

A snapshot of people and life in Lucea & Hanover, circa 1913 – 1933

Some recollections of Arthur Richard Dickson, born Lucea 1913

Following the road through Lucea, from Point to The Common recently [2004-5]. Place names are those used at the time. Some may have changed, some may have disappeared.

At Point

The old road by Point seems to have gone, which is a pity. One of the charms of reaching Lucea from Montego Bay used to be rounding the headland to a sudden view of Fort Charlotte across the mouth of the bay with the wider spread of the harbour waters reaching out to the town in the distance. Point was a favoured place for swimming, we would walk there or took a boat to the jetty at the little cove just below the road for hours or a day; it was a quiet place to be. On the steep hillside opposite and overlooking the headland there were once two houses. *Mrs. Mudie* lived at 'Point', she kept sheep, and *Mr. Maxwell* lived beyond, at 'Paradise'. *Mrs Mudie* I remember very well, she always arrived at church (the Wesleyan Chapel) every Sunday morning in a smart carriage. When I was older, and as she got older, a relative of hers, from Westmoreland, moved in to look after the property for her.

Beside the road, going down the hill towards Lucea East River and Kew, on the right hand side next to the shore, was where molasses were shipped from Kew Estate, up the river valley, used to have its own sugar works and rum distillery and also a very old, small wharf and jetty near the mouth of the river; '*Busha*' *Parkin* was Overseer. Although they had a truck at the time, their rum was still carried to warehouses in Lucea by ox wagon; the driver of that was a man by name of *Tracey*, a nice man with a lot of memories and 'old time' talk. The old road followed the river for a short distance before crossing but, once over the bridge, *Barbary Hill* and *Thorn Hill* were to the left of the road. In my day the Wesleyan Minister lived up there and the *Leighton* family also had a house on the hill; I remember two of the children, *Sonny* and *Myrtle*, their father was the distiller at Kew Estate.



Riley River



Past *Johnson Town*, crossing *Riley River* is *Malcolm Bridge*, a handsome, arched work in fine stone. The road going up the river valley, towards *Eaton* passes through the *Riley Sugar Plantation*, one of the many still working when I was a boy. There was no sugar works there so they would take their cane to the works at Kew. *Mr. Charley* lived in the house at Riley, he had once owned Kew a few years before and used to let out rooms in the big house to government officers; I remember a tax inspector lived there for a while. *Hugh Santleben* owned

Riley Pen at the time but when my father was a young boy, about seven years old, [1878] a *Colonel Dickson* owned Riley; that would have been *William Brown Dickson*, whose father was a cousin of my great, great grandfather, Richard Dickson. On top of the hill at the corner, just off the road to Eaton and Askinish, there lived a *Miss. 'Sass'* who managed a draper's store which belonged to the Santflebens; that was right by their wharf opposite our house, '*Rockville*'.

Bing's Folly

Along the road, past the turning that leads to Dias and Middlesex, is the shell of an old stone house known as *Bing's Folly*. It was built of stone which had been brought over from Bristol, England, as ballast in a ship, a long time ago. Bings still lived there when I was a boy two sisters, one of them was Louisa Bing but I don't remember her sister's name. They lived in the upstairs rooms at the time as the ground floor of the house was open and had a stone floor; this



space was used to store yams which were brought in by local farmers. On the other side of the road a stone wall runs along the shore, but opposite the house there was a gap in that wall and beyond that gap was a jetty; it was used by lighters to load the yams on to a schooner which then shipped them on to Kingston to be sold in the markets. Next to Bing's Folly was a lodging house which was owned by a *Susan McFarlane-Dickson* in my grandfather's day [1878] but this was destroyed by a hurricane in 1912 a few months before I was born. All the wooden part of the building had gone but the masonry still stood when I was a boy. *Dr. Aubrey McFarlane* was a cousin, born in Lucea but living in Montego Bay; Aubrey's brother *Kenneth* became a lawyer in Falmouth but another brother was something of a rascal who enjoyed womanising and drink more than anything else.

By The Rocks

The area of waterfront around Bing's Folly was known as *By The Rocks*; the name was a proper postal address for people and buildings nearby. A *Mrs. McLachlan*, 'by The Rocks', made the best sausages in town but also took in laundry and was expert in cleaning and starching the stiff collars my father used to wear with his shirts; she had a sister who was a midwife. Caseleys also lived here, *Mr. Caseley* was superintendent of the market in town.

Two sisters by name of *Smith* had a house here and, as a very small child and before going to school, I learned my ABC with *Miss. Alice Smith*. I was walked there each morning by an older boy from my father's business. Miss Alice sat on a lot of cushions in an old, wooden chair; close by it was a spittoon which she used on and off while I slowly did my lettering. Her sister sat all the time by the window, day after day, looking out at who was passing by in the road and what was going on. *Hugh Santfleben* used to call on her sometimes on the way between Eaton and his business in town; he would either take his horse or a pony and trap to make the journey. After a while with Miss. Alice I then went to an Infant school for a short time before going to *Miss. Powell's* School in the town.

Next to Miss. Alice's house was another one, smaller which she also owned and which was let at one time to a government officer and close by lived a *Mair* family. There were another two sisters, by name of *Vidal* who also lived By The Rocks. One of them was a matron at Cornwall College in Montego Bay, I believe their father lived out at '*Paradise*', towards Green Island.

From here, towards the centre of town, the whole of the waterfront used to be wharves, warehouses and jetties where merchants would store and ship goods, a busy place. This is where Dicksons used to have wharves but they sold the land to the Santflebens and moved to Port of Spain, Trinidad [1890's]. Just opposite *Hugh Santfleben's* wharf was a lane off the main road, I think it was called Lawton Lane, where there lived a family by name of *Craig*, just opposite the well that was there; *Mr Craig* was a builder and near the house was the Masonic lodge which *Mrs. Craig* used to keep clean. The Craigs had two boys who, like the rest of us, were always curious and enjoyed a little mischief; they liked to hang around outside the Masonic Temple on meeting nights. One evening there was an initiation ceremony and, although they couldn't hear all that was going, on they suddenly heard a loud voice calling out, "*Rock of Ages cleft for me!*" They told us that it was a *Mr. Scott*, a tax collector who also played the organ at the Parish Church. Well, word got about very quickly the next day and after that Mr. Scott was always known as 'Rock of Ages'. In that same lane lived a *Mr. Buchanan*, '*Master Bucky*' we called him, who was married to one of the *Coote* girls from *Malcolm Hill*; he was slightly lame in one leg but did not have to go far to work as he was employed by *Hugh Santfleben* at the wharf just down the road.

