



Established in 1988 by James Moxon, Founding Editor
and First President of the Moxon Society

The Moxon Magazine

www.moxonsociety.org

Editorial

Over the past few months we've moved house, changed jobs, and taken on new responsibilities. Social scientists say that's enough to make us ill, but so far the only bad effect has been to delay the production of this issue of The Moxon Magazine, for which we can only offer a thousand apologies in addition to our excuses.

But at last here it is, and we hope you will be happy with the end result. It is an issue heavy with sadness as we publish obituaries of four of our members, and we still receive appreciations of the life of John Moxon Hill, including a thoughtful and moving tribute from Fiona. We also report briefly on the earthquakes in New Zealand, and the floods and the cyclone in Australia, though our antipodean counterpart will be reporting on those natural disasters more fully in the 'Downunder' Moxon Magazine.

With these sadnesses featuring so much in this issue we needed to think carefully before including Edna Mahon's memoir of her father, Eldred Moxon, an undertaker, with its inevitable undertones of death. But Edna recalls a very happy childhood, and tells how love blossomed in a hospital mortuary, and that deserved inclusion.

We hope the now familiar group portrait will bring back some happy memories of the 2010 Chester Gathering, even though it is sad not to see John alongside Dymps, and two of Alaine Causier's photographs (unhappily there was no room for more) introduce a lighthearted challenge: fit captions to the photos!

On other pages, Joan Rendall has 'resurrected' the earliest Moxon Will deposited in the Borthwick Institute. Joan first transcribed

Moxon Wills back in 1988 but they lose none of their fascination.

Memories of Moxons in World War One, and a Moxon who, for a nice change, was not a convict transported to Australia but this time a victim of crime, make up the rest of this issue and despite increasing the page count I still have much good material left for the next one. But please don't let that prevent you from sending me articles, memoirs, pictures and suggestions for the October issue: See the back page for details!

Moxons old & new

Finally, I was looking for a picture for the front page and this delightful photograph from 'Downunder' shows Simon Moxon at his 85th birthday celebration with his newest grandchild, Abigail Dorothy Moxon, born on the 6th September 2010 to Angus and Trish Moxon. Margaret (who does so much for us in OZ) is the proud grandmother. Congratulations to all, old and new!



Dads & Daughters by Fiona Hill

They say that there is a special bond between fathers and daughters. Research tells us that our dads are typically the first men in our lives. As girls, we develop our ideas of 'maleness' from our dads, and this influences the way we view other men in our lives. Dads therefore lay the foundations for relationships that we will share with men later in life.

A loving father can help us to develop self-esteem. A warm and trusting relationship shared between dad and daughter can make us feel 'wanted,' and reassure us that we will always be protected from harm. We depend on our mums to identify 'womanhood', but a dad's affection can define how we evaluate ourselves as women and this helps to provide us with a sense of security.

Dads do not always realise the profound and long lasting impact their relationships have in shaping their daughters' lives. From her father a daughter learns self respect, acceptance, how to relax around and be affectionate with men without being sexual, that men and women can negotiate fairly and what to expect from a male-female relationship.

I am very lucky that my Dad was a wonderful father. From my very first memory, he was always there, someone to look up to. He looked after me, loved me when I was good (and when I was bad), guided me, reassured me, laughed with me and inspired me. I miss him and will always remember him with happy memories.

This poem by Joanna Fuchs sums up everything about my Dad and me...



My Father, My Guiding Light

Dad, you're like the sun to me,
 a sure thing, always there,
 beaming light and warmth on my life.
 Whatever is good in me today,
 I owe to your wisdom, your patience,
 your strength, your love.
 You taught me by example,
 as a role model,
 how to be my own person,
 how to believe in myself,
 instructing me without controlling me.
 Even when we disagreed,
 you held us together,
 so our bond was never broken.
 I understand what you did for me,
 and I am so grateful that I have you
 as my solid foundation, my rock.
 I respect you, I admire you, I love you,
 my guiding light, my father.

by Joanna Fuchs
www.poemsource.com

From the President's Desk...

In Winchester in September 1968 Angela and I went through what the lawyers call 'a form of marriage'. Several weeks later, for reasons which I do not now recall, we found ourselves in London and decided to visit Somerset House to do some ancestor hunting.



Being but newly-wed and not yet having caught the family history bug, Angela seemed to be wandering round aimlessly while I did some serious research (do you remember the big, heavy index books?) After a little while she popped out from behind a book case and asked, "where can I find details of our marriage?" I gesticulated in the general direction of the big green books and off she went.

A few minutes later, back she came. "I can't find it," she said. No problem, I thought, Angela has never done this before and so hasn't got the hang of it; but I misjudged her. Very patronisingly I took her to the relevant part of the room and pulled out the big green book for the third quarter of 1968 and turned to the Jagger page. "There", I said stabbing the page with my index finger. "Where?" she replied. You've probably guessed this already; there was no entry for Graham Jagger. I told Angela not to worry and that it probably took a few months for the appropriate paperwork to find its way from Winchester to London.

And this is how things were left until one day last spring when, during a search on the web for some long-lost Moxon ancestor, it suddenly occurred to me to look again for our marriage. I tried one web site, then another... Gadzooks, still no marriage! A frantic search through my own archives eventually turned up our marriage

certificate, issued at the time of the ceremony: it appeared to be flawless. As a matter of law, a properly executed certificate of marriage is the important thing and takes precedence over whatever the Registrar General might think: Angela was mightily relieved, as indeed was I.

You might by now have come to the view that I am rather lacking in the little grey cell department: why hadn't I thought of this before? I looked up Angela's marriage! And lo! The Registrar General thinks that Angela is married to one Graham Jagger!

For all sorts of reasons, some real and some probably imaginary, it seemed to me to be important to ensure that this erroneous entry in a Crown record should be corrected as soon as possible. And now the story gets really confusing. On 19 June 2010 I wrote to the Registrar General pointing out the error and requesting immediate rectification. Having heard nothing from him for several weeks, on 23 September 2010 I sent him an email with an attached copy of my original letter. This provoked an immediate response dated 24 September to the effect that there was no trace of my original letter but having now received a copy it would be dealt with forthwith. I subsequently received a letter dated 6 October 2010 from a Janet Nolan enclosing my original letter of 19 June,

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which evidently had been found, informing me that “the indexes [*sic*] held at The General Registrar Office in Southport” had been updated with the correct information.

I thought that this was the end of the matter, but no. On 12 October I received an email from Rob Parry of the General Registrar Office (GRO) further to their email of 24 September informing me that no further action could be taken until the original church register had been checked. Rob seemed not to be aware of Janet’s letter and we were clearly in a left hand/right hand situation. All this was beginning to make me rather cross so I fired off a rather sharp email, with a copy to my MP (always guaranteed to put the frighteners on an indolent civil servant) suggesting that someone needed to pull their finger out. To cut a long story short I eventually received an email, this time from Alun Roberts of the GRO, telling me that the error had now been rectified. It turned out that that the entry in the original church register was correct but that the officiating minister had wrongly transcribed the information into the register copy which was subsequently submitted to the GRO.

There is a moral to this story: the good genealogist always goes back to the original record; not even a certified legal copy can be guaranteed to be correct.

