

Part 4: The South

Gloucester

The Cotswolds

Sugar

Slavery

The Rose Brothers

Bath

Steam

William Pengelly

George

Lost

Stone Circle

Clock House

Stonehenge

Gloucester

We covered a lot of ground on Days 10 and 11 – from Kendal to Lancaster (Ashton Hall) to Bakewell (Haddon Hall) to Tong (overnight) on Day 10; from Tong (St Bartholomew’s Church) to Ludlow Castle to Gloucester on Day 11.

In Tong, as mentioned, we stayed at the Ramada Inn. The experience was predictable, hardly memorable. Perhaps I am unduly suspicious, but I seem to notice that rooms booked through Booking.com or its equivalent have characteristics different from those booked directly with the hotel. The former are typically

located at the far end of the complex and/or directly opposite the gym and ice machine. They smell of smoke, sport rips in the wallpaper and display badly executed drywall patches carried out by a local ‘dine and dasher’ whose one beer too many reduced his Great Escape to running on the spot in slow mo’. Simply put, he didn’t make it to the door and subbed as maintenance man for a month.

The Ramada Inn was on an island of sorts. It was surrounded by arterial roads and well removed from anything identifiable as quaint, village-like or walkable. We were marooned. Dinner was therefore in the Ramada pub, exact clones of which can be found in Missoula Montana, Prince George BC, St John’s Newfoundland or for that matter, in my hometown of Victoria BC.

Were we hankering for a taste of Canada, we might

have considered this experience as a welcome oasis. We were not. This was just another cattle pen of inebriated cows and bulls competing at top volume for airspace alongside multiple TV screens belching their own brand of indiscernible nonsense. It was insufferable. I looked around and found a back room for special events, nobody in it and a door. I placed our order at the bar and told the waitress where we were. I don't consider a beer and a hamburger to be a challenging order but apparently the Ramada does. It took 40 minutes to arrive. Perhaps we were being punished for anti-social behaviour. No matter. It was quiet and when the hamburgers did arrive, they were great.

Anyway, in that manner we dined, did not dash and fell asleep to the sound of crashing ice and the banging of the gym door. We had booked through booking.com.

It was a two and a half hour drive from Ludlow to Gloucester (pronounced Gloster) and we were running late. So before we left Ludlow, we texted the rental agent to give an adjusted ETA for our meet. We arrived per the new ETA at the docks of Gloucester where we had rented a flat in a warehouse conversion. The agent was not there. We waited and before long she appeared wearing a troubled look. Something was up. A frustrated Greta blurted out that she had been looking for us for the last two hours. She hadn't received our text. We had texted the wrong number leaving Greta to conclude we were sticking to the original plan.

Greta quickly put the foul-up behind her and happily showed us the flat. The conversion was brilliant -- a tasteful, historically sensitive interior design both in the common areas and in the flat. In the latter, the small warehouse window openings had been retained; the

replaced windows hinged outward like little French doors. Although the inside was modern, history remained. It was warm and cozy (not large) and along with the vintage sailing ships tied up just beyond the windows and five stories below, the entirety had a distinctly European air about it. It was as if we had made a wrong turn (read 'right' turn) and ended up in Amsterdam.

The Gloucester Docklands reach back to the 1840s when Gloucester was an important south coast seaport. It competed intensely with nearby Bristol that ultimately outshone it, possibly because Bristol had cornered the lucrative slave trade.

Clustered around the edge of a finger of water sit perhaps 12 huge five-story brick warehouses through which metals, raw cotton, lumber, dyes, tea, coffee, spices and sugar from the colonies flowed in to Britain and manufactured goods from the furnaces and

factories of Industrial Age Britain flowed back out to the colonies.

For the two hundred years of the 18th and 19th centuries, trade with its colonies was a good gig for British manufacturers, merchants and investors, and a good gig for Britain. All four became extremely rich. The national treasury filled to the brim with tax revenues which enabled Britain to build a formidable army and navy. Then, at the end of a gun barrel, it assembled the British Empire "upon which the sun never sets." The golden era for Gloucester occurred at the peak of Britain's wealth, power and influence.

The earlier 1600s, however, were a different story. For much of that century, Britain was gripped by revolts, civil wars, religious conflicts, the growing pains of parliamentary democracy and the desperate acts of monarchs hanging onto power. It was a mess.

The second day of our visit to Gloucester fell on a Saturday and that weekend happened to be the Gloucester History Festival. That afternoon at a large playing field near our flat, two hundred or more re-enactors assembled to relive the Siege of Gloucester.

The troops of each side were dressed in period regalia, including helmets, body armour, 15 foot pikes (long thrusting spears good for whacking cavalry off their mounts for re-education sessions), and muskets. At one end of the field were the Royalists, forces loyal to King James II. At the other end were the Parliamentarians, those under the control of Parliament, specifically, under the command of Oliver Cromwell. Each side had field guns and a contingent of horsemen.

At intervals, one side attacked the other. First, there

was a barrage from the artillery guns; clouds of blue smoke obscured the field (Archers were not employed. Perhaps there had been a bad experience in past years). Then out of the smoke came a hundred men from one side, running down field as best they could for their age and condition. The defending force was ready. A volley of muskets split the air and those who fired them disappeared in the smoke.

Then chaos reigned. The two sides clashed and battled it out in hand-to-hand combat that degenerated into a rugby scrum. Casualties dropped to the grass and were dragged off by comrades. Mounted soldiers with big grins on their faces appeared next, harrying those on foot and adding to the chaos. When energy levels ebbed to the point where combatants were engrossed in conversation and exchanging phone numbers, the retreat was sounded and both sides, in pub-like arm-on-shoulder

clusters, laughing and jibing one another, sauntered back to their respective ends to re-load and await the command to do it all again.

All this was carried out to replay the events of 1643 when Royalist troops laid siege to the town of Gloucester. Gloucester had chosen to side with the Parliamentarians and Oliver Cromwell. King Charles I had brought in a Ship Tax in 1634 that seriously reduced trade throughout the local Severn Valley. Businesses were suffering. They saw no reason why they should have to pay a tax to fund the Royal Navy so Charles could advance his own political agenda. And folks objected to the monarchy on religious grounds. Although Charles I was Protestant, his queen, Henriette Maria, was a French Catholic. Many believed that the queen extended preferential treatment to fellow Catholics at their expense and worse, they worried that Henriette might convince

Charles to re-introduce Catholicism to England.

It took ten years to subjugate the West Country, but by 1643, Royalist forces had secured most of it, sentencing thousands of objectors to ten years of hard labour in the cane fields of Barbados and executing thousands more. Among the lists of those transported in 1634 and 1635 were sixteen boys and men with names common to my family tree: Fisher, Hayward, Williams, Webb, Knight, Bellamy, Adams, Mitchell, Lawrence, Cox and Hicks. On the lists of those executed, family names appear again: Knight, Evans, Cox and Hicks. These were perhaps the same families who, ten years after the Siege of Gloucester, listened to the ideas of George Fox, then rejected the status quo in favour of a new way of being in the world, Quakerism. Those that did, did so at great cost.

Gloucester was the last holdout. Royalists pounded

the town with cannon balls for days but failed to breach the walls. What the Royalists thought would be a walk in the park turned out to be a fight to the last man, woman and child. Gloucester held out against the Royalists until Parliamentary reinforcements arrived from London and routed the attackers. Word of the courageous defense of Gloucester spread, raising the hopes of people in the West Country and adding to the rising tide of anti-monarchists. In 1644 Cromwell and the Parliamentarians prevailed and the Commonwealth of England was born. It would last for eleven years, from 1649 to 1660.

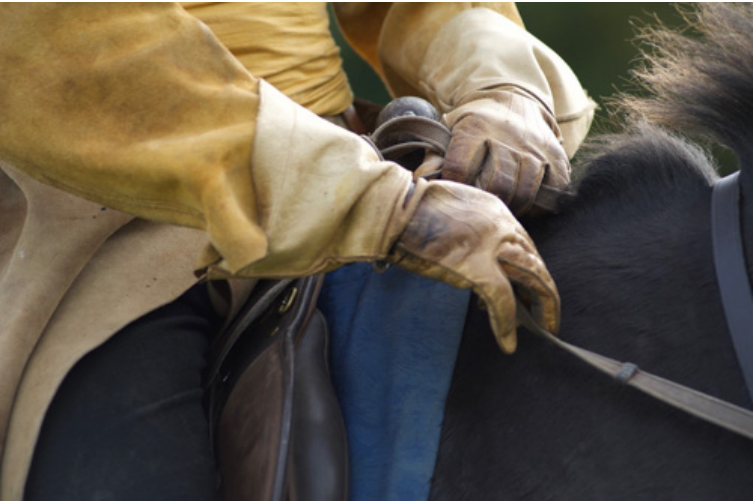
The itinerary called for us to see a number of venues in Gloucester – museums, Roman ruins and Gloucester Cathedral. We opted to pare it back, giving us more time to just walk the streets, take photos and get a sense of the place. It worked.



