

WESTENDER

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WEST END CARNIVAL 2012



"The Best of British" was the theme for this year's West End Carnival and despite rain on previous days, the day of the Carnival was bright and sunny. There were a record number of floats and walkers in costume, as well as visiting Carnival Courts and a Traction Engine. The Fete on Hatch Grange was extremely well attended as was the procession. Well done to the Carnival Committee who organised it all. Ed.



West End Local History Society & Westender is sponsored by



**WEST END
PARISH
COUNCIL**



LONG LOST FAMILY

By Roy Andrews

Some of you may have seen the recent television series of the above title where long lost members of families were traced and reunited, a box of Kleenex Tissues a must for each programme. Some of the coincidences in the lives of the lost were remarkable; one lady living in England had her baby adopted and then went on to have a career eventually retiring to South Africa. When her adult daughter was located where was she living but in South Africa.

I had some similar coincidences when I set out to trace somebody. In 1969 I had a cousin Janet living in Portsmouth who gave birth to a daughter Sarah “out of wedlock” the father Warren moved to Scotland as his father who was in the Royal Navy had been transferred there a few months before Sarah was born and never had any contact with her. Unlike many parents in the 1960’s Janet’s parents stood by her and she and Sarah lived with them for several years until she got a place of her own still in Portsmouth.

Janet asked me to be Godfather to Sarah which I although ‘godless’ was happy to do and ever since have kept a fatherly eye on her helping out where I could. Sarah grew up to be a lovely girl who worked hard at school and went on to Bath University where she studied French and German. After graduation she worked for IBM and in the City of London. She is now married, to a Portsmouth man, and has two sons. A few years ago Sarah’s husband obtained a promotion within his company as Regional Manager for the South West and so after a lot of searching they moved to a house in the village of Churchill just to the West of Bath.

Janet, who never married, alas died at the young age of 53 nine years ago and only a few weeks after her longed for first grandson was born.

I have been researching my family tree for some years now and always kept Sarah informed as to what I discovered in relation to her mother’s side of our family, this of course would bring us round to her long lost father of whom all she knew was that his name was Warren Fowle and his father was in the Royal Navy. Janet had never said a bad word about Warren to Sarah and had accepted that perhaps one day she would want to find him. So when I suggested that I try and find her father she very nervously agreed.

Luckily the name Warren Fowle is not very common and one born in the right year was found at Chatham, a Royal Navy town, in Kent. A request was sent off for a copy of the birth certificate which showed that his father was not in the Royal Navy but worked for them as a civilian, so this seemed to be the correct individual.

No trace could be found of a marriage in England but as Warren had moved to Scotland that seemed to be the right place to look, this showed that only one Warren Fowle had married in Scotland but it was in the same year as Warren moved there a few months after leaving Portsmouth, was that possible?

Next, on the off chance as Warren would only be about 60 years old, a check was made for deaths in England and Scotland. This again only showed one Warren Fowle as having died at the age of 49 eleven years previously while living at Melksham in Wiltshire. A copy of the death certificate was sent for and while I was waiting I checked out the telephone directory to see if any one of the name Fowle was still living in Melksham. There were in fact four families listed and while wondering what to do next I realised that one of the names had the same initials as that of the woman that the Warren in Scotland had married. So with much trepidation, as, if this was the widow of the right Warren she may not know of Sarah’s existence, I rang the number.

When the lady answered I explained I was researching my family tree and the name Fowle had cropped up, I named the parents and grandparents of the Chatham Warren I had researched and asked if these were part of her late husband’s family, she had at the start of the conversation told me that she was widowed. The lady declined to comment as she pointed out it was for her in-laws to comment not her but she would pass on my details. I thought I detected a smile in her voice which said I was on the right lines, so I thanked her and rang off.

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When the copy of the death certificate arrived it showed that Warren was living at the address where his widow still lived.

What to do next, I decided to write the widow a letter. I explained that I was the person who had telephoned her and hoped I would not shock her by revealing her husband had fathered a child before he met her. I went on to give a short history of Sarah's life and went on to ask if she could find it in her heart to tell Sarah, perhaps through me, a bit about her father.

