



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

The Moxon Magazine

50 NOT OUT!

JIMMY MOXON, Founding Editor of The Moxon Magazine and First President of The Moxon Society, would assuredly have approved of the cricketing allusion! In April 1988 he proudly dedicated a full page of his inaugural issue of the Magazine to Yorkshire and England cricketer Martyn Moxon.

Cricket was just one of Jimmy Moxon's passions. There are many accounts of his colourful and energetic personality and in this fiftieth issue of the magazine he founded we pay tribute in the words of the travel writer Mark Moxon.

We are also hopeful that the Moxon Magazine continues, as Jimmy intended it, to be *a family forum for the Moxons and their friends... and our Maxon, Moxham and Megson cousin... [endeavouring] to give us twice each year a medley of Moxon memories.* At the recent Annual Gathering on the Isle of Wight it was reported that a number of people had decided not to continue with membership of the Society because the magazine was of little interest when it did not include information about their particular branch of the family. With more than fifty Moxon (or Moxsom or Mokeson or Moxham or Moakson) fami-

ly trees now available on the web site it would be impossible to include a representative from every tree in every issue! But if you would like to see the Magazine publish more on your particular Moxon interest, please let us know! Meanwhile, we shall endeavour to bring you what we hope continues to be an interesting medley of *Moxiana*.

This year also sees the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Moxon Family Research Trust which is still active and has recently produced DNA evidence linking two of those many Moxon family trees, and it's research with a trans-Atlantic connection too! Meanwhile, Chris Moxon, now retired and residing in Bolton, has input all the data for an index of the Magazine — over 95,000 words — which will prove an invaluable tool for further research. Details of the availability of the Index will appear in our next issue.



Detail from bust of Jimmy Moxon

From the President's Desk...

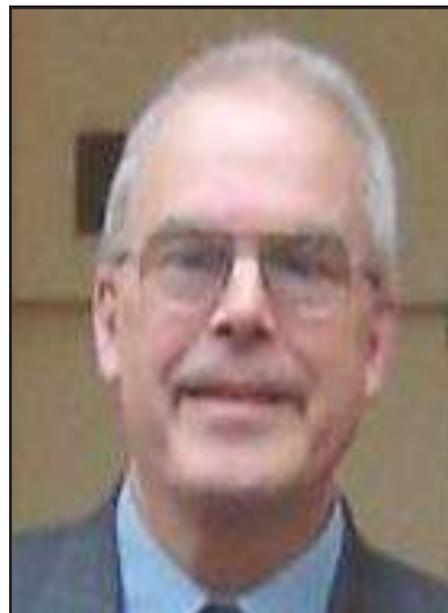
Well, another annual gathering has been and gone. Almost a record turn-out this year for the very successful 'do' on the Isle of Wight so ably organised by John and Sue who, it has to be said, had the advantage of being natives of the island.

OSBORNE HOUSE, the Isle of Wight home of Queen Victoria, has been near the top of my 'must visit' list for over half a century. For many of us the time of Queen Victoria doesn't seem very far away. My maternal grandparents were both born, and indeed married, during her reign and I well remember sitting on grandma's knee listening to her entrancing accounts of the wild celebrations which went on to celebrate Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. The behaviour of the local youths was, apparently, enough to curdle the blood of God-fearing folk and Grandma, a life-long teetotal Methodist, was, even after 50 years, still scandalised by their drunken antics. Ah, lack-a-day!

Please make a note in your diary now for next year's gathering; it is to be held at Llandudno on 13-15 September 2013 which Ken Moxon of Chester has kindly offered to

organise. Those of you who will be coming from distant parts and aren't too familiar with the geography of the British Isles need to know that Llandudno is in Wales, so you will need to allow time to arrange your visa. A quick language course would also be useful; it will equip you to participate fully in the local cultural milieu and will enable flawless detection of rudeness by the natives.

Talking of natives, it has been pointed out to me that certain parts of the *Moxon of Hull...* article in the April 2012 edition of *The Moxon Magazine* were capable of misinterpretation. I am happy to clear up the confusion. Apart from the introductory paragraph in italics, which was written by me, the whole of the article is Reynolds's, dating from 1928. The penultimate paragraph, which was the particular cause of concern to one or two readers, is not the result of some



recent breakthrough in Moxon research but was the now discredited outcome of enquiries by 'a correspondent in Yorkshire', one of Reynolds's informants. Interested readers can find the *ipsissima verba* concerning the Pontefract Moxons in *Samuel and Lydia Moxon of Ferry Fryston and their descendants* by Don Moxon *et al*, 2003.

Hendrix says it's time for walkies so it's *nos da* from him and *da bo chi* from me.

Graham Jagger

**President, The Moxon Society
Leicester, October 2012**

Of the making of many books...

Of the making of many books there is no end, said the prophet in the book of Ecclesiastes! For which many of us are truly thankful!

Our President's mention of the book *Samuel and Lydia Moxon of Ferry Fryston and their descendants* prompts me to remind members that *The Moxon Society* has a variety of books on sale ranging from Jimmy Moxon's *The Moxon's of Yorkshire* written before the Society was formed

(see opposite) and still available with others through the web site or via the President, to the said Ferry Fryston book reprinted by the authors, Don Moxon *et al*. and again available on the www.lulu.com web site after a necessary redaction to remove certain details of living descendants at their request.

Don Moxon is also well on his way to publishing a facsimile, with a new preface, of the first edition of Elizabeth Moxon's *English Housewifery*. Eliza-

beth's book was first published in 1764, predating Mrs Beeton's *Book of Household Management* by a hundred years. Don's work will be a proud addition to our Moxon library and also very useful: I am reliably informed that her 'lemon posset' is 'to die for!'

All previous issues of *The Moxon Magazine* are of course available via the web site, and there will soon be an index to them: see later in this issue for details.

Editor



The Inaugural Gathering 1987

Back row: Dr John EU Moxon (Frome); Maureen Moxon (Wilmslow); John C Moxon (Wilmslow); John Moxon Hill (Coventry); Ron Moxon (Preston); Front row: Jimmy Moxon (Ludlow); Ann Moxon (Frome); Vera Moxon (Doncaster); Miss Rebecca Moxon (London); Fred Moxon (Doncaster); Joan Rendall (Leicester); Graham Jagger (Leicester); Bill Moxon (Worksop); May Moxon (Southampton); Dick Moxon (Southampton); Hilda Clarke (Doncaster); Revd Don Moxon (Beccles)

Names in italics: now deceased

JOHN C MOXON WRITES: The very first item I received was a flier that came out of the blue from a certain James Moxon of Asford Carbonel, Ludlow. It informed me that he was going to publish a book entitled "The Moxons of Yorkshire" for the princely sum of £10.00. Having Yorkshire ancestors I responded with a cheque for the £10.00 and awaited the book.

The next thing was a letter from Ghana (but posted in England) dated 16 March, 1987 thanking me for the cheque and for my interest. I finally received the book in August 1987.

