


LOVELOCK LINES

The Lovelock Family Newsletter

#8 March 2009 

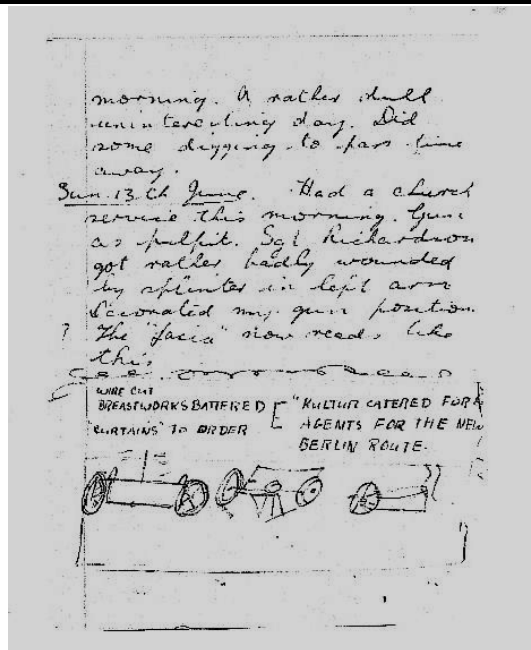
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Ten Lords 'a Leaping – a Victorian update 2 – 5

A South African Connection – Basil Wright introduces excerpts from his grandfather's diaries 6 – 15

Scientific Honours – Robert Chapman reviews the achievements of scientists of the family 15

Putting Lovelocks on the Map – Yann catalogues place names on five continents 16 – 19



EDITORIAL

This issue comes earlier than anticipated. More than having the time governs such things; we need contents too! Material for future issues was generated by unprecedented activity on Rootsweb which saw November 2008 and January 2009 clock up the first and third highest number of messages respectively since the Lovelock List began nine years ago. Among the various threads was discussion of the geographical use of the Lovelock name which has generated the final article in this issue. Other threads have started a quest which I hope will result in articles in future issues. They include identifying an unusually affluent branch of the family in London and the exciting discovery of a Jamaican branch which has now spread to the US, UK, Canada, Belize, Italy and Sweden.

Another discussion centred on Lovelocks who worked for railways and a large amount of information is accumulating. How this can be used remains to be decided, but in the meantime I contacted the photographer Don Lovelock of Calne whose father worked at the private station of Black Dog Halt. He has very generously agreed to send us an article about that and some of his photos. The article on the Wootton Rivers clock in #7 has also stimulated former villagers to follow it up, suspecting closer Lovelock involvement than previously mentioned. That's for the future, however. What precipitated this issue was the offer of transcripts from the diaries of a colonial soldier of a century ago. It was not only an interesting social document but a lively one as well. Reproduced above is a page from a later (and less interesting) diary covering the first two years of the 1914-18 war. I am very grateful to Basil Wright for his patience in satisfying all my requests and writing an introduction on the family background to it.

Chasing up personal lines of enquiry took me onto the social networking site Facebook, where I discovered many branches of the family enthusiastic to discover more about their background and unaware of what has already been achieved. Special groups have recently been created such as Surname of Lovelock and of Loveluck and I have used these to advertise the Lovelock List and family history site. All in all, Facebook seems to be developing into a useful resource.

TEN LORDS A' LEAPING

The Editor looks at some popular lore and discovers more than he bargained for



LUSTERS of new Victorian references extend the popular use of the family name to a third continent and suggest that it was more commonly used than might have been expected. In addition, its appearance in a ballad carries literary usage back to the start of the Victorian era. This last is to be found in “Bold Reynolds”, which records how a notorious fox is chased to his death by the local hunt. In the course of it, the victim complains,

They chased me through Lord Lovelock’s park,
Where the bloodthirsty hounds they did follow.

The ballad was collected by Alfred Williams and published in his *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* (London, Duckworth, 1923, pp.63-4). He notes that it is ‘an old hunting song, one of such as were commonly sung at Hunt Dinners. It is met with in several forms. The first appears to be a mixture since two localities are suggested, i.e. those of Alton, Hampshire, and Badminton, Gloucestershire.’ (<http://www.wiltshire.gov.uk/community/getfolk.php?id=770>) His two versions were obtained from John Puffet (1842-1929) of Lechlade and David Sawyer (1832-1918) of Ogbourne St Andrew. The latter, a particular favourite of Williams, was a Wiltshire sheep-shearer who learnt the song from his mother. The fox’s name is a form of Reynard and there were numerous variations on the theme printed as broadside ballads as well as collected by Cecil Sharp, Vaughan Williams, Baring Gould and others. Songs from other localities lack the place names and Lovelock reference of the Western counties.

One other popular song reference occurs in the American title *Master Lovelock's Comic Banjo Solos Songster* (New York, 1874). I made a passing remark on its appearance in the bibliography of an academic article at the end of my own article “Lovelock Avatars” in #6. I have since come across contemporary publicity material which mentions *Lovelock's Comic Banjo Solo* as no. 175 in De Witt's song and joke books series. They ‘contain sixty-four pages, printed on fine white paper, and enclosed in a handsome cover, with an illustrated engraving, and sold at ten cents.’ This gives the title a little more context. De Witt’s publishing enterprise flourished on stereotypes (he was the pioneer of the dime novel too) and if we only knew the words no doubt we would find that Master Lovelock is one of them.

In English genre fiction the wise old granny is another stereotype and one of our name plays her expected part in the short story “Granny Lovelock at Home”. Here the bed-bound lady, speaking in a very poor approximation of a west of England dialect, brings together two estranged lovers by some timely manoeuvring. The story is on pp. 151-77 of the collection *The Hôtel de l'Angleterre & Other Stories* (six editions published in London and New York between 1891-3) and can be found at http://www.archive.org/stream/hteldangleterre0ofalcoog/hteldangleterre0ofalcoog_djvu.txt. Lanoe Falconer, its author, was the pen name of Mary Elizabeth Hawker, who was born in Scotland in 1848 and died of TB in France in 1908.

A passing reference to yet another granny, who does not otherwise figure in the story concerned, appears in “The Lady and the Van”. There a 28-year-old, forbidden to train as a

nurse because of her social position, muses 'Even flowers lose their significance in this luxurious room. The white hyacinths in old Granny Lovelock's cottage give me more pleasure than these orchids arranged by the gardener.' The reference appears on p. 191 of the collection *Father Damien & Others* (London 1905). Its author was Edward Clifford (1844-1907), a Bristol-born water colourist associated with the Aesthetic Movement who later became a member of the Church Army. In 1889 he had published a short account of a visit to Fr Damien, a Catholic missionary who cared for Hawaiian lepers and was shortly to die of the disease himself. The 1905 collection was a reprint of this with the addition of essays and short stories, for the most part propaganda for the Church Army, who were its publishers. A transcript can be found at http://www.archive.org/stream/fatherdamienotheooclifrich/fatherdamienotheooclifrich_djvu.txt

Still another stereotype is the feckless soldier of which we have already noted examples in the Captain Valentine Lovelock of Charles Dance's melodrama *A Dream of the Future* (London, 1853) and the Captain Augustus Lovelock of Henry James's novel *Confidence* (various editions published in the UK and US between 1879-91). We may now add to them Lieutenant Lovelock in Robert H. Scott's novel *Ngamihi or the Maori Chief's Daughter* (Brisbane, 1895). This is set during the second Maori War and has been dismissed by one critic as 'a pot-boiling melodrama recycling well developed trash-stereotypes.' Scott's one-dimensional, semi-aristocratic villain might have been lifted bodily from either of the earlier works, as can be seen from this excerpt:



CHAPTER XLJ.