Hendrix, who now turns the scales at 40 kg and who has fully recovered from his nasty bout of mycotoxicosis, says “Woof”.

Graham Jagger

President, The Moxon Society
Leicester, 18 February 2011

The John Moxon Hill Memorial Fund

On another matter, the appeal for contributions towards the John Moxon Hill Memorial Fund is still open and our Secretary would be glad to add donations to those which have already been so generously given.

Graham Jagger

John Moxon Hill: his loss to the Society is great indeed

By email:

Dear Trevor,

I was very sad to learn of John's death when the magazine arrived recently. While John and I had met only once, at the Wells gathering, I had worked with him regularly since joining the Society in 1997. The guidance he provided enabled me to research my family tree and "find my place" in our group in record time. Subsequently he was most helpful in advising and editing when I found I was able to contribute to the Society's records with articles.

John was always cheerful and keen to know of Moxon goings-on here in Eastern Canada and it was a pleasure to work with him and to meet him and Dymps finally. His loss to the Society is indeed great.

Please pass on these notes to Dymps and Fiona to whom I send sincere condolences on their loss.

With kind regards,

Len Moxon

Halifax, Nova Scotia

23rd Annual Moxon Gathering

Wakefield Friday 16th to Sunday 18th September 2011

At the Cedar Court Hotel, Denby Dale Rd, Calder Grove, Wakefield WF4 3QZ

By popular demand this year's Gathering will see the Moxon Society making its 3rd visit to the Wakefield area.

Accommodation will be at the Cedar Court Hotel so bring your swimming costumes to make best use of their complimentary leisure club facilities.

The format of the weekend will be very familiar to those who have attended in the past - the AGM on Friday evening, followed by dinner, then a day out on Saturday, evening meal and talk, then a do-it-yourself Sunday. Wakefield has been fairly well investigated on the 2 previous Gatherings, so this year we shall look slightly further afield on Saturday, and a coach will be provided to make the travelling easier. I am informed by our President that on a previous Gathering in Wakefield a visit to Pontefract Castle failed due to the party arriving at closing time. This year we shall attempt to beat the clock, and have a guided tour of the castle and its underground ammunition magazine. This will be followed by an opportunity to look around the ancient market town of Pontefract, and find lunch at any one of the many hostels in the town centre.

Another Yorkshire venue not yet visited by the Society is planned for the afternoon, namely the beautiful English Heritage Victorian property of Brodsworth Hall and Gardens.

The evening entertainment may be a talk on the Moxons of Pontefract, and all information and support from members who have researched this branch will be gratefully received.



From the top: Cedar Court Hotel
(www.cedarcourthotels.co.uk/Wakefield.aspx),

Pontefract Castle from an oil on canvas by Alexander Keirincx 1600-1652; and Brodsworth Hall

Some ideas for Sunday include The Hepworth Gallery, Sandal Castle, The Royal Armouries, Monk Bretton Priory and Conisbrough Castle, so there's plenty to make the last day of your visit interesting.

Please book as soon as possible using the form provided so that numbers can be clarified with the hotel, coach company and visit venues.

John Earnshaw

Moxon was a victim this time

In searching the web, as you do, for any fact that may just relate to your tree, I came across a snippet of information that I duly recorded in my notes. This time my Moxon was the victim, but as you all no doubt read on the front page of the Moxon Magazine, April 2010 issue 45, the same Moxon family had their own problems with Fanny, an arsonist. (see foot of page. Ed.)

The extract I found was from the Lincolnshire Archives and reads:

Victim:	Thomas Moxon
Court:	KESTEVEN QUARTER SESSIONS
Trial date:	4/6/1857
Accused:	Charles Pell
Age:	50
Crime:	Stealing a lamb hog sheep, the property of Thomas Moxon
Place of crime:	Witham on the Hill
Sentence:	6 Years
Destination:	Bermuda

Minute book Document Ref: KQS A/1/19 p 196,211

The Thomas Moxon referred to here was my Great Grandfather (and that of my second cousin, Joan Rendall, Founder Member of Bushby, Leicestershire, too.) He was a farmer at Palace Farm, Witham-on-the-Hill near Bourne, Lincolnshire and then aged 39. According to the 1851 Census, he occupied 216 acres of land and employed one labourer and one boy.

Whilst I have a farming background, I have to say I did not know what a 'lamb hog sheep' was so, again as you do, I consulted the web and found a definition of a hog sheep being 'a sheep up to the age of one year and yet to be shorn'. So now you and I know.

Today we wonder at some punishments handed out in other countries, but six years transportation to Bermuda does seem

excessive. Again from the web I learn that nearly 2000 convicts are known to have been transported from Lincolnshire between 1788 and 1868 to Australia, Gibraltar and Bermuda. Presumably the reason was that Charles's family were starving and he took the risk to feed them. At age 50, he may just have felt that he had no option especially if, for some reason, he was not able to work – we, of course, will never know.

Richard Pope

Horsham, West Sussex.

Footnote. I tried to make contact with a relative of Charles Pell to see if they knew of this crime and any further developments. So far, I have not been able to do so but one day I may just try to find out a little more...

As Joan Rendall reported (Moxon Magazine MM45):

Fanny Moxon 45 pleaded guilty to setting fire to a stack of straw, the property of Mr Andrews on 27th June 1902, and was sentenced to 6 months Imprisonment with Hard Labour.

She was Joan & Richard's Great Aunt. 1858 - 1914, was one of the 15 children of Thomas and Louisa Moxon who farmed at Palace Farm, Witham-on-the-Hill, South Lincolnshire. She frequently set fire to haystacks, roaring with laughter as she watched them burn. Despite her known 'mental frailty' the sentence was harsh, but arson in a farming community was not to be tolerated



A Wakefield undertaker

My father, Eldred Charles Moxon, was born in Sandal, Wakefield. He was a very respected journeyman joiner and undertaker. We loved him very much.

When the war started in 1939 he was sent to Lincoln for the duration of the war and his work was making coffins and stockpiling them. He wrote home to my mother and said that they were working flat out while the Doodlebugs were blasting over them.

Every so often he would be sent home for a rest, but my mother said he was a changed man. He said, "All the things I have seen in my working life as an undertaker are nothing to what I've had to do in London."

In his lighter moments he would tell us children how he met our mother. She was a nursing sister at the hospital. One day she was taking a recently deceased patient into the mortuary on a trolley when she crashed into my father who was bringing one out on another trolley! That was the start of their courtship and afterwards they would steal many a kiss in the mortuary.

Father was a kind and generous man, and everyone liked him. My job as a child was to clean his black top hat with linseed oil for every funeral he attended.

One funeral I shall not forget was that of my uncle, Oliver Moxon, dad's brother. We went to see him 'lying in state' and my father and I were standing by the coffin to say 'Goodbye' when I noticed my father looking into Uncle Oliver's ears. He went out, returned with a bowl of water and set to cleaning out Uncle's ears! – all the while talking to him: "What did I keep telling you about keeping your ears clean?" Then, father had made the coffin but his assistant hadn't finished off the silk lining properly, so we unfastened it all, and with me being in the soft furnishing trade at the time I was put on making it right. I don't think I've ever worked so hard as I did that morning!

