



THE MOXON MAGAZINE

The Magazine for the Moxons, Established by James Moxon in 1988
Founding Editor and First President of the Society
No. 35 April 2005 Published April and October

Editorial:

I AM TWANGING my harp and banging on my drum once again! Many thanks to the small, very small, band of stalwarts who have contributed to this issue. Why is it so small? **Because not enough of you have "put pen to paper"!**

Come on! There must be Moxon family history out there which would be of interest to our members.

We know that few members have famous ancestors, or ancestors who were murderers or sheep stealers who were hanged, or others, for lesser crimes who were transported. However, there **must** be ancestors who committed minor crimes, were bigamists, swindlers or fraudsters!

Alternatively, do you have an interesting hobby (apart from genealogy). Have you done any archaeology. (see article by Joan Rendall)

What about your adolescent children - do they live such humdrum lives that they have nothing of interest to tell us? I just do not believe this is the case - what I do believe is that they need some encouragement *from you!*

Why not set them an example, and write an article yourselves?

I have harped on enough, and got it off my chest!

We have started "Series Three" of Y-Chromosome testing. The kits have been despatched, and we expect to have the results, possibly by the end of April. We have now covered all the Moxon Family Trees which include a male Moxon Member, or the male Moxon relative of a member, except for a few who did not respond to the offer.

There are also a number of Members who have not sent details of their earliest Ancestors to the Society.

We plan to include a detailed report covering all the test analyses in with the October Moxon Magazine - should be interesting!

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following New Members to the Society:

Mrs. Jane Honey of Chinnon, Oxford.
Miss Margaret Moxon of Cawthorne, Yorks.
Mrs. Joanna Baker of Waiuku, New Zealand.

WINCHESTER 2005

OUR GATHERING this year is to be held in the lovely old city of Winchester - one time seat of Alfred the Great, King of Mercia (he who burnt the cakes!) It is a delightful city, full of history and there is plenty for us to see.

The final arrangements have still to be made, and will be included in the "Application Form" sent with this magazine.

On the Friday evening we plan to meet in the conference room at 6-00 p.m. for a welcoming drink, followed by the Annual General Meeting, commencing at 6-30 p.m. We will complete the AGM in time for a quick visit to the bar, before dinner at 8-00 p.m.

On Saturday morning we have arranged an hours guided tour of Winchester College, commencing at 10-00 a.m. If we arrive early, the college background could make an ideal setting for the group photographs.

The rest of the morning is free, with the options of visiting the Cathedral, the Castle, the Armouries or the Saxon Mill - all in close proximity to the College. The Cathedral houses the memorial to those who died in the 1845 battle of *Ferozshuhur*, including Philip Moxon, son of Thomas Moxon of Leyton. We are

endeavouring to ensure these Colours will be available to be seen, either in the Cathedral, or possibly in the Armoury.

We make our own arrangements for lunch - there is a restaurant in the Cathedral, and many more, and pubs around the city centre.

At 2-00 p.m. we ask everyone to gather in the city centre at King Alfred's Statue, where the bus will pick us up and take us to Mottisfont Abbey. This is a National Trust property (**N.T. members should ensure have their membership cards**) There is a stunning Rose garden (September should see the second blooming) and in the house the "eye catchers" are a sitting room, decorated in *tromp l'oeil* by Rex Whistler and many Derek Hill paintings. No doubt there will be a tea room too!

Back to our hotel in time for a short rest before dinner at 7-00 p.m. At 8-00 p.m. we have booked a speaker who will talk about Jane Austen, one of the city's famous inhabitants. Her house, in the city, is open to the public daily. It is suggested that you visit the house on the Sunday morning, after hearing the talk on Saturday evening. **Note** - Jane Austen is buried in the Cathedral

Then - head for home.

We do hope you will like the sound of our programme, and will come and join us in Winchester.

Diana Trotter
Gathering Organiser.

Please return the enclosed Application form to Diana as soon as possible.



The Colours carried in the Battle of Ferozshuhur in December 1845, by Ensign Philip Moxn, when he was killed. Hopefully the Colours will be on display.

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

It was a great honour to be elected president of the Moxon Society at the Annual General Meeting last September. I am acutely aware that I am treading in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors - a hard act to follow.

Perhaps I ought to begin by thanking John Moxon, the retiring President, who, for the last five years, has put in a tremendous amount of hard work on behalf of the Society; and Warren Eastwood who has relinquished the position of Treasurer after looking after the Society's finances for so long; and Christopher and Jane Micklethwaite who, after years of sterling service have decided to lay down the mantle of joint Secretaries. Sue and John Earnshaw have volunteered (without too much arm-twisting!) to take up the duties of Secretary and Treasurer respectively. I look forward to working with them in the days ahead.

