LOVELOCK LINES

The Lovelock Family Newsletter

* August 2005 *

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EDITORIAL

Feedback on our newsletter has not been encouraging and we even considered closing it down after this issue. It is now reprieved until the end of the year. If you want to see it continue, there are two things you might do. One is send articles, correspondence or small news items for the newsletter. The other is an email to yanda_lovelock@yahoo.co.uk saying whether you would like us to continue.

Since February there have been several interesting genealogical developments, all of which are discussed on the Roots Web site http://archiver.rootsweb.com/th/index/LOVELOCK/ and appropriate changes made on the family web site. In addition Chris Knight has pointed us to the Castle Garden site, which lists 27 Lovelocks immigrants to the USA between 1836-85: http://castlegarden.org/

Finally, I have discovered two more Lovelock fictions. Lou Kagan's next comic in the Lady Lovelock series is entitled "Chastised She-males" and deals with 'men enslaved and turned into women'. There's also a Mexican translation of the novel "Lovelock" by Rafael Marin Trechera from Ediciones B, 1995; the original appeared in 1994 and was reprinted in 2001 but there is still no promised sequel.

THE LIEFLOCK TRAIL

Imagine you were there in the sunshine at 'Lovelocks Alive' on 12 June 2004. After lunch you would have boarded one of the coaches, and Jeremy or Graham would have regaled you with their versions of the following commentary:

We are leaving Hungerford as we shall return – on the A4, London to Bath, road. Just imagine how many people have travelled along this road over the centuries. With both Bath and London being Roman cities, there has been traffic backwards and forwards for at least 2000 years.

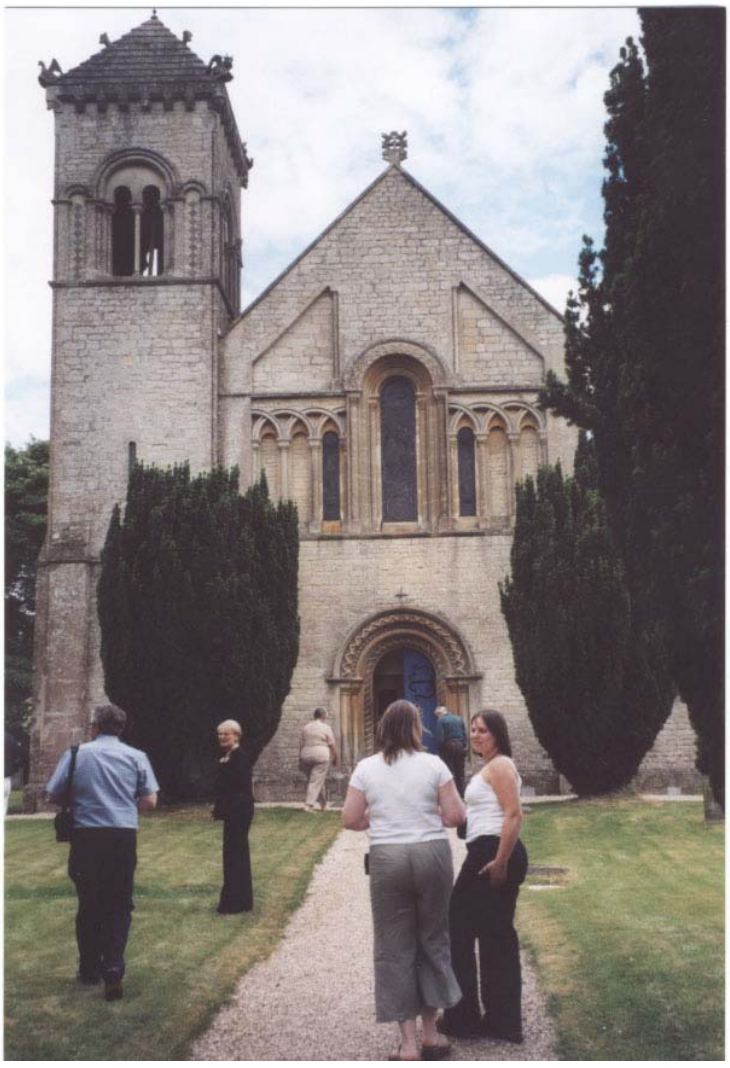
The first place we shall come to will be FROXFIELD – a name which means literally Frogs Field. Although we shall not be stopping, there is a fascinating building to be seen on the right as we come into the village – the Duchess of Somerset's Almshouses, built in 1686. The Duchess herself was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1692. A mile and a half or so to the north-east of the village is the hamlet of RUDGE, where in 1725, in a well filled with rubbish and bones and Roman coins, was found the bronze Rudge Cup. The remarkable thing about the cup is that it has round it the names of Roman stations on or near Hadrian's Wall. The cup is no longer here – it went to Alnwick Castle in County Durham, probably much closer to where it was made. The little church in Froxfield, which we shall not visit, and only briefly see, is well over 800 years old. Unusually, its north wall is longer than its south, making the church turn towards the north, in keeping apparently with the fancy that Jesus so turned towards Mary on the cross. There are hardly any Lovelock entries in the Froxfield registers: we have just three baptisms in the 1820s. But perhaps there are more waiting to be discovered?

We are turning south after leaving Froxfield, and as we eventually get over the top of the hill you will be able to see off to the left the spire of LITTLE BEDWYN church, which also has only a few Lovelock associations: just five marriages and one burial that we know of. It is another ancient building, with evidence that the same Norman masons who built Great Bedwyn church built part of this one too. Off to the right as we approach Little Bedwyn is Chisbury Hill – the site of a Roman camp, a Saxon mint, and a battle some 1300 years ago between the forces of Wessex and Mercia (which the wrong side won!).