This was followed by the introduction of The Moxon Magazine, first published in October 1988 at a cost to recipients of £5.00, and of course the first of the Annual Gatherings which was held in Devonshire Hall, University of Leeds, from 28th to 30th July 1989. In his introduction to the Gathering, Jimmy wrote of a proposed tour on the Saturday in a "27 seater Moxon Stratocruiser" taking in the *ambiance of the old weavers' cottages familiar to our cloth making ancestors and then... to visit briefly the modern worsted works of MOXON of HUDDERSFIELD.* From there the party was to travel through Silkstone ("one of the stronger Moxon enclaves")

and then to Cawston Museum "*which has strong Moxon connections.*" The remainder of the day was to include Henry Moore sculptures at West Bretton, Felkirk, Badsworth, Adsworth and Pontefract and finally Wakefield – "*a potent Moxon centre! – and Leeds, "home of Elizabeth Moxon, the 18th century Yorkshire Mrs Beeton."*

Recognising the constraints of time, Jimmy added:

In many ways we must "play it by ear", avoiding too many tempting but time-consuming church halts but endeavouring to imbibe as much of the geography and history of our heritage homeland as we have time to do.

Saturday evening would then be available to enjoy perhaps *a brief talk or two by some of our Moxon researchers and an open discussion.*



The 27 seater Moxon stratocruiser!

The Tory Tailor

In researching my family tree I never paid much attention to Thomas Moxon, my half second cousin three times removed (!), until I transferred the data for the 1851 census and discovered that he was a Town Councillor as well as a Tailor. I started to look at newspaper articles and soon found he was a man of some importance in Leicester in the middle of the nineteenth century.

THOMAS MOXON was born in Leicester in 1804, the son of Sarah and Thomas Moxon, a coal merchant. Their first son, also called Thomas, was born the previous year and presumably died in infancy. Four brothers followed and one sister, Mary Anne, who in 1835 married William Thomas Howgill, described at different times as a Shoe Maker and a Grazier.

By 1841 Thomas had established himself as a tailor in Leicester's High Street; he probably worked alongside his younger brother, John, also a tailor who died "in the house of his brother Thomas" in 1851. He was credited with being a frequent visitor to France to ensure his High Street shop stocked the very latest in ladies' fashions.

By 1851 Thomas's tailoring business was large enough for him to employ 14 men; and he was still employing the same number ten years later.

In 1829 he married Frances Hollingsworth, whose father had been a hosier. He and Frances produced four children, one of whom, also called Thomas, seems to have died in childhood. His only son at the time of his death, James George Moxon, was his Executor and continued with the family's tailoring business. Of their two daughters the elder, Catherine Frances, married James Peet, a Silk Manufacturer from Derby, while the younger, Selina Fanny, never married but became a Boarding House keeper in Llandudno and appears to have helped care for her sister's offspring.

Thomas's wife, Frances, died in 1855 and nine months later Thomas, the son of a coal merchant, married Catherine Lee, the daughter of a Warwickshire Gentleman.

The earliest reference found so far to Thomas Moxon's political activities dates from the Leicester Journal in 1843 and is perhaps worth reproducing in full:

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

St. Martin's.

In selecting the Tory candidates for this ward each of the sections into which the party may be divided had its representative. The jovial, tipping, pugilistic section determined upon one of the retiring members, Mr. Moxon, tailor; the Phariscaics chose Mr. Morley, draper; and as the former are always among the most prominent supporters of the Establishment, and the latter, however scrupulous in some things, are by no means nice as to how they gain their ends, there was a most cordial coalition. Mr. Moxon is too well known to need any description; but as Mr. Morley is not so, we may state that he is a most bigotted high-churchman, some of his advertisements ending with the words "No Dissenter need apply." Renegades are always the most bitter opponents; and this man, we are informed, was once a Dissenter.

The poll was taken at the Town Hall before Mr. Alderman Cripps and Messrs. Loseby and Jolly, the Ward Assessors. It went on slowly all the day, the Tories commencing with a majority, and steadily increasing it till the close. In the middle of the day, Mr Moxon liberally treated the agents on both sides and the official at the Town Hall, with pork pie and excellent ale, more than twelve months old, from his own cellar.

The Tories appeared to have no difficulty in getting up their voters. They had a committee-room at a public house near the hall, whence some of their supporters were seen to issue, after polling, with that self complacent movement of

Christopher Moxon

the lips which is frequently observable after partaking of an agreeable beverage, especially among persons who cannot get it when they like.

The number of registered voters in the ward is 310; of whom only 205 polled....One Liberal (Mr. Gibson) split for Manning and Moxon, two (Messrs. J. Wilkinson and Cowling) went over to the Tories. Mr Moxon voted for himself and his colleague Mr. Morley voted for Moxon only. Messrs. Manning and Stevenson did not vote at all.

The numbers at the close were :—

Tories. Moxon....135 Morley....193

Liberals. Manning....69 Stevenson....68

The Tories polled three or four votes less than last year, the Liberals four votes more.

It is perhaps worth remembering that Dickens' portrait of the Eatanswill election in *The Pickwick Papers* had caused a sensation when it had been published seven years previously and it is quite possible that the Journal reporter had read it. Despite the tone of this piece, the Journal tended to favour the Conservatives at this time, while the Mercury favoured the Liberals.

Thomas Moxon never achieved high office during more than twenty years of being a Town Councillor, but during this period he was one of only four Tories opposing 38 Liberal Councillors.

The subject of bribery in elections came to concern Thomas Moxon greatly. In 1848 the Conservative party held a Dinner for about 150 prominent supporters to celebrate the success of their appeal to the House of Commons to unseat the Liberal on the grounds of bribery and corruption. This Dinner was reported in the Leicester Journal at length, taking up a full half page on the 23rd June issue. Amongst the twenty-eight toasts

that were drunk that evening was a toast to the four people who had each provided a security of £250 to enable this appeal to be considered by the House of Commons – amongst which was Thomas Moxon. A further toast was specifically to Mr Moxon who had

“taken a prominent part in the recent proceedings and deserved [the company’s] thanks for the patriotism he had displayed...there was not a more zealous man in the cause”.

The Dinner started at 4pm, and the Chairman and many others left at

11.30pm whereupon Thomas Moxon was called to the Chair and, adds the Journal Reporter, “we presume many of the company did not separate until an early hour in the morning”.

This was not the only occasion that Thomas Moxon took over the chair. At the end of 1854 the Sale of Beers Act, which restricted the opening hours for public houses, caused widespread rioting. In Leicester in 1855 the Mayor summoned a public meeting at the Temperance Hall to discuss a motion to close all public houses on Sundays. Many hundreds assembled, reported the Journal on February 23rd, “chiefly consisting of working men, militia and youths”. By the time the meeting was due to start “considerably more than two thousand persons must have squeezed into the hall and the heat was suffocating.” The discomfort and the strong feelings resulted in the proposers of the motion being shouted down and, after numerous appeals for order had been ignored, the Mayor dissolved the meeting and left the hall with the clergymen and the principal promoters.