It seems to me that the Society has two kinds of member: those who actively participate in the affairs of the Society and who, whenever possible, regularly attend the Annual Gathering, and those who are content to keep in touch through the *Moxon Magazine*. All members are equally important and I am very conscious of the support that the Moxon Society continues to receive from so many members scattered as they are throughout the world.

I will do all that I can to continue and develop the Society's outreach to its membership, both home and abroad. It is your Society and it would be good to have your views. I know that John Moxon Hill is always grateful for the positive feedback that he receives about the *Moxon Magazine*, but it is your magazine and suggestions about content and possible future articles are always very welcome.

There is much to do. The DNA testing programme has highlighted a number of exciting possibilities and with further research into the documentary sources it might now be possible to link up previously unconnected branches of the Moxon family tree. I shall have more to say about this in the next issue of the *Moxon Magazine* (with the Editor's permission, of course - *granted! Ed.*). In the meantime, keep in touch, and do please let us know how you would like your Society to develop.

Graham Jagger
Leicester
March 2005

continued from column 2

and caring for her children. Her life was rich and fruitful until the last months, which were spent in hospital.

In her latter years, Connie had been lovingly cared for by her daughters Margaret, who has lived at home all her life, and Cynthia. After leaving hospital and moving to a residential home, she died within ten days.

Christopher A Moxon (son)

OBITUARIES

CONNIE MOXON



The death took place on 1st October 2004. She was the widow of James Albert Moxon, who had died in 1992 at the age of 92 years. Some members of the Society will recall meeting Mr and Mrs Moxon on their visit to Cawthorne Victoria Jubilee Museum at the Moxon Gathering in 1989. Both had lived in Cawthorne all their lives, and Connie was the oldest resident to have spent all her life in the village. John Moxon Hill and Joan Rendall had visited Connie at the 2002 Gathering when one of the visits was to the Museum.

Connie was born in 1907 into a staunch Methodist family. Her father, Rowland Wilkinson was the village Post Master, a position he held for 41 years. One of his many interests and activities was that of a keen photographer, and Connie would recall holding the lamp for him as he developed his glass plate negatives in the cellar of Chantry House. There is a considerable legacy of negatives in the Museum, and his Grandson Christopher has used Grandad's many postcards to form the basis of his own collection and for the article on Cawthorne he had published in the April, 2003 *Magazine*.

Connie helped her father and mother in the shop and post office, running errands and delivering post and telegrams. She attended the local village school, and Barnsley High School for Girls, cycling the four miles there and back each day. Having two younger brothers and a younger sister, she helped her mother, who did not have the best of health, in their upbringing. At the age of 19 years, she married Jim, and started to worship at All Saints Church, although all her life she delighted in returning to Chapel in this very ecumenical village, when services were often shared, at Harvest and on Mothering Sunday, for example.

She was a founder member of the Mothers Union and Women's Institute in the village and maintained a keen interest all her life. She supported the Museum Society, and having a wonderful memory, was able to recall people and events of the past to help Barry Jackson to compile his book on Cawthorne, published in 1991. Jim and Connie had three children, Cynthia, Margaret, then coming along ten years after and stopping Connie's golfing pastime on the village's nine-hole course, Christopher Albert. Connie was a housewife and homemaker all her life, supporting her husband

continued at foot of column 1

CLARE MOXON



Clare Moxon, wife of Ron Moxon and mother of Diana and Neil Moxon, passed away on 5th January 2005 after a short illness.

Born Clare Donohue in Lowestoft Suffolk in 1927, she married Ron in Preston in 1962 and so was a Moxon by marriage for just over half her life. Clare always accompanied Ron to annual Moxon society events and will be fondly remembered by many members as a vibrant personality.

She moved to Preston with her family in the late 1930's but remained a Suffolk girl in her heart. After finishing school she stayed in Preston, working as a secretary at the Royal Preston Infirmary and for several large companies. However, it wasn't until the early 1970's when she returned to part-time work after the birth of her two children that she found her real vocation as a librarian. A keen reader herself, she had a vast knowledge of modern fiction and the library allowed her to indulge her other favourite pastime: meeting and listening to people. All her life, Clare had a passion for people and she married her skills as a great listener with a great memory for people's faces, names and their stories. To her family, she was the connector: the one who kept everyone in touch with whatever everyone else was doing; the one who always remembered birthdays and important events; and always a friendly ear at the end of the telephone.

Alongside her love of people was her love of travel. She had travelled extensively herself, visiting and photographing many of Europe's capital cities and north America with husband Ron and making the most of daughter Diana's peripatetic lifestyle with trips to Europe and Asia.

In 2002, she became a grandmother for the first time to Neil's daughter Kate, a role she cherished.

Despite so many of her contemporaries having predeceased her, Clare's funeral service was given to a packed church, with people of all ages coming along to say goodbye to a friend who had touched so many lives in her 77 years. The service sheet read: A celebration of the life, love and sparkle of Clare Moxon. A fitting tribute to a dynamic woman.