I sat on that letter for a week wondering what can of worms I would open if I sent it; I eventually plucked up the courage and posted it. Three days later a letter arrived from the widow Sue saying that she had always known of her husband's child and that she would be very happy to communicate with Sarah.

After a couple of letters each way via me, between Sarah and Sue they seemed to be getting on so well that I gave them each the others address and after a couple of more letters they met for the first time. They hit it off immediately having similar tastes in almost everything and have since become the very best of friends. Sue, who never remarried, had no children by choice, being orphaned at five was a major influence on that decision, but now has Sarah and her two boys to dote on. Sarah at each meeting with Sue finds out more and more about the father she will never meet but who now is no longer an unknown part of who she is.

And those coincidences – Sarah could have chosen anywhere in the southwest to live but picked just outside Bath. Sue shortly after marrying in Scotland in 1971 moved to just outside Bath. And when Sue learned of the address of the flat Sarah had lived in while studying at Bath was amazed because she and Warren owned a flat, which they let out to students, just a few houses away and were always in and out of the premises, making it is just possible that Sarah could have walked passed her father in the street, neither of them recognizing the other.

So a happy ending? Not quite. Although Sarah has now met her father's sister her paternal grandparents still alive and living not far from Bath, having been told of the contact with Sarah have shown no interest in meeting her. Also Sarah's Aunt Maggie her mums sister to whom Sarah has been very close all of her life thought it was wrong of Sarah to want to find out about her father, refuses to talk about it and as a result relations have become strained.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

A review by Stan Waight

Forty-two members attended our April meeting. Although this was well down on the usual attendance, it wasn't bad for an AGM.

Sir Arthur Rostron and the *Titanic* centenary featured heavily in the proceedings and Chairman Neville announced the wreath-laying at the cemetery and the unveiling of the plaque at 84 Chalk Hill, both to take place on the 15th of April (this was in addition to the usual call for volunteers to man the Museum!). Officers' reports followed and it appears that, apart from a small financial loss, the WELHS had a good year all round. Membership and visitors, both at meetings and in the museum, were up and a lot of research had been carried out. The total refurbishment of the Museum was widely acclaimed, although not a lot of members had actually been to look at what had been done. In the absence of other nominations, the Committee was re-elected *en bloc* but Barry Brimson agreed to take over from me as the Examiner of the accounts. There was no other business.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to a slide show of images from the archive run by Nigel and Peter. Among them were several photo's of the unveiling of the *Titanic* related plaques in the Museum; not only were several local dignitaries present, but also a few descendants of the ill-fated *Titanic* crew. It was a good evening, considering it was the AGM.

TITANIC - DESTINATION DISASTER

A review by Stan Waight



Molly Brown giving Captain Rostron an award for his service in the rescue of Titanic's surviving passengers

Despite the extensive national media coverage of the Titanic Centenary and the intensive West End participation in it, there was a good turnout for Jill Daniel's talk at the June meeting. Jill has talked to us before and has a good delivery, completely without notes; her husband accompanied the talk with some first-class slides.

Jill said at the beginning that she wanted the talk to be different from the usual run of Titanic stories. And so it was, for more than half of it was devoted to the run-up to the disaster itself.

The White Star liner was designed and built by Harland and Wolff in Belfast, where she was launched in May 1911 and fitted out in a custom-built dry-dock. She cost £1.5 million (around £45 million in current values). The choice of Southampton as the point of departure for her maiden voyage gave rise to an euphoric atmosphere in the city because a coal strike had thrown so many local seamen out of work. Furthermore, the provisioning would be done by local firms. Special efforts were made to ensure that there was enough coal aboard for the prestigious maiden voyage.

Jill emphasised the luxury enjoyed by the first-class passengers, who paid up to £800 of 1912 money for a suite (steerage passengers paid a mere £7 and were accommodated accordingly). Time was spent describing and illustrating the arrival of passengers at the old Central Station and the buildings used by them and the crew on the night before sailing; many still stand such as the South Western Hotel, the Sailors' Home and The Grapes pub.