But many people stayed behind and Thomas Moxon was asked to take the chair. He agreed with a rousing speech, reported the Journal – *“You are called upon to speak to your rights as Englishmen. England has always boasted of being a free country, of being free in both politics and religion....the class of innkeepers represent a great deal of property in this country, and pay a great many taxes – there is no class that pays more....This meeting has been called by a number of gentlemen who have it in their power to drink their wine or brandy at home. They are in a different position from the working man....Mr Burgess has asked me if I will be responsible for any damage that may be done in this hall ...by prolonging the meeting. I tell him I will. I have the confidence in your good conduct...I have travelled through England, France, Belgium and Germany...and I never saw any town...where the Sabbath is better kept...than in Leicester....I do not want to go to the public house on Sunday. But I came here to advocate your rights as Englishmen.”*



Chris Moxon at Welford Road Cemetery, Leicester, beside the monument to Thomas Moxon, Tailor.

Photo by Philip Lord

The Tory Tailor

On the question of Englishmen's rights, it is worth noting that it had already been made clear at the meeting that the women present, who were confined to the upper gallery, could not vote. And straight after Thomas Moxon's speech two students of a Baptist college who tried to speak in favour of closing public houses on Sundays were "at length pulled off the table and summarily ejected". Despite the rowdiness of the meeting the Journal noted that "we have heard of no accident worth reporting."

Clearly Thomas Moxon was a man who was well known and respected in the town and he was still serving as a town councillor when he died in 1863. The Derby Mercury reported

Many Derbyshire men will join their brethren of Leicestershire in mourning the loss of Mr. Councillor Moxon. This much lamented gentleman expired at his residence, in Leicester, on Monday evening, at eleven o'clock. He had suffered long. Not from bodily pain or oppressive disease, but from debility that denied him exertion – weakness that confined his indomitable spirit and curbed his expansive desires for the public service. Mr MOXON was almost as well known in Derby as in Leicester. A dozen years ago he held a branch establishment in this town, and here, as elsewhere, he won many friends by his uncommon candour in promoting the legitimate objects he had in view, and by his determination to maintain an independent portion come what might. Though he was an original member of the Leicester municipality he never won the higher rewards of municipal labour. Thus it may be said he sacrificed the corporate honours to his individuality; but not one of his opponents ever discerned in the conduct of THOMAS MOXON the shadow of a subterfuge, or the cowardice of compromise.

The Leicester Journal similarly gave a lengthy obituary informing

...the public of the death of this well-known and highly-respected gentleman. Nearly twenty-three years ago, Mr. Moxon became a member of our Town Council, which office he held continuously until his death.

An active and consistent Conservative, he was a generous opponent, prepared to support any measure for the public good, no matter with whom it might have originated. His manly and outspoken honesty—in these times when periphrastic speaking is the mode—was quite refreshing, as regardless of friend or foe he denounced jobbery, and protested against the narrow-minded spirit, which the Liberals—save the mark!—have so unflinchingly carried out since they have had the dominant power in the Borough.

He possessed in an eminent degree that natural wit, that was wont to set the table in a roar, while his hand and heart were as "open as the day" to suffering and distress. His death has created a void that will not readily be filled: and so long as that courageous honesty, which regardless of consequences, hesitates not to denounce jobbery, is prized amongst us so long will the memory of Thomas Moxon be cherished by his fellow townsmen.

Thomas Moxon was a successful business man and a leading politician in his home town. It is perhaps worth adding that he was clearly one of that "number of gentlemen who have it in their power to drink their wine or brandy at home." In 1864 his son placed an advertisement in the Leicester Journal offering for sale

A SMALL Cellar of choice PORT, comprising vintages 1832, 1834, 1844, and 1847, the property of the late Mr. Thomas Moxon.



The Temperance Hall, Granby Street, Leicester, from a postcard. This was the scene of Thomas Moxon's meeting in 1855. It had been built just two years earlier by Thomas Cook, founder of the famous travel firm whose first outing took 570 temperance campaigners from Leicester to nearby Loughborough for a rally. He charged each passenger one shilling for their rail ticket (standing room only in one of the nine open carriages) and food on the journey. As well as temperance meetings, the Temperance Hall staged popular variety shows and later was converted to a cinema operating under various names (Metropolitan Pictures; Cinema de Luxe; Prince's Cinema; The Essoldo Cinema). It finally closed in July 1960 after which it was demolished in favour of a block of shops. The next-door Temperance Hotel, also built by Cook, is scheduled to become an office block. EDITOR

BRAINTEASER from issue 49

IN THE LAST ISSUE we printed a photo of **The Ginger Pig** and asked what connection it might have with the Moxon Society. Quick as a flash we got an email from Jim & Birgitt Moxon from USA who correctly identified the address as Moxon Street, Marylebone, W1 from one of their previous trips to UK. Well done to them!



Finding Moxon ancestors and cousins through social media

By Margaret Tucker Moxon

With the impending hand-over of Moxons Down Under administration from Margaret Moxon of Brisbane (wife of Simon Moxon) to me (Margaret Tucker Moxon of Sydney), we were both aware that we had very different relationships with technology, and that therefore our approaches to communication with Moxon Society members who live in this part of the world would be very different.

We won't forget those members who are not yet online – I know we technology enthusiasts call it "snail mail" but it is still a valid form of communication. But increasingly we will use Skype (ringing from the internet), social media such as Facebook and instant messaging as well as blogs. This will not only lower our costs but will facilitate speedier and two way communication.

As well as being enthusiastic family history researchers, my husband John (Bruce) Moxon and I are founding members of a large computer club for seniors in Parramatta, Sydney's second city. John enjoys teaching digital photography, photo stories and basics to other seniors; and I seem to be the Facebook "expert".

To complement the computer club's training activities, we have established a Facebook group which currently has 94 members. Many of our members put up photos of our regular activities, useful tips and comments, as well as notices of forthcoming events. We also have a blog which is linked to our website.

Since the *Parramatta Computer Pals for Seniors* group on Facebook has been so popular, I decided to give it a go for our family history. And what a success it has been. It is called **Joshua Middleton Moxon family** and is a "closed" group, meaning that anyone can look to see what it is about and who is a member, but only members can see photos and comments. Anyone can ask to join the group, but it is monitored so that only members of the family, or people with a valid reason (for example researching

on behalf of a family member) will be accepted.

At Easter this year, 17 descendants and partners of Joshua Middleton Moxon (1840-1894) from two branches of the family met in Stuart Town, a small township in the central west of NSW. We gathered in the aptly named Moxon Park during the annual Ironbark Festival. Joshua's youngest son, Alfred John Moxon (1883-1966), lived there for many years and built a number of houses in the town. Some of his descendants, including Cecil Moxon, the last remaining member of the third generation, still live nearby at Orange, a large rural town. Of course we took many photos and these became the basis of the new Facebook group.

We also set up a Facebook page at www.facebook.com/pages/Joshua-Middleton-Moxon-Family-History – more public – where I initially intended family members putting up ancestor photos and facts, but this has not happened. Our cousins seem to prefer using the Group – at www.facebook.com/groups/JoshuaMiddletonMoxon/ to upload photos of both ancestors and their own families. However, we don't take advantage of it by swamping it with photos of grandchildren!

For a couple of months the group membership consisted of cousins from just two branches of the family, but now it includes cousins from four of Joshua's offspring. Just this week we received a phone call out of the blue, with a second cousin finding us via a link from Ancestry directly to our Facebook page. The group and page as well as our blog,



mentioned below, are coming up via search pages as well.

