

**THE BEST OF BRITISH
GENOCIDE PART I:
Immaculate Conception**



PHILIP WYLIE

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THIS EBOOK IS AN ADAPTATION OF THE FIRST FOUR CHAPTERS OF PHILIP WYLIE'S "PSYCHOBIOGRAPHY OF A SYSTEMISER" WHICH WAS PUBLISHED AS A PRINTED BOOK BY CREATESPACE.COM IN NOVEMBER 2014.

THE FOLLOWING BOOK REVIEWS RELATE TO PHILIP WYLIE'S "PSYCHOBIOGRAPHY OF A SYSTEMISER: Inconvenient Home Truths and Family Secrets":

This is a unique autobiography written in an individualistic style. Phil Wylie states that in relation to the book that it may seem "**stranger than fiction**". This crossed my mind as I read it. It is a real "**page-turner**" with the family history covering the post-British Empire period. The book is written by a highly intelligent person but through the lens of a person with a late diagnosis of Aspergers Syndrome in adult life. The occupational and interpersonal stresses caused by the Aspergers Syndrome are well illustrated in this book. Mental health professionals working in the area of autism and adult psychiatry, psychologists and the lay reader interested in Aspergers Syndrome will find the book hugely rewarding. I felt the book illustrated creativity I described in my own book called "Genius Genes".

- Professor Michael Fitzgerald

I found your brilliant book engaging, intelligent, moving and enlightening. The family is fascinating and, yes, definitely different. I love your references to George Orwell.

- Maxine, relationship counselor

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IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

PHILIP WYLIE

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DEDICATION

To individuals and artists who dare to express themselves truthfully, and intelligent people who recognize the benefits of diversity in society

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To friends and family who helped with ancestral research; and to psychologists for validating the neurological conditions in my family

1 GENESIS: BORN WITH BLUE GENES

All animals are (born) equal but some are more equal than others
- George Orwell, Animal Farm

INTRODUCTION

Naturally I was born on God's day off - on a blue Sunday during June 1960 - with the name, Norman Philip Nicholas Wylie. I was born at Liverpool Maternity Hospital, where former Beatle John Lennon was born twenty years previously.

My birth record states my registered name as Norman P. N. Wylie and my place of birth as South Liverpool. Interestingly, I cannot ever recall being addressed by my registered first name, Norman. I find this strange, but I am aware that my mum is also addressed by her middle name (Sarah) instead of her first name, Edwina.

As a systemiser, I identify and analyse trends, always noting exceptions to any emerging patterns; then I seek logical explanations for the exceptions I find. My questions are always logical but sometimes a bit annoying apparently. Of course, I also have to ensure that the answers I receive are correct, so I may have to ask alternative questions or even question other people to check for consistency.

Since I have already spotted two exceptions to the social norm of employing our first name rather than our middle names, let's note this for later. Perhaps there is an underlying significant reason for not using my registered first name, which may become apparent later in this book?

I am told that I was born into an important family of medical practitioners dating back to the eighteenth century, when Sir James Wylie was chief physician to no less than three Russian tsars. You can see our family coat of arms, which Tsar Alexander I designed for Sir James, on the front cover of the printed book.

FAMILIAL IDENTITY

My unique identity is contained in my genetic blueprint and outwardly in my registered name, Norman P. N. Wylie. Every name has its own evolutionary story encoded within it, so names are significant.

Families also have their own identities. Some families are highly specialized in an established trade or profession, which depends upon the family's genetic disposition. For example, some silversmiths have been practicing their trade for centuries over many generations so each family member inherits qualities that enable them to be successful in their family profession or trade.

The traditional way for families to express their identity is to establish a coat of arms. A coat of arms contains symbols that correspond with the family's values and direction. Therefore, the coat of arms is essentially the family's blueprint that aligns with its mission statement.

Forging a familial identity by creating a coat of arms is essentially family branding. Every family insider subscribes collectively to the values encoded in the coat of arms. In traditional families, the patriarch is responsible for enforcing the family standard.

You will notice the motto on the Wylie coat of arms reads, 'Labore et Scientia'. This means 'through knowledge and work' in Latin. Personally, I prefer the word 'passion' to either 'work' or 'labour' because the latter terms are susceptible to corruption. Passion, on the other hand, is pure.