Home

We lived in a house called '*Rockville*', just down the street, at the foot of *Malcolm Hill*; the strip of land between the foot of the hill and the sea shore was known as '*Hill Pass*'. My father bought the house from *Allan Hogg* in 1913, around the time that I was born but before that it had belonged to *James Hines Gardner* and his sister Margaret who had inherited it from their father, John. My father also had the building next door which was let to a hat maker but later my Aunt Minnie came to live there. My father also had the small building next to Aunt Minnie's house at the corner of the lane leading up to Malcolm Hill; it was let to a shoemaker.

As a family we always used the back entrance in and out of the house. Our kitchen was outside, under cover, in the yard at the back of the house where there was also a well. Of course, all our drinking water had to be boiled the; at the top of the stairs indoors was a cupboard used to store our drinking water and keep it cool in earthenware 'monkey jars'. If our well ever dried up water would have to be fetched from *Big Well* in the middle of town; everyone used it because, as far as I know, it never dried up. Between the house and the kitchen was a covered walk. The wood fire range in the kitchen was used to heat



water for washing and for baths, as well as for cooking. We had a cedar bath tub in the house and the toilet was in a separate, small building outside.

We had two four-poster beds in the house, the one that my parents had being very finely carved; it was high off the floor so, to make it easier to climb into, there was a set of wooden box steps next to the bed. This step had another purpose because the second step at the top had a hinged lid and underneath that lid was a commode for use in the night or early morning. As children we had one room downstairs, at the side of the house, in which to do our school work and read; this room had its own door to the outside, it was in two halves so that we could open the top half to catch a breeze or look out on to the street.

In those days, of course, doctors mostly came to the house. I had one operation in this house, in the upstairs front room on the left hand side of the building. *Dr. Bailey* removed my adenoids but, before that, in the house where I was born, I had an infection on my knee for some time and it had to be cut out by *Dr. Sherlock* and *Dr. Bailey* together. Now, Dr. Sherlock was a little hard of hearing and people often used to wonder if he could hear anything through his stethoscope; if he didn't use it during an examination patients would ask suspiciously, "You not gwine sound me then?" and came away thinking they had not been seen to properly.

Neighbours

On the opposite side of the lane leading up *Malcolm Hill* was a shop owned by *Mr. Reid*, a draper who lived upstairs. He was a keen cyclist and would race his bicycle in local races. A short way up Malcolm Hill and behind Mr. Reid's shop were tenements where a *Mr. Gilpin* lived; he had a boat and traded between Lucea and Montego Bay fetching goods that had come in by steamer. Ice also used to be brought in from Montego Bay in boats, big blocks of it, shipped in layers of straw; it was chipped off with a pick and sold in shops.



Further up the hill, on the right hand side lived *George Simlater* but when I was older *Dr. Walter Jekyll*, a fine musician, moved in; he had been the Dean of a Cambridge College but had left England and come to live in Jamaica where he became well known to the 'old time' country people, learning their songs and stories which he would later write down. Although he became agnostic he was still buried at the Parish Church where he also played the organ. He was a nice man, if a little eccentric; always carried an umbrella and always walked everywhere, even when he had lived out by 'Stonewall', on the road to Dias before moving to Malcolm Hill. *Mr Davis*, the coach builder also lived by 'Stonewall' and drove a trap to his workshop in Lucea each day.

Another neighbour was *Mary Crooks*, we called her '*Mame*', and you could see right across the harbour to the fort from her house. As a boy of about 6 I often visited, sat on her lap and she would stroke my hair and tell me stories about herself and the old days. She was over ninety so, as a young girl, she had grown up with people who remembered the days of slavery. At one time she had been Matron for women at the prison, up near The Barracks. One story I recall is that a Royal Navy ship was passing the harbour entrance and someone in the prison mischievously put out a distress signal on the flagpole. The ship came in to harbour and officers and sailors raced up to the prison to investigate but, of course, all for nothing; perhaps the women just wanted to see the men. In the summer months my mother and we children would move up the hill to lodge with Mary Crooks; it was cooler with more of a breeze which was thought to be better for my mother's health. My father, meanwhile, would continue to live at 'Rockville'.

Mr. Coote had a place on the right of the steep lane going up, quite a large property which extended down as far as *Big Well* at the rear. I think he worked at Kew and then became a wharfinger; one of his daughters later married a Mr. Byles who became a neighbour of my brother, William. But, he also had two 'outside' daughters living with him; he was a real 'ladies man' but took care of all his children. Opposite Mr. Coote lived the Webb family, *Mr. Webb* was a fine cabinet maker who often worked away from Lucea - Montego Bay, Savanna-La-Mar - as his skill was well known and in demand; he was also a very good builder.

Also on the hill were some small stables and a coach yard where *Hugh Santleben* kept a couple of horses and where a coachman looked after his trap. The first time I fell off a horse was riding bareback down the steep slope, right at the bottom; the horse very sensibly wanted to slow down but my backside and I couldn't!

At the top of the hill, at Malcolm House, lived old *Miss. 'Mama' Malcolm*, a kindly lady who would let me look at the old time things in her attic and give me books I was interested in reading. I had a book on engineering, bridge building in fact, because at one time I wanted to be an engineer. Even now I still have one book from her, about ancient Rome, which was published in 1882. When my mother took us to visit Miss. Mama, I remember being shown old photographs of Miss. Mama's family. By Miss. Mama's house were two other buildings, one was a large but dilapidated brick building, I don't know what it had been used for, and the other was a smaller house where a lighter coxswain, *Calvin*, lived with his woman. They used to do odd jobs around the place for Miss. Mama and help keep it tidy.

My grandmother was *Catherine Malcolm* who married *Richard James Dickson* in 1858 but, when she died my grandfather married again, *Wilhelmina Sharp*, whom I called Aunt Minnie; I believe her father was estate manager at *Haughton Court*. Speaking of Malcolms, my father's sister *Anna* resembled her mother Catherine Malcolm so closely in looks and mannerisms that people used to say she was 'a typical Malcolm' and, on occasion, she would be called *Miss. Malcolm*. When I was a boy a Mr. Malcolm came from Kingston and spent quite some time with my father, who called him 'Cuz', as well as visiting Malcolm House at the top of the hill. Now, this Mr. Malcolm was a civil engineer and his father before him had also been an

engineer, the one who had built Malcolm Bridge over Riley River many years before. There was also a *Colonel Malcolm* who had a large cattle pen at *Knockalva*; a pleasant and generous man; he paid for two scouts to travel overseas to England to attend a Scout Jamboree in 1929. I remember visiting him. All that area, '*Knockalva*', *Alexandria* and *Ramble* was lovely, rolling cattle country, very lush and green. Colonel Malcolm sold it later to a Canadian lawyer, a *Mr. Johnson*, who had retired to Jamaica, a very enterprising man who also had a lot to do with the Scout movement.