Our first stop is GREAT BEDWYN. The name, some suggest, means a place where the bindweed grows – not perhaps the best place for the gardeners among us – but an alternative version of the name has Celtic roots and means White Grave – an allusion perhaps to a barrow that was

nearby but long since erased. In the church here you will find the tomb of Sir John Seymour, the father of Jane Seymour the third wife of Henry VIII, who died, some might say, before he could tire of her; and also the father of Thomas, who married Henry's widow Catherine Parr; and finally the father of Edward, who became Lord Protector when Henry died, as Henry and Jane's son, king Edward VI, was only 10 years old. The Lord Protector took the title of Duke of Somerset, which provides a link back to the almshouses at Froxfield. Sir John was originally buried at Easton Royal, which we shall be visiting later, but his tomb was moved to Great Bedwyn by his grandson, probably because the priory at Easton had fallen into disrepair. There are lots of Lovelock gravestones in the churchyard at Great Bedwyn, and indeed Lovelocks still live in the village, although none are with us today

We are now going on to EAST GRAFTON, and on the way we shall pass through the village of Wilton. Not too many people are aware that Wiltshire has two Wiltons – the better known one just outside Salisbury was at one time the capital of Wessex and arguably, for a very short time, the capital of England before Winchester assumed the role; but the Wilton we shall pass through has another claim to fame – the only working windmill left in the county. Alas, we will not actually be passing it, but you might want to keep it in mind for a future visit. There is no church at Wilton, but it does have Lovelock associations – in fact Graham's great grandfather John was here with his first wife and their seven children at the time of the 1851 Census. With his second wife John was here in 1861 and 1871, by which time a second Lovelock family was in residence, but they had all left by 1881.



In the churchyard at East Grafton you will find a number of Lovelock graves, and inside the church you will find other Lovelock associations: in particular a photograph of Jeremy's great grandfather, with a record of his remarkable service to the church. We have records of Lovelocks in East Grafton in every Census from 1841 to 1901 and plenty of Parish Register entries. Make sure to examine the church from outside as well as in, because its architecture is a little unusual compared to the other churches we are visiting today.

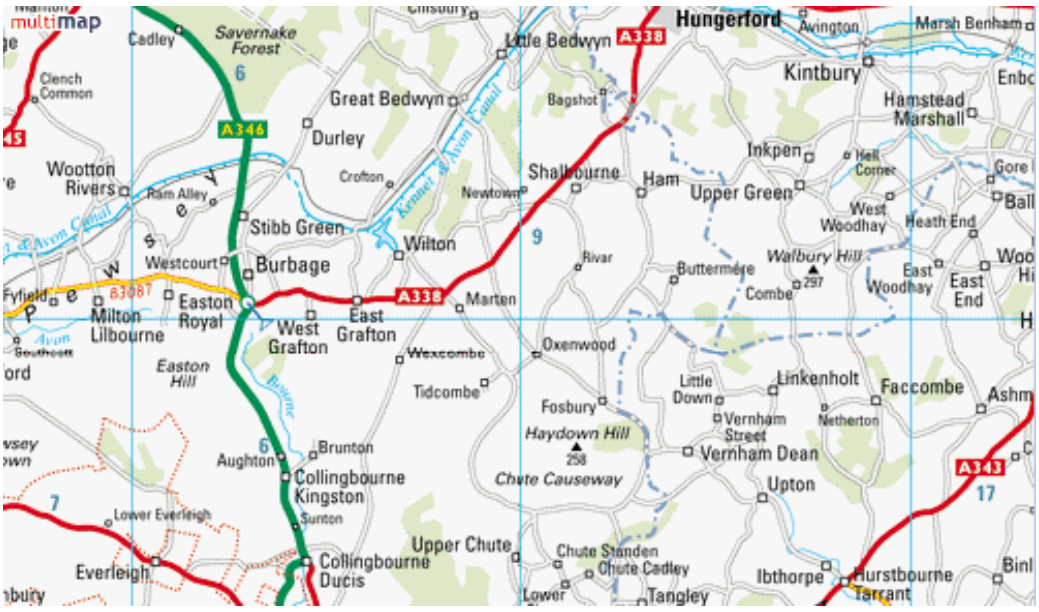
Our next stop will be EASTON ROYAL. We shall be passing just to the south of Burbage, which would have been one of our stops, as the earliest Lovelock entry in the parish registers was as long ago as 1672, but they are hosting a diocesan event today, so our presence might have been a little inconvenient. Easton Royal was the home of the Richard Lovelock and Mary Head who started off our Lieflock Line and it is probably not much different in its essentials from when Richard and Mary lived here. However, you will find no Lovelock gravestones in the churchyard I am afraid. The church itself was built just before 1600 – for some 350 years before that the village contained a priory, no trace of which now remains, but which was probably to the east of the church. Unusually, at least in this part of Wiltshire, the church has no chancel. Do read the tablet to the memory of David Llewellyn, and especially that given by the Earl of Cardigan in 1851 in memory of all the patrons of the old Priory.

We are now heading for a comfort break at PEWSEY. We do not have time to visit the church here, but you might be interested to hear that it stands on sarsen stones, the same material as much of Stonehenge is built from, probably laid down in Saxon times. Certainly Pewsey is old enough to have once belonged to Alfred the Great, whose statue we shall pass in the middle of town. The church, which has seen many Lovelock baptisms, marriages and funerals over the years, used to have, if they are not still there, altar rails with a curious origin – they were fashioned of golden mahogany from a Spanish ship, the ***San Josef***, which surrendered to Nelson at the Battle of St Vincent in 1797. Our earliest Lovelock entry in the Pewsey Parish Registers predates that battle by some 67 years.

Our last visit this afternoon will be to WOOTTON RIVERS, which has Lovelock associations from 1738 right up until 2003, when the last Lovelock residents departed for Spain. If you want to hear more of this village, then we have Basil with us today who was born and raised here, although now living in Devizes. There are a number of Lovelock graves in the churchyard and Graham is looking forward to seeing inside the church as it is the only one of today's quartet that he has never managed to visit before. Be sure to take in the details of the clock, both inside and out.

We shall now head back to Hungerford, through that most aged of woodlands - Savernake Forest, one of the few left of the pre-Norman forests of England, and indeed the last one in the possession of a subject of the monarch. It used to be the home of the Seymours, of whom you've probably heard enough for today, before they were given Marlborough Castle. Those of you who are familiar with the Website will probably have seen the entry that James has captured on the 'Variations of the Lovelock Name' page about William Loveleke of Hippingscombe who in 1464 was a Forester for Sir John Seymour in Savernake.

