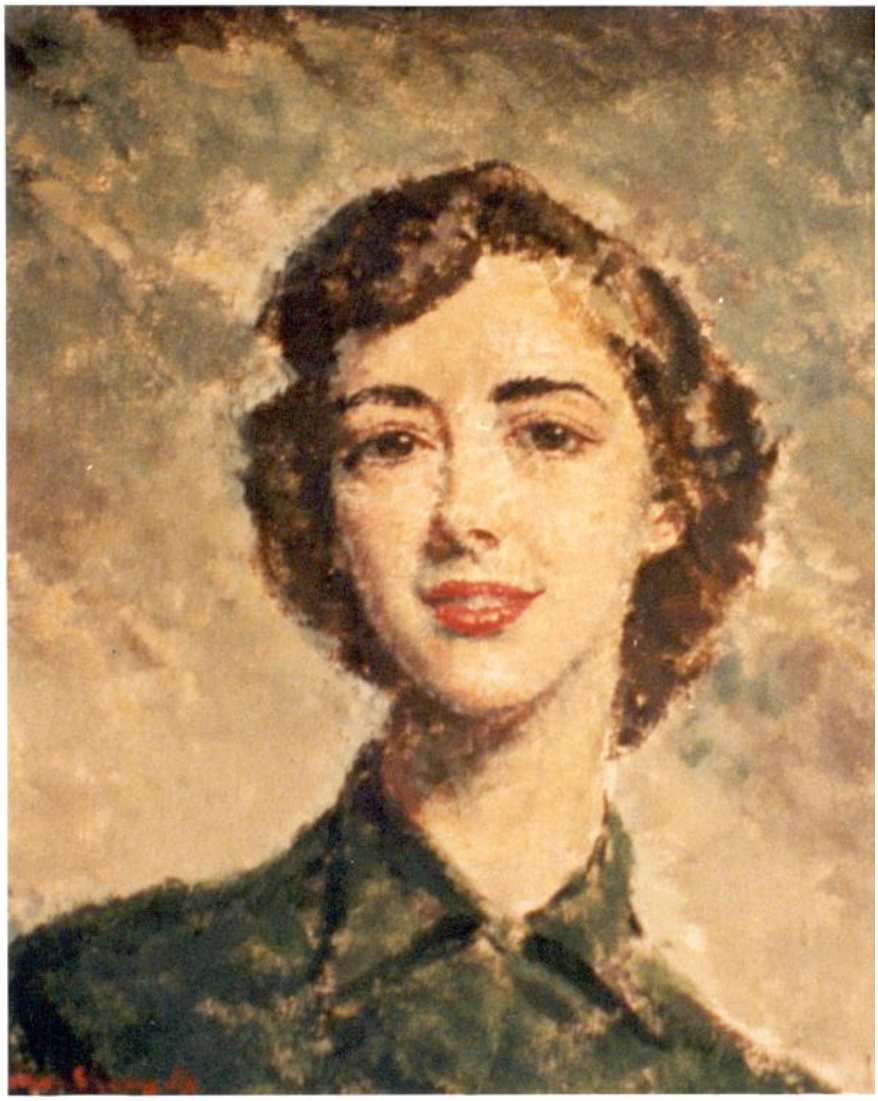
MLW

A memoire



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Started 7 January 1992 at 19 Callejon De La Garza (which means a heron) San Miguel De Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico, and continued and completed at 5 North Street, Somerton, 1994/95*

My very dear Thomas, Katy, Hermione, Anna and Jeremy,

I want to write to you about your Grandma. I have been meaning to do this for months, but have somehow not found time to do so with a clear mind and uncluttered days ahead. Now, here with Tilla until the end of March 1992 under blue skies, in this beautiful house, with no serious cares except preoccupation with the welfare of all you children and your parents, I think I can manage to tell you something of what is in my mind about Grandma. It is, to me, a curious phenomenon that, for the first time since she died at Somerton, at some point in the night of 22/23 July 1990 from a heart attack on top of bronchitis, I find myself dreaming about her. Nothing unpleasant; just odd dreams. And I think of her, waking, often, despite great new found happiness with Tilla.

It is sad that probably only Thomas will remember Grandma clearly. Thomas was just six when Grandma died, and came bravely to the Service at Cofton and the placing of her ashes in our Waterfield family grave, looking across the Devon farmland up to the Haldon Hills, a lovely place. I drew that year's Christmas card of the gravestones and the church and the view beyond towards Mamhead. Katy was rightly considered too young, at 3, to come to Cofton, and the same with Anna and Hermione. Jeremy was not born till the following October when I was staying on the Canal du Midi at Castelnaudary in Languedoc. But Katy and Anna, with both of whom Grandma spent time, reading and playing, at Oxford and Somerton, and at Norwich, may just remember her, if vaguely. This may now help to sharpen the picture and make you happy and proud to think of her. What I want to try to do is to give you a description of Grandma which will warm your hearts to read, and perhaps pass on to your own children, when you grow up.

The outstanding features of Grandma, which I like to remember, were first, that when she was young she was the most beautiful thing you can imagine and her looks persisted until she was well past fifty, and until she became unwell. And in repose and when well she retained her beauty until she died, as did her father's youngest sister Virginia, who is, though now very feeble, I believe still alive as I write this. Grandma who was not vain normally, sometimes used to joke that she would keep her looks like Aunt Va! and to a certain extent she did, as the last photo of her in Jenny Wiley Park, Kentucky, showed# . It was taken in May 1990 on her last visit to cousins in the USA, and shows her cheerful and smiling with no sign of illness or unhappiness. And secondly she had the best stocked mind, and most incisive ability to think and express herself clearly, of any woman I ever met; if possibly equalled, never in my experience surpassed. Her double first cousin Jim (James L. Thomas Jr), a life long friend of us both, wrote to me at Christmas 1990 from the big house on the hill next to the water tower in Glen Mill Road, Rockville, Maryland, (where we so often stayed happily with Louise, his mother, James his father, and later with Aunt Louise, after his father's death), to say that Grandma was the most beautiful person he ever saw in his life when she was 20, which was how he was, I think, reminded of her as he wrote, by an old photograph of that date. He scarcely ever wrote a letter, and wrote not many words, if he did, so this was a special heart felt expression of feeling. Going through this now in 1995 at Somerton, I have to record that Aunt Virginia has since died, and Jim Thomas died in January of this year. Tilla and I saw him, with Anne Tenny at Glen Mill Road in September 1994 when we were staying at the Embassy. And he died alone in the same house. He had an unfulfilled and lonely life.

Of course, in these days, we have plenty of good photographs to help us capture memories. We also have some very old ciné films (originals now with John William) of Chile, Sunningdale and India and so on, which may serve as reminders (Tilla thinks we are the best documented family ever!) and there

* Annotated at various dates; typed 1996 and finally wordprocessed by JTW April 1997; revised 2016.

See page 54

is always the fine portrait of Grandma, given to us as a wedding present by my best man and dear friend Peter Wake (who died in 1993) in February 1950. It was painted by his friend and relative Simon Elwes, possibly the best known portrait painter of his time, and certainly one of the best, with his left hand, as he lost the use of his right hand, I think due to polio, during the war. But many held that his work thereafter with his left hand was even better than before. I remember well going to see him at work on Grandma in his studio. We were anxious that he should finish in time for us to take the framed picture with us by ship from Tilbury Docks to Tokyo, Japan, our first Embassy post together. Grandma said that we need no longer worry. Simon Elwes's wife had come into the studio that morning and cried out "Stop. It is finished" and Simon, whose fault, if any, was that he tended to "finick" on especially with Royals, of whom he had painted a number, did stop. Of course the picture tends to exaggerate Grandma's swan-like neck, but I have heard friends say that that was how they remember her. And her face shows a freedom and eagerness to embark on the adventures of married life with very large wide open eyes and a gentleness of expression, which all represent a true likeness, and bring back thoughts of our great happiness at that time. It was a wonderful present from Peter and has been with us wherever we went and admired by all.

The third outstanding feature which I believe characterised Grandma was that she was, especially when her children were young, a wonderful mother, gentle, loving, well organised, supremely calm, and communicative with games and readings and songs. I have to admit that partly due to modesty and decent reticence and probably to some inner reserve which inhibited her from expressing herself freely, or letting her emotions show, Grandma became less easily communicative with her children, especially with John and Polly, as they got into their teens, and later, and this made for difficulties which there is no point in concealing. With Bun I think she communicated more freely in his teens. This basic reserve and unwillingness, or perhaps inability, to express oneself freely in personal relations, seems to me to be a characteristic of all Grandma's American, especially Thomas, relatives. One can speculate for ever, without attaining the truth, on the reasons for this. But it is and always was certainly noticeable. Inner feelings were there but not shown.

I shall always rack my brains to speculate whether I could have overcome this reticence by a more outgoing show of warmth and love myself. Instead I tended to ignore it and even to laugh at it with Grandma. And it was not easy to breach Grandma's independence and reserve. For example she did not like me to take her arm across the street, and certainly discouraged outward gestures of affection in public, even in the family. I should add that on social occasions, in company, Grandma never obtruded herself or raised her voice except among the most intimate friends, then usually to make a point in argument contrary to mine. But whatever Grandma did say was always succinct, to the point, and well worth listening to; she never talked rubbish or inanities.

The next feature, I believe, was that Grandma was a quite outstanding administrator, with powers of organisation, leadership, and decision taking of an exceptional kind; and she was always calm in this field as in all else and (as I have said) never raised her voice. More about her as an administrator later. Her voice was in fact at an endearingly gentle pitch. She never had a very strong American accent, and though some of it came back on her later visits to the U.S. together with usage of American phrases, she gradually acquired an English intonation and phrasing, and left only an attractive but very elusive and occasional American sound as of a rolled 'r' in shi*r*t. Her original accent was probably Mid-West and neutral rather than Southern or Texan. But there was never in adult life a twang or marked regional accent of any kind. In latter days in America, strangers were rather puzzled, and sometimes asked if she was Canadian, not because they thought this likely, but because they could not place her voice in the U.S.. They found it, as we all did, attractive, but they did not find it entirely familiar. Of course she gradually spoke with a British emphasis and intonation as distinct from accent, and used British idioms regularly.

There was another significant aspect of Grandma's character, apart from her physical beauty and elegance (I forgot to mention that she had an attractive figure and very beautiful and well proportioned

long legs, made exceptionally strong from her modern dancing with Hanya Holm and others and with small, elegant but not very strong ankles and very thin feet: she always got her shoes in Bloomingdale's Mall, the huge new Mall outside Washington, in later years, as she could not find a thin enough fitting in the U.K.). This aspect was that, she was a person of uncompromising principle. She believed in what was right and stuck to it, and if she found it lacking in others, whether in politics or personal behaviour, especially in matrimonial matters, she took a very firm view of what was badly done. In these days when different standards apply, it is perhaps strange to understand that Grandma did not believe in sexual relations before marriage; maybe she was fully aware that such standards even in her time were infrequently followed, and she was tolerant in the end, but she always seemed correct in her judgements on any matter of principle. She never let anyone else down, and she never let herself down, until the end, when she was very unwell, frightened of illness, and drinking much too much, partly as an escape from that fear, I think. But even then she never did anything to others which fell short of her high standards, and only weakened in the privacy of 5 North Street Somerton, and up to very near the end, she always seemed somehow to bounce back to normality, and emerged as if nothing had happened. I have to say that she always smoked, usually with a holder, an inordinate amount of cigarettes. For most of her life, of course, smoking was socially acceptable, and not condemned by most, as it is today.

It is also the case that although she was always inwardly frightened of serious illness (though mostly keeping her fears to herself) she was outstandingly brave in both physical and moral terms. She had several minor falls and accidents in her life, and broke her wrist once, and twisted her ankle sharply, but she never complained or showed signs of the pain that she undoubtedly felt. In times of potential danger, as for example when in 1966 in a remote part of upper India, with children in the car, we very nearly drove inadvertently into a hostile and threatening mob known to be violent to foreigners, she was perfectly calm and immensely sensible. No less so in India in the Corbett National Park when I was bitten on my big toe by a scorpion in my shoe, and in a bad way, how serious no one knew. By native remedies I soon recovered in fact. Grandma was marvellous, took Bunny (aged about 7) for a walk and calmed everyone down. And the same in Donegal when we were staying alone about 1983 or '84 in the Keegans' remote cottage, without phone, above Glen, a village noted for IRA sympathy. It happened that we had heard on the TV news of a huge IRA break-out that day from the Maze Prison across the border in Ulster, so although I was no longer in the Northern Ireland Office, such matters were always in our minds and we were immediately on the alert and in some anxiety when, in the pitch dark, a car swept up to the unfrequented house and stopped outside. I went out and in some trepidation challenged the occupants, who had got out, but in the event they proved to be two rather wet young *gardai* (Eire police) who were investigating the reported burglary of some fishing tackle! It was an anti-climax, but it could have been otherwise; yet Grandma showed no qualms. In any family emergency she was always calm, sensible, and ready to cope, whatever the difficulties. She stood up to the severe physical hardships of life in Guinea and Mali with uncomplaining fortitude and cheerfulness. In both there were prevalent risks of bilharzia, malaria and hepatitis and snake bite, and we watched a friend, a young French vet, die of rabies as the local vaccine did not work. One other story of Grandma's adventures - this time without me. When we were in Japan (from 1950-52) Grandma went up by herself to Chusenji Lake to stay with Alette Figgess, the Dutch born wife of our Assistant Military Attaché, Lt. Col. John (later Sir John) Figgess, who was staying in their own house or else had the use of the Embassy House at this popular mountain resort. (In fact I never got there.) Perhaps this was before John William was born, or perhaps she took him and the Amah, Yoko-San. I was either on duty in the Embassy because of the Korean War (we had to cypher ourselves in the Chancery a constant flow of "Immediate" telegrams on the situation from the British Military Representative to Gen. McArthur, whom I remember as a ridiculous figure of a self important Air Vice Marshal!) or for some other office requirement. Alette and Grandma went out sailing together on the lake. John Figgess must have been otherwise detained also. Grandma had been born and raised as far from the sea as you could get in America, and knew nothing about boats or sailing techniques! But Alette was competent, and they had an enjoyable time, until suddenly, when they were far out and a

long way from shore, a squall blew up fiercely, and the wind became so strong that somehow they were dismasted in such a way as to make it impossible to sail further, or to repair the damage. So there they were helpless and immobile with big waves, getting bigger, slapping the boat; they waved and shouted for help, and a tow, from a number of Japanese manned power boats which were rushing back for shelter. Not a Japanese man moved to help or even to acknowledge their signals! This was because it would put the women under too great an obligation, if they helped them. Grandma told all this with verve later, and Alette said she was immensely calm. How they were eventually rescued I cannot recall. Another incident in Japan; we were coming down a long steep hill from Hakone in the consul's borrowed old jeep when the brakes completely failed just as we started. We decided together quickly we had to go on and we got down somehow very frightened in first gear and four-wheel drive. Grandma showed great coolness.

Much, much later at Somerton, Grandma and Lois Clark went for a picnic lunch on Sunday in the Summer in about 1986 on Clifton Down, preparatory to taking part in the Times South-West Regional Semi-Final Crossword Puzzle Annual Competition. They did this by competing in the initial stages successfully as a ritual every year for about eight years. Grandma was usually in the middle of the list of final results; Lois in the top fifteen or so, and once third, and so in the London Final. While they were having this picnic in the open air, they were suddenly hustled by two youths who rushed into and past them, yelling and gesticulating. At the end of this frightening disturbance the youths ran off, but Lois found she had lost her handbag with keys and so on. They managed by good fortune to find a police patrol car, which took them to the Station where they made statements and looked at photos of suspects all afternoon, thus missing the Crossword Final. It was a most unsettling and frightening experience for them both, but they came back (somehow in Lois's car) much later than usual, to 5 North Street, in relatively unruffled states, though they must have been severely shaken. Much later Lois heard that one of the robbers had been arrested, some distance away. He was 16 years old and from far afield.

I said I would revert to Grandma's efficiency as an administrator and here is a chance. I saw this for myself when she arrived in Moscow, inexperienced in Foreign Service ways, from New York in 1949 and was put in charge of the whole of the U.S. Embassy Archives and Cyphers with about 10 Embassy wives of all types of seniority under her as well as Cypher clerks (I think some Military - certainly a Sgt defected to the Russians from under Grandma's command, not her fault). It was a time of great tension under the Stalinist regime, with defectors, abductions and deportations - the Cold War at its coldest. But (and we were very closely connected with the U.S. Embassy) it was apparent that Grandma, despite her youth, enjoyed great respect and loyalty in her work, quite apart from popularity in social terms. She had no more "Admin" except in family travel terms (no mean feat) until we were in New York, from 1957-60, when every Christmas, at the Biltmore Hotel, the British Community organised a very large Charity Bazaar. Grandma became Chairman in 1959 by popular acclaim, and organised what was a very difficult and large affair, with great scope for temperamental upheavals, with an efficiency and good humour which were universally praised. And she made a record sum of money for charity.