My mother, *Edith Rebecca Donaldson*, was asthmatic and was advised by a doctor to spend some time inland, away the coast. For some time she went to stay with a family near Alexandria. Nearby is *Chester Castle*; my sister *Amy Dickson* went to *Bloomsbury School* in Montego Bay and, some time after she left, the school moved to Chester Castle. Amy went back to the school to teach and I went there once, to a dance one evening with some other youngsters from Lucea.

Opposite our house, across the road, was a wharf and warehouses. There were three piers at that wharf but only two were in use. Casks of rum would come up from Kew Estate to be stored there and lighters would then take them out when ships came in; Lucea was a busy port in those days. Logwood was also shipped from one of these wharves and here too was a blacksmith's shop for making all kinds of everyday ironwork and where horses were shod; I have never known anywhere so hot! At the time the Santfleben family owned these warehouses. *George Santfleben* was Custos of Hanover and the family had acquired a lot of property in Lucea and the surrounding area. *Hugh Santfleben* lived at Eaton and also had Eaton Mountain. He often walked over the road to see my father at lunch time and the two men would talk and talk about all sorts of things, sometimes well into the afternoon. At one time the top floor of one of the Santfleben buildings was used as a chapel by the Roman Catholic Church for its services, before a proper church was built by the harbour side near the Court House. The Salvation Army also used to hold meetings at the wharf. After George Santfleben died [1928] and when there was a new Catholic church it was let out to others who needed a meeting place.

One evening, the Craig boys, a Maxwell who lived down the street and myself were standing at the side of a Salvation army meeting, but not because we felt in need of salvation or religious comfort. We stood with folded arms and started to make farting noises with our hands tucked under our armpits. People heard, glanced around and some began to sniff, searching for a smell. Some smiled behind a hand but all began to lose attention, very puzzled until a voice called out, "*Babe Dickson!*" I had been discovered with my elbow going up and down. The meeting broke up to so much laughter as nobody was in the mood to carry on. My father, however, was not laughing when I was led home and neither was I. In a severe talking to I was threatened with a strapping the next morning and spent a sleepless night thinking about it, which is probably what my father intended. All I got in the morning was another stern lecture; he did not really like to give out punishment. (As the youngest in the family I was always called '*Maas. Babe*' or '*Babe Dickson*', even as an adult.)

My first home

The house where I was born (I was delivered by a *Dr. Franklyn Cook*) faces the harbour on the main street by **Big Well**; I had a nanny called *Selina Goudie*. We lived upstairs and my father, *William Malcolm Dickson*, had storerooms below where he used to store and pack goods for shipping on. In the large compound at the back, where my father had his wholesale business, were other buildings. There was a *Long Range House* with storage places on the ground floor and several comfortable rooms above. Two spinster ladies lived up there, *Miss. Grant* and along from there was a *Miss. Singlehurst*, who had one glass eye, and then *Miss. 'Fimi'*; they were 'old time people'. *Miss Singlehurst* had a lovely sitting room and remembered most about old times; she told us many things but a lot of it I have now forgotten. I do remember being told that, during a cholera epidemic a long time before, all those who died of the disease were buried as quickly as possible, to stop infection spreading, not in the usual cemetery but in a special, separate plot on the *Haughton Court* estate.



Now, underneath that Long Range there was an outside kitchen and along from the kitchen was a bathroom; next to the bathroom goods were stored and then there was a place where straw was kept. You see, my father used to import things from Germany, fragile things like crockery, which were packed in straw. When they arrived the straw was set aside and my father would use it again to pack other fragile goods, bottles and the like, which he sent on to people in Lances Bay and Green Island. As children we used to play in there, jumping about and rolling around on the soft straw. Next to the straw store, still underneath the Long Range which extended right down to the street, was another space which I seem to recall my father let to a goldsmith who would work in there. My father also imported stout shoes and boots from the *Lennard Shoe Company* in Bristol, the whole family wore *Lennard's* shoes. We were measured once a year, the footwear arrived and it had to last!



There was another Long Range in the same compound and this was used for storing goods upstairs. Heavy things were lifted up with a block and tackle. Underneath was another bathroom where you could go and have a shower; there was no proper head to the shower, just water coming out of the end of a pipe but it was refreshing. In this building there was also a well but it was covered with boards for safety; the water from this well was brackish as I remember and could not be used for drinking. There was yet another well in the compound. Near this one cow hides used to be cured; they were laid out on flat stone or concrete slabs, rubbed with salt and then put into a concrete cistern. Later, they would be shipped off to buyers. There was also another very large cistern in this place but it

wasn't used in our day so I don't know what it was for. This Long Range was next to **Big Well** where the water was always sweet and fresh, it didn't need to be boiled. The well itself was covered tightly and had a cast iron hand pump with a long handle that had to be worked up and down to draw up the water which came out of a spout. Even after the reservoir was built and water was piped many people would still use Big Well for their drinking water as they thought it tasted better.



The wharf opposite my father's business yard and Big Well was called **Ralston's Wharf**. Opposite the entrance to this wharf there is an upturned ship's cannon set into the roadside just in front of the house where I was born. When *William Bligh* was in Lucea, in 1786, he charted the harbour and the wharf shown at this place was then called **Grant's Wharf**. David Grant was a friend of my great, great grandfather who died in 1821. Also on Bligh's chart is **Malcolm's Wharf**. The names were no longer used in my day but this was another wharf now owned by the Santflebens.

Other Places & People

By the entrance to Big Well was the town **Bakery**, owned by **Mr. Goudie**, where work would start in the early hours of the morning. The ovens were made of brick with a charcoal fire beneath them. The dough was put into the ovens with a long handled wooden shovel which was also used to take out the baked loaves. People who had prepared things at home could also take them there during the day to have them cooked in the ovens. Next door was a tailor's store and close by lived an excellent dressmaker, **Miss. Vassall**. Also in Big Well was **Mrs. Ladrey** whose son went on from Rusea's school and became a doctor; although he was older than me, I knew his mother quite well.

Going towards the town centre, on the right hand side of the road, is the **Browne Building**, a very old stone building. It used to be a warehouse owned by the **Browne Brothers, Cecil and Adolphus**, who had it for storing and shipping goods from the wharf and piers on the waterfront. **Mr. Box** was wharfinger at this wharf and lived just opposite with his children, Austen and Frances. One of the Brownes had previously owned **Kenilworth** but it was then sold to a man named **de Lisser**. A third Browne brother owned **Tryall** estate at the time; Tryall had its own pier at Sandy Bay. Mosquito Cove, a lovely deep water cove close by was also used to ship sugar in the old days. The Browne Brothers also had a retail store on the street where they sold dry goods.



