

**Surname  
Variants***Metcalfe**Metcalf**Medcalfe**Medcalf**Metcalf**Midcalf**Medecalf**Metecalf**Metkalf**Mydcalf**Midkiff**Mitcoff**Mitkiff**Meytecalfe**Matcalve**Modcalfe**Metcleff**Midcoff**Meatcoff**Midcalph*

'Mecca' is phonetic  
dialect for Metcalfe

Can you add to this  
list from records you  
have come across?

Please email

[editor@metcalfe.org.uk](mailto:editor@metcalfe.org.uk)

**THE METCALFE SOCIETY**

Established 1980

**Message from the Chair**

Hopefully by the time you receive this message, the weather will have stabilised and those of us who suffer in the heat are getting back to normal life. It certainly has been a turbulent year, with the weather seriously upset as well as the on-going wars around the world and wildfires across the planet – what are we doing to our world? Perhaps the eclipse provided some excitement for some of us – hope you were careful of your eyes – but certainly was a damp squib where I live. The birds and insects carried on as normal, and it was only slightly darker than normal and recovered quickly. I hope those of you who could see the eclipse enjoyed the experience.

The main news this time is that we are on a countdown to the Annual General Meeting and Muster on Saturday 17th October, details will be following this newsletter. It will be an online meeting this year, so we hope as many of you will be able to join us as we will not need to travel and hopefully those of you living outside the UK will be able to log in at some point during the day. Details of how to log in will be sent out before the date, so please complete the form to let me know that you are interested in attending.

We have had some interesting downloads from the online sources over the last few months. One involved a report of an Ann Metcalfe claiming a pension from the Navy following the death of her husband, way back at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century and the early years of the 19<sup>th</sup>. If you think he may be yours and could help fill in the details of a Master Metcalfe and his family, I'd love to hear from you. It is just so frustrating to just have a couple of names and no further details.

There was also a download of Metcalfes who were paid their pensions through the Chelsea Hospital – so some work needs doing on them.

The third interesting item was about the construction of the Aire and Calder Canal in what became West Yorkshire. There were a number of references to individuals who were working on the building of drains and channels to ->

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carry the water into or out of the canal works. Research is ongoing on this topic as I'm sure it will produce some links to living members in the West Yorkshire area.

This led on to a further topic on canals - a search for any Metcalfes who might have worked on the barges or other areas of the canal system, and this has proved much more fruitful. One member, who has been involved from the early days of the Society, is connected to a family of lock keepers who lived in the south Leeds area dating back to the early 18<sup>th</sup> century. He still lives in the area so has a lot of information about the family. Again, see the item and if anyone can help with this, please do get in contact.

Jo Heron

## Prerogative and Exchequer Court of York Wills

This update highlights newly searchable Prerogative and Exchequer Court of York Wills on *Ancestry*, explains how FamilySearch full-text searching can help locate related probate documents, and notes how *Findmypast* index entries can point researchers to volume, folio, and document-type details.

### **Ancestry Records**

*Ancestry* now includes **England, Prerogative and Exchequer Court of York Wills, 1389–1858**. These records are held at the Borthwick Institute for Archives, University of York.

The records are indexed not only by the testator's name—the person who wrote the will—but also by the names of people mentioned in the will. Where a location is included in the will, that location may also appear in the index.

For example, using the search term **me\*calf\*** captures spelling variations such as Metcalf, Metcalfe, Medcalf, Medcalfe, Metcalff, Metcalffe, Melcalfe, and Mettcalfe.

There are 353 wills with these variations listed as the testator.

There are also 2,453 additional mentions of these name variations in wills written by people with the **me\*calf\*** or other surnames, including possible aunts, uncles, cousins, siblings, godparents, or other connections who left items to members of the family.

**Note:** this index covers the registered copies, but it does not include wills probated during the Civil War period, 1642–1651. In the list I have made, I cannot see any wills probated between 1633 and 1660 for the name **me\*calf\***. FamilySearch has copies of both original wills and the registered copies that appear in *Ancestry*.

The visual quality of the wills on *Ancestry* is better than on FamilySearch.

### **FamilySearch full-text searching**



FamilySearch

<https://www.familysearch.org>

The wills and administrations proved at the Prerogative Court of York can also be found on FamilySearch when you visit an affiliated library or LDS FamilySearch Centre. Use the **Full Text** tab in the **Search** drop-down menu to search within the documents.

1. Search using your own terms, such as a surname and place.
2. Review the results until you locate a relevant will or administration.
3. Alternatively, go directly to the catalogue record for **England, Yorkshire, probate records, 1636–1858**.

### Edit Your Search

Search By

PLACE KEYWORDS TITLES AUTHOR SUBJECTS SURNAMES

Keywords

york prerogative

Search For

CALL NUMBER FILM/FICHE/IMAGE GROUP NUMBER (DGS)

Availability

☒ Any ☐ Online

APPLY

RESET

Catalogue record:

[England, Yorkshire, probate records, 1636-1858](#)

Each document includes a transcription that you can download. This can be especially helpful if the handwriting is difficult to read.

The transcription is not perfect, but it can be a useful starting point before checking the original image.

## Findmypast index and related documents

If your ancestor left a will that was probated, the *Findmypast* index should include a volume and folio number.