As Head of Chancery's wife in New Delhi from 1966-68, she was responsible for leading, consoling, helping and organising a very large but heterogeneous group of High Commission wives in a hot-house atmosphere, where the wives, unless finding work in the Embassy, had little to do except grumble. Grandma was quite brilliant at this work; she kept the peace, helped many in trouble, and kept confidences so that all trusted and respected her. Later on, when we were living in 30 Kelso Place, Kensington, in the late 1970's, Grandma worked as an administrative assistant, organising examinations, in the Senate House at London University. Although I, naturally, did not know details, though enjoying Grandma's dry gossip about the office, it seemed clear that her work was much appreciated and that if she had felt able to commit herself to a permanent rather than temporary status, she would probably have been quickly promoted for her ability. She enjoyed this period, and her independence, and made a number of friends in the Senate House, one or two of whom we met through

other connections (I think Buxtons), later on socially. But, as in other areas, Grandma maintained a certain reserve, and, although I think some of her friends at work would have liked to get closer to her, she did not offer much opportunity. Sometimes she chided me, not necessarily in this context, for maintaining an unwelcoming attitude to her friends and although there may have been some truth in this when we were abroad, and I'm not proud of it, I do not think this was true in the U.K. Grandma just kept herself to herself beyond certain frontiers of acquaintance, except with our very closest friends, and even with them she was not forthcoming about herself. She never gushed or bored.

Her last administrative success was perhaps the most rewarding to her and certainly one in which the results will last into the future.

Due to her first cousin Kitty's marriage to Professor Lawrence (Larry) Perrine, a distinguished Professor of English, and author of a number of text books and studies on English literature, as well as being a notable (and published) writer of Clerihews and limericks, some very rude, Grandma had connections with Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, where Larry held the Chair. Some time, in fact, after his own formal retirement from the position, the Department of English asked Grandma to co-ordinate their student programme for one year courses in English Universities. She was ideally suited for this difficult job, by education, worldly experience, and temperament. The essence of this programme was to place about a dozen S.M.U. male and female students each year for a one year course, in their own discipline, mostly English, in a suitable English University willing to accept, tutor and examine them. Oxford and Cambridge were ruled out as too demanding academically for the Americans, even those who had completed their third American college year. But many of the provincial Universities were keen, or willing to be persuaded, and Grandma spent a lot of time from the outset, and later each year, fostering or developing contacts with Deans of Admission in Universities such as Hull, Kent and London, and, in some cases with Polytechnics, e.g. at Plymouth. She also had to arrange an indoctrination programme of lectures on life in the U.K., socially, political and academically, at the outset of each annual course, with bus tours for cultural visits. This was very necessary, and popular, as in nearly all cases the Americans had never been in the U.K. and knew little about British history and ways. Grandma did it brilliantly, persuading M.P.s (among them Robin Cook, now as I write, Labour Opposition Spokesman on Health and later on Foreign Affairs and much in the limelight), authors, academics etc. to address her small group, and devising fascinating tours into the English countryside and to historical monuments. Grandma acted thereafter as *confidante* and moral tutor to the students, though of course some needed her much less than others. Each year the students varied in wealth, willingness to make the most of their year's course, and capacity to adapt and learn. There was only one total failure, a rich and spoiled girl from Dallas whom I remember well. Grandma sent her home for wasting her time!

Some of the others who made a success of it, some outstandingly so, became friends, and we had a boy and a girl once for Christmas very happily. That boy, John Horani, became a successful lawyer in Dallas and came later to stay with another friend, when they were touring the U.K. with a large and well known Texan Male Voice Choir. John Horani was devoted to Grandma and has kept in touch, albeit only by the annual Christmas card, until she died, and since.

I have to say that Grandma, throughout her initiation and administration of this programme over about four years, was hugely frustrated by the well meaning but hopelessly bumbling incompetence of the administrator of the programme at S.M.U. This figure, who had better be nameless, drove Grandma up the wall! He had a lot to do with the selection of the students, crucial for the programme's success, and recommendations on their courses of study, but never communicated regularly or in time with Grandma. She had to telephone constantly to Dallas to get any sense out of him, and then usually with little success. This frustrating lack of effective liaison, which handicapped Grandma in making the programme the success which she wanted it to be, contributed to her own disillusionment and, ultimately, decision to resign. Although S.M.U. eventually paid her travel expenses each year, she received no other honorarium, though this was not the reason for her ceasing to handle the programme,

which, I think, eventually faded away in its previous form, as they could not find anyone else competent to handle it. Grandma made friends with someone doing the same job for the University of Illinois, her own University, but the latter organised matters on a much larger and more efficient scale than did S.M.U! The last straw for Grandma was a sad story (but we could not help laughing at it) concerning this same S.M.U. programme administrator. He finally, on Grandma's urging, got over to the U.K. for liaison purposes. In fact the S.M.U. faculty members, getting expenses paid, used to treat any such liaison visit as a cultural and personal jaunt for their own pleasure. This individual, who was nice enough, and only lacked any gumption, planned to spend a weekend with us at Somerton, to which Grandma looked forward, as a chance to get some sense out of and into him. He proposed dates and Grandma explained these were not possible, as other guests were due, and she fixed, as she thought, with him to come the following weekend. Lo and behold, the next we heard of him was a pathetic call from Yeovil Hospital, where, he said, he was in bed with a broken ankle! He had apparently arrived by train at Castle Cary on the very weekend which Grandma had clearly told him was not suitable. He had not bothered to warn us again, no doubt assuming he would get a taxi at Castle Cary, not usually possible without a telephone request. When the train got to the station, he had panicked at not seeing a platform, though the train was stationary. This was in the days before the platform was extended. Instead of making his way forward in the corridor of the train, he had opened the door and jumped (it is a long way) to the ground, breaking his ankle and lying immobile by the rails. Luckily the clerk on duty (there is not always a railwayman at Cary) came to his rescue and as he had just relieved a colleague who was driving to Yeovil, arranged for our friend to be taken to Yeovil Hospital, where he was admitted for treatment. Grandma went to see him, but found him obstinately refusing National Health (free) treatment to set and plaster his leg, despite her assurances of the N.H.S. competence! He spent his time telephoning to his poor wife in Dallas to arrange for his flight home and consultations with local doctors. His departure, needing a stretcher, and ambulance to Heathrow probably cost the N.H.S. a substantial sum. We knew later that the poor man had problems with his ankle, not surprisingly. I remember we saw him some years later, and still limping, when we were last together in Dallas, but we had no more close contact, though we often told the story as an example of some American behaviour in a foreign environment; and the clerk at Castle Cary still remembers the episode with an amazed smile!

I keep thinking about other general characteristics, tastes, or habits. For example, Tilla says that when she shared a walk-up apartment with Grandma in 1945 and '46 on West 10th Street in Greenwich Village, New York, Grandma had no idea of cooking. So, if they were in for a meal, Grandma always cooked fried eggs and bacon! Although she never enjoyed cooking, in the way that some people do, perhaps those who most enjoy food, Grandma, who was a finicky and slow eater, made herself into a first class cook. When we had dinner parties in England, she always produced a splendid meal, admired and enjoyed by the guests. Her chocolate mousse, based on a recipe from Eileen Mackay, was especially admired. Eileen, wife of my regimental friend Leslie Mackay, and Polly's godfather, sadly died of cancer, and Leslie sadly also died some years ago. They were very kind to us and we stored furniture at their large house in Kent, Yotes Court, when we were abroad. John William and Polly also spent a holiday from school with them. Eileen and Grandma were similar in some respects and got on very well. Abroad we were lucky always to have brilliant cooks, "Cook-San" in Tokyo, Maria in Chile, a Jamaican lady of large and comfortable proportions, called Evelyn, in New York, a French trained Malian (I forget his name*) in Mali, and a similar one in Guinea, and a splendid Mug, Mahendra from Chittagong, also profiting from an inherited French tradition, in Delhi. Grandma was always a perfect manager of servants, cooks, boys, bearers or maids, and we never lost one through discontent. Only in Delhi was Grandma frustrated and irritated with the No.1 Bearer, Gusain Ram, a hillman from Ranikhet, who had begun service in the Viceroy's establishment. Gusain openly showed that he took his authority and orders from me and treated Grandma with a condescension to the Memsahib which infuriated her! Yet Grandma admitted that Gusain was an honest, loyal and highly efficient servant!

* JWW reminds me it was Idrissa.

Our Delhi cook, poor man, died after Grandma had gone home, as we were coming back to the Foreign Office. Grandma said that I killed him through overwork, but I do not think that is fair. I went to his funeral pyre, attended by almost every Mug in Delhi - over 100 and nearly all cooks. I was the only white man there. We have a photograph of the scene.

Grandma at first developed her cooking out of cook books and articles. She also collected recipes from family and friends. She depended initially on her volume of the well known American "The Joy of Cooking" which became very dog eared and dirty (from travel with us and usage) and Tilla has now thrown it out, a sentimental loss but a sensible action, I'm afraid. I think Grandma may well have brought that copy to Moscow in her five huge cabin trunks, the last one of which we have just given away to Somerton neighbours. But she also acquired a large library of other cookbooks, some given as presents. She did not use them much in later years and would not read them for entertainment. Mostly she used friends' recipes. In England in later years Grandma also became a regular and skilful, even enthusiastic, bottler and preserver. She made crab apple jelly from the huge crab apple tree at Somerton. Also blackberry jelly and jam from berries we often both collected together from hedgerows, though I sometimes went on my own. She also made compote from our Peregrine peaches on the wall, and plum jam from our own Victoria plums. Grandma of course froze a lot of our raspberries, but she usually made the strawberries into jam. Oddly, but perhaps because of her American origins, she scarcely, if ever, made marmalade. But except for marmalade, and my sisters usually supplied us with pots of this, we never bought any jams. In June we picked the elder flowers in the hedgerows and Grandma made delicious elderflower cordial to a recipe from my sister and your great aunt Mary Ellingworth. Tilla continues this.

Although Grandma made herself ill from excessive drinking in her last years, she had always up to then enjoyed a drink but did not ever drink to excess. She liked plain Scotch and water from early days, and rather shocked the English ladies, and men, whom we met on first arriving in England in January 1950 by asking for whisky. It was not "done" in those days for a nice girl to drink Scotch. In middle years we only drank in company and it was only much later that we had a sherry before meals and a whisky in the evening. In earlier times we had an Ovaltine or Bournvita before bed! We called it a "hot brew" after the wartime Desert custom.

Tilla also says that Grandma always ironed what she was going to wear before going out each day when they shared the apartment. This clearly struck Tilla as the mark of a very clean, orderly and dainty person, proud of her appearance. I think this was true of Grandma then and later, though she lowered her standards, rather sadly, through lethargy at the end. Although Grandma was by up-bringing and nature economical, if not frugal, she always bought and wore simple, high quality clothes, even if not very many of them. Tilla says that in 1958 or '59, after she and her then husband Paul had come to dinner with us, together with other guests, at 850 Park Avenue, New York, she and Grandma went out shopping together and she observed that Grandma was looking at clothes in a price range well above that which Tilla felt she herself could afford. I find this interesting as Grandma's management of money was always so sound and economical, and she never seemed extravagant, and, indeed, on the comparatively few occasions when I bought or tried to buy her a present, usually turned it down, partly, I suppose, because she did not like my taste and judgement. She was probably right because in whatever circumstances we found ourselves, and however grand the occasion, I can assure you that Grandma was always absolutely perfectly turned out and looked stunning.

We always had a joint bank account though, after her parents died, she kept her quite small inheritance separately (and spent most of it generously on helping us on house purchases and also on her children, for example Polly's study in Switzerland, and Bun's house in Warnborough Road). But we never had any problems between us over expenditure or use of the joint account, other than ephemeral debate over the way we should proceed on large projects. I think Grandma sometimes thought we had made a mistake in not following the other course, whereby I would have given her a weekly allowance for house keeping and clothes. But I myself think we were better off on the path we agreed on at the

outset, and although we were at times hard put to it to meet our obligations, especially school bills, we survived, and had, in material terms, a comfortable, if not luxurious, life at home, and a pretty luxurious life abroad, despite dangers from infection, climate and so on in tropical countries. And in retirement we were able to enjoy holidays, for example, in South Africa, and the U.S.A. (regularly) and almost every year in France, and (before Elizabeth died) in Überlingen, and again for John and Katherina's wedding. We also could afford two cars until Grandma died. She had a series of small Renaults to which she was much attached, and a brand new Hyundai when she died; I gave this to John and Katherina. And we were also able to entertain at home or in Boodle's on a fairly liberal scale especially three big parties for our 30th Wedding Anniversary and for my 65th birthday.

Writing as I have been, today on a Sunday morning in San Miguel, with the sun breaking through thin overnight mist, about servants and clothes, reminds me of the two questions which Lady Kelly, my Ambassador's wife in Moscow, asked Grandma when she first requested Grandma to call on her after I told her of our engagement. Marie Noéle Kelly, who is still alive (Tilla and I saw her at dinner with Joe and Marie Dobbs in November last 1991; she died at 93 years old in 1995) was a formidable Belgian of dominating personality, a mixture of hauteur and earthy and direct speech, quite mean in some ways (as I believe many Belgians are) and unashamedly a snob and gossip; but also a travel writer of some distinction, with scholarly and cultural attributes, and a "great lady" when all is said and done. Anyway, there she was, excessively curious about Grandma (whom she had not met) as I was her husband's Private Secretary and lived with them, and wishing to take on a mother in law's managing role. In this she was sharply rivalled by Mrs. Lydia Kirk, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador, Admiral Alan G. Kirk, who commanded the U.S. Navy off Normandy for the landings in 1945, and no less of a Grande Dame than Lady Kelly. She was a Chapin, a distinguished New England family with a line of Ambassadors and other American establishment figures. She too wished to manage our engagement and wedding and in fact wanted the wedding to be held in Moscow. But, and this was an absolutely wise decision, we decided that it be in London and we were married on 25th February 1950 in St. George's, Hanover Square, W.1.. Curiously we learned that my great great grandfather William, Thomas Nelson's father (and your great great great great grandfather!) was also married in the same church in 1798, having come up from Peterborough to London to work as a civil servant in the Exchequer.

I have been led off the track, though it may all help you to know something of Grandma. So I ask you to go back and picture Grandma coming over from the American Embassy (most of the staff lived in flats in the large Embassy building) to tea with Lady Kelly in our Embassy residence above the Chancery office across the river from the Kremlin. We have a picture I painted, I think in November 1947, of the Kremlin from my bedroom in a wing of our Embassy Residence. This, whatever one thinks of the picture, is probably unique as no one else who may have painted, to my knowledge lived there after I did. The Kellys later had a housekeeper and the Residence is, I gather, now about to be given up for a new building elsewhere. The Embassy had been the residence of a rich Russian sugar magnate before the Revolution. Without much in the way of preliminary, Lady Kelly addressed Grandma in her throaty voice and strong Belgian accent:- "Now tell me, I have only two questions to ask you, can you manage servants? And have you a set of clothes in black for all occasions? This is essential, and you must acquire them, if you have not." Although we laughed over this very typical gambit on Marie Noéle's part, and the thoughts behind the questions seem out of another world, the advice they contained were in fact sound. And indeed Grandma quickly learned, helped by a natural grace of character and manner, to manage servants. And she always had a set of elegant black clothes ready for the numerous occasions of official mourning with which we were confronted in subsequent years, the most notable of which was, I suppose, Winston Churchill's death. We were in Bamako and opened a Book for colleagues and members of the Mali Government to sign, in the French (or indeed, diplomatic) manner. I still have this book in Somerton. We then went to Dakar for an Ambassadors' Conference, and there attended a memorial service for Winston. I remember Grandma was beautifully

turned out in yet more black, suitable for the tropics! But I had to get myself a new French-made black silk tie!

As I have touched on our wedding, I should perhaps say that Grandma's parents, who were somewhat elderly and frail, and living in Panama City, Florida, did not come to London for the wedding. I think they felt daunted by the thought of a strange environment and strange ways. They also felt that it would be an expense better saved for Grandma and me to visit them as soon as possible. And in fact they generously paid our fare, with John William, to go to Panama City on our return from Japan in 1952. On my small F.C.O salary as a 2nd Secretary, very small in those days, we could not have managed otherwise. I think as a 3rd Secretary, I started in 1946 at about £450 p.a. and as a 2nd Secretary at about £750. For the wedding, which was, without any argument, a full scale British affair, with about 250 or more guests, a choir, flowers, bridesmaids (Mary and Jill my sisters, and Catherine Turner, about 9 years old) and a reception, with food and plenty of champagne, done by Searsey Tansey, a very old established firm, at Londonderry House, now pulled down to build an hotel, Grandma's parents generously paid all the bride's costs. In practice, poor Grandma, who was staying in my parents' large flat in Bryanston Court, W.1, (before they moved to the Paddock at Brightwell cum Sotwell) had to do all the planning and administration and payments. Of course she had help and advice, some essential, some probably too much, from my parents. Mary and perhaps Jill also generously helped with invitations and so on. It was not an easy time for Grandma, who had never been to England, and who had to meet and adjust to my family and relatives, and a large circle of friends, all of whom wanted to get to know her on an almost oppressive scale. She also had to learn her way about London, English currency, linguistic differences and above all, habits and conventions. She triumphed over it all, but in retrospect, I think it was an unfair burden on her. The wedding, in fact, went well. Sir Mark Turner, Peter Wake's brother-in-law, and his wife Peggy, Peter and I had lived in Edwardes Square before Peter and I went to Moscow, made a kind speech, and I, in reply, tried to pay special tribute to Grandma's parents, for whom the wedding of their only child, without their presence, in a foreign country and to someone unknown to them, must have been a painful experience, though they did not recriminate or complain. We went by train to the Imperial Hotel in Torquay, and drank a bottle of champagne on arrival, though I remember I made the hotel change our room to one with a sea view, for which we had asked; then on across the moor in a hired car (very small mini) to a splendidly comfortable hotel at Budock Vean, on the Helford River in Cornwall, where there were hardly any other guests. We ate oysters, went out to cream teas at Gweek ("good for teas" we said always afterwards) and luxuriated on the coast at picnics in amazingly mild sunshine, where we were able to dispense with sweaters. The whole of England was new to Grandma and she revelled in it, and shared my attachment to the West Country, and quickly fitted in to British ways. She also, for the first time, showed interest in map reading which later she developed into a skill which was quite outstanding. When we were driving together anywhere in the world, she always had her maps on her lap, and, in France also her Michelin guidebook, and directed me with a sure touch. She could get us in France around the large towns, boldly leading us on small by-roads, or in England through the centre of towns or the London suburbs, with unerring accuracy. I had total confidence in this ability of hers. In her last years, even if we were going up to London on the A303 which we had done many hundreds of times, Grandma always kept the map open in front of her, in case, I suspect, she wanted, or we were forced, to take a detour. Grandma was always absorbed by maps and guide books, of which she had a great collection, for France, America, and the U.K. and which she knew by heart, with an amazing fund of knowledge.