LIEUTENANT LOVELOCK GETS 'SAT UPON.'

WE found the Lieutenant regaling himself with a cigar and a glass of whisky and water.

'Lieutenant Lovelock was only a recent arrival from England. The authorities intended to send him with us when we left Auckland, but he exhibited great reluctance to leave, and by a strange coincidence he suddenly became 'vevy ill indeed,' 'too weak to twamp to that beathly hole.' As he had great interest at headquarters, he was allowed to remain behind, and eventually became a standing ornament and regular lady's man in the drawing rooms of Auckland society. His manners and supercilious airs became so insufferable, however, that he was soon received everywhere with coldness and reserve

so that ultimately he was only too glad to clear out of Auckland and go to the 'beathly hole,' as he called it. In appearance Lieutenant Lovelock was very like Southern's character of Dundreary, without his lordship's good points. There was a lurid look in his deep blue eyes, like the light in a thunder cloud. Though undeniably handsome, there was something repellent in his glance. There was a coldness, an apartness in his look, which seemed to say, "I am sufficient for myself; don't interfere with me." His hands and feet were unusually small and well formed, apparently indicating that he had some patrician blood in his veins; at the same time noble blood is not always represented in that way. He was decidedly coarse in his mental tone, and inclined to personal braggadocio. He gave no one credit for a good motive, and usually judged people by his own standard, and accepted things and people at their lowest level. He possessed a keen sense of self importance, which may have overawed his friends in England, but which rather amused the colonials. Nothing annoyed him so much than a feeling that at times he was being made fun of by the outspoken though hospitable colonists. Although I disliked the man, I was often secretly amused at his affected drawl and lisp.' [p.139; the full text is available at <http://www.nzetc.org/tm/scholarly/tei-ScoNgam.html>]

As with the two Captains before him, Lieutenant Lovelock dances attendance on a girl who does not welcome his attentions. She prefers a sergeant who, because of army discipline, is unable to warn off his rival. The lieutenant's death in a skirmish sorts out this complication.

Despite the reference to Lord Lovelock's park in "Bold Reynolds", no such peer ever existed. Landed gentry there certainly were, as we know from the wills of some of them. They include the Francis Lovelock living at Hungerford Newtown on whose land what is now known as "Lovelocks House" was built near the start of the Victorian period. Perhaps it is some such connection hinted at in the birth of the soldiers we have been considering. But the title of Henry James' villain, the Hon. Augustus Lovelock, is normally borne by the younger son of a lord. Following this lead, two more authors furnish us with portraits of the aristocratic family.

One is in Frank Hudson's *The Origin of Plum Pudding, with other fairy tales* (London, 1899). The story titled "The Fairy from France" (pp 37-46) begins 'The young Lord Lovelock had returned from France. He had been absent for two long years in consequence of an exceedingly jolly row with his father. The old lord, on receiving his title, became a Tory of the deepest dye, and he suddenly discovered with indignation, that his son, on returning from Birmingham whither he went to purchase screws for his yacht had contracted tendencies of an extremely Radical nature. Hence the row.' The rest of the story concerns the struggle of two fairies to gain the love of the lord (<http://www.archive.org/stream/originofplumpuddoohuds>).

A fuller sketch is given of a daughter of the family in George Finch Mason's *Flowers of the Hunt* (London 1889). A sporting artist and illustrator, the author (1850-1915) specialised in humorous studies and caricatures. Some of his pieces had earlier appeared in *Bells Life*. Rewritten and with other additions, these were collected in 1889 and "Mr & Lady Thomasina Clinker" is among them (pp. 44-50) <http://openlibrary.org/details/flowersofhunt00maso>. The lady is described as 'a very charming curly-haired, blue-eyed thoroughly English-looking young woman, who answered to the masculine-sounding name of Tommy.' Pausing in the middle of an anecdote of the couple's single-minded devotion to hunting, Mason fills out his heroine's background.

'The whole hunt were delighted two years ago, when it was found out that Johnnie Clinker and his newly-married wife, Lady Thomasina, had taken Fernleigh Lodge and intended to hunt regularly with the Harkaway. They were both well known and great

favourites, for Johnnie's papa, Clinker senior, owned a large estate in the county, to



which his son, being the eldest, was of course heir; and was not Lady Thomasina the daughter of Lord Lovelock, who lived in the adjacent county?

Lady Tommy was a favourite with everybody. She set everybody going.

Who was it urged on and bullied all the bachelors in the county until they consented to give that capital ball at the Town Hall of Bullerton, in November last?

Lady Tommy, to be sure.

Who got up and headed the subscription for the Ladies' Cup at the Hunt Steeplechase Meeting (the most popular race of the day, as it turned out)?

Why, none other than Lady Tommy.

Yes, she is here, there, and everywhere, you'll see her dancing the very last dance of all at half-past three in the morning; and you may go to the meet of my lord's hounds at Thornmanby Thicket that identical morning, and there I'll wager anything you'll see Lady Tommy, accompanied by her faithful Johnnie, chattering like a magpie and looking as fresh as paint. Johnnie and she talk to each other more like a couple of boys than man and wife, to the great amusement of everybody. Her detractors declare Lady Tommy is bad style and dreadfully fast. Perhaps she is a wee bit slangy, but she is none the worse for that. It is a pleasant sight on a non-hunting day to see her ladyship turn out for an afternoon amongst her pet poor, thick-booted and ulster-coated, with a huge basket filled with good things in one hand and a thick stick with a crook to it in the other. She is accompanied on these occasions by a whole tribe of dogs, ranging in species from the retriever to a Yorkshire terrier and, if he is not shooting, she will probably be escorted by the faithful Johnnie, who in that case, carries the basket and slouches along by her side in a submissive manner, with a huge cigar in his mouth. As they enter one end of the village, the curate bolts out at the other — that good man is of Ritualistic principles and mortally afraid of Lady Tommy who, as she says, chaffs the life out of him.'