Bridge House



In the town itself there is a small bridge which was then known as *Dickson Bridge*, something to do with my grandfather I was told. Just across the bridge and on the right hand side is *Bridge House*. My grandfather had owned it and, after he died, my Great-aunt Minnie, and her sister *Anna Sharp*, lived there with her children and step children. One of these was *Charlie Johnston*, whom she had adopted, an enterprising man who later became a successful merchant, *C.E. Johnston & Co.*, in Port Antonio; it was from there that he began the export of bananas from Jamaica eventually having two ships, the 'Jamaica Planter' and the 'Jamaica Producer'. As the business grew Charlie moved on to Kingston but he always took good care of Aunt Anna with a generous monthly allowance which my uncle Sam, an accountant, looked after for her. If she was ever ill Charlie and Sam arranged for a taxi to take her from Lucea to a doctor in Montego Bay.

Bridge House later came to my father; the ground floor was a store where you could buy aerated water in a bottle which had a marble in it as a stopper, we would collect marbles by breaking the bottles to get the marble out. While my Great-aunt Anna [Sharp] lived there one of the girls who worked for her had a child by *Mr. Coote*. My sister *Irene Dickson* lived at *Bridge House* until her death in 1971. She was a good musician, with a lovely old piano, and she used to give music lessons together with *Dr. Jekyll*. A piano tuner, *Mr. Myrie*, would come up from Kingston and stay for a week in Lucea to tune all the pianos in the area. Behind Bridge House the land was all open to the harbour and, from the upstairs balcony you could see the piers and jetties going out into the water. I learned to swim there as a boy.

Bob Stone Corner

The corner by Bridge House was known as *Bob Stone Corner*; it had once belonged to a Robert Stone but the land later became part of Bridge House and had breadfruit, ackee, coconut and avocado trees on it. In the year I was born my father had to sell a piece of it to the government for road widening and argued for compensation for loss of his fruit trees and for improvements he had made to the property. The corner was once marked by



an old cannon buried upright by the kerb, it may have come from an old ship or from Fort Charlotte. Straight up the hill at Bob Stone Corner and towards *Duke's Hill* the big house on the right, just before the Baptist Chapel, was called '*Glenmore*' which was occupied by a *Mrs. Grant* who managed the retail store at Bridge House for my father. She had a daughter, whom I think was Elsie, who later married a Davis. Behind '*Glenmore*' was one of the old Jewish cemeteries. A later Jewish cemetery is to the left of the cemetery at the Parish Church but it is now overgrown. Opposite Bridge House and Bob Stone Corner there was a pharmacy which was owned by one of the *Browne* daughters. Above this pharmacy lived a *Mr. Corinaldi*

who was a wharfinger; he was a bachelor who had a young maid who cleaned and cooked for him. Now, there is a story told that Mr. Corinaldi, who would come home from work for his lunch, told the maid one morning that he wanted a 'dry steak', meaning well cooked, that day. When he came home to eat the maid brought in the steak, uncooked, from outside where she had left it in the sun to dry! Although a bachelor, Mr. Corinaldi had twin daughters. Now, there was a man by name of *Ralston*, who married one of the Corinaldi girls and his story is interesting. *Mr. Ralston* had been adopted by '*Mame*' *Crooks* at Malcolm Hill, even though she was quite old. *Ralston* worked in *Moseley's Bar*, near 'Glenmore' and where *Watson-Taylor* used to take his drink but, being an ambitious man, he built himself up and started his own business. He and his wife had two children one of whom was a boy who went on to University College at Mona and later became a doctor.

Miss. Powell's School was just round the corner from the Browne Pharmacy, on the road to *Haughton Court*. But it wasn't a school just for children because in the evenings Miss. Powell gave classes to adults who had not had much schooling and who wanted to get on. When the driving laws were changed so that you had to be able to read to hold a driving licence, the *Custos* at the time [Hugh Santfleben] had a driver who could not read; he paid for his driver to attend Miss. Powell's school and improve his reading so that he could keep his job. My older brother, '*Willie*' *Dickson*, used to live further along the *Haughton Court* road and just a little further on from him lived *Mr. & Mrs. Byles*. When I last saw 'Uncle Willie', as he was always known by everyone, he was building himself a new house at the back. The *Watson-Taylors* owned *Haughton Court* when I was a boy. Now, old man *Watson-Taylor* was a lovely, kindly man who looked after his people very well and he lived in *St.Elizabeth*, I think it was at a place called *Holland*. His property at Lucea was looked after and managed by a *Mr. Dewar* whom I got to know quite well and I think he was related to the *Watson-Taylors*. Later on though one of *Mr. Watson-Taylor's* sons moved to Lucea to take over the properties. He later became a member of the Assembly and sat on the Parish Council along with my brother *Willie*. Also at *Haughton Court* was a *Mr. Stair* who was a Book Keeper at the estate; he was older than me by about ten years or so and I am told he is now well over 100.

Near 'Glenmore', in *Back Lane*, there was a house called '*Cock Hat*', a bit of a landmark as it was peculiarly built, *Walter Chambers* lived there with his mother. Further up *Duke's Hill*, on the right before you come to the Baptist Chapel, is where a *Mr. Miller* lived and I believe he also had a place out at *Orange Cove*. He was a pharmacist and had a shop in the town but every Friday morning he would load up a pony and trap and journey to *Grange Hill* in Westmoreland on business; he would be home by about 8 o'clock in the evening. *Mr. Miller* was a strictly religious man and had never been heard to use bad language. Now, at the time it was an offence to swear in public so when *Mr. Miller* heard a man on the street use the word 'raas' he reported him to a constable; the man was charged and later appeared before the magistrate. The court was full on the day as everyone knew *Mr. Miller* would have to appear as a witness and repeat the man's words in evidence; all wanted to hear him 'say some rudeness', if only once. The magistrate asked him to describe the offence and waited for a reply, and waited. It was so quiet it seemed as if the whole town was waiting for *Mr. Miller* to speak, but he just could not bring himself to say

the word 'raas' nor even to write it down for the magistrate to read. What a disappointment for the public. The case was dismissed and, as far as I know, Mr. Miller went to his grave with his reputation for clean talking intact.