Now I really must go back to Moscow as I want to tell you two anecdotes about our courting, which show something of what life in Moscow was like at that time. Of course I was immediately attracted to Grandma on her arrival at the American Embassy. The younger people of the Western Embassies had a closely involved social life but mostly in large parties, and there was no single girl, before Grandma came, with whom I had been especially close, though I saw all the Americans regularly and also saw a number of girls in the Dutch and Danish Embassies especially. Indeed I was attracted to and went out

with, in so far as this was possible in Moscow, three of the latter. But Grandma was quite different, in looks, intelligence and manner, to anyone else, and so I was naturally thrilled to meet her. The opportunities at that time in Moscow for taking anyone out were, as I have said limited, and really amounted only to the Ballet or the Theatre, both first class, but it needed patience and persistence to get tickets from the Embassy "fixer", a Greek called George Costaki (who became famous years afterward for his valuable collection of Russian paintings, not known to us at the time). Restaurants did not exist except for the "Aragve" and this took an age to provide a meal.

So as soon as I could get tickets for the Bolshoi Ballet, I invited Grandma, and we set off in my former Army Humber Staff Car, left behind by the British Military Mission and boldly bought by me. I had an International Driving Licence, technically recognised by the Soviets, and a huge *dvornik* (Embassy labourer) called Umir to maintain it and to keep the snow off it. I was the only person in either the American or British Embassies to drive a personal car. The Americans did not let their personnel drive for fear of incidents, and preferred to endure their Russian chauffeurs reporting every journey, meeting or conversation. In the British case, I just think no vehicles were available, and no one else had the enterprise to drive. The senior staff all had chauffeurs, and the rest were provided by Embassy cars to work or got lifts for social engagements. Although I made the most of my independent mode of transport, there were several handicaps. These were, first of all, no maps at all available anywhere, and Moscow was a sprawling city, with no signposts, in which it was not easy to find one's way. But practice helped. Next, Russian traffic regulations, and traffic routes across the huge *ploshads*, or squares, seemed arbitrary and eccentric especially in snow. In the middle of the square and often at all the exits as well, stood militia in great coats and fur hats, with shrill whistles and batons. The latter they swished about them to indicate "stop" or "go", and in which direction. It was extremely hard to make out what they were signalling and what they meant. And one had to take a special course across the middle of this huge expanse of snow covered square. If they thought you had gone wrong, they whistled shrilly. Usually it was best to take no notice and escape as fast as possible. Sometimes, however, they whistled so terrifyingly that one hesitated or stopped, then they would stop all traffic and walk over and shout that one was committing an offence. I managed to get away with this sort of thing, but it gradually became clear that the Russians wanted me off the streets, and they used to resort to other tactics of harassment, and also began to send an increasingly severe series of Notes from the Foreign Ministry, complaining of my "violations". If I had not left in February 1950, I fear they would have got me off the streets in the end. As it was I managed for most of two years to have a lot of adventures and fun, and I did a lot of paintings in the country outside Moscow, sitting under the birch trees in summer, or on the grass, or by a river surrounded always by my heavy booted "slugs" as I called them, N.K.V.D. secret police in plain clothes who followed me at about a hundred yard intervals in a small Russian vehicle wherever I went. It was disagreeable and a bore, but one got used to it. It was an absurd Soviet convention that these people pretended that they did not exist, or were ordinary citizens out for the day. So they would never confront me, or touch me, and if I ran at them shouting, they retreated sheepishly. If they wanted to make trouble, as you will see in this long delayed story, they brought up uniformed militia men of various ranks. Only once I should say, in all my time, did the N.K.V.D. followers lay hands on me. This is a separate story.

It happened at Tiflis station, when Max Hayward (later Fellow of St. Antony's and joint translator of Dr. Zhivago) and I had bought tickets to Mtskheta, but found all the carriages barred by the conductors on the grounds that "there is no space", a palpable lie! We ran down the train and found a door unguarded. Just as we tried to climb up, the slugs appeared in the train (they had been down the train frantically trying to motivate the guards, one to each carriage, to keep us off) and pushed me in the chest. But I paid no attention, and pushed in past this slug and we fell down, as the train was moving off, among a group of huntsmen with beards and coats of some sort of animal skin, and their numerous huge hunting dogs, who, however, were not hostile to us; nor were their masters, who when told of our predicament, took a robustly supportive view of our "rights" to be on the train! They had no idea who

we were, and would not have understood if we had tried to explain, but they were all for a citizen's rights!

Well, we are back again with me driving Grandma (I remember there was no snow but I do not recall the month) up to the Bolshoi, looking forward to the evening and cold supper afterward in my rooms in the Embassy, which I had ordered from the Ambassador's cook. I parked with lots of other cars, on a large square by the theatre, where everyone else was parked or about to park. No signs that it was out of bounds. Before I could get out, I saw a Polkovnik (Colonel) in uniform coming up to us. This was a very high rank indeed to be about any sort of business with me on such an occasion. In fact I thought I recognised him from seeing him at other diplomatic functions. He certainly knew who I was and addressed me by name, to my surprise and consternation, as it showed he meant nothing good! I knew at once that I could not risk getting out of the car. If they could get their hands on the car, apart from me, and impound it, I would, I knew, never get it back. The Colonel started off immediately by saying "you are parking illegally; get out of the car *Gospodin* Waterfield". I turned to Grandma, who was entirely brave and calm, but amazed, as she had not met this kind of thing. I said to her (she always recounted afterwards, but I think I was less explicit!) "This is, I'm afraid, going to take a long time. I cannot risk the car, and faced with the choice the car comes first. So you had better make your own way back to the American Embassy". I did not know it yet, but Grandma always got short tempered and irritated when she was hungry. And she saw that her supper after the Ballet had probably gone for good. However, though she scarcely showed it, she was not pleased that this "date" was collapsing in such fashion, and that I was showing such preoccupation with my car, rather than with her! So she got out of the car, and walked back to her flat in the Embassy, fairly coolly, and without indicating any desire to rendezvous later, or ever! I went back to my argument with the Colonel and we were shouting at each other for at least an hour. I took a risk, but I reckoned the Soviets would not dare resort to force. And, in the end, he went off, and I drove back to the British Embassy, relieved that I had the car, but very worried that we had wasted the Ballet tickets, and that any hopes for relations with Grandma were damaged beyond repair. I sent Grandma a note of contrition, and, after a few days, we were able to meet again, and all seemed well!

Encouraged by Grandma's apparent forgiveness, I next asked her to come on a picnic, *á deux*, in the Humber on a following Sunday, I should explain that a few weeks after I arrived (in November 1947) Stalin imposed a ban on all foreigners travelling more than a certain distance from Moscow. As I remember, the limit was about 15 miles but not all roads out were effectively policed. On the other hand, with my N.K.V.D. followers, I could not hope to get much beyond the limit. Nevertheless in those days there were plenty of rivers, lakes and empty woods, of considerable charm, and open fields, within the limit, so a picnic was not an idle dream, though few others, if any, tried it. We, then, were cruising along within the limit, on an entirely traffic free road, through thick birch, spruce and fir woods. I do not think I had noticed my followers, but I was so used to them, I tended to forget their existence. I had a good and carefully chosen picnic, as I was spoilt in having the services of the new Ambassador's (Kelly) Belgian cook, and I was happy to have Grandma looking very pretty, alongside me in the car. So, after a while, I stopped and proposed that we carry our picnic, with a groundsheet, into the grassy glades between the spruce trees, but out of sight of the road. This we did, and Grandma busied herself with getting the food out and ready on the groundsheet and rugs. It was not at all too cold to sit out though of course it would have been impossible in winter; the woods were silent and sweet smelling. Suddenly, as we began our meal, we heard crashing through the branches, and there suddenly appeared a Militiaman, with his revolver in his belt, in full uniform. He addressed us loudly and as if he had learned his role by heart. My Russian was pretty fluent by then and there no was problem in following what he said. Grandma, who had started from scratch, knew only a few words. This awful Militiaman said we were not allowed to park on the roadside, and must get back in the car and proceed. He refused to discuss any place where we might park, and ignored all arguments that we were causing no obstruction, as there was clearly no traffic, and stuck obstinately to his insistence on our packing up and going. I protested, but it was hopeless, so I apologised to Grandma and said "let's

try further on". No sign of our followers all this time, so we packed up, got back in the car and drove on. No traffic. Peaceful and inviting woods. And we were hungry! After only a few miles, we saw a Militiaman in the middle of the road ahead with his arm raised. He was holding us up! As we stopped, he came up to us and said the road was blocked ahead (plainly not true) and we must turn back. I looked at him and recognised him as the same Militiaman as before! How he got past us I have no idea. Perhaps the followers took him ahead of us. I said "I've just been talking to you and you never said the road was blocked". "Not me" he replied "It must have been my brother." We always remembered that as a typical example of the Soviets' absurd and dumbly obstinate harassment. I'm afraid that, at that, I gave up and took Grandma back to Moscow for our picnic in her flat. So on the first two dates, Grandma was starving, and nothing but disaster ensued. It was lucky she forgave me and we went on seeing each other, until we got engaged, I think in Red Square, and went then and told Eddy and Tamara Gilmore, as Eddy described in his book *Me and my Russian Wife*. He had been, during and since the war, A.P. Correspondent in Moscow, and we kept up with them both in London until Eddy and then Tamara died years later. I do not know what would have happened to Grandma and me if I had not come to the end of my tour, and been ordered to return to London. I cannot remember at what stage we were told I was posted as 2nd Secretary in the Chancery (i.e. doing political work) in Tokyo, at that time still under Allied occupation. But I was much in love with Grandma and felt that a posting would be scarcely bearable. I do not think I proposed very graciously, but rather, after talking sadly about my inevitable departure, said lamely something like "Well there is one other way; we could get married" and Grandma did not say "no"; so, almost before we knew it, we were engaged, and from then on things took their course, as if on an automatic moving staircase. I never had any regrets about our decision.

Now I would like to say some more to you about Grandma's talents and ways of behaviour. As with cooking, I do not think Grandma liked sewing of any kind, or had been taught to sew when younger. But she made herself into a very skilled seamstress, with an old hand-wound Singer machine which we obtained somehow at second hand (later given to Polly) and carted round the world. I have a clear memory of her making curtains for our various houses, and raising or lowering all her skirts in accordance with the fashion. She also made skirts for herself, and very effectively, from good quality woven cloth which we had bought on various travels in Scotland, Wales and Devon.

Grandma was a competent piano player, and could quickly sight read most music. She had a small true delicate soprano voice and could sing precisely in tune, a talent which I, sadly but conspicuously, lacked, so much so that in the family I was usually banned from singing at all. This disappointed me, but I accepted the realistic need for such a ban as, although, like the Mayor of Casterbridge, I dearly loved a tune, and could remember the words of many folk songs, I could not remember or carry a tune at all! So I used to get Grandma to remind me of tunes which I wanted to recall. Her father, who was very clever with his hands, made a violin for Grandma when she was young, but she did not play it (though she may have done so as a girl) and we gave it eventually to Polly, as a family treasure rather than as an especially good instrument to play. It is now restrung as a viola and used by Polly's pupils. He made a second violin but we do not know its whereabouts.

Grandma was keen from the outset to give Polly every facility to learn music; she started the piano at Sunningdale when she was about 8, and the violin when she was about 11. John William showed no eagerness or musicality outwardly at Dragons but asked to learn the piano and the clarinet at an early stage at Eton, and was immediately enraptured by music and inspired by his very good teachers. Poor Bun never showed much keeness and I think that I was relieved not to have the extra expense for him and selfishly did not encourage him to learn an instrument. Grandma's enjoyment of and critical judgement of classical music were both of a high order and all her life we were proud to go to Polly's concerts as her career developed, and Grandma's musical appreciation was evident, though never flaunted.

Of course Grandma's early devotion to modern dance in America was very important to her. She first met Tilla at a six week summer dance course under Hanya Holm's tuition in Colorado Springs. I have always had the impression that at some time later Grandma took a course or courses under Martha Graham, perhaps in New York, though at that time she was also working as a clerk at Columbia at Teachers College, while studying for her Master's Degree in English at Columbia. Tilla can shed no light on this. But certainly Martha Graham was her idol and had a great influence on her. After her degree from Columbia, when Grandma was wondering what to do for a job, she applied for the State Department (using her brain) and then auditioned for the chorus of the United States company of *Oklahoma* (using her dance skills). She was accepted in fact for *Oklahoma* as a reserve; but she was also accepted by the State Department. Her choice of the latter decided the whole course of the rest of her life, as you can see. She was, after some initial training, sent off to Moscow by ship to Copenhagen and Helsinki. There was an ardent Dane on the boat, Grandma told me, who nearly captured her. Luckily for me, she did not succumb.

After our marriage, Grandma kept her American passport. At that time the Foreign Office had no administrative objection to this, though they did object, as we saw for ourselves, to Foreign Service officers marrying "undesirable" foreign nationals. One colleague of ours in Japan wanted to marry a half Australian, half Japanese girl, but the Foreign office said "no" and he had to resign. There was no problem for us, however. But we did explore the possibility at that time of Grandma obtaining dual nationality. We found that this was full of difficulties as the British regulations at that time required an oath to be taken of loyalty to the Crown. But American regulations forbade an oath to be taken and an American to take an oath of loyalty to anything but the American Flag! If they did so, they immediately lost American citizenship. Neither Grandma nor I, for all sorts of sound practical reasons, wanted her to be deprived of her American passport at that stage. So she went on through nearly all our Foreign Office career as an American citizen, and she was an Ambassador's wife as such in Bamako (Mali) and Conakry (Guinea), possibly the only American national married to an Ambassador at that time in the British Foreign Service. Some time after that, when I was in London again, and after her parents had both died, Grandma, entirely of her own wish and never influenced in any way on the matter by me, decided that she wanted to become a British subject, and initiated the necessary steps. There was no problem about this procedure on the British side, as she fulfilled all the necessary qualifications. The American Consul in London, as was his duty, urged Grandma to think again, but did not prevail. Grandma was especially keen, by then, to have a vote in the U.K.. Moreover it was clear that none of our children wanted to settle in the U.S.A., and Grandma's own links (with no brother or sister) were no longer close enough to outweigh her deeply felt British associations, of home, children, ancestry and indeed feeling. We found (at Tilla's house in Connecticut in 1991) an old letter, brief as usual, from her to Tilla at some time in the 1980s, explaining succinctly that she no longer wanted, even if it were possible, to live in the U.S. and felt tied to England. It was very moving for me to read this!

In politics, one of the reasons for her choice, Grandma was opposed to the Tories, and especially found Mrs. Thatcher increasingly distasteful, both in manner and policies (though she recognised her decisive contributions in such matters as sound money and curbing trade union dominance). But she could not identify with the Labour Party, and so found herself forced to favour the hopeless cause of the Liberals. She had hopes of the S.D.P. but was disappointed at their schisms. Yet she stuck to her principles to the end, and hoped for a third party's return to favour. In American politics her family were all single mindedly Southern Democrat, and Aunt Louise Thomas up to her death aged 93, was writing to me from Rockville, Maryland with fierce condemnation of President Reagan, and his successor, George Bush, and other Republicans! She and her sisters, all graduates of the University of Texas, were entirely liberal in politics, if conservative in social judgements, and individualistic in behaviour.

In religious matters Grandma was probably at heart agnostic; her parents were not active churchgoers, and nor was Grandma. But in our life together Grandma adjusted, without I think too much inward questioning, to the language and rituals, and at least the ethics, if not the prime faiths, of the Church of England. We went to Church together on the High Festivals, and from various friends' houses attended

funerals, christenings and marriages according to the rites of the Church of England, except that Grandma did not take Communion. We never argued about having our children christened. We were married in accordance with the old King James Prayer Book except that we omitted any reference to Grandma promising to obey. Indeed it is curious to record that we were married by my father's elderly first cousin Reg (Dean Reginald Waterfield retired from the Headmastership of Cheltenham and then the Deanery of Hereford). It was clear in family terms that he had to be asked to perform the ceremony, and he accepted eagerly, all the more so as he had also married my father and mother in Clifton in 1920. He did not believe in cutting any corners and I can still see his white hair, and aquiline features, jutting out from the pulpit, from where he gave us a by no means brief homily on the sanctity of marriage and our respective strict duties therein. He set the most severe standards I have ever heard on such an occasion. It was in the end Grandma's own wish, inscribed in her Will, when we each did fresh Wills in October 1989, that she should be cremated and her ashes buried at Cofton in our family vault. In earlier years she had light-heartedly joked that she wanted her ashes to be scattered in the mountains of Colorado, which she loved from visits as a child and later. Indeed we had a happy camping holiday there in 1959, before Bun was born, in a large Chevrolet estate car, which carried us, Erica our Swiss help, John William and Polly and a large tent quite easily and comfortably. I always remember that on that holiday we drove 650 miles in one day on straight roads across the upper mid-west. I drove and as usual Grandma chose the route and read the map. On our camp site in the woods in Colorado, Polly, aged about 5, distinguished herself by getting totally lost chasing chipmunks, and was rescued, while we were frantic with anxiety, by a Ranger.