We now have some eleven literary uses of the name in the 19th century, most appearing with fair regularity (especially if one counts reprints) over the course of its latter half. It occurs nearly as often in the US as the UK and in eight cases the people concerned are portrayed as 'well born'. Three of these carry a Lovelock title, two are Cavaliers (in "The Phantom Lover" and "The Last Cup of Canary"), and three are contemporary military portraits. The use of the name in an Australian novel is particularly noteworthy, antedating the next known fictional use there by almost a century

1830s Bold Reynolds (ballad, UK)
1853 A Dream of the Future (play, UK)
1874 Master Lovelock (songs, US)
1879-91 Confidence (novel, UK and US)
1886 Phantom Lover (novella, original appearance in UK and US; anthologized 1890, 1906)
1889 Mr and Lady Thomasina Clinker (story, UK)
1891 Last Cup of Canary (poem, US)
1891-3 Granny Lovelock at Home (story, UK and US)
1895 Ngamihi (novel, Australia)
1899 The Fairy from France (story, UK)
1905 The Lady and the Van (story, UK)

A South African Connection

Basil Wright of the Lambeth Line details further wanderings of the family in the Southern Hemisphere

ROBERT WILLIAM REEVE was born in Bermondsey on 13 May 1883, the eldest son of Peter Reeve and Letitia Mary Lovelock. While in the army in South Africa, he met and married Margaret Mary Maher. Their eldest daughter Mabel married Orville Wright, my father, and I was their eldest grandson. I am therefore a descendant of the Lambeth and Australia line, two of whose New Zealand offshoots have already contributed reminiscences to this newsletter.

According to the 1901 UK census, R.W. Reeve was working as a commercial clerk. He enlisted in the army on 20/2/1903 in Eastbourne and sailed for South Africa at the end of the year, arriving in Durban on 17/1/1904. I understand that his duties in South Africa included assessing claim damages from the Boer War, and making sure that there was no further uprising.

He met Margaret Mary Maher in Harrismith when he was on manoeuvres there in 1906/1907. He proposed to her in March and they were married on 19 October 1907 in St. Peter's Roman Catholic church in Harrismith. Their first son (Robert William jnr.) was born in Harrismith. In November 1908 my grandfather was sent to India where their son died of chronic diarrhoea. During most of this period he was writing a diary, which he kept off and on from 1904 until his return to England in 1911. It was contained in a hard-covered foolscap notebook with lined pages and written in pencil; it is now in poor condition and falling apart. I took photocopies of this and then typed it up, warts and all.

A second diary covers the period my grandfather was fighting in France from August 1914 until October 1916, with short entries most days. It was later transcribed by my Uncle Archie, who had all the diaries. These were given to his eldest son, Peter, who passed them on in turn to his younger brother, David, before emigrating to England. I was given access to them last year by David's daughter, Bronwen.

R.W. Reeve's family lived in England with his brother or sister until he was sent back to India after the war. He served with the 91st battalion, Royal Field Artillery, where he was their battery quartermaster sergeant at the time of his retirement after 18 years in the army. He was on his way back to England in 1921, but on docking in Durban, I am told, a telegram from his brother was waiting, telling him that the depression was very bad in England and he should remain where he was. As his pension was to be paid in England, he took a job selling ice cream on the Durban beachfront. Since it was a very hot day, he ate one and later found out that he had eaten his day's commission!

When his money arrived, he bought his house at 5 Nunhead Road (formerly Nemo Road), Manor Gardens, Durban. He was working as a lorry driver for the corporation and was asked to rename the road where he lived as there was confusion with Nimmo Road near Mitchell Park. He chose Nunhead, as he had once lived there in England.

My grandfather never went back to England after he settled in South Africa. I believe that his parents' property in Eastbourne was left to him and his sister Rosa, but he gave her his share. During World War 2 he tried to join up but was told he was too old, so he became a part-time signals instructor in Durban, training troops before they went 'up north'. One day in 1945 he came home from work and complained of indigestion, and told my grandmother not to give

him scones with his lunch in future as that was what caused his indigestion. She told him to lie down and she would bring him a cup of tea, but when she went into the bedroom he was dead.

Grandad had an immaculately kept waxed moustache and was an accomplished pianist. He was originally a freemason and mentions in his diary the lodge meetings he attended whilst on manoeuvres in South Africa. I am told that after his marriage my grandmother, being a Catholic, refused to allow him to continue attending. He must eventually have converted to Catholicism, as when he died he had a requiem mass.

His children were:-

1) Robert William (jnr), b. 20.9.08 in Harrismith, South Africa; d. Peshawar, India (now Pakistan) 1.1.10.

2) George, b.11.3.10 in Peshawar, d. 28.4.76 in Durban, South Africa.



3) Mabel, 16.3.11 at Bordon Camp, England, d. 21.3.88 in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.

4) Arthur (Archie) James, b.15.5.12 at Bordon Camp, d. 10.9.85 at Park Rynie, Natal.

5) Winifred (Winnie) Margaret, b. 15.10.13 at Bordon Camp, d. 31.10.2002 in Virginia, USA.

6) Gladys Mary, b. 9.10.16 in London, d. 5.2.2004 in Johannesburg, South Africa.

7) Dorothy (Dolly) Eileen - spelt Ilene on the birth certificate, b. 7.6.20 in Neemuch, India and still living.

8) Joan Victoria, b. 16.7.27 in Durban, South Africa, 16.1.88 in Durban.

9) Ronald (Ronnie) Ernest, b. 4.12.28 in Durban and still living.

10) Robert Frank (his twin), d. 16.8.85 in Durban.

His siblings were:-

1) Letitia Florence Reeve, b. 19.6.1885 in Southwark. Sailed for New Zealand on 20 May 1915, the second branch of the Lambeth line to make its way there, and died on 18.12.58.

2) Rosa Beatrice Reeve, b. 6.12.1887 in Brixton, date of death unknown.

3) George Lovelock Reeve, b.21.2.1892 in Camberwell, date of death unknown.

4) Winefred Maude Reeve, b. 29.11.1898 in Eastbourne, date of death unknown.

5) Elsie Mary Reeve, b. 3.5.1901 in Eastbourne, date of death unknown.

6) William George Clark (an adopted cousin), b. 3.1.1886, date of death unknown.

Excerpts from the Diary

Us eight Xmas 1904 (pages 4-8)

On Monday Dec. 19th, after the necessary preliminary preparations, eight signalers of the 16th Bde R.F.A. left Potchefstroom about 9 a.m. for a three weeks signaling camp (at our own desire) on the veldt. We stopped at the I.O.G.T. [Masonic] hall & had coffee. The next stop was at the brewery (Oh, what a contrast !) for a barrel of beer, this for those that required it. Got about a mile or so out of town when the wheel came off the wagon. Oh what fun. Much excitement & more delay, as we had to unload most of the wagon.

Off again (not the wheel but the party). Shortly after this there was a strong smell of paraffin. After shifting the cargo once again we found that the barrel of beer had fallen on the tin of oil & burst it - our one & only - & it was making a lovely fountain. At 3 pm found ourselves on the wrong track, so on coming to water we decided to have dinner, Bully beef and vinegar, bacon tea & bread. We tried to move onto our intended camp, but as it was getting late, agreed to camp at the first suitable place. Then started a search for water including much hill climbing etc. Finally got it & by the time we had got our two tents up and things a bit shipshape it was dark. The barrel was tapped & the bung leaked a lot. Skinner was looking after it & didn't seem to get a bit tired.