Marlborough, which we had thought of passing through the edges of, is today celebrating the 800th anniversary of the granting of its Charter, so we shall keep well away. We would have passed through the opposite end of town from Preshute, but the access to that church is not in any case really designed for coaches, so be sure to put it on your list for a visit on another day. Marlborough has many records, for there were two parishes that Lovelocks in the town inhabited; they include marriages as early as 1690, for a lady from Savernake, and 1698, or rather 1699 by the modern calendar, for a lady from the town itself. But the few Preshute entries start with a baptism in 1666. So did that Lieflock Line of ours start in Easton Royal - or Preshute?"



A Pint and a Pie

John Lovelock's Oxfordshire Connection

"Where was your grandfather born?" asked Charles. "Frimley in Surrey I think," I replied.

This casual remark in May 2000 was my introduction to the fascinating (and frustrating) world of family history. The limit of my knowledge then was that my father George William Lovelock had been born in Athlone (Eire) and I remembered being taken as a child to Frimley and being shown the village where my grandfather William George Lovelock was born.

Charles, who was researching his Hampshire ancestors and had purchased a copy of the 1881 Census on CD Rom, offered to look for my Grandfather. We found William George living with his parents George William Lovelock and Mary Ann Watts in Reading, Berkshire. The 1881 Census indicated that my Grandfather was born in Yateley, Hampshire (just across the border from Frimley in Surrey) and my great grandfather George William was born in the town of Watlington in Oxfordshire.

I thought that this was wonderful information but where to go from there? The answer came in July that year when I spotted an article in the *Bucks Free Press* promoting the Buckinghamshire Family History Society fair at Aylesbury Grammar School.

I dragged my brother Patrick along and hoped someone would be able to give me guidance on pursuing my search. To my delight I spotted a stall for the Oxfordshire Family History Society where I met Dr Hugh Kearsey and his wife Jean. Hugh sat me down at a computer and with a couple of clicks with the mouse found my great grandfather and two more generations in the 1851 Census. Amazing - by lunchtime I would be back to William the Conquerer!

George William was living with his grandfather (my GGG Grandfather) James Lovelock and his wife Sarah Wright at a farm in Stoke Talmage or Wheatfield and George William's father George (my GG Grandfather) was a Master Butcher in Shirburn Street, Watlington, living with his wife Anne Squire Gordge. The 1851Census indicated that both James and George were born in Wallingford Berkshire (now Oxfordshire). This discovery prompted me to write a letter to the *Wallingford Herald* which was published under the title 'Lost Lovelocks'.

I was contacted by a local historian David Beasley who later provided me with information on the Lovelocks of Wallingford from local newspapers and a former resident of the town, John Talbot. John sent me a complex family tree showing all the parish register and census entries relating to the children of John Lovelock (my GGGG Grandfather) and his wife Mary Whitwick, who were married at St Leonard's Wallingford on 15 November 1779.

Remarkably, in four months I had found five generations and gone back 220 years.

The following Spring my friend Charles suggested looking in the *Genealogical Research Directory* to see if any other researchers were looking for Lovelock ancestors. We found two people in Australia looking for Lovelocks in Wallingford so I wrote to them. Their replies proved that we were related to John Lovelock and in addition I was introduced to the Lovelock Mailing List on Rootsweb and the Lovelock Family History web site.

The web site includes extracts from Parish Registers and showed that James Lovelock was baptised at St Mary Le More Wallingford on 19 January 1785 and buried aged 79 at St Mary Magdalene, Stoke Talmage, on 28 January 1864.

Several Trade Directories held by the Oxfordshire Record Office listed James as a farmer in Stoke Talmage but didn't include the name of the farm. Eventually I found the location in the *Post Office Directory of Berks & Oxon 1864* at the Centre for Oxfordshire Studies. The entry read 'James Lovelock farmer and overseer (of the poor) Stoke Farm'.

In September 2001 I visited Stoke Talmage church and farm. According to the Victoria County History the farm possibly dates from the 16th Century. Since at least the mid 19th Century the property has been part of the Earl of Macclesfield's Shirburn Estate and I met the current tenant farmer.

The interior still showed evidence of filming. The BBC used the farm as the location for a thriller (set on Dartmoor!) called *The Sleeper* which starred Anna Massey and George Coles. Stoke Talmage Church recently appeared in a Memorial Service scene in an episode of *Midsommer Murders* where members of the local Orchid Society were meeting untimely deaths.

Shortly after my visit I was told excitedly by a churchwarden that James Lovelock was mentioned in the autobiography of Francis Pigou (1832-1916) - *Phases of my Life*, published by Edward Arnold, London, in 1898. He was Curate of St Mary Magdalen between 1855 and 1856. A copy of his book had been found in the Library at Christ Church, Oxford. Francis Pigou later became Dean of Bristol and a Chaplain to Queen Victoria.

The chapter on his first curacy is a most entertaining read and gives a wonderful insight into life in a rural parish in the middle of the 19th Century. Pigou was born at Baden Baden in Germany of English parents and educated at Trinity College Dublin. He was ordained at Cuddesdon Church on Sunday 4 March 1855 and after breakfast with the Bishop of Oxford the next morning set off for Stoke Talmage armed with a copy of a *Guide to the Churches in the Diocese of Oxford* which described Stoke Talmage church as being of 'debased structure'. On arrival he found that cocks and hens roosted in the pulpit on weekdays!

Francis took lodgings in James Lovelock's farmhouse and clearly found it difficult to adjust to rural life after his life in town and gown. He found the silence oppressive and missed intellectual conversation. Most of the local population were illiterate and poor.