Grandma was not keen on ball games requiring physical strength, and for that reason never took kindly to tennis. She loved ping-pong, and was quite good at it. She loved watching the Wimbledon fortnight on TV and was not utterly bored by cricket. We played a great deal of table tennis on our terrace by the swimming pool, in Bamako, including doubles, and also on board ships to Chile and back from Buenos Aires. Both at my parents' house The Paddock (now called St. James's House) at Sotwell, and later on our own lawn at Somerton, we had intense games of croquet, played by strict rules. Grandma enjoyed the games, and played as she did all such games, with keen competitiveness.

In the end, when Bun became so good that none of us could compete with him, and the Somerton lawn was getting chopped up by his technique of jumping one ball over another, we ceased croquet and turned to bowls. John Freeman, with great generosity, found us some second hand bowls at his local Bowls Club, and we took to the new game with relish, despite the humps and hollows of our lawn. Grandma enjoyed herself very much playing in this way, whether singles, or doubles with visitors or family. In New York from 1957-60 we had taken up Ten Pin Bowling with enthusiasm and used to take our guests down-town from 850 Park Avenue on Sunday evenings to the alley. Although Grandma found that it was heavy work for her to grip the bowl in the holes provided, she was good at it, and bowled very elegantly! In Chile she took some golf lessons and quite enjoyed playing, but it did not come easily to her, and she did not pursue it. She loved any chance to play snooker, or, as played at Fairfield House with the Wakes, Slosh, an easier game. When snooker became popular on TV she was an assiduous watcher. On the beach she played French cricket and in due course mastered the rules of cricket and even came to Taunton once or twice to watch Somerset play.

Of course Grandma was in her element at indoor games. All her Thomas relations, especially Uncle James, were highly skilled bridge players and Grandma was well up in their ranks, and enjoyed the game in family circles, or with sympathetic friends. But she abhorred being caught up in regular games at a club or with a group of ladies with whom she was not in sympathy, and for years hardly played at all. We played both of us in Mali, and had some fun. Although I studied Goren (the fashionable text book of the time) I was a hopeless player as I really could not count cards and my attention wandered. But by playing a poker type game, I brought off some coups, though I scandalised the French Ambassador's wife and was also under fire from Grandma. On our six week voyage to Tokyo on the S.S. Glenartney (Captain Simmons, brought up in sail!) in March 1950 there were only six other passengers, all male. George Clutton, Minister designate at the Embassy, was among the passengers,

and he and two other keen players made up a four at bridge with Grandma. I did not play, but always liked to claim that Grandma paid for our bar bills by her winnings. Grandma played a few times in her last years in Somerton with lady neighbours and also with Joe Dobbs and his friends at Charlton Musgrove. She also played when we stayed in the 1980s at Craigowan on the Balmoral Estate, in a small and congenial house party organised by Bill Heseltine, then Assistant and later Principal Private Secretary to the Queen. I always felt that Grandma might have enjoyed it if she had only made an effort to play more, but her sad lack of energy and vitality in her last years precluded this. The last time we played together was on a visit to Somerton in the 1980s by Grandma's first cousin Emily and her second husband Gus Whitaker. (Her first husband, the much loved and admired Professor of Latin American History at Princeton, Charles Cumberland, who had been born on the King Ranch in South Texas, sadly died when quite young.) We had an amusing and enjoyable game, which Emily won for her partnership with me by very dashing shut out bidding! I never played a hand. Grandma was rather put out!

Grandma was practically unbeatable at Canasta, demon grab (or racing demon or pounce, however it is called) or card games like rummy. In America, when Uncle James Thomas was alive, the relaxed family card game at Garrett Park and later at Rockville was called Oh Hell, for any number of players. But I now could not remember how to play it. Grandma enjoyed Scrabble, as did her mother, and was rarely beaten, except perhaps by Bun.

Grandma, like me, did not bother much with gardening until we got our own for the first time, at the first house we bought, comparatively late in life (I was 39) in 1960 - St. Albans, Sunningdale. We both probably reacted against our parents. Mine were keen and knowledgeable gardeners, and so was Mary Lee Thomas (Grandma's mother), but not her father. The house at Sunningdale had some rare and fine specimen bushes and trees which had been planted by one of the Russells, who were, with Sunningdale Nurseries and Waterers, the outstanding plantsmen of their time in the district, partly because the soil was lime free, and therefore productive of rhododendrons, azaleas and so on. Milo Talbot, an eccentric senior Foreign Office colleague (who became Lord Talbot de Malahide, and inherited Malahide Castle outside Dublin, and the Boswell Papers) was a famous collector and plantsman and filled the garden at Malahide with exotic and remarkable specimens, many brought back by him in plastic bags from his travels abroad. When he called on Sunningdale Nurseries the owners bowed and scraped in front of him. He was very fond of Grandma, and also of his sister Rosie. But he showed no genuine interest otherwise in women and disliked children. It was therefore a great concession by him that he had us and two children to stay at Malahide one summer after our first holiday on Lough Corrib in the West of Ireland, where we stayed happily, in two successive years, at Moytura, once the home of Oscar Wilde's parents. At Malahide, a large castle, Milo slept in modest asceticism himself, in a small room, in a tower reached by circular steps. I was touched to find he had two watercolour pictures which I had painted and given to him hanging in his room. After his death, the contents were sold and he left the castle and grounds to the Irish State, for public enjoyment. When I was in the Northern Ireland Office, another senior former F.C.O. colleague and friend born in Ulster, Dick Turpin, rang me up to say he had seen my pictures sold at the Malahide sale. He could not remember the price, which was what intrigued me, so I asked Christies, who conducted the sale. Now I cannot remember what price they fetched but, at least, I was pleased to find they were marketable! Sir A.P.Herbert's son John, who had been at Dragons with me, signed Christie's letter as Director of Public Affairs.

Milo Talbot inherited also a large estate in Tasmania, producing what he called "third grade but saleable wool". He went there regularly and restored the early 19th century house to its original form using "new European" craftsmen from Sydney. He visited us in Bamako and collected plants there and I remember he caused a great fuss about the methods of storing and shipping them back to Ireland. He also came to stay in Delhi (Grandma was back in the U.K.) after a tour by a group of garden experts in the Himalayas. At Sunningdale earlier he had greatly admired our *acer griseum*, the best specimen he had ever seen, and a huge willow by the stream, which he told us also had some exceedingly rare features, now forgotten. He also admired our liquid amber.

It was Milo Talbot, as he then was, who sent the famous telegram from Laos (or Cambodia) where he was posted as Ambassador, probably in the early sixties. It was the F.C.O. custom that, on arrival, a new Ambassador sent an *en clair* telegram to the Foreign Secretary to say "I have arrived, and assumed charge". This was as much for record and pay purposes (allowances or *frais* began from that date) as for reasons of informing the Secretary of State that British affairs were safely under the new man's control. Milo, however, distinguished himself since, on getting to his destination, he found there was in fact no residence that he considered suitable, and he made typically original arrangements. His telegram read "I have arrived and assumed charge, and until further notice I am staying with the Prime Minister"! No other British representative could claim as much.

Milo was a fine source of memorable anecdotes which is why I am giving him disproportionate space. But we would not, I think, have seen so much of him had he not been so devoted to Grandma, although I also got on with him well. He told Grandma that as he had no knowledge of the tropics except that they would be hot, he had bought a hundred cotton vests and pants for his voyage to Laos, and proposed to throw them overboard when they needed to be washed! He asked Grandma's opinion, in all seriousness.

Malahide reminds me that on the same trip as our visit there, we drove into Dublin to find Bagot Street where I was born in a nursing home on 5 October 1921. Grandma led us there with her usual skilful map reading, though I do not retain any impression of the place.

The reason for our going to Moytura was entirely due to Grandma's initiative. She came home, for school holidays, I think, in advance of me for our first leave from Bamako. We were pretty comfortably off, with our Bamako allowances, but had not worked out where we might best take a family summer holiday, though we had, in conversation, touched on the idea of exploring Ireland. Of course we had not dreamed that so much of my official working life and our holidays would later be taken up with Ireland. We simply had a romantic idea that it would be fun. Grandma had it in mind, I think, that some of her ancestors came from Ireland as well as Wales, and I bore in mind my own birth in Dublin, when my father was Treasury Remembrancer (and got a C.B. for it), in the Troubles, and later into Partition and emergence of the Free State and Ulster's Stormont Government. Grandma, most enterprisingly, walked into Hamptons, grand real estate agents, in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and asked if they had any properties to let in Ireland; amazingly they offered her Moytura, which she felt was so ideal (rightly) that she took it for three weeks on the spot and paid the deposit. It was a lovely manse type grey stone house, with out-buildings and a yard, approached by a half mile drive, and standing proud on an eminence above Lough Corrib, with a view stretching for miles, across the Lough to Oughterard and to the mountains beyond. There was an elderly, twinkling boatman, called Eddy Fox, who took us for splendid fishing trips and picnics on the islands, when we cooked trout on open fires. In those days I knew little of fly fishing (though we did some dapping with the long dapping rods which were in the house). We fished mostly with small Mepps trolled from the boat and caught a fair number of trout and perch, but none much over 1½ lbs, and never a sight of a salmon. All three children participated and also Grandma. The owner of Moytura, from whose widow we were renting, had been a retired Colonel in the Black Watch. Eddy Fox told us that it had been his greatest ambition to get a salmon in the Lough. But he never did. In much later times I went with Hilary Keegan (now a Judge) and his father Don, and his brother Don the doctor from Derry (I coming via Dublin), to fish the Corrib on the Galway Town beat where the river plunges through the sluices from the Lough, and saw Hilary pull in a 16lb fish, with the (very handsome, probably due to the Spanish Armada blood) girls of Galway Town urging him on from the bridge.

Grandma, though fishing desultorily from the boat at Moytura, and enjoying herself with the thrill of a tugging line, never became keen on fishing herself. And in later times in U.K. when I fly fished a lot with great enthusiasm, Grandma never became one of those wives who are happy to sit on the bank and read, or knit, while their husbands attacks the river. Grandma always said she had better things to do. But she did not unduly resent my fishing, and only rationed me when we were on holiday together,

as for example in Donegal, where she liked me to come on expeditions in the car rather than fish every hour of the day. But earlier in Kashmir, probably in 1968, Grandma's personal experience of fishing was special, and she always talked about it afterwards in a very amusing way. The beautiful mountain rivers in Kashmir, with exotic names like Bringhi and Nawbuk, were scrupulously maintained and managed as trout fisheries, and divided into beats. We were established with all three children, and with our friends Alan and Lois Clark and our bearer, driver and cook, in a fine bungalow right on the edge of the Bringhi, with 17,000ft mountains all round us. We all went out to fish, with various degrees of seriousness, again with Mepp spinners (of which I am now ashamed!) on our allotted beats. There were always two Shikaris to each beat and also two "watchers" who appeared suddenly from behind rocks, wherever one went, in order to check that no one took more than their limit - eight fish per person per day. Grandma said it was all too easy! The Shikari put on her Mepps, cried out with encouragement "that is the way, *memsahib*", helped her throw the spoon in, stood over her while she wound in, encouraged her again when she had a fish on, netted it, killed it, and smiled sweetly saying "*Shabash* (well done) *memsahib*, next time another good fish"! Grandma enjoyed it, but said it was so easy she got bored, and decided not to indulge herself with this too easy sport again. This rather put the serious fishers out (i.e. me) but in fact little did Grandma really know then about the long frustrations of fishing in more difficult conditions! Altogether our holiday in Kashmir was one of the best ever, and Grandma flourished in the climate, the beautiful landscape and our general well-being and cheerfulness, entranced by the Clarks' wit and companionship. Alan Clark wrote some amusing verses about our adventures.

While I have written about Grandma's map reading skills, I have not mentioned her own skill as a driver. She always said (and I have no reason to doubt her, though I do not understand how it was allowed) that she learned to drive when she was fourteen years old! Certainly she was an extremely good driver of all types of vehicles, with or without a manual gear change, in traffic, in town or in the country and on the left or right of the road as was appropriate. She was very careful and prudent, but kept up a fair pace. She never, to my knowledge, had an accident, or even a scrape. And she was surprisingly and quite exceptionally angry when poor John William, soon after passing his test (amazingly but to our great pleasure) went for a non-existent gap in our large Peugeot station wagon in Sunninghill, and severely scraped another car as well as our own! I never heard Grandma so angry! It is good that now, since 1994, John William has renewed his lessons and now drives again, with great enjoyment, to get to his piano studio in Hereford and the audience for his lectures on Jung in Malvern and elsewhere. In later years we managed our affairs well enough for Grandma always to have her own smaller car, one Peugeot and several Renaults, and, at the end a Hyundai, brand new, which I gave to John and Katharina, on Grandma's behalf in July 1990. It helped them considerably and I knew Grandma would have wished them to have it.

In middle years Grandma, while keeping remarkably well (I can scarcely remember her seeing a doctor or having to stay in bed with 'flu) suddenly began to have a severely adverse reaction on her skin to the sun. It began as far as I remember, in Bamako, and took an unpleasant form, bringing her face and arms, if not covered, out in a visible rash and sores. For any woman this adverse effect on her appearance would be highly unpleasant, but it must have been especially so for someone who, if not vain at all of her appearance, was acknowledged by everyone to be as good looking as Grandma. Yet she endured it stoically and never complained outwardly. She said she thought (and had also read) that it was the fashion in Texas when she was an infant, for parents, thinking the sun healthy, to put babies out in their prams with no shade or hood; this, Grandma believed, caused a loss of pigmentation which resulted in sensitivity or, as in her case, sores in the adults of her generation. We only had one doctor in Bamako, Michel Baron, who was keen on Rugby football and giving *piqûres* (injections), his favourite and only remedy. Though nice enough he had no idea how to help Grandma, who managed to carry on under large (and, in fact, very becoming) sun hats and with her arms covered and keeping as far as possible in the shade. When a State Department Health Inspector, a qualified doctor, came to Bamako, we were able to consult him. After a lot of thought (it is odd now how seemingly unskilled the doctors

were, despite being tropical "experts") and head-shaking, he prescribed cortisone. Grandma was immensely sceptical, but tried it. It immediately gave her unpleasant side effects - I cannot remember exactly what, and Grandma vowed to discontinue this treatment and never to revert to it. It was not until much later in 1984, when John and Jude Freeman kindly invited us to Plettenberg Bay, Cape Province, where we stayed in luxury in Jude's mother's rambling home, Bitou House, on the river and by the sea, that Grandma discovered a barrier cream, made only in South Africa, which effectively protected her. As a result she bought, and was afterwards generously sent, quantities of this cream and scarcely suffered again, for the rest of her life. The South Africans were well ahead of everyone else in sun protection at that time. Grandma's hair, nearly black when we married, turned grey very early. It was in fact quite becoming. She never had it dyed. I wonder if this was in any way also due to her early exposure to Texan sun.

It was after staying at Bitou House that we drove to Cape Town in a hired car in order, largely due to Grandma's indefatigably enthusiastic interest in family history, but by now on my side as much as hers, to pursue a search of Herschel memorials. It was a wonderful drive, and we stayed in a beautiful Colonial Dutch hotel in Constantia - The Alphen - Tilla and I stayed there again in January 1996. We found the Herschel obelisk in the grounds of the Grove school, and Herschel Avenue and Herschel Filling Station, all in Claremont. In this pilgrimage we followed my father and mother who came years before, for a winter's holiday with Spedan Lewis (owner of John Lewis and a school friend of my father's at Westminster) in Cape Town and I believe, though I was not much interested at the time, identified the site of Sir John Herschel's house, Feldhausen, and other memorials. It may even have been that at the time of my father and mother's visit Feldhausen had not been pulled down, disgracefully, by the Cape Town Council to make way for the construction of a Jewish seminary and synagogue. Grandma and I identified the seminary and actually went in and discussed the former building with the rabbis.

Grandma then showed her scholarly enterprise and persistence. We had with us *Herschel at the Cape*, my great grandfather's letters and diaries from 1834-38, edited by Professor Evans of the University of Texas, and published by that University. Grandma used this constantly to identify and point out Herschel landmarks. She noticed that in a footnote the editor referred to Lady Herschel's own Diaries being in the Cape Archives. Like a hound on the scent Grandma directed me, from the map, to drive to down-town Cape Town and find the Archives. In the event these proved to be split, as possible receptacles for such documents, between the Archives proper and the South African Library. By persistent interrogation and search of documents we finally established that my great grandmother's diaries had never been in any Cape archive or library. Indeed there is no evidence that she wrote or kept a diary, though she was a prolific letter writer. The editor, Professor Evans of *Herschel at the Cape* has confused Lady Herschel with Lady Maclear (the wife of the official Government astronomer at the Cape, both being close friends of the Herschels). Lady Maclear's diaries are indeed in the Cape Archives. I wrote later to point this out to Professor Evans. Although he replied on other matters, and contributed privately to the cost of renewal of Sir William Herschel's memorial in Westminster Abbey, which I handled, he never acknowledged his error. Professor Warner of Cape Town University to whom I wrote about this error, draws attention to it in his subsequent publication *Lady Herschel's Letters from the Cape 1834-38*. I have found that authors are highly self-conscious and reluctant to admit to errors, solecisms, etc., however politely put to them! My aunt-in-law, Mary Siepmann (writing as Mary Wesley, and very successfully, in her 70s) who was a very good friend of Grandma, was a case in point. In fact Grandma sensibly said I was wasting my time in writing to Mary Siepmann, however obvious and glaringly indisputable the solecisms, but it irked me to let them lie unremarked!