I still have a tiny coffin he made for me to hold my pens and pencils. Like his other stories that might sound very gloomy, but he was a Yorkshireman who prided himself on speaking bluntly – "no trimming round the edges," he used to say – and when my friends came to visit he would answer all their questions straight. So despite the gloomy background, my four brothers and I had a very happy childhood.

**Edna Mahon
Ingoldmells**



Left: Eldred Moxon is on the left of this picture taken at his son's wedding. Above: Edna and her husband at their granddaughter's Jamaican wedding in 2008

LEST WE FORGET

Some notes on Moxons in WW1

Like most men who served in WW1, my father did not say very much about his experiences over the four years he spent in the trenches as a private, then a sergeant.

Before WW1 he was a "Territorial" in the London Rifle Club and was an excellent shot and we still have his silver prizes won at Bisley. In August 1915, fourteen days after war was declared, he volunteered for duty with the 10th Btn of the Royal Fusiliers.

His only visible "souvenir" of the war was that his fingertips would develop cracks close to his nails when it was very cold. This, he explained, was the result of frostbite that he suffered when the duty officer failed to send his relief to the snipers' post that he occupied during daylight. He was forced to stay throughout a freezing cold night until the following morning before he was relieved. By that time his groundsheet was stuck to him with frost and he could not walk because his clothes were frozen solid. Soon afterwards he was offered a commission but this he refused saying that the officers were often the first to be killed.

I admit to taking little interest in my father's wartime activities until after I retired when I decided to see what had happened to his battalion by reading the War Diaries at Kew and visiting the Somme where he spent his four years of duty. Having collected a good deal of information about his battalion's activities in France, I saw that my father survived the battle for Pozières on the 15th July, 1916 when the battalion lost eleven officers and 245 men. I was able to write up his story which then prompted me to look at the other Moxons that were in WW1.

According to the Medal Rolls in the National Archive there were between 255 and 265 Moxons who were volunteers or conscripts and who earned Campaign Medals. This total includes 14 officers. There were about 210/220 survivors, but sadly, 3 officers (21.4%) and 42 "Other Ranks" (20.3%) were killed in action. These figures are reasonably accurate but variations do appear in different sources.

In 1915 one officer, **Lt Hugh Cecil Moxon**, joined the Bedfordshire Regiment. The story of this Regiment has been very comprehensively researched by Mr Steve Fuller and this has allowed us to write a fairly full story about him.

Lt Hugh is one of the "Pontefract" Moxons, being a descendant from William Moxon (born 1791) in Pontefract whose descendants are to be found on MX21. Hugh's father was the Revd Ernest A Moxon who died in 1909, leaving his mother Maude as his next of kin. Hugh went to school at Bramham College near Oglethorpe in Yorkshire, enlisted into the British Army on the 28th January 1916 and was posted to the Inns of Court Officer Training Corps as Cadet 9147. He was 19 years and 3 months old. On the 4th October 1916 he arrived in France with the 8th Battalion. He was a replacement for the casualties the battalion had sustained in the Flers-Courcelette battle during the Somme offensives. Hugh's service until April 1917 was relatively quiet and spent mainly in support trenches. He survived the bloody assault against the Cite St. Pierre, near Hill 70 (west of Lens) in April 1917 and then spent the period from May in trenches around Loos.



L to R: Hugh Moxon is on the left with Lts Hucklebury & Cookson (1916)

On the 19th July 1917, the 8th Battalion were moving into the trenches to relieve the 1st Kings Shropshire Light Infantry when the German artillery caught wind of the relief and smothered the area with shells. Hugh was wounded severely in the head and face by a shell fragments. He was rushed to the 18th Field Ambulance and onto the 33rd Casualty Clearing Station but his wounds were very severe and at 11.15 that night Hugh died, having never regained consciousness. He was 20 years old and was buried in the Bethune Town Cemetery.

The second Moxon Officer to fall in France was **Gerald John Mortimer Moxon**. He was the only son of J P Moxon, a Huddersfield born physician practising in London. Gerald was born in New York on the 22 November 1893 and he was educated at Westminster School which he left in 1911. There must be a story to be found here!

He enlisted as a 2nd Lt in the 7th Btn of the Royal Fusiliers on the 1st October 1913. When the war started he was attached to the 4th Btn RF and became a Captain in July 1915. His war service on the Western Front included being wounded on the 20th October 1914 and invalided home to recover.

In March 1915 he returned to the front rejoining the 7th Btn. He was killed in action at St Eloi, France on the 27th March 1916. Sadly his body was never recovered and his name is carved into one of the cold stone slabs that line the walls on the monumental Great War Memorial at Thiepval along with the names of 73,367 other men who suffered the same fate.

The third officer was **Tom Cyril Moxon**. Born in Leeds he was the son of James and Ada Moxon. James was a loan agent and rent collector. His family was well established, owning property in Leeds. In 1901 Tom was attending a boarding school in Penzance after which he went to Harrogate Grammar School.

His service in France as a Lieutenant was with the Royal Field Artillery Regiment. Tom appears on the Commonwealth War Graves list of WW1 casualties being buried in the Lawns Wood cemetery just north of Leeds but, very strangely, there is no record of him in the Medal Rolls held in the National Archives at Kew. During the Great War the city of Leeds had two large hospitals that could cater for 3,700 casualties and we can only assume that Tom suffered injuries in France, was sent to the Leeds hospital but failed to recover.

John C Moxon

Sources and acknowledgements: Mr Steve Fuller; Mrs Anne Chappel; The National Archive; The Commonwealth War Graves Commission; Westminster School Archives.

TWG 'Glen' Moxon 1922-2010

Glen passed away peacefully at the Feros Nursing Home, Bangalow, New South Wales, on 18th November 2010, aged 88 years. Firstly, our family's heartfelt thanks must go to the staff of Feros for their excellent care and compassion in his final months. His 88 years of busy life and achievements lasted from one century into another. Here is his story.

Glen's Grandfather was Robert Julius, the youngest of three brothers who came to Australia from England at the end of the 19th Century. RJ became Archdeacon Moxon of the Anglican archdiocese of Grafton, whose beautiful memorial reredos is behind the altar in the Christ Church Cathedral there.

One of RJ's sons, TDB "Doug" Moxon had been an officer of the AIF artillery in the horror of Flanders trenches in the Great War. When hostilities finally ceased, Doug returned to the far north coast of NSW where he had spent his formative years. At the Wollongbar Agricultural School, where returned servicemen were offered training for post-war careers, Doug met Harold Bentley, a veteran of the Australian Light horse who fought in the Battle of Beersheba. Harold lived in Lismore and had a sister, Leila, who met Doug and in due course they were married. Their only son Thomas William Glen was born on 19th May 1922. Doug found a livelihood as a sharefarmer and Glen passed his early childhood in a couple of farms around the Lismore district.

Doug didn't seem to succeed at sharefarming and was probably not fit enough for it due to having been gassed in the war. The family moved into Lismore to a house in Hunter St which still stands today, and he found employment as a tick inspector with the Department of Agriculture. Young Glen attended school in Lismore and finished his high schooling at Richmond River High School. If it had been solely up to him he really would have chosen a life in the outdoors and on the land or in a trade but, on leaving school, with his aptitude for figures and details he was 'arranged' into a job with a local accounting firm, WH Jack, Thomas & Co.