Neil Moxon (son)

No.3

In the
Series

On Thursday 24 May 1883 *The Times* carried the following notice:

DROWNED, Dr Moxon, of Trinity College, Cambridge, well known in aquatic and skating circles, has been accidentally drowned at Baitsbite, (see note 1) on the Cam. Until lately he was law lecturer at Trinity.

Two days later, there followed a brief account of the inquest:

Yesterday an inquest was held at the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge, (see note 2) by Mr Henry Gotobed, borough coroner, on the body of the late Dr Moxon, the circumstances of whose death have already appeared in these columns. After a protracted inquiry, the jury returned a verdict that "Deceased, while in a fit, was suffocated in a ditch."

These two excerpts have been published previously in these pages (*The Moxon Magazine, October 2000, p.3*) and a short biography of the deceased, written by Bob Moxon Browne, has also appeared (*The Moxon Magazine, April 2002, p. 7*). Further details have now come to light which, together with the time that has elapsed since the original articles were published, indicate that a re-airing of this sad case will not be out of place.

James Henry Harmar Moxon was born at Souldern near Banbury, Oxfordshire, on Thursday 12 August 1847, the second son of John and Sarah Ann (née Drake) Moxon. He was the grandson of Thomas Moxon of Twickenham through whom he could trace his ancestry back to the Moxons of Great Yarmouth and Hull. John Moxon, the second child of Thomas Moxon of Twickenham was, like his father, a successful financier and businessman, being instrumental in the foundation of the London and Westminster Bank (now Nat West) and a director of several railway companies.

J. H. H. Moxon was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first in the Law Tripos in 1869. He took his LL B (Bachelor of Laws) degree in 1870. In 1872 he was awarded the Chancellor's Medal for legal studies, gained his LL M (Master of Laws) in 1873 and his doctorate (LL D) in 1880. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple on 6 June, 1871 and practiced on the south-eastern circuit. He was a Lecturer in Law at Trinity from 1873 to 1881, some two years before his death. It is likely that Moxon resigned his post at Trinity in order to pursue his career at the bar, for in the 1881 census for Cambridge his profession was given as 'Barrister at Law'.

Moxon had a wide reputation as an oarsman, both on the Cam and in the London Rowing Club. In 1874 he took the third place in the Diamond Challenge Skulls race on the Thames. He was the coach of the First Trinity

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

By Graham Jagger

Boat Club that won the Head of the River race in 1873. (see note 3) After leaving Trinity in 1881 he was still involved with rowing in Cambridge, and it was after running with the First Trinity boat that he died.

In 1871 Moxon married Julia Isobel Parrott of Clapham Common, the daughter of a medical practitioner who numbered members of the Moxon family among his patients. There were three children of this marriage; two daughters, Julia Isobel (born 1872) and Florence Penrose (born 1878), and a son Henry James (born 1875) who, like his father, went on to become a lawyer.

James Henry Harmar Moxon was buried next to his father in the family plot in Norwood Cemetery, London, later to be joined by his two daughters, Isobel and Florence, who have separate memorials in the same plot. At the instigation of Bob Moxon Browne his gravestone has been restored and the epitaph reads: (see note 4)

To the Memory of
JAMES HENRY HARMAR MOXON LL.D.
of Trinity College, Cambridge
Second son of the late John Moxon
Born 12 August 1847, Died 25 May 1883
(see note 5)
In the midst of life we are in death
Also of Henry James
Only and beloved son of the above
Who died in August 1909
Aged 34 years
"With Christ which is far better"
In loving memory of
Julia Isobel
Widow of above
James Henry Harmar Moxon
Died 9 August 1920
To guide us to our home above the Saviour
came

This branch of the Moxon family soon died out; J. H. H. Moxon's three children all died unmarried.

NOTES:

1 Baitsbite is situated on the River Cam about 6km to the north east (downstream) of the centre of Cambridge.

2 It was common practice until the end of the nineteenth century for an inquest to be held in a convenient inn as near as practicable to the place of the incident being inquired into. The inquest would be held as soon as possible and almost invariably in the presence of the body.

3 See the photograph of part of the winning boat in *The Moxon Magazine, October 2000,*

page 5.

4 Taken from an article by Bob Moxon Browne in the Friends of West Norwood Cemetery Newsletter, No 47, May 2003. See also *The Moxon Magazine, April 2002, page 7*, and the photograph of this memorial on page 5 of that issue.

5 This must surely be an error, perhaps on the part of the monumental mason. In order to have been reported in *The Times* of Thursday, 24 May 1883, the death could not have occurred later than Wednesday, 23 May 1883, and perhaps even earlier than that.



*Dr. James Henry Harman Moxon
1847 - 1883*

*By courtesy of Susan Hall,
Miniature photographed by Paul Davies*

There seems to be a little confusion regarding James Moxon's third name. It is variously quoted as 'Harman' or 'Harmar'!