In the Cape Archives we did, again through Grandma's unerring power of detection, find a treasure. The assistant brought us a folder marked "Lady Maclear" which Grandma thumbed through eagerly. It was a miscellaneous and not very interesting collection of letters. Suddenly Grandma cried out "Look at this!" It was the original of a letter written from Collingwood by my great grandmother, after the Herschel family had returned home, addressed to Lady Maclear (still "Mrs" at that time) and

recounting the births of two more daughters, including "the pale rose", my grandmother, and other family news, and with robust comments on the need for severe handling of the Kaffirs at the Cape. This was a splendid find and by payment in rands we obtained a copy for ourselves which is in my family papers. Lady Maclear's son Admiral John Maclear married my grandmother's next elder sister Julia, but they had no children. Great Aunt Julie lived with Aunts Fancy and Connie in their old age at Observatory House, Slough, now pulled down, and I can just remember visiting them.

In the winter following Grandma's death, I paid another visit to stay with dear South African friends in Phyllis Road, Claremont, Cape Town, and made a further pilgrimage, just down the hill, to the obelisk and site of Feldhausen. I was able, by consulting a scholarly elderly local resident, to establish without any doubt at all that the Jewish Synagogue was indeed built on the site of Feldhausen, after its demolition, which was truly the act of vandals. I was also asked to write a foreword to the edition of my great grandmother's letters from the Cape, 1834-38, which was being edited by Professor Brian Warner, Dept. of Astronomy, University of Cape Town. I did this in luxury in the Blue Train travelling from Cape Town to Pretoria, stimulated by champagne! The book was published late in 1991 and copies have been obtained by a number of family members, and, at my suggestion, is on sale at the Herschel Museum in Bath. In all these activities Grandma was much in my mind. She would have been so pleased and interested, and would have had, as usual, constructive and shrewd suggestions.

Grandma's reading was prodigious, from historical novels to Jane Austen. Her knowledge of Shakespeare was very wide and deep, and she knew Jane Austen almost by heart. She devoured all kinds of detective stories and at one stage, soon after we married, we thought it would be fun to try to write together a mystery or detective story about life in Moscow in the Cold War, which we thought would be a striking and novel story. We never got further, alas, than choosing the name of the American Embassy's Administration Officer (they are or were in those days a despised breed, and figures of fun). We called him as I can still remember:- "W. Hamilton Smedley". The American habit of putting an initial first and using what we considered surnames as Christian names always made me laugh, and Grandma did not fail to laugh too.

Indeed, quiet though she always was, Grandma had a piquant sense of humour. She loved New Yorker cartoons (of which sometimes she had to explain the point to me) and she shared this pleasure especially with Bun. She also liked plays on words, and jokes with puns. We both enjoyed Larry Perrine's (her cousin Kitty's husband) limericks and, at his request, shared in sending our comments to him to help him select the best for publication. We also thought we could do nearly as well and together invented other limericks, on the Perrines' activities, and others in the family, which were libellous but, we thought, funny.

Grandma enjoyed all word games, and we played endlessly with the children on long car journeys, I spy, spelling without ending words ("ghosts"), categories and so on. Of course Grandma's enjoyment of crossword puzzles was a special aspect of her life. She took to the Times daily crossword, after our marriage, like a duck to water, and she always seemed to have a magical gift of divining the very specially devious minds of the various puzzle setters, whether in punning, or anagrams, or other ingenious sideways approaches. These tricks in no way attracted me, so I played no part in Grandma's daily attack on the Times puzzle which she usually finished by lunch. Only in matters of Classical Latin and Greek Mythology, word derivation, or history did she consult me. Sometimes I could help. Grandma had a battery of reference books, Oxford Book of Quotations, Brewers etc. which all came into play. When we stayed with friends, like the Wakes, it was always a (to me) agreeable bond that our host, usually an old friend initially of mine, consulted Grandma on the crossword, and deferred to her skills.

As I have said Grandma, with me, became keen on gardening both at Sunningdale and Somerton. In earlier years she worked quite hard, planting, pruning and weeding, though latterly she left the hard work to me. She loved growing vegetables, with memories of hot, ripening summers in America, and every year at Somerton she got me to plant corn, whose progress depended entirely on the sunshine,

purple beans (her special strain, perpetuated each year by taking seeds at the end of the season), lettuce, Swiss Chard, pink fir apple salad potatoes, and especially tomatoes. She always grew the tomatoes herself on the kitchen window from seed. I was especially sad that I told her before she died that I feared for that year's tomatoes, which started poorly outside, due to bad weather. My pessimism was misplaced, as they came on in September mightily, and I had a good crop, which Grandma never saw. We both enjoyed very much going round nurseries and the great gardens, such as Hidcote, Tintinhull, Knights Hayes, Killerton, Rosemoor at Torrington and so forth, and we bought plants together happily, to such an extent that the garden at Somerton was stuffed with competing plants. Grandma had a retentive memory for the names of plants, much better than mine, and studied the classical gardening books, of which we acquired a great number. Another regret is that Grandma never lived to see the garden open at Somerton, on 16 June 1991, nearly a year after her death, together with four other neighbouring gardens, in aid of Marie Curie Cancer Care. This was largely at my initiative, and I always thought of it as a memorial to Grandma. The village came in force, the garden looked good in fine weather. I was much helped by Dick and Mary in making it ready and by kind Somerton neighbours on the day. We made together with the others what was universally regarded as the amazing sum of £1,400! Grandma would have been especially proud of this, and I missed her presence profoundly. I have thought it best, after such success, to rest on our laurels, and leave "openings" to others since it is very hard work.

It is now some 3½ months since I started this memoir, and we are in our last Sunday at San Miguel and within three days of leaving here, for ever as far as this house of Tilla's is concerned, as it is sold, and so on to New York and back to Somerton. I know that as I have written intermittently, the sequence is erratic and the story jumps backward and forward. I am afraid it cannot be helped. I keep thinking of anecdotes or features of Grandma's character which I would like you grandchildren to know of. I make a note and include it next time I sit down to write. Meanwhile Tilla has written an impressive and moving piece about Grandma's life as she knows of it* . Not so much a factual account, though the first part, when they shared the walk-up apartment in West 10th Street, Greenwich Village, New York, contains some vivid anecdotal memories. Rather it is a study of the choices faced by their generation in relation to marriage, children, husband on the one hand and career and self-fulfilment on the other. Could these be combined? Did Grandma, for example subordinate her own development to family and the professional requirements of diplomatic life at that time? Did this harm her as a person? Tilla deals brilliantly with these issues, though without pretending to find solutions, and, broadly, without criticism of the paths Grandma chose. The only difference I have with Tilla's essay is that I do not think that (understandably) she gives enough credit to the very happy times Grandma and I enjoyed despite later difficulties, and the many shared interests, books, garden, travel and politics, which Grandma and I enjoyed until she died. Nor, perhaps, does she give enough credit to the real professionalism of a wife's role in the diplomatic life of our time - it was not merely a clothes horse and charity job - and the pleasure and indeed profit which Grandma derived from doing a difficult job well.

Meanwhile Polly has read Tilla's essay (sent to Norwich from Mexico) and has enjoyed it, and has been so stimulated by it that she writes that she plans also to write about Grandma, from her own point of view, which will naturally be entirely different from mine and Tilla's.

On the subject of the changes in behaviour and thinking which we have seen in our lives and to which Tilla points in her essay, I cannot help reflecting with no pride on my own behaviour at the birth of our children. Where they were born may also interest you - we were resolved together from the outset of our marriage to have a child, as soon as we could see that we were securely based. This was the case in the Embassy compound in Tokyo, at the end of the occupation, and the transition after the Peace Treaty (on which I worked in the Embassy Chancery) despite the outbreak of the Korean War and the recrudescence of the atmosphere of war time - we had British Commonwealth troops in transit and on

* See first appendix.

leave, and daily news of the fighting. So Grandma became pregnant. We did not, as far as I remember, have an official Embassy Doctor and we were led (I cannot recollect how) to a middle aged American doctor called Morton who was, I think after a military career, practising privately in Tokyo. He gave Grandma and me a great deal of reassurance and confidence, and although we did not see him afterwards, we felt that he was a friend. Again I cannot remember why, but Doctor Morton decided that the baby should be born in the Bluff Hospital, Yokohama, the port about an hour's drive from Tokyo. I have no memory of how this hospital was run, who the nurses were, or why it was chosen, but I do know that it was a happy and efficient place, and Grandma had good memories of it. So in due course Grandma went down to the hospital and I accompanied her. We did not have a car of our own then so I think we must have been driven in an Embassy car, but I am curiously forgetful of those details, curiously because I remember, as you will already have read, so many other details. I stayed overnight in the Yokohama Consulate General Residence, a substantial house, with Jack O'Dwyer, an elderly bachelor and rather a special friend of ours, who was acting as Consul General. It did not occur to me, or if it did it did not appeal to me, to be present at the birth. But no one suggested I should be, neither doctor nor Grandma. Nor was I present at Polly's or Bunny's births. This is very much in contrast to the prevailing habits of fathers nowadays. I think that both John William and Bun were present at the birth of each of their children! So, in the Consul General's house (which I do remember) in Yokohama I slept all night, and stayed on dozing late, as I had gone to bed late, until alerted by telephone to come to the hospital. And there I found Grandma and John William both well. We were naturally overjoyed at this event and sent numerous telegrams to both sets of grandparents. John William was later christened in Tokyo, and we had a party afterwards on the steps of our house (we had moved to No.9 house, which was larger) and drank his health in champagne. At the party was the Head of the European Department of the *Gaimusho* (Japanese Foreign Office) in his best striped trousers and short black coat, with his wife in her elegant Kimono. This Japanese official, of considerable seniority, was ashamed to hear me reply to a ribald comment by an American friend, that the grass of our lawn was rather long, that I could not afford a gardener. The Peace Treaty had just come into operation, and with it, we had lost all the perquisites we had previously enjoyed. Among them were all the salaries of the servants, paid by the Japanese Government, and free lawn cutting. This was done by a row of kneeling Japanese women, about six or eight, each with nail scissors, nothing larger. They snipped away and the grass looked splendid. The Japanese guest said nothing at the time about my intended-to-be-light-hearted comment on our allowance. But the next day, on returning to the Embassy after lunch out, we found that this same official, whose financial circumstances at that time would have been exiguous, and certainly much worse than ours, had come in a taxi, with a hand-mower, and in his office coat and black striped trousers, and stiff collar, and had cut our grass. This was another astonishing story of Japanese *On* or "obligation". The only trouble was that it put me in an embarrassing position, as I had to find some appropriate way of repaying this gesture. I think I gave him one of my pictures, and hoped for the best in terms of reciprocal obligations.

Polly was born in London, after our return from Tokyo. We had (rented from Dick and Dawn Marriot, she a lifelong friend of your great aunt Jill) a very well positioned flat, (albeit only two rooms, and we slept in the living room) behind the pavilion in Vincent Square, Westminster. We had a fine view of the 12 acres of playing fields of Westminster School, and it took only fifteen minutes for me to walk to the Security Department of the Foreign Office. We grew immensely attached to Westminster and were glad to return to the other side of the Square (17 Vincent Square Mansions) in the 1980s for our final half a dozen years in London. We were both eager to have a second child; we hoped for a girl, and Grandma had no difficulty in conceiving Polly, who was born on 18 February 1953 in cold winter weather at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. There were again no complications. Our dear friends Pat (later Sir Patrick) and Beatrice Hancock (he had been Assistant in the Northern Dept. of the F.C.O. when I joined in 1946) took pity on me and had me to stay in their large and luxurious house in Pelham Crescent. John William had been taken off by his Grandmother and Grandfather to the Paddock at Sotwell near Wallingford for the period of the birth, and afterwards. I remember we were acutely anxious lest John William should be upset or jealous. I think he was at first, but soon grew used to his

sister; and indeed they became (to our great joy) remarkably close, a relationship which continues today (1995) despite their separate personal activities. It was a happy experience that they both lived in Norwich in their thirties when John William after Elizabeth Buxton's sad death, was married to Katharina. They chose Norwich in part because Polly was already there after leaving the Findhorn Foundation, and had started to teach the violin from her first house in Bury Street.

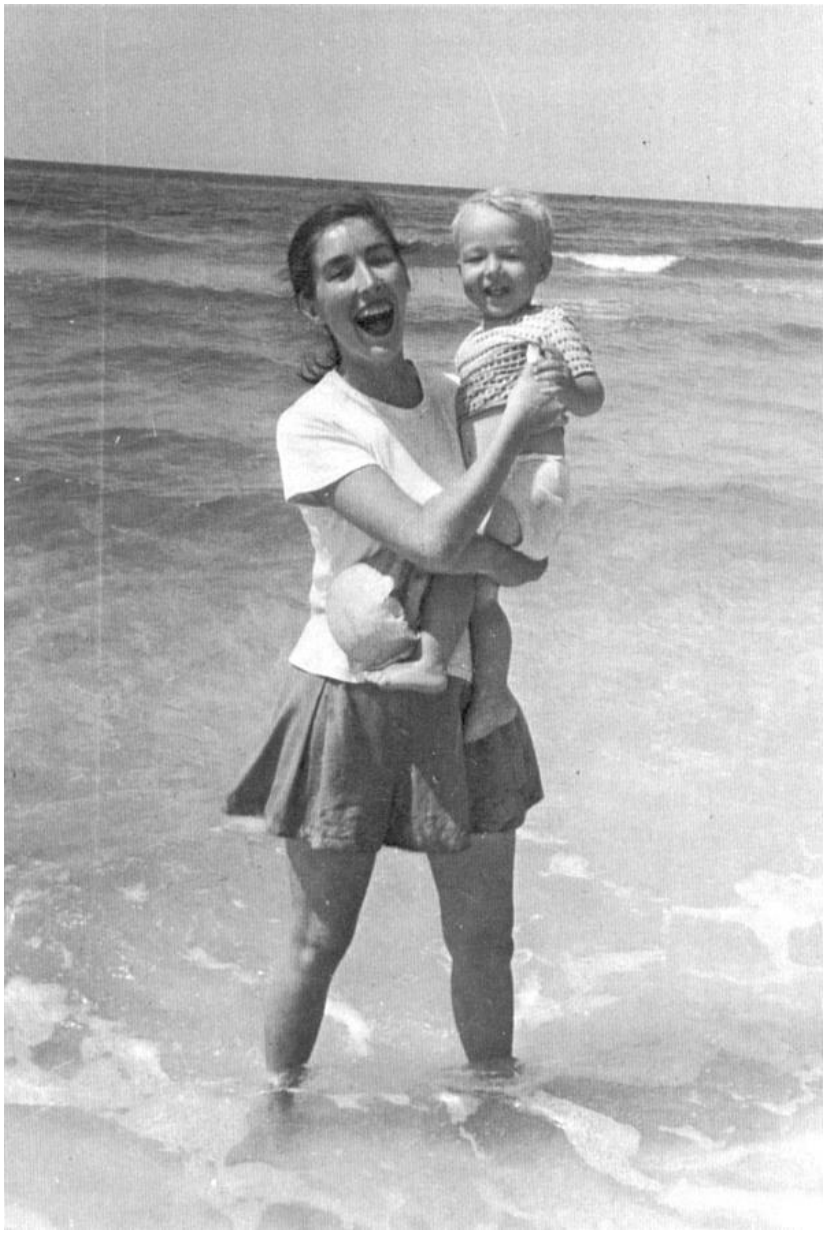
I do not remember anything remarkable or otherwise about Queen Charlotte's or Grandma's doctor (I think a woman). I do remember that we were very cramped, but happy, in The Willows with two infants in 1953/54. It is difficult to picture that this was still a period of severe food rationing, meat, bacon, eggs and butter, and also clothes rationing. Grandma used to remind people of this later. Most, who had not experienced it, were horrified. It did not detract from our happiness. I used to take John William out to play in the Square before going to the office. The Groundsman was kindly and tolerant. I also fetched endless loads of nappies from the laundry service on the Embankment. We still did not have a car in those days, but rented one for one of our first family holidays, at Mark and Peggy Turner's comfortable small house in a street of similar cottages just above the sea at Sheringham. Mark and Peggy made it available to us, free, with typical generosity. It rained throughout our holiday, but we enjoyed it, and searched for crabs in the rocks, and I played a little golf. Polly was too small to have any enjoyment at the seaside.

In Chile, probably in 1956, Grandma had a miscarriage. I think we had talked of another child, but had not made any very deliberate plans. It was an unhappy experience, and left Grandma with unhappy memories of Chile, which in so many ways was an attractive country providing an agreeable life. I remember the Embassy doctor said that it was as well that the miscarriage occurred as the foetus was not properly formed. We did not talk about it much together, then or later, but I think we concluded that the miscarriage was due to malformation, a pure chance and not to any accident or mishap to Grandma. I am ashamed to think that I did not sufficiently show consideration for the shock or distress which Grandma suffered.