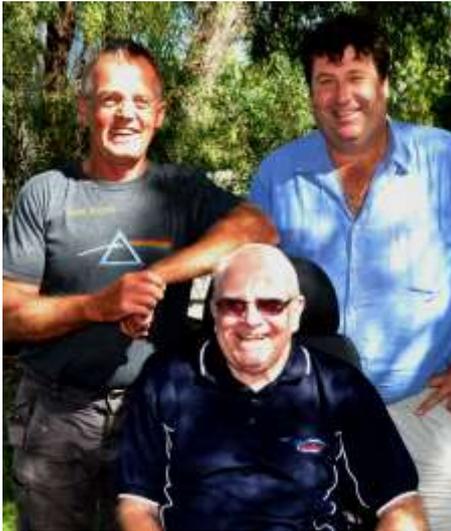
Has any other Moxon family group thought of using Facebook? It has been a wonderful experience for us. Other members have shown us photos of ancestors and great uncles and aunts for which we've been searching forever! No one has yet found a photo of John's grandfather Henry Percy Moxon however. Most of the photos were thrown away decades ago apparently.

As well as a Facebook presence, I've developed a blog based on Google's blogger, with menu style pages. I recently circulated the blog address to members of the Moxon Society committee, and received some positive feedback. Check it out at www.moxonsdownunder.blogspot.com/. Obviously I'm still short of information and hope that some of our members can fill me in on more "first settler" families.

So far I've found the Bathurst Moxons, the Joshua Middleton Moxons, and the Brisbane/Grafton Moxon brothers. And I think I've found all the convict Moxons. Is anyone descended from one of them?

If it's not possible or appropriate to use email or instant messaging, we will communicate using Skype, the most popular form of Voice-Over-Internet-Protocol, or VOIP. It's free internation-

Finding Moxon ancestors and cousins through social media



Three Australian second cousins named John Moxon! At the front is Margaret's husband John 'Bruce' Moxon.

ally and nationally if using a computer at both ends, but even if using computer to telephone, it's certainly much cheaper than using a phone to initiate a phone call.

So bear with us members down under. We won't forget you if you don't use the Internet. However, where possible, we will make use of telecommunications and save dollars, paper and time.

John and I met with Margaret Moxon in Brisbane just last week to sort out administrative details, and just as soon as she's able to distribute her final newsletter for Moxons Down Under – with the next Moxon Magazine - we will be co-ordinating the work.

We very much look forward to meeting you all "on-line", by mail or in person,

whether you are in Australia, New Zealand or a Committee member in the UK.

Contacts

You can contact us at: Margaret Tucker Moxon (FB name) or margaret.tucker2153@gmail.com and John Bruce Moxon (FB name) or johnmoxon1@gmail.com Telephone: (02) 9636 7752 and our address is 21/6 Amicitia Circuit, NORTHMEAD NSW 2152 (Australia of course).

Websites

www.moxonsdownunder.blogspot.com
/ Blog: Moxons Down Under
www.facebook.com/pages/Joshua-Middleton-Moxon-Family-History Facebook page for Joshua facts



The Easter 2012 Gathering of descendants of Joshua Middleton Moxon (1840-1894) from two branches of the family. They met in the aptly-named Moxon Park during the annual Ironbark Festival in Stuart Town, NSW, previously called Ironbarks after a poem by AB "Banjo" Paterson which describes why flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark." Readers who would like to hear the full tale are invited to visit <http://tinyurl.com/ironbark>

THE MOXON SOCIETY
MINUTES of the 22nd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
THE SHANKLIN HOTEL ISLE OF WIGHT
21st September 2012

Present: Graham Jagger (President); John C and Sue Moxon; Don and Wendy Moxon; Doris Moxon; Marlene Hamilton; Gillian McKeown; Judy Huggett; John E Moxon; John E U Moxon; Ann Causier; Jim and Birgit Moxon; Richard Pope; Robert and Joan Rendall; Rosemary Mans; Chris Moxon; Philip Lord; Bruce and Gill Jones; Graham and Rosie Turner; Dymps Moxon Hill; Vivian Hulst and Arthur Scott Hulst Moxon; Barbara O'Neill; Jenny and Trevor Jordan

Apologies for absence: were received from Christopher and Jane Micklethwaite, Ken and Joan Moxon; John Earnshaw

Welcome by the President who explained Ken Moxon could not be present and it was agreed that Graham chair the meeting.

The Programme for the weekend was outlined by John C Moxon and in return he and Sue were thanked for all the little gifts placed in our rooms as a welcome pack and for all the arrangements they had made on our behalf. A further gift was given to everyone present from Scott and Viv Hulst in the form of a pin brooch of the Moxon crest.

Minutes of the 21st AGM held in Wakefield 2011 were accepted

Secretary's report had been circulated and it was accepted without comment. Jenny was thanked for her work.

Treasurer's report and Accounts had been circulated and in his absence no questions were raised. The Accounts and report were therefore accepted. The Secretary was asked to write and thank John for his work.

Membership Secretary's report and Suggestions had been circulated. Since the last AGM Richard Pope had taken over the role of Membership Secretary from John and Sue Moxon who were thanked for their efficient and caring work on behalf of the Society over several years. Richard's report contained

several recommendations which will be addressed by the Committee at their meeting on Sunday 23 September. In general terms he reported a decline in membership of 19% this year, mainly from Australia, and suggested one of the reasons was the lack of general interest in the magazine. This had been given to him as "not containing anything from our tree" and very little about Australian membership in it. This was received with surprise, and the Editor agreed to attempt to find out what is missing from the magazine which he tries to make as wide reaching as possible. Further comments in the report were to do with the method by which subscriptions are paid: from Overseas the best way is by PayPal which involves no exchange rate requirements on behalf of the Membership Secretary or the Treasurer. From UK the preferred method would also be PayPal but next best would be by Standing Order which the majority of the members already use. All the UK members who had not renewed their subscriptions this year were those who paid by cheque, suggesting that this is neither convenient for the members nor the Membership Secretary.

Webmaster's Report had been circulated. John expressed his desire to relinquish this post and it was agreed that John be thanked for all his work with the web. The question of a replacement for John is to be discussed by the committee.

Research Activities: Graham reported that Chris Moxon had completed a draft index of all the magazines to date (49 issues) amounting to some 96,000 words. The next task before publication is in the hands of the Magazine Editor and it is hoped that this index will be available by next year's Gathering. DNA project is still being handled by Graham in the absence of someone to take it over now that Ed Moxon seems to have

disappeared and no longer renews his subscription. Interested parties please come forward! Testing of one male member from each of the trees seems to have been completed. Recent tests have allowed for various trees to be linked and there is no doubt this is valuable research - for which money is available.

Election of Officers:

The following officers were re-elected *en bloc*

President - Graham Jagger (giving notice that he is not prepared to stand again next year)

Chairman – Ken Moxon

Secretary – Jenny Jordan

Treasurer – John Earnshaw

Webmaster – See discussion above

Membership Secretaries – Richard Pope

Magazine Editor – Trevor Jordan

Committee Members: Judy Huggett; Jane and Christopher Micklethwaite; Joan Moxon; Birgit Moxon and the officers listed above.