Siege of Gloucester 1643



Siege of Gloucester 1643



Siege of Gloucester 1643



Siege of Gloucester 1643



Siege of Gloucester 1643

The Cotswolds

The Cotswolds lie in south central England. It comprises a range of rolling hills which rise from the meadows of the upper Thames River. Along its east side is an escarpment called the Cotswold Edge. The Cotswolds is large: 1280 square kilometres in area, 160 kilometres long and around 40 kilometres wide. Its perimeter falls within five counties. Scattered throughout the region are a dozen or so picturesque ancient villages dating back centuries. Cotswolds real estate today is owned strictly by the rich or lucky.

For walkers, the Cotswolds is an unimaginable treasure. In a week, on the Cotswolds Way, one can walk the entire east side of it, taking in views of the valley below and on a clear day, Westminster Abbey (just kidding). Each night, a village will appear where

one can muster a well-earned pint, a good meal and a sound sleep.

The name Cotswolds derives from the Anglo-Saxon word 'wold' meaning 'high land' and Cod, the name of an Anglo-Saxon chieftain who owned the land in the 12th century. Hence: 'Cod's wolds' which became 'Cotswolds.'

We gave ourselves a day to explore the Cotswolds, not nearly enough but all we had. It was a one hour drive from Gloucester to the closest village Broadway, not the bustling centre the name implies but a lovely little village on the northwest edge of the Cotswolds. It was just 9am when we arrived so we picked out a cafe, already bustling with patrons, and enjoyed breakfast. By the time we had finished, an hour later, the village was alive with visitors.

The Cotswolds are an AONB – Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. AONBs were first proposed by John Dower in 1945 as a way to protect and enhance areas of countryside with exceptional qualities that are too small and lacking in wildness (read stuffed with villages) to qualify as national parks. There are 46 AONBs in Britain; 33 of them lie within England.

Of all the AONBs the Cotswolds is perhaps the best known and most visited, for good reason. You could not imagine a country setting more quintessentially English. Tucked here and there within the rolling hills of the Cotswolds are dozens of quaint little villages, their houses all built from honey-coloured Cotswold stone, each village impeccably returned to its original 16th to 17th century state. There are no gas stations, no neon signs, no strip malls. It is almost a walk back in time.

I say almost because what the Cotswolds do have is

thousands and thousands of cars, occupied by yet more thousands of tourists intent on experiencing the slow, measured pace of medieval England. It is possible to feel something of that earlier time, provided you're able to arrive at a village mid-week before 9am on a blustery November day. Otherwise, I suggest you fashion a set of blinders similar to those used by the cart horses of old, secure them to your head and walk about thusly. The effect will be to minimize what you see to what's dead ahead – shop windows, twelve assorted people and the pavement, but no cars.

The wherewithal to do that, of course, is predicated on finding and securing a parking space, so that you can walk about. We tried. Like octogenarian snails at a snail convention, we inched Perky through Chipping Camden end to end three times, placing our faith in a chance offering by a sympathetic and beneficent God – the possibility, however remote, of a car pulling out

just as we happened along. Such things do happen but this day no cars pulled out; no spaces materialized.

Is it possible that no parking spaces exist in these villages because crafty Kensington Londoners park their beamer sedan convertibles they dub “the Cotswold car” there on a winter’s day, then leave it there? You know, for on-season visits as a sort of four-wheeled mobile patio table, complete with fold-down beds. That doesn’t quite solve the problem, however. It remains to get to the place. Well, the chauffeur could drop them off. Of course.

There would be no Chipping Camden. It was disappointing, but we were armed with enough memorable glimpses to place the Cotswolds on our ‘Return List.’ In the early afternoon we left for Gloucester.

On the way and still well into the country, we happened upon a line of bumper-to-bumper traffic, fortuitously in the oncoming lane. The cars were creeping along at two kilometres per hour and were backed up for what must have been 8 kilometres. An accident, I suppose, for it was too early for commuters.

For me, the question was not “Why are they backed up?” but “Where are they all going?” We were in the country. There was no significant town nearby. The possibility I am led to consider is this: England has judiciously zoned for small pockets of housing here and there throughout its rural areas with the effect of reducing population pressures on historic towns and villages that they wish to conserve. If true, then rural areas in England, despite their appearance of being sparsely populated, are not. But by spreading people out, a slower, saner lifestyle, devoid of the

commercialism so rampant in North America, is
achievable. Brilliant. Is it true?



Broadway, in the Cotswolds near Gloucester



Broadway, in the Cotswolds near Gloucester

Sugar

Introduction of Slavery

British Interest in growing sugar cane in the West Indies began a few years after her acquisition of Barbados in 1623 and the capture of Jamaica from the Spanish in 1655. Of several crops tested, sugar showed huge potential. It grew rapidly, did not spoil once processed and fetched an extremely high price. Sugar was a symbol of success. If you had sugar on your table, you most certainly had a mountain of money in the bank.

The shortcoming of sugar cane was that it was labour-intensive to cultivate, harvest and process. And the work was back-breaking to the point that few would

apply. At first, Indentured servants were utilized, then African slaves were introduced. That event transformed the sugar economy and would come to devastate, nay extinguish the lives of many million Africans.

The Workings of Slavery

Although slaves were not cheap to purchase, ownership existed for the lifetime of the slave from whom inhuman amounts of work could be extracted at minimal cost. As well, offspring of slave mothers became the property of slave owners, offsetting the depreciating value of their parents.

Slavery was viewed by owners as a form of animal management. They were bought, worked, bred and auctioned off like cattle. Their sole purpose was to make their owners rich and give them a life of comfort previously only available to the ultra wealthy. To maximize their profits and squeeze every last pound of

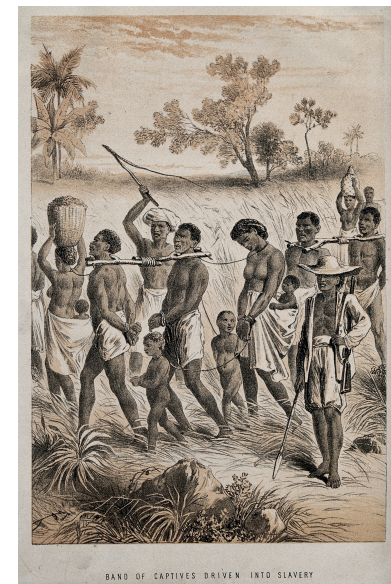
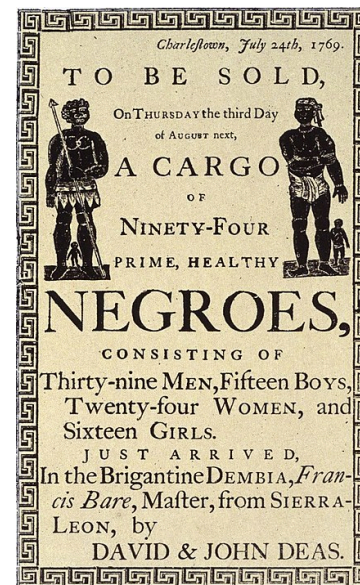
value from their slaves, some owners purposely worked their human chattels to death, then simply bought a replacement.

Yes, some slaves, particularly house slaves such as nannies, became endeared to their owners, who treated them well, as a sort of special class of family member. However, for the most part, slaves were simply appliances. They were given names, just as we name our cars or pets or assign numbers to inmates. A slave's name might be the name of the ship the slave arrived on, its captain, a Greek god and so on. It was never the African's birth name. Naming was one more way to dehumanize the slave, quash any artifacts of his or her previous life and, like domesticating a horse, render the slave broken and subservient.

Growth From Sugar

Like the North American gold rushes of the 1800s, growing sugar was for the intrepid of the mid to

late 1600s, the path to quick riches and quite possibly, a short life, for the West Indies was rife with deadly diseases. From a small settlement on Barbados in 1627, the population of the West Indies grew to 44,000 by 1650, more than the population of the Chesapeake and all of New England combined. Jamaica had similar rates of growth.



Slavery

The Triangular Atlantic Slave Trade

As the demand for slaves rose in the late 1600s, it did not take wily British slave traders and investors long to work out a system to maximize their profits. That system became known as the Triangular Slave Trade.

