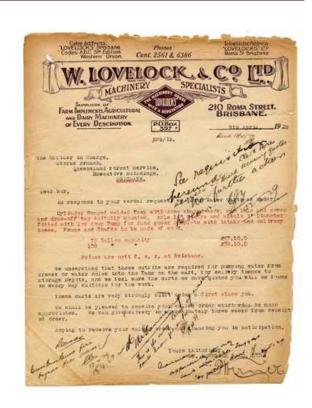
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The Lovelock Family Newsletter

#7 October 2008 🙎

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EDITORIAL

G'day, cousins. It's only 10 months since we posted the last issue but you can still reckon that our newsletter will be appearing only once a year for the foreseeable future.

The reason for the Antipodean greeting above is that the bulk of the material in this issue deals with members of the family in New Zealand and Australia. To mark this, the cover illustration departs for the first time from items drawn from Lovelock, Nevada. The letter is a quotation given the Queensland Forest Service for fire brigade carts for storage of water drawn from creeks and water holes.

We are indebted to several who answered the appeal for material for this issue, posted on RootsWeb in August. Gilbert Berrett sent me the poem about the Wootton Rivers clock at a

time when I was already thinking of following up two other clock-related items. The village church's web site added background to this, as did James Loveluck's biographical notes to the section on the Warminster clockmaker.

It so happens that a clock tower figures in Gwen Eastment's biographical fragment - sent us along with Robert Sterry's tribute to her. This is Robert's first appearance in the newsletter. We congratulate him on his recent retirement from school teaching and wish him many happy returns on his 60th birthday this month.

Finally, thanks also to Robert Chapman, who sends us his regular update of material relating to his father-in-law, the runner Jack Lovelock.

The web-crawlers of spam merchants make it necessary to protect the editorial email from them. Please note that you need to add the @ sign to make the one here work.

GWEN EASTMENT (LOVELOCK), MY MENTOR

Robert Sterry pays tribute to his cousin

ALTHOUGH I was aware of my Lovelock cousins, our families had drifted apart. My father occasionally spoke about his cousins at Junee and how he used to visit them as a boy. But I have no recollection of ever meeting any of them – until I met Gwen almost 15 years ago. It was of course an interest in family history that brought us together.

I'm not sure what draws us to researching dead ancestors. It does seem to appeal more as one gets older. It appears to have become increasingly popular in recent years. It's certainly addictive!

Whatever sparked the moment, there I stood at the front door of a second cousin whom I'd never met, grasping a single page of very rough notes I had gathered from my own parents about 'the relatives'. Just a few names and dates was all I knew and none too sure about some of them. Little did I know that I was about to embark on a whole new adventure.



Gwen started her family history research back in the 1970s. In those days there was no internet, no email, no message boards. Communication was by letter and Gwen wrote hundreds of them over the years.

Thirty years of research accumulates a lot of material. Gwen had an entire wall of her house devoted to family research. Long shelves down her hallway were stacked row after row with thick folders bulging with her collected notes.

Gwen celebrates her 90th birthday in 2000

Gwen had a dream to publish a book on her own family tree with a contribution from every living member of it: a short piece about themselves and a photo. The amazing thing is that she actually managed to persuade hundreds of family members to contribute.

Gwen is in many ways a remarkable woman. Born in the New South Wales of Narrandera in 1910, Gwen was christened Gwendoline Emerald Campbell Lovelock. Her mother used to say her name was a bit of Welsh, a bit of Irish and a bit of Scottish. The Emerald part was after the town in Queensland where her father spent twelve months moving cattle to get enough money to marry her mother. Her mother evidently just liked the name of Gwendoline.

Gwen became a school teacher and Infants Mistress, teaching at country schools in New South Wales and later in Sydney. She also went on a teacher exchange program and taught at various schools in South Australia, a few weeks at a time. Apart from the period when she was barred from teaching after she married (because at that time married ladies were prohibited from teaching) she continued up until 1976.

Gwen made several overseas trips: to New Zealand, to Alaska and to England, the latter of course to further her family research. She is one of those who can actually remember when the English civil registration indexes could only be accessed via massive books at St Catherine's House in London.

Gwen wrote the following about her early family experience in an Australian country town in the first decades of the twentieth century.

My father, Reginald Percy Lovelock was born on 29th May 1885 at Tungamah, Victoria, south west of Albury. His early schooling was broken as the family moved around a lot, sometimes living at Gobur in Victoria, where his mother's people lived, and sometimes in various towns around NSW when his father, Charles Wright Lovelock, went to NSW shearing. The family went with him in a horse-drawn, covered wagon.

The family finally settled at Junee in the 1890s. The two older brothers, Charles and Reg, were soon out looking for work. They got a job on the building site of the new Union Bank in Broadway, Junee. The family were then living in Peel Street.

In 1910 Reg married Elsie Sterry in Junee and got a job at Griffith as a fireman on a steam engine. The railway line was now extended south west as far as Narranderra. About 1914 Reg returned to Junee with two children: Gwendoline and Reginald William Charles. By this time Junee was developing its railway complex of engine sheds with a round table for changing the direction of the engines and training apprentices as fitters, turners and boiler makers.

About 1916 Reg began to build a home in Hill Street. He built a large house with twenty foot square rooms with twelve foot ceilings. There were eight foot wide verandahs surrounding almost half the English-style fibro house. There were pathways of asphalt and concrete, a large fruit and vegetable area and flower gardens. The backyard was fenced off and used for the woodheap, clothes line, cow bail, water trough and a large shed for the sulky and horse feed storage. The toilet was outside and attached to the back fence so the 'nightsoilman' could collect the pan each Monday. The cow (Shorthorn or Jersey) was kept in a paddock just over the hill from our back lane and the horse one and a half miles away at the Common.

If Dad was working on the 'Shunter' at the Hill St Gates end, we used to take a hot dinner down to him. The plates were stacked on top of each other and enclosed in a big serviette and towel for carting. Dad wanted mum to stay in bed till breakfast was over as she worked so hard during the day. He was always up about 5.30 to 6.30am digging in the garden or looking after his trees and grape vines which covered an overhead trellis about twenty feet long with garden seats. The children were on a roster for bringing up the wood and lighting the fire in the stove and making the morning cup of tea for everyone.

