

The Croziers of Northumberland and Durham

The Croser / Crosier / Crozier family seem to have lived in the area around Newcastle over a number of generations from the seventeenth century, if not earlier. The small village of Whickham, in County Durham lay on the south side of the river Tyne. The Whickham registries contain numerous Crosers / Crosiers / Croziers, whose births, christenings, marriages and burials appear in church records over more than 200 years between about 1580 and 1800.

In February 1709 a John Croser married Rosamund Forster in Whickham and it seems likely that this was the start of the use of the name "Forster" as a first name in the family over subsequent generations? A son born in 1714 was named Forster Croser and he seems to have been the first to carry this name, which crops up repeatedly over many generations that followed. However this particular Forster (b 1714) is unlikely to have been a direct ancestor. John himself was probably born around 1686 (there is a baptismal date of 16th May that year) and his father was perhaps another John Croser (B 1652). His mother may have been Ann Bewley, but this is not certain? This John Crosier (married to Ann Bewley) has ancestry dating back into the sixteenth century - his father having been Robert (born 1619), who was married to Margaret Watson and his grandfather another Robert (B abt. 1587), whose wife was Elizabeth Thompson.

Rosamund was baptised on 29 Sep 1689 in Whickham. In her christening record her family name was spelled "Foster", but the marriage record gives it as "Forster". This variation in spelling of the name is a recurring theme - see below.

Whickham was at that time a fairly small village 3 miles west of Gateshead, lying to the south of the River Tyne, close to Newcastle upon Tyne. Situated on high ground overlooking the River Tyne and Newcastle, Whickham was a pleasant rural community with a population of about 3000 people. The local parish church was St. Mary the Virgin. A strong Wesleyan Methodist tradition emerged in the area, which ties in with the Methodist allegiance of later generations of the family in the nineteenth century. Originally a farming community Whickham came to depend more and more on coal mining from the sixteenth century onwards. It seems likely that the many families of Crosers / Crosiers who lived in and around the area were miners from the late seventeenth century if not earlier. These families were likely to have been interrelated, though their genealogy has not been researched in detail.

At least eight children of John and Rosamund are recorded (including the aforementioned Forster b 1714), having been born over a period of some twenty years - between about 1713 and 1732. No John appears amongst them, but it is possible that some are not included in the available records? A generation later a John Crosier (reportedly born around 1729?), whose wife was named Sarah,

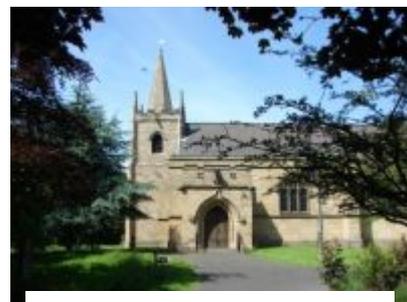
and who also lived in Whickham, Durham is recorded as having three children named Forster (1759), James (1761) and Rosamund (1763). Whether this John is a son of the earlier John and his wife Rosamund is unclear, but the use of the names Forster and Rosamund for their children is somewhat suggestive?

At any rate Forster, born in 1759, is likely to have been the father of another Forster - christened at All Saints, Newcastle Upon Tyne, Northumberland, England on 1st July 1787. In the christening record this latter "Forster" is recorded as being the son of "Forster Crosier", and it is likely that he was the same Forster born in 1759, mentioned earlier?

The surname Crozier seems to have achieved its "z" in the 1830s - apparently a new minister arrived in the parish and told the family that the correct spelling should be "Crozier" and from then forwards they seem to have adopted this form of the name?