By the Court House

Near Bob Stone Corner the Methodist Church where I used to attend looks the same but it was not always there. On that site had been a two storey building which had the Fire Station below and Rusea's School above. But a hurricane damaged the old Methodist Church which was back down the main street, just after Dickson Bridge towards Big Well. So, a new Fire Station was built behind the Court House, and when I



was a boy the fire officer was a *Mr. Toolsie* who was also Keeper of the Reservoir. My brother in law, *Mr. Morais* (he married the sister of my brother Willie's wife, Janet) later became Fire Officer in charge of the new station behind The Court House. Rusea's School was moved to the Barracks and a new church was built by subscription and donations from the congregation.



Around the lower part of the building are some stone tablets with names on them, the names of people who contributed to the building costs; my father's name is there but my family were originally Presbyterians in my grandfather's time and he had been an elder of that church - his name is on a plaque inside it. However, my grandfather liked to play cards with his friends, even though this was frowned upon by the Presbyterians, and one day he was seen at cards by another elder who reported him; first he lost his position as an elder and then he had an argument about it with the man who reported him, a *Mr. Prosser*. The argument ended in a fist fight, Prosser was hit squarely on the jaw and that was the end of my grandfather's days as a Presbyterian; he took his family to join the Methodists. My uncle Sam, however, remained a Presbyterian. The Presbyterian minister in my day was a *Mr. Rothney*, a Scotsman from Aberdeen. His wife died in Lucea but he had one daughter who became a teacher and later married a Presbyterian minister from either Glasgow or Edinburgh.

One thing I remember about the Court House is that the bell would ring at nine o'clock each evening, I don't know why...maybe it had to do with some sort of curfew. Just behind the Court House and to the right was a well built, old stone building; this was the bonded warehouse used by Customs for storing rum before it was shipped out. On the opposite side of the road, a little further up and on the waterside, was the Roman Catholic Church. On the board outside were the letters AMDG and, as children we used to call out Aunt Mary's Dumplings Good when we walked past.

Jonas' Wharf, Shipwrights & Lighter men

Near where the Bank of Nova Scotia now stands was a very large wharf owned by a merchant by name of *Charles Jonas*. My uncle, *Samuel Dickson*, was accountant for

Mr. Jonas' affairs and looked after the business when Mr. Jonas suffered a nervous breakdown; he became his trustee and then executor of his will when Jonas died some years later. Mr Jonas also owned a house called '*Pedro*' at *Bull's Bay* but he rarely stayed there, he only visited occasionally. He lived in his house in Lucea, near George Santfleben. Although a bachelor himself, he had a niece in Canada who used to visit him and I think she inherited most of his property when he died.

Mr. Jonas' wharf became well known for one particular event a few years before he died and when the building was no longer in full use. A fraud trial, that became well known throughout the island as the 'Big Banana Case' was held in Lucea but, at the time, the Court House was being refurbished so a temporary court room was set up inside Mr. Jonas' place. Although I was still a student then I had decided on a law career so I took a particular interest in the affair. A *Mr. T. Junor* and others were accused of taking money by deception from the United Fruit Company; *Normal Manley* was prosecuting counsel and won his case; I recall that Junor was sentenced to three months in prison and had to repay the money he had stolen.

Near Jonas' wharf, where the stream entered the harbour, is where the shipwrights worked, hardworking men they were and very important to trade in Lucea. You see, they not only built sloops and other boats but also the lighters that were used to take goods to and from ships in the harbour. I think one of the shipwrights was a man by name of *Allen*. The lighter men were just as important, strong men they had to be as the work was strenuous; two I remember in particular, *Calvin* and *Joe Campbell* who taught me to swim. Sometimes my mother would hire them and their lighter and take the family for an evening trip around the harbour or for a picnic outing to Point where we landed at the small, very old jetty. But, the Lucea lighters were also important to Green Island Harbour because there were no lighters at Green Island so, when a ship was due in, the Lucea lighter men would row all the way along the coast to Green Island, do their work and row back again to Lucea. Each lighter had a five man crew, four men rowing and a coxswain who would also take his turn at rowing.

The Market

The market was across the square from The Court House, over a little bridge just downstream from Dickson Bridge. Market days were Wednesdays and Saturdays when people would bring in produce from all the surrounding villages; some carried it on their heads, others had donkeys with a pannier on either side to hold their goods. The food was fresh and good, meat, eggs, fruit and vegetables. *Mrs. Scholfield*, the Resident Magistrate's wife, used the market, just like everyone else did, but if she thought some things were too expensive she would say, "*You must remember you know that I am the judge's wife*" to try and get a reduction. Outside the market and the Court House you would also see the town crier - '*Wooden leg Thomas*' - who would stomp around ringing a hand bell and announcing events - business at the Court House, new produce at the market, dances and other social events.

To the Parish Church, The Barracks



On the edge of town as you follow the road towards the Parish Church, there lived another Crooks. This place was on the road, facing the waterside and overlooking the harbour; it was a boarding house belonging to 'Nesta' Crooks where bachelor masters at Rusea's School had lodgings. Opposite 'Nesta' Crooks was a large, old house with two towers, backing on to the

harbour; a Mrs. Moody lived there and along the road from her lived a policeman, by name of Campbell, who was tragically killed in a motor accident.

Next door to 'Nesta' Crooks lived two sisters by name of Chambers, one we called 'Miss. Shotty'; they had a fine mango and almond tree in their yard which, as boys, we used to pick from on the way back from school and in the holidays.



Further along, at the fork in the road by the Parish Church is a house belonging to a Mr. Lake who was a lawyer but, when his widow died, the house was then taken on by Mr.

McDonald the head master at Rusea's School. On the opposite side of the road lived the Scholfields. Mr. Scholfield, the Magistrate, had come out from England and married the daughter of a Mr. Hart of Samuel Hart & Sons in Montego Bay. They had two sons who went to school with me.

Off the road towards the fort lived a Walter Hogg who was Superintendent of Roads and works, not the main roads but the small, local roads. He had two houses, one for himself and one for his housekeeper, 'Miss Lala' and staff. He wasn't married but he adopted a boy named Lester Smith who was the son of one of his domestic staff. Then he had another natural son, his namesake, Walter Hogg, whom he also took in and a girl, Della Malcolm; he paid for them to attend Rusea's School; he was an honourable man. He had a brother who grew bananas at his place in Haughton Grove.



In that same lane lived George Santfleben, his wife and daughters. George Santfleben's lady friend, Katherine Lee lived nearby and would join the family for dinner in the evening. Behind George Santfleben's house lived my uncle Samuel Dickson and his wife. Opposite George Santfleben lived Miss. Rogers, an eccentric lady who was also a friend of my sister Irene. In times past Brissetts also had a house up here, you can see it named so on William Bligh's chart a

copy of which is at the museum. George Santfleben had been diagnosed with cancer

so, in 1925, he and his wife, his daughter and *Katherine Lee* set off on a final family trip to Europe. *George Santfleben* survived for another three years and I remember attending his funeral and interment with my family at the Parish Church in 1928; it was quite a large occasion and little did I know that a few months later my own father would pass on in the following year. *Hugh Santfleben* became Custos after his brother's death but he never married and, as far as I know, had no children.