Venue for the 2013 Gathering was suggested by Ken Moxon who has offered to organise it – Llandudno and weekend 13 – 15 September. This was accepted unanimously and Ken thanked in his absence for the offer. **Any Other Business:** The progress on Elizabeth Moxon's cookery book was outlined by Don Moxon. He thanked Graham for finding access to the first edition (1741) and reported that he, Don, had written an introduction and hoped it would be ready within 2-3 months for publication through Lulu.

Vote of Thanks: The President thanked Sue and John Moxon for their arrangements for the 2012 Gathering.

The meeting closed at 1905

Jenny Jordan
Secretary

Annual Moxon Gathering



THE ANNUAL MOXON GATHERING 2012 WAS OFFSHORE!

John & Sue “de Wight” Moxon were very efficient and very thoughtful hosts on their island! Gathering for the first time on the Isle of Wight over thirty members enjoyed a good weekend together. Even the weather was (for the most part!) kind to us.

From checking in to our hotel room and finding a welcome pack from John & Sue, including a timetable, keyrings bearing the Moxon crest and the legend “The 24th Moxon Gathering at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, and a tin of mints, right up to finally checking out with John & Sue’s farewells and good wishes ringing in our ears, everyone enjoyed the Gathering. The hotel was comfortable and well-organised; and the food was good. The

tour of Osborne House was entertaining and illuminating; and Brading Villa was breath-taking! As was the talk on the sinking of the ship the “Royal George”!

Small changes to the timetable from previous years helped to make this a very relaxing weekend with enough time for our ‘formal’ business but plenty of time to chat with friends both old and new.

See the sunshine! See the smiles! Our 2012 was a good time we had! Just to right of centre was the “de Wight” Moxon’s family crest shield which was the AGM. As recorded elsewhere in this issue, Sue had an enamel pin brooch of the shield, and some members were sporting them as earrings! Perhaps there’s more to come in the future!

STOP PRESS: Just as we were going to print we sourced another supply of the pin brooches. So please get in touch with our President Graham Jaggs if you want one!

FOR THOSE UNABLE TO JOIN US THIS YEAR, the following were included in this issue of the Magazine. One of our members for this year was Chairmen Ken Moxon, but Ken’s resignation for this year’s Gathering was swiftly accepted! So be sure to get in touch with our President Graham Jaggs if you want one!

LLANDUDNO 13-15 SEPTEMBER 2013

g 2012: Isle of Wight



2 family group picture reflects the
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 ger (address on inside back cover)

For the minutes of the AGM are in-
 of those unavoidably absent this
 suggestion of Llandudno for next
 book the dates in your diary now!
September 2013



*The Moxon crest as fashionable jewellery
 modelled by Dymps Moxon Hill!*



Visiting Jimmy Moxon

by Mark Moxon

Reprinted from his web site www.moxon.net with permission

It was on Christmas Day back in 1998 that I first heard about Jimmy Moxon, the Gentleman Chief of Ghana. The family was gathered around the dining room table, tucking into another legendary turkey lunch, when the conversation strayed onto my recent travels. This led naturally to the plans for my next trip; and when I mentioned that I hoped to travel to Africa one day, my Dad said, 'You should try to visit Jimmy Moxon while you're out there. He's a genuine African chief, you know.'

I didn't really believe him at the time, but when I started planning my trip to West Africa I remembered what he'd said and asked him if he'd been pulling my leg.

'Nope, it's all true,' he replied, and pulled out a collection of magazines from the Moxon Society that showed a white man clad in the garish regalia of an African chief. From that moment I decided that when I got to Ghana I'd just have to find out more; there aren't that many Moxons on this planet, and there certainly aren't many African chiefs among them.

The Gentleman Chief

Jimmy Moxon is an intriguing figure from Ghana's colourful history, and although I had precious little information to go on, it seemed like the perfect opportunity for a bit of journalism. The story, as far as I know it, is that Jimmy moved to Ghana to work for the colonial civil service during World War II and stayed on after the war to become a District Commissioner. When independence came in 1957 he was persuaded to stay on by President Nkrumah, who appointed him as his Orwellian-sounding Minister for Information. When Jimmy retired in 1963 he was made a genuine African chief, one of a tiny num-

ber of white men ever to be officially gazetted as such. There have been quite a few honorary chiefs in Africa, like Shirley Temple Black and Isaac Hayes, but I only know of two non-Africans who became real chiefs: Jimmy Moxon was one, and the other was the American Lloyd Shirer (who became Maligu-Naa of the Dagomba tribe, or 'Chief of the Preparations'). Jimmy died in 1999 and is buried in the grounds of his old home just a few miles north of Accra, and seeing as I was in the area, it seemed like a good idea to ask around for pointers.

As luck would have it, Mr Prempeh gave me my first lead. When I mentioned Jimmy Moxon and the fact that I was looking for information on him and his life, Mr Prempeh said he had not only met Jimmy himself on a number of occasions, but that an old school friend of his just happened to live in the house next door to Jimmy's. Meanwhile, back in Kokrobite, I met a couple of lovely people on the beach who gave me further pointers, saying that Jimmy's old house was OK to visit and someone was living on the site who could probably show me round. It seemed like the perfect excuse for a bit of exploring, so on Thursday, 16 January, Mr

Prempeh and I hopped into his car and headed off into the hills.

The hills north of Accra have long been a haven for those wanting to escape from the rigours of city life; and as soon as you cross the police barrier on the northern outskirts of the city, it's obvious why. The Akuapem Hills rise straight out of the coastal plains on which Accra squats, and once you pass the city limits you can see that these hills are a wonderful haven of greenery, unspoilt views and the kind of drifting breeze that makes air conditioning unnecessary. It's true that suburban Accra is itself surprisingly green, sprinkled with vacant plots of land overgrown with wild grasses and tortured bushes, but outside the city border there's a definite switch; instead of being a mass of buildings with a smattering of greenery, the landscape becomes a mass of greenery with a smattering of buildings, and five minutes after the barrier it's hard to believe you're still within spitting distance of Accra.

As with hill stations throughout the world, the Akuapem Hills have long provided a retreat for the rich and famous; as you wind up the switchback road from the Accran plains, trying not to look down as



yet another tro-tro tears past you with the driver riding its *worn* brakes through the hairpins, you pass the peaceful presidential compound that Nkrumah built as an escape from the rigours of politics down in the capital. With its concrete buildings peeling in the sun it's now little more than a faded memory of what it used to be, but thankfully there are plans to do it up. The hills are home to some of the most wonderfully extravagant hideaways and currently the presidential retreat is one of the less pleasant examples as you wind up the road, though it does give an appropriate historical context to Jimmy's home turf.

The Akuapem Hills are best known for the botanical gardens at Aburi, but we had a different destination in mind. Jimmy's old house is in Kitase, a small village just north of the presidential retreat, and after enlisting the help of one of the staff from the house of Mr Prempeh's friend (who, unfortunately, wasn't in) we followed his directions and drove slowly up a steep grassy drive, past a couple of

houses where the locals gleefully pointed us further uphill. We finally arrived at the top of a drive that you wouldn't like to attempt in a normal car, and there, at the top of the long and winding road, was Jimmy's domain.