Cricket, Rugby League and Tennis were the sports of his youth, but cricket particularly endured throughout his life. He was a hard-hitting batsman



and often-picked opening bowler whose skills earned him a place in Lismore senior grade cricket at age 14. There are photos and tales of nights on the town at the Dances and Cinemas of Lismore and of numerous camping trips for shooting and fishing that attest to a seemingly idyllic teenage life - even amidst the trials of the Great Depression.

At the age of 19, events both global and local conspired to turn his simple world in Rural Lismore upside down. He had recently commenced his accounting career when his father Doug died suddenly of heart failure at a relatively early age. Around this time the whole world was being plunged into another horrible war, and the carefree young Lismore lad found himself in Air Force uniform, trained and ready to sail off to distant shores offering unknown adventure and much peril.

However, one other momentous event occurred on a Christmas camping holiday at Brunswick Heads

TWG 'Glen' Moxon 1922-2010

with friends he encountered a new interest in his life: a pretty young Lismore lass named Dorothy Sweeney. They both loved jazz, swing and dancing and would go to dances throughout the district every weekend. Glen's and Dorothy's love of this music would stay with them for life. In 1943, three months before his departure to parts unknown, Glen and Dorothy were married at St Andrews Cathedral, Lismore, which was the church in which Doug and Leila had wed. The newlyweds spent a weekend's Honeymoon at the Great Northern Hotel in Byron Bay. An impulsive decision his marriage may have been, but Glen has said many times over that it was also the best decision he ever made because, against all odds, he survived the daily nightmare of the air war in Europe to return intact and resume his only months-old marriage after nearly three years' absence.

Glen travelled to San Francisco in the USS "President Grant", a rusted, cramped liberty ship. At sea with little to pass the time, he joined with fellow enthusiasts to form a jazz band of which he was the drummer. He trained at Prince Edward Island in Canada for three months. Whilst awaiting embarkation on RMS "Queen Mary" with 18,000 other service personnel, to travel to Greenock, Scotland, Glen was granted two weeks leave and travelled to New York. One of his favourite stories was being in the (at that time famous) Hurricane Club in New York in 1943, where he met Duke Ellington and watched him come out of the ceiling on a lift, seated at a white grand piano playing "Mood Indigo" which Glen had previously requested of him. A treasured memento was a program autographed by the Duke.

We know and recognise the tragedy of those that did not survive that war, but we don't sometimes realise the lasting effects on those that did survive. Dorothy used to say he had nightmares for forty years afterwards. Whilst Glen re-established himself and his new life with his young wife, those around him had the impression that a significant part of Glen (and similarly many of those people) stopped at about 1945 and nothing since ever had quite the same significance. But great adversity can bring forth great benefits as well. Friends made in that

pressure cooker of fear and stress became very special friends for life. As an RAAF officer, Glen survived 29 missions and on two occasions endured crashes that inflicted injuries and fatalities. Also, whilst on leave, was able to escape from a London Bus that was overturned by the blast of a v2 rocket impact.

After Crew training in England on Wellington and Stirling bombers Glen qualified as a navigator and was posted to 90 Squadron flying Lancasters. Glen was approached by fellow Australian pilot Gordon Walton to be part of his crew. Another compatriot, Jack Sharp, was also in that team and these three struck up a close bond that survived to the end of their lives. On one memorable night over Calais, during a successful attack on gun emplacements, their aircraft was severely damaged by flack and Gordon was badly wounded. They managed to struggle the plane back to England and crash-landed on an American aerodrome. Gordon barely survived and was awarded an immediate DSO. On another occasion with another pilot, Glen survived unscathed, a test flight that crashed due to engine failure, killing one member of the crew and severely injuring another.

He sailed back to Australia on aircraft carrier HMS *Victorious* in 1946 and was reunited with Dorothy. In 1948, with one-year-old baby Doug, they moved to Balmain in Sydney for a position for Glen with his wartime friend Jack's family company, JB Sharp & Co, furniture manufacturers. This company's premises were a large shop in the middle of Balmain where they made the furniture in the factory out the back and sold it out the front. Glen did the books and part-time drove the delivery truck. Geoff was born in Balmain in 1951 and the family moved to Five Dock in 1955. Dorothy and Glen loved a singalong and there were many fun parties with friends and relations and their kids.

Glen played cricket for the Five Dock Waratahs and, in later times, in one of son Doug's teams for a few years. In 1961 Sharps was winding down and Glen shifted jobs to Sidney Williams & Co in suburban Dulwich Hill, who made Comet windmills, pumps and prefabricated steel sheds.

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Annual Moxon Gathering



g no. 22 Chester 2010



The CHESTER GATHERING was most enjoyable, overshadowed though it was by the sadness of John Moxon Hill's recent death. Member Alaine Causier took many photographs of which we print two here: one of the President enjoying a joke outside the Cathedral, and one of members 'looking to higher things' inside it! We invite you to submit a suitable caption for either of Alaine's photos. There's no prize, just the honour of having your caption appear in print in our next issue! Entries to The Editor by the end of September 2011, please!



The main group photo is by Ken Moxon who managed to get us all together and more or less looking in the same direction for at least the 1/125th of a second it took for the shutter to click! Well done, Ken!

Ann Moxon RIP

We record the death earlier this year of Ann Moxon, wife of Dr John EU Moxon, OBE. The following is taken from the text of John's oration at Ann's funeral.

Born in West Moors, Ann never knew her father, a Landscape Gardener at a Nursery in Ferndown. He and his best friend joined the Ox & Bucks and were both killed in the defensive line behind the evacuation to Dunkirk. Once, after a Rotary Club visit to Bayeux, we went to see her father's grave at St Omer, very close to his friend's.

Ann's mother Margaret came to Frome to live with her relatives and worked in the Food Office. People remember seeing her cycling to work with little Ann on a seat behind her. Margaret then married a local farmer and her half-brother and sister remained very close to her all her life. It was Ann's turn to host the family get-together this year and she happily provided Brunch the day after Boxing Day for 27 of their families!

She worked as an under-matron in a Prep School and then at 19 emigrated to Canada, where she had relatives, one descended from a British Railway Engineer (name of Armstrong, of Armstrong Road in Frome) involved in constructing the TransCanadian Railway. It was said that Margaret's mother with baby Ann missed the Titanic crossing by a month. Ann worked as an under-matron at Shawnigan Lake School on Vancouver Island, a boarding school for boys deep in the pine forest. We went to see it 30 years later, with its wonderful grounds with canoes everywhere, and the headmaster remembered Ann and told her where all the staff she knew had gone.

Hearing she was coming back to Frome on holiday, some friends thought 'lets give a party for her to meet Frome's young doctor,' so I always claimed it was an 'arranged marriage'. Our first trip had been to Tarr Steps in Devon where we experienced what became an 'Ann Road' which took a long time and ended in a field. The family could tell you many such experiences, and my grandson Oscar spent a day with us recently on a trip to Wookey Hole caves and couldn't wait to tell his Mum and Dad of 'Grannie's navigation to Wookey' which was confident as ever and very tortuous, eventually approaching it from the other side.