The place we found was called Zandfontein and our camp was on the site of a "deserted" gold prospector's diggings. There was an old tumble down 'lean to' containing miscellaneous boring tools. The water was obtained from a pit 12' by 5' & water about 9' down, which was about 12' deep. It (the water) was a nice rich brown colour & full of strange animals. We boiled the water first & picked them out as they came up. At about 3.30 am next morning we were woken up by our kaffir boy asking for matches to light his fire, which had gone out. The kopjie from which we signalled

into camp was of a decent height & about a mile from our camp. Each one took their turn as cook. We managed to rig up an oven in which we made bread etc. Each night we made a big fire & sat round spinning yarns and singing songs. The second night there I got a swarm of ants in my bed, which made things unpleasant to say the least of it.

On Thurs 22nd we went out hunting but after three hours of it and only catching a rat we came back. The kaffirs soon found us out and brought us eggs and milk.

Sat 24th Dec. Overslept ourselves & what with this and other things we all had bad tempers all the morning. In the afternoon we had a hunt round for "extras". Came across a farm about 8 miles off. Evidently deserted during the war, as everything was in a most discreptable state and everything running wild. Fine orchards attached to it. As we couldn't bear to see everything going to rack and ruin without someone getting the benefit, we decided to make use of it. We came away with a sack of fruit (apples, pears, prickly pears, pomegranades and quinces) & two chickens. In the evening some of the others paid another visit, which resulted in three chickens & a goat. We skinned that goat at 11 pm & at the same time someone made the startling discovery that there was no beer left.

Xmas 1904. I shall never forget this Christmas at any rate. We got Xmas Greetings from camp. I did the cooking this day & served up the following menu:- Chicken soup - 4 chickens - Boiled goat & bacon - Bully Beef & pickles - Xmas Pudding - Stewed Fruit & Blanc Mange. Tea - Brown bread & cigars. The blanc mange might have been better, but as a matter of fact, after I had made it, I put it away to cool and - trod on it. The bread too, it was not intended for brown bread - it just happened to go that colour. The cigars - well they were the shape and colour of a cigar, they cost 1d each, they being the highest quality offered to the troops, also, I might add, the lowest, so they were a sort of one and only. Just to

digest the “gorge” I felled a tree in the afternoon. I fancy the tree did most of the felling. It nearly fell on me. Retired (after a sing song) at 11.30 pm.

Boxing Day. The only event of any importance was our dropping the bucket down into the water hole. I volunteered to dive after it & after some trouble got it. It saved me a wash & everyone remarked upon the improvement in the soup. Leonard and I will be going into town tomorrow to get some more provisions.

Tues. 27th Dec. Started early & found it a longer walk than we first imagined. Attended I.O.G.T. Lodge during the evening & slept at a friend’s place.

Sequel to foregoing

The owner of the spot on which we had camped put in a claim for £60, being alleged damage to boring tools. In the first place there was not £6 of stuff there and secondly 6/- would cover any damage either to spot or tools. Naturally we contested it & by gradual decreases brought it down to £12. As the Brigade funds were paying half we decided to pay, although myself, being at the school of signaling had no actual voice in the matter. This came to 15/- each, which (when we thought of the things we DID do & were not detected in) we agreed was cheap. I think so.

II

Manoeuvres, 1905 (page 12ff)

The 16th Brigade R.F.A. did not participate in these but the signalers were taken to supply the various staffs & it is of the doings of the “wind-bashers” that I now endeavour to relate.

On the 5th Sept. we paraded at our Brigade Office. There were 15 signallers, scotch cart with driver, making 17 horses altogether. We had a terrible job with the packing. The Adjutant drew attention to the “Signalling gear”. He was persistent & they had to be opened. Out rolled bread,

tea, sugar & such like “signalling gear”. At last we were off & had not got a mile from camp when the axle broke. It was as well it broke then & not in the middle of the veldt, when it would have been impossible to get fresh transport. Some of the others went back & got fresh transport, while we plodded on, sometimes in front, now behind & then alongside the 7th Hussars, to whom we were attached for rations on the trek to Heidelberg, 73 mi. After wandering the veldt just as we fancied we arrived at Engelpoort at 2 pm. The fresh cart had not arrived, & consequently we had no picketing gear, corn, rations or anything. We sat & smoked till 5 pm & still no sign of cart. Eventually we started to beg borrow or steal & managed to get a rope to tie horses up & also feed for them, & most important of all “got “ food for ourselves, although it consisted of tea without sugar or milk & biscuits (army pattern MK IV). The cart arrived in at 9 pm It appears they had gone in a direction contrary to the one in which they finally did take. We soon made up for lost time as you may imagine. Sleeping in the veldt, weather very favourable in this respect.

Wednesday 6th Sept. We packed up & left camp at 9 am. Still found a little difficulty in packing, but no doubt we shall gain by experience. At present two of us have to ride behind & pick up “spares” that fall off. We crossed the Losberg mountains. At the foot there is a store & we managed to spend some of our superfluous cash in replenishing our stock of eatables. I forgot to mention before that I have a decent “larder” in the way of Quakers, cocoa, tinned goods etc. As soon as we halted some of the anti I.O.G.T. went off to the S.A.C. post for the purpose of getting beer. I had just got into bed and was getting dozy when some of my friends of the R.E. & 7th came & performed an Irish wake round my bed. “Och ! for why did ye doi & leave us?” As sleep was an utter impossibility I got up & made cocoa for the lot. Towards midnight it began to get breezy and dusty. I got an

indifferent night's sleep & woke like a kaffir owing to the dust.

Thursday 7th Sept. We left at 7 am & after going about 7 or 8 miles there was a long halt & it was a cold, cloudy, cheerless kind of day & we did not appreciate the halting for such a length of time at all. We passed through a herd of springbok, the largest number I have seen together. There were several hundred. When we got nearer to them they started to go. My word they did went. We could hardly seem to see them move. They take big springs every now & then, hence their name (Spring Buck). We got into camp at 4 pm by name HOUT KOP & camped alongside the railway station of that name.

Friday 8th Sept. When we started this morning a rather humorous item (which the victim thought was serious enough I warrant) occurred. The 7th were ready for moving off & one squadron was watering horses. One of the horses rolled with its rider. There was a good deal of splashing but no man appeared. Just as matters got to a critical point he re-appeared. He was smothered in green weeds which he had got entangled with. He looked such a comical sight that everyone roared with laughter. Then he had to scramble about to find his rifle & as he kept slipping on the rocks & going under, it only increased the fun. He seemed to see the humorous side of it as well & between intervals of spitting out weeds he laughed. All the same I didn't envy him as he had to ride in his wet things.

We passed Meyerton stn, halting on the banks of the Klip river. It was very pretty at this spot. About ¼ hour after our arrival the camp had to turn out with blankets to put out a veldt fire, which was no easy matter as the grass stood 3 ft high & was in a very dry state. We succeeded, however, by making a "cut off". The aspects apparently favourable, I attempted to have a swim but found too many rocks so made it a bath. Some of us visited a farm close by & bought some mealie bread, eggs & chickens, & got the promise of some fresh

bread in the morning. The troops were greatly excited by some S.A.C. patrols bringing in the news that there were a great number of Chinese deserters from the mines in hiding among the range in front (Magaliesberg). They had been looting several neighbouring farms.