Presumably the Grave Stone is correct, and the name was "Harmar".

Ed.

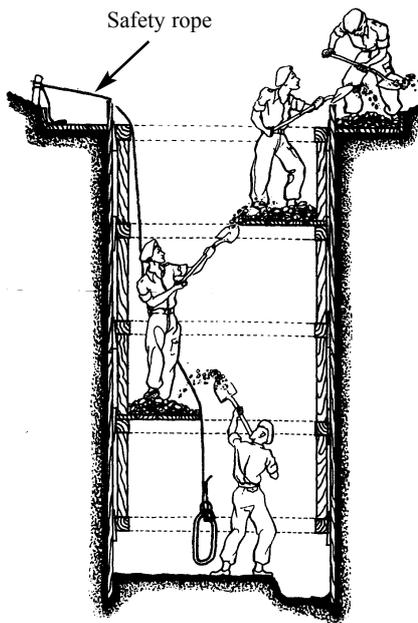
WW I HEROES

John Moxon (Vice President) has downloaded the entries for 'Moxon', from the National Archive list of WW I Campaign Medals (248 including two ladies in the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service).

John has put these records in a database so that it is searchable by name, rank and number. Any member, who does not have internet facilities can ask John for a search. See back page for his contact details.

SAPPER RALPH RONALD EDWIN MOXON

Killed 18th August 1940.



The diagram shows the method of moving soil from the point of digging to the surface. As the shaft got deeper, more men were required, thus putting more men at risk.

SAPPER MOXON was a member of 48 Bomb Disposal Section of No.6 B.D. Company, under the immediate command of Lance Sergeant W.J.Button. The Detachment was working on an unexploded bomb on the Southern Railway line near to Hook station. As it was holding up mainline traffic to the West, the bomb was given a Category 'A' and the section had started work immediately on receiving the UXB report.

For safety reasons, work would not normally commence on any UXB until four days had elapsed, unless the bomb was affecting the 'war effort'. In this case it was considered to be affecting the 'war effort', and was therefore given the Category 'A' rating.

The bomb was almost certainly fitted with a clockwork time delay fuse. These could be set to explode at any time up to around 90 hours after it was dropped. However, it was quite common for them to stop ticking, only to start again - caused by the vibration of the men digging. Some bombs took months to recover as they could change direction underground - the deepest recorded was 65 feet down, so the sappers were at constant risk the whole time.

Another hazard, the likes of which Sapper Moxon faced, were bombs that exploded underground with no sign of it on the surface. They formed a cavern filled with lethal poisonous fumes. The floor of the shaft could

collapse without warning - the digger falling into the fume filled space - hence the rope. Although knowing the extreme danger, the section continued their work.

Unfortunately the bomb did explode killing Sapper Moxon and four of his colleagues. Lance Sergeant Button was thrown a considerable distance. Although shaken, he collected the rest of his section, ascertained that none of them were injured, notified the First Aid Detachment, and then reported to his Section Officer. Subsequently, Lance Sergeant Button was awarded the George Medal.

Sapper Moxon, aged only 21, was buried in Aldershot Military Cemetery, Hampshire. His parents, Frederick William Edwin and Margaret Moxon lived in Walthamstow, Essex. (See also article listing the WW II fallen in this issue.)

We are indebted to Chris Ransted of Worcester Park in Surrey for this article. Chris is not a 'Moxon' nor a genealogist, but collects medals and their associated history, particularly those involved with bomb disposal during World War II. Many thanks Chris.

Does any member know of any more details of Sapper Ralph R.E. Moxon? He was listed in WW II Fallen in last October's Magazine. Anyone have a photograph?

THE BAD OLD DAYS IN OLDE ENGLAND.

NEXT TIME YOU are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be...

Here are some facts about the 1500's:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children - last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it - hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs - thick straw - piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof - hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs." There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed.

Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway - hence, a "thresh hold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big pot that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while - hence the rhyme, "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach on to the food, causing lead poisoning, and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status.

Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up - hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realised they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

And that's the truth... and whoever said that History was boring?

This article has been circulating around "the net" - its author is unknown.

Ed.

EXTREME GENEALOGY

Joan Rendall has researched her Moxon ancestors back over 400 years, to Charles Mokeson, who made his will, and died, in 1592. Here, her research goes back 6000 years! This is her account.



MY HUSBAND AND I live in the village of Bushby, just 3 miles east of Leicester and right in the heart of England. Our friendly next-door neighbours are Marian and Michael. As their surname is Kendall and ours is Rendall - yes, before you ask - we do receive each other's mail from time to time. Well we would wouldn't we?

Marian and Michael were having a sizeable extension built on to the side of their house - our side. The builders, Stuart and Alan commenced work in January, 2004 when the weather was atrocious being both cold and wet.