The Triangular Slave Trade operated largely out of London, Bristol and Liverpool. It was so named for the three-legs of the voyage and the three trades that made it so lucrative: English merchants shipped manufactured goods, particularly copper pots, utensils, cotton and gunpowder to African slave-traders on the Ivory and Gold Coasts in exchange for slaves; the slaves were shackled in the holds of the

same ships and transported to the West Indies where they were sold for sugar; the sugar was shipped to London and sold for a massive profit. The entire voyage took 12 to 18 months.

Capture and Transport

The African traders made raids on coastal and interior villages capturing men, women and children whom they force marched with brutal efficiency to their white counterparts on the coast. Many died en route. There, the slaves were sold to British factors of the Royal African Company (RAC). The RAC held the terrified victims in holding prisons under deplorable conditions, awaiting ships which would transport most of them to Brazil, Spanish America and the West Indies.

Those who survived the forced march, the prison and the voyage were, upon arrival in Barbados or Jamaica, kept in 'seasoning camps' where they adjusted to or

died from tropical diseases. One academic estimates that 33% of Africans died within the first year at these seasoning camps. The most notorious of those camps was in Jamaica where the majority died of dysentery.

Sold At Auction

By royal charter, the Royal African Company held a monopoly on all trading into Africa, including the purchase and sale of slaves. In turn, a percentage of their revenues were paid to the monarchy. In the New World, the RAC sold their human cargo to established traders who sold the slaves at auction. As slaves were viewed as no more than a commodity, little to no consideration was given to keeping enslaved families together. Indeed, it was considered wise to break families apart to better subdue and manage ‘the assets.’

The Cost in Lives

Experts believe that 12 million to 12.8 million Africans were shipped across the Atlantic over 400 years. However the actual number of enslaved Africans was substantially higher as millions died during each stage of the process — the village raids, the forced march to the coast, the coastal prisons, the voyage and the seasoning camps. Indeed, more slaves may have died during the rigours of capture and transport than those who survived. Merchants of the City of Bristol alone traded about 500,000 Africans over the course of the slave trade.

Profits

Once the slaves had been debarked, traders would load their holds with sugar, then head for Britain and the ports of London, Bristol and Liverpool. Funds from the sale of the sugar flowed back to the individual investors or syndicates of investors who owned the

plantations or funded the Triangular Trade. Many men and women got rich. As arms length investors, some may have had little idea of the horrors their actions had caused, or if they did, cared not.

By far, Britain's West Indies colonies were the most profitable of any of the colonial colonies in the Caribbean. Planters made fortunes as did British slave merchants and investors. Between 1630 and 1807 the profit to British slave merchants and investors was approximately 12 million pounds. About 75% of raw goods exported from the American colonies was produced by slaves.

The profits of slavery were ploughed back into other investments, fuelling the expansion of the British Empire and its colonies, which by the mid 1800s, girdled the world. Textile manufacturing in the Midlands made cotton cloth from slave-grown American raw

cotton which traders used to buy slaves in West Africa. The slave system became an upward spiral, one element amplifying the capacity and value of its other elements and vice versa.

The Players

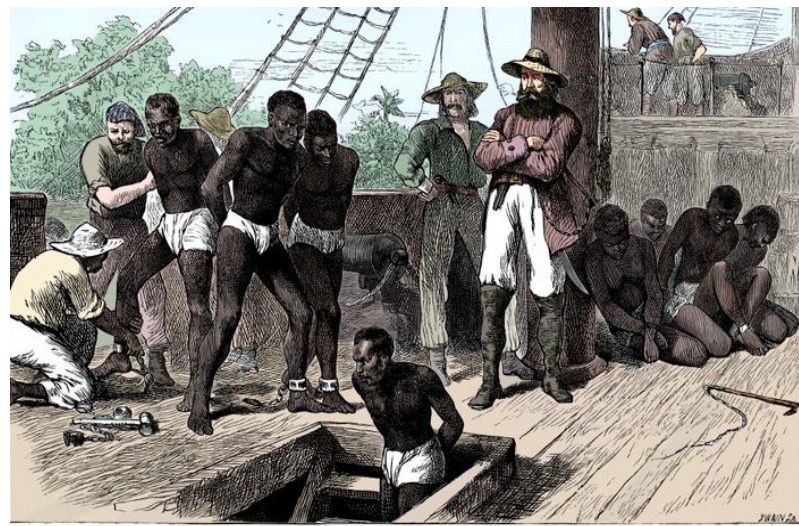
Although the costs of fitting out a slave trading ship and supporting a year-long voyage were high, big players were at the ready to finance and underwrite slaving ventures. The Bank of England made funds available for slaving endeavours, as did Lloyds of London Insurance and many private banks and businesses.

Surprisingly, Quaker-owned Barclays Bank made a fortune by buying up banks which financed the slave trade, including the extremely profitable Heywood's Bank which served Liverpool merchants and traders. In

modern times, Barclay's defence has been 'we cannot be held responsible for the sins of those whose banks we purchased. We hold true to our Quaker values.' A questionable assertion at best, for they knew full well the origin of the target banks' profits.



George Washington on his farm among



The ugly face of slavery



Slaves folk dancing during a rare leisure

The Rose Brothers

Jamaica

In the 1600s, home for the Rose family was the little village of Mickleton on the northeast edge of the Cotswolds. Reverend Thomas Rose (1619-1692) and his wife Francesse Fisher (1619-1661) had 10 children. At about age 24, the eldest son, (1640-1711), decided to make his fortune in Jamaica, by doctoring to wealthy plantation owners. He must have quickly landed on his feet, for in 1670, at age 26, he is listed as owner of a sugar plantation. Fulke's brothers, Francis (1654-1720) and Thomas (1649-1679), joined Fulke to help manage the plantation. A fourth brother

John (1651-1703) was a sea captain and London merchant and owned three ships. And a fifth brother, William (1640-1711), was an apothecary in London.

When Fulke arrived in Jamaica in the late 1660s, the colony had only been a British possession for a dozen years. Over that period, its capital, Port Royal, had effectively been controlled by pirates and privateers. It was a wild and lawless place, where the streets were filled with drunken brawling seamen and prostitutes plying their trade. Life among many of the plantation owners, report Quaker missionaries, was little better and Quaker efforts at conversion were a dismal failure.

The Monmouth Rebellion

Three significant events were going on in Britain or under the control of Britain at the time, events which presented opportunities to the Rose brothers. The first was the immensely lucrative sugar trade and the second was the advent of slavery as previously

described and of which Fulke Rose had taken full advantage.

The third opportunity for the Rose Brothers arose from political events. The Monmouth Rebellion broke out in 1685. Upon the Restoration (the return of the monarchy after eleven plus years of Oliver Cromwell's republic), Charles II, a Protestant assumed the throne. All went well until his death, when his brother James II took over. James was a Catholic. That did not go down well with the Protestants of the west counties. Then the Protestant Duke of Monmouth, a popular figure in that neck of the woods and an illegitimate son of Charles I, laid claim to the throne. He began recruiting troops in the south and west counties with aspirations to march on London.

Things did not go as planned. His brigade of farmers and artisans were ill equipped to deal with the regular

army. The rebellion collapsed. Monmouth was executed for treason on 15 July 1685. Many of his supporters were tried and condemned to death. To make a point, some were drawn and quartered while others were boiled alive in tar. Not a great end in either event.

Transportation

Although Africans constituted the vast majority of slaves, there was another source of labour — criminals and rebels who received seven to ten year sentences in the colonies. As serious offenders in those days were often executed, those who received the sentence of 'transportation' were frequently very minor offenders. A desperate mother of young children, who steals a loaf of bread, could spend ten years in far away Australia. Minor participants in rebellions received the same. Often they were just boys and young men, game for excitement and aiding a good cause. The

surnames of my family were among both those who were executed and those who were transported.

Eight hundred and ninety rebels, the more fortunate, received a sentence of 'transportation' -- ten years of servitude in the colonies, unless they died en route, packed 'tween decks' like cattle.

Those transported largely went to the West Indies where they laboured as slaves on the sugar plantations. Criminals of the day fortunate enough to avoid the executioner's block were also shipped en masse to the West Indies and the British American colonies.

'Transportation' had become a masterful solution to a costly problem for whomever was in power: what to do with the thousands of folks who don't 'tow the line' (Definition: to haul barges along a canal with long lines; an 'oft-used expression of English-born Hester

Bruce (my mother) to bring to the attention of her errant son Peter (me) that he was not 'up to snuff' or had not 'cut the mustard' or if the situation demanded, God forbid, "I'm getting the brush" — code for 'you are about to be transported to the colonies.' "Uh, mum, we're there already").