Harry Santfleben, his wife and family lived not far from his brother George, at *Monkey Hill*, but that house is now gone. Harry also had a 'lady friend', *Miss. Brown*, who had a boarding house 'by the rocks', where the sea wall begins after Riley River and Harry also set her up with a dry goods store nearby. She had had two grown children who had moved to Kingston so she still took in regular lodgers. One was a tax inspector and, quite late in life and to everyone's surprise, including her own, she bore him a son; Miss. Brown and the tax inspector were married soon after. *Harry Santfleben* wasn't that put out and took up with another woman, *Miss. Gardner*, who lived by *Bayliss Bay* just a short walk across the Common from Harry's house; it was a walk he usually made in the afternoon. Miss. Gardner would also come up to Harry's house to help out with domestic matters.

Along the main road itself lived two brothers, *Timothy* and *Bartholomew Montcrief*. Bartholomew, or '*Barty*' as we knew him, was a jeweller and Timothy was a fine tin smith who could make a lot of different things, small or large; tin smiths in those days were clever people using nothing more than a charcoal pot for heating metal and solder. My father, for example, had document cases made out of tin. This was a metal box, about one inch thick and a little larger than a sheet of foolscap paper, with a tightly fitting lid which kept the papers inside dry and protected. Timothy also made the milk churns from which fresh milk was sold. In those days a milkmaid would carry a churn on her head from house to house and ladle out milk in a measure. Later, the system changed and a larger churn with a tap on it was carried on a two-wheeled horse drawn trap but the milk was still measured out. The tin smith also made the measures which were inspected for accuracy and stamped by Customs and Excise.

The Customs Officer had a house along here, by the waterside. There was also a little jetty next to the house where the Customs boat was tied up so that when a ship came in the officer could be rowed out to inspect the cargo.

Also by the waterside and towards the school lived a family by name or *Record* and another family by name of *Chisolm*. I remember that one Chisolm married an *Emmanuel* and another married a *Reckord*.

Rusea's High School

I went to Rusea's after leaving Miss. Powell's school. My father had also been a Rusea pupil and, before he died, he said to us all that he would not be leaving us much except for the best education he could have provided to set us up for life; all my brothers had been at Rusea's too.

The Long Barracks was a lovely old building, with polished mahogany floors, which had at one time been the barracks for soldiers at the fort. The outside has not changed much since I was a boy. The small building on the left hand side, at the

front of the school, used to be a house for the Junior School master. Between that and the main building were tennis courts and beyond them, at the back of the school towards the harbour, were toilets. As children we always had to use the entrance at the back of the building. On the green across the road, at the front of the school, we had a cricket pitch. The ground was also used for football and around the outside was marked a running track for athletics. On the left hand side, towards the infirmary, there were more tennis courts. The field was sometimes used for garden parties and the athletics track was also used for cycle racing, that is where *Mr. Reid* the draper, our neighbour, would sometimes race.

The headmaster at the time was a *Mr. McDonald*, a laconic Scotsman with a very dry sense of humour. Serious punishment at school was with the cane, I once could not walk after a beating and my older brother Willie had to push me home on a bicycle. One enterprising boy who was told to '*Fetch the switch*' from the cupboard where it was kept outside the classroom cut it with a knife so that it slit when he was caned. *Lester Smith*, the first time he was to take a beating, said, "*Me gwine dead if you beat me sir, me gwine dead.*" Mr. McDonald said nothing for a moment and then replied, "*Well dead then Boy, dead then!*"

'Watty' Taylor was at school with me, I don't remember his first name as nobody used it. His father, *Mr. Watson-Talyor*, had bought a new Ford truck and *'Watty'* was more interested in that and other machines than in any school work.

So, *Mr. McDonald* said to him one day,

"Watson-Taylor, you should take more interest in learning."

'Watty' replied,

"Mr. Mac., you ever hear of a rich man's son learning?"

Percy Miller, the pharmacist's son was also at school with me, so was his brother Douglas. We used to wear a stiff collar with tie, a short coat, short pants, stockings to the knee and leather boots and a cap. Another of my class mates was *Lewis Grant*. He lived at '*Greenland*', on the road to Dias, where the family had been for many years and he was in the '*Cambridge Seniors*' class with me. To help us with the Cambridge exams Mr. McDonald would take us for extra lessons after school, at his house, and always gave us tea during a break. Well, one day we had been set some Latin text to read through for the next class but Lewis had not done so and Mr. McDonald must have known this because straight away he asked him a question on it; Lewis could not answer at all. Mr. McDonald waited for a while in silence and said, in his usual dry way, "*Boy, you come to drink my tea but you don't learn your lessons?*". Lewis got into more trouble with his father than with Mr. McDonald; he later joined the Civil Service and went to work in Kingston.

In the school holidays we would swim a lot at *Bayliss Bay* or sometimes at *Bull's Bay* or at *Point*. We would also go into the bush at *Haughton Court* or on *John Crow Hill* with our catapults to shoot birds until we were told us that the birds were protected. We would take the birds to the Santfleben Wharf, cook them over a fire and then eat them.

I also joined the Sea Scouts and *Mr. Stanley Stair* had a lot to do with the Sea Scouts then. When I was in the Scouts a shipwright made me a flat bottomed boat which we would row in the harbour and round to *Bayliss Bay*.

The Police, the Prison

The large building next to the schoolhouse was where the Inspector of Police lived.

The Police Station itself was at the Prison and we used to see small gangs of prisoners, minor offenders who had been given perhaps 14 or 28 day sentences, cutting the grass at *Fort Charlotte* and on *The Common*; they used to keep the public land very tidy.

It is good to see that the old prison is now a very interesting museum). Speaking of *Fort Charlotte*, I

remember some Public Works men doing some building work near there. Of course, in those days nearly everything was carried on mules or in mule carts and on this particular day one of the mules died. Now, the men tipped the corpse over the bluff, into the sea and we watched it floating for a while. Soon after we saw sharks come up and get rid of it in a very short time. All this was near '*The Sofa*', a shelf on the cliff which was shaped like an old time chaise longue where you could sit overlooking the sea.