On the day when my story begins, the Kendalls were out. It had been raining and there were flurries of snow in the wind. I ventured out of the house to the dustbin. Just over the garden fence, the two builders were desperately trying to remove heavy squelchy mud from the bottom of their trench, which was almost a metre deep - the required depth for laying the foundations as laid down the Harborough District Council. They looked a sorry sight indeed, dripping wet and miserable. The time had come for some T.L.C. I thought, so I boiled the kettle and placed the teapot on the tray together with some hot cheese scones which I had just removed from the oven. They welcomed me with open arms and the three of us perched ourselves on boxes in Michael's garage to drink tea and pass the time of day.

It was then that they told me that whilst digging and almost a metre below the surface, they had unexpectedly encountered some flakes of flint. There was not a great deal of it but one piece was rather larger than the rest and they tossed it over to me so that I could take a look. The rest they had put in their skip.

Instinctively, I turned the stone over and over in my hands. Gradually my curiosity turned to a feeling of amazement, for surely this was a Stone Age tool? If I were right, then we were the first people to have clapped eyes on it in thousands of years. I trembled at the thought.

The flint was pear shaped, about 8 centimetres long and 5 in breadth. One of the long sides was sharp, almost with a cutting edge and on the other, where the stone was thicker; there was an indentation where my thumb neatly fitted. In the middle of the flint and running from about half way down to its base, there was a linear indentation, an indication perhaps that at some time it had had a handle attached. The stone itself had a milky white appearance and I vaguely remembered from my school days - and that was a long time ago for I am an octogenarian - that when flint was removed from its bedrock, it gradually turned a milky white over hundreds or thousands of years. By now my imagination was working overtime and I clearly needed help for I am no expert.

Determined to solve this mystery, my next step was to take the stone to the Jewry Museum in

Leicester. Here I found the curator most helpful. The flint would have to be sent away for positive identification, where experts, with all the technology at their disposal would make their veritable pronouncement. I was handed a receipt and told to return in 6 weeks' time. There would be no fee.

The following few weeks passed by slowly but eventually the time came for the return of the stone. I walked up the street with a spring in my step and entered the museum hopefully. It was really all quite exciting and I held my breath as the little package was unwrapped. However, I was soon to learn the awful truth - MY STONE WAS NOT A TOOL. I could scarcely believe it. In a flash my ego had been well and truly trashed, and I felt dejected and downhearted. It had all come to nothing, nothing at all. Or had it? In my despondency, I had only read the first few words. There was more to follow in the boffins' report. I quote from it: "The whole object is not a tool but it is a flake that has produced tools. It has evidence for a blade-like flake being knapped off it. As it has recorticated, [turned milky], it is of some considerable age."

This was followed by a sketch (reproduced with points of reference as to how they had arrived at their conclusion - Solace indeed. For this was conclusive evidence that a Stone Age man had been chipping away at my flint to produce a tool - and all this a mere 8 metres from my own back - door and where Marian and Michael's new dining room is now sited. What was he producing, I wondered? Maybe an arrowhead or a device used for a fishing harpoon, but of course, your guess is as good as mine. It gives me a feeling of awe that here, in my village, Stone Age people were working and roaming possibly as hunter - gatherers long before the great Egyptian pyramids were built and a thousand or two years before the Greek poet, Homer and the philosopher, Pythagoras were producing their extraordinary enduring works.

My mind focussed back to the 21st century where the 2 builders, Stuart and Alan were working in the cold and wet to produce something worthwhile and useful just as my Stone Age Man - or SAM as I will call him, must have done on countless occasions before. Would he, I wondered, have warned his children to stay close by him as wild boar with their dangerous tusks, hurtled through the undergrowth when most of the country that we call England was covered by

forests, just as we warn our children to hold our hands when crossing the dangerously busy A47 road which adjoins our property?

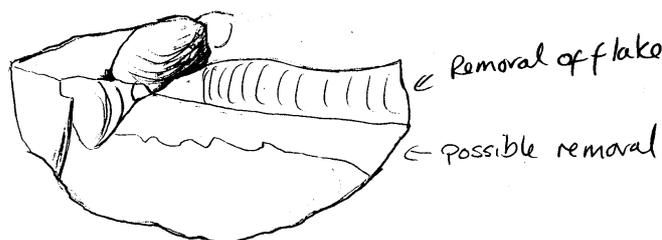
Although thousands of years separate us, basically we are the same type of people, in essence anyway., and this leads me on to ask myself the million dollar question Could we, the Moxons have SAM's blood running through our veins today? What an intriguing thought! According to research, it is estimated that approximately 4,500 Stone Age people inhabited the country in 8,000 B.C. These were amongst the first Islanders although they may not have known it. The last Ice Age had by now released its grip to fill the rivers and seas with yet more water which gradually separated the country from the European mainland. The Microlithic flint knapping techniques, as demonstrated by my stone, are considered to define the Middle Stone Age, [Mesolithic], of roughly 4,000 B.C. If we assume that between the years 8,000 - 4,000 B.C. the population increased by twenty times, this would lead us to conclude that the population in 4,000 B.C. would still total under 100,000 souls many of whom would inevitably share a common ancestry, as a result of their island seclusion, although this of course, is speculative.

