrel pack that press him!



And a health to the fair women, past recall,  
That like birds astray through the heart's hall flitted;  
To the lean devil Failure last of all,  
And the lees in his beard for a fiend outwitted!

Although New Zealand's Jack Lovelock figures in both a novel and a play in that country, he hardly counts as imaginary. So it is not until a century later that we find the name used for such characters again and then it is in a television adaptation of a Japanese adult comic (known as a manga). This is Jim E. Lovelock in *Dominion*. The first, 4-part series, *Dominion Tank Police*, was made in 1989 and released in the UK by Manga Video, and in the US by US Manga Corps, in late 1992. The second, 6-part series was made in 1994 and released as *New Dominion Tank Police*.

In a possible future world, massive pollution has made the air unbreathable and everyone must wear masks to avoid toxic bacteria. Criminal activity has also risen to levels where the normal police are incapable of maintaining the peace. As an answer, they are equipped with tanks. While this enables them to combat crime very effectively, their destructive methods are extreme. Then a new gang appears, led by a mysterious cyborg, initiating yet more mindless Hollywood violence punctuated with loud bangs.

The Lovelock character is a sly allusion to the scientist James Lovelock, who is known as Jim to his friends and has an E for middle initial. According to the web site dedicated to this series ([http://www.absoluteanime.com/tank\\_police/specs.htm](http://www.absoluteanime.com/tank_police/specs.htm))

'Specs (aka Four-eyes) is the resident nerd of the outfit. He tends to use long scientific words or simply the word 'science' in some way. That doesn't mean that's ALL he says, however. Sometimes, he has to interpret geekspeak into something the others can understand, and he will swear once in a while. In a tank, Specs is a pretty good tactician, calling out the shots to the gunner and driver to either bag the target or get away from a dangerous situation.'

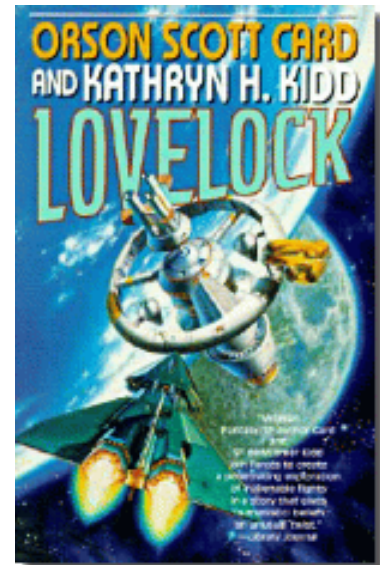


A further use of the name in a much more recent adult comic is *The Lash of Lady Lovelock* by Lou Kagan, published by Bon-Vue (2004). Its cover is a bit too raunchy to be reproduced on a family site, alas! According to the blurb, this is 'a twisted tale of pain and passion... of love and the lash. The training of a slave is often a long and arduous process. Inevitably it begins with a battle of wills between the Mistress and her trainee. Lady Lucretia Lovelock has never lost such a battle -- and she has no intention of losing this one. She and her compatriots Sir Anthony, Mister Watkins, and Sebastian, bind, whip, torment, and take sexual pleasure from their voluptuous captives -- some willing slaves now trained into submission, some resistant rebels in need of discipline.'

Another television-generated character is Nurse Annie Lovelock in the play "*BS*", a 2002 production of The Free Associates Theatre Company which operates out of the Royal George Theatre in Chicago. They specialise in improvised spoofs and this one was of NBC's "ER" (a medical soap opera adapted from the English "Casualty" and set in Chicago). Played by Melina Paez (and also Jen Malinsky), Annie was based on E.R.'s Dr Abby Lockhart and portrayed, thanks to audience suggestion, as a caffeine addict whose boyfriend was always gay.