Perhaps I will create my own coat of arms and the motto would read, 'Impetus et Scientia'. Of course, Impetus is the Latin word for passion. There would be no symbols of soldiers, weapons, war or authority unlike Sir James's coat of arms. Instead, I would choose a symbol of freedom and individuality ... perhaps a blue dove.

It seems strange that birds have more freedom than humans do, despite our greater intelligence. Humans need permission to cross national borders, but birds just fly over borders without passports or visas.

Overall, I conclude that the motto, Labore et Scientia is suitable for systemisers like myself. I like the pentagram symbols adorning the coat of arms, which represent personal empowerment and expression.

SYSTEMISATION OF CARS

During my early years, until the age of five, I systemised cars. I knew the manufacturer, model and engine capacity (in cubic centimeters) of every car in England when I was just four years old.

My favourite car was the bright red Ferrari 410 Superamerica with a 5.0 litre engine capacity. This car has a very large engine, which enables it to drive very fast.

Mum's car is a cream-coloured Volkswagen Beetle, which actually looks like the beetle (insect). Mum's Beetle has an engine capacity of 1,200 c.c. Beetles are long-lasting and robust with a unique quirky character that is suited to non-conformist artistic individuals. This car is unusual because the engine is housed in the rear of the vehicle rather than the front. Interestingly, in 1934 Adolf Hitler contracted with the Porsche motor company to design this economical 'peoples' car' to his exacting specifications. I should add that my mum did not choose this car because Adolf designed it!

My Dad's car is a blue Volvo PV444, which has an engine capacity of 1,400 c.c. so my dad can drive a lot faster than Mum. Dad likes to drive Volvo's because these cars are highly efficient and reliable. Dad likes reliable things and obedient people. Volkos suit professional and businesspeople who demand value for their money. Although Volkos lack elegance – and some people say they are boring – they are great workhorses.

There were many interesting cars on the roads during the 1960's. Some of them looked funny, like the three-wheeled Reliant Robin, which had an engine capacity of just 700 c.c. There were also Mini Coopers and elegant E-Type Jaguars during the early 1960's.

I AM A COWBOY

I cannot remember much about this period of my childhood apart from three things:

- I wore a cowboy suit with a red waistcoat and black cowboy hat;
- Once I found some scissors and cut my sister Victoria's hair, a bit like a cowboy would;
- Once I cocked my toy rifle shut on the bit of skin at the end of my willie and it was very painful, but it still worked afterwards

My cousin Andrew confirms this, "I'd forgotten your love of that cowboy suit and holster (I recall the waistcoat was red with a big sheriff's badge) and I do remember you running around shooting everyone in Chedworth with a silver cap pistol!"

Many years later, one of the partners of Ernst & Young (Middle East) would refer to me as a cowboy. I am not sure whether he was alluding to my demeanor, my work, or my spurs and smokin' pistol. Also my dad said that I looked like Clint Eastwood when he acted in westerns. I took this as a compliment because, to me, the Cowboy archetype is a tough guy who is independent, freethinking, self-reliant and who lives on his own terms rather than terms that are force-fed. The cowboy is a symbol of freedom.

Despite dressing up and acting as a cowboy, I was a very shy, logical and curious infant. I always enjoyed exploring, experimenting, and collecting things. I like to know how things work and why things happen as they do.

During my first five years of my life, I had many toys and fortunately, my mum and dad gave me lots of freedom to experiment and explore. As long as I was out of Dad's way, I could do whatever I liked as long as I wasn't making noise or breaking any laws. Usually I played alone but sometimes I played with my sister Victoria or a male friend.

Now that I have told you the main things I can remember about my infancy, I want to tell you about my family.

MOTHER AND HER PARENTS

I call my mother, 'Mum' but most other people call her by her middle name, Sarah. My mum is the only child of Granny (Joyce H. Tunnicliffe) and Grandpa (Edward Henry Hardwicke Tunnicliffe).