Saturday 9th Sept. We were roused early & started off at 5.30 am not having time to make breakfast. We managed to get the bread. There was a thick heavy mist which made it very cold. What the reason of starting so early was, I cannot say. We got over the M'berg & then halted at 10 am for breakfast. Whilst watering my horse (Old Zeven) he pulled me down the steep bank & into the spruit, & then got loose, went in and rolled. Very comforting to him no doubt, but I could hardly see it in the same light myself. As he continued to roll, I thought he would be likely to break the saddle, so I waded in after him, being pretty wet through as it was. There was plenty of mud. When I got in just above my knees he walked out the other side so I walked round too and blow me if he didn't go in & start rolling again. By this time we were both in a fine state of mudiness. I did get him after a while. I have an idea that I said certain things, the meanings of which I doubt would find a place in the most up-to-date encyclopaedia.

We marched into Heidelberg at 4 pm. Guess I must have looked smart. All the young ladies were smiling with admiration. Of course it might have been owing to the sight of both myself and charger caked with dried on mud. Besides being in Regimental marching order I had a helio and flags; whilst on one side of my saddle was a "billy" can & on the other miscellaneous bits of firewood. We marched through the town & camped about ¼ mile outside it. The spruit here goes by the name of Zuikerboschrand (Sukerboschgrond). We reported ourselves to Capt. Newcome (Comd't School of Sigg. – familiarly known as "Johnny" – he affects a monacle). He told us to be ready next day (Sunday) to move to Standerton at which place we had to

report as soon as possible. Three men were to proceed by rail and the remainder by road. This came as a rather unpleasant surprise, as we had promised ourselves a good “dig out” & to pay an unofficial visit to the town. This concluded our first stage of the journey.

Tomorrow we leave the 7th & are on our own, known as “Headquarter Staff Signallers”, fancying ourselves “somebody” with our white neutral bands on our arms. Had & paid visits to friends amongst the Borders & Camerons. Got in a fresh stock of tobacco in various forms from the S.A.G. 1 which is established here. I managed to scribble a line to E.S. by putting a candle in a box and pushing my head and shoulders in. Distance to Standerton 85 miles.

Sunday. 10th Sept. We started at 8.30 am. Our party now consists of the Capt and his servant, with scotch cart and driver. We had one horse suffering from colic, but which luckily soon got over it. The Capt. was very methodical throughout the march. Walk a mile, trot a mile, & a halt of 5 minutes every hour. Our first stop to water was the spruit ZUIK-ac, which doubles round again at this point. About 2 pm we reached the small town of Balfour. There is a station & a few houses & stores. They have got plenty of roads already named & laid out, waiting for the builders to arrive & take possession. We were given an hour in which to have our dinner & make tea. It was just on “time” when the water boiled. One “bunged” in the tea another sugar, & as it was too hot for drinking we put it in our water-bottles. Anderson & I were riding together when it did get cool, we both took a long draught simultaneously & both spat it all out without a seconds difference. “What on earth was that”. “Goodness knows” – only our language was not so polite. We found the others in a similar state of perplexity. Examination of our stores proved that the curry & tea had become hopelessly entangled & that we had just partaken of a delicious drop of curried tea. Ough ! & we hadn’t had a drop to drink since 8 am. Anderson & I

began to taunt each other by suggesting various fancy drinks. Somewhere about 3 pm we sighted a large dam & we had a race for it. Andy was leading & he had to jump his horse over a small spruit in order to reach the water. As he landed on the other side his horse went up to his haunches in soft mud. I went round the other way. It was a case of “so near and yet so far” as, owing to the mud we couldn’t get near the water & had to continue our journey as thirsty, if not more so, as ever. We got some water at 4 pm when we reached the railway at Greylingstad.

We reached the latter place at 5 pm & halted outside the railway station. We drew rations & made a good stew, which was thoroughly appreciated by all. At this place there is a big kopjie overlooking the station, where the Scottish rifles met with disaster during the war. In memory of the men who fell there is, done in stones, the words S.R. From the level it looks very small but close inspection reveals the fact that the letters are formed of a wall 4’3” high, whilst the full stop in the centre is about 10’ high. It is a very wild kopjie & full of gorges. Feeling somewhat “mucky” I thought a bath & clean change would be opportune, so I got me out on a rock standing out of the water about 3ft from the bank of the spruit. On the other side was some nice deep water. Having completed my ablutions & changed my raiment, I threw the dirty linen ashore & prepared to follow it. But, owing to the “slipperiness” of the rock, something altogether unexpected happened. I found myself lying in a nice mixture of mud and water. After this dirty change, we moved off again at 8 pm It was a nice clear and warm night, the moon just coming up. We kept up only a walk, we dismounting & walking when we felt inclined. About midnight the Capt. discovered that whilst not exactly on the wrong track, it was considerably longer than the one he intended taking. We turned back & soon after struck the right one.

At 2.30 pm on *Monday 11th Sept.* we had a halt for a while. We tied up our

horses & laid down on the veld, being sound asleep almost directly. On reaching Vaal station there was another slight delay, as we had to leave 3 men there, this necessitating the removal of various goods from the cart. We were soon off but had not gone a great way, when we had to stop owing to the moonlight failing; the ground at this spot being very rough. As soon as it was getting light we were off again, & shortly after had to cross Bushmans Drift. This is at the junction of the Bushmans & Waterval Rivers. The banks are at least 50ft high, and there is a cutting made. It goes down to the river

from Standerton. The remaining 15 miles was the most tedious of the lot. Skyline after skyline. It was chronic. Didn't we give a shout when Standerton did appear to view. After dodging about finding our camp we settled down in the compound of the A.S.C. Transport. They were very good to us & we soon had a good dinner & then a good sleep. The signallers who had come by rail had got communication with the columns & so there was nothing for us to do at present. As most of the A.S.C. were out on the maneuvers we were offered the use of their I.P. tents & beds, which we gratefully accepted.



bed at an angle of 45°. Even though we hauled back the cart with head-ropes it was as much as we could do to prevent it running away. Luckily for us the river bed was dry & of hard flat rock.

We arrived at Vlaglaagte Stn at 9am when we halted for breakfast. Just as we got the water boiling someone made the alarming discovery that we had no rations. Further search revealed to us that the party we left at Vaal had, by some means or other, taken our sack of "grub" and left us a sack of corn. We made a breakfast of cold water. Just at this point the proceedings were livened up by a horse getting the artery in his stifle broken by a kick from another horse. The blood was pouring out. It took us half an hour to stop it. This by means of a tourniquet made out of one of our white bands & a piece of rock, a piece of tin & a knuckle bone, the whole being bandaged with a puttie. As it was not considered wise to move it, Leonards was left in charge of it, to await a horse truck by rail

Tuesday 12th Sept. There being no signaling for us to do we gave our saddlery a good clean & rigged up our tent for the first time for use as a harness room. Leonards turned up about 9 am He had got tired of waiting at Vlaglaagte and had led his horse the 15 miles to Standerton, put his horse in the Veterinary Hospital & himself in the artillery lines. Had a look round the town. Not much to see, except the usual stores etc. so didn't stop long.