Bunny, though hugely welcomed - we were thrilled when Grandma became pregnant again in New York seven years after Polly's birth - was not deliberately planned for! He was born in Women's Hospital above Central Park, on 20 June 1960. Again I did not attend the birth, and I do not remember that Grandma ever expressed any desire that I should do so. I wonder in retrospect if she would have liked it, if I had said I was coming. I truly believe that she would have had mixed feelings, but, on balance would have preferred to do this alone, and without the distraction of my presence, and, no doubt, anxiety. As it was, I had by chance tickets for the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the World bout between Floyd Patterson, the black American, and Ingemar Johannsen, a Swede with a supposed hammer in his fist, which was due to take place about 9 p.m. at the (old) Giants Stadium. Grandma phoned me at the office in the late afternoon to say she was going to the hospital. She had a very good doctor, who was the official doctor for the Consulate General. John William and Polly were in the entirely safe and capable hands of Erica, our Swiss nanny; or possibly Erica had by then left to get married and her successor, a Highlander, who caused us terrible trouble later by getting herself pregnant by one of the Irish doormen at a neighbouring apartment house, was capable enough of looking after the children. Grandma said on the phone she was perfectly all right, that I should go to the bout and come to see her after it. So I went, with a friend, by taxi, and sent my companion off home afterwards, while I, thinking I should not be too early, walked in the night down through Harlem to the Hospital. I remember that I was the only white person walking there (I would not do it today!) and that all the blacks were making merry, drinking in the street, and jumping for joy at Patterson's knockout victory. They shouted at me, but I paid no attention, and got through safely, though I think I was taking a foolhardy risk when I look back on it.

I can remember walking in to Women's Hospital and finding Grandma, looking tired but remarkably well and very happy, while Bun was lying, with a lot of other small pink creatures, only identifiable by name tags, in a sort of large incubator. I think that was the practice and indicated nothing wrong with

Bun. I remember Grandma got out of bed and joined me to look at our infant. We speculated on which was ours and hoped no one would lose his tag. We probably thought he was already special and recognisable with or without identification!



5 North Street
Somerton
February 1995

I am writing, after an interval of three years, at Somerton. I have sat on this, partly because I have always had plenty to do in my happy second marriage with Tilla, and partly because I was hesitant about it being a worthwhile task. But, on reading it through so far I think it gives the sort of picture of your Grandma that I would like you to have, and it seems worth completing the task. I have, I think, found a typist in Somerton, a former secretary to the Director of External Affairs at Westland Group in Yeovil. If she can read my writing, I will get it typed.

But first I have to say something about your ancestry, through Grandma, in America and, originally, in Britain and to a minor extent Germany. One of the reasons for my delay in completing this memoir has been the failure by Grandma's first (and double - their mothers were sisters and fathers brothers) cousin Anne Tenny to produce a short anecdotal history of the Thomas family. Both Anne Thomas Tenny and your Grandma not only had first class and academically trained minds but were also profoundly knowledgeable genealogists. Between them they established, by research in America and the U.K., a very detailed body of knowledge about their family's origins, Anne, for the most part, concentrating on American sources, and Grandma on records in England and Wales and a bit in Ireland. The sad thing was that they never, in Grandma's life time, put their knowledge together into narrative or even tabular form, though it was all there in separate but not easily comprehensible, except to them, bits of paper! I nagged Anne Tenny to produce a proper narrative for the past five years, when she nobly came here for Grandma's funeral in 1990, and thereafter at my marriage to Tilla in West Cornwall, Connecticut on 2 August 1991 and then two years running on Yelping Hill, and finally in September 1993 in Washington, my last visit to the house on Glen Mill Road. Finally in December 1992, she produced an *Ahnentafel*, an "ancestor list in which the only fixed reference points are consecutive numbers"[*] . After that, though promising, in her introduction, to do an Appendix with more detailed personal information, and a second version covering the English, Welsh and German lines (she and Grandma shared all the results of their research), she never managed any more, though her material is presumably in her files or on her computer. At the end of 1994 her daughter Carol wrote that her mother had been diagnosed as suffering from incipient Alzheimer's Disease and she was moving from her house, which she had lived in all her married life, in Montrose Avenue, Garrett Park, Maryland, to a sheltered home in the District. Her brother Jim also died, so 1994/95 indeed marked the end of an era, and of the Thomas connection which would have made Grandma profoundly sad. We had noticed Anne's apparent forgetfulness in recent years but had not realised what it meant.

Now therefore we at least have the *Ahnentafel*, which is much better than nothing, and a fair amount of Grandma's own genealogical notes, though I doubt if the latter will be much use unless one of you grandchildren develops a genealogical bent. I shall have to dredge up what Grandma told me. Anne Tenny most helpfully did a preliminary sorting out and labelling of Grandma's files here at Somerton after her death in August 1990, so some material is here, and I have not destroyed it.

So at this stage, with my own recollections of what Grandma told me, and the *Ahnentafel* produced in 1992 by Anne Tenny, I can set out for you the basic facts about Grandma's birth and upbringing and something about her origins. I also have, and will repeat here, notes by Grandma herself of the dates of her University education, service in the Pentagon and work in Columbia before she entered the State Department and came to Moscow in 1949.

Grandma was unique in many ways, but I am pretty sure she was the only Texas born girl to become a British Ambassador's wife in our time whilst still holding an American passport!

[*] See second appendix.

She was born in Austin, Texas on 14 April 1923, the only child of Howard Rice Thomas and Marylena McGee Thomas. Her father was at the time teaching engineering at the University of Texas at Austin, where, indeed, he had taken his degree, together with his brother James. Anne Tenny's father, "Uncle James", had a distinguished career, rising to be Deputy Director, in the U.S. Bureau of Standards in Washington and he was also Mayor of Garrett Park, Maryland, living in Montrose Avenue, Garrett Park until he and his wife Louise retired to Glen Mill Road on the hill to the north side of Rockville, then on the edge of farming land and with a fine view to Sugar Loaf mountain. After James' death Louise lived on in the house until she died at age 93, with her son Jim, who painted (without material success) and grew vegetables, and never married. I have referred to him earlier. Grandma and I had many happy visits to Glen Mill Road over a period of nearly forty years. James and Louise were always very kind to us, and they were especially fond of Grandma.

When Grandma was about four years old, her parents moved to Champagne-Urbana, Illinois on her father's appointment as Professor of Engineering at the University of Illinois. So Grandma grew up in a middle sized mid-West Town, and went through all her schooling in Champagne-Urbana from a typical academic suburban household. Only one of her junior school contemporaries and neighbours kept up with her in later life. This was Ruth Elizabeth Jefferson who devoted her life to looking after her parents as they grew older, while working as a librarian in St. Petersburg, Florida. We once visited her in Florida, with Anne Tenny, driving down from Washington, and she and her sister, Jeanette Jansky from New York, much later came to stay in Somerton, and proved to be two of our most sympathetic and appreciative guests. Ruth Elizabeth's letter, after Grandma died, was a most loving and touching evocation of their childhood friendship. I should say here that there came over 200 letters from all over the world paying tribute to Grandma after her death. I answered them all of course. I have kept all the letters.

Grandma's father remained at Illinois University until the outbreak of War for America, when he was called to a job with the Navy Department in the Pentagon in Washington, and the family moved to the Maryland suburb of Kensington, where they remained until after the War. Howard Thomas then retired from the Pentagon and they moved to Panama City, on the North West Coast of Florida, where there was a submarine research station of the U.S. Navy which, offered Grandma's father a happily appropriate engineering consultant's job. It was to their small one storey house there that Grandma and I went together with John William, in 1952, on our return from Japan. We first went to Washington to see James and Louise. Howard and Marylena met us and drove us, in their old, but reliable Packard, through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia to Panama City. I can still feel the heat and the melting tar on the long straight roads between the pine woods in the South, and then the amazing squeaky white sands of the beach, and the rich Florida vegetation. This was my very first introduction to America and it all naturally made a great impression on me. Grandma went up to Panama City with John William and Polly from Chile (where we served from 1954-57) after she had a miscarriage. She stayed for about six weeks as I remember it. The photographs she and her mother took of her and the two children, and the movie, give a vivid picture of the perfect climate and ground for the children's' holiday, which also restored Grandma's health and morale.

Back in Illinois Grandma's parents formed a very close friendship with another Professor (of English) Bill Albig and his wife Helen. They had no children, and consequently took an affectionate interest in Grandma, who was very fond of them both. We asked Helen Albig to be one of John William's godmothers. Many years later, after Bill Albig's death, we used, on our almost regular annual visits to Glen Mill Road, to drive to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, to spend a day with Helen Albig in her retirement home. We stayed the night in the polished, wooden guest house, and ate with Helen in the communal dining room. The elegance, comforts and administrative efficiency, with provision for all sorts of activities, were an eye opener to me. I also went during those visits for several long walks in the attractive rural and empty countryside. Once we drove back in a fearful snow storm, but got clear eventually.

Grandma's parents eventually moved back to Austin, Texas, moved by nostalgia for their roots. Marylena Thomas died there, and Grandma flew from India with Bun to sort out affairs and to help her father move to a retirement home near Washington, where he was within easier reach of James and Louise.

Grandma's own academic and employment record as noted by herself, was as follows:-

1940 High School Graduate - Urbana, Illinois.

She deliberately left out that she at first went to William and Mary College in Virginia, seduced by its ancient colonial associations, but she found that at that time the academic standards were hopeless and she withdrew after only one term of her own deliberate volition, and entered the University of Illinois, where she obtained a B.A. in 1944 in English and Political Science. She was also awarded the honour of Phi Beta Kappa which is given for academic achievement, together with a "key". I have an idea she lost the key. Certainly I have never found it. But although she did not talk about it, she was rightly proud of the distinction. Her University studies were interrupted by the War and from 1942-43 she worked as a Clerk/Typist in the Personnel Department of the office for Emergency Management, Washington. She then transferred to the Pentagon where she worked as a Research Assistant in Military Intelligence from 1944-45. This was highly secret work for which only people with the highest credentials were accepted. No doubt Grandma's father's position in the Navy Department contributed. But in fact Grandma was ideally qualified for secret classified work and in all her life was a model of discretion. In our life in the Foreign Office and abroad and in the N.I.O. later where I dealt frequently with highly classified material, and Grandma, especially abroad, was privy to the rôles and some of the work of intelligence officers, she was an absolutely perfect example of security consciousness. In the Pentagon in fact she became a specialist on the German Higher Command, and, I believe, on at least one occasion, possibly more, briefed General Marshall. I have always believed, and Grandma was a good example, that girls keep secrets, personal and state, more securely and safely than boys. From 1945-49 Grandma was in New York, where for part of time she shared an apartment, a second floor walk-up, 223 West 10th Street, in Greenwich Village, with Tilla. They were very lucky to get it, as accommodation was short, and they paid only U.S.$25 per month. The apartment was pretty primitive, but Grandma and Tilla had romantic dreams, and were young, so discomfort did not daunt them. After Tilla and I were married, Tilla found an old photograph in her papers at her house on Yelping Hill, West Cornwall, Connecticut, where we spend our summers. The photograph showed Grandma and Tilla, both looking young and radiant, in Central Park, New York, with Tilla's cousin Paul Heber, back from the War in the Pacific, and a cousin of his, not related to Tilla, who has since died. We see a lot of Paul Heber, and his Dutch wife Els and their 2 sons, one a New York policeman, when we are in America, and we have twice stayed with them on Martha's Vineyard. That photograph has high sentimental value for me, and I carry it with me in my wallet. Paul and Els are now, in Spring 1995, coming to stay here in Somerton in a few weeks' time. This proved (1996) a great success.

In New York Grandma worked as Administrative Assistant at the Department of Advanced Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. At the same time she studied for a Master's degree and took her M.A. (English Literature) in 1949. Her job at Teachers College included a fair amount of distributing and collecting examination papers, and of arranging examination results. When Tilla realised, with regret but realism, there was no future for her (mainly because of economic reasons) in a dancing career, she started to look around for some sort of job and Grandma manoeuvred her into a vacancy in her Department. So they sat next to each other and shared the jokes and gossip of the Department and the relative attractions of the Professors!

In 1949 Grandma felt eager to move on, and if possible, abroad. She first competed for a place in the chorus line of the musical Oklahoma which was about to tour abroad. She was not selected, but was offered a place in the chorus of the American Domestic Company, which she refused, as, in any event, she was simultaneously offered a place in the State Department, to whom she had simultaneously applied. After training in Washington, she was posted as Archivist to Moscow, where, as I have

described earlier, we met, with results which have led to you, our grandchildren's existence! This brings you up to date on Grandma's own life history.

Before I go back over her ancestry, I have remembered one or two extra vignettes which I would like to add to the foregoing account of what Grandma enjoyed doing, and of her character and views.

First of all, her name. It was fashionable in America in the South in her generation to call children, both girls and boys, "Lee" after the great Confederate General and Commander in Chief in the Civil War, and a continual hero to the South, who with his horse Traveller is commemorated at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, where we used to stay in later years in their beautiful house, Evergreen House, with Brigadier-General Toby, and his wife Anne, Philbin: We knew them first when we were engaged in Moscow. Hence Grandma's second name. Her first name Margaret was given to her after her Texan Grandmother, her father's mother. She was called Margaret as a little girl, but at some point she rebelled and said that "from now on, I am Lee" and so remained.

We (Tilla and I) have just now, on 15 March 1995, returned from a happy visit, in glorious sun, to Devon and Cornwall. We went to the family grave at Cofton and left Camellia Donation blooms in a jar, and then to take Mary Siepmann (Mary Wesley the famous, and now rich, author and my Uncle Eric Siepmann's widow) out to lunch at Floyds' Bistro/Inn on the river at Tuckenhay, below Totnes. Grandma got on very well with Mary Wesley, though not everyone in the family, especially my sister Mary, finds her easy. At 83 she is remarkably fine looking, hard-working, and active and is shortly off to America again to publicise her books for her American publishers, Viking. (In England she is now with Bantam after starting with Macmillan). I like to remember that I took her first manuscript (*Jumping the Queue*) up to her agent in London, wrapped in brown paper and tied up with string. Mary said at lunch, as if I had overstepped the mark, that I had demanded a receipt from the agent. The agent, and her partner and successor, have both died recently of cancer so that leaves a gap. Tilla, I am glad to say, is also getting on well with Mary Wesley and it is entirely due to Tilla's initiative that we went down, for this second time, to see her and take her out. Before she was so famous, or rich, but starting her novelist's career, aged 70, I see from the Visitor's Book that she stayed here regularly, more, I think, to see Grandma than me. She kindly came to Grandma's funeral, and afterwards to my sister's fine house at Budleigh Salterton, just now sold, after a year and a half on the market, on their move to a much smaller house in Wells.

On the approach to Dawlish, so horribly built up in my lifetime, I was reminded of the family visits we made with our children in the Easter holidays to the Rockstone Hotel, a modest establishment, but beautifully sited above the sea and front, with glorious views to Berry Head beyond Torbay, and the Thatcher Rock, and sentimental in its associations, since, when my father was young and for years after, into his middle age, it was a private home of the lady we knew by name as Great Aunt Laura Benthall. In our family's time we used to make expeditions to Dartmoor, walk along the coast, and even, on one occasion, when my niece, and Grandma's goddaughter, Katherine Ellingworth, joined us, the children swam in the freezing cold sea. We have this recorded on the ciné camera, with Bun, as a very small boy, protesting mightily at something that the older ones did to him, possibly pushing him into the icy water. Neither Grandma nor I ventured in. When the Rockstone changed hands and went even more down market, we took Easter breaks at the Forest Inn at Hexworthy. I remember pouring rain there, and trying to fish, unsuccessfully, and also deep snow. Snow at Easter seems to have been no surprise in those days. I remember once going up snowy paths on the Mendips when the Freemans were staying with us and a fine snowman in the garden, built by Bun.

One family outdoor activity in which Grandma always joined actively was Handkerchief Hide and Seek a splendid game of stalking skills and enterprise which my mother taught us as children, having herself, I think, played it with her brothers and sisters in Clifton. I have never known any other family who played it, though we introduced it to the Mills, the Wakes, and others. It can even be played indoors in large houses. I still think it is the best game of its kind. I once got my platoon of Cockney riflemen to play it in the Yorkshire Moors above Hutton-le-Hole when I was in the 12th Bn K.R.R.C.

in Henry Howard's Company, at Oswaldkirk in 1941 before I went to the lst Bn in the desert. Another game which we played at Dragons frequently, in and around the playground, and also in our family, was Kick the Can. We called it Lurky at Dragons. My father played it, as Kick the Can, at his prep school.

Grandma had a lifelong love of sea shells and coloured pebbles on the beach. She walked happily up and down beaches, especially in Dorset, collecting interestingly shaped or coloured stones and shells. For a while she had a polishing machine which ground away for days at a time, making a disagreeable noise, but producing attractive results. We still have many of the best polished stones. We then went through a phase of making a kind of jewellery, with frames and glue, some of it, though of no value, quite pleasing. But the best effort of this kind arose from a remarkable collection of amber which Grandma gathered from the beaches, mostly in Suffolk, as I remember, perhaps with Jill, or at Thorpeness, where we stayed a whole summer holiday with the Deedes. When we went to India, I took* these amber pieces to a jeweller in the bazaar in Old Delhi and, with little or no guidance from me, he assembled the pieces into a most attractive brooch, reminding me of a Celtic or Saxon adornment. Grandma loved it when I brought it back to 30 Kelso Place, our new home. I had commissioned it, after her own departure for U.K. while I stayed on for a few weeks to complete my tour as Head of Chancery. I have it still with Grandma's other jewellery, destined for granddaughters one day. I gave Mrs. Freda Wisnieski, who loved Grandma after working for us since we came to Somerton, a pearl brooch, and Polly has Grandma's garnet necklace which I bought for her at a Moscow "Commission Shop" in 1949. Her sapphire and diamond engagement ring also came from a Moscow "Commission Shop". These were designed by the Soviet Government to get foreign exchange out of diplomats, journalists and such few other foreigners as were admitted to Moscow in those days. They were stocked with possessions of former aristocrats and bourgeoisie victims of the Revolution, and, I believe, also articles from Eastern Europe and Germany looted in or after the War.