The aluminium teapot sitting on the hop kept the tea hot and a long toasting fork was used to make long-sliced 'Tin Bread' toast on the hot stove embers. A tray went to mum. The boys cooked a large iron pot of porridge with our own milk and rich cream. There was also a roster for the washing up. All the children took turns. The boys used 'billy carts' to bring up from the back dry, chopped wood and bran pollard for the fowls and store it outside the laundry.

At first there was no bathroom. A large enamel bath and shower shared the laundry where a 'chip heater' was used to heat the water for the bath. The shower however was always cold. There was no sewerage but a large system of drains took water to the garden. The drains had to be scrubbed and disinfected each washing day, which was always Monday.

On washing day clothes lines were propped up in both yards. The copper was prepared the night before by filling it with water and shredding soft soap, made at home, into it to soak all night. A fire was prepared in the firebox underneath. Clothes were sorted into heaps of big whites (table clothes, sheets, towels), small whites (pillow slips, underclothes, pyjamas, night dresses, napkins) and working clothes, flannels and trousers. They were taken from the boiling copper by a big stick (usually a broom handle) to two nearby wash tubs. One of the tubs had tap water for rinsing. Whites proceeded to the 'blue' water in the bath. A big dish of starch for linen, some dresses, collars and some shirts, was prepared.

On washing days the midday dinner was usually curry/vegetables, rice pudding/custard/Blanc Mange. Ironing was with a heavy flat iron heated on the stove top. It needed to be tested for heat on an old cloth first and wiped carefully before using.

On Tuesdays the grocer called for his order. It was a day for darning and mending and light household work. Wednesdays were for polishing; Thursdays for shaking the carpets. Friday night was choir practice. Saturday was dressing up for a walk down town; a time for shopping and ice cream; possibly the 'Ocean Wave' Merry-Go-Round or Wirths or Soles Circus might be in town. We might see Blondin who walked on high ropes or a play group who had come to town: Philip Hunt, Worth, George Sorlie, Williamson's, Alan Wilkie. They all brought their own large tents and rows of seats. Alan Wilkie did Shakespearean.

On Sundays, when we were very young, we had to help prepare the harness for the horse and sulky or buggy – greasing and shining.

The western side verandah was sheltered from dust storms emanating from the western plains by many climbers: dolichos, moss roses, ivy, bougainvillea and grape vines covering wooden slot blinds and extending around the corner. Our water came from the Burrinjuck Dam via Jugiong (on the Hume Highway) and meters were installed. Before the 1920s our lighting was of kerosene lamps and sometimes candles. Cleaning the glass chimneys of lamps was quite an art, using newspaper and vinegar. About 1920 electric light arrived. Each room had a cord hanging from the ceiling to switch on the lights which had lovely shades to match the rooms. There was one point in the kitchen for a Dux Jug or Iron and a

point in the lounge room for a wireless or radiogram. Each room had a switch on/off with a yellow metal cover.

At this time we acquired a player piano and I was having piano lessons.

Gwen on the piano, with the manageress and some of the other girls at Miss Dennis' Boarding House in 1939.



Before 1920, as Sunday

approached, dad would take the boys with him to walk the one and a half miles to the Council Common to catch our horse and lead her home. She was then brushed and combed and the harness greased. The lights on the sulky and later the buggy were also cleaned. All was in readiness for the Sunday afternoon picnic when we would also look for mushrooms and gather manure on paddocks for the garden. At other times he took the boys out to Four Mile Dam on the property of a friend to teach them to swim and catch crayfish. Sometimes dad took the horse and cart and went to cut trees down for our wood where it was permitted by the local Council.

As the boys grew they were allowed to go rabbiting with a group of friends. They would take potatoes and onions to cook in a hole to entice the rabbits. No traps or ferrets. They would just form a circle and close in on them. Dogs could also help.

Reg's Sunday 'best' consisted of a silk shirt with a plain white, separate collar, either stiff or soft, starched and attached to the shirt with studs, a three-piece tweed suit in pin stripe,

brown or navy, and a calf length overcoat. A tie and knitted white silk scarf completed the attire.

At this period there were no buildings at the side of our house and we had a large playing space which in Springtime was covered with wild flowers such as buttercups, cowslips, Nanny Goats and Billy Goats, star flowers and dandelions. Dandelions were good for making playtime decorations as head and necklace ornaments.

We always had dogs at our place. My mother had an Australian Terrier called Togo. We also had Kelpies and Cattle dogs. Other pets included coloured rabbits, guinea pigs, hens, calves & lambs (given by stockholders taking flocks along Hill Street to the Common to rest. Sometimes one was too young or not well and we were given it to look after.) We also had an aviary for pigeons. Inside the house we had silk worms.

There were many birds in the garden hedges and trees not seen as much now: swallows, sparrows, starlings, goldfinches, robin redbreasts, magpies.

We played lots of games: the meccano set, kite making (I especially liked sending paper 'messages' up the tail), marbles ('six holes' was a popular marble game which required following the holes), 'go carts', spinning tops, card flicking against a wall, cricket (regular and French), football. We played football on Lane Hill at our back behind the Taylor's house. Football boots were heavy and black, reaching up the leg and held by long, white laces, with heavy studs on the sole. In Winter we played draughts and card games such as Crib, Snap, Memory, Matching Pairs, Patience, Euchre and 500 on the kitchen table. We played table tennis on a large 'bobs' table – as well as 'bobs'. We played tennis at school and on the railway courts.

The Railway Picnic was an annual event. There were many races: 50 yard dash (my favourite), three-legged, sack, egg & spoon, relays, piggy-back. There were also races organised by the Sunday School.

We all had pocket money. At first we kept our money in money boxes but later we were given bank cards which were only to be used for banking money. The boys were allowed to use their 'Billy' carts and sell some of our large garden produce such as peaches, plums, nectarines, peas and beans, of which we had more than we could use. They also worked as 'caddies' at the local golf links when tournaments were on and got to be known as useful.