The Syndicate

It seems that one of the Rose brothers, probably Fulke, came up with an idea to make a lot of money by employing their various skills to capitalize on the three opportunities: sugar, slavery and transportation, that is, to operate a truncated version of the Triangular Slave Trade.

And so, the brothers worked together as a syndicate: Fulke, Thomas and Francis ran the plantation, John contracted with England to transport criminals and rebels to Jamaica (as well as Barbados) where he

conveyed his human cargo to Fulke (unconfirmed). Fulke was thus assured of a steady supply of free labour for his plantation. John, once free of his human cargo, filled his ships with Rose sugar and returned to England where the payload was sold for a good deal of money. William served as the family banker.

In some form, much of that appears to have happened. Fulke made almost as much money from his medical practice as he did from the plantation, enough in fact to purchase several more plantations and houses and land in both Jamaica and England.

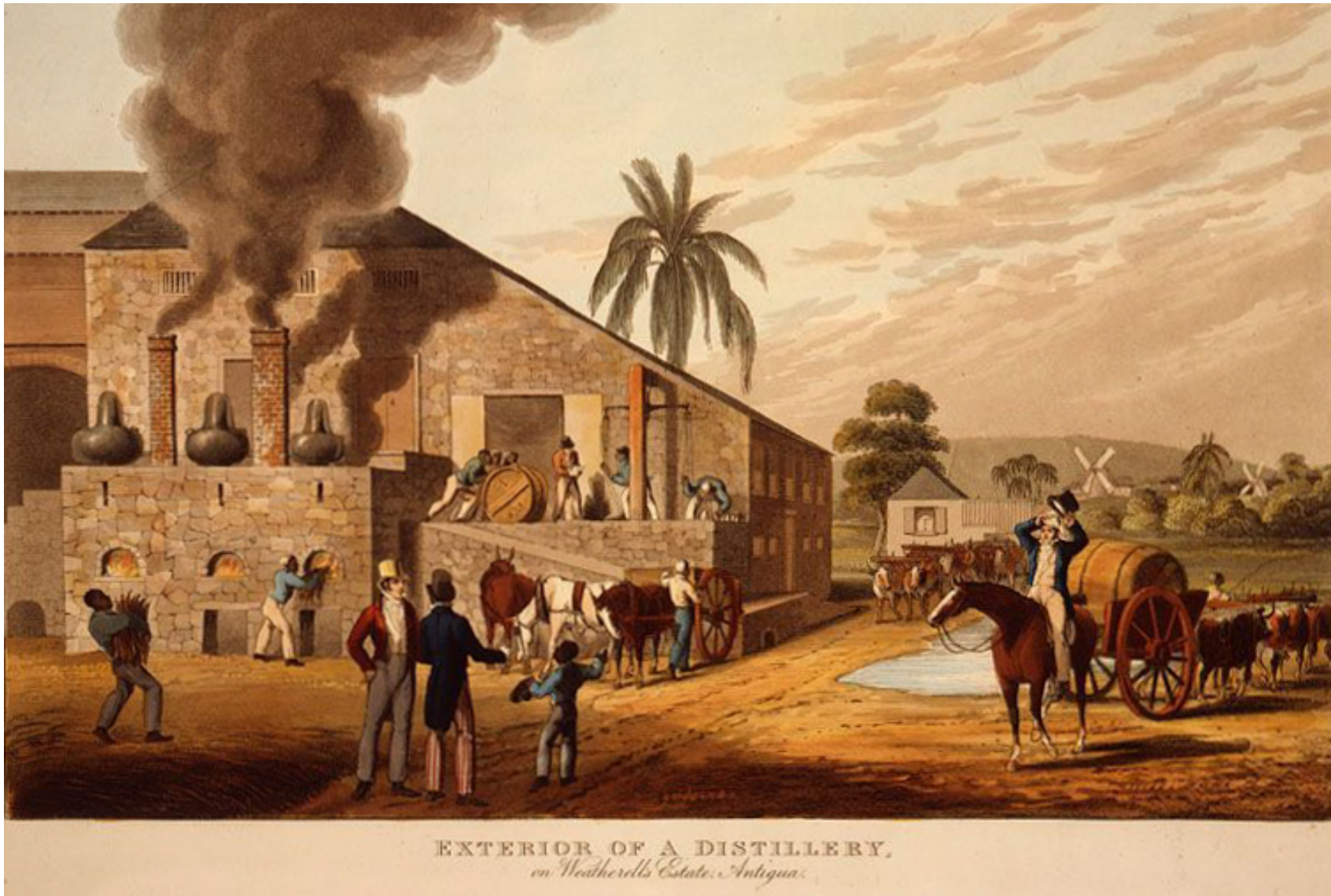
Fulke appears to have discovered that the buying and selling of African slaves was also a highly lucrative endeavour for he became one of the four largest slave traders in Jamaica. He purchased slaves from the Royal African Company which, by charter, held a monopoly on the transport and sale of slaves (and all

other goods) acquired in West Africa. About 5000 slaves per year made the treacherous voyage, prostrate and chained cheek by jowl for three months below decks. As much as 20% of the slaves died en route, some of them by suicide. The Rose plantations (Fulke owned several) clearly used African slaves, as they were by far, the most cost-efficient form of labour and as a slave trader, his access to slaves was unlimited. In a nutshell, Fulke Rose got rich. Very rich.

The Economics of Slavery

Sugar plantations were the most labour intensive of any crop in the day and were considered the 'worst of the worst' in terms of the nature of the work. Cotton plantations in New England could get by with one slave per ten acres; sugar plantations required as many as one slave per acre. A three hundred fifty acre plantation was viewed as sizable and required a sizeable capital investment. So even if the estimate of

one slave per acre is off by 50%, such a plantation would have 175 adult slaves. The average lifespan of a slave was said to be a scant nine years. Thus, regular slave purchases were required to replace those who died.



EXTERIOR OF A DISTILLERY,
on Weatherell's Estate, Antigua.

A rum distillery, late 1700s, Antigua, West

Abolition

In 1833, after almost 200 years of lobbying by Quakers, including my family and many others, the Slavery Abolition Act was passed, and slavery was abolished in Britain and its colonies. However, the corporate world, as we know, is quick to adapt to change. Immediately following 1833, the plantations switched to indentured servants -- slavery by another name.

William Rose: Apothecary

Apothecaries no longer exist. In good measure, it's because of a court case involving our William Rose. In the 17th and 18th centuries, there were three providers of medical services, not counting midwives (midwives were not considered part of the medical community): surgeons, physicians and apothecaries. Surgeons carried out basic surgery. They amputated crushed limbs, set broken bones and effected other

duties related to the mechanics of the body.

Physicians were the highest order of medical practitioner. They were sometimes university trained, as was Dr Fulke Rose's grandson, Dr Rose Fuller. They diagnosed a wide range of ailments, illnesses and other conditions, carried out medical procedures of the day with hit and miss results and prescribed medicines.

The apothecary made up those medicines and unlike the pharmacists of today, apothecaries also provided medical advice and treatments, blurring the roles of apothecary and physician.

Apothecaries had moved into the physician's territory in order to service people who did not have the means to pay the physicians' high fees. Naturally, physicians were not pleased with this state of affairs and at every

opportunity, they jealously guarded their right to diagnose and prescribe.

In 1701, a butcher from Hungerford Market whose name was John Seale consulted William Rose about what was probably a sexually transmitted disease. William tried various treatments over several months without success. He finally called it quits and presented Mr. Seale with a bill for 50 pounds, a considerable sum.

The Courts

Mr. Seale complained to the College of Physicians who brought the matter before the court arguing that William was practicing illegally as a physician. The case was extensively debated and ultimately, a decision was made in favour of the physicians.

Next, the Society of Apothecaries appealed, arguing that physicians' high fees excluded the poor from their

services and thus, the apothecaries were providing an essential service. William won the case on appeal in 1704.

Not to be outdone, physicians set up free dispensaries for the poor, designed, no doubt, to undercut (unsuccessfully) the apothecaries' business. There were no hard feelings, you understand. It was just that the apothecaries, with their questionable formal education and merchant class roots were hardly candidates for the medical profession, traditionally and properly the precinct of the privileged.

Both sides of this issue were entrenched in the family, for it was Hans Sloane (1660-1753), the second husband of Dr Fulke Rose's wife, Elizabeth Langley, (1662-1724) who formulated the plan for the free dispensaries and largely financed the project. Sloane was an eminent English physician, naturalist,

philanthropist and originator of the British Museum.

The ruling in favour of the apothecaries is still considered to be the beginning of General Practice in England. That is to say that apothecaries later became our general practice medical doctors. Today, the Rose Prize of the Royal College of General Practitioners is named in William's honour. It is awarded 'For original work in the history of medical practice in the British Isles.'