Sailing day was 10 April 1912 and there was near disaster right at the start, when the American ship New York lost power and drifted close to Titanic as she left her berth. The first port of call was Cherbourg, where she picked up more passengers and mail. There was a sorting office aboard Titanic manned by one American and one British sorters, both of whom were to be lost when she sank. The last stop was in Cork, where dozens of Irish emigrants boarded for their voyage to a new life in America - for most it was to be their last journey.

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We all know the story of the man in the crow's nest and of the iceberg that gouged a great hole in the ship's side on 15 April. Jill told several little sub-stories of events aboard as the ship began to sink - such as the wife who refused to leave her husband and walked calmly with him to their deaths. And of two Americans, the 'unsinkable' socialite Molly Brown and Col. Gracie, who kept up morale of the survivors. Col. Gracie had actually gone under with the ship, but had somehow survived and been dragged aboard a lifeboat.

The Marconi telegraphy system played a great part in the story and put out many distress calls. Of these, the principal response came from the Carpathia (the California did not respond, and her master came in for much criticism). Carpathia was at the scene of the sinking within four hours and rescued all the survivors. Estimates of numbers vary; Jill put the total of passengers and crew at about 2,200 with 711 surviving; not surprisingly, the proportion of passengers who survived was greater than that of the crew, and steerage passengers suffered more losses than those in the better accommodation.

The talk ended with slides of the post-disaster scenes in Southampton and of the many memorials that were raised to commemorate the event. As usual with Jill's talks, there was general agreement that it was both informative and interesting.

EXTRACTS FROM BACK COPIES OF WEST END NEWS

From the May 1983 edition....

LOOKING BACK - 1931

The War Memorial was cleaned in June, at a cost of £3 and a post and wire fence placed behind it for £2.15s.6d.

Much discussion took place on the introduction of Street Lighting during the year but the proposal was defeated at a Public Meeting.

The Managing Director of the Gas Company offered to erect a Street Light free of charge in a specially dark corner so that the village could see the advantage during the winter months. The offer was accepted and the site chosen was Dunford's bend, High Street. The lamp was first lit on 30th October 1931.

SPEEDING ANCIENT AND MODERN

One problem that has been constantly discussed by various Councils since the turn of the century, is speeding by mechanically propelled vehicles. In June 1903, according to an account on speeding by the "Hampshire Advertiser", a motor cyclist was fined 40 shillings for furious driving through Totton at 14½ mph, Car owners driving between 18-20 mph around the district were fined £2 and 10 shillings costs. One Magistrate was in favour of giving motorists brought before him for the third time, 6 months in prison.

DID YOU KNOW?

Member Margaret Palmer writes..... *Do you know how Crabwood Drive got its name? I met Alan Hunt the son of the Proprietor (Reginald Hunt) of the building company Hilddene Developments who built the properties in this road and he told me this:*

"C" was for Constance his wife; "R" for Reginald himself; "A" for Alan his younger son and "B" for Brian his eldest son, add wood at the end and there you have it CRABWOOD.



**WEST
END
CARNIVAL

2012**



"CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE"
extract from
HAMPSHIRE ADVERTISER & COUNTY NEWSPAPER
January 1904



TWO EARLY
VIEWS OF THE
SOUTH
STONEHAM
UNION
WORKHOUSE
AT
MOORGREEN,
WEST END
TAKEN IN THE
EARLY 20th
CENTURY



“ Although the Master and Matron of the South Stoneham Union, West End, had been ill, they recovered sufficiently to provide a happy and enjoyable Xmas for 330 inmates. The Board of Guardians provided extra fare of £20, Mr W.S. Summers generously contributed £5. School Mistress Miss Hutchinson and Schoolmaster Mr Humphreys, helped by the children, decorated the Dining Hall, classrooms and wards. A service was held by the Chaplain, Rev. F. Davidson; the Master, Mr Brown, hopes to have a Chapel built before he retires.

