



# CHERRYBURN TIMES

*The Journal of The Bewick Society*

## BEWICK'S ACCOUNT BOOK MARGINALIA

*by Margaret Chard*

*with photography by Margaret Gill and some additional notes by the Editor*

The sketches and doodles reproduced in this issue of the *Cherryburn Times* are taken from the accounts of the Bewick and Beilby engraving workshop and printing press. The collection of account books is housed in the Tyne & Wear Archives at Newcastle upon Tyne.

The accounts cover the period of Thomas Bewick's apprenticeship to Ralph Beilby (1767-1772), their subsequent partnership (1772-1797), the years 1798-1812 when Bewick ran the business himself and Robert's business from 1825 (when Thomas his father retired) to 1849 (when Robert died and the business was closed).

The habit of drawing in the accounts, apart from necessary sketches to record motifs and lettering for engraving, seems to have been peculiar to Thomas Bewick and it is only in the account books which he kept (the majority between 1798 and 1825) that these drawings occur. Some of the drawings such as pointing hands, balances and gibbets or gallows are part of Bewick's own sign language and are an integral part of his system of checking the accounts. Often the entry in the accounts has served simply as an excuse for a few moments' sketching or has prompted a chain of thoughts which is expressed in drawings. Moments of emotion, such as anger at debtors, partings with apprentices (friendly or otherwise), or pride in his son, are invariably recorded as drawings though, curiously, deaths of relatives, friends and customers are recorded simply in words, often enclosed in black lines.

The chief motivation for all the drawings seems to have been Bewick's extraordinary visual mind which prompts him to express even the most mundane matters with graphic images rather than through the medium of the written word. Bewick's powerful personality and highly individual attitudes to life permeate all his published artistic works, but in these casual scribbles we seem to be almost face to face with the man himself in the context of his daily life as a member of a closely-knit community of Newcastle traders and craftsmen.

### ***The Day Books***

Customers' orders for engraving work were entered in these books on the day they were placed. Later, the orders of regular customers were entered in ledgers under their own accounts.

1. A gibbet, or gallows, was Bewick's usual way of writing off bad debts and venting his anger on the debtor. (They also appeared fairly frequently in the backgrounds of his published vignettes, so this topos deserves more explanation.) Gibbets and gallows were quite different things: a gibbet was a stout, single, wooden upright beam or post with a single horizontal beam supported by another short bar joining vertical to horizontal at an angle of 45°, set up in a public place some distance from human habitation; a hook at the end of the horizontal attached the corpse, usually dipped in tar, to dangle in chains for some extended time as a warning to passers-by. Brand's *History of Newcastle* of 1789 has, p. 542 of volume 2, [1770] 'Robert Hazlet was executed at Durham, for robbing the mail, and was afterwards hung in chains in a dreary spot, opposite the Lough, on Gateshead-Fell, near Newcastle, where many robberies had been committed.'



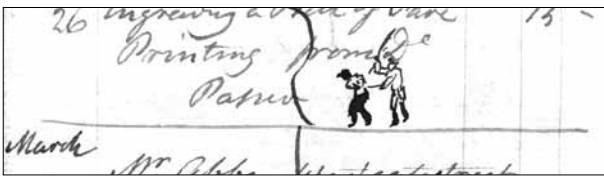
The gallows, on the other hand, was a permanent structure with at least two upright beams or posts, often three, with cross-beams at the top. The gallows, such as at Tyburn, or outside the Fleet prison, in London, was constructed to be capable of withstanding the frantic twisting and turning of a victim being strangled slowly in front of a large crowd, which would gather to witness this 'dancing at the end of a rope.' Hanging was meant to be a matter of public retribution and admonishment, not to say entertainment. There was a gallows at the upper end of Gallowgate near the junction with Corporation St., not far from the Newgate (which also served as the town prison

for both debtors and felons). Brand also has, p. 548, [1776] 'Robert Knowles was executed upon the Town-Moor in Newcastle upon Tyne, for stealing a letter out of the post-office in that town.'

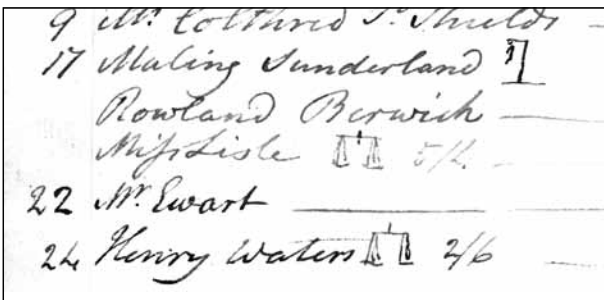
The gallows was at the (then) entrance to the town moor. Mr. Peter Hill's large debt provoked a correspondingly large gibbet, but not, apparently, a gallows. (*Day Book R11, 3 Mar. 1800.*)