Next, we must consider the hordes of warriors that invaded the country from the east, during the first millennium A.D. First they came to conquer and later to settle down and infuse their seed with that of the Ancient Britons. Many of the indigenous population took to their heels and fled westward, as is demonstrated by the similarity of the Welsh and ancient Cornish languages. However, it is inconceivable that all the Britons would have migrated westward and I sincerely hope that SAM's descendents decided to stay and face the music in the traditional Moxon heartlands.

Whether they did or not, there is just a chance, a mere outside chance though, that a trace element of SAM's blood, although diffused by several thousand years, still filters through our Moxon veins today.

Joan Rendall

Are any other Members into Archaeology? Tell us about your exploits.



We are indebted to The Jewry Museum of Leicester City to use extracts and a copy of their sketch, from the report they prepared for Joan Rendall.

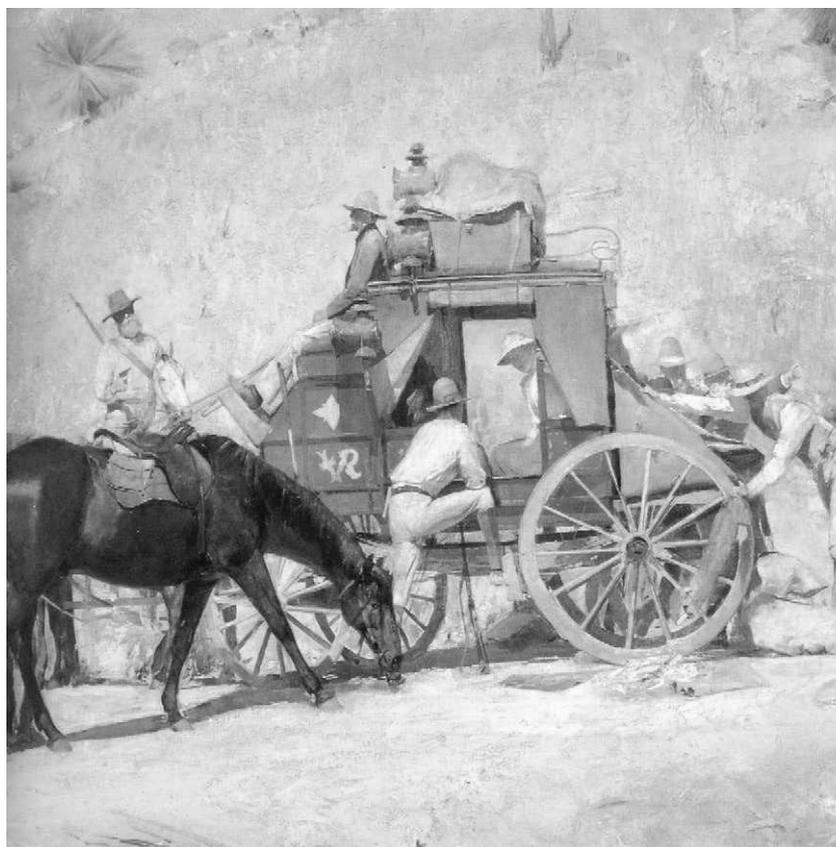
A MOTHER'S TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS IN THE EARLY 20th CENTURY



John McKeown recounts his mother Marjorie May McKeown's experiences growing up in Australia and then living under the British Raj in India at the time of World War II.

THERE MUST BE hardly anyone in Britain today whose mother went to school by stage coach. This was what my mother Marjorie experienced in the early years of the last century on the long trip from Grafton in northern New South Wales up the steep gradients of the Great Dividing Range to reach what must have seemed a little oasis - Armidale, a cathedral town set amid green lawns in a dip in the hills, at the time a retirement haven for successful cattle station owners and a centre for fashionable private schools, today the home of the University of New South Wales and an academic beacon.

My mother (she was tall, thus nicknamed 'Midge') was one of the seven children of Archdeacon Robert Julius Moxon, the celebrated cleric whose biography appears in MM nos. 3 and 28 (April 1989 and October 2001), together with various photographs in other issues, and in 'The Moxons of Great Yarmouth'. Like many other impoverished Anglican clergy, Robert Julius considered it vital to make all possible sacrifices to give his daughters a good education, fitting them, not for a high-powered career as it might today, but for a respectable marriage and a life with cultured interests.



'Bailed Up' (Australian for 'The Hold-Up')

Tom Roberts's painting (1895) showing bushrangers holding up a mail coach near Inverell, west of Armidale



John's mother, Marjorie May, aged about nine, with her younger brother, Clifford.