The recurrence of the unusual first name Forster, coupled with the fact that many of the Crosers / Crosiers lived in and around Whickham, Durham during the early and mid eighteenth century, is moderately compelling evidence that the later generations of Croziers are descended from the same family? In some sources it appears as Forster. Agnes Crozier's uncle carried the name and at that stage it was said by her to have been "Foster", rather than "Forster" (though he appears in the 1891 census as Forster). Her grandfather Richard Crozier's brother's name appears variously as Foster and as Forster in different sources. A first cousin of Richard and Forster was Foster (or Forster) Harrison (listed as a coal miner in the 1881 census), whose mother, Hannah was an elder sister of Forster Crozier (b 1818). Forster born 1787 appears in the 1851 Durham census as Foster Crozier but the baptismal record appears as Forster Crosier, with his father being listed also as Forster. The earlier baptismal record (1759) however gives the name as Foster Crosier. In more recent times Stephen Crozier, the son of WP Crozier (editor of the Manchester Guardian 1932 -1944), was named Stephen Forster Crozier and his son is John Forster Crozier.

Foster / Forster, who was born / baptised in 1787, was a coal miner. He was born in Ouseburn, Northumberland (an area of Newcastle on Tyne). He married Hannah Ould in 1807 at Long Benton in Northumberland (a coal mining village) and died at Deanery Pit, St Andrew Auckland on 21 May 1859, being 72 at that time. The cause of death is given on his death certificate as "gradual decay". His wife died in 1847. There were eleven children of the marriage, of whom at least seven reached adult life. The four sons who survived beyond childhood were all coal miners. Another son called



Long Benton Church

Forster (born October 1811) died in early childhood (a burial record at Longbenton Church records his death in May 1813 aged 18 months) and a second Forster followed after a few years (born 1818). This latter Forster (christened in Longbenton Church on July 19, 1818) married Margaret Lowrie on January 8, 1838 in Longbenton Parish Church and is our direct ancestor.

William, Jonathan and Elias, along with Forster, all worked in the mines. Jonathan appears to have died in a mining accident in April 1841 (pit explosion at Bigge's Pit, Willington) - being then aged 20 and described as a "putter" (Putter's employment consisted in pushing or dragging the coal from the workings to the passages in which horses could be employed..). Elias and his wife emigrated to Australia in about 1853. They had two sons prior to leaving Durham (Jonathan and George Forster) but neither of these boys were alive when their next child, Jane, was born in February 1854 in Castlemaine, Victoria. Elias was killed in a mine accident in 1866, when working as a Quartz miner in Eaglehawk, Victoria.

In the 1841 census Forster and Margaret were living at Willington and Forster was recorded as a coal miner. At that time their first two sons (Thomas, aged 3, and Forster, an infant) were with them. There were three sons and a daughter of the marriage - Thomas (born around 1838 - who probably died in early childhood), Forster (born 1840), Mary (born 1843) and Richard (born 1845).

Forster (b 1818) died on May 20, 1846, at Chester-Le-Street, Durham, following a mine accident - "pit firing from his candle". He apparently survived for eight days after the accident? The accident was said to have happened at Felton Colliery, which was in the Newcastle area. However Chester-Le-Street is close to the village of Pelton Fell, where another colliery existed and the 1851 and 1861 censuses show Margaret Crozier (widow) and her children all living at Pelton Fell, in a miner's cottage, and it seems likely that it was at the Pelton (rather than Felton) mine that Forster met his tragic fate? Probably the local community would have rallied to the support of his widow and young children and allowed them to stay on in the village?

Richard Crozier, was born in Leasingthorne, Durham in 1845. This was the site of another coal mine, which was opened in 1836. Very probably his father, Forster Crozier was working at this pit at the time of his birth. His brother Forster was born at Wallsend, Northumberland five years earlier, while the first son, Thomas and their sister, Mary were born at Willington, which is closely adjacent. Their mother, Margaret was also born at Wallsend. There were several pits in the area, including Wallsend Colliery, Bigge's Pit at Willington (where Jonathan Crozier was killed in 1841) and Willington Colliery itself, which was opened in 1840. Presumably Forster was working at one of these mines during the early 1840s, before probably moving to Leasingthorne and later Pelton, Durham?