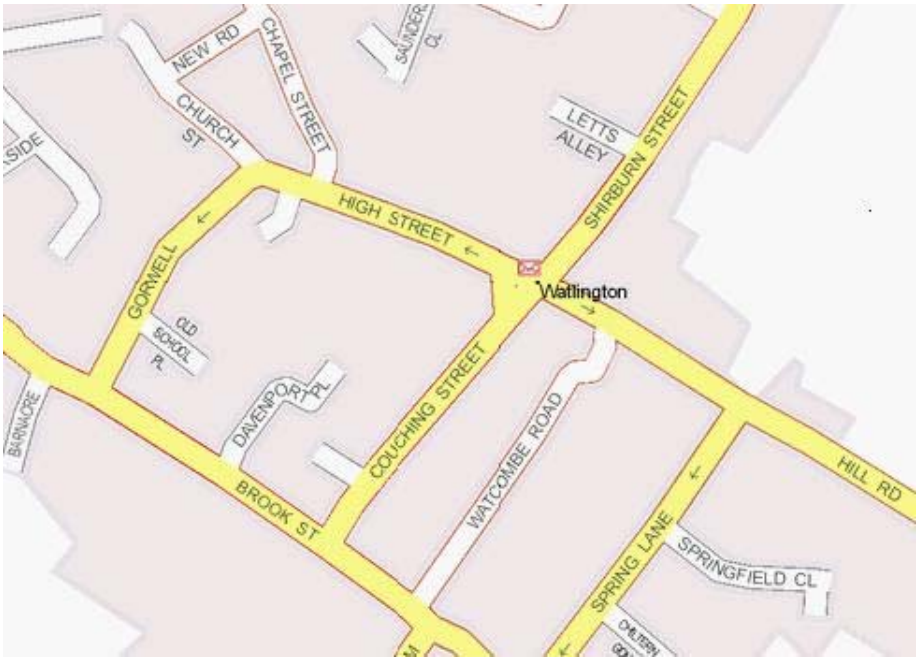
Francis reserved his most scathing comments for the church choir: 'The choir was something *per se*. I had a trio of violin, flageolet, and long French Horn .... The Choir took infinite pains over their practices at the village inn (Red Lion) .... To a musical ear and to one accustomed, as I had been, to the beautiful music in Trinity College Chapel under the direction of Dr. Stewart, that at Stoke Talmage was something awful.... I got rid of the abominable French horn in a way I least expected. One evening when the gallery was very full, a fat farmer sat on it and rendered it useless.'

James's father John gave his occupation at the time of his marriage in 1779 as a Maltster and he became licensee of The Mermaid Inn on the corner of St Martin's Street and Church Lane Wallingford that year. The *Universal British Directory 1790-98* lists John as Victualler and the inn was run by his descendents until 1875. An Inquest was held in the inn and reported in the *Oxford Chronicle* for 26 September 1874. Henry gave evidence into the death of Frederick Francis, who collapsed and died on the premises – 'Verdict – Sudden death by the visitation of God'. The Licence was not renewed following the death of the last Landlord Henry Gibbs Lovelock in March 1876. The building later became a shop and was demolished and replaced by a Post Office in 1936.

All of John's children were baptised at St Mary Le More across the road and probably grew up in the Mermaid Inn. Newspaper cuttings from the *Oxford Chronicle, Oxford Times* and *Wallingford Times* between 1845 and 1882 provide a fascinating insight into the way my ancestors lived and died in this riverside town. Cuttings include cricket matches, criminal offences, deaths, pony races and inquests.

James Lovelock moved to Watlington together with his brother John at the beginning of the 19th Century and married Sarah Wright at St Leonards Watlington on 15 March 1808. Land Tax records indicate that he was a tenant of Thomas Bracey in 1809 and later rented property in the town owned by the Earl of Macclesfield. By 1815 he had his own property and moved to a larger house in 1822, probably helped by a £50 legacy in his father's will that was proved in 1818.

In the 1823 Pigott's Directory James is listed as a Butcher (probably in premises in Shirburn Street) and his brother John is listed as Corn Dealer and Maltster (again probably in Shirburn Street).



At the time of the 1841 Census James was living in Couching Street Watlington and gave his occupation as farmer and his son George was running the butchers shop in Shirburn Street. Three years later the 1844 Pigotts Directory has James running the Hare & Hounds in Market Place. John Hampden is rumoured to have stayed here the night before he was mortally wounded at Chalgrove Field in the English Civil War. But by the mid 1840s James had opened the Fox and Hounds next door to his son's shop in Shirburn Street. The first Directory entry for the Fox and Hounds was in the 1847 Post Office Directory with his son Frederick as Licensee.

By the time of the 1851 Census James had moved to Stoke Talmage to take on the tenancy of Stoke Farm, which was described as having 200 acres and 8 labourers. When James died in 1864 he left the Fox and Hounds and butchers shop to his sons Frederick and George.

In the early 1860s another Lovelock, Frederick and George's Cousin, Charles Gibbs appeared in the town to run a Drapers Shop in Market Place. Frederick continued to run the Fox and Hounds until he died in October 1869 and the business passed to Charles. The 1878 Post Office Directory indicates that Charles was still the licensee, but by the time the Census was taken in 1881, he had moved with his family to run the Leopold Arms at 36 Cornmarket in Oxford. He died two years later and is buried in East Ilsley, Berkshire.

George Lovelock married Anne Squire Gordge by licence at St Leonards Watlington on 1 May 1844 and continued to run the butchers shop for at least a further 20 years as he is in the 1864 Kelly's Directory for Oxfordshire. However by the time of the 1871 Census the business had been taken over and George had taken early retirement and moved with his family to Countess Gardens, a fine Georgian town house in Northfield End, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, where he died in 1895.

The butchers shop was briefly run by his son James at the beginning of the 1890's. James appears in the 1891 Census but his name does not appear in Kelly's 1891 Directory. The Lovelock connection with Watlington that had begun with the arrival of James and John almost 90 years earlier had ended.

The Fox and Hounds is still there but the Butchers shop closed circa 1990 and the premises were purchased by Brakspears Brewery of Henley-on-Thames who extended the pub. I understand that the old coaching barn and outbuildings have been converted to provide B

& B accommodation. There were 8 Inns and 11 beer retailers in Watlington in 1853; now there are just 3 pubs – The Fox and Hounds, The Chequers and The Carriers Arms.

You may be wondering what happened to my great grandfather, George William, whom we met at the beginning of this story, living with his grandfather James at Stoke Farm.