Nurse Mason, the Misses Lane, Hussell and Parson were busy supplying needs to the sick. All who were capable assembled for a big dinner at 1 pm of roast beef, pork, mutton, boiled salt beef, hams and vegetables of the season, the joints carved by the Master and Matron. Dinner lasted until 2.30 pm, the plum pudding was excellent. All the men who were left received clay pipes and tobacco, the women with tea and sugar, and soon they were brewing “the cup that cheers”, boys and girls had nuts, oranges and sweets.

Only one Guardian made an appearance, Mr. William Henry Gater, who for many years has visited for Xmas. Before he left he commented in the visitors book, “*Christmas 1903, I have visited the house and have been pleased with everything I have seen with regard to care and attention which are being given by the Master, Matron, Nurses and Staff to the comfort and happiness of the inmates. I was especially gratified to find 10 old boys visiting, including 2 brothers Robertson, one on HMS Pembroke and the other of the Hampshire Regiment, another being now assistant master under local government, these are a fair example of boys brought up here and have done well*”.

In the evening boys and girls and a number of women mustered in the dining hall and were again regaled with bon-bons, fruit and nuts. The school Master and Mistress, with the choir, went around the wards singing carols and songs.

Dr. Pern M.O. attended the sick; the Master received a letter from an old boy in the Navy who had just been promoted to Warrant Officer. Mrs Coote, widow of Admiral Coote a former Guardian, sent shawls knitted by herself, Mrs Franklin with her grandsons, visited Xmas Eve with presents and toys, clay pipes, tea and sugar.

Sir Arthur Aylmer, “Donadea Lodge”, Messrs May and Wade, Southampton, Mrs Carey, Miss Hellyer, Botleigh Grange, “Uncle Tidy” of the Ray of Sunshine Fund, Miss Cooper, Townhill Park, the Rev. Studholme Wilson, Chairman of the Guardians, Mrs Westlake, Miss McCalmont, Mrs Corse-Scott, Admiral Rowley J.P. and Mr Cutting of Hickley all contributed toys, money, tobacco, tea and bon-bons to make the occasion a happy one”.

NOTE: This extract was reported by C.M.Sillence in the February 1985 edition of West End News

THE CENSUS - did I count?

A review by Stan Waight

As has become usual, there was a good attendance at our July meeting. An old friend, Colin van Geffen, was billed to speak on the subject of the census and his talk did not disappoint us.

Most of us know that censuses are taken every ten years, and many of us use the published censuses to research our family histories. On a personal note, I have used them for that purpose, but also to follow the careers of lighthousekeepers and coastguards between 1841 and 1911. So I went along anticipating that Colin's talk would be on those lines. I was quite wrong! In the event his talk was more like a chat, or even a stand-up comedy show, recounting his experiences as an enumerator for the 2001 census - completely off the cuff and with not a note to be seen.

He began by explaining the qualifications required for the job; for instance, molesters and people with police records were most definitely out. He then went on to describe the training, and how those taking part were put into groups of 16 and further split up into pairs; he drew the short straw here since the supervisor didn't take part in the door-knocking, leaving an odd man out to cover one area - Colin! Furthermore, since enumerators were not supposed to work in their home areas, Colin was allocated a New Forest patch 17 miles from his home (he didn't mind this as he received a mileage allowance); nevertheless he later discovered that his home in Blackfield was in an area covered by a man from the next street! Apart from a mass of forms he was supplied with a map of his area, an address book and a yellow bag bearing the words 'COUNT ME IN'. The address book was in alphabetical order by street, so it wasn't easy to work out an itinerary; his ingenious solution was to obtain a copy of addresses in the electoral roll, which was in alphabetical order by householder's name. The job was only possible during certain times, and if the householder was out it was necessary to return on another day. Being April, it was often cold and dark and remote houses were difficult to find; a further condition was that they were not allowed to enter or accept hospitality.

For me, the most entertaining part of the talk was the description of the conditions and characters he encountered - such as the animal-proof gates that effectively shut him in, and the man who called out to his wife 'Doris, how many children do we have?' There were several anxious or hostile people - like the man who was afraid that giving personal details would affect his Civil Service pension or the man who threatened him with a paint brush primed with white gloss paint. He was menaced by dogs and geese and even met a pheasant whose spurs made an unearthly tapping noise. The responses he met with weren't helped by the fact that several other official callers were working concurrently - didn't the New Forest authorities consider that holding their own census at the same time wasn't a good idea?