Grandma was good with animals though not a fanatic about them. Due to our peripatetic life we found it difficult or too painful to have pets. We had a very sweet mongrel, largely fox terrier, in Japan, given to us as a puppy. We called him Nitchevo (as we were still full of Russian idioms and ways) and he used to come with me to the Chancery and sit, nearly always very quietly, by my desk. No one protested! He also used to come with me when I went riding, by invitation of Baron Kikkawa of the Imperial Household, a special friend of ours, in the Imperial Palace grounds, just across the road from our Embassy compound. When we left, we gave him, very sadly, to a young New Zealand diplomatic couple. In Chile the owners of the house we rented, 80 Flor de Azucena, on the outskirts of Santiago in Apoquindo, left a huge and fierce looking Alsatian called Chanar for us to look after. He was in fact, though a deterrent to strangers, entirely well-mannered and biddable with our children. John William and Polly treated him like a toy and he never turned a hair. We had no animals in New York except Polly's hamsters and fish in a tank. It would have been out of the question to have a dog ten floors up at 850 Park Avenue, though I know that then and now a lot of people do it. You see dog walkers with a whole string of various sized pets walking up the Avenue. I dislike this intensely. But on our arrival at St. Albans Sunningdale, the first house we owned, in 1960, we bought, for Polly largely, a very well-bred and (though we did not know it) highly temperamental miniature long-haired Dachshund, whom Polly christened Topsy. She was very beautiful and much loved, but she gradually chewed through every blanket we possessed and a lot of other things besides. We had to find a home for her when we went to Mali in 1964. There in Bamako, we had certainly one and possibly more cats. Joan Westley, our *au pair*, then took our cat, with Bun, into the young French vet employed by the French Government aid programme, one day because it had been beaten up in a fight. While they were sitting there, the vet was bitten by a dog who had been brought in for attention. No one thought anything of this, and we went off *en brousse* with our French friend, a wartime resistance fighter and former regular Cavalry Officer, Robert (Bob) Villain. Bob made a living for six months of the year

* At Polly's suggestion and request, as she reminds me.

manufacturing hair oil for sale to the Africans. For the rest of the year he went skiing and enjoying himself in France. We had a good time in the jungle, shot a lot of guinea fowl (for the pot) and saw a huge Kudu type beast, but no elephants (there were still elephants in the Mali and Guinea bush). When we got back we heard that the poor young vet had got rabies from the dog in the surgery. He had taken the Mali vaccine but it had been ineffective and there was no hope for him; he faced a grisly death in a matter of weeks. The French were all told to have a course of injections in their stomachs and started on this. In so far as we could get any medical advice, it appeared that there was no danger unless one had shared a spoon or glass with the victim which none of our Embassy had done, even though Joan and Bun had been in the surgery when the vet suffered the rabid bite. So I decided, with Grandma's agreement, that we would not have the injections which were said to be extremely painful and, perhaps, had side effects. When I went to the riding club (which Bob Villain had by then created, complete with jumps) I was accosted by one of the haughty French women, seated on a restless horse, "Have you had your shots, Excellency?" "No" I said, "and we are not going to have them"! "You should," she said "they put lead in your pencil!" I cannot remember what the exact French phrase was that she used, but it was unmistakable in its meaning at the time, and typical of the tough, devil-may care character of the African Colonial French, who had many courageous and endearing qualities to admire, and were loyal friends.

The end of the story was that the young vet and his wife, the daughter of an Admiral, were evacuated to Dakar and there he died. Her family had looked down on him as not good enough, as a humble vet, for an Admiral's daughter. Bob Villain remarked to us, after his funeral, "*Il a vu plus d'amiraux á ses funérailles que jamais pendant sa vie*" another typical example of French Colonial black humour and cynicism.

I have not said anything about my decision to retire early from the F.C.O. in 1971 when I was Head of the Western Organisations' Dept. a plum job, and when I seemed to have, in most people's eyes the top Ambassadorial jobs in my sights, and very probably, almost certainly, in those days, a "K" as well. My predecessor (Sir) John Barnes went off as Ambassador to Israel and then to the Netherlands. My successor Tom (Lord) Bridge became Minister in Washington and Ambassador in Rome with a KCMG. My assistant Rodric Braithwaite (Moscow) and Richard Parsons (Spain and Sweden became KCMG, so did Michael Alexander (NATO) another member of the Department. It was not at all unreasonable to expect nothing less than these. My exact contemporary, Clive Rose, to whom I had been preferred by the Board as Head of the Department, and who was at that time Counsellor, doing NATO and defence matters, in Washington under John Freeman, became a Deputy Secretary of State in the F.C.O. and then U.K. Permanent Representative to NATO, retiring with a GCMG. Even with all modesty I never would have thought that, despite Clive's immense capacity for hard work and grasp of detail, he was all that more able in general that I was!

Nevertheless at that time the paths of promotion looked badly blocked, and there was considerable disillusionment over "Buggins' turn" and the existence of a large number of only moderately competent senior officers who enjoyed little respect from my generation. (Sir) Peter Wilkinson was Chief Clerk, and he was a close friend, as I had got on with him very well when I was his joint Assistant (with Clive Rose) in the Permanent Under Secretary's Department, dealing with the Chiefs of Staff and worldwide defence matters from 1960-64. before we went to Bamako. But when I went to see him and asked for his estimate of promotion prospects, he greatly disappointed me by saying "You are of the lost generation, John, and I can hold out no hopes". This drastic and gloomy statement proved, in the event, to be utterly wrong, and it was a harsh, though Peter no doubt thought it realistic, thing to say. He has remained a close friend and we still get on well, and he comes every year to stay and fish the Nadder. Even though at 81 he is stiff and nearly blind, he casts beautifully still, and last year had phenomenal success on Beat 2 during the Mayfly, pointed to rising fish by me and his ears, and, despite heavy showers and rough wind, caught three good fish. I never have talked to him, as there is no point, about what he said to me when he was in charge of personnel as Chief Clerk. I forgave him long ago, but I was disappointed at the time, and after.

My restlessness was due to ambition, as I was already nearly fifty, in the face of blocked prospects, and a real anxiety about money and school fees, despite John William's Eton scholarship, and Grandma's generous help from her comparatively small inheritance with Polly's music study expenses first in Austria and then with Orrea Pernel in Switzerland. At the same time, although this may have been in part a rationalisation after the event of my departure from the office, I was anxious about the risks of Grandma's exposure to hot sun in the event that we were appointed again to some tropical Embassy. I was also impatient generally with the Office. I felt I had seen a lot and done most, as Information Officer, Commercial Consul, Member of Security Department, Secretary in Chancery, Head of Chancery in a very big post, Private Secretary to two Ambassadors, and Ambassador in two posts, albeit small ones, simultaneously, and uniquely, having been expelled from both, "*á cause du traitre Smith*" as the Malian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Ousman Ba, told me. I had an urge to see something else and do something in the world outside Government. Although it sounds priggish, I was conscious of the vanity of an Ambassador's life, and looked for something more down to earth.

I found an opportunity by chance, and, having bitten the apple, I was in a way seduced by it, without being absolutely sure I had chosen the right path. At some gathering I met Sir Norman Kipping who had known my father well when, as Director General of the Federation of British Industry (FBI), he had sat from time to time on my father's Civil Service Selection Board. He was by then retired, but still had a finger in industrial pies. He asked how I was, and I said that I was restless and would like to find an opportunity outside the Foreign Office. Sometime later he telephoned and said that the British Electrical and Mechanical Association Ltd. (B.E.A.M.A.) was looking for a Managing Director to succeed Stanley Steward, who had spent a lifetime in the electrical industry and had been Chairman of one of the Regional Boards. He thought it might suit me, and, if I wanted to try for it, I should meet E.T. Judge, Chairman of Reyrolle Parsons in Newcastle, and that year's President of B.E.A.M.A., to talk it over.

So I met Ted Judge, a very nice and non-combative man, for lunch, and the first thing he asked me was "do you believe in a Mixed Economy?" I replied that I did, but really, from the insulation of the Foreign Office, I had not thought about it seriously, or about most other aspects of the domestic economy and industrial policy, other than as they affected exports.

After a series of interviews with the tycoons of the industry, Sir Arnold Hall of Hawker Siddeley, the Chairman of B.I.C.C, and Sir Arnold (later Lord) Weinstock and his lieutenants of G.E.C. at Stanhope Gate. it became clear that I would be appointed despite, to tell the truth, my lack of specialist qualifications in the industry, and had to make up my mind whether to take the job.

Grandma was typically cautious, and remained, I think, in her heart of hearts, reluctant to see me leave the Office. I do not think she was in the least vain about the prospects of becoming a grand Ambassadress and, probably, Lady Waterfield. She said this did not weigh with her at all and this was consistent with her character. But I have sometimes wondered recently whether a "K" for me and title for her would have cheered her later life. We never talked of it seriously again. But I think she felt I would be happier if I stayed, and she herself was sufficiently attuned to the Foreign Office and its ways - after all we had a wide and useful experience - to regret the prospects of a change and uncharted waters. I think that in a way she was probably right, as so often, but, in retrospect, I do not regret the completely new world into which we were plunged in B.E.A.M.A. - I learned a lot though, I did not always enjoy it, or the people. Moreover my six years in the Northern Ireland Office after B.E.A.M.A. was an unrivalled experience of which I feel proud to have had a part. My subsequent period in International Military Services Ltd., and in private industry as chairman and director of several companies, as well as my eventual links with the Libyan entrepreneur Abduljalil Daghem were all infinitely interesting and enjoyable.

In the end my self-induced enthusiasm for new fields, and for a markedly higher salary and expenses, carried Grandma along, and she was wonderfully loyal in accepting the change from the Foreign Office to B.E.A.M.A., which at least provided some financial easement if not riches. Indeed none of my later

occupations provided riches though one way and another we always managed well enough, and I was able to be a happy member of Boodles and to enjoy entertaining there. Nevertheless I do not think Grandma ever felt in our various later circumstances, from B.E.A.M.A. to the N.I.O, and in private business, so engaged or associated with my working life as she had in the F.C.O. where of course, there was an accepted role, if increasingly questioned in recent years, for wives. Grandma's work in London University's Senate House and with S.M.U's students from Dallas, described above, gave her some fulfilment, and I think it would have been good if she had found some other similar role when those jobs ended. But by then she had sadly begun to lose energy and appetite for any fresh initiatives.

However we had one splendid break with B.E.A.M.A. and its European equivalents in Venice at the Cipriani Hotel or perhaps the Danieli, I cannot remember which. I stayed in one of these also with Leslie Mackay at the end of the War when I was riding a race at Aiello in the 8th Army meeting there.

So I left the F.C.O.. Many colleagues and friends, including those in the highest places, tried to persuade me to stay, or at least to go on secondment so that I could return later, if I wished. The P.U.S. Sir Denis (later Lord) Greenhill himself sent for me and, said "We think well of you" and asked me to change my mind. I obstinately refused. Later David Bendall told me, I think in Boodle's, that Greenhill had eliminated my name from those proposed for a C.M.G. on grounds that I "had left".

I have written already about Grandma's wide reading. Apart from her remarkable knowledge of Shakespeare, developed at Columbia, she was an expert on the "new poetry" of the thirties, T.S. Eliot, Auden, McNeice and so forth, especially Eliot and Auden, and derived great pleasure continually from reading their works. It was a particular pleasure for her that when in Chile we had an opportunity to meet the great poet Pablo Neruda, a world-renowned figure, the quality of whose writing and whose sincere feelings of sympathy for the poor and exploited transcended his naïve subservience to Soviet Communism and misguided loyalty to Stalin. We had no British Council representative in Santiago and it was my job as 1st Secretary (Information) to look after official or semi-official cultural visitors from the U.K. Included among these were J.B. Priestley, Hugh Cudlipp, journalist, and his wife Eileen Ashcroft, of the Evening Standard and Alan Pryce Jones, writer and *littérateur*. I think the latter asked if we could arrange for him to meet Neruda, or I may have rashly proposed to him that I might be able to arrange it. Anyway I was faced with the challenge and I remember that, surprisingly through the "old boy network" which was so strong in Chile, and in this case through Perico Prieto, a dear friend, but as electrical engineer and champion golfer not at first sight a likely contact for the great poet, it was arranged. We were invited down for lunch to Neruda's house on the rocks at the tip of a promontory in Isla Negra, just below Algorrobo on the coast, some two and a half hours away from Santiago. We had rented a house very happily, at Algorrobo, for occasional weekends, so we knew the coast. It was, nevertheless, very exciting to have the opportunity to meet Neruda, who was generally thought to be inaccessible. I do not remember much about the lunch, but I do remember that we ate *erizos en cajon* a particular Chilean delicacy which I also liked very much. It was, literally translated, "sea urchins in a box", and it was indeed sea urchins, which tasted of sea weed and iodine, in a "box" of bread, or perhaps toast. I do not think much if any cooking was involved, but the "box" was entirely soaked in juice of the *erizos* and the colour of the whole was a sort of dark brown, indeed the colour of iodine. I have never seen the dish anywhere else. Apart from *erizos* we drank a great deal of Chilean *vino tinto* (red wine) and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, but I cannot recapture any of the conversation. After lunch I do know that I went out onto the shore in the sun and painted a wild picture of the rocks and the sea. I imagine now that I left Pryce Jones to have a sort of interview with Neruda, interpreted by Perico and Margo Prieto. Grandma stayed indoors also. She always said that the picture I did that day pleased her more than any, but I cannot find it now, and fear I must have given it away. In Algorrobo we were neighbours of Salvador Allende, who was later to be killed by the Army, as President, in the Moneda Palace. We knew him slightly and belittled his liking for life's material advantages despite his professions of Socialism. A weak man, I have always felt, who put himself in the hands of the active Communists under Cuban direction.

Mention of Eileen Ashcroft reminds me of a comment she made to me after I had taken her to various shops through the streets of Santiago. I always have said that Chile was full of the prettiest grandmothers, as the girls are certainly pretty, and marry and have children very young. After spending time among the Chileans, Eileen Ashcroft, who was in charge of fashion for years on the Evening Standard, turned to me and said "The thing that is wrong here is that the women all need foundation garments"! This still strikes me as an unintentionally absurd comment.

Among the skills Grandma acquired early on in our married life was the art of flower arrangement in Japan. This follows very strict rules and requires a mastery of them before any individual creativity is risked. Grandma had lessons, learned the rules and created always very beautiful arrangements when she applied herself. But she sadly became increasingly lethargic about bringing flowers into the house, though we had a number of attractive dried flower arrangements for a long time.

I feel I am drawing to an end of this attempt at description of Grandma's life as an individual and in our married life. But there is one last aspect which I have hesitated to mention, yet now think I should as part of the truth and also to show how even people of high principles and fine qualities can and do fail in these for no evidently good reasons. I am talking about Grandma's relations with my mother, your great grandmother. Although outwardly my mother observed the courtesies of family relationships and seemed to welcome Grandma on her arrival, on her own from Moscow, to my parents' flat in Bryanston Court W.1, before our marriage, I now believe that in reality she felt an unaccountable but subconscious resentment, even hostility to her prospective daughter in law. I had no notion at all of this at the time, and would not have believed it, but much later Grandma remarked that she felt it from the outset and that my mother manifested her hostility in subtle ways throughout our married life. This did not of course extend to the children, especially John William, whom my parents adored and looked after, with Polly, whom my mother favoured less, it seems, during several school holidays when we were abroad. I wonder if my mother had formed some prejudice against Americans, and took in out on Grandma. I think that she was for no good reason disappointed that I had got engaged to an American, whom she could not place, and that she had also a view that Americans were untidy and slovenly in house-keeping in contrast to her own ruthless enthusiasm for scrubbing, cleaning and polishing. In fact Grandma, though not wasting energy on inessentials, was very scrupulously thorough at cleaning and scrubbing, for example the various rented houses we occupied, before handing them back, and my mother's prejudices were unfair. None of her ill feeling was noticed by me as I preferred to think that all was for the best in family terms, but Grandma once in later years made a note (I do not know if I kept it or destroyed it, and in any event I cannot lay my hands on it) about her grief and misery at my mother's treatment throughout her life. Grandma must have felt bitter although she did not talk of it to me, because when I used to visit my mother in her very old age, first in her house and then in the nursing home at Woodbridge, Suffolk, Grandma never came with me, and they did not meet for a number of years before my mother died in 1987. My sister Mary and Polly have spoken freely about all this to Tilla, who felt great sympathy for Grandma, on hearing in San Miguel of it, and wrote the most interesting note about Grandma, as she wondered about it all, which is attached to this memoir.

I can now, with the assistance of Anne Tenny's *Ahnentafel*, tell something of Grandma's interesting ancestry, which was a subject of continued and fruitful collaborative investigation by both Grandma and her cousin throughout their adult lives. It was also fascinating for me to watch and learn of their researches. Grandma's father, Howard Rice Thomas, was born in 1887 at Pulaski, Virginia, a rather unattractive railway town which I remember Grandma, Anne Tenny and I visited briefly in snow on one of our drives together back to James and Louise's big house in Glen Mill Road, Rockville, Maryland, outside Washington, from Florida. John Barnett Thomas, Howard Thomas's father, was born on 23 Feb 1863 in Botetourt County, Virginia, and married Sarah Frances Rice, who is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Montvale, Bedford Co. Virginia, which we visited several times. It lies below the Peaks of Otter, of which we have a splendid photograph in winter sunshine, with ice on the fir trees, which I, by a fluke, took successfully when we, again with Anne Tenny, were making a genealogical trip to Virginia. We got Boots in Yeovil to make us some attractive table mats of this

photograph, quite heatproof, and well reproduced in colour. On that journey we were also visiting our dear friend from Tokyo days, Walter Nichols, at Lynchburg. Before his death of emphysema, he sent me a photograph, now in our dining room, of a painting I did with him in 1951 or 52 on the road to Kyoto. When he was later divorced from his first wife Franny Randolph, she kept the picture. He told us that he had only recently, after many years, got it back, on the collapse of Franny's second marriage, and that he treasured the original and hung it above his bed. But I think the photograph, as sometimes happens, is really more appealing than the original!