Full name: Edwina Sarah Wylie
Date of birth: 24 November 1938
Occupation: Housewife
Passions: Art, gardening, dogs, cats and horses

Mum is very good-looking and she has an angelic demeanor about her. She is also shy and has a very quiet soft voice. Mum is very clever at housekeeping and she makes the most delicious apple crumble (or rhubarb crumble when Granny gives us her homegrown rhubarb). She is a talented artist but she is very modest. Mum loves dogs and horses, and she is in her element when she jogs with our poodle called Benny.

Mum's dad, Grandpa Tunnicliffe was a charismatic socialite and a gentleman who lived between 21 Jul 1905 and July 1986. Grandpa played golf nearly every day at his local golf club.

Granny Tunnicliffe (Joyce H. Tunnicliffe) – known inside the family as Jolly - was born in 1910 and she married Grandpa in 1932. Both Granny and Grandpa liked to drink cocktails, especially gin and tonic (G & T). Sometimes when Granny drank lots of gin and tonic, she would shout unkind words to Grandpa but he would just laugh at her.

My sister Victoria and I visited Granny and Grandpa every week with Mum at their house called Three Stacks (named so because it had three tall chimneys). We would eat Granny's delicious mince with fresh vegetables from the garden. I have never since eaten such delicious mince and I don't know her special recipe, but I suspect the taste was enhanced by adding HP brown sauce.

Victoria and I had almost unlimited freedom to roam around and explore Three Stacks because Granny and Grandpa didn't have many house rules unlike elsewhere. I especially enjoyed exploring Granny's attic where I would discover all sorts of treasures such as top hats, old wooden skis, horse riding equipment, cricket bats and so forth. All of these antiques would be covered with dust, dead insects and cobwebs.

Granny's garden was quite wild but the soil was obviously nutritionally rich because the vegetable garden and the apple trees bore much produce for our kitchens. Granny had a small greenhouse where she grew delicious tomatoes. Elsewhere there were blackberry bushes, dandelions, nettles, and of course, the massive rhubarb plants.

Just down the lane from Three Stacks was Raby Mere where there were motor boats and rowing boats available for hire. We liked to feed the ducks and swans. Next to Raby Mere were the old-fashioned wooden swings where we would have great fun.

Granny had three sisters called Molly (Mary), Evelyn, and Marjorie. I met Auntie Molly on many occasions but I don't remember meeting the other two sisters. Auntie Molly's husband was Leeman Shaw but we knew him as Uncle Tubby. Uncle Tubby was very eccentric and moody. My father says that Uncle Tubby lost his job in the wool industry.

Granny's ancestors include the Bagshaw family that owned a profitable jewelry business. My mum's side of the family was independently very wealthy but my dad's side of the family has experienced very hard times.

MY FATHER AND HIS PARENTS

I call my father, 'Dad' but his friends call him Robert or Bob. Dad is a conservative dentist and he is very clever with his investments. His hero is Winston Churchill and he likes the company of doctors. My dad is a short man with copper wire hair and a pale freckly complexion who loves gardening and shares a passion for roses with his mother Mary. He also enjoys photography, mountain hiking, shooting grouse, and drinking beer with his friends at the local public house.

Full name: Robert Richard Wylie
Date of Birth: 16 December 1934
Occupation: Dentist

Passions: Gardening, walking, photography, shooting and war
Heroes: Winston Churchill, George Shearer, Charles Darwin

During this initial period of my life I probably didn't have much contact with my dad. Naturally, he would have been very busy building up his dental practice in Liverpool. Dad tells me that we went on holiday to Anglesey in Wales and he jokes about whacking me over the head with a sockful of sand whenever I cried. I understand that my father did that because he believes that 'Children should be seen but not heard!'

Dad's father was called Norman but I always knew him as Grandpa Wylie.

Full name: Norman Shearer Wylie
Date of birth: 2 Nov 1902 – Sep 1991
Occupation: Dentist
Passions: Collecting coins, reading and writing
Hero: Winston Churchill and George Shearer

Grandpa was a very intelligent, conservative and reserved dentist. He enjoyed walking alone down the disused railway line. Grandpa also enjoyed literature, writing, brewing beer, listening to classical music and collecting coins. Grandpa was always very kind to us and sometimes he would give us some of his coins.