We were engaged in a fortnight and my parents, living locally, told me they also got engaged in a fortnight 50 years previously. Ann was a marvellous wife and mother; we brought our family up at West Lodge. Soon after I joined Rotary, she joined Inner Wheel which she thoroughly enjoyed, and so many of her friends attended her funeral. She loved our holidays, fairly ambitious for their time: motor caravanning with the family in Denmark and France; many canal holidays in England and France; holidays in the USA, India, Canada; a train journey from Samarkand to Shanghai over the Gobi Desert; New Zealand, China and Japan.

Ann loved swimming and building a heated swimming pool in time for the 1976 heat wave proved a great success; it was much used by our children and many other local children learned to swim in it. She used to enjoy entertaining and her Boxing Day parties for up to 40 guests were famous. Later we decided to downsize and built a bungalow in our vegetable garden round two sides of the pool which allowed Ann to swim daily from Easter to early November.

We enjoyed developing our new garden and the two of us used to inspect it together every day, to note a new bulb sprouting and flower blossoming. We particularly enjoyed sitting together on a seat beside the pond, watching our fish. We walked round Stourhead at least once a month, and a few days after one such trip Ann enjoyed a busy day, including cooking nine servings of a chicken meal for the Inner Wheel Interclub. We had a light supper, watched her favourite Master Chef programme and when the news started she made her usual trip into the study to play Spider Solitaire on the computer. Ten minutes later she had her cardiac arrest.

I am so glad she did not end her days as an invalid, which she would have hated as she was always active. She was a marvellous wife, mother and grandmother. We all adored her.

John EU Moxon OBE, 2011

Peter Moxon, marathon man

Joan France, nee Moxon, writes:

FROM: THE ROTHERHAM ADVERTISER
4 MARCH 2011

A marathon runner collapsed and died aged 70 “doing what he loved”—at the peak of his training to break a world record.

Tributes have been paid to popular Peter Moxon, who was aiming to be the fastest ever septuagenarian at the Rotterdam race next month.

Sue Robinson, his partner of more than 20 years, said: “Peter was a real one-off. It was such an experience knowing him and I liked him because he was so different.

“He certainly made his mark on the world. He didn’t need Rotterdam.”

Former Oakwood Tech student Peter’s death on Monday followed a blackout while out running last month. On that occasion he refused to board the ambulance, which instead followed him as he ran home from Tinsley to his Brinsworth flat.

“He always did things his way and nothing would ever change him or stop him,” said Sue.

Cycling had been his first passion from a young age because it allowed him to travel. He had raced for the Scala and Rockingham Wheelers teams before he was knocked over the top of a lorry in 1976.

Sue said: “Doctors didn’t think he would walk again. They put a mirror above his hospital bed so he could see outside because he was laid up for so long, and he said he could identify all the sparrows outside.

“Peter always had to be competing, and when he recovered he couldn’t race cycles so he started to run. He always did exactly what he wanted to do and he died doing what he loved.”



Joan France, nee Moxon, writes:

My cousin Peter Moxon unfortunately collapsed and died last Monday whilst training to do a marathon in Rotterdam next month. He came first in a similar marathon five years ago and was looking forward to this one age 70 because if he had won this one he would have been in the Guinness Book of Records for the fastest 70 year old. He was also a very good cyclist, having won many cups and trophies for both of them.

His father George Henry Moxon was the brother of my father Frank Moxon b1905 another brother was Eldred Charles Moxon (Edna McMahan s father. The reason for me writing all this is to ask you if you would like me to send you the newspaper write up about Peter which was in the Rotherham Advertiser last Friday. In it you will see the determination and true grit of another Moxon.

We are down the line of Caleb Moakson b 1696-1784 in Silkstone and I believe it was Caleb who took his family to Sandal settlement in Wakefield, and there they stayed until my Grandfather Edmond Oliver Moxon b 1858 moved to Rotherham with his big family and I am still there.

John McKeown 1917 - 2010

For some of you, it will probably come as no surprise to hear that Dad left some pretty specific written instructions about this Eulogy: "Clare to write based on notes in file on third shelf down on the right"!

You'll probably also not be surprised to learn that we haven't exactly followed his instructions. Dad spent his life making well thought-out recommendations about what each of his children should do. We usually did the opposite. But, especially in his later years, he was generous enough to admit that this hadn't always resulted in the predicted disaster, though you could often see him marvelling that this could be so.

Dad was born in Melbourne, Australia in 1927. His father was Chaplain of Melbourne Grammar School but moved the following year to become Headmaster of Warwick School in Queensland. When Dad was 7, the family moved to India where his father had been appointed Headmaster of St Peter's school in Panchgani, about 100 miles south east of what is now Mumbai. At 9, and after several bouts of illness, Dad came to England and started at St Neots Preparatory School in Hampshire. He described it as idyllic and he and the headmaster's son, Christopher, became firm friends. Christopher was later Mum and Dad's best man and came to their golden wedding anniversary party three years ago.

During his time at prep school and because he could only return to India periodically, Dad started to spend holidays with a friend of his headmaster's, Lorna Proctor in Southgate, near Swansea. We're still going there as a family over 70 years later.

Dad's academic success started at St Neots and he dreamed of winning a scholarship to a good public school and then to Cambridge. But his dreams were nearly shattered when, aged 13 and because of the war, his parents called him home to India. With support from his headmaster, he sent a telegram saying "Please may I stay, love John". His parents agreed even though it meant that his Mother would

come to live in England. Dad always recognised this as a pivotal moment in his life, allowing him to pursue his academic ambitions. But it must have been very hard on all the family.

Dad wrote very graphically of the excitement of taking the scholarship exams for Radley, which were held at Trinity College, Oxford, and the anticipation he felt at the thought that he might one day study somewhere similar. He was awarded a scholarship to Radley and, when we wrote to tell them of his death, Anthony Robinson, who replied, listed his rather intimidating achievements: Junior Scholar, Prefect, keen oarsman, exhibitor to Jesus College, Cambridge..."

There he studied classics and gained a first in his part ones. He described, rather endearingly, his sense of elation when he received this news just after winning the Grand Challenge rowing cup at the Marlow Regatta, then considered to be the most prestigious rowing prize there was.

One of the other highlights of his time at Cambridge was rowing in the crew that won the Head of the River race and subsequently being chosen by Chris Barton, the Captain of the 1948 Olympic rowing VII to join his boat. Barton, also the stroke of the Jesus crew, had been given discretion over selection and simply appointed his entire Jesus crew. It must have been devastating for Dad, after a challenge from the Cambridge first VIII, to find that he and his Jesus colleagues were not ultimately to row in the Olympics. But all my life I've enjoyed saying, "my Dad was picked to compete in the Olympics"!

After graduating in 1949, and serving his National Service in the RAF (where rowing again seemed to feature heavily), he was sent by the Ministry of Education to teach at the Lycée Henri IV in Paris. It was just after the Liberation when Brits were, according to Dad, hugely popular. With no exams to worry him and courtesy of rock-bottom student prices, he went to plays and concerts galore and

John McKeown 1917-2010

says he wore out several pairs of shoes exploring "this wonderful city." And he rowed on the Seine with his room-mate, Robert Gautier, after travelling across Paris riding pillion on Robert's motor bike. Dad's friendship with Robert, his wife Brigitte and their children and grandchildren lasted all his life and involved innumerable shared holidays and French exchanges.