If there is no folio number, the entry may refer to a different legal document rather than a will. Select View original record, which may identify the document type, such as an administration of an estate where no will exists, or a tuition document relating to the education or guardianship of a minor child.

Finding these documents can be difficult, but I have had success by using words from the original record in FamilySearch Full Text search.

Happy Researching.

Dianne Fox, MN0113

## 2026 AGM and Muster

A reminder that all the documents and information about this year's zoom AGM and Muster, Saturday, the 17<sup>th</sup> of October, will be provided as a stand-alone news issue to be sent out soon.

## Solar Eclipse, Space Exploration and Metcalfes

On 12<sup>th</sup> August 2026 at about 7:00 PM British Summer Time a partial solar eclipse was visible in most of the British Isles. Approximately 90% to 96 % of the sun was obscured by the moon. Elsewhere in Greenland and Iceland, Portugal and northern Spain, there was a total Eclipse lasting about two minutes.

This made me wonder whether there were any famous **Metcalfe** astronomers who had experienced earlier eclipses. An Internet search revealed that an Irishman, **Leo Metcalfe**, had followed 13 eclipses in 9 different countries according to his site, including the latest full eclipse in Spain. **Leo** worked for the European Space Agency until his retirement. He was the Herschel Science Operations and Mission Manager at the ESA's European Space Astronomy Centre in Madrid, Spain. He had a long and illustrious career, involving him in several key roles including the ExoMars Trace Gas Orbiter and the Herschel Space Observatory.

Further searches on the internet took me to an American amateur astronomer **Dr. JOEL HASTINGS METCALF**.

He was born in 1866 at Meadville, Pennsylvania, on 4<sup>th</sup> January 1866. He died at Portland, Maine, on 21<sup>st</sup> February 1925. According to the Unitarian Universalist biographies he married Elizabeth Lockman of Cambridge. He was a Unitarian Minister of renown. For a time, he studied in Oxford.

His biography says he was a "*clergyman-astronomer, lover of nature and of humanity.....he showed a very high ability, a wide tolerance and vivid faith. Outwardly simple and wholly unpretentious in manner, he met each man on his own plane, and took him at his best.*"

More pertinently for this article he was a noted amateur astronomer. His biography cited above states: "*.... Dr. Metcalf discovered six comets, forty-one asteroids, and several variable stars. The comets bear his name as a perpetual memorial to their discoverer. He was awarded five medals by foreign astronomical associations, and was made a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the American Astronomical Society. For a time, he was chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Harvard Observatory.*"

Wikipedia includes references to the named comets and the asteroids thus:

"He discovered or co-discovered several comets, including *23P/Brorsen-Metcalf* and *97P/Metcalf-Brewington*, and also 41 asteroids during 1905–1914, as credited by the *Minor Planet Center*.

Two of his discoveries, the main-belt asteroids *726 Joëlla* and *792 Metcalfia*, were named in his honor."

For more details of his interesting life and a photograph, use this link [Metcalf, Joel Hastings \(1866-1925\) | Harvard Square Library](#).

In the Metcalfe Family Histories book published by The Society in 2020, written and edited by Dave C Metcalfe and the Dr Mike Pope, on pages 51- 54, refers to another member of the family involved in Space, namely, Dorothy Marie Metcalf-Lindenburger. She flew on the NASA Space Shuttle *Discovery* on a successful mission in April 2010. Her feat was recorded in Mecca News number 91 (August 2010). The 'retired' space shuttle *Discovery* is currently stored at Virginia and there are potential moves to transfer it Houston, Texas.

For full details and images of her time on board the International Station and many other stories about the society and past articles why not buy the Society's Book? It is a good read and one every member should own!

The next total solar eclipse is many years away in the UK. It won't be until 23 September 2090! I certainly won't be here to see it- I would have turned 140! Before then, there will be a very deep partial eclipse on 3 September 2081. Again, not for me!

(The pic at right is of the actual eclipse taken during its progression by my nephew, Jonny Lambert.

David Lambert, MN0011



### News Item Spotted by One of Our Members

A front-page headline article in the Cumberland & Westmorland Herald Sat 8th August 2026 'Eden pub landlord....raise £32,000 for cancer charities' - Jon Metcalfe, landlord of the Butchers Arms, Crosby Ravensworth, (near Penrith). Diagnosed 9 months ago with stage 4 terminal bowel cancer, Jon has been fundraising for research into, and treatments of, bowel cancer.

"I'm really positive" says Jon "a positive attitude can only help. .... since the 90s the increase of bowel cancer under 50s has risen by 50%. I have terminal cancer at 46. It's tough as far as prognosis is concerned, I was given a 70% chance of living 5 years. I didn't know if I would see Christmas or not." So far, events have included a walk 158 miles to the pub by some of his family based near Hull and an 80-mile cycle ride, with a charity auction and party at the pub to welcome the walkers home. £3,200 was initially raised - all going to the Northern Centre for Cancer Care in Carlisle and Bowel Cancer UK.

Jon is negotiating with staff at the two centres to see where the funds can best be spent, "I am so grateful to everyone who has supported me," he said, and he is determined to continue campaigning for more testing for under 50's.