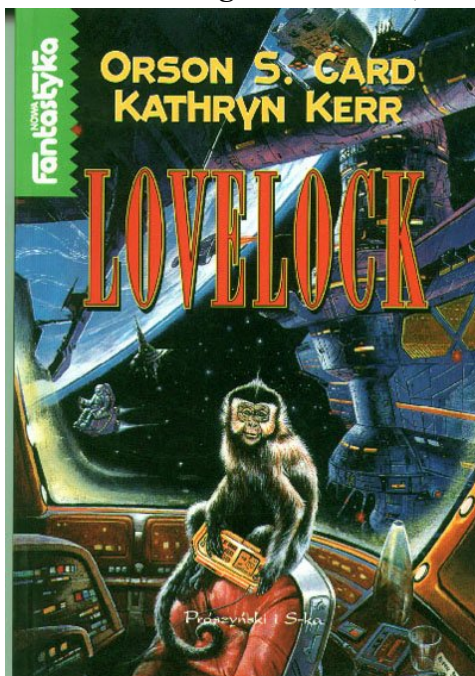
Finally, there is another genre novel which bills the name big time. This is *Lovelock*, the first book in the Mayflower trilogy. Its author, Orson Scott Card, is renowned for writing in series and is a prolific SF and Fantasy writer whose work is characterised by its powerful emphasis on character and moral dilemmas. Born in Richland (Washington state) in 1951, Card grew up in California, Arizona, and Utah and lived in Brazil for two years as an unpaid missionary for the Mormon Church. Currently he lives in Greensboro, North Carolina.

In this novel Carol Jeanne Ciccilone, Earth's most famous and innovative planetologist, volunteers for the Ark's one-way voyage. No one pays much attention to her Witness, Lovelock, the mentally enhanced, bio-engineered capuchin monkey who accompanies her everywhere, recording her daily activities. Yet this turns out to be his story and is narrated entirely as a first person account by Lovelock. He is heavily modified, both genetically and through cybernetic implants - just one of several examples of a Witness designed to observe the daily life of its owner (who might be famous, rich or both) whose memories can be downloaded and stored on computers. Witnesses are made from a variety of species and all have at least human level intelligence. But Lovelock is smart enough to break through some of his conditioning.



On Earth, Lovelock was a slave, but a rather happy one.

He loved Carol Jeanne and was conditioned to be absolutely loyal to her. But in the stress of moving to a new life, he finds that he may not have been as important to



Carol Jeanne as she was to him. In the course of the story, Lovelock manages to overcome his training to the point where he himself is the focus of his life rather than Carol Jeanne. And as Lovelock ponders his future and the future of his species he realizes he needs help and human allies. Of course, this growth is not without risk, and Lovelock starts to take chances. There is a secret police in the Ark to guarantee that nothing happens to disrupt the mission. An intelligent capuchin who breaks his conditioning and starts to have goals his creators or owner never intended is clearly a threat! We're left with a cliff-hanger to woo us into the next in the series. According to fans this will bring in a cat called Rasputin sent out to kill Lovelock and make it look like an accident.

These are the works, then. But why was that particular name chosen? In the case of the 19th century authors, I believe it was by association with the genuine Cavalier poet, Richard Lovelace. The family title of Baron Lovelace had become extinct but in Victorian times there was an Earl of Lovelace who married Byron's daughter. Her son the second earl, Richard Gordon

Noel King Milbanke (1839-1906), was a peppery gent who would have taken it ill if mere commoners had made free with the name. He might even have suspected that the story of the Okes' unequal and unhappy marriage was based on his mother's own. Safer by far for the author to make the small change to Lovelock, a family that had barely emerged from peasantry, let alone aspiring to the pages of Debrett. Such notions of prudence need not have swayed Helen Cone in New York, of course, but they often did so at the time. As for Lady Lucretia Lovelock, I suppose her to flourish in the Victorian golden age of spanking too and to owe her surname to its undertones of bondage.

It must be scientific Lovelocks who are accountable for the appearance of the name in the two remaining works. The author of *Gaia* is plainly being satirised in *Dominion* and I doubt if that was Specs' name in the original Japanese manga. It was probably the adapting scriptwriters who were responsible for giving it him. Since Cord's science fiction novel concerns space travel, I imagine the reference there is to the mathematician David Lovelock, from whom the Lovelock Black Hole gets its name\*\*. Though professor at the University of Arizona, he was born a builder's son in Bromley, thus making all Lovelock references irreproachably English and plebeian!