After his year in Paris he returned to England to start teaching at Clifton College, probably never dreaming that he would spend his entire professional life there. But it was an incredibly varied life with involvement in almost every area of the school. He taught Latin, Greek and, perhaps unusually since this was not his degree subject, French. He enjoyed the variety and it was a prudent combination given the diminishing interest in classical languages. We've been particularly struck by letters from some of his classics students who thrived on his challenging teaching.

From 1961 to 1976 he was House Master of North Town, one of the day houses at Clifton. Judging by accounts from colleagues, he was supremely conscientious in this role. I remember he sometimes agonised over what might best help a particular boy in his house to be more confident or achieve his potential. And, we also remember, as children, being taken along on many of the adventures that he planned for his students: canoeing, pot-holing and walking in the Lake District

Aside from his teaching and house mastering, he also directed six main school plays, starting, one might say either naively or arrogantly, with King Lear as well as staging productions in Latin and French and directing a rather subversive 16mm film about a schoolboy arsonist. He coached rowing, taking us down to the river in St Anne's to run along the tow path with him and be rewarded with a chocolate bar at the still thriving Beeses Café. He refereed rugby and football, and even, we

learned from a condolence letter, contributed to the development of that Cinderella of sports, Hockey.

Aside from what might be classified as work, he regularly sang the bass solo in the combined choirs concerts. He also appeared in various Gilbert and Sullivan productions. In these his chronic nervousness was masked by playing aloof baddies like Sir Roderick Murgatroyd in Ruddigore and, very effectively, the Mikado. He enjoyed the latter, though was not so keen on Mum as Yum Yum being wooed by his boss, the Headmaster!

We received a very moving note from Robin Barton, one of Dad's colleagues of 30 years at Clifton. He mentions a rather surprising occasion in 1979 when Dad, on a trip to Hadrian's Wall, suggested some mild law-breaking so that all could sleep the night within one of the wall's famous mile castles. This was a side of Dad we didn't know about! Robin also wrote, "There are generations of old Cliftonians whose debt to him is immense. His range of talents and interests was seemingly inexhaustible." I'd like to think that sums him up.

When Dad retired, I think we found he changed quite a lot. He was, all his life, a constant worrier but without the stress of life at Clifton and with us, sometimes, off his hands, he became much more relaxed and sociable. Each of us saw him relate to our friends with much greater depth and warmth and so many of the letters we've received this week bear witness to this. And he started to enjoy the fruits of our independence and the different choices we were making.

Obviously for me, the greatest of these choices was to become Joshua's mother. I told him and Mum of my intention just after Dad had had open heart surgery. He might have been forgiven for keeling over on the spot. Instead, he was always quietly encouraging, though was clearly both relieved and delighted when Chris came along. And later he was constantly surprised by

(Continued on page 18)

John McKeown 1917-2010

(Continued from page 17)

the huge joy that his new grandson brought into his life particularly through Josh's complete lack of any concession to age or dignity. I will always be thankful that my last memory of Dad, just four days before he died, is of him playing a kind of boules with Josh on the carpet in the sitting room. Josh was authoritative but polite in explaining his rules to Grandpa and Grandpa went along with them. Probably a first!

So many friends have written about the way that Mum and Dad welcomed them into their house, for meals, parties, concerts, Christmas. While Mum may have been the driving force in terms of making sure everyone was fed and looked after, Dad was vigilant in making sure that invitations were issued regularly, and friends who were worried or grieving asked over. And the games for which our parties became somewhat notorious were always his invention: usually something much too hard and linguistic which either made people howl with laughter or feel completely inadequate or a bit of both.

The same impulse informed his huge circle of correspondents. He was a marvellous letter writer: detailed, evocative, always reliable in replying and with a distinctive hand. So many of the letters we've received since he died, from family and friends in Australia, the States, Switzerland and France have mentioned this.

Dad had been very ill for over two years. I don't think I ever heard him complain. As his heart failed, his ailments seemed to multiply, leading not only to what must have been intense physical discomfort, weight loss and frailty but also to confusion and worry. After several long hospital stays and thanks to the determined

efforts of a group of young doctors and the palliative care team at Southmead and supported by their community matron, night nurses and St Peter's hospice, Dad was able to be at home from May through the Summer and to come to enjoy the new flat and friends at Terrill Court. We had longed for him to smile again and he did. And on September 8th, he and Mum even managed to celebrate their 54th wedding anniversary with lunch at Gatcombe Farm.

Through all this, Mum nursed Dad unfailingly, always determined that he would not move to a nursing home. It was very, very hard for much of the time but she always showed and said how much she loved him.

When I was going through various papers on his desk, I found some rather unexpected poems to Mum, one written in the spring of 2008 when Dad's health started to deteriorate significantly. It includes the lines:

Oh dear, here we are in Arabia

A land of correctest behaviour

We mustn't expose

E'en the smallest red rose

As it means that as lovers display'd we are

This produced a reply from Mum:

I'll be your rose

More romantic than spouse

If you'll be my helpmate

By cleaning the house.

Clare

Where There's a Will: Resurrected

Some years ago Joan Rendall undertook the transcription of Moxon family Wills, and these became a popular feature in the Magazine. Now Joan resurrects some of those Wills, and reminds us that they can lead to many new discoveries and interesting places.

The earliest Moxon Will (*see page 20*) deposited in The Borthwick Institute of Historical Research is that of The Rev. William Moxon of Bolton-upon-Dearne, near Barnsley in Yorkshire. It was written in 1470. William would have been a Catholic celibate as these were the days before the Reformation when Catholicism was the religion of country, so it unlikely that he left any line of descent.

Having ordered the Will, I eagerly awaited its arrival only to have my spirits dashed when it finally arrived for not only was it written in Latin, it was abbreviated Medieval Latin in a Gothic style of handwriting, written with a broad quill in the smallest possible space.

This was going to be a stubborn, difficult Will to read and I knew that if anyone could crack it, then Graham Jagger would! Graham, who inherits his Moxon blood through his maternal line, has a positive approach to life which can best be summed up as "when there's a Will, there's a way." I despatched it to him straight away.

A few days later he was on the phone to say that the Will was transcribed and ready. An interesting side-line to his efforts was that Graham had worked on the Will by candlelight during a power-cut: almost certainly the original would have been written by the light of a candle half a millennium before!