It was a delightful talk. Come again Colin!

MERLYN HOUSE MARCHES ON

By Pauline Berry

Merlyn House, originally named Winton Villa, still stands in West End Road, formerly Cemetery Road, opposite Elizabeth Close. This solid red-brick house has a long history which is worthy of recording. On land originally owned by wealthy land-owner James Barlow Hoy, it was one of several building plots owned by Thomas Weston in the early 1800's.

Situated in an area once named Firgrove, it commands an elevated position with good views to the north-west and stands on nearly half an acre. The first appearance of 'Winton Villa' was on the 1844 South Stoneham Tithe Map, erected between a similarly substantial house 'Upcross' and a building plot where

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'The Chestnuts' (now Warden Close) would be later built. These good quality residences were frequently occupied by middle class tenants, not uncommon at the time.

One of the first recorded tenants in the 1861 Census, was Arthur Fitzwalter Bigg-Wither, a retired lieutenant from the Hampshire Militia. He was the grandson of Harris Bigg-Wither who became well-known as a disappointed suitor of Jane Austen who used to visit his family home 'Manydown Mansion' near Basingstoke in the early 1800's.

The builder of Winton Villa is not documented, but at some point a young Daniel Haines, an ambitious and speculative West End builder, acquired both 'Winton Villa' and 'The Chestnuts' next door. He raised a loan on these two properties in 1870, later repaid, probably to finance further building in the West End area. Following a Mrs Morrison, a tenant of the property during the 1863-5 period, came John James Adamson, a retired Captain of the Indian Army who lived there alone until he moved elsewhere in West End.

There came a change of use for the house in 1876 when it became a temporary vicarage for the next twenty years or so. It was occupied by the Rev. Charles Tudor Williams M.A., who became the second incumbent of St. James' Church, until 1888.



MERLYN HOUSE PICTURED IN 1998



REV. C.R. PATEY 1888-1905

The Rev. Charles R. Patey was the next vicar to live in 'Winton Villa' and was directly responsible for the re-building of the new church which was almost opposite this residence. A new purpose-built vicarage was next to be constructed in the late 1890's and is still in use today as Retirement Flats. Having reverted to a private house, several tenants rented 'Winton Villa' during the early 20th century, including Reginald Merrick Fowler, a schools inspector and former Classics scholar of Oxford University. One wonders if he knew C.B. Fry, the famous cricketer, who also studied Classics at the same University and only lived two doors away in 'Glenbourne'?

Daniel Haines, the owner of 'Winton Villa', who had died in 1899, had instructed his many properties to be sold when the terms of his will had been fulfilled. This occurred in 1919 and Winton 'House' was auctioned to its sitting tenants at the time. These were Mr and Mrs Frank Kingdom Hockings, a boat builder, who purchased their six bedroomed home for £1,000. They sold it soon after but, surprisingly, bought it

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back in 1926 and proceeded to live in 'Winton House' for the next thirty odd years.

After the owner's death, Winton House was sold on twice between 1960 and 1963. The new owners were given permission to convert the house to a Nursing (Maternity) Home with four wards and two private rooms, "for Messrs Merlyn House Ltd".

The building was converted, at much expense, with the addition of a lift shaft etc.. The 1964 Kelly's Street Directory described it, "*Merlyn House Ltd., High Class Maternity Home with 22 beds*".

This was a short-lived venture and it was officially sold to The Spastics Society (later renamed SCOPE) in 1966 for the sum of £20,000. 'Merlyn House' was adapted yet again for adult residents with cerebral palsy. A support group named "The Friends of Merlyn House" was formed in 1985 by a worthy band of volunteers, initially led by the vicar, the Rev. Geoffrey Rowston. With hard work and enthusiasm over the ensuing years, they raised considerable funds to improve the quality of life for both residents and staff of Merlyn House. Sadly, the charity SCOPE decided eventually that it was no longer financially viable and after 40 years, closed its doors at the end of 2010.