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\*\*In reply to my enquiry concerning how it happened, I got this from David, indicating that it is not just literary authors who make free with the family name.

'The black hole is named after me, but I have no idea who coined it. There are also Lovelock Theorems (first named after me in about 1978 by physics professor Werner Israel of Canada), Lovelock Lagrangians and Lovelock Field Equations (replacing the Einstein Field Equations) - again I have no idea who gave them my name.

In the early 1970's I proved that Einstein's Theory of Relativity is almost inevitable if you make very reasonable, simple assumptions, so, in fact, Einstein was forced to find his theory, because there is essentially no other. I went on to show what other theories of relativity are possible, if some of the reasonable, simple assumptions are dropped (these are the two Lovelock Theorems). I then "discovered" computers and dropped my work and interest in relativity.

Imagine my surprise when, a few years ago, I found an entire cottage industry dealing with the "Lovelock Theory of Relativity" based on the other theories I'd discovered in the second of the Lovelock Theorems. The Lovelock Black Hole would be an outcome of that. I can't believe this industry is any more than people crawling along the frontiers of science with a magnifying glass, looking for publications.

For completeness, there are also two Lovelock awards named after me (<http://math.arizona.edu/~dsl/dl.htm>). So are my two daughters!

See also *Hamiltonian thermodynamics of a Lovelock black hole*  
<http://www.gravity.phys.uwm.edu/preprints/#1996>

*Some possible features of general expressions for Lovelock Tensors and for the coefficients of Lovelock Lagrangians up to the 15th order in curvature (and beyond)*  
<http://arxiv.org/list/gr-qc/9808>

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# THE CLAPHAM JUNCTION LINE

Robin Lovelock



Hi! from June and Robin Lovelock in Sunninghill, sunny Berkshire, UK. We heard about the Hungerford get-together when a friend, who saw the Meridian TV piece, sent us a text while we were on holiday. At the time I remember we were walking the hills near Vinci - birthplace of my hero Leonardo. A few weeks later Yann sent me an email after finding the Family page on my GPS Software website - [www.gpss.co.uk](http://www.gpss.co.uk)

The nice thing about that contact was that it prompted me to phone relatives I'd not spoken to in years. The first was my aunt Win, now living in Eye, Suffolk. Win soon filled me in on what we know of our branches of the Lovelock tree, explained below. Eve and Len, my mum and dad, are no longer with us but head up my charity website [www.nhscare.info](http://www.nhscare.info) advising on legal rights to free long term care. My dad would often push bike in the late 1930s from where he worked in London to Swindon, where his parents had moved. By the early 40s he switched to a motor-bike and had a much-envied Brough Superior. He met mum when visiting Kingsmere, a lake not so far from Wokingham, with his biker friends. I guess that's the main reason they chose to settle there after they got married in December 1941 and the war ended. My mum was formerly Evelyn Sarah Georgina Sharp. They had a long and happy marriage together and dad died at home on 18th Jan 2002, mum a year later at Holyport Lodge Nursing Home on 24th February 2003.



I also spoke to Sylvia, widow of my cousin Peter - both he and his sister Wendy passed away young. I discovered from Sylvia that Peter was always known as "Tony" after his time in Canada, when he shared a flat full of Peters.

I was born 25 May 1947 in Wokingham, Berkshire, and my sister Sally on 30th July 1951. I met my wife June working at Ferranti, the defence contractor. We got married in 1971 and soon after spent ten years abroad in Holland, where the first of our three daughters was born. After nearly thirty years in the defence business I decided I'd like to get rich doing very little and started our GPS Software business ten years ago. I told June that I would make our first million by Christmas - but always avoided saying which year. The web site I've built around GPS has a very "folksy" appearance, as business sites go but - as I say on the Family Page there - "Over the years I've found these pages helpful in getting new business contacts to overcome their shyness in telling me who they really are."