My first impression of Jimmy's place was that it feels just like a botanical garden; everywhere is lusciously green, without a hint of concrete, gravel or tarmac. After Accra it was utterly delightful, and we hopped out of the Range Rover to see a sprightly man walking up the drive towards us.

'Hello,' we said, and introduced ourselves, apologising for turning up unannounced. When I came to shake the man's hand, I told him my name and his eyes lit up.

'Moxon, like Mr Jimmy Moxon?' he asked, eyes wide.

'That's right,' I said. 'I'm a Moxon too. I hope it's all right to pay a visit to Jimmy's house.'

'Ah!' he cried, grinning from ear to ear. 'It's wonderful – you are very welcome.' And with that I met the wonderful Frank Elliott Apaw, Jimmy's caretaker and cook who looked after Jimmy for 30 years in both Accra and Kitase. It was immediately evident that Frank really loved Jimmy; when he spoke about his late master he smiled with his eyes in the way that the Ghanaians do when excited, and with a jump in his step Frank insisted on taking us on a tour of the grounds.

As Jimmy's domain stretches over the side of a steep hill, it is split into two levels, the upper level at the top of a steep cliff and the lower level at the foot of that cliff. The steep grass drive we climbed to reach Jimmy's house winds round to the right of the cliff, while a couple of stone staircases wind up the cliff, one following the drive and the other joining the two levels on the left. On top of the cliff are two houses; looking up from the lower level, Jimmy's house is on the right-hand end of the cliff, and the house of the new owners, Mr and Mrs Hans Roth, is on the



Visiting Jimmy Moxon



left-hand side. Behind the houses the garden slopes away from the cliff towards the neighbours, and it was into this garden that Frank led us, an excited spring in his step.

‘Here is Mr Moxon’s grave,’ he said, steering us to a small garden next to Jimmy’s house. ‘You are the first Moxon to visit here since the funeral; I’m really thrilled.’

‘So am I,’ I said, and I meant it, for Jimmy’s grave is a delightful resting place. Set in a well-tended oval-shaped bed of tropical plants, the grave itself is a square paved area, connected to the lawn by a short path. Behind the paving is a lovely rectangular pillar that carries a plaque with the dates of Jimmy’s life, and his epitaph ‘A loyal son of the empire and a true son of Ghana’, but what grabs the attention is the beautiful sculpted head set into the pillar. Even though I’ve only seen photographs of Jimmy – alas, he died before I managed to pester him in his hillside retreat – the effigy captures the mix of reminiscences I’ve heard from his friends. At first glance the sculpture conveys a great sense of authority and honour – the hallmarks of a loyal son of the empire – but on closer inspection there’s a definite twinkle in the eye, and it’s obvious that with the slightest excuse this face would crack a smile; indeed, this sculpture really is of a true son of Ghana.

The Gardens

Africa is littered with colonial graveyards that echo with the indignity of being left for Mother Nature to reclaim, but Jimmy’s garden is not one of them. A sloping lawn of thick-leaved tropical grass weaves through a collection of trees and plants that hide the neighbouring houses so effectively you could be forgiven for thinking you’re totally isolated, and just down from Jimmy’s grave sits a tall, thin tree that might not be the most physically significant tree in the garden, but is easily the best-known.

‘This is an important tree,’ said Frank. ‘Make sure you get out your camera – this is the *onyasse*, the silk cotton tree. You know about the silk cotton tree?’

‘I sure do,’ I said and snapped away. When Jimmy was enstooled as a sub-chief, or Ankobea, of the Adonten Division of Akuapem in 1963, his official title was Nana Kofi Obonyaa, Odikra of Onyasse; the last part means ‘chief of the area between the cliff and the silk cotton tree’, which perfectly describes the place where Jimmy built his house and where he is now buried. Silk cotton trees are beautiful things, their trunks sloping outwards at the

Visiting Jimmy Moxon

base into fins that, in an unkempt environment like a rainforest, harbour all sorts of exotic quagmires of mosses and ferns. Jimmy's silk cotton tree, however, harbours little except the roots of a good story, much the same as his house.

Jimmy's house is as modest as the views are fantastic. It's a long, rectangular bungalow, simply constructed and decidedly unfussy, and although the rooms are empty and there's an air of retirement about the place, it's not hard to imagine daily life chez Moxon. Approaching the house from the silk cotton tree, you pass a flat area where a sign hangs proclaiming this to be a palm wine bar; as party venues go, it's hard to imagine anything more conducive than a barbecue on a beautiful lawn, shaded by exotic trees, with palm wine – the most natural alcoholic drink known to man – being served by the heady glassful.

But up past the entertainment area is where you're hit by the real charm of life in a hill station. Attached to the left-hand end of the house there's a small semicircular lawn that commands breathtaking views of the sweeping Akuapem Hills. This lawn is the *ahinjie*, or the chief's palace, and a couple of thin columns at the apex of the semicircle provide the official entrance to Jimmy's domain. It's on this lawn that Chief Moxon would perform his duties.

'Mr Moxon would sit here from teatime to sunset every day,' said Frank. 'This is where he would meet with people, talk with the other chiefs, or just sit and work.'

As I stood there soaking up the views and thinking what a wonderful place this would be for a spot of quiet writing, I noticed something odd in the veranda wall along the side of the house. Set into the brickwork I could see three vertical rods, and on each of these rods were two rounded shapes; I squatted down to take a closer look and noticed that the shapes rotated on the poles.

'What on earth are these?' I asked Frank. 'They look like fat Tibetan prayer wheels.'

'Ha, no, they are not prayer wheels,' said Frank. 'Do you know about the Black Pot Restaurant?'

'Sure,' I replied. Frank was talking about the two restaurants Jimmy opened in Accra; they specialised in African cuisine but unfortunately went out of business in the 1970s due to chronic food shortages.

'Well, these are the original black pots from the restaurant,' said Frank. 'I was the head chef there, you know.'

'You were?' I said.

'Yes, I was,' said Frank, proudly.

'Then Jimmy must have eaten well,' I said, 'having you as his cook,' and Frank smiled as he took me along the side of the house, pointing out the different rooms. This one used to be the office, that one the kitchen, and this one the main room, each of them now empty and gathering dust. At the back of the house is a locked door that was once a room for the house staff, and faint chalk writing is still visible along the middle of the door: 'God is good all the time' it says in true Ghanaian style.

The Lower Level

Peering over the edge of the cliff and down a crumbling set of stone steps, I spotted a dried-up swimming pool and started to walk down to it, but Frank yelled that the steps weren't safe and that we should walk down the grass drive to the lower level. But first he pointed proudly to the bungalow at the far end of the lower level's lawn.

'That is my house,' he said. 'Mr Moxon gave it to me, and that is where I live with my family.'

'It's lovely,' I said, meaning it; Frank's house is on the edge of a huge lawn, and like the garden on the upper level, the number of trees and bushes has to be seen to be believed.

'Let's go take a look,' said Frank, and we trundled off down the drive to check out his house.