George William probably served an apprenticeship with his father George as he was living above the butchers shop when the Census was taken in 1861. He married Mary Ann Watts at St Peter's Caversham, Oxfordshire (now part of Reading Borough) on 23 July 1868 and became a journeyman butcher working for various employers in Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Hampshire before opening his own shop at 5 Friday Street, Henley-on-Thames circa 1900. Sadly he only ran his own business for two years before dying aged 55 in February 1902.

During the course of my research I have discovered other family connections in the area.

James's brother Stephen was licensee of the Red Lion Thame between 1821 and 1824. He died in 1826 and his widow Alice later ran the Coach and Horses in Stokenchurch until her death in 1866. Her son Thomas briefly ran the pub after her death.

James's nephew William married Mary Hudswell at St Leonards Watlington in September 1834 and moved to Wheately where he became a Grocer, Draper, Postmaster and later Registrar of Births and Deaths for good measure!

Little did I realise what impact that casual remark, almost five years ago, would have but it has been a fascinating journey of discovery to learn about the lives of my ancestors in the South East of Oxfordshire. A journey frequently sustained by many a pint and a pie such as they must have served.

The Lovelock Line

John Lovelock c 1739 – 1817 Locations: Oxon, Wallingford Berks

James Lovelock 1785-1864 Locations: Wallingford, Berks; Watlington and Stoke Talmage, Oxon

George Lovelock 1814 – 1895 Locations: Watlington and Henley-on-Thames, Oxon

George William 1846 – 1902 Locations : Watlington, Stoke Talmage, Caversham and Henley, Oxon; Yateley, Hants; Reading and Twyford, Berks

William George 1873- 1924 Yateley, Hants; Reading and Woking, Berks; Henley, Oxon; Eire; Willesden and Wembley, Middx.

George William 1897-1971 Eire; Henley, Oxon; Woking, Berks; USA; Willesden, Wembley and Northolt, Middx

MOVING TO THE SHIVERY COUNTRY

- notes written by Mary Walton (née Lovelock) 28 April 1917 - 28 July 2001

hat I can remember about Australia is that we loved what was then called the back blocks or outback. We lived on Glen Moan Station. The main house was a big building and the one we lived in was big too with verandas. The toilet or dunny was a backdrop outside; it had one seat for adults and one for children with a big pit underneath. Us children had to wear large shady hats for the sun, high button up boots for keeping prickles out of our feet and to keep snakes off. We were always wary of snakes and I remember seeing a big iguana crawling along the inside passage well in the house. We had to keep away until it decided to go outside. We also had to keep watch on a pet ram which often decided to pounce on us children.

Those days there was no car on the station and most of our travels were by horse and gig. When mum was expecting babies we had to go into town to await the birth and then dad would bring her home in the horse and gig. Heavy work was done by bullock teams consisting of a dozen or two of bullocks, the number depending on the size of the workload. They were always driven by two or three men with whips and loud voices. A 20 ton boiler was pulled through Adaminaby, (then with only a couple or so shops and muddy roads) and it was pulled by 80 bullocks, 2 rows hitched together two by two.

I can remember when we had a mice plague, which was very nasty. Young children had to be protected day and night as the mice would chew hair, noses, ears, anything that wasn't covered. They were everywhere and in everything. The men used to catch what they could by half filling a 44 gallon drum with water and putting a stick across it with a fatty greasy tin in the middle. As the mice crawled up the ramp to the drum they would jump on to the tin for the fat and as soon as they got into the tin it rolled them into the water and they couldn't get out of the drum and drowned. I picked up a mouse one day by the tail and I can still remember the bite it gave me under my thumbnail. They spent their time on our station and travelled on through the country. This was about 1920 -1922 (I can't remember which) but it still happens to this day.

Our family shifted from the station to Willow Tree in early 1922 where dad bought a blacksmith's business. There was a pet snake under the floorboards of the office - a large one it was, and while there we saw snakes and frilled neck lizards which were fascinating while running. We never saw any of our relations over in Australia when we were children.

What I can remember of hospitals over there was my brother and I were hospitalised when I was about 4 and Norman was 3. We were put in the men's ward, one large room with lots of beds. We were bathed in a tub on top of the bed in front of all those men and I felt very embarrassed. The men were very kind to us and gave us a tobacco tin each and they all put pennies in it for us and we carried them everywhere till Mum and Dad were saying goodbye and taking us home. Then the matron took our tins of pennies off us, which we couldn't understand and we were very disappointed.

We were in Willow Tree for about 18 months and our parents decided that it was time they got us somewhere for schooling, and Chum's sister asked Mum and Dad to come to N.Z. so we set sail to N.Z, in July 1923. Sydney was so different to country. The trip on the boat "Manuka" was fun for us kids, climbing on berths and things to look out the portholes till we were caught and talked too. Coming into N.Z. waters, everyone was on the deck talking about seeing the hen and chickens. I couldn't see any hen and chickens, but it turned out to be the islands people were excited about. We were still wearing our boots and they were hard to button up and sometimes I was panicked that I was going to be left behind on leaving the ship.

My first view of Auckland wasn't very impressive: cobbled streets, etc. But our first home in N.Z. was at Ardmore where at Papakura there were mud footpaths and roads and not many cars, mostly horses and gigs. We moved to Clevedon and us three older children, Phyll, Norman and I, started school for the first time. We had about three shifts between Clevedon and Ardmore, but all our schooling was at Clevedon. Walking to school we saw the first electricity poles being put up for power to Clevedon. Those days, we walked, rode a horse and biked to school and had about 3 miles to go at times.

In my early teens Dad bought 3 cows and we kept them in a paddock, beside the house we were living in. At night and during the day they ran on the long acre and we spent many a long hard ride on our bikes to find them and bring them home to be milked by hand after school. While there we got our horse and gig, which was our way of going to church and then on to the beach on Sundays and also visiting our Aunt and Uncle and cousins at Brookby. We had a lot of fun while at Clevedon. Mum's sister Stella come to our place to have her 3 children and Dad had to drive the horse and gig to Papakura to get the doctor each time and take him home again. Then we progressed to getting our first motor vehicle, a Model T Ford. We used to go to Otahuhu once a week to do our shopping at the self-help shop.