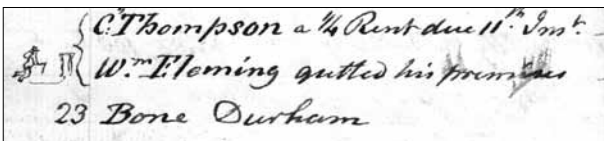
2. Beating the felon sometimes preceded the hanging. (*Day Book R11, 26 Feb. 1802.*)



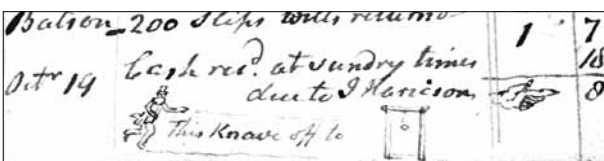
3. Maling, the Sunderland pottery, written off as a bad debt. The balance of Henry Water's and Miss Lyle's accounts still to pay. (*Cash Book R44, 24 Dec. 1800.*)



4. A quarter rent due from C. Thompson, but William Fleming had apparently left the premises without paying up. (*Cash Book R45, 20 Nov. 1805.*)



5. 'John Dixon, alias George Chadwick, alias Shadwick,' left in October with money due to John Harrison, one of the other employees. Bewick was certain of his destination, but this time he has drawn a gallows instead of a gibbet. (*Press Account Book R57, 19 Oct. 1811.*)

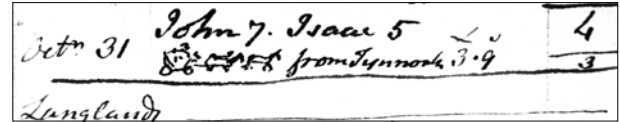


### The Weekly Work Books

Work done by each of the journeymen and apprentices was recorded in these books. (A journeyman had completed

his apprenticeship.) As in all the account books, sketches were often made as reminders of engraving work to be done.

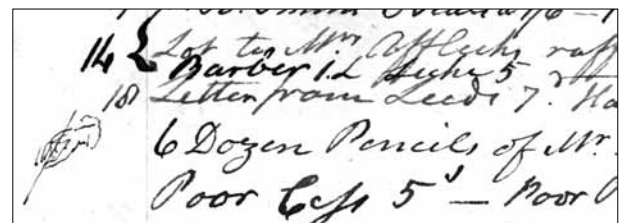
6. Bewick recorded here the comings and goings of the family and apprentices. Here he records returning from Tynemouth, where both family and apprentices were encouraged to engage in sea-bathing for the benefit of their health. (*Weekly Work Book R36, 31 Oct. 1807.*)



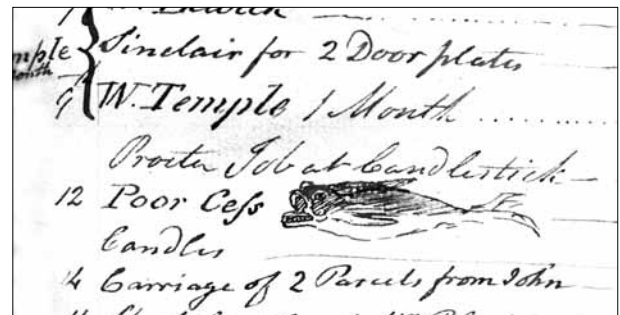
### The Cash Books

These recorded all receipts and payments of cash.

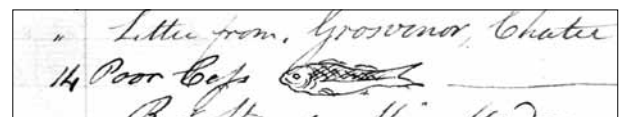
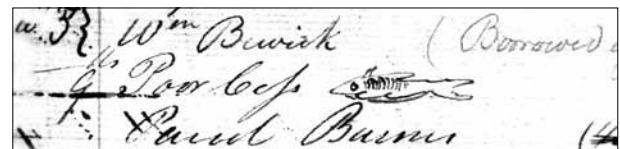
7. Six dozen pencils bought from a Mr. Don for the workshop. (*Cash Book R44, 18 Feb. 1801.*)



8. The Poor Cess [Bewick uses the long f, which was normal up to about 1810, when it was dropped in both handwriting and printing], or rate (a parish tax to pay for relief to penurious citizens), was collected by a Mr. Fish. His periodic visits were always recorded with the appropriate drawing. This particular fish has very noticeable and aggressive teeth, which may reflect Bewick's feelings about having to pay up. (*Cash Book R46, 12 Nov. 1816.*)

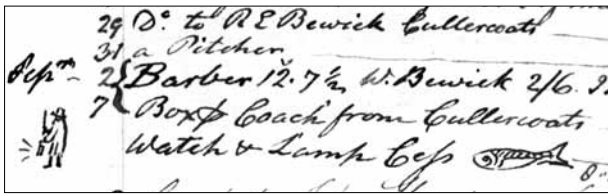


On other occasions Bewick drew very different kinds of fish—seemingly some kind of small shark, perhaps, but maybe this reflects his mood about Mr. Fish, too. But at times it was altogether milder...