Wednesday 13th Sept. Got marching orders. Were busy in the morning packing up. Left at 1 pm & after visiting cantonments for rations etc & getting "dusted down" beautifully before our own eyes, started back for Vaal. Nothing of importance happened & we arrived at that place at 7.30 pm Found operations at a standfast, owing to a forced & to the opposing forces, unexpected march in which one force got surrounded & "captured" without a shot being fired. That finished the first phase of the

manoeuvres, the second being operations against a skeleton or flag army. These did not start till the 18th inst. Meanwhile the troops were engaged in minor operations in which only two or three of us were engaged.

Thursday. 14th Sept – Sunday 17th.

We left Vaal & arrived at Greylingstad on Thursday. Capt. Newcombe left on the 15th inst., returning to Pretoria. We had very little to do & amused ourselves according to our desires.

III

Move to India 1908 (pages 27-30)

At the beginning of November our happy little home was put into a portable condition, prior to proceeding to India. On the 7th Nov. the women, accompanied by the advance party left Harrismith for Durban. The main body left on Sunday 8th at 2pm. We had a most enthusiastic send off by the inhabitants. I was provided by my parents-in-law with a good supply of provender to refresh myself during the journey. As we were 8 in a carriage, sleep was practically impossible. We arrived at Durban Docks at 8.30 am. Here we found the women had managed to settle down a bit. The "Alexandria" we found to be a dirty old freight ship specially fitted for the occasion. This boat belongs to the Ellerman line & plies between Liverpool & the Mediterranean Ports. It had been sunk in a collision & had laid under the water for some time, & consequently the caulking of the decks, had in places rotted away & made the deck very uneven. There was very little open deck space, there being such a number of winches. The married Qrs were amidships & very stuffy.

After hanging around the docks till 2 pm, we - or rather the boat, moved off - All was grand for about a quarter of an hour, and then we crossed the bar. Oh what a change. It was very rough outside & I, with others, began to wish I could get out & walk. The boat was heaving & so did I shortly afterwards. It was a lovely job

making Mellens food for the boy, as I had to cease operations at intervals to empty cargo. I found I was alright as soon as I laid down. It was a terrible job going into the womens qrs to square up the bunk, what with the heat, stink & motion of the boat. I'm afraid the first two mornings of it were rushed through with more regard to time than tidiness. At evening time on the second day out I began to feel hungry, so started on some bread & butter, went to jam, cheese, pickles & finished up with biscuits after which I felt right as rain. The food we got served up was of a very poor quality & the only means of getting a decent meal was by paying the cook to give you some or purchasing cheese or tinned goods from the coffee shop.

We passed the Fermona Island early on the 15th. There was Church Parade held on Sundays, conducted by the Captain. On the 16th we had some sports. I entered for the "Efficiency Race" but owing to some steps up which we had to climb, breaking, I came in a good last. Every morning there was physical drill for about ½ hour. I got plenty of physical drill by way of marching up & down the deck with the baby, as he was cross all the way out. On the 18th we had a boxing competition which took place on a hatchway rigged up as a ring. There was some very good exhibitions also a comic spar & a blindfolded match. I forgot to mention that nearly all the married men slept on deck, as it was much cooler. On the morning of the 20th I woke up & found myself alone. It seems that it rained heavily during the night & they had gone down below for shelter, but I slept so sound that it did not disturb me. About this time we saw some sharks, also a number of flying fish, porpoises & dolphins. It was also about this time that the meat safe began to make its presence known to us, as the ice was melting. Our chairs were in close proximity to it & every time it was opened it sent a scent round that one could almost cut.

We arrived off Karachi about 3 am 25th & laid there till daylight. At 7 am we moved into the docks. The first thing that

struck us was the absence of white faces. All black, every-where. Perhaps coming from Africa, where white & black are more mixed, it appeared more strange than to one coming direct from England. The first thing I did was to change my cash into currency & had my first experience of pies, pice, annas, rupees & such like. We found the things much cheaper here.

Left Karachi at 9 am for Hyderabad, Sind, where we are to take over the 45th Btys equip-ment, at which place we arrived at 8 am the following morning (26th). The married people were provided with a good breakfast in the Sgts mess, the N.C.O's & men in the R.A.T.A. There was nothing doing that day. In the evening we went for our first "Gharri" ride & a look round the bazaar. The first thing we noticed was the stench. Such a number of smells to such a limited space I have never experienced. The narrow streets, mud huts & hovels, the costumes of the natives were all novelties to us. The streets were packed with natives & it's a wonder how we managed to get along at all. After making some purchases, at what we considered very cheap rates, after S.A., we returned to Barracks.

The next day we were busy "taking over" all the 45th Bty Equipt. etc, my share consisting of the office portion of this job. At 2 pm we marched to the station & was employed all the afternoon & evening in getting the guns, horses, bullocks & mules aboard the train. Our personal troubles then commenced. We had got our baggage into a carriage when we were informed that we were to go by the other train (there were two specials). The particular carriage was pointed out by a native official, into which we shifted & made ourselves comfortable, bed made etc. About 1/2 an hour later we received news that this train did not go & that our train had shunted into a siding about 1/2 mile up the line, therefore we had to bundle all our traps on to the platform & await its arrival. It was now about 11 pm. We finally got settled in the right carriage at last, in company of Br. Wilkinson, his

wife & child, so we had plenty of room. Nothing particular happened during our journey, although everything was strange & fresh to us. We arrived in Peshawar at 6 am on 30/11/08. Bullock tongas were awaiting us. It was bitterly cold, a fact which surprized us all greatly, as we had no idea it could be so cold in India.

Peshawar

Our first reception was at the coffee shop, where we were regaled with tea, ham, & eggs. Then we were given our quarters. We got a shock when we first saw them. They consisted of a block, divided into 8 quarters. First was a square room about 10 ft square, then another larger one, followed by a similar room to the first, & which served as a bath house. There was also a tin-pot sort of arrangement that served as a stove. We learnt afterwards that we were lucky to have even this, as most quarters have only an open brick fire-place in which to burn wood. It is the general idea that a white woman must do no work, & the cooking should be done by a native in a cookhouse fitted out to suit a natives requirements, hence the general absence of cooking ranges.

The first thing that struck us was the "massiveness" of the buildings. In the first place they are built high for coolness & secondly very thick on account of earthquakes. They are mud & grass mixture, except the doorways & exterior walls, which are partly 'pukka' brick. I intend making a plan showing the dimensions further on. We found our personal effects had not been damaged by the journey, except 3 pieces of crockery. We found that the brick floor gave us touches of colic & consequently had to get it covered with Indian grass matting.