Dad used to have kidney and heart trouble, so when we had all left school he asked us if we would be willing to help him and go sharemilking, which we did. Our first move was to Glen Murray, where we stayed one season and then went sharemilking at Hoe-0-Tainui and from then on the family started going our own way. The Second World War started, Norman and I stayed on the farm to help Dad and when the war ended Dad and Mum shifted to Te Puninga and stayed there until Mum died and 10 years later Dad came to Thames and stayed with me till he passed away 13 years later, 22 years after Mum died.

Note: Mary Walton belongs to our Lambeth and Australian line which descends from the emigrant Robert Lovelock (c.1818-75). Her grandfather was his son George; her father Eli Abraham and her mother Emma Jane (née Fry) from Doncaster. They married in 1915 in Adaminaby, in the area round which most of the family had settled. However, Eli seems to have moved north to the Thirlmere area and so was cut off from the rest of the tribe, as Mary records. This isolation must have made it easier for the family to pull up roots and leave for New Zealand so as to be near maternal relations. Beside Mary's elder sister Phyllis (b. 1916) and her younger brother Norman (b. 1918), there were two younger sisters, Lorna and Joan, not mentioned in this narrative. Mary married William Fox Walton (who was also of Yorkshire descent) in 1941 and recorded these memories in February 2000, 18 months before she died. This was at the instigation of her brother Norman's daughter, Mary (Pipe).

The link with the Fry family seems to have remained. They now have a family website with a fair amount about this branch of the family (http://www.fry-family.co.uk/tree/groups/d0000/ f0000013.html). Included on it are the account above and three letters from George Lovelock to his son Eli. The first of these, dated 15 March 1931, refers to an earthquake in distant Napier not mentioned in Mary's account:

Well my dear son Eli just a fue lines to let you no that I ham farely well and I hope this finds you and Jiny and my darling gran children al well and to let you no that I recired your erer welcom letter before Xms that your were all well that time. Well my dear son I got the paper you sent me Xms time al so the paper you sent me since that horble earth quake in napier. It was rery tring to read about my dear Eli it his a bad country to be in I wish you were out of that as people says that it wil go under sooner or later so I think you aut to shift al your darlings out of that shirery country and come home again to you can git a liring hear as wel as the rest of the people. Erery one els seems to git a liring here so I think you can. I will be pleas I hear of you coming back again I hope it will be soon so as I might see you and dear Jinny and my dearest grand children gire my lore to them. Ereryone of them and Jinney also. I would like Jinny to drop me a line som times tel dear phillies and Norman I got ther letters thy wrot to me a good wile ago I was pleased to hear from them I cant think of al there names how is that little dears leg that was so sore I hope its better I used paint killer and cast oil on mine wen it was so bad you no my son I had a bad leg fore 30 years now it is al write I nealy lost my leg 8 years ago now it better than erer it was that is al I used on it

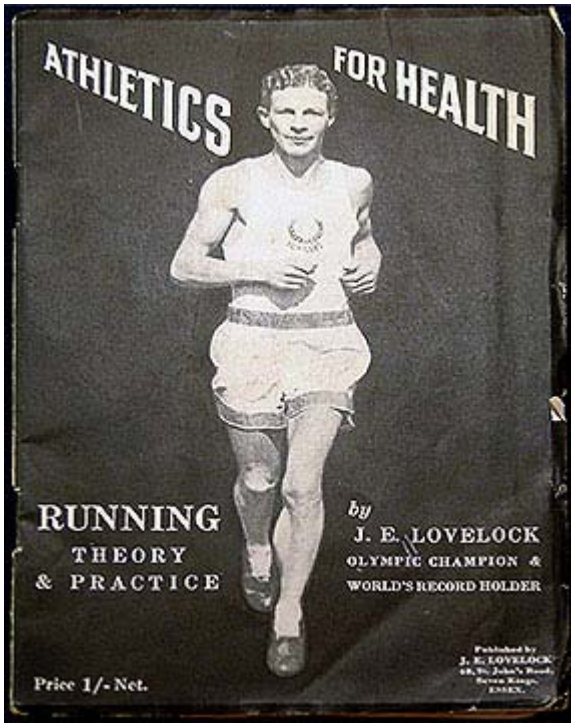
TURNING AN HONEST DOLLAR

- *some uses of Jack Lovelock's name*

"For a time, at least, I was the most famous person in the entire world," Jesse Owens reminisced of his achievements at the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Nowadays he is most remembered as the man whose hand Hitler refused to shake because he was black. The winner of the 1500 metres race, Jack Lovelock, not only had his hand shaken by the Fuehrer but was given a potted oak sapling as well. Back on the podium, the weight of this in his hands provided him with a convenient excuse not to give the Nazi salute. Jack's name, too, is probably better remembered now, if only because it is distinctive. Before I had reached my teens, people were remarking that I shared it with him; at school in the 1950s, my brother Jeremy's nickname was 'Jack'.

The son of an immigrant from Gloucestershire, John Edward Lovelock was born in New Zealand in 1910. Even before his Olympic win he came near to running a four minute mile, a record not broken until Roger Bannister did so in 1954. Bannister, like Lovelock before him, was a medical student at the time and used his studies to help himself in his training. Jack, however, was dead by now as the result of falling in front of a subway train in 1949.

Following his win, Jack returned to his medical studies. To quote Jesse Owens again, "After I came home from the 1936 Olympics with my four medals, it became increasingly apparent that everyone was going to slap me on the back, want to shake my hand or have me up to their suite. But no one was going to offer me a job." Even then, however, there were a few commercial spin-offs. Lovelock had kept a training diary and used it to produce a chapter in a compilation on athletics in 1935. Rediscovered recently, it was used as the basis for the article in the 2002 *Turnbull Library Record* which, 'along with other evidence, sheds light on Lovelock's personal philosophy of sport, indicating the great runner was not the neurotic figure some writers have suggested' (**"***The Life and Opinions of Jack Lovelock*"). Following his Olympic win he also produced a whole book, *Athletics for Health* (Seven Kings, Essex, 1937).