By the time of the 1851 census Forster junior, aged 10, was already working as a coal miner and ten years later, at the 1861 census, both he and Richard were in the mine, with their sister working as a dressmaker.

Margaret Crozier (nee Lowrie) was listed as a "pauper" in the 1851 census, in Pelton Fell, and appears in the 1861 census, listed as a widow, still living in a cottage at Pelton Fell (though in a different row). Her death occurred in 29 November 1869, at Chester-Le-Street, - aged 52", of "Chronic pneumonia and phthisis".

Her daughter, Mary Crozier - who was working as a dress maker in 1861, being then aged 18, subsequently married and lived to the age of 89. Some details of her life were documented by her great niece, Mary McManus (nee Crozier) and are included at the end of this account.



Richard Crozier

Subsequent to the 1861 census, but before the next census in 1871, the two boys (Forster and Richard) both left the mines and trained as ministers in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The elder brother, Forster married Hannah Hart Robinson in 1869 and appears in the 1871 census with her and with a daughter - though his wife, Hannah (and the daughter, Margaret) seem to have died soon after, as they do not appear later and he re-married in 1875. By the time of the 1881 census several other children had appeared. There were five children (most of them by the second marriage - to Mary Woolley) born between 1872 and 1884.

Richard married Elizabeth Greener Hallimond in September 1873 in Auckland, County Durham. She was the daughter of John Hallimond (b 1820, Sedgfield, Durham) and Jane Greener (b 1818). Family tradition suggested that John Hallimond was a mine owner / manager, but the census data tells a different story. He first appears in the 1841 census, in the Auckland district of Durham, being described as a "journeyman blacksmith". By 1861 he is documented as an "enginewright" at a colliery - presumably responsible for looking after the engine machinery? Later (1881) he is labelled as a colliery engineer (much the same one suspects - though perhaps a more senior role?).

Like the surname "Crozier", which was variously spelt as Crosier and Croser, the Hallimond family seem to have had various different spellings of their name. John Hallimond's father was apparently Robert Halliman, born 1792 in Sedgfield, Durham. Robert's father was named John Hallyman, who was christened in 1758 in Sedgfield, Durham and married Sarah Garbut in Skelton, Yorks in 1784. His father, William Halliman was born in 1729 in Segefield - the son of another William Halliman who was probably born around the year 1700?

Richard Crozier was living in Hexham, Northumberland at the time of the 1871 census, being by then recorded as a Wesleyan Methodist Minister. His grandson Stephen wrote an account, largely focussed on his father's childhood, that: *"he was a man of noble appearance. His naturally kindly features he hid behind a formidable beard and when roused by some tale of unprincipled conduct he eyes flashed with the fire of the prophets as he thundered forth his condemnation. He had but little education, but when he spoke he had a voice whose sound was like the sea - "Righteousness, righteousness, righteousness," was his unceasing cry to the miners whose souls it was his mission to save, only by righteousness could they be saved from a deeper and darker pit than that in which they spent most of their earthly lives.*

The stipend of a Wesleyan Minister in those days would today be regarded as inadequate pay for an office boy. With the arrival of more children Elizabeth Crozier, as mothers do, simply cut down her own allowance, already meagre, to negligible proportions and there was proportionately less for father and brothers. Ministers, although near the poverty line, must always be good hosts. Visiting clergy must be entertained; no one sent away without the hospitable offering of food and drink. If that meant there would not be enough for the family, well self-denial was a noble virtue.

If the family larder was sometimes bare there was no shortage of spiritual sustenance. Evening and morning prayers every day and chapel twice on Sundays. The Bible lay always open on the sideboard. Although a doctor might be called to a sick child the real cure lay in prayer and the only assurance against further ills was to lead a more righteous life. Every disease, every accident, was a sign of the Divine displeasure for some sin which perhaps the prostrate sinner was unaware he had committed.