It is one of those curious ironies of history, I suppose, that William (unwittingly) contributed so significantly to the practice of medicine on the one hand and with the other, deposited to the bank large sums of cash which he and his brothers acquired on the backs of slaves and for which many slaves gave their lives.





Dr. Fulke Rose (1644-1695)
Relation: 1st cousin 9x removed

Francis Rose (1654-1720) Honourable
Relation: 1st cousin 9x removed

Thomas Rose (1649-1679) Lt-Colonel
Relation: 1st cousin 9x removed

Captain John Rose (1651-1703)
Relation: 1st cousin 9x removed



William Rose (1640-1711) Apothecary
Relation: 1st cousin 9x removed

Bath

Bath is named for the famous Roman baths in the centre of this small town of 88000 people. It is 80 kilometres and an hour's drive southeast of Gloucester, at the southern end of the Cotswolds, in the County of Somerset.

It was Day 14. We had the day to drive to Bath but we chose to get there directly and poke about. Faithful Garmin was on board with the plan and we found our next digs without having to perform HCS (Headless Chicken Shuffle). We were too early to check in but we claimed a parking space on the narrow road outside

the flat and walked for twenty minutes into town. The town centre is very compact. Like the Shambles of York, one can walk its breadth in twenty minutes. So in the space of that afternoon we were able to get our bearings, visit Bath Abbey and the Roman Bath and return to the flat in time to check in.

The Digs

The building that housed our flat was likely Georgian, early eighteenth century. Characteristic of the era, our building stretched an entire block and comprised a series of conjoined townhouses. Once homes for the wealthy, these old girls had long ago been sliced and diced into multiple self-owned flats. At the appointed hour, our lovely host, Sue, 40s something, unlocked the front door of 32 Grosvenor Place, then led us down a long, steep staircase to the lower floor. It did not bode well. As we descended into the abyss, a vision of 3 nights in a windowless cave left me gritting my teeth. Accommodation is always a crapshoot.

Sometimes you win; sometimes you do not. At the bottom of the stairs there was one door — ours. What greeted us was beyond imagining.

The flat faced a small garden enclosed by a stone wall which provided complete privacy. Large multi-paned windows and a French door flooded the flat with light. There was a comfy sofa and chair and tasteful, homey furnishings that said ‘You’re still in England.’ Behind the small living room was a glass dining table and behind that again was a bedroom and bathroom. The flat was modern, painted in quiet designer colours and clean. Brick arches were everywhere apparent, revealing the building’s foundations and the flats original use as a cellar. We were tickled...and relieved. This would be a good stay.

The following day, we walked into town to rendez-vous with a pre-arranged tour. It would begin with a boat

ride on the River Avon (no, a different River Avon) and end with a walking tour of the town. Suffice it to say, finding the rendezvous was like an Easter egg hunt hosted by a sadistic adult. Randi found it (she usually does) at the last minute, after I finally abandoned my own ideas that had come to naught (Say, you wouldn’t be a Tight, would you Peter? Just asking). It was not up the highway after all, but on the canal, where boats like to be — floating. Still, we should have walked up the highway. It would have been vastly more interesting than the boat ride.

Out and About

The subsequent walking tour was fine, not inspiring. I spent the time shooting, mostly. In the afternoon, we joined the masses at the Roman Bath. There was a queue of course, but it was painless. This venue was worth every penny. Wonderfully done. I was astonished at how much of the bath is intact: the structure, the

massive columns, the pool and surround, and on the upper balcony, numerous statues of ruggedly handsome Roman potentates. Duty and determination were etched on their faces; they cast glances to the pool below, a firm reminder to its occupants that there was still much to be done.

There were multiple levels to the bath — the upper balcony, the pool below and two or was it three levels below the pool which displayed artifacts of the Roman period and the inner workings of the bath. Around the pool, cadres of fresh-looking uniformed students spoke volumes. They lounged, listened to audio pods or chatted in low tones. Some slouched against columns, their vacant stares suggesting they had long since left the bath for more interesting places.

And there too were the Selfies, posing against strategic backdrops designed to impress back home.

One young woman approached me on the upper balcony to take her selfie. I did. She checked the result. “No, no. Over here,” pointing to a spot where both the Roman Baths and Bath Abbey could be seen behind. I took the shot; she checked the result. Not good enough. “Again please,” her voice firm with no hint of apology. It took about eight shots before Selfie was either satisfied or had deemed myself and the project hopeless. She offered a perfunctory thank you and moved on to the next photo op and her next assistant.

When I got home from the trip I related this incident to my middle-aged friend Maria who had recently been in Venice with her husband. She wanted to take a picture from the Rialto Bridge, but it was packed with people. A young Selfie was at the rail, her boyfriend taking the requisite dozen shots. Maria waited patiently, then waited some more...and some more. Maria is Italian.

Finally, she broke, screaming back to her husband at the end of the bridge, “I CAN’T TAKE A PICTURE BECAUSE THIS BLOODY BITCH WON’T STOP POSING!

Revolution nears.

History

Settlement in the area of Bath predates the Romans, but I am hesitant to convey the entirety. Should I do so, I fear the worst. Already you are slouched in that armchair I suggested at the outset (well done), bottle of Bordeaux clasped loosely at the end of your dangling left arm. I fear the slightest reference to Celts of the pre-Christian era may see the bottle slip from your grasp as you slip from consciousness. Such a mess to clean up and oh, look what it’s done to the Turkish rug!

Let us not forget the wise words oft repeated by our mothers, those of John Wesley, theologian and

minister who moved to Bath in 1851: “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.” Here then is the executive summary, for those of you who are on the verge of changing your mind -- deciding that waxing the car etcetera holds more allure after all than reading this tome.

Ten years after the Romans invaded Britain in 54BC, times were quiet. Peace reigned, except for the Scots, of course. But that little problem would be fixed with a wall soon enough. Ring any bells? The Roman elite was bored, homesick and dirty. Members of the upper echelon hadn’t had a good bath since they arrived and the smell was making it difficult for them to hook up with the locals.

The rest is history. The baths were built as part of a larger spa the Romans named Aquae Sulis or ‘waters of Sulis.’ During the Middle Ages, Bath was an

important centre for trading wool. Queen Elizabeth



Heritage Day: Royalist Camp at Bath,



Entry Hall, Roman Bath at Bath, Somerset



Roman Baths at Bath,



Bath Abbey, Bath, Somerset



Bath Abbey, Bath, Somerset

William Pengelly

William Pengelly FRS FGS (1812-1894) was a geologist and amateur palaeontologist. He was one of the first to contribute proof that the Biblical version of the creation of the earth calculated by Archbishop James Ussher was incorrect. Phrased differently, Pengelly's findings irrefutably supported Charles Darwin's theory of evolution which until then, was still being hotly debated.

Early Life

William was born in the picturesque seaside village of East Looe, Cornwall. His father was a sea captain who

operated a local coastal freighting service. From a very early age it was apparent to William's mother that the boy was extraordinarily bright. When William was still a toddler, she appealed to the local headmistress to allow him to enter school. The headmistress promptly denied the request, arguing that William was far too young. A few days later the headmistress was walking past the Pengelly residence and noticed little William sitting on the stoop entirely engrossed in a book. She stopped and watched. William was reading the bible out loud page after page, perfectly. He was forthwith enrolled. At age 12, however, William left school to join his father's crew. He never returned to school.

At Sea

The next 4 years he spent at sea with his father.

William had a small, well-thumbed collection of books which he brought on board, the contents of which he could likely recite by heart. But he made the best of

the situation, becoming a crew favourite with his off-watch readings and posing mathematical conundrums to his shipmates which lead to heated debates and much good fun.

Pengelly's School

At age 16, William returned to Looe where he began his life-long devotion to self-education. He read widely and taught himself advanced mathematics, then in 1836, aged 24, William started a day school in Torquay. He operated the school for 10 years, during which time it developed a reputation for exceptional content and instruction.

Educator and Tutor

William found, however, that he needed more personal time to pursue his academic interests and from then on, made his living as a private tutor and public lecturer on various scientific subjects. His reputation as

an inspiring teacher spanned not only Britain but all of Europe. Legend has it that prestigious people including members of royal families would literally come knocking on his Torquay cottage door, imploring William to take their son or daughter under his wing.

Devotion to Learning

Over the course of his career, William published some 120 scientific papers on geology, palaeontology and human prehistory. In 1862 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Williams passion to teach and make education available to others did not stop there. He founded the Torquay Mechanic's Institute, the Torquay Natural History Society and the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Literature, Science and Art.