I enjoyed Grandpa's dry sense of humour. One of his favourite jokes was his joke about the parrot which I will share with you:

"A man who had a stammer went into a pet shop to buy a parrot. He asked the pet shop owner, 'I w-w-want t-t-to b-b-buy a p-p-parrot that c-c-can t-t-talk. D-d-do y-y-you have one?' The pet shop owner said he had a parrot and showed him a magnificently colourful bird in the corner of the shop. The customer smiled at the parrot and then turned to ask the shopkeeper, 'B-b-but c-c-can the p-p-parrot t-t-t-t-talk?' The parrot laughed out loud with a strange cackle and then said, 'I can talk a lot better than you can!'"

My cousin Andrew has this to say about Grandpa Wylie, "He was an only child whose mother Annie died (age six) of lung cancer from chain smoking (apparently 60 cigs a day). Nanoo's father became almost bankrupt trying to find treatment that would help to keep his young wife alive. Nanoo was therefore an only, relatively poor and motherless child at the age of six. Despite this he managed to win a scholarship to Liverpool Grammar School (NB this is a grammar and not a public school – not indicative of a 'good' catch) and at age 17 won a scholarship in English Literature to Liverpool University. Despite his love of English Literature (which he had gained, I suspect, from his father, who was an extraordinarily gifted and knowledgeable bibliophile), he decided that there was no mileage in 1920 in trying to make a living (which he must) from English Literature. He had an uncle, Henry, who was a Liverpool dentist with an established practice. He told Nanoo that if he studied dentistry at Liverpool there would be a place for him in this practice when he qualified."

Dad says his father "was very successful in building up his practice in Ramsay Street in Liverpool which is near Central Station. It was a funny little place and, of course, he was determined that I would join his practice there. I think he was very insecure but I never

realized that. I thought he was frightfully secure - you know, on top of it all - but he was desperately anxious that I would help him with the practice. It was quite odd but anyway I joined him for a couple of years and I hated it so much I couldn't stay. It was dreadful!"

When I asked my father what Grandpa was like as an employer he described him as 'unforgiving'. "He was such a strict man, self-disciplined and, of course, he had the Scottish work ethic. He didn't like to see you sitting and having a cup of coffee. He would say, "What the hell are you doing?" "Why aren't you earning money?" Once I read a letter in that awful little room at the back of the practice and I put it down on the table. My father said, "What are you doing leaving your letters littering round the place?" He didn't want any of that nonsense round here and he grabbed the letter, screwed it up and threw it away and he gave me a filthy look just because I put my letter down on the table. I couldn't really carry on with it. We never had a row and it was all very amicable, very friendly and he completely understood what I was doing and he couldn't have been kinder about it."

My father did not like his job, "I never enjoyed my work really. It was always too stressful. Dentistry is an amazingly stressful job. I had to have a watch concealed from the patients so they couldn't see that I was watching the time. I had just thirty minutes with each patient. When you are doing very detailed difficult work on very nervous patients, sticking to thirty minutes per appointment all day for the whole of your life is enough to drive anyone crackers. You are entitled to say I'm balmy. Mummy thinks I'm crackers. It's because I should never have been a dentist. It was the last profession I should have been in because I am naturally an extrovert and dentistry is the most introverted profession that you can possibly get. I should have been an actor, barrister, opera singer or something like that. I should have been something which allowed me to talk all the time."

During my early childhood, Grandpa and my dad were rightwing extremists. My cousin Andrew comments, "In the late 1960's and early 1970's Nanoo and your father were quite open supporters of the apartheid regime and I think held seriously rightwing views. Nanoo of course went on to correspond regularly with Dennis Thatcher (Mrs Thatcher's husband), and they were entertained by the Thatchers at Downing Street on at least two occasions. I remember Nanoo shouting at the TV every time Harold Wilson came on the box!"

Grandpa Wylie's wife was called Mary but Victoria and I used to call her Nana.

Full name:	Mary Iris Wylie
Maiden name	Williams
Date of birth:	20 April 1900 - 1999
Occupation:	Housewife
Passions:	Roses, lavender, peach and cream sponge— cakes
Hero:	Her brother, Mervyn

Nana had an air of serenity about her. I always remember her as smiling and having very rosy cheeks. Nana designed her home known as Chedworth in Heswall, which has

wonderfully light and airy rooms offering awesome views of her rose garden and across the River Dee. Nana had a cheerful demeanor and love of beauty.