When the first issue of *Lovelock Lines* arrived through our letterbox, it prompted June and I to look up John Lovelock, who lives in Hedgerley just 30 minutes drive north from us. Our excuse was to make a small donation to the subscription fund and to ensure Win and Sylvia got copies. One spin-off has been me indulging my latest hobby of taking aerial videos using Snoopy aboard a toy electric model aircraft. This tends to take priority over "work" when the weather is suitably calm and sunny, and I've just presented John with a video for Hedgerley Historical Society. Maybe it was hearing about that, or the various light-hearted family and hobby pages on our site, that prompted Yann to ask me for this contribution.

To sum up the family history, then: - My great grandfather was Charles Alfred Lovelock and lived out at Clapham Junction. He owned a hat factory that had an army contract and made helmets for the Far East. He had four sons: Charles, William, Arthur, and Harold Thomas (my grandad); also four daughters: Emily (listed as a helmet trimmer in the 1901 census), Ada, Isabella and Maud. The eldest son Charles is said to have run off to somewhere like Australia in the early 1900s with cash from the factory. That burned down before the First World War could restore its fortunes. And if anyone down under thinks they're descended from my Great Uncle, please don't be bashful about owning up. Send any Postal Orders c/o *Lovelock Lines*.

My grandfather Harold had a daughter, my auntie Win - and two sons: Harold, known as "Jerry", and Leonard Thomas - my dad, born the middle child in Battersea on 14th November 1915. The family moved to Didcot in 1933 but my dad eventually went to work in London for Dorman Long and used to cycle the 50 miles back to visit at weekends. One time he fell asleep and landed in the hedge.

My uncle Harold married Alice and they had two children: Peter ("Tony") and Wendy. Peter married Sylvia and they had two boys, Phillip Douglas and Jonathon Anthony, who are now the only males left to pass on the Lovelock name in our branch of the family. Our own daughters, Samantha, Saskia and Michelle, are still with us much of the time at our home in Sunninghill - although we hope to boot out Saskia when she gets married to Scott next year. Maybe June and I will become grandparents someday - and, if the new mother doesn't get married, perhaps the Lovelock name will have another route to continue. But I can see June shaking her head already...!

#### The Clapham Junction Lovelock Line

1. Charles Alfred Lovelock
  2. Charles (→ Australia)
  2. Emily
  2. William
  2. Arthur
  2. Ada
  2. Harold Thomas + Flo
    3. Harold ('Jerry') + Alice
      4. Wendy
      4. Peter ('Tony') + Sylvia
        5. Phillip Douglas
        5. Jonathon Anthony
    3. Leonard Thomas + Eve
      4. Robin Leonard + June
        5. Samantha
        5. Saskia
        5. Michelle
      4. Sally + Michael Champion
        5. Becky
2. Isabella
2. Maud

# Infamous Lovelocks

## John Lovelock



nfamy, infamy! They've got it in for me," was the classic exclamation of Julius Caesar (played by Kenneth Williams) in the 1964 film *Cléo*.

When researching our family history I am sure that we all hope to discover someone famous or at least connected to the nobility! However, we are more likely to discover that some of our extended family encountered the Judicial System at some point in their lives.

Looking for legal records has become easier over the past couple of years with increased access to historic records on line. The proceedings of the Old Bailey can be viewed at [www.oldbailey.org](http://www.oldbailey.org). A Lovelock search reveals several entries in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century and the harshness, by today's standards, of the punishments meted out.

Mary Lovelock appeared before the bench on a charge of housebreaking and theft on 27<sup>th</sup> February 1718. Mary (of St Botolph's Algate) was indicted for breaking into the dwelling-house of John Williams on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1717 and stealing a silk damask gown and petticoat and other goods to the value of 8 shillings. The jury found Mary guilty and she received a sentence of death.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> December 1737 John Lovelock (yes, another one!) and his wife Mary were indicted for receiving stolen goods following a theft aboard Robert Dingley's vessel moored in Wapping on the 17<sup>th</sup> October that year. John Cook and Mr Bull used to pass on their stolen goods to John and Mary's house. The Lovelocks at first denied any knowledge but a search of their home by Constable Thomas Vezey discovered the goods concealed. John Lovelock was found guilty and transported; Mary was acquitted.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> February 1762 Margaret Lovelock was indicted for stealing sheets and curtains from her ready furnished lodgings - the property of John Copley of Hatfield Street - and pawning them at Babcocks and Payn's Pawnbrokers in Golden Lane. Evidence presented indicated that she had been abandoned by her husband who had joined the army and the pawning was an act of desperation. Margaret was acquitted.