Thanks to Richard Metcalfe Gibson for sending the cutting in. It is great to see such a positive attitude and, agreeing with Jon, it will be a great help to him during his treatment and into the future. Our very best wishes to him, his support team and the Charities he is supporting.



Jon Metcalfe, landlord of the Butchers Arms (centre) with supporters who have been helping to raise funds for Bowel Centre UK and the Northern Centre for Cancer Care, Carlisle. Thanks to the Cumberland & Westmorland Herald and the Hull and East Yorkshire News who both carried the story, and Richard who spotted it and sent it in.

Jo Heron, MN1042

<https://cwherald.com/news/eden-pub-landlord-and-friends-raise-32000-for-cancer-charities/>

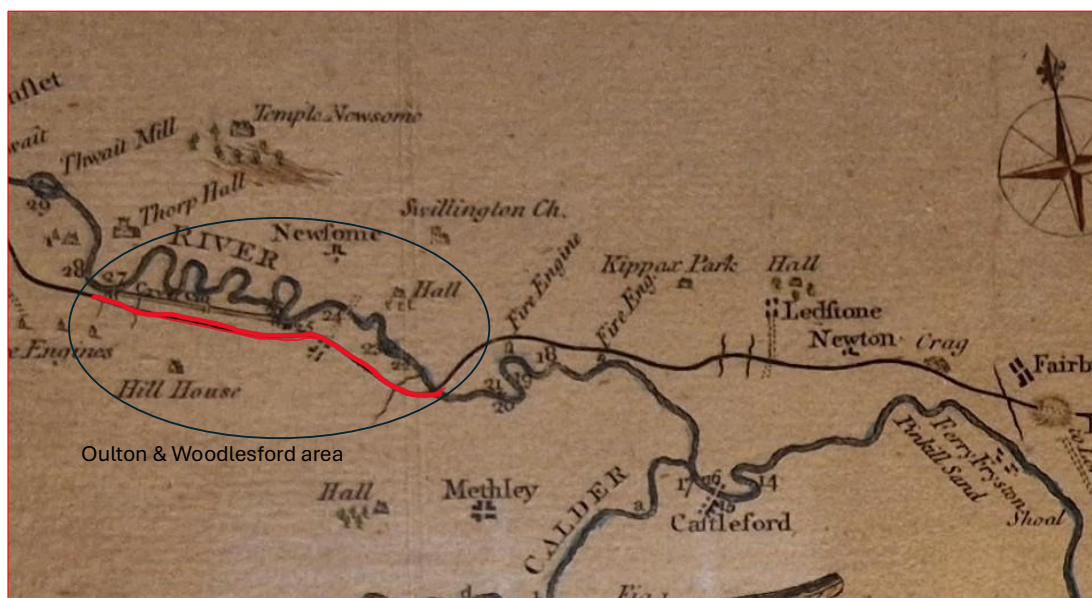
## Canal Workers

Living in West Yorkshire, I was interested in the workers on the Aire and Calder canal which stimulated my interest. The reference was for at least 2 names who worked on the excavation of the canal along its length. With our ancestor's tendency to use the same name in subsequent generations, the two names, David and John, could actually refer to more than just two men. In the item below, where individuals have been identified, their birth/death dates are in brackets, other numbers are their Record number on our database e.g. John (1843-1915) 51746

Work by a David Metcalf from 1772-1779, saw him being paid for making a 'sough' or drain at Sowerby Bridge £16.0.0., a further two at Causey £9.9.0 and £3.3.0 and then digging foundations for new houses (presumably for lockkeepers' cottages) at £0.17.3 on two occasions. The same David Metcalf, or perhaps another David in partnership with a T Walsh was involved in sinking a draw well in 1787 and was paid £2.6.0 on two occasions. Are they the same David Metcalf? Is this the David who married Margaret Fletcher in March 1777 in the Arncliffe are – or some completely different David Metcalf? Any suggestions?

The second Metcalf, John, was paid the £37.3.0 for Ale, presumably he was supplying the workforce with refreshment in May 1841 (possibly an account for several months) and a few years later, in 1863, he was paid £1.15.0 for supplying tar.

Unfortunately, John and David were both popular names in the family. We have 3 John's on our database who worked on 'a' canal, 51746 (1843-1915), 52755 (1858-) and 52999 (1812-1884) from across the north of the England, but where they lived and where they worked may not have been the same place.



The red line is the proposed route of the canal in the Oulton/Woodlesford area east of Leeds. This demonstrates the need for a more direct route from Leeds to Selby.

Taken from Original drawing of 'A PLAN of the Intended Navigable Canal from LEEDS to SELBY proposed to communicate in the TOWNSHIP of HOLBECK with the CANAL now making between LEEDS and LIVERPOOL, with a View of the River AIRE and CALDER' from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, printed in 1774, owner of original - author.

The Aire & Calder was part of the river/canal network linking Liverpool in the west to Leeds and on to Selby and the River Humber to Hull and Goole. The rabbit hole started by that initial information led to a search on barge, canal and watermen, and brought up one family living on barges and/or involved in working at a variety of jobs along the length of the river/canal network, and interestingly, one associated with one of our members.