Nana was very fond of lavender and, because she used lavender potpourri, I always associate the smell of lavender with Nana. The aroma of lavender is very relaxing. Even Nana's tablecloths were embroidered with images of this pale violet lavender herbal plant.

Andrew says that Nana came from "a fairly well-to-do Birkenhead Welsh family, was extremely good-looking and could probably have found a highly desirable 'catch' had she been fishing for a wealthy husband. Such a 'catch' would certainly not have included Norman S. Wylie, who was an almost penniless newly qualified dentist when they met in the 1920's."

Dad says, "My mother's father Richard Williams, whom I called Taid - which means Grandfather in Welsh - was born in Holyhead of very humble background but he qualified in marine engineering and he became the most successful marine engineers in Liverpool in the latter part of the 19th century when Liverpool was at its height. He travelled the world on marine engineering business and he was very successful... My mother was quite probably married to the wrong man."

My father also describes Nana as being highly moralistic and puritanical, "Well they were very Victorian in their outlook, and they would stand by one another absolutely one hundred percent with regards to their children and we would never ever find that they would disagree in front of us about anything. They were a united front. What went on when we weren't there, I don't know but certainly they had this act. And there was no doubt at all that as far as they were concerned, the children came first. That was absolutely paramount and they devoted their lives really to making sure that Rosemary and I were brought up right, and manners meant an awful lot to them. I think they were both religious people... my mother was very religious."

Nana had a sister called Catherine - known as Kitty - and a brother called Mervyn. Their parents were Richard and Catherine Williams. Mervyn's son was also called Richard Williams. Therefore, my dad has ancestral Christian names from both his mother's family (ie Richard) and his father's family (Robert) because Grandpa Wylie's father was also called Robert.

I know very little about Kitty, though I met her on at least a couple of occasions, including at the wedding of her son Gray with Liz. Kitty's other child was called Jan.

Mervyn Douglas Williams (1902 – 1962) was a fun-loving quirky member of the family. I recollect his presence at a tea party at Chedworth and he impressed me with his impersonation of a dalek from the television series, Doctor Who. Mervyn was extremely animated as he robotically announced to everyone at the party, "I am a dalek. I will exterminate you!"

Mervyn worked as an expatriate in India while his bossy wife Mary B lived in an enchanting 'Winnie the Pooh' type of home called Sandpits in Southern England. Victoria and I stayed with Mary B at Sandpits once and we cleaned out her dirty duck

pond for her. I recollect that Mary B was a bit overweight and had pronounced masculine features including facial hair.

I met Great Uncle Mervyn's son Richard Williams on a few occasions, usually in the company of my first cousins. I thought that Richard was quite cool because he had long curly hair and he studied surrealism.

My father always had extremely high regard for Mervyn. Dad said, "Mervyn was a managing director of the British Cotton Growing Association (BCGA) in Pakistan (previously India). He was a very successful man and made a lot of money and he'd been promised a knighthood if he worked another year or so."

It seems that most people in my family – including Dad, Nana and Grandpa - were in awe of the eccentric Mervyn. However, I cannot help wondering whether he would have been the same family hero if he lived in home territory.

My dad expresses his regard for my Great Uncle Mervyn, "Uncle Mervin was a very, very clever man. He was such a charming man, he really was ... he was my hero really. And my father realized that Uncle Mervin had all the advantages in life that he didn't have. Mervyn was tall, good looking, very charming and well-educated at public school. He had all of the things that my father didn't have, and yet my father never exhibited any jealousy whatsoever. This is what I really admire in my father and he once said to me, 'You know, of all the men I have ever met in my life, Uncle Mervin is the man I admire the most.' That is the most tremendously generous thing for a man in my father's situation to say isn't it?"

MY PATERNAL GREAT GRANDFATHER

My Great Grandfather (on my father's side of the family) Robert Wylie, was born in 1874. Robert married Annie Barbara Shearer who was born in China in 1870. Annie's dad was a medical missionary. I never met my Great Grandfather, but both my dad and my cousin knew him.

My Great Great Grandfather was an avid book collector and bibliophile though he had a lowly job as a shipping agent's clerk. Robert Wylie had an incredible knowledge of literature.