In this atmosphere heavily laden with a sense of guilt, unworthiness, and impending heavenly wrath, the children grew from infancy to boyhood. They were taught the meaning of fear, not only of the physical chastisement of his father but the infinitely more terrible fate reserved for them by a Deity mortally offended by the sin of reading a newspaper on Sunday. They learnt also to examine the moral aspects of every action. Another child might cut a school lesson to watch a miners' football match but the Crozier children, particularly the youngest, William, would ask themselves "Is it right?" and if it was not, would not go. But sometimes even William could not persuade himself that some of the things labelled "sins" by his father were really very wicked. From the age of five when he could already read fluently he spent every spare moment pouring over books or papers. But upon Sunday it was a "sin" to read anything but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. The heavy calf-bound volumes were read from cover to cover, the engravings of the martyrs, writhing on their stakes as their lower parts melted into dripping, became indelibly printed on the boy's photographic mind.

It was soon clear to his parents that William was an exceptional child. He could read, not haltingly but easily and with deep concentration, before he was six and in games with his brothers, although the youngest he showed a natural capacity for leadership. Somehow or other his father managed to send him to a small private school. Here he was invariably near the top of the class in every subject except mathematics. In later years he once comforted one of his own children, awed by the parental academic perfection, who had a similar inability to add and subtract, with the information that he had at the age of seven received no marks at all for an examination paper in arithmetic. If his education was somewhat better than that of the miner's sons his home life was scarcely more comfortable. The Reverend Richard Crozier believed that bearing pain and tribulation unmoved and practising self-discipline were steps along the road to salvation. No doubt his wife, herself ailing, struggling to maintain husband and four sons on a pittance thought that Providence had provided opportunities for self-discipline in ample measure but this view was not shared by her husband.

There was in the North of England a form of combat known as "purring" - perhaps it still goes on in some remote corner to which the softening influences of the South and the Welfare State have not penetrated. The game is simple and requires two players each wearing a pair of heavy hobnailed boots.

They stand a short distance apart and by turns kick each other upon the shins. The loser is the player who first cries "enough" or who first falls down. It is considered more creditable to fall down, The brothers were encouraged to play this game both amongst themselves and with other boys. Their bloody shins might bring cries of anguish from their mother, but from their father there was a smile of approval and "well done, my boy" for victor or vanquished who came in with dry eyes and gave no sign of the acute pain he must have been feeling. Stoicism was not only for children. The minister when he had an aching tooth could have gone to the local dentist who would gladly have extracted it for nothing. Instead he tied a piece of cord round the offending member. The free end he secured to the post at the foot of the stairs. Then he would jerk back his head vigorously until the tooth came out.

When the family moved from Durham to Oldham, William was sent to the Manchester Grammar School where he soon made his mark on the classical side. His poor sight prevented him from taking part in most games, but he became one of the school's leading athletes winning many medals for running, particularly the half mile. For years he kept these medals at the back of a drawer in his desk. Sometimes he would unlock it and let his children play with them. Then one day they were gone. He had sold them to raise money to pay the never-abating flow of doctors bills incurred by frequent illness in the family. He was always proud of his old school and was delighted



WP Crozier

when he was asked to be a Governor."

By 1891 the family were living in Rochester, Kent and by 1901 they were living in Maidstone. The census shows WP as being at home at the time of the census, then aged 21 and a student at Oxford University, to which he had gained entry on a scholarship and where he subsequently obtained a first class honours degree in Literae Humaniores. WP became a schoolmaster after finishing university, but rapidly moved on to journalism, joining the *Manchester Guardian* in 1903 and rising to become its editor after the premature death of Ted Scott in 1932.

The life of Richard Crozier after 1901 is incompletely documented. His wife died in 1902 at around the time that WP graduated from Oxford. In 1912, when he corresponded with WC Willoughby about the possible marriage of his son John Hallimond (Richard Crozier refers to him in the correspondence as "my son Hallimond") to Doris Willoughby, he was living in Great Malvern. He continued as a Wesleyan Methodist minister all his life, surviving to the age of 94 and dying in 1939. His grand daughter remembered him as a formidable old man - rigid and unforgiving.