The Coves



In my day *Cousins Cove* was owned by *George Webster*, a retired Colonial Officer who had worked in Nigeria. He grew bananas which were loaded into canoes at the wharf there and brought along the coast to be sold at Lucea. The old Webster House on the hill at Cousins Cove is now gone, the new road cuts through the hill where it used to be but the cove itself has changed very little. *Websters* had been at Cousins Cove for some time [since 1840]; they had it from the

McCallums who had it from *William Augustus Dickson* who had inherited it from his cousin, my great-great grandfather *Richard Dickson*. Even in my day, I recall, my father used to see a McCallum who sometimes visited the house.

Not far from the waterside and the old river bed there are two gravestones. Under one lies *James Crookes* who died in 1740 and next to him is his daughter, *Ann Dickson* who died in 1769. The cove itself was once known as Crooks Cove and *Ann Dickson*, my great-great-grandmother, married *John Dickson* from Scotland; as far as I know he was the first Dickson in Hanover, at Salem. There may be other old graves under the bush there but part of the cemetery was probably dug up when the new highway was built, away from the waterside. This map [1763]



shows where the Crooks family first lived. *Richard Dickson* later came to own the Crooks estate and he had a house called 'Dry Hill' which overlooked his wharf and buildings at *Davis' Cove*. It is shown on a later map [1804] as *Dickson's* and it must have been dry because it is solid rock, but I suppose one could keep an eye on affairs at the wharf. Of course, the old house no longer exists, apart from some old stones, but there are more recent buildings on top now.



The wharf and buildings at *Davis' Cove* passed on to *Richard Dickson's* three sons, *John*, *Richard* and *William Fraser*, and his house in *Lucea* was left to two daughters, *Judith* and *Ann* and another son, *William Murray*. All of these people were his 'outside children'; he had other 'outside children', two more daughters and another two sons, who were also left with a parcel of land and a house when he died.

Green Island



At *Green Island* harbour there used to be a fort, on the old coast road to *Orange Bay*. Recently, a man named *Moses Campbell* was kind enough to show me where it is and knew all about it, and the old road. There were 10 guns at the fort which faced the island at the mouth of the harbour and, in 1779, it was captured by *John Dickson* when *Jamaica* was threatened by the *French* and *Spanish*, which was not unusual in those days. The 18th century ruins of the barracks are still there and there is also an old cemetery which was used at the time. The map of 1804 shows the fort and one at *Davis's Cove* as well so, including *Fort Charlotte* at *Lucea*, there were 3 *Hanoverian* forts defending this part of the coast.

To the East of Green Island, I remember the Aird's had a place at *Saxham*, on the road going up to *Grange*; my sister Amy went to school with Kitty Aird's sister, and I well remember a man near Green Island by name of *Mr. Clodd* who had a very ruddy face; I guess he must have been fond of his tot.

Hanoverians and others.

I mentioned that one of the *Brownes* owned Tryall. Well, when I returned to Jamaica after completing my Law studies in England, I got to know other people and places in Hanover and the rest of Cornwall, particularly in Montego Bay and Falmouth where I worked at the courts. Close to Tryall and near Flint River lived a family by name of *Topper*. One of them, who was lame in one leg and who I think was *Timothy*, married a Santfleben daughter who died quite young. I remember the funeral when she was buried in the Santfleben vault at the Parish Church cemetery. Now, they had a son, a very nice man, who went to school in England and studied agriculture. He used to come out to Jamaica in the long school holiday but, when he finished his studies, he came back to live in Jamaica and joined the Civil Service as an Agricultural Officer. I was a few years older than him.

Then there was the Rigg family who also lived close by. *Mr. Rigg* was a fine man, a cattle farmer, and his place was in a lovely spot just off the coast road near *Blue Hole*, by a small waterfall, and about a hundred yards from the sea which you could hear lapping all the time. It was a fine place to swim. When Inland Revenue tax inspectors came round to the area, they used another small place, also owned by *Mr. Rigg*, as an office; he also had a son and a daughter. Now, his daughter, a very lovely girl, worked with me for a short time. She had gone to a boarding school in Montego Bay which she had just left, joined the Civil Service and was appointed to the staff in the Montego Bay office from which I worked. She was compassionate, kind and caring for people and I often wonder what became of her.

Mr. Rigg's sister was Postmistress at Sandy Bay and I believe another sister also lived with them. Before motor transport spread through the island, mail was delivered to towns by coach and horses and the island routes and even the timetables had not changed much in a hundred years. The mail coach would also take passengers and my sisters, Amy and Irene, would travel by this coach to their boarding school in Montego Bay, sometimes having to get up at 2 o'clock in the morning to meet the coach at the post office. The regular stops on this route were Sandy Bay, Flint River, Hopewell and Reading but the coach would also stop in between to let passengers off closer to home. My father also had a small coach, used on occasions when the mail timetable was inconvenient or a destination not on the mail route. Both he and my mother consulted an optician in Savanna-La-Mar, *Dr. Harvey*, and made the journey by coach. The horses were stabled with those that Hugh Santfleben had at Malcolm Hill.

Allan Douglas in Falmouth I also knew very well as we had been scouts together and made a trip to Budapest, in Hungary, for a Scouts jamboree. Of course, I also worked with him at Falmouth Court House and Allan later became a close friend of my brother Willie as well as his solicitor; *Allan's* partner was a cousin of ours, *Ken McFarlane*, another Lucea boy. It was through Allan that I got to know *Sir Archibald*

Campbell in Trelawny, a most likeable man with forward looking views on politics and social and cultural affairs on the island. He had served in India as a provincial governor and chose to retire to Jamaica where his ideas influenced those who were fortunate enough to meet him.

Comings & Goings

So, as well as families who had been in Lucea and Hanover for several generations there were also other people who came from abroad, for one reason and another, and decided to stay on in Jamaica. Some, like *George Webster* at Cousins Cove, had inherited property, came out to see it and stayed on to make Jamaica their home; others had come over to work, either in government or commerce, and made the same decision; a few, like *Mr. Johnson* at Knockalva, retired to the island. *Mary Gaunt* took a great interest in Jamaican history and affairs, about which she wrote, and many of her articles appeared in the *Gleaner*; she lived near the lighthouse at Negril. *Mary Bourne's* husband had come out to work in the Governor's office and, when she became widowed, she stayed on to become a familiar character, rather like *Walter Jekyll*; like him too she was a little eccentric and like him she was intrigued by the island and its people in which she took an intense interest. A slim, athletic woman, she toured around on a bicycle carrying a small, leather suitcase strapped to the back and, when in Lucea, she would lodge with my great-aunt Anna at Bridge House. Through the scouts I also met *Charles Wickes* who had retired early from the British Army and chose to live in Jamaica where he later became involved in training up the Jamaica Defence Force.