Dad says that Annie's father was Doctor George Shearer, "He went out to China practicing medicine but also spreading the gospel. He was a very religious man but he was a doctor and he wrote books. Doctor Shearer wrote books on malaria and about the terrors of drug taking. He wrote a whole book on drugs in China and how it should be outlawed and stopped and so on and so forth."

My father says that Annie and "Robert's brother Henry, who helped my father set up his practice, died of lung cancer because he'd also been puffing away on the fags. Robert Wylie lost his wife Annie, and Auntie Emily lost her husband Henry, so they both got together and married. They never had any children of course but that was how Auntie Emily became my father's stepmother which is kind of interesting, at least I think it is."

I met Aunty Emily on several occasions and my memory of her would make a hilarious cartoon caricature. She was extremely short and hunched, and due to her rheumatoid arthritis, she walked very slowly. Poor old Aunty Emily's fingers and thumbs were so disjointed and angular, pointing in all directions. I also remember her wearing an old hat that seemed to be covered with cobwebs, and she had many layers of clothing including several coats ... and it took Mum hours to help her to get dressed.

Sadly, Aunty Emily was partially deaf, so she relied on her hearing aid. Apart from Aunty Emily's rheumatoid arthritis and deafness, she possibly also had a weak sphincter muscle because she was constantly farting. I wonder whether Aunty Emily's hearing aid worked effectively because her farts were exceptionally loud which meant that my sister Victoria and I had difficulty concealing our sniggering.

My father describes his grandfather Robert Wylie as "a rather sad character in a way. He never did anything in life ... well, he never did anything of any importance, and although he had a tremendous brain, he was very poor. He had very little money but he had a library of about ten thousand books - all classics because he would never read junk. He did actually suffer from severe depression. I think that he felt that he had never quite made it and I think he was very quiet but a very nice old man. He lived in a very modest terraced house in Birkenhead. Really, you would be quite shocked to see it really ... It was like a Coronation Street house. His final words to my father when he died were, 'Norman, I have been a failure.'"

My grandfather Norman wrote in his autobiography that his father loved James Joyce and travelled far to purchase a copy of his book, Ulysses. He also owned all of George Bernard Shaw's books but he didn't like his personality for some reason.

My grandfather Norman wrote that my father asked his grandfather Robert, "I've got a set book for an English examination - 'Columbia'. Have you ever heard of it?" "Heard of it? Heard of it?" said his grandfather in amazement, "It's Prosper Merimee's best known work after 'Carmen' although he wrote it before 'Carmen'. They are usually bound together in one volume; the edition you usually come across is published by ---, translated by ---, with an Introduction by ---, but it's very poor value at ---, the type's too small and the paper's too thick." Such was my Great Grandfather's knowledge of literature.

Dad also recollects the times when he visited his Grandfather at his terraced home in Birkenhead, "He was really an absolute constant pipe smoker. I never saw him without the pipe in his mouth and he wasn't a great conversationalist. My father and I would drive our car to Birkenhead to visit my grandpa on Sunday evenings. I would go in as a ten-year-old boy and sit like a dormouse in a chair. I wouldn't say anything really unless I was asked a question. I would just sit and these two men would talk away while my grandfather was just puffing away on his pipe ... and then he'd ask, "What do you think about this?" and my father would reply. I would hear the crackling of the coal fire and the constant sound of 'tick-tock, tick-tock' from the grandfather clock while my grandpa was puffing on his pipe. That would continue for an hour or so and then my father would get up and say 'cheerio!' and grandpa would still be sitting in his armchair the whole time. He never got up as he said "Bye bye, Bobby, bye bye, Bobby!" and off I'd go."

My Great Grandfather Robert Wylie's father was called Norman Yule Wylie and he lived from 21 January 1839 – October 1906. My dad tells me that Norman Yule Wylie was an engineer who designed the Aswan Dam but sadly, his employer or business partner cheated him, leaving the family penniless.

MY SISTERS

My first sister's full name is Victoria Edwina Tunnicliffe Wylie, but I call her Victoria. Victoria was born on 1 September 1961. She has dark hair and the same pale freckly complexion as Dad. She is also shy. Usually I preferred to play by myself or with a male friend, but I did play with Victoria occasionally. Although she never performed particularly well at school, she developed a keen sense of beauty through her interest in fashion. Perhaps Victoria inherited her eye for beauty from Nana, Mary Iris Wylie.