Cigarette companies were quick to cash in too around this time. Jack's picture first appeared on a Park Drive series in 1935 following his mile win in 1933. Others followed from Godfrey Phillips in 1937, African Tobacco in 1938, Churchman's in 1939 and several others, celebrating his 1500 metre win. The first two of these were in colour, paintings by unknown artists based on photographs. That for Godfrey Phillips is a particularly attractive head and shoulder portrait. I don't know whether named artists followed suit, but in New Zealand two sculptors have turned out bronzes of the runner. Joan Morell's is a larger than life head

produced by the lost wax technique and with an asking price of $15,000. More celebrated is Margriet Windhausen's 180 cm full length statue of Lovelock at the winning moment. This was

commissioned in 2002 for his old school, Timaru High, by another former student.

The school has made a particularly big thing of its alumnus, turning its memorial library into an officially listed museum in which are to be found Lovelock memorabilia gifted by the family. They include his diaries, medals and sporting trophies and a stopwatch presented to him by commentator and Olympic gold medallist Harold Abrahams. Planted in the school grounds is the sapling he was given by Hitler, now known as the Lovelock Oak. This has become the basis for a cottage industry. Seedlings are propagated from it each year and passed on as 'Lovelock oaks'. Only lately the school has added to its collection, with the help of Coca Cola. Also presented to the runner at the 1936 Olympics was a Bohemian lead crystal glass cup. At 3.6kg it was too heavy for Lovelock to take back to New Zealand at the time, so he gave it to a 14-year-old German boy working at the Olympic Village. Round it are engravings, including a group of runners on one side and a German imperial eagle with a faint impression of a swastika above Olympic Rings on the rear. When it came up for auction this summer, the soft drinks giant stepped in. They haven't disclosed the price beyond

admitting it came to 'tens of thousands of dollars' – considerably more than Joan Morell's asking price for her sculpture. For all that it's past history, it is clear that this Lovelock's name can still make the cash registers ring.

One almost feels that New Zealand has set out to make it synonymous with the country. Super nationalists invoke his name in their argument to make a logo of the flag by changing its design. This runs that "*New Zealand competes with other countries, cities, and commercial brands. Countries with the strongest, simplest flags tend to have the most cut-through impact. Today, commercial brands command greater recognition than most flags. As an export country competing on the world stage, we need our flag to be strongly competitive from a brand/ symbol/icon point of view. The heart needs to beat faster on sighting of our country's flag. The Silver Fern is etched in the memory of great victories by the All Blacks, our runners Jack Lovelock, Peter Snell and John Walker, the rowing eight from Munich. The Silver Fern conjures up emotions of grit, guts and genius. It says, "take on the world - and beat it". These are emotions we need to encourage*.' **"8 Reasons for a New NZ Flag" (http://www.nzflag.com/whychange.cfm)**.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find Jack at the heart of the heritage industry. Otago, Jack's home university ('among the top 300 universities in the world, according to rankings conducted by the Shanghai Jiao Tong University in China', it breathlessly announces) this year mounted an exhibition entitled *"A Civilising Mission": New Zealanders and the Rhodes Scholarship 1904–2004*. Among the 51 recipients from Otago were rugby great and radio personality Chris Laidlaw and Jack himself. The exhibition also features 'such treasures as a letter of recommendation for Otago's Norman Davis from Professor JRR Tolkien' and one of Jack's letters home.

In 2000 Jack had an exhibition all to himself in the National Library Gallery: *Come on, Jack! The Lovelock Olympic Story.* It was based on his diaries and journals in which he recorded his thinking about race tactics and recounted his victories, and occasional defeats. 'I know of no other New Zealand sports person who has left such a complete personal account of their career,' said organiser David Colquhoun. 'His journals provide much more than just a summary of his races. They give an insight into Lovelock's personality, and show the extreme nervousness he suffered before his big races, his brilliant tactical mind, frank opinions about his rivals, and the sheer pleasure he got out of running.'

The final part of the exhibition looked at the way Lovelock's life continues to fascinate New Zealanders. 'Streets, playing fields, and bars are named after him,' says the publicity. I can't locate the playing fields but you'll find the Lovelock Sports Bar in Bond Street, Wellington. There's a Lovelock Street in the Dallington district of Christchurch (http://www.ccc.govt.nz maps/wises/Map14/Map14.asp?CoordX=20&CoordY=Q) and one in Whakatane. The city of Dunedin paid its hero a doubtful compliment in 1964 when it created Lovelock Avenue by renaming the section of Cemetery Street between Clyde Street and Dundas Street. It is suitably lined with ornate gothic mansions. Auckland also has a Lovelock Avenue in the Mount Eden area

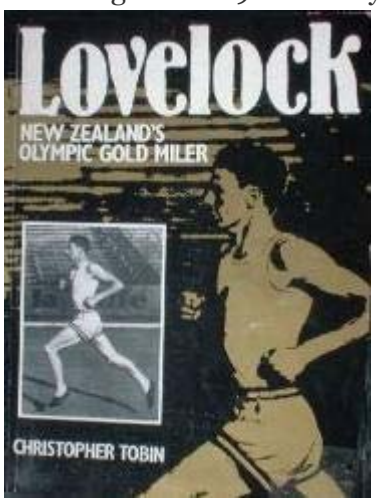
http://www.aucklandcity.govt.nz/council/documents/ district maps/ d081.asp). Finally, in the Fairlie area of Mount Cook there is the 8km Jack Lovelock Memorial Track. Described as an hour and a half's walk, the pace is considerably slower than that of its namesake.

Otago University has given prominence to the name of its former student. There you will find a student residence called Lovelock House. Wilfully ignoring all those cigarette cards on which Jack appeared in his heyday, smoking is not allowed on the premises. The house is in a sunny elevated area, overlooking the North Dunedin Campus. This is where the family lived for a while; a heritage website notes that the house lost its bronze plaque when it was made over. In the adjacent Botanical Gardens, through which Lovelock Avenue runs, you may be tempted to explore the Lovelock bush area. This is a recreation of the New Zealand of a thousand years ago, before even the Maoris arrived, let alone Lovelocks.