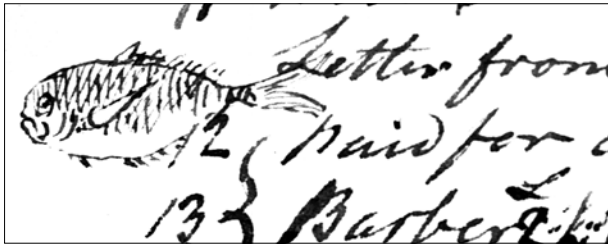


The term 'cess' covered other kinds of local taxes that were organised through the parish (of which there were

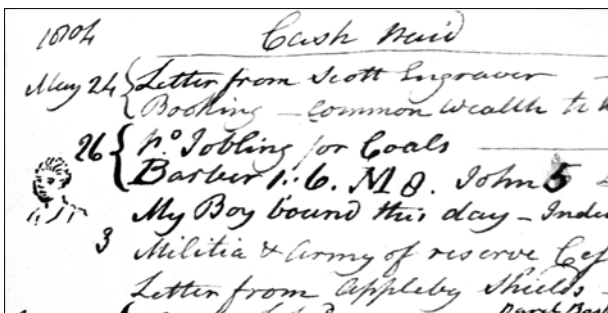
four in Newcastle). Mr. Fish was also collecting the money for the night watch and the street lighting:



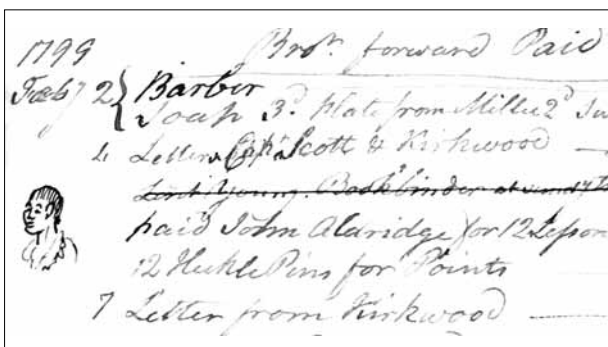
9. 'Paid for a fish. The Leper Sea Bream.' Possibly for making sketches for his proposed book of fishes. (*Cash Book R44, 12 Oct. 1804.*)



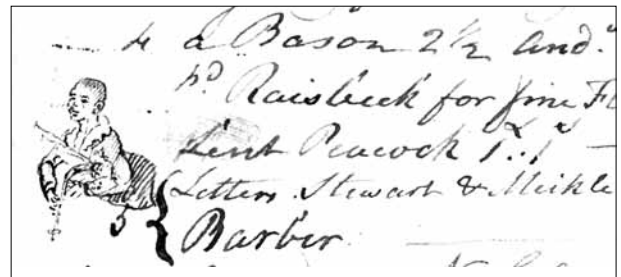
10. "My boy bound this day — Indenture 15s." (i.e. 15 shillings, or three quarters of a pound.) This refers to the legal formality of taking an apprentice, here Bewick's son, Robert Elliot Bewick, born in 1788, was apprenticed to his father's trade for a fixed period of seven years. This is clearly one of the landmarks in both Thomas's and Robert's lives. The frequency of images of 'My Boy' shows his pride in his son's activities and achievements and maybe some level of identification with him. (*Cash Book R44, 26 May, 1804.*)



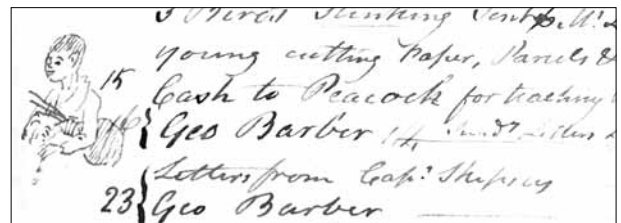
11. Robert Bewick's lessons on the Northumbrian pipes began in 1798 and continued under several masters for a number of years. The costs of lessons, and of purchasing and repairing the pipes, figure often in the accounts — even though such items cannot be seen as part of the printing business. Here he pays for 12 lessons from John Aldridge.