Family

William had three children by Mary Ann Mudge before she died in 1851. Two years later he married Lydia

Spriggs, a Quaker, with whom he had two daughters. The younger daughter Hester became his biographer and secretary. She married Forbes Julian, a mining engineer who founded the Royal Automobile Club.

The Hunt For Evidence

The southern edge of England is old seafloor, layer upon layer of limestone. Seepage into the porous limestone has over millenia, created numerous caves. William extensively excavated one of those caves, Kent's Cavern, adding to previous work done by Father John MacEnery. Both found evidence of human beings (Palaeolithic flint tools) and the bones of extinct mammals in the same strata. MacEnery's work was carried out years earlier when any challenges to the Bible's 'truth' would have generated outrage and outright rejection of his findings. William, however, was able to publish both his and MacEnery's findings and convey them to the scientific community. Sceptics,

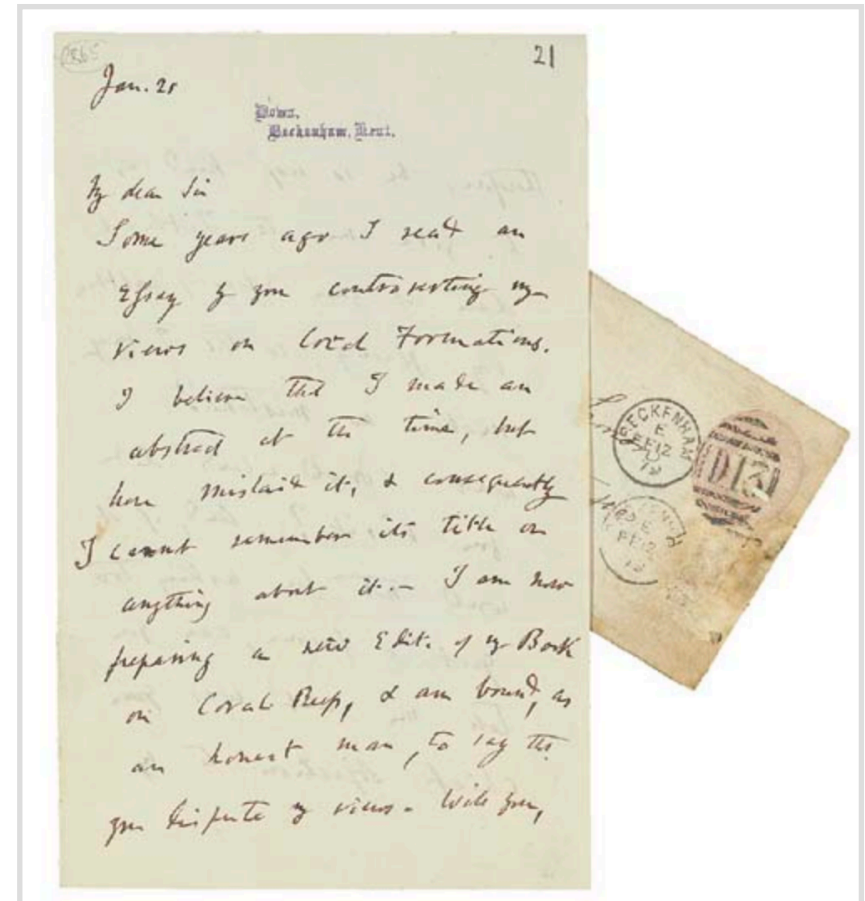
however, handily dismissed the findings because the frequent excavations of Kent's Cavern raised the possibility that evidence in one layer had been disturbed and had migrated to another.

Proof

Then in 1858, a new cave dubbed Windmill Hill Cavern was discovered, the floor of which was sealed by an unbroken stalagmite sheet. This was the defining moment for those arguing that human beings had been around far longer than the Bible asserted.

For the evidence which came out of this cave to be unassailable, strict procedures and oversight were put in place. Under the auspices and supervision of the Royal Society and the Geological Society, William and John Evans methodically removed the stalagmite sheet and below it, found the evidence they were looking for — cave lion and woolly rhinoceros bones together with

human-crafted flints. In this way, in 1859, William along with John Evans and other's, were able to forcefully demonstrate a case for the existence of Stone Age man .



On various occasions, William exchanged letters with Charles Darwin

William Pengelly FRS FGS (1812-1894)

Relation: Husband of 2nd great-aunt



George

When William Pengelly reached twelve years of age, despite his obvious native genius, he left school to crew on his father's small coastal freighter. During the four years he spent 'before the mast' working the Cornwall coast, he developed a deep affection for the rough-hewn characters he crewed with and they for him. Leisure moments were often passed telling stories which William later recalled, here in his own words.

"Here's one about his shipmate George. George loved to drink but after an argument with the local Innkeeper, he swore never to drink in his establishment again. When a celebratory dinner at the Inn arises with grog galore, he finds himself severely conflicted.

"I once witnessed an amusing conflict between [George's] respect for his 'promise' and his love of drink. One of our crew [Pengelly himself] had been rescued from drowning by an innkeeper, at whose house our skipper, by way of showing his gratitude, gave a supper to the crew, the landlord and a few friends.

George, on being invited, stated that he would gladly be of the party but that on account of a quarrel with the innkeeper, he had made a 'promise' never to drink again in his house. This was met by the remark that the promise did not extend to eating, and that he should be left at perfect liberty to drink or not as he pleased. On this understanding he came.

As may be supposed, he was a good deal chaffed, but this he managed to bear with good firmness and good temper. At length, however, it was unluckily suggested by someone, that there was nothing in his 'promise' to prevent taking a glass of beer outside the house and drinking it there. At this compromise he caught eagerly, and marched gravely to the door every few minutes, drank his beer and then resumed his seat.

At length the captain had argued that if he had put his head out of the window of the room and took his draught, his 'promise' would be by no means broken, as he certainly would not be 'drinking in the house.'

George, aided by the potations he had already taken, was convinced by this logic and at once acted on the suggestion. At length, the innkeeper, desirous of reconciliation, thus addressed him: 'George, my boy, I am very sorry that there was ever any

misunderstanding between us. There's my hand and here's my heart and I love you like a brother, don't take the trouble to put your head out of the window any longer. If you must do something of the kind, here's a large corner cupboard with nothing in it. Put your head into that and drink....' George seized the proffered hand...and then proceeded to go through the farce of keeping his 'promise' in the manner just described."

William Pengelly had a keen sense of humour, a lively spirit and a great love of fun. For this he earned the enduring affection of his shipmates and later, of his students and scientific colleagues



Storytelling is built into our DNA

Lost

Henry Forbes Julian (1861-1912) was a man who stood out in a room. You could just tell by the way he carried himself that he was used to operating in the privileged world of the Victorian Age— the world of board rooms and big cities. He exuded strong values, etiquette and charm. Yet he was equally comfortable rubbing shoulders with rough-hewn characters who worked in the mines he frequented.

He was a metallurgist and mining engineer who consulted on mining projects all over the world, in particular gold and silver mines for which he had invented and patented a highly successful cyanide extraction method still used today.

Forbes' work required him to travel extensively. He had consulted throughout Eastern and Western Europe and crossed the Atlantic 13 times to projects in Mexico, the USA, Canada and the West Indies.

To Devon

The unmarried Forbes made good money. Perhaps it was the constant travel that prompted him to seek a quieter lifestyle in 1895. He rented Ness House in the little coastal village of Sheldon near Torquay. Ness House is still there, operating as a B&B and restaurant. Forbes also had a residence in London. A natural student, Forbes had followed the discoveries of geologist William Pengelly and decided to settle in Torquay so he could take in Pengelly's public speeches and join his Torquay Natural History Society and Devonshire Association. This he did and there he met and married Pengelly's daughter, Hester.

Business Beckons

Forbes continued his work from Torquay. When an important meeting came up in San Francisco, he booked passage on the Olympic, departing Southampton 3 April, 1912. However, disruptions caused by the national coal strike obliged him to change his booking to first class passage on the Titanic, departing 10 April.

Forbes sister-in-law, Lydia Maxwell asked him how he felt about sailing on the Titanic. He replied “

'I do not care at all for palm-court and gymnasium and such extra attractions, and never visited them on Mauretania. I shall keep to the smoking-room and library, and only just look over the vessel before starting.'

On 9 April he caught the 1:35pm train from Torquay and arrived in Southampton at 8:25pm, then made his

way to the South Western Hotel. Before bed, he wrote a letter to his wife, relating the train journey, cold, windy weather and his conviction that it was best that she stayed home. Hester had a bout of the flu.

Boarding

The next morning Forbes walked the 10 minutes to the docks, boarded the Titanic and found his first class stateroom, E90, near the stern of the ship.