Originally from the Volta Region in eastern Ghana, Frank spent 22 years working for Jimmy in Accra before Jimmy persuaded him to move to Kitase in 1990.

Things weren't quite as comfortable back then, and the evidence is strewn around the lower level, most notably in the form of a rusting and comically tiny caravan, which Jimmy bought in England back in 1983 and which served as his home while construction work continued. Not only was the accommodation pretty basic to start with, the site had no access to water, and water was brought from off-site throughout Jimmy's time; now Mr Roth has dug a well in the garden to provide running water for everyone and the caravan is nothing more than a memory of distant times.

It is obvious that not only is Frank proud of his home, he's also proud to have been associated with Jimmy Moxon.

'I named my daughter Moxon Sarah Apaw as a mark of respect to Mr Moxon,' he said as he handed me a couple of greeting cards sporting a colour photograph of Jimmy in his chief's regalia. I'm not surprised at Frank's loyalty; during my visit to Ghana I've met quite a few people who knew Jimmy, and every single one of them has been full of praise for a man who was without a doubt one of the genuine characters of post-war Ghana.

Mark Moxon
www.moxon.net



We are indebted to Mark for permission to publish this account of Jimmy Moxon.

We heartily recommend that you visit Mark's web site where you will find his extensive travel writings and photographs, and links to his other web sites of which Tubewalking is our personal particular favourite!

EDITOR

A trip to Rumfum!



MRS JW HUTCHINSON OF SUNDERLAND WRITES:

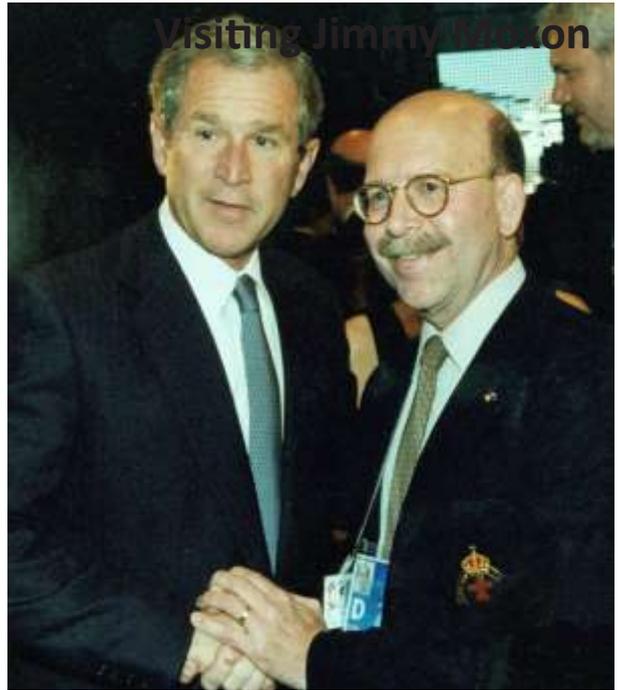
“Some time ago *The Moxon Magazine* [Issue 45] carried details and photos of my grandfather. Until then all I knew of him was that he was married in Carlisle and his bride was Jane McCormick. With the help of the article and two Moxon Society members – Heather Charlton and Christine Senior – I know much more. My grandfather was James Edward Hutchinson. He married Jane McCormick in Carlisle in November 1899. He was 22 years old, she was 18. The marriage certificate shows his father’s to have been William Shaw Moxon, deceased. To date we don’t know why the name changed.”

Mrs Hutchinson also kindly sent photographs (*left*) and copies of newspaper cuttings of another of her relatives, one Cissie Moxon who was a successful and popular artiste with her own touring company. They had a long run with the musical comedy “*A Trip to Rumfum*” and many other shows. Among her fellow artistes was a Mr WS Hutchinson, sometimes referred to as ‘Professor’ Hutchinson who gave ‘clever performances’ with his ‘funny family’ of talking dolls, and was, according to one report, ‘a clever impersonator of female characters.’ Were they related?

An American Cousin's Long Journey to the 2012 Gathering

Arthur Scott Moxon Hults

IF EVIDENCE WERE NEEDED that *Moxiana* knows no bounds, here is new member Arthur Scott Moxon Hults seen with former US President George W. Bush.



I always thought I was German! I grew up with the surname Hults, which I thought was an Americanization of the name "Holtz" which means "wood" in German.

I also questioned why my father's surname was Hults while his father's was Moxon. My father never gave me a proper answer. He once said that, for one reason or another, his father who was born and lived in New Haven, Connecticut, changed his name from Moxon to Hults during World War I.

After my father passed away, I found a marriage certificate among his belongings stating that his father, Arthur S. Moxon, married Rose Severns (my grandmother) in 1922. My grandfather, who had chosen to carry the name Arthur S. Hults for most of his life, then became known as Arthur S. Moxon using that name until his death in 1939, leaving me wondering why he made the name change from Hults back to his original surname, Moxon.

It remained a mystery to me for many years until several months ago when my wife, Vivian, began looking into her Italian family on Ancestry.com. Her maiden name is DiBona and her ancestors are from Sicily and northern Italy - she is 100% Italian. Out of curiosity I typed in the name "Arthur Hults" to see if Ancestry.com had any information on my marriage to Vivian in New York City

in 1979. Up pops a marriage certificate showing the first marriage of Arthur Hults, my grandfather, in New York City in 1906 - a surprise to me; it proved to be the clue that sparked my interest in uncovering my ancestral roots, because on the document Arthur Hults' father was listed as born in England. From that point, our investigation confirmed that his father was indeed Arthur Moxon from England! We were getting somewhere!

We returned to Ancestry.com and discovered an Arthur Moxon on the passenger list of the steam ship Assyrian Monarch which sailed from London to New York City in 1880. Arthur settled in New Haven, Connecticut and was naturalized as a U.S. citizen in 1889. From there we learned that Arthur Moxon, whose profession was listed as "bottler" in the New Haven City Directory 1891- 92, married and had two children, one of whom was my grandfather, Arthur.

Wanting to discover more about my great grandfather Arthur Moxon's English background, we chanced upon Graham Jagger and The Moxon Society. What a brilliant find!

We joined The Moxon Society and asked Graham for guidance. At first, believing my "Arthur Moxon" was listed in the MX15 family tree, Graham said he and I were fifth cousins. Alas, this

was not to be. After further clarification, we discovered my great grandfather, Arthur Moxon, was born in 1860 in Lambeth, London, the son of George and Louisa Caroline Moxon (nee Scott), who were married on October 20, 1839 at Spitalfields Christ Church, Stepney, London. We believe the middle name of "Scott" in my family comes from my great grandmother whose maiden name was Louisa Caroline Scott.

Graham went on to say my great, great grandfather, George Moxon was born in London in 1811, the son of Isaac and Rosetta Moxon (nee Turville). George was listed in the 1861 London census as a soda water manufacturer. Our Connecticut research disclosed that Arthur Moxon was himself a bottler of non-alcoholic spirits, adding creditability to our research.

Isaac Moxon, my great, great, great grandfather was baptized on 6 April 1780 at New Broad Street Independent Church, London. Bringing us as far back as possible with this information, Graham was able to identify the top individual in our tree, MX48, John Moxon. More on him in a bit.