On looking around the Cantonments we found it a most pretty place. Streams of water flow on both sides of the roads. The trees are grand & everywhere are lawns & flowers of all varieties. The prettiest portion of all is the Mall, which a splendidly kept road, bordered with flower gardens & big trees. This is where

all the Officers bungalows & messes are. The centre of business is the Suddar Bazar, a medley of native & semi-european shops. Here is an up-to-date grocery business, conducted by natives on european lines & right alongside will be a native sweetshop with all its accompanying stinks. Beggars abound all over. If you only purchase a paper there'll be a dozen boys with baskets waiting to carry it for you & it takes a few kicks & cuffs ere they can be rid of.

The majority of the bungalows are made mostly of mud & straw; with a certain portion of brick or else of sun burnt mud bricks. The roofs are as a rule, flat. In making native huts they make the bricks on the spot from the foundation earth, also sawing up the log wood for beams etc. The latter is done in a peculiar way. The log is tilted up to an angle of 45° being supported on uprights. On the top of the log is placed a ladder similar to those used on roofs. One native stands on this & another kneels down underneath the log, both grasping the end of a two handled saw. Appropas native labour, one will not do a job by himself if two can possibly do it. For instance in shovelling one puts the shovel into the heap & another pulls it by means of a rope attached.

On the night of 31st Decr. 1908 we woke up & found our baby gasping for breath. Seeing something was wrong, I endeavoured to rouse some neighbours, but failed. I, therefore, took him down to the hospital, where they informed me that 'he was not really so bad as he seemed'. We sat up in front of the fire doing one thing & another until about 4 am, when, as he seemed better, we went to bed. At 5 am I dozed off to sleep & woke up again at 5.30, when to our surprise & horror found him dead. He was buried the same afternoon in the Peshawar Military Cemetery. Our ill luck seems to start from this date. On the 13th January I chopped the top of my finger off. On 9th Feb. again chopping, I broke my finger. On or about the beginning of May we were both down with fever. It was also at this time we just managed, by stinting, to get out of debt, in which we had been owing to various expenses.

Scientific Honours

On 14 February this year, the American Association for the Advancement of Science honoured two Lovelock family members at its annual meeting in Chicago by electing them to Fellowship in this prestigious organization.

Firstly Dr. James Lovelock, an independent British scientist best known for proposing the Gaia hypothesis, which postulates that the Earth functions as a kind of super-organism. In addition to his Gaia hypothesis, James Lovelock is the inventor of the electron capture detector (which made possible the detection of CFCs and other atmospheric nano-pollutants) and of the microwave oven. In his very long and extremely distinguished career, Dr. James Lovelock has been the recipient of many other awards, honours and degrees. Just a few of these are: Fellow of the Royal Society (1974), American Chemical Society's Award for Chromatography (1980), Royal Netherlands Academy of Arts and Sciences first Amsterdam Prize for the Environment (1990), Japan's Blue Planet Prize (1997). As well as receiving honorary doctorates from many institutions, in 1990 he was awarded the CBE and was made a Companion of Honour in 2003.

Secondly Dr. Donald R. Baer, Chief Scientist at the W. R. Wiley Environmental



Molecular Sciences Laboratory, Pacific Northwest National Laboratory in Richland, Washington (USA). Don, who is internationally known for the

application of surface analysis methods to examine corrosion processes and the reactive properties of oxide and mineral surfaces, was married to the late Janet Lovelock Baer, younger daughter of Jack Lovelock, the New Zealand Olympic runner.

Robert Chapman

Putting Lovelocks on the Map

- a gazetteer compiled by Yann Lovelock



VER five continents you will find places bearing the Lovelock name. In almost every case it is a sign that a Lovelock once lived there or at least in the locality. In some cases the connection is well documented, in others we have yet to discover it. There is a corresponding range of geographical features too, from whole towns to single streets, from sportive streams to sporty bars. In the gazetteer that follows these instances are covered as comprehensively as possible. I am indebted to several family members for photos and information during my research and acknowledge here my gratitude for their help. Two paintings and a photo illustrate them here. More can be found in my Facebook album at <http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=685097475&ref=profile> and in addition on the Surname of Lovelock site at <http://www.facebook.com/home.php#/group.php?gid=5485547868&ref=ts>. The Welsh version of the family name is included along with the others; but in fact we only know of two so far – in Wales and in Chile. Obviously more research needs to be done - on the origin of the English references especially.

1. UK

Lovelocks House (Newtown Hungerford, West Berkshire RG17 0PU) was known until 1900 as Newtown Lodge. It was built between 1820-40 on land owned by Francis Lovelock (1751-1834). John Lovelock's article in #1 gives further details. On the estate there is also a Lovelocks Cottage.

Lovelocks Farm, Southwick Estate, Beckford Lane, Southwick, Fareham, Hampshire PO17 6BH. Including it in a conservation area, the County Planning Officer reported in 1989 that 'the land includes unimproved hay meadows, grazing pasture and ancient hedges of exceptional nature-conservation importance.' The richest of its twelve meadows (and a two-acre marsh) were recorded as a Countryside Heritage Site in April 1987.'

Lovelocks Field is one of four ancient fields now included in the Swaines Green public space on the edge of Epping town. Triangular in shape, bounded by a brook and with a pond in one corner, it was officially opened to the public in 2008.

Lovelock Cottage, Little Horton, Devizes, Wiltshire SN10 3LH. A timber-framed wattle and daub building dating from the early 17th century, it has a thatched roof reaching almost to the ground at the rear.

Lovelock Cottage, Pewsey, Wilts SN9 5NB

Lovelock Cottage, London Road, Hurst Green, Etchingam, E.Sussex TN19 7PS

Lovelocks Cottage, The Hill, Funcham, Kings Lynn, Norfolk PE33 9EW.

Lovelocks, Church Street, Bowerchalke, Salisbury SP5 5BE. James Lovelock lived in a couple of cottages in the village between 1960-80 but this one, on the main street, is neither of those. The painting by Christine Lovelock is of Clovers Cottage, used as a laboratory by her father in the 1960s.



Lovelock Close, Kenley CR8 5HL, is a six-bungalow development off Hayes Lane. It is named after Gabriel Lovelock, former bailiff of Welcomes Farm, on the land of which it was built in 1990. **Gabriel** is recorded as Surrey-born and aged 48 in the 1841 Census. He married Sarah Wood in Croydon in 1824 and had a child two months later. Other births (and deaths) were registered at St Johns Church, Coulsdon, between 1826-42.

Lovelock Terrace, Howe Rd, Gosport PO13 8GA.

Loveluck Court, Llantwit Major CF61 1UY. A ten-building development built after 2000.

Loverock Road, RG30 1BD. A trading estate adjacent to Reading station, it is often called Lovelock Road - probably because there are so many people of that name in the town.

2. Chile

Avenida P. Santiago Loveluck, Cartagena, is named after the priest (d. 1977) who raised funds to help repair the local church. There is more about him in #5.