Joseph Henry (1846-1925) 60416, with his wife Frances nee Welburn (1854-1904) 32665, and children - William Wellburn (97770), Sarah Bertha (87013), Christiana (15330), Ada Elizabeth (261), Frances Mary (31724), Kate (61080), Joseph Henry (60418) and Mary Ann (74404), Robert (83471), all living in Oulton near Woodlesford, east Leeds. Joseph Henry is listed as a waterman and then Lock Keeper at Woodlesford Lock on the 1901 Census. Following the family back, we can get to William Metcalf (101700), a linen weaver, who married Martha nee Dyson (68423) in the mid-18<sup>th</sup> century with their five sons, John, William, Thomas, Samuel and George.

Joseph Henry is the first to work on the canal system, initially as a 'waterman', working on the barges, and later as a lockkeeper based at the Lock House at Woodlesford. Several of the sons of this family also worked on the canal, as bargemen, and lockkeepers, although others worked elsewhere in the Leeds area.

Edward 1834-1892 (25446), son of Joseph Henry was born disabled and unable to walk but kept a diary for most of his life from the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century until the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, and he recorded much of the history and activities of the family and the villages of Oulton and Woodlesford, east of Leeds. His sister, Mary, went blind in about 1834 was taught to read by Isabella Lowther of Swillington House and possibly used early versions of braille books to learn to read. His brother Robert 1818-1874 (82906) took over the lock keepers house on the side of the canal when his father retired in 1868, but in November 1874, both Robert and his wife drowned in the canal.

Following an inquest, it was believed that Robert had fallen in while opening the lock gates one night, and probably she had fallen in trying to help him

One of Edwards uncles, another William 1793 (98205), was murdered in Oulton and the killer was quickly caught – so the family had certainly had their share of problems – all centred on the canal and the area of Oulton, Leeds.



Ref. Grewelthorpe.org.uk.: Canal & River Trust - <https://canalrivertrust.org.uk/>

[FindMyPast.co.uk](https://www.findmypast.co.uk) Calder & Hebble Navigation Company.

Woodlesford Lock keeper's cottage, home to the Metcalfe family in 19<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup> century. From Edward Metcalf's diary

Jo Heron, MN1042

## A Childhood Spent in Swaledale

To most people Swaledale and the surrounding dales are seen as the centre of the Metcalfe heritage, myself, as a Metcalfe of many generations had the fortune of spending much of my childhood years in the 1950s and 1960s in Swaledale staying with my now late grandparents in their house high up overlooking the River Swale at Blades above Low Row.

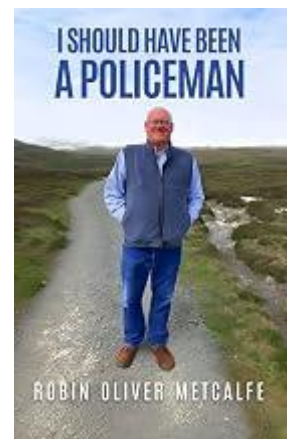
My family were farmers by trade, and today the next generation is still farming and continuing the long tradition, myself, now retired and living in very rural North Northumberland, still making regular pilgrimages back to God's own country, a place for me of many a happy memory and adventure as a child.

I have written a book about my life and its serious and, at times, hilarious events ([‘I should have been a Policeman’ available on Amazon](#)). I have extracted a few of the Swaledale based tales to help paint a picture of those days of some sixty years ago. Swaledale in the late 1950s was an area farmed in a much more intensive way than it is today, by which I mean it was all relatively small family run farms, many milking cows in what is now considered old and romantic systems, cows tied up in shippons or byres during the winter, younger animals housed in the numerous out barns that are spread all around the dales, all mostly fed on hay that was made on a once a year cut system in the small hay meadows that are enclosed by well-maintained dry stone walls, the sheep were nearly all the traditional Swaledale breed.

Today most of the dairy farms have gone, the sheep remain with sporadic beef herds scattered about, the simple fact is that dairy herds back in the late 1950s would be regularly 10 to 20 cows, now anything less than 150 is not deemed viable, the topography of the Dales simply would not allow for herds of today's size. Family farms made a good living from a small dairy herd back then, raised a family and lived a pleasant and interesting life in an area of outstanding natural beauty.

I now attach a chapter from my book entitled “Swaledale – High Days and Holidays” It gives an idea of some aspects of life as a Metcalfe in the Dales, just a few of my many memories.

Robin Oliver Metcalfe, MN2059



### CHAPTER 4: SWALEDALE - HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

It was not all as bad as it may seem in my early school life. My paternal grandparents had bought a cottage at Blades, a small hamlet high up on the north side of Swaledale, above the village of Low Row, midway between Reeth and Gunnerside. I was told that it was purchased just after the war for the princely sum of £85. It was a lovely cottage with four bedrooms and magnificent views down the Swale Valley, particularly if you were up in the outside earth closet, which sat at the top of the garden up a short flight of stone steps. It was a double-seater as well, which is rare, apparently. I spent many hours just sitting there, taking in the view—not that I was constipated; it was the view. Also, in summer, it made me understand why Grandad's garden was filled with dozens and dozens of scented roses. It certainly helped and made everything very pleasant. I spent a lot of time up at Blades on weekends with all the family and many weeks during the Easter and summer holidays, often with cousin JR. Close family relations of ours, the Hinks, also had a cottage at Blades, and they were regularly in residence at the same time as us. Regular family cricket matches would take place—Metcalfes versus the Hinks, with metal dustbins as wickets

and lots of strange rules such as: hit it over that wall, and it's six and out, no LBW, and hit a car, and you were just out! Many happy memories of great times with great family and friends. I still occasionally see Charles Hinks' wife and Richard (Dick) Hinks' daughter, who now lives up around Penicuik near Edinburgh.