The eldest of the Crozier boys - another Forster, who was his father's favourite and reputedly a very able young man, had died (apparently of Tuberculosis) at the age of 33. Richard Crozier was deeply affected by this loss and seems to have become somewhat embittered.

His attitude to his second son, John Hallimond Crozier, was apparently harsh and intimidating. John Crozier seems to have been a rather diffident and uncertain young man and was probably overawed by his puritanical and disciplinarian father. He was educated at a boarding school for the sons of Methodist Ministers, at Kingswood, Bristol. Subsequently he trained as a teacher at Westminster Teacher Training College. As a young man John suffered major mood swings with episodes of rage and severe depression. His father wanted him to join the ministry and John went to southern Africa with this in mind. There he decided to join a mission school for native (Bantu) children in South Africa, near Vryberg, as a school teacher. While working in the school he met and developed a strong friendship with



JH Crozier



Double wedding
Tiger Kloof 1913

the principal's daughter, Doris Willoughby. The Principal was uneasy about the relationship, because of John's personality and mood swings. He approached his (John Crozier's) father to seek his views on a possible marriage and the response was cautious, though not unsupportive of his son.

Rev Willoughby was unhappy to sanction the marriage immediately and corresponded with other

family members and individuals who had known John Crozier earlier. He encouraged John to leave Tiger Kloof and find work elsewhere for a year or two before settling down. In 1914 John applied for, and was appointed as, principal of a mission school in Barkly West. In due course, in December 1914, the couple were married in a joint ceremony at which Doris's brother Godfrey married Medora (Dora) Woods. The wedding photograph shows John and Doris sitting alongside Godfrey and Dora, with Rev Willoughby and his wife standing at the rear. This picture was taken on the veranda of the Principal's House at Tiger Kloof (where the wedding probably took place?). The others present in this photograph are not identified, although the moustached man in the front row adjacent to John Crozier (probably his "best man"?) is also shown in a separate picture of the staff of the Tiger Kloof native school and was probably a fellow teacher at the school.

In November 1915 Agnes was born at Barkly West. John was evidently well liked and respected during his period as principal at Barkley West but, after Rev Willoughby retired as principal around 1916, he elected to return to Tiger Kloof, where Muriel was born on Boxing Day (Dec 26th) 1918. During the children's early years Agnes at least was taken on at least one trip into Bechuanaland to visit the capital Palapye, where she was presented to the great chief, Khama - to whom William Willoughby had acted as secretary and official guide nearly a quarter of a century earlier when he (Khama) and two other Bantu chiefs (Sebele and Bathoen) had visited England to petition the government in order to keep their country free from the influence of Cecil Rhodes.

By around 1920 however John Crozier's health was causing concern and he was becoming increasingly anxious and unhappy - a problem that his daughter Agnes attributed, at least in part, to the unsympathetic scrutiny that he received from his own father, now aged 75. Medical advice was that he should retire from teaching and go home and he brought the family, including his two young daughters, back to England in 1923.

Later that year they travelled to the USA to visit WC Willoughby and his wife, now settled at Hartford, Connecticut - where Willoughby had been appointed as Professor of African Missions at the Hartford Seminary. They stayed there for a few months and did some travelling in the USA and Canada, before returning to England at the end of the year. While in the USA they caught up with John Crozier's maternal uncle, Rev Dr John Greener Hallimond, who was Superintendent of the Bowery Mission (providing shelter and support for the homeless of NY) in New York for 25 years.