Our kitchen was a busy place, cooking during the morning while the oven was alight; dinner was at midday. Cooking vessels were of cast iron and the inside was enamel. The boiler was oval, there was a round pot for soups and another large one for making jams and pickles or brawn or sauces. The 'Coolgardie Safe' on the verandah under the grapevine trellis was used for fresh milk and cream. There was a meat safe, square and of metal with many breathing holes also hanging in the shade under the grape trellis. When cake cooking was on, expectant people were waiting to have the mixing basin 'to finish'.

In the early years the kitchen had a white scrubbed pine table and a large pine board for mixing cooking needs. As the family grew the table was changed for a larger one and the chairs were seated with replaceable leather and some had plywood seats. There were two large dressers and one aerated cupboard.

Every room had its carpet on a roster to clean and its side polished wood to be waxed. A hall went from the front door to the back door and was always bright looking. The children slept on the covered verandah but if the weather was stormy we packed up and used the bedrooms. The verandah had two double beds and three singles. Pillow fights were inevitable.

As times changed, cars began to appear. J.S. Taylor had the first; he also had the first accident, having a quarrel with a post office pole. Otherwise, everybody walked, cycled or rode horses. Steam trains were the life of Junee and Reg Lovelock was a grade one driver. Aeroplanes came to Bullocky Hill to give rides and race: Puss Moths and Tiger Moths. The paper train arrived about 4pm up from Sydney. On Sundays a farmer used his aeroplane to bring the Sunday papers to town.

There was a flu epidemic in 1917 and the school at Junee was closed and used as a hospital. Everyone was required to wear white face masks.

There was an Open Air Pictures in Lisgar Street, opposite the doctor's house and near to the Fire Brigade Station. It cost 6d for children and 1/- for adults. It later moved to a hall in Lisgar Street, behind the corner chemist facing Lorne Street. It was called the Lyceum Theatre. The sessions opened with piano music which softly played through to picture time. Some early silent pictures that played there were "The Ten Commandments" and pictures starring Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. It was also used as a concert theatre for schools and Sunday schools. Much later it burnt down and the Athenium was built on Broadway. Sound came in the 1930s.

Roy Gardner helped build the War Memorial Clock/Tower to those who fell in the 1914-18

World War. A cannon from the war was situated alongside it. In 1919 at the end of WWI, a big celebration of the town was held here and all the school children were given a special medal.

There were travelling picture shows such as 'Regent Pictures' which was owned by Arthur and Fred Sterry [Gwen's uncles] and Fred's son Keith They used a van and a wagon with projectors and mostly went to small county towns showing early movies. There were travelling



photographers such as Fred Sterry who specialised in photos of family groups, home, sporting teams, church and civic groups. He travelled with a covered wagon with a white horse. He made our home in Junee one of his stops.

There were travelling tea merchants who sold 50lb tins. Hawkers were always on the road: Indians sold silk and jewellery and Syrian women had backpacks of silk material for sale. Others sold brooms and sewing materials, haberdashery and, especially after WWI, house linen; Rawleigh's and Watkin's medical products; religious literature; rabbits at 6 pence each; poultry and dairy products from farmer's wives (butter was 1/- a pound); fowls or turkeys at Xmas time only; eggs.

In the early days Chinese Green Grocers walked the town with two baskets supported by a pole across their shoulders. They often had gifts of green ginger in ceramic jars for a good sale; they also sold Chinese tea.

Each Monday families could give their grocery orders to storemen who came personally to people's homes. Each store took a month's turn. The groceries were delivered by horse and

cart. Stores who provided this service were Taylors, Keasts, Farleys and later Ogilvie Cooperative Society. A bonus of a bag of boiled lollies or biscuits was often offered if the order was paid at the month's end.

The larger department stores in town had an overhead wire along which travelled a container holding cash or invoices. The wire ran from the sales counter up to the office situated on a high platform. Money was sent up the wire and change returned if necessary. Grocery purchases were wrapped in brown paper and string.

About 1918/20 the greengrocer's van called at home weekly. The milkman called daily. The milk on the can was in large metal containers with a tap. You paid for what you received. The baker delivered the bread in a covered basket. Bread was 4d per loaf.

There were many swagmen after WWI. They left signs on fence posts as a guide to other road men if the place was good for getting a meal to help them on their way. Our family obliged. They generally arrived for the midday meal and often cut firewood for their meal, especially on farms. We had a shady outside area where swaggies could rest for a while.



Gwen loved her teaching and used her musical talents to great advantage. She often said that you could learn anything that you could set to music. She had an almost photographic memory and used to fascinate me reciting generations of family history without a note in sight – names, dates, places and personal stories. Mind you, she did have a gift for the gab!

Gwen with her class at Blacktown North Primary (1966)

Always full of surprises, Gwen once presented me with a collection of her old '78 records – 'for safekeeping'. Amongst the collection I was surprised to find an early recording of 'The Internationale', not the sort of recording one expected to find in a venerable elderly cousins' personal collection. I later asked her about it. 'Well,' she said matter-of-factly, 'if you wanted to discuss anything other than weather and sheep and cattle, the local Socialist group was the only place in town where you could find intelligent conversation!"

Gwen certainly ignited my passion for family history and for telling a good tale along with it. Fifteen or so years later I'm still as fascinated as ever.

At 98 this December, Gwen has perhaps slowed up a little. She now lives with one of her daughters in northern Queensland but still loves to talk about her great loves: her music, her family and the many people she has met along the way in her years of family history research.

Gwen was a pioneer of Lovelock Family History and knew the tough slog of researching when records were extremely difficult to come by.

So thanks, Gwen, for the legacy you left behind. Thanks for all the sweat and toil. You can put your feet up now. Others can now pick up where you left off. But I'm still not sure what your daughters are eventually going to do with all those files you finally leave behind!

CLOCK WATCHING

The editor revisits a RootsWeb item and tumbles on a Wiltshire curiosity

IME was when local market towns had to serve all the needs of their surrounding area, so that is where you would go if you wanted a clock. But customers were limited to the relatively well-to-do. According to George Sweetman, who wrote a chapter on clock-makers in Somerset's Wincanton in 1903, he himself was taught to tell the time by reading the sundial at his local church some sixty years before. It was not surprising, therefore, that many makers of clocks did so on commission and plied another trade besides.