My father was at one time chaplain of NEGS, The New England Girls' School (New England being at that time and perhaps today the term for the Armidale area, indicating its pastoral and well-watered character), my mother's alma mater. I remember visiting it shortly before we left Australia, a well-built girls' private boarding school apparently of recent date. It had in fact been founded well before the end of the 19th century and gave its girls the education thought suitable for genteel young ladies at the time, i.e. a concentration on ladylike behaviour, the Christian religion, the

arts (piano and drawing), handwriting and good English, both spoken and written, a minimum of English history (no Australian) and domestic science, plus a minimal acquaintance with maths (arithmetic) and natural science (botany). 'Midge' did well at school, particularly in music, drawing and handwriting. She was a fine interpreter of Chopin's piano music, loved all kinds of singing, especially folk songs, and would keep children entranced with her stories.

The coach journey (bushrangers and all) must have resembled the famous Tom Roberts 1895 picture 'Bailed Up' ('The Hold-Up'), though Roberts's painting is of the Inverell district in the last decade of Victoria's reign, hence the easy gradients needing only two coach horses, and gum-trees not hardwoods in the background. Imagine instead the light Grafton-Armidale coach, Royal Mail (Eviir emblazoned on its side), advancing behind four straining horses up a steep gradient in a forest of huge hardwoods (the sort of timber Moxon and Co., founded by T.F.Moxon, R.J.'s brother, made the foundation of their successful timber business), the masked bushrangers, broad-brimmed hats pulled well down and pistols or

rifles at the ready, surrounding the coach, the well-dressed male passenger leaving his seat to turn out the luggage (the ladies were allowed to remain inside, so chivalry was not dead), the coachman wisely impassive on his high seat, the body language of the bushrangers conveying menace, and, around, the almost visible silence of the Australian bush. That is the kind of scene my mother described, no doubt with slight exaggeration, but, however genteel her Armidale schooling (fitting her as it did to be the wife of an Anglican clergyman and Headmaster), her Grafton upbringing was tough.

The picture that was printed in the Moxon Magazine of her father's Deanery, a photograph in which she herself appears with her mother in a carriage and in sight of the Archdeacon - he was Sub-Dean of the Cathedral as well, does not show the mighty Clarence river, as wide as the Westminster Thames at high tide, only a few steps from his front door, nor the wreckage brought down by floods (a newly consecrated Bishop was drowned in the Clarence on his way back from Cathedral evensong to his 'palace' with corrugated iron roof), nor the rough dirt

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Marjorie May Moxon and the Revd. Frederick Maurice McKeown, after their marriage in Armidale Anglican Cathedral in 1922. The bridesmaid was Marjorie's younger sister Violet ('Luttie'), mother of Professor Douglas Lampard of Monash University (obituary Moxon Magazine April 1995). The Best Man was the Revd. Solomon Wiseman.

roads, nor the few small frontier-type stores, nor the town and country dwellers there, hard-working pioneers, many from Scottish or Irish crofts, out to tame the hostile environment, with the few wealthy 'squatters' aiming to return as soon as possible to England, their fortunes made. None the less, my mother managed to train as a nursery teacher. She was devoted to small children and taught them successfully in Sydney until her marriage.

The great disaster of her own childhood, about which she never ceased to speak with sadness, was her father's death aged 48, when she was 10. As well as a severe emotional wound to a girl on the verge of adolescence, the absence of the breadwinner, a man whose own father had left him without private means on the grounds that he had given him an expensive education, imposed the severest possible strain on my grandmother Hilda ('Granny Moxon'), herself a clergy daughter and in consequence uneducated in the ways of the world and lacking business and practical skills. But fortunately three rescuers appeared, R.J.'s two brothers William Ernest and Tom, and the man we knew as 'Gran' (C.F.) Tindal, the owner of Ramornie cattle station, whose family had made a fortune there by canning meat for the Crimean War. Mr Tindal was by that time my grandmother's eldest daughter Dorothy's father-in law. These three Good Samaritans between them saw to my grandmother and her seven children moving to Armidale, where they lived in a small, isolated cottage ('Granny Moxon's house') now entirely disappeared, and they paid for the children to finish their education in Armidale schools, including NEGS.

My mother's residence in Armidale is how my parents met, when he was Sub-Warden of the Armidale Theological College. Fine-looking and athletic (he had played rugby for Sydney University) and well qualified academically as well as theologically, he seemed set for a brilliant career, but the couple soon experienced severe misfortunes. Their first child, a boy, died of kidney failure in the first week after birth and my own birth two years later brought the need for a hysterectomy. I was their only surviving child. My father became Headmaster of Warwick School, Queensland, but was after only four years forced to resign following a disagreement with the school governors about reducing staff through the economic crisis of the early 1930s. Jobs of that calibre, or of any, were extremely scarce, as Australia suffered from the world-wide slump in primary products. When therefore an offer of the Headship of a European school near Bombay, India, (subsequently known as St. Peter's School, Panchgani) came through the good offices of my great-aunt Tina Moxon (Laetitia Christina, in MM April 2001 tree), then a sort of grande dame of Anglo-Indian Poona society, my parents were delighted and set out with me for Bombay with light hearts.