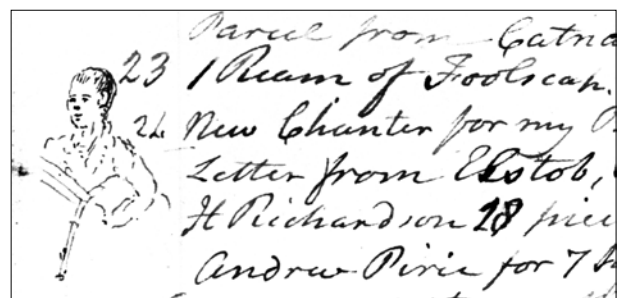
12. We should notice that all these bagpipe entries are *before* Robert becomes an apprentice. Bewick lent a guinea [21 shillings] to his son's tutor, now the famous piper, Mr. Peacock. This also merits a picture of his son, with the pipes. (*Cash Book R44, 4 Apr. 1800.*)



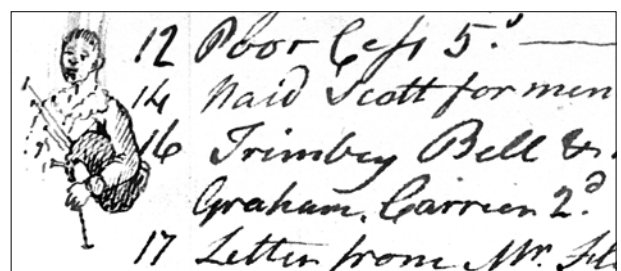
13. And then an actual payment to Peacock for teaching...



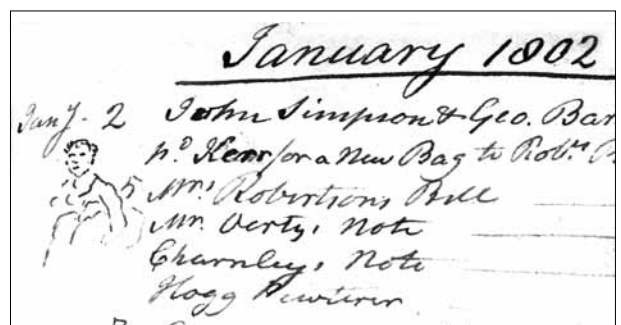
14. "New chanter for my boy's pipes." (*Cash Book R44, 24 July, 1800.*)



15. Later, Mr. Scott needs payment for mending the bellows...



16. But he needed a new bag from Mr. Kerr by January 1802.



**The Press Accounts**

At the beginning of their partnership Bewick and Beilby set up a press in 1777 in addition to the engraving workshop and after the partnership was dissolved in 1797, in spite of difficulties it was kept on by Bewick and his son. As in the workshop, the work done by the press was recorded in weekly workbooks set out with debit and credit columns for wages and work. George Barber worked longest at the press. He started in 1789 and worked on a regular basis from then until 1807. From September, 1801 onwards, there are signs that all was not well with Barber's work, for Bewick records a steady increase in his alcohol intake beside his reduced output of work.

January 1805		
George Barber		
	Work	
5	1	13 1/2
12	1	14 1
19	2	3 3 1/2
26		6 3
Feb 2	1	15 6
9	1	16 8
16	1	15 5
23	1	2 3
Mar 2	1	6 2
9	2	11 8
16	2	13 4 1/2
16	2	3 3
23		10 11
Apr 6	1	15 5
13	2	2
20		5 6
27	1	6 2
May 4	2	4 7
29		29 11 9 1/2

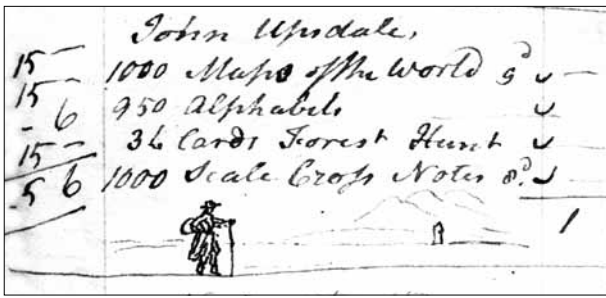
1805		
Geo. Barber		
	Work	
Sept 21	2	4 5
28	2	2
Oct 5		13 1
12	1	11 7
19	1	9 1
26	2	1 11
Nov 2	1	18 8

1806		
Geo. Barber		
	Work	
May 31		31 5 2 1/2
10		17
17		2 5 2
24		2 12 4
31		1 18 2
June 7		10
15		1 5
21		2 4 2
28		1 9 10
July 5		1 0 2

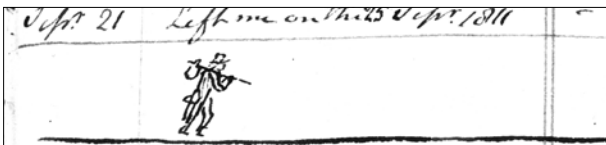
1807		
Geo. Barber Cr		
	Work	
July 3		
10		1
17		1
24		1
31		2
Feb 7		1
14		1
21		1
28		1
Mar 7		1
14		1
21		1
28		1
April 4		1
11		1
18		1

Barber's drunken career continued until 29 December, 1807 when Bewick records 'Turned Geo. Barber off.' He had worked eighteen years for Bewick, who records also work not done by Barber but paid for by himself and money owed 'for paper spoiled.' Barber worked only occasionally for Bewick after this.