Today, Merlyn House is beginning yet another chapter in its history, as a private house gain and it is comforting to learn that this old house is still part of our heritage. Long may it remain so.

NOTE: A longer version of this story will soon become an Occasional Paper, to be published by WELHS and available at the Museum bookshop. Ed.

A STRANGE CASE

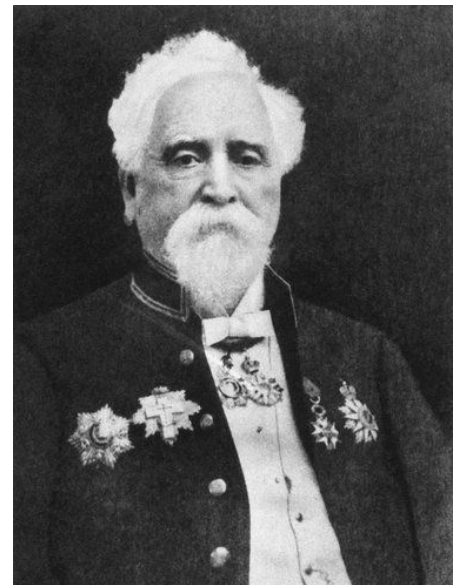
By Roy Andrews



William Cantelo

Left
WILLIAM CANTELO

Right
SIR HIRAM MAXIM



It used to be said that, before the destruction of WWII, you could walk from one side of the old walled town of Southampton to the other completely underground, using the cellars which filled the subterranean town. Originally built to house wine, over the years they were used for many things, none more unlikely than that of a Mr. William Cantelo for one tunnel in the 1870's.

He was of an Isle of Wight family and had been born c1838 but by this time, he, his wife, two sons and a daughter were well established in Southampton. He was an engineer, owning a yard at Northam where up to forty people were employed. He had a shop in French Street opposite the Theatre Royal and was landlord of the Old Tower Inn at the bottom of Bargate Street. William was a likeable and popular person and being a keen musician was bandmaster of the old 2nd Hampshires. The family lived in the pub and the band used the Arundel Tower against which the pub was built for band practice. Although on the outside of the town walls, a tunnel ran from under the pub and adjacent buildings as far, it was said, as the High Street.

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William was periodically absorbed in engineering experiments, which he guarded jealously. When this happened, he made use of the underground tunnel and the tower; doors were locked and nobody was allowed to enter, although it seems later he took his sons into his confidence. Neighbours however reported they were aware of something unusual occurring because they heard the sound of rapid gunfire, mostly on a Saturday afternoon, coming from the tower.

First used in the American Civil War, machine guns already existed, the Gatling Gun, the Nordenfeldt and the Gardener gun, the latter having been adopted by the British.

And so it was clear that whoever could produce an improved quick firing machine gun, and could persuade the Government of a great power to buy it, could make a fortune. Over time, although William and his sons guarded their secret, it became common knowledge that an improved machine gun was their endeavour.

In the early 1880's William announced to his family that his gun was complete and that he intended to take a holiday. It must be a long holiday after all his exacting labour; he would probably be away three months. His sons helped him to pack his gun and he took it with him. Being absent from the family for long periods was not unusual for William as he often travelled to Europe on business. However after three months, and having heard nothing from William, the family made some enquiries and were surprised that not only had he disappeared but a large sum of money belonging to him at his bankers had been "transferred".

The family made many enquiries as to the whereabouts of their husband and father, eventually employing the services of an enquiry agent who was able to trace William as far as America but there the trail went cold. The man and his gun had completely disappeared.

Later, the news spread that an American inventor, an electrical engineer and holder of various fairly prominent positions in the American engineering world had invented a remarkable quick-firing machine gun which he had perfected in London. His name was Hiram Maxim. Demonstrated to American and European military, it had been bought by the British Government. When the Cantelo family read the description of the gun, the sons exclaimed in astonishment, "our gun!" What is more, having studied a photograph of Hiram Maxim, they declared "our father!"