During the crossing to Cherbourg, Forbes wrote again to Hester, conveying his delight at the comfortable accommodation, the on-board Parisian Cafe and the gymnasium which he said was “full of the most wonderful machines.” More than half the officers and stewards, Forbes wrote, were familiar to him from previous passages.

Ice

April 14

5:50pm Captain Edward Smith receives iceberg warnings throughout the day, changes course slightly south and maintains speed.

9:40pm Ship Messaba reports a nearby ice field with “heavy pack ice and [a] great number [of] large icebergs.” Wireless operator Jack Phillips—who works for the Marconi Company—is handling passengers' messages and never passes the warning on to the Titanic's bridge.

10:55pm

The nearby Californian radios the Titanic: “Say, old man, we are stopped and surrounded by ice.” An annoyed Phillips responds: “Shut up! Shut up! I am

busy.”

11:35pm

The wireless operator on the Californian turns off his radio. The Titanic's lookout sees an iceberg in the ship's path, rings the warning bell three times, then calls the bridge. The officer-of-the-watch orders “hard-a-starboard” (to the left), “full speed astern” and closes the doors to the ‘watertight’ compartments.

Collision

11:40pm

The starboard side of the Titanic scrapes along the iceberg. Captain Smith arrives on deck and is told “we've struck an iceberg sir.” One after another, reports advise the bridge of rooms filling with water across at least five of the ship's compartments. The captain summons the Titanic's designer, who is aboard

for the maiden voyage. Thomas Andrews surveys the damage. The Titanic was built to remain afloat with up to four compartments flooded. Andrews predicts that the ship will sink in one to two hours.

ToThe Lifeboats

Over the next two hours, lifeboats are loaded amid a frenzy of panic and inefficiency with the strict order “women and children first”. Almost all the lifeboats are only partially filled. Of the 2200 passengers aboard, there are but 20 lifeboats with room for 1178 people.

Every stripe of humanity came forth in those last hours — heroes, cowards, the terrified and the resigned. Their station in life gave no inkling of which one of those each was. The ship’s musicians famously played on to the very end, calming passengers as they boarded the lifeboats. The Titanic’s designer, Thomas

Andrews, urged passengers to get into heavy clothing and prepare to leave the ship. Many, although skeptical that the ‘unsinkable’ ship had been seriously damaged, were nevertheless convinced by Thomas to do so. A final telegram from the Titanic confirmed Thomas’s heroism: “When last seen, officers say was throwing deck chairs, other objects to people in the water. His chief concern safety of everyone but himself.”

Thomas had argued for enough lifeboats for all passengers and for other safety measures. The President of White Star Line Bruce Ismay denied the request, protesting that “they already had more than the legally required number of lifeboats (16) and the extra boats simply would clutter up the beautiful open expanse of the upper deck, where first-class passengers would want to stroll.” Neither the

musicians nor Thomas survived the sinking.

Gone

2:18am

The lights on the Titanic went out. The bow sunk, raising the stern and its massive propellers clear of the water. The hull broke cleanly into two pieces whereby the forward half of the ship plunged vertically into the depths at an estimated 50 kilometres per hour. It took six minutes for it to reach the ocean floor. The stern section lingered, but as water drew the broken end beneath the surface, the remainder lifted briefly and the entirety disappeared.

Three agonizing hours after the first distress signal was sent, a rescue ship arrived. It was the Cunard liner Carpathia, built by Swan Hunter Wigham Richardson. There was no sign of the Titanic. Only 710 of the

Titanic's 2200 passengers survived. Henry Forbes Julian was not among them.



Scenes of the Titanic



Scenes of the Titanic



Scenes of the Titanic

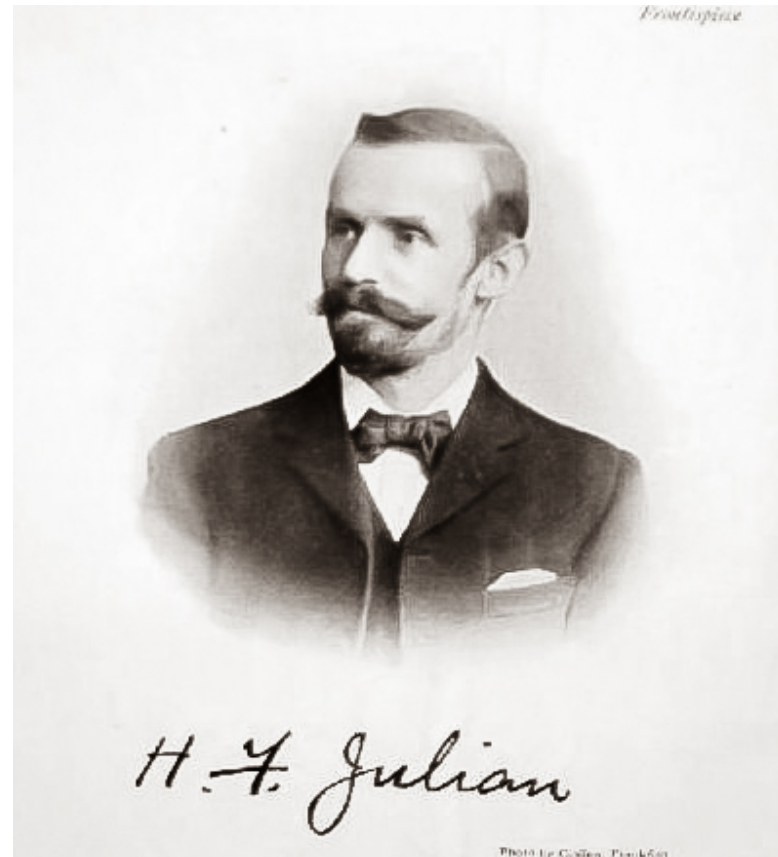


Last moments of the Titanic

Henry Forbes Julian (1861-1912)

Metallurgist

Relation: husband of 1st cousin 2x removed



Steam

Thomas Savery (1650-1712)

Most of us were taught in school that James Watt invented the steam engine. The truth is, he didn't. What he and others did do was add improvements to a steam engine (which admittedly made it wonderfully more powerful and practical) invented much earlier by Thomas Savery.

Thomas was born to a wealthy, long established Devon family whose base for centuries, was Totnes Castle, about a 20 minute drive today inland from Torquay.

Thomas was well-educated. He was keenly interested in natural philosophy, mathematics and things mechanical. He became a military engineer rising to captain in 1702. In his off-time, Thomas invented and tinkered. He made a machine for polishing glass or marble, a paddle-wheeler and an exquisite clock.

Then Thomas applied himself to a chronic problem faced by Cornish mine owners and workers — water in the tunnels. He theorized that the expansive nature of steam might be utilized to pump water out of the mines. Numerous experiments followed. It was a case of 'successive approximations' requiring a large measure of patience and worse, a large measure of money which became very difficult to bear.

Despite the challenges, in 1698, Thomas exhibited a model of his then-called 'Fire Engine' to King William III

and his court at Hampton Court. He promptly received a patent.

Thomas's steam pump worked well, although it was limited in its lifting capacity to 6 metres. Larger lifts required multiple pumps. As well, the steam pump did not adapt well to other applications. Further, because of the high cost of the pump, it was not practical to use for smaller steam pump applications.

Nevertheless, Thomas's work was instrumental in demonstrating that it was possible to use steam to perform useful work. From that epiphany followed the steam engine advancements of Thomas Newcomen (1664-1729), James Watt (1736-1812) and others. Indeed, it might be said that Thomas was the 'father of the Industrial Revolution,' for everything, including the success of the British Empire itself, depended on the power of steam.

Overleaf:

This scene, as legend has it, depicts the moment in 1690 when Thomas Savery (1650-1715), relaxing with friends, inadvertently happens upon the idea of a steam powered machine to pump water out of coal mines.

After finishing his wine, Thomas threw his nearly empty bottle into the fireplace. As he watched it, he noticed that the wine in the bottle was turning to steam. With a gloved hand, he retrieved the then heated wine bottle and plunged the mouth of it into a bowl of water. As the flask cooled, the steam inside it returned to liquid leaving a vacuum in space once occupied by the steam. As nature abhors a vacuum, water from the bowl was drawn up into the upturned bottle, until the vacuum had been replaced. In effect, that was Thomas's steam engine, an engine with no moving parts (an engine is any mechanism which will do work).

Available pumps were incapable of dealing with the problem of flooding in coal mines, placing a serious limitation on mine production. Savery, a military engineer, drew on the work of steam power by the French physicist Denis Papin to design his "fire pump" patented in 1698. It was first used in the Cornish tin mines with limited success as it could only raise water 6 metres. Longer vertical lifts required several pumps, an expensive proposition which only the owners of large, rich deposits could afford.