One of these was Charles Lovelock, who is said to have died in Wincanton in 1718, far from his workplace in Wiltshire. Unfortunately we have few family records for Somerset and the parish registers on Wincanton's history website are not yet transcribed for the period in question (http://www.westcountrygenealogy.com/ses/wincanton/index.htm?burials_1700.htm&frame-text.) Described as a clockmaker and brazier in the Warminster records, he was baptised at the church of St Denys there on 2 Dec. 1668, the son of another Charles Lovelock. To complicate matters, a brace of other Charles son of Charles were baptised there in 1666 and 1672. The popularity of the name then is easily explained. The West was a Royalist area during the Civil War under Charles I and the Stuarts had only recently been restored to the throne under Charles II in 1660. We

have a possible marriage for our Charles senior to Sarah Morgan on 17 June 1667 at Warminster, St Denys. The baptism of 'John Lovelocke, son of Charles Lovelocke' on 13 Jun 1704 probably records the first of Charles junior's two sons.

James Loveluck supplied most of the material above, fleshing out the account given of this tradesman by Brian Loomes in his *Lantern Clocks And Their Makers*, published this year. The author is a world authority on antique clocks who, as well as over twenty-four reference books, has written hundreds of articles on the subject. His latest publication is a detailed survey in twenty eight chapters of the development of the lantern clock in Britain from its origins in the late sixteenth century until its demise in the late eighteenth century.

The title refers to a family of clocks which are completely made of metal. They are rather square shaped and have vertical pillars on all four sides while on top there is a large bell. Only one lantern clock has been ascribed to Charles Lovelock. It is described by Loomes as 'having with a floral

centre, originally a verge pendulum but now with anchor escapement, signed on the chapter ring *Charles Lovelock Warminster Fecit*.' The accompanying photo is from his book (http://www.brianloomes.com/details/detaillovelock.html).

'This end-of-the-century lantern clock', his description continues, 'still has integral pillars, though now more restrained, with the feet and finials now diverging only modestly from



London ones. The distinctive pillar sections have shallower capitals than some. Since Lovelock was also a brazier, he may have cast his own pillars. The engraved centre has echoes of post-1660 style, but now spreads into a more luxuriant array of foliage and hatching. A centre rose remains, reminiscent of a Tudor Rose. The meeting arrowheads as half-hour markers are typical of the 1690 to 1710 period. The heraldic frets are a late carry-over and show no sign of being replacements. The town is engraved as 'Warmister', which may have been a deliberate attempt to spell it the way it was pronounced, or a slip by the engraver.'

More downmarket than this is a clock on sale at eBay that appears to advertise the products of a Lovelock brewery. There may well have been innkeepers of our name in the past who brewed their own wares, but this one is strictly a Cinderella exercise. In reality it is a commercial item sold by the Canadian firm Clockshocker and adapted to any number of different surnames.

Our final clock has only tangential Lovelock associations. This is the Wootton Rivers 'scrap iron clock', built to mark George V's coronation in 1911. I am indebted to Gilbert Berrett for drawing my attention to this story and sending me a tattered biographical poem written by its maker, John Kingstone Spratt (1858-1932). Gilbert discovered it among the belongings of his grandfather, whose wife Kate Lovelock (1872-1937) was a member of the Wootton branch of the Lieflock line. A daughter of the village blacksmith, she was carried off to Savernake by her forester husband.

As related on the church's website (http://www.woottonrivers.org.uk/clock.html), it was Wootton's vicar who proposed the idea of a commemorative clock for the church, but when estimates were considered too high a counter proposal to hold a public dinner was carried instead. One villager alone held out. This was Jack Spratt, who volunteered to make a clock free of charge if people would provide 'a few hundredweight of steel, iron, brass and lead'. Wootton rose to the challenge - all sorts of fire irons, chaff cutters, gun metal, threshing wheels, perambulators, bicycles and bedsteads were brought to his home, a small thatched cottage, formerly the village school, now known as Clock House.

Help also came from Messrs Whately & Co in neighbouring Pewsey - they offered to supply castings made from templates that were cut from wood by Spratt himself. The blacksmith

also shaped some of the steel and wrought iron parts. The two great wheels, with 120 teeth each, were made from disused separators. A foot lathe was erected at the church; pivots were cut and all teeth, except for the big wheels, were finished there. The wheels and pinions were then fitted and the depth carefully struck off, holes drilled, bushing done with gunmetal or brass. The 'train' of the clock completed, Jack Spratt then adjusted the escapement and pendulum. This incredible piece of craftsmanship not only had a unique chiming



sequence, but was also able to keep accurate time to within 2 seconds a week!

There are 3 clock faces, the Southern one having "GLORY BE TO GOD" instead of the usual twelve numerals. It was run by 2 large hand wound lead weights, one for the clock and the other for the strike and chimes, striking on the hour and chiming on every quarter - once for quarter past, twice for half past etc. These chimes were run like a music box with pegs on a rotating drum operating hammers on the appropriate bell and had six tunes played in order so you could tell the time even if you only heard one chime.

When the clock fell into disrepair in 1977, villagers Dennis Dickens, Ken Taylor (the lock-keeper) and Peter Lewis (Jack Spratt's great grandson), together with Ramsbury's clock repairer, decided it should be returned to working order. Like Jack Spratt, they gathered odd pieces of agricultural machinery and ironmongery and, as his great grandfather had done, Peter Lewis made a new clock face as well as repairing the clock as needed. The cost of these repair works was £150; in the 1940's, local craftsman Johnny Lovelock (yet another Lieflock relative of Gilbert's) had repaired the clock for the princely sum of ten shillings! Until electrification of the clock during its restoration for the Millennium, Den Dickens continued to wind the chimes daily and the clock each week.

Spratt's poem about his feat, titled "The Scrap-heap Clockmaker of Wootton Rivers", well illustrates the point with which this article began. He was a self-taught man and 'a Jack of all trades'. The poem was written in his final year and gives a fascinating insight into the social life of his time. It appears to be printed as a four page booklet on what today would be (say) 90 gram paper folded to make 125 m/m x 210 m/m pages.