Agnes and Muriel c 1924

In the months that followed the two girls were left in a boarding house in Brighton with the proprietor, Mrs Poland - an old friend of Rev Willoughby's wife. John and Doris

travelled around England visiting friends and relatives for a few months, but had to cut their travelling short when the children contracted Chicken Pox and needed to leave the boarding house as Mrs Poland was unhappy for them to stay longer in case the other residents were to be infected. Thereafter the family lived for a year or so in London (South Norwood) before renting a bungalow in East Cowes on the Isle of Wight, just up the hill from Osborne House. Two years later (around 1927) the family moved into a semi-detached house in the same area. Both Agnes and Muriel attended the local primary school (East Cowes Primary School) and went on to Newport Grammar School at age 11. They attended the local Wesleyan Methodist Church - twice each Sunday as well as Sunday school (mornings and afternoons). Doris was the Sunday School superintendent. John Crozier was a regular preacher at many Methodist Churches on the island, cycling to each of the many parishes where he was scheduled to preach.

In 1931 the family moved to Birmingham to be close to Doris's parents, who had returned from New England (after WC Willoughby's retirement) and were living at Hall Green (Shaftmoor Road). The Crozier family lived nearby at 50 Cubley Rd. Agnes was accepted at King Edward VI High School, then in New Street, in the centre of the city (it moved out to Edgbaston in 1934). There she finished her schooling before entering the Birmingham Medical School in September 1934. Muriel meanwhile attended Yardley Secondary School, which she much enjoyed,



Muriel

for a year - before she too was accepted into King Edward's. They took an interest in an orphan girl, Dawn who was two years younger than Muriel, who lived in a local orphanage and who became almost a member of the family. Muriel used to refer to her as her 'adopted sister' though this was never officially arranged. After she left the orphanage Dawn lived with them at Cubley Rd. At the beginning of the war Dawn joined the WAAF. She remained in close touch with Muriel and with Doris after the war but eventually, in the 1950s,

moved to Rhodesia where she met her future husband, Tom - with whom she later emigrated to Canada.

As an undergraduate Agnes excelled, President of the Women's Medical hockey for the county of Warwickshire. When the King and Queen came to Elizabeth Hospital and the new medical school in 1938 she was presented to them as president.



Agnes as a student

becoming the Society and playing Warwickshire. open the Queen medical school in the woman

The later years of Agnes's medical studies were clouded by her father's increasing psychiatric disturbance. After obtaining her MB ChB in 1939 she worked as a junior doctor

in several Birmingham hospitals, including a period at the Children's Hospital and at the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital on the Bristol Road (Woodlands Hospital), which suffered a direct hit during a bombing raid while she was working there and had to be evacuated. In late 1940 she was appointed house physician to Prof Kenneth D Wilkinson, one of England's first generation of Cardiologists, at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. The nickname "George" was given her by KD Wilkinson quite early in their relationship. George was a particularly beautiful Spaniel, which belonged to a patient, whose melting brown eyes captured his attention and reminded him of someone, though he could not quite put his finger on who that might be. Later, looking across a bed at his house physician, he exclaimed the words "you're George" - and so she was from then on.

Caring for her very disturbed father and working as a junior doctor at the same time was impossible and somewhere around 1941, at which time John's condition was exacerbated by the intense bombing of Birmingham during the early period of the war, with help from KD Wilkinson, she managed to persuade her father to enter hospital as a voluntary patient - in Stafford.



KDW and Agnes
14 Oct 1941

In late 1941, despite a 30 year age difference, she and KD were married. She found herself living in a large Victorian house with plenty of paid help to run it. There were four step children, the elder of whom were only a few years younger than was she.

Typically she rose to this challenge and gained the love and support of all her new family, to whom she became devoted.

Two daughters and a son, born during and early after the second world war, did not prevent her from pursuing her medical career - gaining the MRCP (at that time a very demanding postgraduate diploma) in 1942 and managing to work part time over many of the years that followed. The marriage of her eldest step son and her step daughter and the arrival of their first children in the late 40s and in 1950 were a source of joy and pride to her and to KD. Sadly Ken was to die soon after, in April 1951, leaving her, at 34 years old, a widow.