One very memorable story is from a Saturday morning in the early Sixties when Dick Hinks came walking over in his heavy wool jumper based on a Fair Isle pattern, his breeks, heavy wool hiking socks and boots, canvas rucksack on his back, and of course, his trademark pipe in his mouth. Sometimes it was lit, and often it was not. Now, several months ago, we had all met this quite stunning young lady from the Island of Iona in Scotland. She was called Ishbelle and was a lovely person—this was Dick's girlfriend. Dick marched up toward Father and me and said, "Good morning." Father asked, "Where are you going? Off on a hike?" Dick loved walking, climbing, and anything outdoors. Dick replied, "Hmm, I'm off up onto Calver Hill to sit and think if I should ask Ishbelle to marry me?" Father, quick as a flash, said, "Lad, you don't need to go up Calver Hill or even think. Just ask the woman before someone else does!" Well, he did just that, and as they say, the rest was history.

Blades holds many happy memories for me from the time Grandma died to the time Grandad died in and around 1969. Now, Grandad was a serious smoker, a 60-a-day untipped John Players Senior Service man, as were many in those days when smoking was a very fashionable thing to do and to be seen doing. But the times we had with them, mainly in the 1960s, were experiences that made their mark on me and others.

A very good friend of Grandad lived in Gunnerside, Bert Rutter. He was a head gamekeeper for the huge Gunnerside estates, and his knowledge of field craft was boundless. I spent many a day with him out on the vast moors doing gamekeeper conservation work and repairing grouse butts. Bert taught me the rudimentary art of dry-stone walling, a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle with all its sensible basic rules of construction, I became very skilled at this art as our Farm in Derbyshire had some four miles of dry-stone walls that were constantly in need of repair or rebuilding, Bert gave me the inspiration and interest without a doubt. Another area of moorland management was setting stoat traps and resetting them. This involved walking mile upon mile along gullies and walls, and as an 8 or 9-year-old, it was no mean feat. Stoat traps were quite simple yet clever and involved two flat slabs of stone, one flat on the ground, the other delicately set at about 45 degrees, propped up on a short piece of a wooden peg with a short piece of string and a rabbit's leg. Thinking of an easy meal, the stoat would venture in, pull at the rabbit, dislodge the wooden peg, and "wallop!" One flat stoat. Now, stoats are serious predators and take anything—rabbits and, of course, grouse chicks. Back then, grouse shooting was a very important part of the Dales economy; it still is today, and so are tourism and farming. That was how things were done back in the '60s, and I soon became able to spot activated stoat traps from a hundred yards away. The best day ever was a haul of 15 from probably 100 traps.

Bert was also the one who taught me a lot about crows' nests set in trees: the higher they are, the drier the summer will be—signs of birds and other wildlife, and what it all meant. The Blackthorn winter and predicted sloe harvest. Cuckoos, frogspawn, and where it was laid and what it all meant. The knowledge that I still hold dear and use all the time, which amazes many people. They often ask, "Where did you learn that from?" and I say, "From a man up in the Dales that I had the absolute pleasure of spending time with as a boy." The only regret is that I would gladly have spent more time, given the chance.

Now, the final amusing fact about Bert was that he had a son called Bert, who also a gamekeeper. He also had a son called Bert, who was also a gamekeeper. This was very confusing to many

people, so they were titled a bit differently. It was Bert, Middle Bert, and Young Bert—that did the trick!

Then, of course, I have to mention another of Grandad's friends: the one and only Henry Brown. Now, Henry was a local farmer. He always wore breeks, big heavy leather clogs and gaiters, a collarless shirt, a wool waistcoat, and a proper flat cap. He was, and I kid you not, at least 7 feet tall, an absolute mountain of a man, but so gentle with everything: people, animals, and the world. He still used shire horses to farm with, and I can well remember the days JR and I spent spreading muck, or scaling muck as the term was locally, that had built up over the winter at the numerous out barns on his farm. We would go with the big shire, pulling a two-wheeled cart with deep sides and a back gate. Henry would hand-fork the trailer full to the brim with the now well-rotted muck. Then, we would go into a small hay meadow. We two would be on the front controlling the shire—well, that is what we thought we were doing! And on Henry's command, "Gie up," the shire would steadily go up and down the field while Henry forked the muck out onto the land with the precision of any modern mechanical spreader. Every now and then, shouting "Whoa!" and getting us to turn the whole rig around and go the other way. We spent lots of Easter holidays with dear Henry doing farming stuff. He even emptied the earth closet every year for Grandad as a favour! Henry also was an advocate of making hay in the old fashioned traditional dales way of cutting it then piling it up in conical heaps in the field to dry, known as Pykes, after a period of time that varied from year to year dependent on the weather, the Pykes were hand loaded onto flat wooden sleds and dragged by the big shire to the outbarns and then hand forked up into the lofts for storage for the long winter ahead to feed the cattle that would be housed below and the sheep that would reside in the adjacent meadows over winter, Henry also bred Swaledale sheep and he went to great lengths to explain that he always selected his best and forced them to breed early, or take the ram early, by fastening them into the outbarns at night in total darkness in order to stimulate a shortening of day length which in turn is the trigger to start the ewes ovulating, meaning he could get them in lamb early, lamb early and have big strong lambs to sell the following autumn giving him an advantage over his neighbours, this, to a young wide eyed boy learning about life was truly fascinating, a case of fooling nature to your advantage, but it worked. For many a year, I believed Henry was my hero, and that's what I wanted to be when I grew up. It is not what happened, but at times, I wish it had.