"Where did you learn your trade?" hundreds asked of late.

So here's a short sketch of my doings to date. In Wootton Rivers I have had a good spell, Born here (1858), here I still dwell.

First thing I remember, sounds strange, still it's true We lived in a barn, that was when I was two.

'Clock House' was the school then, to it I was sent Until I was 7, then to ploughing I went.

Later I went bird-scaring with an old gun,

Shot straight and soon taught birds our cornfields to shun.

Met with an old watch with its ticking gone wrong, 'Doctored' it with my knife until it ticked strong. Soon then I did all sorts of work on that farm, To wake early I made the queerest alarm – Made clock throw down a large tin bowl striking four.

Which made a great noise as it rolled on the floor. I liked farm life all right but 'twas such small pay: From 2d I'd rose to top – two bob a day.

E'en with that, last year there, I put seven pounds by;

To save up a thousand I thought I would try. When 20, to get more, to Maidenhead went, In Nicholson's brewery two years odd I spent; From bottle washing there I rose to be clerk But at that I saw I'd make no special mark.

My master gave me every chance to get on But mechanic's work my mind was set upon. My mates brought me watches and clocks to put right,

Of various sorts I thus got an insight.

While doing this evenings I thought out this plan – I could be my own master as a 'clock man'.

So I came back home in 1881:

Clock-watch work on my own I quickly begun,
Was soon known round this district wherever seen,
Had thousands of watches and clocks for to clean;
Any part of these I soon learned to repair,
Could turn a watch pivot as fine as a hair.

For years I did post-work just morning and night, Had all day for other work – that did just right. And soon I became sort of Jack of all trades, The things I repaired were of all sorts and grades:

From delicate watch work to mowing machines
Or to making shuttles for sewing machines.

A piano part for harmonium I made So that both together the two could be played. Six public accounts were all once kept by me,

Wilts Club, Co-op, Pig Club, School, Rates, Parish C.

For nigh 17 years I collected the rates
Then I gave that job up to one of our mates;
At one time I made music boxes to play,
Framed pictures, repaired windows too, at that day.

In 1911, at the king's coronation, We wanted a Church Clock in commemoration: The cost seemed too great for spare £ s. d. So I said "I'll make one, from odds and ends, free." Some thought I was joking: I said "No, I'm not; Let me have your scrap-heap stuff, any you've got." They seemed to be willing, so I made a start. And chose what I wanted, each suitable part. I wrote to a firm for wheels - got no reply: That taught me on my own skill I must rely. A plain 4-inch bed lathe without a slide rest Was all the machinery I then possessed; People gave me two large wheels nearly alike. One did for the going side - one for the strike: For all other wheels I made patterns of wood. Got them cast in hard brass to make the job good; The crudest contrivance (it still may be seen) I rigged up to act as wheel-cutting machine, With flat files I made round cutters of hard steel. To cut all the teeth in each pinion and wheel; Made division plates the blank wheels for to space So that every tooth be exactly in place: The steel pinions I made with spindles of bikes, A sledgehammer hits the bell when the clock strikes. On one of three dials is "Glory be to God", I used a broom handle for the pendulum rod; It has 66 lbs of lead for its bob. My wife melted that and it was a hot job. I made lots of tools by the aid of her fire, Tempered drills and pinions that I did require. From April thirty to August thirty-one The clock was made, fixed up and everything done. Its movement has never been taken apart. Twenty years at its first stretch is not a bad start. Our chimes are unique, every hour they are

Each chime tells the hour by being so arranged. Folks say the church clock's the masterpiece of all; It may be - for brains and hands answered the call; The brain work seemed easy, the hand work somehow

Made great drops of sweat tumble off of my brow. I got it to keep time by aid of the stars, The fixed ones – not planets like Venus and Mars. I'd seen no clock like it and did not quite know If it would act right till I got it to go. Reporters came down here from London by train To take photos of it to make it quite plain Of what it was made, and as to how it acts; Some foreign papers also published the facts. The Mayor of Wandsworth a silver medal sent, Congratulations came from Kendal and Dent; Some letters reached me from the United States, Lots from unknown friends and a lot from my mates.

In '13 I had a financial look round. So I may as well mention just what I found. Thirty years I'd worked nigh fourteen hours a day, Often on one day I had earned two days pay; Though earned like a horse, 'twas not spent like an ass For all my spare shillings to my bank did pass. My earnings per year averaged nigh eighty pounds And stored in the bank a fair nest egg I found: My earnings with interest reached one five ought ought, For saving or hard work I gave no more thought. I'd earned all I wanted — a trifle to spare, To save more seemed like wanting other folks' share. I've done just a few clocks for friends since that time, But chiefly I've made clocks to play or to chime: One hundred and fifty tunes one of them plays, Hymns, songs, marches, God save the King, Marseillaise, There's forty eight chimes, one each quarter all day, And at each hour one of its tunes it will play. Some shows sunrise, sunset and clock time at noon. Date, day, month, and leap year and phases of moon; There's several specimens standing around That are like pianos for volume of sound. From most of them each hour sweet harmony blends; I've chiefly constructed them from odds and ends. We show them with pleasure to people who call, Clock House is well known by its clock on the wall. Our bell barrel organ thirty tunes plays, Our merry go round I made for fete days; Our music chair amuses people a bit, It plays a tune when on the seat people sit. We never know what we can do till we try; At failure I smile — 'Try again, lad,' says I. Strong drink don't suit, I drink milk with water in, Smoking, gambling, horse racing I'd not begin; To theatre, circus, cup-ties I've not been, Pictures, talkies, kinemas I've not seen. For such thing I have not the least interest, Nature and machinery are things I like best. Strolling round our country lanes I do enjoy, Or round our old hill, as I did when a boy. Our hospital twice has lengthened life for me, Its box is here, white coins slip in easily. I've enjoyed a long life and met many kind friends, Small ailments now indicate long lives have ends. I've been very happy in my occupation, A sweet long rest coming's now my contemplation. This rhyme I wrote in August one, nine, three one, Jubilee of when 'on my own' I begun. The Wizard of Wootton, some folks call me that, Some Scrap-heap Clockmaker, and some say JACK SPRATT.