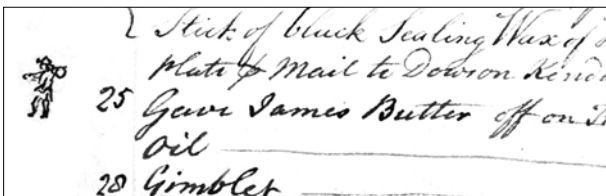
17. We come now to a theme where Bewick wishes to mark the parting of the ways with his workers or apprentices as they leave — for whatever reason. Few of the employees continued very long at the work for the press. John Upsdale worked at the press in October and November 1798; when he leaves, the picture of a traveller on foot marks his departure, though there may be a question as to what we are seeing in the distance: is it another gibbet?



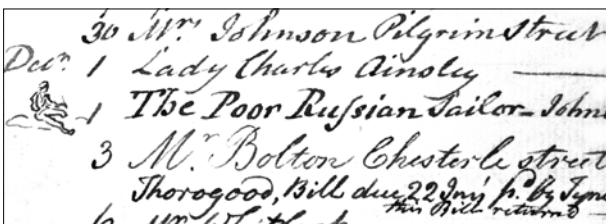
18. There is no distant symbol attached to the following, though there is surely some hidden emotion here.



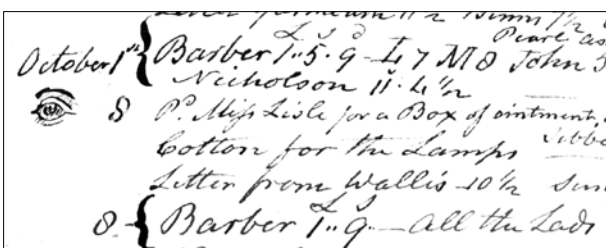
19. On the other hand, his parting with James Butter seems to have been amicable.



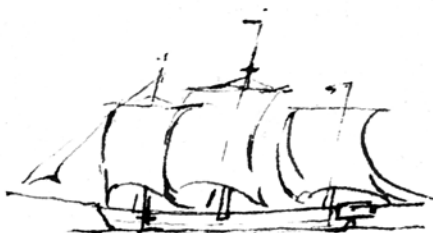
20. Finally we can look at a few of these thumbnail images that remain puzzling for lack of reference. The Poor Russian Sailor: who was he, with only one leg, and what had he to do with Bewick? Like him, we would welcome help.



21. Miss Lisle is paid for a box of eye ointment. Bewick's eyesight was always good; the ointment is likely to have been for an eyelid infection. (Cash Book R44, 8 Oct. 1803.)



22. To conclude, this ship was drawn on the inside back cover of the Press Account Books. (P.A.B. R52 undated.)



## OBITUARY: Bob Browell



Whatever Bob Browell did, he did enthusiastically, thoroughly and selflessly. It is sad that it was immediately after attending a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace to which he had been invited in recognition of his great services to his community, that Bob was taken ill. Although he returned to Northumberland, he never fully recovered, and he died on 17th June 2009 in Hexham General Hospital. The service sheet for his funeral at St. Peter's Church, Bywell, was decorated with his own beautiful wood engraving of the High Ford, very much in the manner of Thomas Bewick whose work he had admired so much that he wished to bring it to a wider understanding and enjoyment.

Robert Matthew Browell was born in Cramlington in 1928, but the family moved to Stocksfield when he was still young, and forever after, despite absences for education, national service, and a spell teaching in Cheshire (bizarrely for Northumberland County Education Authority), it was always to that part of the Tyne valley which he returned and which he regarded as home. He was educated at Broomley School, where later he became head teacher, and at Queen Elizabeth Grammar School in Hexham. He then went on to complete teacher training at Leeds, and art studies at King's College, Newcastle.

His distinguished career as a teacher started curiously. After barely a week at Roundrey Camp School in 1947 he was asked to go as a supply teacher to Chollerton. Over sixty years later, in 2008, he agreed to be interviewed by the present children at the school about what the school had been like in his time. The answers give a fascinating glimpse into the life at a rural school just after the Second World War. Not least surprising was Bob's description of his daily journey to school:

Stocksfield was quite a long way from Chollerton and this appointment to act as a supply teacher at Chollerton involved my getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning. I would walk down to Stocksfield Station and catch the first train to Hexham where I walked up to the Bus Station in the centre of the town. From there I took Moffitt's bus which was a little chunky Bedford bus which carried about a dozen and half people. The bus used to take me over the river up to Humshaugh where I got off and walked down through

the woodland to Haughton Castle where beside the river was a tree to which was attached a rope that stretched right across the North Tyne to the other side. I had to pull on the rope and a bell rang in a cottage at the other side of the river and a gentleman used to come out, get into a rowing boat, which had no oars, and on this rope hand-over-hand he would pull the boat across to my side. I'd get into the boat and he would hand-over-hand pull me across the river to the other side again. I would then get off and walk up the steep slope to the little cottage at the top where I had left my bicycle the night before, get on the bike and I would cycle away up to the village. I used to get to the school at ten minutes to nine. So it was quite a long journey to get to Chollerton Parochial School in those days.