JR and I, as two young lads, could get into lots of trouble. We had been lost on the moors, having followed the wrong stream into the wrong valley, only to be rescued by someone recognising us and taking us home to Grandad's. That turned out to be painful. Then there was the famous rabbiting expedition, which got us into the most trouble ever. JR turned up at Grandad's with a set of rabbit warren catch nets. You find a warren; net the holes, put the dog down the hole, bolt the rabbits into the nets, and quickly dispatch them somehow. Therefore, we asked Grandad if we could take his prized Airedale terriers up the moor for some exercise, as it saved him a job. He agreed, and off we went, the nets tucked up our jumpers. We had no water, no food, no compass, and most of all, no common sense, but we were sort of fearless; what could go wrong? We wandered upwards for miles, then found a bank with a good rabbit warren and set to netting as many holes as we had nets for. The two terriers were mad keen, so we put one down a hole. What ensued was sheer carnage—rabbits flying out of holes into nets, dogs chasing rabbits, and even catching the odd one. Twenty minutes later, we had eight dead rabbits, two tired dogs, and all the nets gathered back together. We sat and just said, "Wow, now that was fun." Off we went further out and found another warren, repeating the operation, again with a similar success rate. The dogs were loving all this, and so were we. Neither JR nor I had any idea what time it was—not a watch between us. It was the Sixties; Timex for Christmas had not happened yet!

Eventually, we were both getting hungry, thirsty, and tired, and the two terriers were losing their previous excitement. The sun was going down to the west of us. Where were we? How far from Grandad's were we? I said, "If the sun is in the west, then south and Grandad's is in this direction." I was right, thank goodness. We carried as many rabbits as we could—about ten each—and put the rest in two piles marked with a big stick or two, with the intention to recover them later. We walked and walked, and it got darker and darker. Then I spotted some torch lights about half a mile below us coming in our direction. The people were shouting what sounded very much like, "Robin, John, where are you?" We, of course, shouted back, and the two Airedales barked for all they were worth. Those two dogs never left us, and as the torches approached, they made to protect us by threatening the on comers with growls and raised fur. All was well. This was part of a search party assembled by Grandad and sent hastily out to find us.

On safe arrival back at Grandad's, all were pleased that we had been found safe and well. It was cups of tea, cakes, and even the whisky bottle that was passed around. JR and I told all the events of our day, which most found highly entertaining. We got a proper bollocking from Grandad once everyone had gone, and quite rightly so. But the highlight was Grandad saying, "What are we going to do with all these bloody rabbits?" JR replied, "There are still 30 more up on the moor." The laughter was endless, but at least two chaps did say they would come tomorrow morning and go with JR and me to retrieve the rest.

So, we now had about 50 rabbits to get rid of. Later, after lunch, we put them all in the back of Grandad's Ford Anglia estate car and set off to various butcher shops in Hawes, Bainbridge, and Leyburn. Funnily enough, they were snapped up. Grandad had to regale the story to each butcher. They all just revelled in it and said, "Keep them coming." Grandad told JR and me, "Don't even think about it."

Other fun times often involved water, the lakes and Semer water near Bainbridge, where we would paddle, swim, and skim flat stones across the calm surface of the water. Trips to the various lakes over in what is now the Cumbrian Lake District were major all-day events. Grandma was in a wheelchair but just loved the lakes, sitting and watching JR and I mess about in the water. Of course, trouble was never far away where JR and I were concerned. So, it proved one august day in about 1966 when stationed on the quiet side of Lake Windermere. JR and I found a pine tree trunk about ten feet long and a foot in diameter on the bank. So, we rolled it into the water, got some timber for paddles and created ourselves a canoe of sorts. We started paddling. If you have ever tried turning a partially submerged log around in Lake Windermere, then you will understand it is not possible. The more we tried, the further out into the lake we got. I reckon at 300 yards out, panic set in. Grandad on the bank was going bonkers. Neither of us was a good swimmer, maybe 30 yards, not 300, and we just could not turn the log around. We sat there, trying to hatch a plan and not panic or drown in the process. JR suggested that one by one, we get off the log and get back on it facing the other way. We tried this, but as we attempted to remount, it just spun in the water. So, we just simply hung on to it, one on each side, kicking in the water for all we were worth. Eventually, we made it back to shore after 20 minutes and, yes, got yet another bollocking. The real punishment was to follow as our legs were covered in pine tar, which was very painful and took weeks to heal. We both walked around like John Wayne after a day in the saddle for days on end.