A NEW OLYMPIC CHALLENGE -

Robert Chapman reviews the latest developments in the industry

OUR third issue announced the imminent return of Jack Lovelock's Olympic trophy to New Zealand. He had given the Bohemian crystal chalice to a lad working at the Olympic Village in 1936, thinking it too cumbersome to carry back on the long sea voyage. The boy kept the trophy, engraved with a Nazi swastika, throughout World War II. But after Jack died in 1949, it was purchased at auction by a private collector. The cup came up for auction again in 2005 and was bought by Coca-Cola Amatil (NZ) as an important piece of New Zealand



sporting memorabilia. Arriving there after a 69-year hiatus, the cup eventually went on permanent display at Timaru Boys High School as part of their extensive Lovelock collection. Also at the school are all of Jack's running medals (including his Gold Medal) and other exhibits, while outside there's the now-mature oak tree presented to Jack as a sapling at the Berlin Olympics, a life-sized bronze statue and a mural at the athletics field, both showing Jack's winning run.

Coinciding with this summer's Beijing Olympics, the never-before-published journals and diaries Jack kept throughout his running career appeared in August. Titled *As If Running on Air* (Craig Potton Publishing, Nelson NZ, ISBN 9781877333767), the book reproduces his journals from late 1931 to the end of 1935 along with extracts from his 1936 training diary. The book is also illustrated with over 170 photographs and cartoons from Jack's own

albums. Collectively they constitute a unique record of a sporting life in the 1930s and offer insights into just what it took to make a world champion. The editor is David Colquhoun, himself a dedicated runner and Curator of Manuscripts at the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington, where the journals are kept. Colquhoun first started working with Jack's journals and other memorabilia in 2000 when he curated the exhibition *Come on, Jack!* in conjunction with the Sydney Olympics.

Yet history might have been different. Already the subject of one play, David Geary's *Lovelock's Dream Run* (New Zealand Playscripts, Victoria University Press, 1993, **ISBN** o 86473 2457), Jack is now faced with *The Man That Lovelock Couldn't Beat*, a play by Dean Parker that premiered in Wellington in April. Let it be said at the outset that this is a historical fable. The tale, narrated by an earthy female researcher in a scenario something like a lecture, blends the true story of Jack Lovelock's world-record breaking 1500 meters at the Berlin Olympics with his relationship to a fictitious arch-enemy. The show begins at school when the boys are about 13. Lovelock, every bit the promising young scholar and athlete, meets his match when he races against, and loses to, Tom Morehu, a working class lad from Timaru. From there Lovelock's successes better Morehu's in almost every aspect of life – except that, whenever the two race together (only two or three times), Morehu always wins. The play is as much about class resentment as athletics, since the fictional Lovelock is portrayed as an upper-class snob. The real Jack Lovelock grew up in far more modest circumstances, and athletics provided him the entrée to the privileged world of Oxford thanks to the estate of Cecil Rhodes.

POEMS FOR PUBLIC OCCASIONS

Yann Lovelock converses with the Muse



HEN Wordsworth proclaimed that poetic language should be 'as far as possible a selection of the language really used by men', he was protesting at the artificiality of style by which professional poets have traditionally tried to protect their product. Anyone who looks at the poetry of a locality outside London will find a very different scene from what is fashionable in the capital, more down to earth, more direct. Most people suspect that they have a poem

in them somewhere and more than we might imagine actually get it down on paper. Much of it is of a private and personal nature, but where it deals with issues of public interest it has a better chance of surviving. The purpose of this survey is to look at some examples that involve Lovelocks and learn what they tell us about their subject and the authors themselves.

The initial idea for it was given by (the Lyneham) Jack Lovelock of New Zealand who wrote to one of the organisers of the Lovelocks Alive event in 2004, regretting that he would be unable to attend and sending various bits of information about his line. Much of it was about his GGG Uncle George, founder of the town in Nevada. But also included was a poem written about four Lovelock brothers who had served in the First World War. Titled "To a Quartette of Clinking Comrades", it is printed as a four-page booklet on folded quarto with the poem on the inner pages and a dedication on the front cover. That reads In Memoriam / Lovelock Brothers / GEORGE and JOHN / Killed in Action — in France'. The poem is as follows:

My lines are dedicated to a noble band of boys,
A quartet of the bravest and the best,
The Lovelock lads who left our shores without much swank or noise
And done their bit in France, where two 'Went West'.

None gamer on the battlefield 'neath Freedom's flag unfurled,
No finer friends, I'm sure, were ever bred.

They played the game as sportsmen in their fight to free the world –
A credit to their dear old father, Fred.

Fred junior, of the 7ths, quite a long time over there, In October 1916 stopped a smack Whilst fighting on the Somme and winning outright everywhere With comrades pushing Fritz's legions back.

Dan Lovelock, who went later and was invalided home,
Went forth like many lads to 'do his bit'
And was more than disappointed, after crossing miles of foam,
When the M.O.'s sent him back again unfit.

Poor George, alas, is sleeping in a grave 'somewhere in France'; In September 1916, poor lad, he fell At Flers with many comrades in the front line of advance; Magnificent in life, with George 'all's well'. And brother John, a fine lad moulded genuine – a sport
Beloved by all – his heart was ever warm
For pals when down and outed, and soldier friends when short;
He fell bravely at the storming of Bapaume.

Ah lads! we know how great you fought and how you suffered there, You took hard knocks to bring the world relief; Oft thinking of your parents and their hours of deep despair, We pictured them in sad and silent grief.

Still I know they'll bear up bravely 'gainst the odds till by and by When the bugle calls them to their final goal, Where as winners you'll be waiting, for brave men never die, And they'll join you when the Master calls the roll.