If the mechanical conveyances are removed (admittedly quite a removal) this could have come from Thomas Bewick's Memoir. There were some shocks for the new teacher, too. On enquiring about the head teacher, he was told *he* was the head teacher.

Then he found the teacher's desk well stocked with live rifle ammunition; his predecessor, an alert member of the Home Guard, had intended to be ready at all times to resist a German invasion of the North Tyne valley.

In 1955 Bob was recruited by the Northumberland County Education Board to join a new teaching team for a school it had bought as a boarding department — in Cheshire! The time in Cheshire proved to be important, and not just for teaching. Ella had also been appointed to teach at the school and arrived at Newcastle station with a party of 50 girls. She had not met Bob but was told by a mutual friend that she would recognise him by his pipe and motorbike. She did, and, busy organising her party, she asked Bob to put her trunk into the guard's van with his motorbike. Later Bob would say that when he first met Ella she gave him an order — and that was the way it continued. Their wonderful marriage was to last over fifty years.

Returning from Cheshire he taught at Prudhoe and then moved to become head teacher at Broomley, his own first school. When the three-tier education system was introduced Bob made a brilliant impact as the first head teacher of the new Ovingham Middle School, an appointment which brought him even closer to the world of Thomas Bewick.

Although dedicated to his teaching Bob also had very wide interests. He was a talented painter and engraver and even excelled at stick dressing. He particularly liked community activities. In 1959 he co-founded a drama group, the Stocksfield Players, happily contributing as actor, or producer, or set designer and builder or just stage hand. The important thing was to get people doing things together. Music runs in his family. His father played the piano and the organ; he played the Northumbrian pipes (another Bewick connection); his daughter, Alyson, plays the 'cello and granddaughter, Martha-Louise, the flute. Bob, with his rich baritone voice, was a member of the church choir at St. Peter's Bywell and of the Prudhoe Gleemen for many years. He loved singing and he also loved sailing, and often he did both together.

He was a founder member of the Stocksfield Local History Society — and an active one, too. Somehow, amidst all his other activity, Bob found time to write two local histories, *Four Valuable Farms* (1995) about the Painshawfield Estate, and, with Dennis Harding, *A Pleasant Retreat A Millennium Book for Bywell and Stocksfield District* (2000). Both are wide-ranging in their scope, and inquisitive about customs and habits and follies. He found

interest in a wide range of people and places, fascination in the smaller experiences of existence as well as the impact of national events on small communities. He looked at nature in wonder and as an artist. And, when he did things, he liked to do them well.

It was to be expected that, when he turned his attention to Thomas Bewick, with whom he had much in common, that Bob would do a thorough job. To share his enthusiasm he built up a slide collection and gave lectures on the life and times of Thomas Bewick of Cherryburn. It was typical of Bob's organised way that he kept a record of the places where he had lectured. He talked about Bewick to at least sixty-three audiences up and down the Tyne valley from Bardon Mill to Tynemouth and as far away as Barnard Castle, Darlington, Monkseaton and York. A huge number of people must have heard about Bewick for the first time from Bob.

He was an enthusiastic supporter of the campaign to save Cherryburn and served as Secretary to the Thomas Bewick Birthplace Trust. When the place passed to the National Trust he continued to help and to assist the transformation of the old Birthplace Trust into the Bewick Society. Through him Cherryburn acquired its own printing press. He set a standard for demonstrating in the press room which will be difficult to match and impossible to surpass. One of nature's teachers, Bob had a knack of quickly assessing his audience and adapting his presentation accordingly. His engaging demonstrations were not limited to the specialist or academic (though he was more than capable of being so when required), but were based as firmly on practical experience: like Bewick he was a keen observer of nature, both in the wild and of humankind; like Bewick he was a natural artist who channelled part of his range of skills into wood-engraving; and like Bewick, too, he understood the business of fine printing. He and his great friend Bill Bouch formed a wonderful partnership as the Friday team talking about Thomas Bewick's life, the family at Cherryburn and demonstrating printing. Visitors on Fridays were fortunate indeed — some even suggested that they should pay more because of 'the Bob and Bill show.'