This optimism buoyed up my mother during their first few Indian years. My parents had a social position of some importance in the small hill town specialising in European boarding schools and sanatoria, Indian servants banished drudgery for her and she had hobbies and interests (notably the piano, sketching and her aviary and garden) which kept her enthusiasm. There was the club life of the Raj in nearby Mahabaleshwar, straight out of Forster's *A Passage to India* I thought later. Life for her first two Indian years seemed free from problems, though in fact my mother had little interest in things Indian.

My parents then experienced the dilemma of most Anglo-Indian families, where to send their child to school. My father's school, they felt, would not do (though it is now famous throughout India and has a large web site). Other Indian boarding schools for Europeans had a doubtful reputation. I was eventually sent to England, where, unlike Australia, there was a group of relatives who would keep an eye on me, for a time at least. My mother was thus reduced in India to effective childlessness and consequent loneliness most of the time. We hear much of the hardships of Anglo-Indian children in Britain, little of those of their parents in remote parts of the Raj.

They were innocents politically. My father when he took the Indian job imagined the British Raj would last indefinitely. At the time of Munich, he believed Chamberlain's 'peace with honour' and sent me back to England from a study term in India. The rest of my mother's story may seem familiar to those who lived through the war. This separated her from my father and she was obliged to come to England amid considerable submarine danger to look after me. By the end of the war, because of loneliness and disorientation as well as organic

illness, she had become withdrawn and 'difficult'. They should no doubt have returned to Australia, but my lot was cast in England and in England they decided to stay. She died in 1959, aged 62.

Putting aside the sad times, I try to remember 'Midge' as when I first became aware of her, full of songs, tales and laughter enhanced by much love and affection. She was one of the unsung victims of the British imperial system. Compelled to move across the world by economic need and other family members' migrations, she was herself brought up and had to bring up her own child in the shifting environment of an Empire in severe decline. A more stable life might have ensured the happiness she never enjoyed through her enforced mobility. Thanks to air travel and such organisations as the Moxon Society, families now feel the burden of separation much less.

John McKeown

MINI MOXON REUNION

AILEEN MOXON, Member of Pukekohe, NZ, visited the UK last September/October. Having stayed with Chris and Aileen in NZ on a number of occasions, Dymps and I were delighted to be able to reciprocate and have Aileen stay with us. While she was with us, we arranged to take her to Leicester to meet Joan and Robert Rendall and Graham Jagger. We all met at Joan and Robert's house in Bushby, and then went for a short drive around the countryside (an area that neither Aileen, Dymps or I had been before) and then had lunch at the Bewicke Arms Hotel in Hallaton. After lunch the owner of the hotel kindly agreed to take the photograph of the six of us on the monument on the green opposite the hotel.



TOP L to R: John, Robert and Graham
BOTTOM L to R: Joan, Aileen and Dymps.

MOXON ROUND-UP

JULIE MOXON MARRIES

JULIE MOXON, Member of Janetville, Ontario, married David Hutzel on 2 October last year, in St. Paul's Anglican Church, Lindsay, Ontario.

Congratulations from the Moxon Society!



Julie joined the Society some years ago, and together with her uncle, Rev. David Bewley, Member of Napean, Ontario, is attempting to extend her Moxon ancestry beyond William Evers Moxon (b c 1754, probably in Leeds. Her father, Robert has kindly agreed to be a donor in the third round of Y-Chromosome testing.

JOSHUA JOINS THE CLAN

John McKeown, Member of Clifton, writes:

There is a new Moxon descendant, who is my grandson by adoption. Joshua McKeown is a Guatemalan boy now aged 1 year 2 months, adopted by our daughter Clare in August last year. They reached England from Guatemala on 30 October 2004.

Members who were present at the Richmond Gathering, will remember meeting Clare, who attended with John and Gillie. Ed.



Joshua McKeown when 9 months old.

JILLIAN MOXON MARRIES

JILLIAN MOXON, daughter of Ted Moxon, Member of Turramurra in the northern suburbs of Sydney, married Dale Dawson on 29th August, 2004.

Congratulations from the Moxon Society!

They chose the romantic Cathedral Cave at Jenolan, west of Katoomba for the service, with the reception at Caves House. (*Katoomba is in the Blue Mountains, about 60 miles west of Sydney*)

Jillian was keen to have a Gum Nut-leaf theme. Invites went out with gum leaves, table decorations were made in pottery class featuring Australian fauna, and Groomsmen wore gum nuts in their lapels.



Jillian and Dale pictured in the Jenolan Cave

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