We both found this ancient Will so compelling that Graham and I felt that we must go up to Bolton-upon-Dearne to see the church and if possible, meet the Rector there. I arranged the meeting and received a welcoming reply. Apparently, the Rector had written an article about the Will in his Church Magazine and had been surprised at the interest it had created

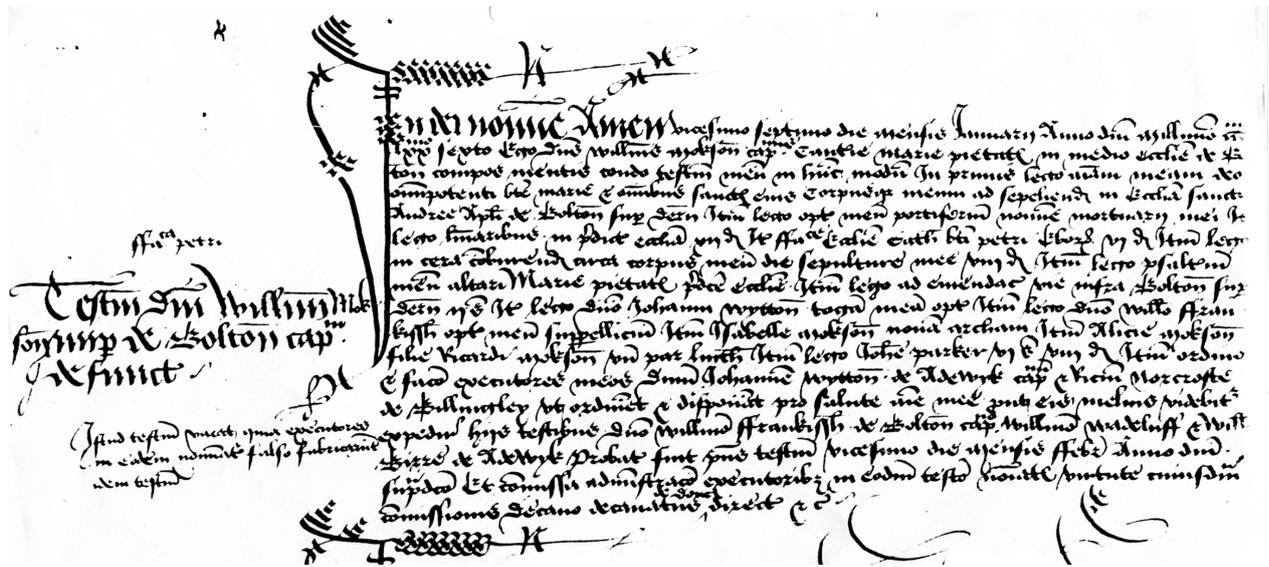
amongst the parishioners. He would be delighted to meet us at the church and to show us around. We must climb up the steps inside the spire, where we might find something of particular interest to our Moxon research.

A few days' later, we were in St. Andrew's, Bolton-upon-Dearne where we met the Rector. After a look round the church, we approached the area of the base of the Steeple and my heart sank. The spiral staircase looked daunting. The shiny, stone steps were well worn and sloping a little outwards. Would I manage them? Not wishing to show my fear in front of my two male companions. I bit the bullet and slowly ascended the perilous spiral staircase without any mishap, although my relief when we reached the top was great indeed.

At some time during its long history, the church must have had a new spire and it was the interior wall of this structure that drew our attention, for inbuilt into its fabric was a huge stone. It was an ancient tombstone, a bulwark indeed against any type of bad weather. The wording on the stone had long been eradicated by the passage of time. But there was one area on the stone where one could still make out the clear engraving of a chalice. This meant that the stone must have been erected for a man of the cloth. Might this have been our man-of-the-cloth, the Revd William Moxon? Of course we shall never know, but this I do know, the church spire still stands defiantly against all sorts of wild storms and wintry Yorkshire weather. It points upwards to the skies, towering above the village roofs, towards the Heavens and to the Glory of God Himself and our tombstone may even still be helping it so to do.

Joan Rendall

The Will of The Revd William Moxon 1470



The Will of William Moxon, Bolton-upon-Dearne 1470.

Graham Jagger's Transcription

In the name of God, Amen. The twenty-seventh day of January in the year of our Lord, 1470. I, the Reverend William Moxon [1] chaplain to the chantry of Mary of Piety, in the middle church [2] of Bolton, being of sound mind, make this my Will in this manner.

First, I leave my soul to Almighty God, Blessed Mary and all the saints and my body to be buried in the church of Saint Andrew the Apostle in Bolton-upon-Dearne.

Item. I leave my best breviary [3] in respect of my mortuary dues. [4].

Item. I leave for the windows in the aforesaid church. 12d

Item. To the fabric of the cathedral church of Saint Peter in York. 6d

Item. I leave for wax [candle] to burn before my body on the day of my burial. 8d.

Item. I leave my psalter to the altar of Mary of Piety of the aforesaid church.

Item. I leave for the repair of the roads within Bolton-upon-Dearne. 6s

Item. I leave to The Reverend John Mytton my best gown. [5]

Item. To Isabelle Mokson [my] new chest.

Item. To Alice Mokson, daughter of Richard Mokson, one pair of linen cloths. [6]

Item. I leave to John Parker 6s. 8d.

Item. I ordain and make my executors the Reverend John Mytton of Aldwick [7] chaplain, and Vicar Morcroft of Billingley [8] that they might ordain and dispose for the salvation of my soul, it to be discharged by them as they see best.

Witnesses. The Reverend William Frankish of Bolton chaplain William Madelus and William Birre of Aldwick.

The grant of probate follows.

Graham's notes are opposite

The Will of The Revd William Moxon 1470**Graham's Notes**

This is an office copy of a very interesting Will. Typical of its kind, it is highly abbreviated, the endings of words being understood by those of the time who were legally trained but not always explicitly written. I may not have done full justice to the Latin, but I think I have the English sense tolerably accurately (but see below).

- 1] The Latin word here is *Dominus*. This can be variously translated as The Lord, Lord, Master or Sir, but in this context it is used as a courtesy title for a cleric without a degree and so has been translated as Reverend.
- 2] The Latin here is *medio eccliesie*. In pre-Reformation times there were probably a number of churches in Bolton run by various orders of monks. William obviously wanted to make sure that there was no doubt as to his affiliation! The parish church today is still called St. Andrew's.
- 3] William was obviously quite wealthy. In the days before printing, both his breviary [*portiforium*] and psalter would have been handwritten and would have occupied a monk in their writing for many months. They would therefore have been very valuable.
- 4] Mortuary dues were paid to the church from the estate of the deceased as recompense for unpaid tithes and other dues supposedly unpaid in his lifetime. These were usually settled by taking the second best chattel. If his breviary was William's second best chattel, it is far from clear what would have been his best.
- 5] The Latin word here is *toga*. It might have had some ecclesiastical connotation but it does not translate into cassock or any piece of clerical attire I can find. I have therefore translated it as gown.
- 6] The Latin word here is very obscure and could equally well be *linteorum* [linen cloths] or *lucerne* [lamps] or some other word I have not even thought of. It is clear though that William left Alice a pair of something!
- 7] Adwick-upon-Deame.
- 8] Billingley is quite close to both Adwick and Bolton-upon-Dearne.

Australian cousins

*This brief piece from Geoff Moxon links the fuller obituaries of second cousins **Glen Moxon and John McKeown**. They are on the Moxon Society family tree MX05.*

These two, each one an only child, came from Australian country beginnings to lead very different lives in different parts of the world. John's mother Marjorie was a daughter of Archdeacon RJ Moxon of Grafton, who married Rev, Frederick McKeown, an Anglican minister. Marjorie's brother was TDB (Doug) Moxon, father of Glen. John was born in Armidale and has told me of his fond memories of childhood there and other Australian settings. He moved with his parents to India for a number of years. Later they moved to England where John completed his education and took up a teaching career, serving with high distinction, from which he retired to live in Bristol. My Dad spoke only vaguely of his cousin's existence until they corresponded over a small inheritance left to my grandmother (Leila Wren Moxon d. 1985) by Aunt Betty (Elizabeth Amy Moxon (d. c1945?), granddaughter of Thomas Moxon of Leyton) that had only come to light in the early 1950s. They continued writing to each other at intervals ever since. My brother and I had the pleasure of dining with John and Gillie when they visited Sydney in the 1990s after they had travelled to Byron Bay to stay with Glen and Dorothy.