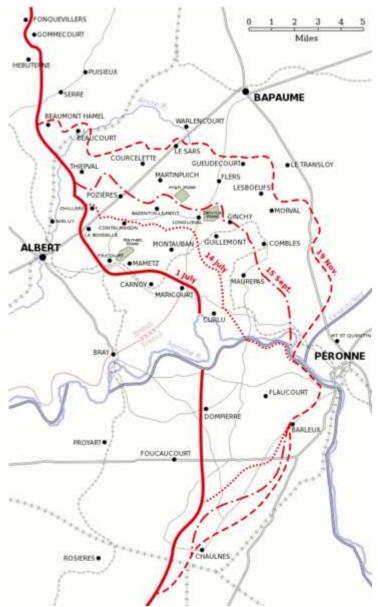
At the end the author signs himself 'Their Comrade, Sapper John E. Cullen, N.Z.E.T. Coy'. About him I can find no further information but it might be his wife who is listed as buried in Waikumete Cemetery, main burial ground for the Auckland region: 'Cullen, Emily M., b. 15 Apr 1880, d. 10 Sep 1949, w/o John E. Cullen, d/o Alfred and Elizabeth Cox'. The subjects of his tribute lived in this region too and the cemetery was the eventual resting place of the poem's 'Fred senior'. The poem certainly fills out and brings to life the sparse genealogical data obtainable on our family website.

The whole family had come to New Zealand from Australia at the turn of the century. The original brothers George and Daniel arrived at first to work in the Australian copper mines in 1847, after which the former set sail for America and Daniel went back home for a while. Returning to Australia once again, he married there and raised a family, his third child being Frederick Barkly Lovelock (1861-1938). This is the Fred senior of the poem, who married Mary Ferguson in South Yarra (Victoria) in 1885. The details on the website's Lyneham tree only record two sons from this marriage but, as was noted in our 4th issue (in dealing with the New Zealand Lovelocks of Palmerston North), there is an urgent need to correlate these with the details of New Zealand and Australian births, marriages and deaths supplied by Mary Pipe and others - and in this case also Chris Knight's genealogy

pages. What emerges from them is a different story. The couple's first (unnamed) child in 1886 might possibly have been still-born; the ailing Daniel William - who eventually lived to 73 - was born in 1887. Fred senior was the third son, born in 1889. He was followed next year by Hector Norman, who drowned in 1909 when his fishing boat was swamped in a gale off Auckland Harbour. He too is buried in Waikumete. Then there is the George of the poem (*pictured right*), born in 1891. A further son, Samuel, died eight days after he was born in 1894. There is confusion over the date of John's birth. It is supposed to have been in South Yarra in 1892, but his army record has the 1887 date.

All three Lovelock brothers took part in the fighting on the Somme front in Picardy. The First Battle of the Somme took place between July-November 1916

when an advance was attempted on a 16 mile front from the town of Albert towards Bapaume, some 10 miles away. The result of three and a half months of fighting and one



and a half million casualties was the gain of only half the distance. This was the first major battle in Europe for the New Zealand Division, operating as part of the British XV Corps. It participated in the second big push of the campaign that took place on 15 September and achieved the objective of capturing the village of Flers before getting bogged down in the rain on the following day. George Lovelock, who worked as a packer before enlisting the previous April, was killed in this action. His brother Fred Junior was wounded the following month, after enduring weeks in the trenches knee-deep in mud during the inconclusive stalemate that followed. He survived to marry in 1921 and worked as a slaughterer. Fifteen thousand members of the division took part in the battle. Nearly 6000 were wounded and 2000 lost their lives. Over half the New Zealand Somme dead have no known grave, a painful fact just hinted at in the poem's reference to 'a grave somewhere in France'. These men, with George among them, are commemorated on the New Zealand Memorial to the Missing in Caterpillar Valley Cemetery near

Longueval. The picture of him above is from the Auckland Weekly News.

John Lovelock missed that battle since he was on the high seas while it was taking place. The record states that he was a labourer before enlisting as a private in the Auckland Infantry Battalion and sailing from Wellington on 25 September 1916 on board the "Devon", bound for Devonport in England. He joined what was left of his counrymen on the Somme battleground, where the fortunes of war ebbed and flowed over the next two years. The village of Bancourt, a mile to the east of Bapaume, was occupied by Commonwealth forces in March 1917 and lost a year later during the German offensive in the spring of 1918. It was recaptured by the New Zealand Division (in particular, the 2nd Auckland Battalion) on 30 August 1918 during the second Somme offensive. It was in this action, part of the advance on Bapaume mentioned in the poem, that John died. He is buried in the Bancourt Cemetery, originally created by the New Zealand authorities for their dead in this battle and then augmented after the Armistice for the other dead in the area.

There is much in the poem about the brothers that is conventional, but it is just possible that the emphasis on the sporting spirit of some of them could have had a more biographical basis. An interest in competitive sports may well have run in the family. According to his great grandson Jack, the grandfather of these brothers (the original Daniel), a hotelier, politician, horse-trader and auctioneer, used to arrange for prize fighters and professional

billiard players to come out from England to take on the locals in Australia. It might therefore have been his son who is referred to as 'a local billiardist called Lovelock' (his name is given elsewhere as Fred) who took on the Australian champion Fred Weiss in Auckland in 1901 – and lost. But he most decidedly was not the shady bookmaker also called Fred Lovelock and 'well known in turf circles' whose collisions with the law figure in newspapers from 1895 onwards.

Sporting prowess of a different order is celebrated in New Zealand's hero, the Olympic one-miler Jack Lovelock. His former classmate, Bill Perry, read a verse tribute to him at the 1990 opening of the Jack Lovelock Gymnasium at Mackenzie College, formerly called the Fairlie District High School.

The Lovelocks came to Fairlie With Olive, Jack and Jim. Olive, she was beautiful, but Jack Was a thoroughbred and kept in running trim.

He must have known while still a boy That someday he'd be great (For running seemed his greatest joy) And the records he'd create

At Timaru and Oxford, Rhodes Scholar and a sport, Respected too at boxing, In many rounds he fought. At the Olympic Stadium Beside the river Havel Lovelock wins the gold, New Zealand's running marvel

Hitler in his royal box, One hundred thousand cheer: The most perfect race Of Jack Lovelock's career.

At Fairlie we are proud of Jack And of his records at the track. Could he but see our College gym That we have built to honour him!