As a bonus, Graham told us that a Moxon Society member, Barbara O'Neill, also descended from John Moxon and is my distant cousin.

An American Cousin's Long Journey

My wife and I continued our research on the members of the MX48 branch and discovered some interesting items:

We obtained a copy of a document dated May 7, 1794 that states, "Isaac Moxon, Son of John Moxon, of Bethnal Green, Middlesex, Dyer, doth put himself Apprentice to Thomas Rivers, Citizen and Clothworker of London for Seven Years." And another document dated June 7, 1826 states, "George Moxon, Son of Isaac Moxon of Bethnal Green, Middlesex, doth put himself Apprentice to Thomas Benn Sowerby, Pawnbroker, Citizen and Dyer of London for Seven Years."

Returning to our Connecticut research, we discovered that Arthur's first wife Teresa's second marriage was to a New Jersey canal boat captain - William Hults. The 1900 U.S. Census lists William, Teresa, Arthur, 10 years-old (my grandfather) and Tess "Hults" as residing in New Jersey.

Evidently, Arthur Moxon's children had assumed their stepfather's surname, Hults, finally clearing up the mystery of the origin of my name and bringing us to the end of our findings on Ancestry.com.

As I might be the last living male descendant of the MX48 branch, Graham asked if I would be interested in taking a YDNA test to determine if I matched any of the other 12 male members of the Moxon Project who had been YDNA tested earlier. Of course, I said yes.

We set up the test with a Texas-based company, Family Tree DNA, and after my results were added to the Moxon Project there Graham told me "with virtual certainty" that I was linked to the Cawthorne branch of the Moxon Family which can trace its ancestry back to Robert Mokeson (MX01) of Cawthorne who "paid 4 pence Poll Tax in 1379." He said about 25% of the membership of the Moxon Society belong to this tree, so I should meet a few cousins at the Annual Gathering.

Graham was also able to determine that the MX48 John Moxon, Dyer of Bethnal Green, was baptized 12 September 1747 at Cawthorne, Yorkshire. He appears in the MX02 branch which ties me to John's father, Richard Moxon (c. 24 January 1716, Cawthorne, All Saints). My ancient Moxon roots were now firmly established.

As you read this account, my wife Vivian and I have traveled to the Isle of Wight to attend our first Gathering to meet my cousins and make new friends. We remained another week in London to explore the City and visit the churches where several members of our Moxon family branch were baptized and married.

While looking forward to visiting England for the Gathering, we became regular listeners of BBC World Service on satellite radio, and enjoyed watching TV coverage of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and viewing the 2012 Summer

Olympics, taking note of the sights and scenes around London as much as of the competitions themselves.

I am indeed proud to be of English heritage and I'm especially proud to be a member of the ancient Moxon Family. I am very grateful to Graham Jagger and the Moxon Society for providing so much help in my research and discovery. It is safe to say I am definitely an American Cousin with deep English roots. "God Save The Queen!"

Arthur Scott Moxon Hults is a retired U.S. Naval Reserve Captain. He holds a Master of Arts Degree from New York University. During his active business career he held senior executive management positions in several communications companies including The New York News, NBC-TV, MTV and Financial News Network in New York and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC. As a hobby, when he was 60, Arthur began competing in body building competitions and attained the status of Professional in four drug-free bodybuilding organizations. At age 69, he is the Fitness Director of a large branch of the YMCA in Birmingham, Alabama, where he lives with Vivian, his wife of 33 years. They have two grown-up daughters and three grandchildren.



You might like to know that Scott Moxon Hults's DNA results are now in and these place him unambiguously in the Cawthorne lot! The DNA results allow us to state with a high probability that Scott can trace his ancestry back to John Moxon who was baptised at Cawthorne on 12 September 1747 (MX02). The rest, as they say, is history.

Graham Jagger

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THE MOXON MAGAZINE

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The minutes of the Annual General Meeting (page 9 of this issue) record that Richard Pope was elected the new Membership Secretary, succeeding John and Sue Moxon. Richard has since resigned the post, and John and Sue have very generously taken on the task of Membership Secretary again.

Other late news: Margaret Tucker Moxon has agreed to become our new webmaster, taking over the website from John Earnshaw who has maintained it for many years. Looking at Margaret's article on pages 7-8 we can see that there will be wide-ranging changes to the web site which John fully sup-

THE MOXON FAMILY RESEARCH TRUST

Charity No. 328333

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; and the deadlines for submissions are therefore mid-March and mid-September. If space permits articles will be published in the next issue after receipt 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 though he 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.

Submission of articles or other material will be taken to indicate permission to publish the article or material on one or more occasions in the Moxon Magazine. Copyright will remain with the original contributor.

EDITOR

ports but did not himself have the time to make. We are most grateful to John for his work in the past, and look forward to seeing the results of Margaret's redesign very soon.

Meanwhile, the Moxon Magazine will still be a primary source of information for many members; and, like the web site, depends on them to supply articles, photos, queries, letters and all other content. Please see above for details of how you can contribute.

EDITOR

Looking forward



WE HAVE REFERRED in these pages to the future of the Moxon Society web site which will feature social networking for the first time. Best known of the social networks, perhaps, is Facebook, followed by Twitter. Increasingly these two Internet facilities, and others, are being used to make and to maintain, to foster and to expand networks of people with similar interests. For us that is the Moxon name. Using social networks sites we can hold conversations, ask questions and receive information or advice from around the world at the speed of light. Or more practically, as fast as our increasingly arthritic fingers can pound the keyboard! So the fact that our new webmaster lives and works in Australia, the other side of the world, is no drawback to fast, effective communication. That communication is also very cheap: with some technologies we can hold a video conversation for no more than the cost of the computer connection we're using anyway.

But STOP!

We don't all have computers! We're going to be left behind and left out as this technological wizardry takes over more and more of our lives!

Please don't panic! There are two answers to this natural and widespread anxiety. Firstly, anyone can go to their local library and ask for help to log on to the library's computer. And the library staff will be only too happy to advise and assist. Or, failing that, ask a younger relative! My children are already extremely proficient – some would say frighteningly so! – and teach me things I need to know. So computer technology is within the grasp of us all.

But you don't have to be old-fashioned to enjoy the look and feel of paper, be that books, magazines, newspapers or chatty letters; and I have no doubt that those things will continue for a long time yet. Certainly we will continue to produce this printed Moxon Magazine twice a year for as long as there's a demand even if some of the material will also find its way onto the world wide web.

There are also some things which computers still can't do effectively, and producing an index to the Moxon Magazine is one of them! We have long realised that the Magazine needed an index, and how useful it would be to look up past articles and references. It was a daunting task. But enter Christopher Moxon who has single-handedly read and indexed the first 49 issues of the Moxon Magazine. That amounted to 95,000 words and some 9,000 entries and Chris deserves the effusive accolades he received at this year's Annual Gathering.

The Index

It now remains to add this fiftieth issue to the work Chris has already done, then to format the Index, no small task in itself, and then it will be available for Moxon Society members both in printed form and as a searchable document on the Moxon Society web site.