Glen was born in Lismore on 19th May 1922 and spent his early life on a dairy farm at Numulgi and later living in Lismore, taking up a bookkeeping traineeship on leaving school, with the firm of WH Jack, Thomas & Co. From there he joined the RAAF in late 1941. On short leave from training he married my mother Dorothy on 23rd January 1943 and sailed off to war 3 months later. He served for two years as a navigator in Bomber Command dropping bombs on Germany. He suffered one crash and a crash landing and came through the whole nightmare without a scratch, whilst many others did not. After the war Dorothy and Glen were reunited. In 1948, with one-year-old baby Doug, they moved to Sydney for a position for Glen with JB Sharpe & Co furniture manufacturers. I was born in Balmain in 1951. We moved to Five Dock in 1955 where us boys grew up. Glen and Dorothy moved to Byron Bay in 1981 where they built the home that has served them in their final years. Glen is survived by son Doug and 2 grandsons, Julian and Michael Moxon, and son Geoff (myself) and 2 granddaughters, Michelle and Ania Moxon. Dorothy passed away on 7th January 2000 and has been missed every day by Glen ever since.

Geoff Moxon

New members since the 2010 AGM

C070 Rev E John Rowland has joined as an Associate member on the 27th October 2010 His Address is:- 194a Upper Road. Kennington. Oxford OX1 5LR Email <rowlandj@talktalk.net>. He is descended from the Stewkley Moxons.

M105 Mrs Jennifer Moxon of 9 Crossley Street, Brighouse, HD6 3RE who has joined as an Associate member on the 19th November 2010 and has mandated her subscription. Her e-mail is <jennyren01@hotmail.co.uk>.

C143 Ms Christine Bell-Pearson, of 50 Thorpe Street, York YO23 1NL who has joined (with her daughter) on the 5th December 2010 as Full member. Her e-mail address is <gallerybellp@hotmail.com>

C144 Miss Laura-Louise Pearson, c/o50 Thorpe Street, York YO23 1NL who has joined (with her mother) on the 5th December 2010 as Full member. Her e-mail address is <llp4arthistory@hotmail.com>

C029 Mr Ian Massey-Crosse, Copse Corner, Locks lane, Wincanton. BA9 9JR who has joined on the 7th January 2011 as an Associate member. His email is <ianmc.tvrce@tiscali.co.uk>

C059 Mr Graham Booth of 107 Woodland Road, Leeds. LS15 7ON who joined on the 20th January 2011 as an Associate member. His email is <p.g.booth@sky.com?>>

C015 Mrs Sarah Hill of Oakham House, Tong Road, Brenchley. Tonbridge TN12 7HT who has joined as an Associate on the 8th March 2011 Email <familytree@oakhamhouse.co.uk>

(Continued from page 11)

He served 20 years with this company as their bookkeeper before retiring.

In 1981, Glen and Dorothy moved back to the North Coast of New South Wales to beautiful Byron Bay where they built the lovely home that was to serve them these thirty years. Glen loved driving and they regularly took long motoring trips over the eastern part of the vast Australian continent.

He joined the Byron Bay Returned Services Sub-branch and was treasurer for about 15 years. In his 70s, he learnt Basic programming language and wrote a program for calculating interest rates. He reworked that Club's accounting system comprehensively, learning Excel and initiated keeping the books on this system. In 1998 he was made a life member of the Returned Services League of Australia and was granted a meritorious service award from that institution.

Dorothy was cared for by Glen in the face of her increasing ill health. She passed away on 7th January 2000 and he missed her every day ever since.

His recording collection – Bakelite, vinyl, tape and cd – was extensive and he could be often heard by the neighbours whistling and singing along to the jazz greats. An active fundraiser for various charities around the district, he could often be seen selling badges on charity days. Through the Legacy organisation, Glen also helped many widows of ex-servicemen who he would call on regularly to help them deal with pension problems or just to make sure they were all right.

A keen interest in the history and genealogy of the families Moxon and Sweeney and correspondence with the Moxon Society occupied many of Glen's spare hours and he could reel off dozens of dates of birth, death and marriage from memory. He compiled an extensive family tree and family database for both families which he kept up to date until infirmity prevented him. Glen loved to sing and, in his final months, he participated in concerts at the Byron Hospital and the Feros Home, often giving solo renditions in good voice of the great popular songs of his era.

Glen is survived by Doug and Cissy, and two grandsons, Julian and Michael and their mum Sue, and Geoff and Agnieszka and their two granddaughters, Michelle and Ania..

Geoff Moxon

You don't get earthquakes there, everyone knows that...

New Zealand is of course very much in the earthquake zone around the Pacific, and we have a lot of (small) earthquakes every year. Civil defence and everyone knew that 'the big one' would come, and every town and city has preparations. The capital, Wellington, is right on the earthquake fault (bizarrely, all the tall buildings are right on top of it). So 'the big one' was no surprise, but what staggered everyone was that it was in Christchurch. You don't get earthquakes there, everyone knows that. The fault line runs north-south, some 100km to the west of Christchurch, along the Southern Alps. When one looks at New Zealand and where quakes are thought likely, Christchurch never appeared on that list.

We in Auckland haven't felt a thing. What Auckland 'expects' is something volcanic as the city is built around 50 extinct volcanic cones. The most recent event was a whopping big island in the harbour (Rangitoto) only 600 years ago.

This major second quake has been so much more severe because of the mounting loss of life (amazingly, none died in the first 'quake) and the far greater damage due to weakened structures, its shallowness and location under Lyttleton – the port, very close to Christchurch across the hills. And usually quakes build up but this was instant with a helluva jolt, and long. All the buildings were badly knocked about so the loss of life was a tragic inevitability.

The number of aftershocks since September has left everyone rattled – they have had over twenty every day. A lot of people, have just left town, and who can blame them?

Even with insurance and reinsurance it is a major blow to the economy – to add to everything else which is happening....!

It is very touching to see so many overseas Search and Rescue teams come in to help, perhaps especially those from Aussie, after all the disasters which have struck [those] guys.

Jeremy Sutton-Pratt

Meanwhile, in Australia...



Margaret Moxon, Editor of the 'Downunder' Moxon Magazine, sent news and pictures of the January floods in Queensland, Australia. Cyclone 'Yasi' was to follow...

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THE TRUST is funded by donations from individuals and The Moxon Society. Its aims are to fund specific items of Moxon research of interest to Moxons Worldwide, and to aid the publication of books and research reports concerning the Moxon Family.

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THE MOXON MAGAZINE welcomes articles and submissions on any subject related to the wider Moxon family, past or present. It is published twice a year, usually April and October (see the editorial on the front page for an apology for the late appearance of this issue), and the deadlines for submissions are therefore mid-March and mid-September. If space permits articles will be published in the next issue, but may be held over for a future issue at the Editor's discretion. The Editor may also, at his discretion shorten articles when necessary but will normally try to print submissions in full.

Submissions may be sent by post or by email (postal and email addresses appear on the left of this page). Photographs are particularly welcome additions to articles and will be returned as soon as the issue in which they appear is published.