John Crozier remained in hospital in Stafford from the time of his admission in 1941 for the rest of his life, dying of a cerebral haemorrhage on April 21st 1944, a few days after the sudden death of his younger brother William Percival (WP). The family thought that his brother's death was the last straw and led to John's cerebral haemorrhage?

Doris Crozier lived on for another ten years or so. She sold the Cubley Road house and for a couple of years lived with her brother Edgar, with whom she bought a farm near Bearley



Doris

(close to Stratford on Avon). Later they sold the farm and he went into pig farming on his own for a while and then re-married (to his third wife, Kit) and returned to his previous career as a motor journalist with Temple Press in Coventry. Doris moved down to the Ringwood area, where she was close to Muriel, now married to Roy Baker. At this stage of her life Doris lived in a caravan. We used to see her at Christmas and occasionally at other times. To her young grandson (then aged six or seven) she seemed very old, with thin white hair that she used to keep under control with a hair net. She was probably less than sixty!

In 1952, after KD's death in the previous April, Agnes moved to Bristol where she became physician in charge of student health and developed an interest in psychotherapy—training as an analytic psychotherapist. Her mother Doris lived with the family in Bristol for her last year or two, suffering from Hodgkin's Disease. She was 63 at the time of her death in 1953.

When all Doris's worldly goods were sold and distributed to her two daughters there was enough money for Agnes to take the children on their first overseas holiday - they went skiing early in 1955 in the Swiss Alps. It was a lovely holiday and a great way to remember her.

In 1960 Agnes moved to London and entered full time practice as a psychotherapist. She worked at the London School of Economics, to which she was psychiatric adviser, and at the West London Hospital, as well as in private practice.



Stephen Crozier

Her cousin Stephen Crozier, a journalist, and his wife Doris, became friends during the late fifties, when Agnes was making regular visits to London and after the move in 1960. Stephen was the son of WP Crozier, the editor of the Manchester Guardian. Their son John Crozier and his sister, Rosamund visited on a couple of occasions. Tragically Stephen died after a subarachnoid haemorrhage in 1961 and Agnes and the family went to his funeral at which his two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, were present. Mary McManus (nee Crozier), herself a journalist in the tradition of that branch of the family died in 2007 aged 99.

In the summer of 1962 Agnes went again to Switzerland, attending a psychiatric conference in Zurich. Five of the family went with her and the group included her son (Jimmy), younger daughter Elizabeth (Liz), John Crozier and step grand daughter Ann Wilkinson. They had an excellent holiday again, driving through Belgium, Luxembourg and France and into Switzerland, where they stayed in Zurich - camping by the lake. On the return trip they stopped in Paris and did some memorable sightseeing.

In 1965 the family were invited to John's wedding, at which Jim was an usher, in the Portsmouth area. John married Alison and they subsequently had twins, but we lost touch and had no contact for some forty years. Liz kept in touch for a while with Rosamund, who was about her age - but that contact was also lost in the decades that followed. In mid 2006 a chance contact, through a genealogy website, with Sophie - daughter of Ros, allowed for a restoration of the link. In October 2006 Liz and Jim visited John and Alison in Kingswear, Devon and spent a delightful evening with them and with Ros and her husband, Tim. John provided his father's (Stephen Crozier) account of WP Crozier's childhood and upbringing, which has been used in part for some of the material about Richard Crozier and the family life in the 1870s and later.



John Crozier

Agnes, after her move to London in 1960, continued to be actively involved with student health and the British Association of Health Services in Higher Education, of which she was president in 1976. She was also a life member of the BMA.

After retirement in 1986 she moved to Liverpool to be near to her son Jim and family. The following year, after they left Merseyside (for a job opportunity in Melbourne, Australia) she moved back to London. There she remained active, doing a postgraduate course in gerontology, and keeping in touch with her psychiatric friends and contacts. In 1991 she went back to Africa for a nostalgic return to her roots. In Botswana she was feted well and met the president and many members of the government—many of them "Old Tigers" (former students of Tiger Kloof).