While there were people coming into the island to live, others migrated, like the Dicksons who moved to Port of Spain in Trinidad and my uncle *Richard R. Dickson*, another accountant, who had left for Panama before I was born and later moved on to Colombia where he joined the railway company. At the same time there were still absentee landlords whose property was managed by lawyers. This coming and going was nothing new, it had gone on since the English first came to the island but, eventually, many families were to know of no other place as home. In 1770 my great-great-great grandfather, *John Dickson*, after the death of his wife *Anne*, sent his children to Scotland to be looked after by his brother *William*, however, at least four of the boys and their sister *Elizabeth* returned and were later joined by a cousin. Apart from Richard they all died young, *Elizabeth* and *James* before their father. The eldest, *John*, a lawyer, went to Kingston to practise as an attorney at the Supreme Court, but he died in 1801 and was buried at Davis' Cove; *William* was also buried there a few years later. Even though the brothers and their cousin still had some property in Scotland, they chose to make Jamaica their home, they and their descendants became Jamaicans.

The People

It was the people who made Lucea and Hanover what it was in my day, they could rely on one another in a caring way; so many were related or connected and had been over many years. It was a 'real' community in which people took on additional responsibilities believing that, if they themselves were fortunate and comfortable in life, they had an obligation to share their good fortune, give others a better chance, but in a quiet way, without fuss and not in the expectation of any reward or

approval. 'Adoption' of children was not always done in a legal sense, it was more like a sponsorship or an informal understanding; whatever was necessary and affordable would be provided, an education being the most important thing.

Like my great-aunt *Anna Sharp* and *Walter Hogg* my father also 'adopted', two boys. One was given an education and employment, the other was taken into the business and trained up as a storekeeper, so much so that he was later able to move to Kingston where he set himself up in his own general store. My father also recommended a *Mr. Maxwell* to *Hugh Santfleben* who took him in at one of the wharves where he made his way, became a wharfinger and was able to save money for a property of his own later on. Some merchants and storekeepers continued to take an interest in those who had worked for them, when they had retired or could no longer work, by way of a small pension. This also applied to widows but it went beyond a little money. Christmas day in our house was not just a family occasion as people like this would be invited to the house to join us for lunch. Philanthropy, quietly done and on a small scale, was a valuable part of Lucea life and people who had no family of their own were also involved. *Mr. Seaton* was a bachelor, living by himself in a large house, not far from George Santfleben's house but he would open up his place and arrange dances and social gatherings for the young people in the town; these occasions were always well attended and a lot of fun.

Some very old Lucea people

Some years ago I came across an interesting article in *The Gleaner* and learned that William Augustus Dickson was uncle, by marriage, to *Annie Palmer* of Rose Hall. According to the writer the stories told about her at Rose Hall today are not true if you look at the facts properly. Annie was a Lucea girl, a *Paterson*. Her father's parents (Patersons) lived at Baulk and her mother's parents (Browns) lived at Kew. William Augustus, who married a sister of Annie's mother, left her a house he had, 'Bellevue', in St. James. She died there in 1846 and, according to the Parish Register, she was buried at St. James churchyard, Montego Bay.

Names of people and places keep coming back to me from time to time and I am sure that each visit will bring back more.

Appendix 1

Some Lucea names

Aird	Corinaldi	Jonas	Mudie	Smith
Bailey (Dr.)	Craig	Ladrey	Parkin	Stair
Besly	Crooks	Leighton	Powell	Toolsie
Bing	Davis	Lake	Ralston	Topper
Box	DeLisser	Mair	Record	Tracey
Brown	Dewar	Malcolm	Reid	Webster
Browne	Donaldson	Maxwell	Rigg	Vassall
Buchanan	Emmanuel	McCallum	Rogers	Vidal
Byles	Gardner	McDonald	Rothnie	Watson-Taylor
Campbell	Gilpin	McFarlane	Santfleben	Webb
Caseley	Goudie	McKenzie	Scholfield	
Chambers	Grant	McLachlan	Scott	
Charley	Hart	Miller	Seaton	
Chisolm	Hogg	Montcrief	Sharp	
Clodd	Jekyll	Moody	Sherlock (Dr.)	
Cook (Dr.)	Johnson	Morais	Simlater	
Coote	Johnston	Mosely	Singlehurst	

Arthur Dickson 2004/5

Appendix 2

My Grandfather Richard James Dickson (1831-1903)
Married in 1858 Catherine Malcolm
 Children: John
 William Malcolm
 Anna Rebecca
 Adelaide Victoria

Married again: Wilhelmina Sharp
 Children: Samuel
 Edward
 Richard Risk

My father William Malcolm Dickson (1871-1929)
Married in 1895: Jane Donaldson (1875-1907) from Woodchurch
 Children: Ernest James (1897-1969)
 Irene Maud (1898-1971)
 Amy Louise (1900-1984)
 Charles Montague (1902-1984)
 William Malcolm (1903-1984)
 Kenneth Fraser (1905-1981)

Married in 1908: Edith Rebecca Donaldson (1878-1953) [Jane's sister]
 Children: Hopeton George (1909-1988)
 Arthur Richard (born 1913 at Lucea)

[Family information comes from an old family bible and from memory.]

Appendix 2

Arthur Dickson went on from Lucea to Cornwall College, Montego Bay and then to study Law at Lincoln's Inn, London. In 1939 he was called to the Bar. He practised as a Barrister out of Kingston and in Montego Bay and Falmouth during the war (including a memorable murder trial, his first, for which all the court personnel flew to Hispaniola by flying boat, crossed the island by road and made the final leg of the journey to the Turks & Caicos Islands, where the murder had taken place, by sailing schooner.)

He later served with the British Colonial & Commonwealth Offices in Barbados, Guyana and Nigeria as a magistrate and High Court judge and, from 1962 to 1964 was appointed to the Jamaica Supreme Court.

He then served as a High Court judge in East Africa, a judge in Anguilla and he ended his overseas career as Chief Justice of Belize with a subsequent commission to re-codify the Laws. He was appointed Q.C., awarded the CBE for his services and, for a few years, chaired Employment Tribunals in England before finally retiring at the age of 73.

At 93, he now lives in retirement in England, near his children and grandchildren. Over the years he has re-visited Jamaica several times with his family. He last visited again with his eldest son in August 2005.

His brothers and sisters have all passed on and their children now live in Trinidad, the U.S.A. or in England. Until recently he had nephews and nieces living in Jamaica (nephew, Roy Dickson, was at one time editor of *The Gleaner*) but they have since moved on. He has only two Clare cousins remaining in Lucea.