As is always the case with innovations, others followed Savery who built on and improved upon this first commercial steam engine .

Source: Adapted from Sheila Terry, Science Photo Library

<https://www.sciencephoto.com/contributor/ste/>



Thomas Savery conceives his steam engine

England: Tales of a Time Traveler

Avebury Stone Circle

After two nights in Bath, we were on the road again by 8:30am of Day 16. It was an hour's drive to the first of two Neolithic sites on our itinerary -- Avebury Stone Circle and the iconic Stonehenge.

Standing stones, stone circles and megaliths have been found all over the world. We know that they were built by Neolithic peoples five thousand or so years ago. We don't know how and we don't know why. They may have been astronomical calculators or places of ritual and worship. They differ in nature. Carnac in Brittany, France consists of over 3000 stones, some more than 20 feet high. Lined up in rows, they go on for six kilometres.

In the 1930s, labourers clearing land for the United Fruit Company in Costa Rica discovered spherical stone balls that vary in size from a few inches to six feet across. Korea has a massive ancient burial site containing hundreds of ancient dolmens – tombs built from large stone slabs that resemble the mathematical symbol pi.

Avebury Stone Circle is not surprisingly located in the village of Avebury, not far from Stonehenge. More accurately, the village is located in the stone circle: the stone circle is so big it incorporates a portion of Avebury. Indeed, it is the largest stone circle in the world. To my delight, I found I could walk up to and around the stones, unlike Stonehenge where visitors must stand hundreds of feet back.

Avebury is more than a stone circle. Surrounding the

stone circle is a broad, deep ditch. The distance between the top of one side of the ditch and the other must be in the neighbourhood of 200 feet. On the outside of the ditch is a high berm. This extensive ditch and berm structure was all dug by hand with stone and bone tools. The sheer amount of work and the degree of collaborative effort that was required is stunning. Just the task of quarrying and transporting the stones leaves one in awe.



Avebury, Wilshire: largest stone circle in the



Avebury, Wilshire: largest stone circle in the world



Georgian period mansion, Avebury, Wiltshire:

Clock House

Forty-five minutes to the southeast of Avebury is the little village of Shrewton, a 'stone's throw' from Stonehenge. It is semi-rural with lots large enough to satisfy the most serious of hobby farmers. It was there, tucked up a long gravel drive, that we found Clock House, precisely where the detailed instructions of our friend Gill Wallis said it would be. Clock House is the home of Gill and her husband Peter Wallis. The term 'house' does not do it justice; it is more a commodious cottage. It didn't start out as a house; it was the stables. That was hard to believe. It is lovely -- unpretentious, warm and inviting.

Wallis Warmth

To anyone who knew the Wallis's it would be obvious that it was they who built Clock House, for the qualities apparent in the house were precisely those of its owners. This was the first time we had met Gill and Peter, yet we were greeted like family.

Gill is a youthful 60s something, of average height with the healthy, slender build of one who stays physically active. She is animated when she speaks, oozing life and good humour, and has a gentle, easy way about her that belies her capacity to think deeply and speak her mind. She is retired now; she taught school for a living – a perfect match.

Peter is also 60s something. He is tall and lanky and wore glasses that hinted of his intelligence. He has an open, kindly face and a becoming shock of tousled

white hair. His voice is clear and loud, almost decisive, yet his words tumble out in such an easy, relaxed manner that one cannot help but be drawn to him. He was, I suspect, a leader of men and a good one. He had a career in the Royal Air Force that took this couple to Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang for extensive periods.

Peter's Aunt Sheila was there too. She is a handsome woman, short, large-boned and slightly stooped. Sheila has the slow and careful movements of a person intent on not falling. Like her nephew, her voice is clear and strong. When she speaks, her words are measured, her thoughts are well considered and her memory and intellect are fully intact. There is strength to this woman; she was likely a formidable force in her day, a person you would be well advised to have on your team.

These folks are a rare find -- friends we could happily share a winter's fire with, chatting and laughing until the wee hours. As it turned out, we did just that for that entire afternoon, starting with a sumptuous lunch. Mid-afternoon, Aunt Sheila's son Bob joined us, a well-built, affable, straight-talking man, who for a living, sets up training courses for lorry (truck) drivers. He kept us in stitches with his brilliant renditions of English accents.

The Caldwell Connection

The story of my friendship with Gill began several years ago online. I had placed a notice on a Hong Kong website seeking information about my great great grandfather on my father's side, Daniel Caldwell. Daniel was a well known, controversial figure in Hong Kong's early days. Gill got in touch and explained that she had a robe that was originally his. Peter's Aunt Sheila had been a fast friend of Leslie Caldwell, a great nephew of

my great great grandfather. Leslie had inherited the robe and passed it to Aunt Sheila upon his death. Over the months that followed our initial online connection, Gill worked with me to uncover more of the Caldwell Story.

One day, several months later, a box arrived at our front door – from Shrewton, England. In the box was Daniel's 150 year old robe. I was stunned. This was an unimaginable gift. It is magnificent, festooned with brocade dragons in heavy gold thread. Once a year, at Christmas time, I pull the robe from its box and wear it briefly at Tai Chi. It is a nod of respect to my colourful ancestor, Daniel Caldwell – opium smuggler, court interpreter, Assistant Chief of Police, Registrar of Brothels, inmate, entrepreneur, 'Protector of the Chinese', pirate hunter and father and provider to 32 children. It is a nod of respect too to Chan Ayow, my great, great grandmother, who raised all those children

and managed their huge household. That is another very interesting story.



Friends Gill, Peter and Aunt Sheila at Clock



The lovely Aunt Sheila at Clock House

Stonehenge

The following day we arrived at Stonehenge at 9am, the start of our appointed two-hour time slot. We would not be alone.

We almost didn't go. It was a push to see Stonehenge in the morning, drop the rental car off in Salisbury early afternoon, catch a train to London, find the flat in a new-to-us city of 18 million people and meet with the landlord. Yet that's what we did.

Deja Vu?

I was hesitant to go also because it felt like I'd been

there and done that. I had been there, in pictures: glorious pictures of Stonehenge at dawn, Stonehenge at dusk and Stonehenge on the solstice. Yet all doubts vaporized when I stood before it, shoulder to shoulder with a throng of human beings from across the planet who had come to witness the miracle. There is something deeply, viscerally spiritual about Stonehenge, something akin to hands reaching across the millennia, quiet voices whispering "You, us, all things living and not living upon this earth, we are one."

Primitives?

The creators of Stonehenge were hardly 'primitives.' Nor were the constructors of the pyramids, the masons of Machu Picchu, the architects of Angkor Wat or the cave painters of Lascaux. They were all masters of their trade. It's humbling.

How good were these folks? Consider this.

Test 1 Laseaux Cave, France:

If you were given a basket of torches, asked to hike two kilometres inside a pitch black cave with pouches of red and white ochre and ash ‘crayons’, and were then asked to draw something in 3D that you were intimately familiar with – your spouse, for instance – how well would you do? Uh, remember to start out of the cave before you’ve used up your last three torches. Experience as a Buddhist monk is helpful for this exercise. Life insurance would be prudent.

You got back out before the last torch whimpered and died? Good work. Many don’t. Rest assured your stick person depiction of love-butt will remain there for millennia. Love-butt is still there? Well, I’m sure, in time, he’ll find his way.

Test 2 Egypt:

Build a pyramid. Gather all the friends you know...and

their friends. You’ll need a chisel, a measuring tape, a GPS and a wack of free time...and pack a lunch.

Tolerance allowed: 2.5 cm.

The Visitors

There was a mixed reaction from onlookers. Some observers appeared to retreat to a spiritual place. They stood silently at the rope barrier just staring, wordless for minutes. Others chatted in small groups, about what I don’t know – the enormity of it, the mystery of it or lunch plans. Still others seemed to view Stonehenge as an opportunity to impress friends and family, not with Stonehenge, with themselves, that they had been there. I speak again of the Selfie, who cuts a swathe through the crowd to allow a friend’s camera to capture their theatrical poses.

Stonehenge has become a people-moving machine. In an admirable attempt to preserve the spirituality of

Stonehenge, the Visitor's Centre was built some distance away and out of sight of it. One can walk the distance in 20 minutes or ride a bus there in three.

Visitor numbers are now so large that a

steady stream of buses moves people to and from the site all day, every day. It was a crazy, busy place but I am ever so glad I went.



Stonehenge, Wiltshire



Neolithic Habitations at Stonehenge



Stonehenge, Wiltshire