Blades was a series of happenings and events, most of them happy, spent in a great place with great people. Diane and I still go back at least twice a year, and lately, we have always attended the Muker show, which I first ever went to in 1960 as a little five-year-old. It is all about Swaledale sheep, silver band, sheepdog trials, and fell races, along with the very traditional trade stands. We next went again in 2015, a break of 55 years. I met Paul Hallam, one of the finest breeders of

Swaledale sheep in the UK, who is from Glossop, not far from our farm in Edale. He was surprised to see me, and I told him of the family history and strong Swaledale connections. I said I had not been to the Muker show for 55 years. He asked inquisitively, "Has it changed any?" I replied, "No", and honestly, it has not. This is a testament to its long-standing traditions, which are unique to many rural communities. It is just great to see in a world of daily technological advancement that is supposed to be for the better. Yet through it, identity is being lost, old customs and traditions are dying out, and will never be replaced with anything similar.



Above: Blades Farm, Swaledale, c1950, with Uncle John Metcalfe at right, Aunty Nina Metcalfe behind father James Metcalfe's shoulder (with the Hinks family). Right: James Metcalfe with son Robin, feeding lambs at Blades Farm. Below: Nina Benson nee Metcalfe (MN0029) on her wedding with her father Edmund holding his grandson Robin's hand.



## Metcalfe Pensioners

We have had some interesting downloads from the online sources over the last few months. One download from *FindMyPast* listed Military and armed forces involved in conflict in the United Kingdom. A search on 'Metcalfe' in the 1700's has over 100 entries, although some may be duplicated as men moved from one ship to another and more work needs to be done to find out which ships some were on. However, not named is the Ship 'Glory' which is associated with one claimant.

There was also a list of Metcafes who were paid through the Chelsea Hospital – so some work needs doing on them.

A 'Master' Metcalfe is listed as having been killed in action 1<sup>st</sup> June 1794. Although there is no direct reference to 'Master' Metcalfe's wife, three other entries do mention a widow named Ann, and the repeat of the date, 1<sup>st</sup> June 1794 and the ship 'Glory' make the connection.

Ann Metcalfe was claiming a pension from the Navy following the death of her husband, in 1786 and through to 1805. The entry also mentioned four children in the first entry, and two children in the second – which might suggest that the children were older than younger so may have left home by the second claim.

Research was complicated as there was no forename for her husband, he was just listed as 'Master', no address or other information. If you think he may be yours and could help fill in the details of Master Metcalfe and his family, I'd love to hear from you. It is just so frustrating to just have a couple of names and no further details.

This also raised the question of rank in the Royal Navy, and where *HMS Glory* may have been to get her Master killed.

Officers in the Royal Navy may well have had their commission bought for them by their family, and as such may have had little or no experience of running a sea going vessel. The ship's Master would probably have worked his way up through the ranks and so was possibly the most important sailor on board – apart from the captain. Certainly, he would have been familiar with the navigation and handling of the ship from the bottom up. So having your ship's Master killed in Action suggests that it was involved in some serious fighting.

1780's was a period of naval conflict between Britain and Holland, leading into the Napoleonic wars in 1802. Holland had been trading with America during the War of Independence. By 1793, France had declared war on Britain. On 1<sup>st</sup> June 1794, a battle was fought between 25 British ships and 26 French ships about 700 km west of Ushant. Admiral Howe directed his ships to sail directly at the French line, hoping to break it into smaller units. Six ships were captured at a loss of 1,200 British and 7,000 French casualties. Of course, the problem was laid at the feet of disobedient captains, ill-disciplined, poorly trained and shorthanded crews, although there may have been a misunderstanding of the signals from the Admiral.

*HMS Glory* was a frigate, not large enough to be in the forefront of the battle line but carrying 98 guns. Among the British fleet was the *HMS Glory* and *HMS Royal George*, disabled two French ships despite being badly damaged. F S Inglefield was the Captain in 1799 – so was he Master Metcalfe's Captain? In 1805, *HMS Glory* went on to be the flagship of Rear Admiral Charles Stirling and under the command of Captain Samuel Warren, where they the officers when our Master Metcalfe was killed in 1794?



HMS Glory (1788) was a 98-gun second rate launched in 1788. By 1809, she had been converted to a prison ship, then to a powder hulk in 1814 before being broken up in 1825. This '*Glory*' was only one of several '*Glory*'s' or variation of the name over many centuries until the last one was decommissioned in 1956 before being broken up.

Facebook – HMS Glory leaving Portsmouth, by Derek Gardner, in Hamburg Maritime Museum.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HMS\\_Glory\\_\(1788\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HMS_Glory_(1788))

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Master\\_%28naval%29](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Master_%28naval%29)

Pers comm. M Turpin

Very interesting item and appropriate to the above article, a Union Flag belonging to Vice-Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood who served in both the American War of Independence and the Napoleonic wars came up for sale in 2025 and was purchased by an overseas customer. The flag is not in pristine condition; it was obviously well used and



shot at. Fortunately, HM Government banned the export of the flag and funds were raised to keep it in Britain. As Vice Admiral Collingwood was born in Newcastle, and took command when Nelson was killed, the Museum there is planning a special exhibition room for the flag – maybe it will also include some mention of our *HMS Glory*. Hopefully it will be on public display. BBC

Jo Heron, MN1042

## First Metcalf/es to Western Australia

This section brings together early Western Australian records for people recorded as Metcalf or Metcalfe, including convict transportation, passenger arrivals, civil registration, newspaper notices, and biographical references. The entries are presented as working evidence rather than a completed family history, with spelling variations and conflicting dates noted where the records differ.