3. India

Lovelock Street (or Lane), Calcutta 700019, is a well-to-do area named after Arthur Samuel Lovelock, chief partner in the 1880s of the accountants Lovelock & Lewes. The firm moved its offices there when it was still known as Mangoe Lane. If you look up the name on Google Maps, Lovelock Street is shown running from the Ballygunge Circular Road in South Kolkata. The name Lovelock Place is an alternative address found on the web. At a guess, it refers to the street's intersection with the Circular Road. To complicate matters, the street seems now to be renamed Ashraf Mistri Lane; since most citizens deprecate and ignore the periodical renaming of city locations decreed by politicians, the Lovelock name will not be lost for some decades to come.

Loveluck & Co, a fast food centre in the Bangalore suburb of Malleswaram. It was founded by a Tamil in the 1940s and named after a local coffee planter named Lovelock. It continues now under the management of the proprietor's son.

4. Australia

Most Australian street names are concentrated in the Adelaide area of South Australia, which is where descendants of the Lieflock line settled in 1840, starting with the family of George Lovelock (b. Burbage 1802, d. Aldinga 1853).

Lovelock Road, Parafield Gardens SA 5107, N. Adelaide suburb.

Lovelock Street, Highbury SA 5089, N. Adelaide suburb.

Lovelock Street, Smoky Bay SA 5680, new seaside development on Eyre Peninsula, off the Flinders Highway.

Lovelock Drive, Noarlunga Downs SA 5168, S. Adelaide suburb.

Lovelock Close, Normanville SA 5204, south of Adelaide on the Gulf of St Vincent, is described as a quiet cul-de-sac.

Lovelock Street, Aldinga Beach SA 5173, south of Adelaide on Gulf of St Vincent.

Lovelock Road, Bees Creek NT 0822, south of Darwin.

Lovelock Place, a cul-de-sac in Bassendean, WA 6054, an E. Perth suburb.

Lovelock Court, ACT 2615 Melba, dates from 1993 and is an eight-property development in a Canberra suburb.

Lovelock's Creek Road, Turners Flat, NSW 2440, is in an undeveloped country location and named after the adjacent Lovelock('s) Creek, which is 9.9 km long and runs into the Macleay River. Downstream, the nearest town is Kempsey, in the vicinity of which there was a Lovelock's Farm from about 1850.

5. New Zealand

Nearly every New Zealand name refers to the running champion Jack Lovelock (1910-49). The single exception is Lovelock Crossing, mentioned in an old guide book as in North Taranaki, inland from Mokau. The name now seems forgotten and probably referred to the family of Isaac Lovelock, one of the original settlers in Wellington.

Lovelock Avenue, a section of Cemetery Road across Opoho Park, Dunedin 9016 (South Island), renamed in 1964. Current plans to realign the road have raised fierce controversy. No. 4 along this road is the university residence now renamed Lovelock House and painted here by Judith Wolfe. Better known as Castlamore, it was

designed by the ecclesiastical architect F.W. Petre and dates from 1875. It is described as 'an imposing structure that sits on the slopes of Dunedin's Botanical



Gardens and is a triumph of restraint. The castle atmosphere is almost Scottish baronial, but the battlements are merely hinted at by stepped gables. A large bay, allowing light to flood in, again merely hints at the Gothic; one has to study it closely to perceive that it consists of a series of lancet type windows. Petre's ingenuity lay in knowing how to mix more comfortable features with the medieval, and then ascertaining the exact moment to halt the Gothic theme before it became a pastiche of the original.' It is referred to in the song titled "Lovelock Avenue" at http://www.youtube.com/results?search_type=&search_query=lovelock+avenue&aq=f

Lovelock Avenue, Mt Eden, Auckland 1024 (North Island), was formerly named Prospect Rise.

Lovelock Street, Dallington, Christchurch 8061 (S. Island)

Lovelock Street, Whakatane 3120, Bay of Plenty, (N. Island)

Lovelock Court, retirement bungalows at 1 Spence Lane, Whakatane 3120.

Lovelock Place, a 22-property close in Chartwell, N. Hamilton 3210 (N. Island)

Lovelock Road, Tapanui 9155, dead-end road in Opoho area (S. Island).

Lovelock Track, Owairaka, Sandringham Rd, Mt Roskill, Auckland: HQ of the Owairaka Athletic & Harrier Club

Lovelock Track, Fairlie, Canterbury; a rambling trail with the Lovelock Cottage along its route. It was in Fairlie that Jack had his primary schooling.

Lovelocks Sports Bar, 12 Bond St, Wellington. Moving panorama at http://www.wotzon.com/profilepage.php?comp_id=1001994

6. Germany

Lovelockweg (München 80809) in Munich; a street near the Olympic Park that honours Jack Lovelock.

7. USA

Lovelock, an abandoned mining town in Mary County, California, was founded by the English settler George Lovelock in 1850. It gives its name to a cemetery and a local road; also to Lovelock Inn, near the site of the former Lovelock Hotel, Store and Dance Hall: Magalia CA 95954.

Lovelock, NV 89419, a town in Pershing County named after the same George Lovelock as above, its most successful settler, who arrived in 1866 (see #1 for more on him and the town). The main street looks down to the round courthouse, the town's most distinctive building. To one side of this is the new Lovers Lock Plaza where people come to



which it is sited). Following the US purchase it was renamed after “Lovelock’s Mission”, which is recorded there in 1908; the spelling probably reflects local pronunciation of the name. Nowadays it has a floating population of about a hundred, mostly of Aleut culture.

Lovelock St,
Whitney (NV, S. Las Vegas)

pledge their love by writing their names on a padlock and leaving it suspended from the chains there after throwing away the key. Other local place names include Lovelock Avenue, Lovelock Court (NV 89418), Lovelock Way and Lovelock Drain, a water leat built by George west of town. Lovelock Inn is near the southern end of the town at 55 Cornell Ave. You can take a video tour of Lovelock here <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CBC5iOw2rtk> and listen to Center Divide’s song “Lovelock” at <http://www.deezer.com/track/lovelock-T1510575>. The railroad depot dates from 1917 and is listed as a building of historic interest. When the city fathers found that Union Pacific had made plans to demolish it in 1998, they requested that the building be donated to the town. Not only did Union Pacific agree but they threw in the \$42,500 set aside for the demolition of the building. It has since been moved to a new piece of property across the street and opened as an ice cream bar and tourist gift shop.

Levelock, AK99625, a village near the southern shore of Alaska that has existed precariously from Russian times (when it was known as Kvichak, after the river on

Lovelock Way, Hayward CA 94544 (south of Oakland airport, San Francisco area)

Lovelock Street, N. San Diego, CA 92110, an industrial cul-de-sac bordered by warehouses and stopping short at the railroad tracks. There is a manoeuvrable 360° picture of the street on Google Maps.

Lovelock Court, White Marsh, MD 21236, is a 1976 development in a Baltimore satellite town.

Lovelock Village is at present a 630 acre site on a former gravel pit to the west of Amarillo, Texas. It is only at the design stage at present and is planned as a sustainable eco-village named after its inspiration, James Lovelock.

8. Canada

Lovelock’s Bistro, 838 Yonge St, Toronto, ON, M4W 2H1.