His recitations of works in Northumbrian dialect were the centrepiece of many a convivial evening. For a generation, including members of the Bewick Society, the 'Howdie' and 'The Up-getting' will be remembered transmitted through the medium of Bob's rich north country voice. It can still be heard on the Bewick Society web site, reading from Bewick's *Memoir*. It was unfortunate, to say the least, that just before he went down to the Palace Garden Party, he arranged to do some more recordings for the web site when he came back; these would be based on further readings from the *Memoir*. Cherryburn and the Bewick Society will miss him. *HD*



## OBITUARY: *Ian McKie*

Ian McKie died suddenly of a heart attack precipitated by a severe asthmatic attack at the age of 58. He was the creator of the Bewick Society's web site, which went online at the beginning of Bewick's 250th anniversary year in 2003. He was also important in the production of the *Cherryburn Times*, firstly in processing electronically the images which are so significant here, and secondly as a guide and teacher to the editor in using the computer programme for setting the type and managing the text of the journal. He thus played a crucial part in moving the Society into the electronic age of the twenty-first century.



At the Memorial organised to celebrate his life so unexpectedly cut short, a great concourse of people turned up who had known Ian for many years, many of us who had become dependent on him to help us when we got into trouble with our computers. Ian's relationship with information technology was such that he could never let a mere machine — even the latest in multi-terabyte memories — get the better of him.

Your editor first met Ian in the late Sixties as an art student when he and his identical twin brother Angus were studying on the Art Foundation course at the College of Art and Industrial Design in Newcastle. Both of them went on to study Graphic Design, but Ian decided to move to Coventry Art College while Angus decided to stay in Newcastle. I had noticed them because they were very engaged with ideas, and they were keen to discuss them. They would come to visit me at home, would borrow books, usually even returning them — but always returning to the ideas at issue in them. When Ian went to Coventry it was the first time that they had separated. I only saw them together, during vacations. They were still very difficult to tell apart, and many was the time when meeting one of them in the city I would get the wrong name.

Both Ian and Angus got good degrees in Graphic Design, but in the following years they tended to specialise. Ian's interest in popular music led him away from design towards working on sound systems, setting up sound studios for various groups, culminating in creating the recording studios at Desert Sounds in Felling and later at Stonehills in Pelaw; while Angus tried working abroad as a design artist. He

worked in Teheran for a few months towards the end of the Shah's regime. When he came back to Newcastle he worked for a few years at the Amber Films Co-operative with Murray Martin. Ian used to do various jobs with him. When working together they sometimes disagreed with emphasis on how to do a particular job — on one occasion amusing their fellow workers in the co-op by fighting it out on the floor, rolling around in a violent struggle for some time: one minute Ian would be winning, the next Angus would seem to get the upper hand; or was it the other way round? In their reports of this bizarre contretemps, witnesses to the event could never be sure as to which twin was winning. Even more bizarre was the speed with which they both resumed work as if nothing had happened. They were both such sticklers for pin-point accuracy of work that they could not tolerate mistakes or misjudgments of even the tiniest dimensions — and certainly not in each other's work. But they never lost their tempers with anybody else. Your editor, frequently reduced to feeling at a loss as to how to deal with a computer or a programme with a mind of its own, never failed to get help from Ian, endlessly patient with his former teacher now reduced to helpless idiocy by his fancy electronic equipment.

Angus went on to work as a free-lance designer-artist, especially in book and magazine illustration, while Ian developed as a photographer, also becoming involved in the early attempts to use computers in graphic art and design. Ian helped *Viz* magazine with their studio set up, sometimes appearing as a subject in their satirical photo stories. He could never resist an opportunity to send up some stereotype of the modern 'yoof' scene. But whereas Angus developed as a family man with a wife and two children, Ian never did. In recent years he had developed a relationship with a partner, but he hesitated to move out of his bachelor flat in Felling, which he needed anyway for his astonishing range of equipment. However, he spent a lot of time and effort to help his friend set up a new business and we who were close to him thought he would soon be settling down.

As we prepared for the memorial celebration for Ian, we received an e-mail from Roger Powell, the bird photographer, and a former colleague of your editor at Northumbria University. What he wrote echoes what many of us experienced with Ian:

I've just started work on a digital file in Photoshop - should I use CS3 or CS4? Ian set up both on my Apple Mac : I suddenly remember I can't phone Ian for advice; a sense of panic starts in the pit of my stomach when I realise that I can't ever phone Ian again for help or advice.

I'm in the same state of loss as the other dozen or so digital photographers that Ian helped in setting up their computers: adding new software & giving tutorials on how best to use them all. We are all at a loss: who can we now go to?

Ian was that special kind of person: incredibly knowledgeable, helpful and yet modest, kind & patient. This made him a great teacher and inevitably a great friend too; not just to me but to all of us who depended so heavily on him. We all succumbed to his quiet charm and looked forward to his Photoshop-tweaking visits (something I doubt I'll ever feel again when trying to sort out a problem on the computer with anyone else). He was my computer guru and my faith in his ability to sort the problem out was never found wanting.