In later years she suffered a similar problem to that which affected her grandfather, Rev WC Willoughby and her Uncle Edgar, both of whom became incapacitated by fading memory and progressive dementia in the last year or two of their long lives. Her last years were spent in Hove and later Brighton, where she lived in residential accommodation. Her sister Muriel visited her in Hove, soon after she moved there, in 1999, but died later that year aged 80. Despite poor memory and increasing frailty however Agnes remained cheerful and good humoured, with a ready smile and a sense of fun, until the last few days. She died on June 19th 2005, four months short of her ninetieth birthday.



Agnes in 2004, aged 88

Following the death of Mary McManus (nee Crozier) in December 2007 John Crozier forwarded an abstract from her reminiscences concerning her great aunt Mary Dunlop (sister of Rev Richard Crozier 1845 - 1939):

Mary Dunlop (Crozier) 1843-1931

The following is an extract from an Account written by Mary McManus (Crozier), recollecting her family memories. Mary Dunlop, Richard Crozier's sister, was Mary McManus's Great Aunt.

' Mary, Richard's sister, was also well educated and became a teacher. But before long she married a rich jute merchant from Dundee called Dunlop. Her history thereafter seemed to us immensely dramatic, though the main events had taken place before our time. With her husband she visited the East and Africa and some presents from those travels came to the family: soft cashmere shawls, ivory and sandalwood fans. But Dunlop turned unfaithful and one night Mary walked out of his house, leaving all her jewels and handsome clothes and never returned. She had had a Saratoga trunk, which for years stood in our attic and after my father's death in 1944, I found all the documents detailing his long and ultimately successful efforts to get some allowance for her from the dark, good-looking bearded man whose photograph lay among the papers. Great Aunt Mary had kept herself, after her flight, by teaching or by acting as a housekeeper or matron in Methodist boarding schools.

When we first knew her she was already retired and lived in rooms in Wallasey across the Mersey. For years her portrait in oils, commissioned by her husband early in the marriage, hung in our house. It showed a firm, round, composed face of undoubted will power. On her occasional visits to us she was the only person who could disrupt my father's normal routine or work. By then editions of the Manchester Guardian went to press earlier and he now had breakfast in his study about mid morning while reading the papers. Aunt Mary had breakfast in bed and then in stately black garments, she would sweep into the study, sit down opposite my father and say 'Now Percy pray tell me all this morning's news'. Nobody else would thus have dared but he always treated her with great courtesy. We children used to take her out for walks, when to the black clothes was added a black bonnet. We dreaded her determination and daring, for the walk always included the local park and she persisted in walking over the grass marked 'Do Not' and even horrified us by advancing to the daffodil-strewn banks of a stream, even more strictly forbidden, while we gaped from the path, sure that some park keeper would spot and chide her, or even hold us responsible. But Aunt Mary, because she was rational, if obstinate and was intelligent and controlled, brought no trouble into our house and never interfered with the children's lives.

At Christmas we would help my mother pack up a parcel of presents for the old lady, which always included sugar, tea, peppermint creams and small luxuries. She would send a modest sum of money for my father to give us each few shillings (a fortune to us). She was quite poor in her old age and my father sent her, after she ceased to work, a regular sum each week, which he also did for his father Richard after he retired, until his death.

When our mother took us to see Aunt Mary in Wallasey, we had the excitement of a journey by train under the Mersey, a big sit down tea and interesting conversation. In the last few years her memory went back and she used to say to my mother 'Gladys dear, is the carriage here yet?'. Her habit was to get up after breakfast, sit in her chair and read a chapter of the Bible. One day when she was 89 she got up, opened the Bible and was found dead a few minutes later. We felt that something had gone with her; my brother was especially sent to the Station in Manchester to meet me when I came down from Oxford at the end of term, to break the news to me before I got home.'