A more honest John Lovelock was walking along Holborn on the 9<sup>th</sup> October 1767 and saw James Blundell steal a silk handkerchief from the pocket of Courtney Williams (Attorney). James Blundell was found guilty and transported. Another acting as a witness for the prosecution was Edward Lovelock (a Solicitors Clerk), who gave evidence at the trial of James Dunn at which he was indicted for deception and forgery of a will. James Dunn was found guilty and sentenced to death.

Transportation carried on well into the 19<sup>th</sup> century and more than one of the early Lovelock lines in Australia may have been due to this cause. On the family site we find Robert Lovelock, born in 1815 and baptised at St Marys Lambeth, who was transported at 18 to New South Wales on "Andromed II" in 1833. After working on a property in Monara Highlands, he married in 1847 and had sixteen children.

In April 2004 The Times Digital Archive (1785-1985) was briefly opened to the public and approximately 40 entries appear including extensive coverage of Jack Lovelock's running achievements, several letters from Douglas Lovelock (Chairman of the Board of Trade in the 1970's and 80's) and a Law Report from the Court of Appeal in June 1980 – Miss Lesley Lovelock v The Minister of Transport. Many visitors to Lovelocks Alive had the pleasure of meeting Lesley, who was described by the correspondent as a very determined lady! Lesley fought the decision to build part of London's Orbital Motorway (M25) on Green Belt Land in Essex. Lesley's Appeal was dismissed by the court.

One of the Civil Court cases featured in *The Times* was the appearance at Marylebone Court in February 1880 of David Lovelock, 21, fishmonger's assistant, charged with stealing two sums of 2s 6d. which had been entrusted to him by his employer, fishmonger William Hall, of 35 Cravan Road, Paddington. 'It appeared', the report continued, 'that several small sums of money, amounting to about 2 pounds, were handed to the prisoner to give to the servants of customers as Christmas-boxes, and the receipt by the servants of such sums was to be made in a book provided for the purpose. On the prisoner showing the prosecutor the book, it appeared as if the servants had all received the amount. It was afterwards proved that the signatures were false and, on the prisoner being spoken to about the matter, he still asserted that the servants had been paid. Inquiries were made and this was proved to be untrue. Mr. Cooke sentenced him to three months hard labour.'

During the course of researching my ancestors in Wallingford, Oxfordshire (formerly Berkshire), I contacted David Beasley, a local historian who has spent the past thirty years cataloguing local papers. David sent me some fascinating press entries involving my great uncles in the town during the 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

Edward Lovelock (son of Job Lovelock and Caroline Clark) frequently appeared before the Borough Bench between 1858 and 1879. Eventually the local magistrates had enough and he was committed for six months. Edward died in the Union Workhouse in May 1902 age 80. Edward's sister Caroline gave birth to a son Frederick in April 1846. Twenty years later on 10<sup>th</sup> August 1866, Frederick appeared before the Mayor charged with stealing a carving knife and fork, value 5 shillings, the property of William Batten, lodging-house keeper of Wood Street, Wallingford. Frederick was committed for one month's hard labour. He was further charged with wilfully threatening to murder Elizabeth Batten, wife of the prosecutor; the prosecutrix however withdrew the charge.

As parents, Job and Caroline family encountered a lot of tragedy in their lives. One of their daughters died in infancy and two daughters and two sons ended their lives unmarried in the Workhouse. Only their eldest daughter Elizabeth married, so this particular Lovelock line ended at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

I hope that this has inspired you to examine legal records as part of your family history research.