The three mentioned by Bill Perry in the opening stanza were siblings. There are tributes to Olive and Jack on our website and notes on their younger brother Jim (1917-43) at RootsWeb (http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~nzlscant/lovelock.htm). A RNZAF flight officer, he too was a war casualty, dying during an air-raid on Berlin. There was apparently a poem referring to him also, but the hyperlink to it no longer works. It would have been interesting to compare the Second World War tribute with that from the First. Though Perry's poem is pedestrian in itself, it has at least the virtue of reminding us of Jack's other interest in boxing, something generally overlooked now. In fact he won his school's boxing championship cup while at Timaru in 1928.

The colonial experience in Australia was much more rugged than in New Zealand and that shows in its verse tradition. In 1905 a son of Scottish immigrants, 'Banjo' Patterson, published the first collection of Australian folk songs, having already contributed richly to the bush ballad tradition himself, most notably with "Waltzing Matilda". Another much anthologized piece was "The Man from Snowy River" which tells the story of a mountain lad, mounted on a small pony, who rides out with experienced stockmen in pursuit of a runaway horse and comes off best in the rugged terrain both are used to. This was eventually the inspiration for a film (the main incident from which you can view on You Tube) and a television series. By then, however, the wilderness area concerned had been tamed and a Lovelock had celebrated the effort in song.

The Snowy River has its headwaters in the highest section of the Great Dividing Range near the easternmost part of the border between New South Wales and Victoria. In 1949 the Government commenced a massive hydro-electric / irrigation project in the area.

Tunnelling records were set and the project pioneered the use of seat belts in vehicles. Some fifteen years before this, the US Bureau of Reclamation had undertaken the big Columbia River Water Projects for which the administration drummed up popular support by getting Woody Guthrie to make it the subject of one of his songs, "Roll On Columbia". The Australian song-writer Bill Lovelock followed suit with a song of his own, "Snowy River Roll", although – the title apart – his is completely different from Guthrie's and reckons this project goes one better than the American show.

Give me a man who's a man among men, Who'll stow his white collar and put down his pen. We'll blow down a mountain and build you a dam, Bigger and better than old Uncle Sam!

Roll! Roll! Roll on your way! Snowy River roll on your way! Roll on your way until Judgement Day! Snowy River roll.

Sometimes it's raining and sometimes it's hail, And sometimes it blows up a blizzardly gale. Sometimes there's fire and sometimes there's flood, And sometimes you're up to your eyeballs in mud!

Give me bulldozers and tractors 'n' hoses, 'N' diesels to ease all my troubles away.
With the help of the Lord and good Henry Ford The Snowy will roll on her way.

Don't bring your sweetheart unless she's your wife, For here you must follow a bachelor life! When woman is woman, a man is a fool! Y' get much more work from a bow-legged mule.

His rollicking ballad found its way into the Australian Broadcasting Corporation's School Song Book, not to mention the Girl Guides' Song Book, and was sung by generations of youngsters. One correspondent on the subject remembers the girls in his class singing the last verse with gleeful grins on their faces. The author is not to be confused with the American co-author of Nina Simone's song "Chilly Winds, Don't Blow", nor with the English-born composer William Lovelock. A collector of folk songs, and an intelligence reporter during World War 2, this Bill Lovelock worked on radio and TV – among other things producing the Australian version of *This Is Your Life* on both media. Another claim to fame was the songs he wrote for Shirley Abicaire, who emigrated to the UK in 1953 and sang them to her zither accompaniment. The text of one, "Little boy fishin' off a wooden pier", is available at http://lyricsplayground.com/alpha/songs/l/littleboyfishinoffawoodenpier.shtml.

But let's play ourselves out with something more up to the moment, Damien Lovelock's "Return of the Creature with the Atom Brain", from the Celibate Rifles CD, *Beyond Respect* (2004). The reference is to the 1955 movie, *Creature with the Atom Brain*, in which an ex-Nazi scientist uses radio-controlled atomic-powered zombies in his quest to help an exiled American gangster return to power. Anger at the Afghani and Iraqi operations, and the Australian complicity in them of the John Howard administration, prompted this satire on their instigator, sung to a hard rock 'n roll beat http://uk.youtube.com/watch?v=b6ghIqkliCE

No one knew for sure from where he came, Return of the Creature with the Atom Brain.

He got eyes on realty, he looks just like you and me, Ah no, the Creature with the Atom Brain.

He's outrageous, he's contagious, Stupefying, there's no denying.

Many tried but no-one could explain, Return of the Creature with the Atom Brain.

Hooray all across the land, waving flags and shaking hands, Who can stop the Creature with the Atom Brain?

He's outrageous, contagious, Stupefying, there's no denying.

Atom Brain, Atom Brain, walking, talking, feels no pain, Who knew? He comes back again.

And he grew more powerful day by day, Return of the Creature with the Atom Brain.

Chaos reigns in every land, wars no one could understand, Who will stop the Creature with the Atom Brain?

Atom Brain! Atom Brain! Atom Brain! Atom Brain!

The singer was considered in our #5 but personal material about him is hard to find on the web. However, Damien has lately taken to biographical performances and reviews of these provide additional details. One comments, 'From growing up as the only child in a single parent family and being packed off to boarding school by other relatives when his mother developed leukaemia, to adulthood as a single parent often on the dole and scrambling to make ends meet, his life has been about as far removed from the standard suburban experience as you can get'.

Basically he has had to live by his wits, and that includes appearing on national radio to provide a summary of the day's main soccer match in order to pay the rent - when not only didn't he see any of the game, he didn't even know the final result! His live sporting experience has been equally problematic. He was a star of the school and local district rugby teams, as well as a keen soccer player until forced permanently onto the sidelines by injury in his early 20s. In an amateur Sunday afternoon competition, he found himself playing in a team whose collective idea of a warm up was to share a couple of joints before the match, while some of the players had to disappear at half time to 'fix themselves up' with something a little stronger. You can see where his notoriously individualistic, aggressive point of view comes from. But perhaps after all it's not so different from the urge to achieve that has characterised those other 'sports' we have been considering.