My second sister's full name is Fiona Mary Wylie but I know her as Nonie. If I remember correctly, she chose this name herself while she was lying in her pram! Nonie was born on 29 August 1966 so I am more than six years older than her.

My sister Nonie has blonde hair like Mum and I. Mum, Nonie and I don't have freckles unlike Victoria and Dad. If Victoria and Dad spend a lot of time in the sunshine, they tend to get sunburn and end up looking like red lobsters. However, if Mum, Nonie or I spend time in the sun, luckily we get a nice bronze tan.

Nonie is a very bright and intelligent person with a similar aptitude for science as I do. She is also kind and she has a very good sense of humour. Nonie is the only woman in the family to have a career and personal interests such as travel.

MY AUNT AND COUSINS

My Aunt Rosemary (Rosemary Catherine Chevallier) was born in Birkenhead on 17 May 1930. Therefore, Aunt Rosemary was blessed with her mother's name together with the name of Nana's favourite flower. Her middle name Catherine is also the first name of her grandmother.

If there are three angelic-looking women in our extended family, they would surely be my mother, Aunt Rosemary and Nana because they outwardly personify kindness. Rosemary's son Hugh describes his mother as, "a kind, humorous, compassionate person, someone who pretty much devoted her whole life to others."

Aunt Rosemary gave me my first vinyl album when she lived in Hertfordshire. The album was Simon and Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. I was so excited about owning my first record that I didn't pay attention to the oncoming traffic as I returned to our car. Unfortunately, I was nearly hit by an oncoming car and tragically, I dropped the record, which fractured from epicenter to perimeter. Aunt Rosemary kindly bought me a replacement copy – that's how kind she was.

In 1952, Aunty Rosemary married John Bretland Chevallier (1923 – 1995), known to me as Uncle John, my Godfather. Uncle John was an intellectual who worked as a marine engineer. I remember Uncle John as being highly moralistic, always picking up other peoples' litter and mending things that were broken by others.

Uncle John's son Andrew describes his dad as "a very gifted and gentle man, who, like so many men of his generation, was hopelessly incapable of expressing his feelings." Andrew also mentioned his lack of social skills, particularly in the area of small talk.

Aunty Rosemary and Uncle John had three children called Andrew, Kate and Hugh. We all met on many occasions at Chedworth and of course we would take walks down the disused railway line to Parkgate where we would buy ice cream.

CONCLUSION

I systemised my ancestry by observing the pattern of names in my family and by noting any trends that I observe.

Did you notice that every male in the Wylie family is called either Norman or Robert? My first name was registered as Norman; My father's first name is Robert; my Grandfather's first name is Norman; my Great Grandfather's first name is Robert; and his father's first name was Norman. Even Norman Yule Wylie's father was called Robert. Therefore, the first name of every Wylie male alternates between Norman and Robert for at least six generations consecutively.

However, there is a bizarre exception to the above rule ... my first name was dumped somewhere, and taken out of active service ... and I don't ever remember being addressed by my first name. Yet, my birth certificate clearly shows that my registered name is Norman P. N. Wylie. Doesn't this seem strange?

I also notice that there are two distinctive skin pigmentation types in the family. My father and Vicky have freckles whereas my mother, Nonie and I have blond hair. The freckles originated from Nana rather than Grandpa. This may indicate that my grandfather Norman influenced me more genetically than Nana did.

All the women in the family except for Nonie are devoted housewives who don't follow any passion and neither do they follow any form of hero unlike the Wylie men who tend to have very strong opinions. This demonstrates the Victorian contractual sense of duty expected by men in our patriarchic family.

I find the symmetrical relationship between Aunty Emily and Robert Wylie Senior as extremely pragmatic and logical. Robert Wylie had lost his wife Annie, and his bother Henry died leaving his wife Emily, so they remarried each other. Such is a marriage based on pure logic!

Perhaps my dad was heavily influenced by his grandfather's poverty, so he was fortunate to marry into my mum's wealthy family and to be helped into a dentistry practice with the help of his father.

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