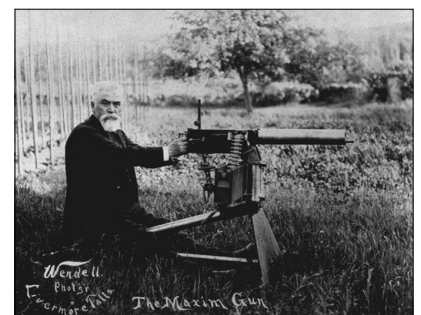
The two sons determined they would meet Mr. Maxim and this they did one day on Waterloo Station as he was about to board a train which was on the point of leaving. They approached him from behind and said "Father". Maxim turned and immediately said "Well, boys, what can I do for you?" "Come and see mother," they replied. At that moment the train began to move, and Mr. Maxim boarded it before another word could be said.

The boys returned home and told their mother that, having studied him close up, they were convinced that Mr. Maxim was their father, the only difference being a slight American accent. Determined not to let the matter rest, the boys visited Mr. Maxim at his large house Baldwin's Park, Bexley, Kent. The first time they visited they caught a glimpse of him as he left the house at the back, climbed into a dog cart and drove away. After that Mr. Maxim would never see them.

Other Sotonians who happened to meet Mr. Maxim observed the likeness. A Mr. Dewey, at an artillery display in Chelmsford, seeing what appeared to be the missing man called "Mr. Cantelo!" The man addressed turned instantly; then away again taking no further notice of Mr. Dewey.



**HIRAM MAXIM
WITH HIS
MACHINE GUN**



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It was Mr. Hiram Maxim. Another Sotonian spoke to Mr. Maxim in London as “Mr. Cantelo”. Like a man accustomed to being pestered in this way, he angrily retorted, “If you call me again by that name, I will give you in charge!” So were the two men one and the same? Mr Cantelo was often heard to express a wish to be buried without the benefit of clergy. This is precisely what happened to Hiram Maxim when he died in compliance with his wish. It was known that Mr Cantelo was fond of quoting maxims, and that he carried a book of maxims about with him in his pocket. In the 1930’s there were still alive in Southampton at least two people who could remember the precise words in which Mr. Cantelo was accustomed to allude to his invention. He called it “My Maxim Gun.”

Hiram Maxim was born in Sangville, Maine, USA on the 5th February, 1840. He married Jane in 1867. Another woman named Helen claimed Maxim had married her in 1878 stating that, “He knowingly committed bigamy against his first wife.” A child Romaine was born as a result of this union, In his will Maxim left £4000 to a Romaine Dennison.

In 1881 Maxim married Sarah from Boston, although there is no evidence that he ever divorced his first wife Jane, having already abandoned her he moved with his new wife to England.

Maxim rarely visited the USA from that time and in 1900 he became a naturalised British subject, In 1901 he was knighted. He died on 24th November, 1916 and is buried in West Norwood Cemetery alongside Lady Sarah.

THE NEXT MEETINGS ARE....

September 5

THE TRAM 57 PROJECT

Nigel Smith

October 3

HISTORY OF THE ORDNANCE SURVEY

Geoff May

November 7

LEST WE FORGET

Geoff Watts

ON THIS DAY.....

On this day (1st August) in.....

1714 Queen Anne, the last Stuart sovereign died - George I was proclaimed King of Great Britain under the Act of Settlement (1701), none of her children having survived her.

1779 Francis Scott Key, American poet who wrote ‘The Star Spangled Banner’, which became the official US national anthem in 1931, born in Carroll County, Maryland.

1793 The kilogram was introduced in France as the first metric weight.

1883 Parcel post was introduced in Britain.

1936 The 11th Olympic Games opened in Berlin, where the Olympic flame was carried from Greece for the first time.

1944 Post codes were first introduced, in Germany.

CONGRATULATIONS TO NEVILLE DICKINSON, CHAIRMAN OF WELHS, WHO WAS AWARDED THE TITLE OF “CITIZEN OF HONOUR” BY THE WEST END CARNIVAL ASSOCIATION IN RECOGNITION OF HIS MANY YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE PARISH OF WEST END