Over the years his visits fell into a pattern that was almost a ritual — never appearing before mid-day (did he never get to bed before 4 a.m.?), feeding him his quirky diet of home-made soup from a packet; cheese on toast (I made the fatal mistake once of adding sliced tomato to it, only to find all their skins politely left behind afterwards: he liked tomatoes but not their skins) and finishing off with chocolate digestive biscuits. His mother must have been frightened by a racehorse because he had always finished this three-course meal before I could ever get to lift my soup spoon. It didn't matter how hot the food was, it went down at the same speed.

Then straight up to the computer room to start work, while I tried to catch up with my meal. Computer work was always thirsty work so it required a long stream of cups of tea, but he never drank more than half a cup — what was wrong with the bottom half of every cup of tea I gave him? The answer was that it just got too cool for him: it had to be scalding hot.

I will miss him dreadfully — time is not the great healer at the present, since I need his friendship and expertise equally and am feeling the void of their absence more & more.

Thank you Ian for being just you: kind, modest, helpful, patient, humorous, generous...

All the messages sent to us echoed this strong sense of loss. He met and befriended numerous Japanese students who visited the writer's house, often bringing their laptops and IT problems. If he arrived to eat with the assembled company, they would all leap up, calling 'Ian, Ian, Ian,' crowding around him like the Munchkins in the Wizard of Oz. He would say, in a fake Scots accent 'Och aye the Noo,' join us at table, always finish first, and disappear upstairs to the work-room, where they would join him, bearing hot drinks, chocolate biscuits — and their technical problems. On hearing of his death, one of them wrote, in her slightly shaky English:

I just don't know what to say after I heard the news of Ian's death. It was a just shock to hear that. I still cant imagine. I was just simply freeze for a while.

It was really first time for me to have friend's death (except relatives).

All I can think of now is the smile on his face, and joking me 'Okaida noon (I am not sure spelling)'. We spent so much wonderful time together even though it was a short time. We went to trip around Newcastle, we went to Edinburgh. We eat dinner at your house... so many nice memories... When I left England, I didn't imagine that it would be really the last time to see him. I just felt that I will see him soon. It was one of things which I look forward to visit England. But he is now gone.

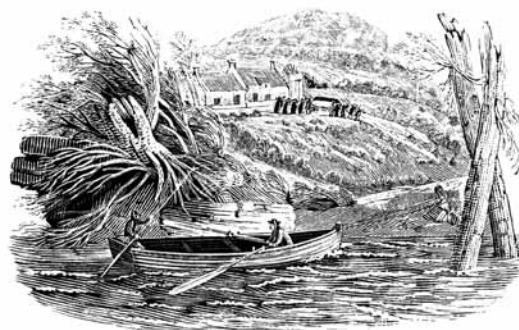
He was really special wonderful person, we will all miss him. And it was really my pleasure to have known him, it really was.

In his last year he created a web site for the postgraduate Art students (several of them Japanese) at Northumbria University. The Programme Leader, Chris Dorsett, wrote to us about him:

This incomprehensible task was accomplished with so little fuss or trepidation that we considered Ian some kind of magician. Watching the technology yield to his command was nothing less than awe-inspiring. Some of the PhD students already

knew Ian and clearly felt a great deal of affection for him but those who were meeting him for the first time through the web site project were quickly drawn into the easy orbit of his friendship. As a result, all of us feel his loss keenly.

During 2009 he also converted the Society's VHS videotape about Bewick into DVD format because video went out of fashion within two years of it being made — people were increasingly throwing out their video players and tapes too, replacing them with DVDs. This seems to be par for the course now: the modern electronic media are developing and changing at dizzying speed. Ian was our guardian angel who kept us up to date with our efforts in the new media — he had also re-designed the Society's web site, introducing many improvements to make it easier for us to update it ourselves. It is now a year since he died. We are all still alive, but with an Ian-shaped hole in our lives which refuses to go away. *DWSG*



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## A New Chairman for the Society

At the Annual General Meeting of Saturday, 25th September, 2010, the Chairman, Hugh Dixon, who had held the office for ten years, i.e. for two terms of five years each, as laid down in the Constitution, told the meeting that he did not wish to stand again. He proposed **Dr Peter Quinn**, at present the Hon. Treasurer of the Society, as candidate for the office. There being no other nomination, Dr Quinn was elected without a vote. Dr Quinn has also recently taken over the responsibility for the web site and has introduced and kept up-to-date the Bewick Blog connected with the web site. He has also delivered courses on Bewick and his work within the framework of the classes offered at the Centre for Lifelong Learning in Newcastle. At the same Meeting, the following new members were elected to the Committee: Sarah Walter, Anthony Smithson, Susan Rothwell, Christopher Daunt, Marie-Thérèse Mayne.

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