The university also holds an annual Lovelock relay race. Auckland, however, is where you will find the Lovelock (Athletic) Foundation, set up at about the same time that Jack was inducted into the New Zealand Sports Hall of Fame in 1990. In that year too New Zealand issued a 40c postage stamp in his honour. Six years later he was to make another appearance on the sheet of nine 200 shilling stamps featuring former Olympic champions, issued by Tanzania to celebrate the Atlanta summer games. These, however, can be regarded as little better than the cigarette cards they resemble.

There seem to have been two periods when Jack Lovelock was given prominence. The first was obviously during the time he was making his reputation in athletics during the years 1931-6, when he was at Oxford. His resumption of medical studies and then the Second World War brought this international period to an end. There was a brief renewal of interest after his premature death and also five year's later at the time Roger Bannister finally broke his record for the mile. After that it was always to be expected that Dunedin in New Zealand's South Island might remember him – as it did in 1964 by creating Lovelock Avenue. But it is only in the last thirty years that he has emerged as a national legend.

One might take Maurice Shadbolt's *The Lovelock Version*, as evidence that his apotheosis was yet to come when it was published in 1980. This was the first of Shadbolt's historical novels focussing on the 19th century through a series of family chronicles. The name of the three pioneering brothers featured there may have been borrowed from the famous sportsman, but the family is wholly fictional. Four year's later appeared Christopher Tobin's biography of the runner, but it is significant that this was published in Dunedin rather than on the dominant North Island. There had, however, been an earlier illustrated biography by Norman Harris entitled *The Legend of Lovelock* and published from Wellington in 1964. Then came James MacNeish's novel "Lovelock", which was nominated for the 1986 Booker Prize. It is an unpleasant account of the athlete, sensationalised by its use of the speculation that Lovelock's accidental death might in fact have been suicide. The riddle of his death, following the strange circumstances of a life masked by silences and equivocation, becomes the key to McNeish's quest for the 'real' Lovelock: a man within a disguise constructed to conceal an inherited disability who, in the author's words, 'covered his traces as adroitly as he ran'. Cast as a fictional diary told in the first person, it descends into the plain ridiculous when Lovelock has to narrate his own death. Nevertheless, the novel has gone through three editions.



Yet more sensationalism was invoked in 1992 by David Geary's play *Lovelock´s Dream Run*. Set in modern times, one of its themes is a homosexual love affair between a white boy and a Maori. The play was workshopped at the Australian and NZ Playwright´s Conference in Canberra. It premiered at the Auckland Theatre Company to critical acclaim, with further

productions throughout the country and in Australia. Victoria University Press published the play in 1993. It is now studied in several New Zealand Universities and is popular with high schools.

An Australian review of the Sydney production published under the title "*Small-town New Zealand: Dream or nightmare?*" gives some idea of the plot:

> 'David Geary's play tells the story of Howard, unhappy pupil at a New Zealand boarding school, who is obsessed with his school's sporting hero, Jack Lovelock, a veteran of the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Howard, who rebels against the macho style of this small-town private school for boys, escapes to a fantasy world that takes him to Hitler's games and Lovelock's sporting triumphs.
>
> Director Ken Boucher has chosen a totally open set for this dynamic production, where the action moves fluidly between the school and 1936 Berlin, aided by slide projections showing Lovelock in various periods of his life, including as Olympic champion. An all-male cast of nine do a good job of recreating the claustrophobic world of the boarding school, well-known to the playwright, where Howard is punched by a sadistic senior prefect on his first day for not marching properly. There are scenes of ritual humiliation, too, where Howard and his close friend Nick are beaten by the others for homosexual behaviour. Howard is in love with Nick, a Maori boy.
>
> As fantasy overtakes Howard, who must escape the painful world of school, he is shown meeting his hero in Berlin. But when his realises that Lovelock was not a homosexual as he had believed, Howard becomes disillusioned and runs away from school, and identifies instead with a famous woman flying ace. But Howard has learned one valuable lesson from Lovelock -- "laugh when you lose". This stands him in good stead when he returns to school where, instead of trying to be a sporting hero, he puts on a play about Lovelock, which becomes a great success among the other boys.'

There hasn't been a film yet, other than the 15 minute documentary shown at the "Come on, Jack!" exhibition. Also titled "Lovelock" (like the biography and the novel), it features footage of his winning performances. It was produced by Bruce Sheridan in 1991 and directed by David Robertson. You will also find Jack on the Radio NZ tape and CD: FAMOUS NEW ZEALANDERS - VOL 1. Here he is in good and varied company: *Ed Hillary's Sardines* - Sir Edmund Hillary (Norman Billbrough); *The Flying Lady* - Jean Batten (Norman Billbrough); *Mad Dog Pearce and the Aerial Machine* - Richard Peace (Murray Reece); *Whenua Tapu* - Guide Rang (Caroline Down); *Small* - Jack Lovelock (Norman Billbrough); *Storming the Atom* - Sir Ernst Rutherford (Murray Reece). There was one other recording, apparently made in 1937 by the BBC. This was of Jack's heartbeat and a photo of the occasion shows him standing relaxed with a sceptical frown on his face.

What we learn from all this commercial activity is that Jack Lovelock's name has been shamelessly exploited in defiance of all the facts. He came from a moderately affluent background, enough to send him to private school and afford a big house. He was not the 'ordinary bloke' New Zealanders like to pretend. He himself realized athletics were not everything. By a deliberate effort of self-discipline he achieved his success and then got on with his life. Furthermore, it was the good fortune of his Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford which gave him the opportunity, contacts and inspiration. When the BBC commentator lost his impartiality and bawled 'Come on, Jack!' as the runner started his final sprint for victory at the Olympics, he was urging on a compatriot, not a New Zealand star. Once it was all over, Jack finished his studies, fought his war, married an American and went to settle in her country. For the myth makers and the profit takers it was fortunate that he died early. Judging by the look on his face during the recording of his heart, he would have had something deflating to say to them had he lived.