Major Edmund Lockyer established the first British military outpost around King George Sound, now Albany, in 1826. In 1829 Captain Charles Fremantle raised the British flag on the west coast and proclaimed the territory. In 1832 the Swan River Colony was officially renamed the Colony of Western Australia.

### Convict arrival —

Alexander Metcalf, born in 1845, arrived on the *Norwood* on 13 July 1867. He had been sentenced in Manchester to 10 years for robbery with violence. The record describes him as unmarried, literate, Roman Catholic, and employed as a hooker. He received his Ticket of Leave on 25 July 1871 and his Certificate of Freedom on 28 March 1876.

### Passenger arrivals —

Several *Ancestry* databases include passenger lists into Western Australia. The example below, however, is from the National Archives of Australia website.

Passenger Arrivals tab which has Passenger arrivals index, 1898 - 1972

| Family Name | Given names | Title | Date of arrival | Port of arrival | Ship/aircraft name | Port of embarkation | Digital copy                                                                          | Item ID |
|-------------|-------------|-------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Metcalf     |             | Miss  | 15 Apr 1898     | Fremantle       | GABO               | Albany              |  | 9874447 |

Incoming passenger list "Gabo" arrived Fremantle 15 April 1898 [original - stored in map/plan cabinets for preservation reasons - issue reference copy b/c 8181232]

**WM. HOWARD SMITH & SON LIMITED.**  
MELBOURNE.

**PASSENGERS' LIST**  
REFERRED TO IN THE 16TH SECTION OF THE PASSENGERS' ACT, 1885

|                             |                                    |                                   |                                                                                                                         |                                             |                                   |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Ship's Name.<br><i>Gabo</i> | Master's Name.<br><i>A. Easton</i> | Tons per Register.<br><i>1246</i> | Aggregate number of Super-ficial feet in the several compartments set apart for Passengers other than Cabin Passengers. | Total number of Passengers legally carried. | Port where from.<br><i>Albany</i> |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|

I hereby certify that the Provisions actually laden on board this Ship are sufficient, according to the Statute Adults, for a voyage of *15* days. *11* days. *8* days. (Signature) *A. Easton* Master.

Date *15* 189*8*

|                                       |                                          |                                            |         |       |         |                                  |         |          |                                           |                                                         |                                                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|---------|-------|---------|----------------------------------|---------|----------|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Port of Embarkation.<br><i>Sydney</i> | Name of Passenger.<br><i>Mrs Metcalf</i> | Age of each Adult of 12 years and upwards. |         |       |         | Children between 1 and 12 years. |         | Infants. | Profession, Occupation, or of Passengers. | State whether English, Scotch or Irish.<br><i>Irish</i> | Port at which Passengers have contracted to land.<br><i>Albany</i> |
|                                       |                                          | Married.                                   | Single. | Male. | Female. | Male.                            | Female. |          |                                           |                                                         |                                                                    |
|                                       |                                          |                                            |         |       |         |                                  |         |          |                                           |                                                         |                                                                    |



Edgar was the son of Thomas Metcalfe and Mary nee Hiteshew and was born 15 July 1826 Westminster, Carroll, Maryland USA

Although Edgar and Isabella's marriage was not until 1875, presumption is all the births of the following children were from the same family: -

| Surname  | Given Names       | Sex | Father         | Mother                  | Place of Birth   | Year of Birth | Registration District | Registration Number | Registration Year |
|----------|-------------------|-----|----------------|-------------------------|------------------|---------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Metcalf  | Virginia          | F   | Edgar METCALF  | Isabella MCKENZIE       | Kojonup District | 1865          | -                     | 8939                | 1865              |
| Metcalf  | Edgar             | M   | Edgar METCALF  | Isabella MCKENZIE       | Kojonup District | 1867          | -                     | 9943                | 1867              |
| Metcalf  | Frankland         | M   | Edgar METCALF  | Isabella Bruce MCKENZIE | Kojonup District | 1869          | -                     | 11308               | 1869              |
| Metcalfe | Thomas Cuthbert   | M   | Edgar METCALFE | Isabella MCKENZIE       | Albany           | 1871          | -                     | 13284               | 1871              |
| Metcalfe | George Washington | M   | Edgar METCALFE | Isabella BRUCE          | Albany           | 1874          | -                     | 15990               | 1874              |

On FamilySearch Full text -- **Simple Search Query:** +"edgar metcalf" and applying a Place filter of Australia, Western Australia the following was located:

**Western Australia. Biographies 1915**

*METCALF Edgar. born USA. Arr. "Graco" 1853 at Albany, jumped ship.  
m. before 1862 /*

*Albany Mechanic & blacksmith & millwright (Alm. 1873 - 84)*

*Employed by George Chayne at C. Riche*

*Leased land at Pallinup "Camballup" & employed Shepherds.*

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