John Barnett Thomas, as I remember it from Grandma, had a managerial, but not very senior, job on the railways at Pulaski before moving, with his wife to Austin, Texas, where, as recounted above, Grandma was born. John Barnett Thomas appears to have been something of a mystery man. Grandma did not, I think, know what he did for a living in Texas, after their move, and he went off to Mexico in about 1920, before Grandma was born, and there disappeared or died. I do not remember that Grandma or Anne Tenny knew if he communicated with his family at first, or why he went to Mexico. I do not think anyone knew. In any event he was never heard of again, not even on death. His wife, who died in Washington, aged 90, in 1952, was evidently someone of strength of purpose and character. She brought up her family, single handed, in (as I remember hearing) a frame house where the tallest building of the great University of Texas now stands. Incidentally my cousin Eileen Shorland sold all her inherited family papers about Sir John Herschel, my great grandfather, to the University of Texas, where Professor Evans edited his letters and diaries for the book *Herschel at the Cape*, which we have and is well worth reading. I have written about the erroneous reference in it to my great grandmother's diaries.

The Rices were descended from Thomas Rice, an immigrant from the United Kingdom but from where previously is not known, according to the *Ahnentafel*. But I seem to remember that Grandma used to say the first Rice came in a very early boat to Jamestown. Perhaps this cannot be authenticated, and, sadly, I cannot, due to her loss of memory, now consult Anne Tenny anymore. Thomas Rice lived in St. Pauls' Parish, Hanover County, Virginia, and died between 1711 and 1716. His descendants seem to have been well educated and include an attorney, two clergymen and doctor. A monument to the Reverend David Rice, son of the first immigrant, stands in the Town Square of Danville, Kentucky. He was born in 1733 and died in 1816, and had eleven children. He was a "ridge-rider" in Virginia and Presbyterian Minister in Kentucky. He was the founder of Transylvania University and of Hampden-Sydney, and helped to write the Kentucky Constitution. Grandma's mother was Mary Lena Megee, born in 1885 in Travis County, Texas and died in 1965 in Austin, Texas, while we were in Bamako. Grandma went to help her father sort out the house and move to a house in Rockville. She went again from Delhi taking Bun with her, when her father died two years later. I remember the efficient and calm way in which Grandma, all on her own, sorted everything out with lawyers, doctors and bankers. She did not bring much back from her parents' estate, some American silver, and some nice china which we use now. She also arranged to ship a chair from the old Texas Senate House which was bought by her father when there was some sort of refurbishment. We still have the chair, a solid piece, but I do not know what wood it is made of, probably mahogany.

Grandma's maternal grandfather, John Thomas Megee, came West, in accordance with the frequent tendency of those days, from Tennessee to Texas in 1877, and died in 1917, before Grandma was born. Jesse Megee, her great grandfather was a millwright in Tennessee who married as his second wife, who became Grandma's great grandmother, Rebecca Foster Wiggin; she was born in 1810 and died young in 1852. She descended in an unbroken line of Wiggins, originally in New Hampshire and later in Tennessee, whose earliest American recorded ancestor was Thomas Wiggin, the second (non-elected) "Governor" of Dover, New Hampshire, about 1630 (his son Thomas was born about 1640 at Sandypoint, New Hampshire). The Wiggins in America seem to have been skilled artisans, whatever status Thomas enjoyed as "Governor". One was a blacksmith in Tennessee. The first Thomas Wiggin in New Hampshire married Catherine Whiting, whose father was Mayor of Boston, Lincolnshire, England.

Now going back to the Thomas line, Grandma's great grandfather was Giles Spessard Thomas, born 4 August 1824, died 17 January 1897, and buried in Amsterdam, Botetourt County, Virginia. He appears to have been the last Thomas to have lived all his life in Virginia or elsewhere in the South East. He married Kitty John Pettit whose father, William Abner Pettit was a graduate of William and Mary University, Virginia. It may have been this connection which inspired Grandma to go to William and Mary which, as I have written above, so disappointed her hopes of learning that she left and returned to Illinois.

Giles Spessard's father was Elias Thomas, born 25 February 1801 and died on 11 December 1875, in Catawba Valley, Roanoke County, Virginia, where he lived in a substantial frame house. His second son, also Elias, served in the Civil War (evidently on the side of the South) but died after his return home. Grandma, Anne Tenny and I, and, as I remember, Anne's mother Louise once made a trip down to Roanoke and found the Elias Thomas House which was standing in pretty good shape, though empty and poorly decorated inside for reasons that were unclear. I made a drawing of it (from a photo) for our Christmas Card that year. Anne had made contact with, and we there met, a Thomas cousin, also a descendant of Elias. He was like a caricature of a Southern character, with a strong sing-song accent. I think he was or had been a farmer. He received us with extreme enthusiasm but I do not remember that we did more than meet him. No visits to his house, or meals together. He talked of old Elias as if it were yesterday that he lived there. I can still hear him saying "when the Civil War [it was in part about the emancipation of the slaves in the South] came, Elias stood no truck from them nigras; he just stood there and told them to go about their business" or words to that effect. Elias's wife was Mary H. Spessard, about whose family origins little or nothing is recorded in the *Ahnentafel*.

But much more is known of Elias's father Giles who was born in 1763, lived in Harford Co. Maryland, and fought as a very young man in the Revolutionary War against the British Crown. He lived until 1842 and is buried in the cemetery at Blacksburg, Virginia. His father, David Thomas Junior, lived from 1708-1769 also in Harford County, Maryland, and in turn his father David Thomas, Senior, again of Harford County, died in 1734, and his father, another David, also died in Harford County. And there the line of Thomas's is no longer recorded backwards, and unfortunately Grandma and Anne Tenny never discovered how or from where the first Thomas of their family came to America, or if indeed, this last David came himself from Britain. But it is a long line and as far as the Thomas line is concerned, the first settler clearly arrived at the turn of the century or even in the seventeenth century.

But we do know a great deal more about collateral ancestors, for example the Greens. The above mentioned David Thomas, Junior (1708-1769) married Hannah Green - the name seems to have been spelled variously Green or Greene - whose father, Giles Green, lived in Port Tobacco, Charles County, Maryland. His house (I think it is still standing) was called Green's Inheritance. Giles Green's father was Francis Green, described as "Gent" (presumably on his tombstone or in the County Records), was born about 1648 at Greens Rest, St. Mary's City, Maryland and lived in Port Tobacco until his death in 1707. His father Thomas Greene (with an "e") came to America on the *Ark* (of the famous the *Ark* and the *Dove*) a very early expedition to the South in 1632, before the Plymouth Brethren to New England; he died about 1651. The *Ahnentafel* has no record of where the Greenes came from in the U.K.. Grandma used to say that the earliest or perhaps second Greene in America became second Governor of Maryland, but there is no note of this in Anne Tenny's *Ahnentafel*. That is not conclusive because I think Anne was already showing symptoms of forgetfulness when she finally did the *Ahnentafel*. At least we should be grateful she did it. Even if incomplete, it is a remarkable family record.

Grandma also used to say that there was a lot of inter-marrying among cousins and so on in the early days of the settlers, and that her ancestors, especially the Greenes, were a prime example of this. I do not know on what sources she based this comment. But she went further and said it possibly, even probably, accounted for the blood unbalance and enzyme deficiency, which Bun was discovered by the Radcliffe to have when he was ill, after playing cricket for Dragons in 1973 and had to have a complete blood transfusion in the hospital. Dr John Pearce, Dragon's Medical Officer (who had been at

the School with me, although his elder brother Tim was my exact contemporary) saved Bun's life by a rapid diagnosis that something was seriously wrong, and swift despatch to the Radcliffe. It is reckoned that this unbalance (where the red corpuscles are slow to make up deficiencies after, for example, an illness, thus prolonging the illness, and making for extreme and constant tiredness), is handed on only through the female line. Grandma wondered, at the end of her life, if, unknown to the family or doctors, her father suffered from the absence of this enzyme. Certainly Bun was hailed by the Radcliffe doctors, especially a lady doctor Emerson, as a "discovery" and providing a breakthrough for medical research. Poor fellow, aged 13, he was shown off to visiting experts, but (I think) got some monetary reward from some of them as a tip for being the object of such interest. Grandma later found two separate cases among her relatives in America who seemed to have the same phenomenon as Bun. One was an adult pair of male twins, but I cannot remember how exactly they were related, and I am doubtful if Grandma ever met them in adulthood. The other was a relative, possibly a son, of her cousin Elizabeth Harris of Roanoke, Virginia, whom she visited several times without me. I once was at her house but I scarcely remember her. However I remember Grandma telling me that the relative in question was about forty-five, a senior schoolmaster, possibly a headmaster, and that when she was on her own in America, as she went several times, she attended some performance at his school at which his daughter took the lead. Grandma asked him how he managed, with constant headaches and tiredness. He said (I remember her telling me) that he just endured it and got through it with determination. Anyway let us hope it dies out or, if recurrent, that the doctors will have discovered an antidote by the time your grandchildren start families.

Another ancestor of Grandma's was a George Boone born in 1666 at Stoak (sic) Devonshire. He became a weaver, emigrated in 1717 and died in Berkshire County, Pennsylvania. I think Anne Tenny must have copied down "Stoak" from some old record which she discovered and in which, as so often in early documents spelling was arbitrary. It was probably "Stoke" and possibly "Stoke something" or "Something Stoke", of which examples there are a number of villages in Devon. It seems clear that the famous frontiersman and hunter Daniel Boone, noted for his Bowie Knife, was descended from George Boone, the Devon weaver.

One of the most historically exciting lines to trace in Grandma's ancestry is the Neales. Giles Thomas mentioned above, who fought as a young man in the Revolutionary War, married Annie Wheeler, also of Harford County, Maryland. She was the daughter of a Benjamin Wheeler (born 1731 and died in 1802) of Harford County who, in his turn married Mary F. Neale (1732-1792), who was already established in Maryland.

In this context I remember well Grandma's observation that, like many others of their time, in the Neale family, who were landed gentry from Wollaston in Northamptonshire, but also Catholics, it was hard, when Catholics were under a cloud, for younger sons to earn a living, and a number of these emigrated to America.

Mary Neale's father, Roswell, was born in 1685 and died in 1751. His father was Anthony, born in Spain or Portugal before 1660 and died in 1723. His father, described as James Neale, Gent. died in Maryland in 1683. And his father Raphael was the first Neale to come to America; he is described as "of Drury Lane, and Wollaston". Here we get to the exciting connection, because Raphael Neale married Jane Baker, widow of Simon Forman, 1552-1611, of which there is no room for doubt. Simon Forman was an Apothecary and then maker up of love potions for women. He had, it seems, a great success at Queen Elizabeth's Court, but with a rather sinister reputation. In one of his books the well-known Cornish Shakespeare scholar and Fellow of All Souls, A.L. Rouse, according to Grandma, writes fully of Forman, painting a pretty devilish picture, and says that there is good, if not conclusive evidence, that Jane, his widow, who married Raphael Neale, was the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets. I have not found or read the Rouse account but I remember Grandma's excitement when she read it, and perhaps one of you grandchildren might one day care to follow it up.

The Neales are recorded in the *Ahnentafel* (and in authentic U.K. records) as going back for several more generations, living at Yelden in Bedfordshire and also at Wollaston. One direct ancestor, Thomas Neale, was born in 1481 and is listed as coming from Ellesborough in Berkshire, a place name which is not known to me. His father, John Neale, is listed as coming from Staffordshire.

Thomas Neale of Yelden, Bedfordshire, married, probably at the turn of the 16th and 17th centuries, Goditha Throckmorton who came from a distinguished line. Her father, Richard, lived at Higham Park, Northamptonshire, and her grandfather, Sir Robert, Knight of the Bath, was a member of Henry VIII's Privy Council and died on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His father was High Sheriff of Warwickshire and Leicestershire. His father was Under Treasurer of England under Henry VI and died on 23 April 1445. The earliest recorded member of this family was Thomas de Throckmorton, living in 1411.

I remember well making an expedition with Grandma, after visiting a business friend near Evesham, to find the village of Throckmorton in that neighbourhood. Grandma felt certain that her Throckmorton ancestors came from there.

Another lot of collateral ancestors who came from England and are well recorded in the *Ahnentafel* are the Perkins. The connection is fairly distant but clear enough and, interestingly, derives from New England rather than the South. The blacksmith Joseph Wiggin (1732-1795) was Grandma's great great great grandfather, and came from Strafford County, New Hampshire; he married Lydia Lamson, also from Strafford County. Her father Benjamin (1710-1753) was a farmer in Ipswich, Massachusetts, as was also his father William (1675-1749 or later), and his father John (1642-1717). This William married Martha Perkins (1649-1728). His father, William, was born in England and arrived in America in 1634 and settled at Ipswich, Mass. by 1637. Martha Perkins, his daughter in law, was the daughter of Deacon Thomas Perkins, who was born in England, probably at Newent in Gloucestershire, in 1616. He came to Massachusetts with his father Quartermaster John Perkins who sailed from Bristol in the ship Lyon in 1631. He went to Massachusetts with John Winthrop the younger. Winthrop has been a famous New England name. The Perkins came from Hillmorton or in earlier spelling Hylemoreton. The only place of this name found in the Readers Digest Gazetteer is just outside Rugby. The earliest recorded Perkins was born at Hylemoreton about 1475 and died in 1528. They sound like a strong yeoman family.

You can see from this selective account of Grandma's ancestors, both in America and England, that there is a clear line stretching as far as the 15th or even 14th centuries, which is a good deal further than we can trace Waterfields, who were traceable in Peterborough back to 1698 but no further.

Nearly all Grandma's ancestors were English or Welsh (Rice is originally a Welsh name, spelt sometimes Rhys or Reece) but one, the Speece family, appear to have been German, and there are two other German names, Deaderich (probably originally Dederich) and Brumbach, whose bearers came from Germany in the 18th century, but these are only distantly related. So you grandchildren have German blood from Grandma, but no other foreign ancestors, on both sides. In my case these were of course Herschels and Siepmanns. Anna and Jeremy are of course more closely connected to Germany through the von Kluges, a very distinguished military family. You have closer connections in Grandma's case with the Speeces. Nancy Booker Speece, born 1825, was the second wife of Grandma's great grandfather Dr. William Read Rice, born 1826 in Virginia, and died in 1890. Nancy was buried at Ivanhoe, New London, Virginia, like her father Frederick (Grandma's great great grandfather), born 1785 and died 1868. Ivanhoe is an elegant, medium sized but substantial, dark red brick house which Grandma visited several times, once on her own and (I think) twice with me. We have photographs of it in one of our albums. There is an enormous box tree in front of the house. Grandma once brought back a tiny sprig of this box to Somerton, hidden in her mackintosh pocket. From it, amazingly, we got a good bush to grow and took further cuttings from it, and planted them out, and we now have seven fine bushes 2ft - 3ft high, all springing from Grandma's smuggled twig from Ivanhoe, her ancestor's house in Virginia.

Frederick Speece founded and ran a private school for the well-to-do upper classes of Virginia. His father was a Conrad Speece but the *Ahnentafel* records no more about him or his forebears, although I remember Grandma asserting that his origins were German. We have, I think, a picture of Frederick Speece, presumably a later photograph of a portrait.

Grandma's sense of continuity from her forebears meant a lot to her, apart from the fun she got in tracing their records, together with Anne Tenny. I hope you grandchildren may learn, from this account, some proper pride in knowing that your ancestors on Grandma's side can be so vividly pictured from definite records.

On reading through this account in manuscript, I find that I have left out one feature of Grandma's existence throughout her later years which had a really adverse effect on her whole quality of life. This was an acute back pain which, as far as I remember, started in her mid-forties and got steadily worse. Grandma hated doctors and had little confidence in them. In so far as she did consult doctors about her back, she was totally disappointed and got no encouragement or remedy. She took to sitting downstairs with a hot water bottle which, sadly, covered her lower back with disfiguring red blotches. We bought her a special chair (originally designed for an extra tall helicopter pilot in Norway) on which you sat back to front. This seemed to help a little. But really nothing ever relieved her, and there is no doubt that the constant pain and discomfort, for which I feel I made insufficient allowances, caused her to be on occasions very short tempered and unhappy and may, in fact, have contributed to her excessive drinking at the end. Of course, despite the pain, Grandma's mobility and capacity for normal living were not constantly or obviously impaired, and in the Spring of 1990 before she died she was strong enough to make a most successful trip to Kentucky on her own for a reunion with a number of her surviving cousins, and to entertain Bob and Joanna Moore (our American and much liked colleagues in Bamako, both now sadly dead) on the day of her return - it was the only day they could come here and I could not refuse them. I told Grandma when I met her at Heathrow early in the morning. We rushed back and Grandma made a fine tea to entertain them, allowing herself little or no rest. And earlier we celebrated our 40th anniversary on 20 February 1990 with a big reunion and service in Upton Church, Slough, for the refurbishing of the memorials to Sir William Herschel and his wife, followed by a splendid party in Election Hall at Eton, kindly made available by the Provost Martin Charteris (Lord Charteris of Amisfield). A predecessor as Provost in the early 19th century, Dean Goodall, had written in Latin the testimonial to William Herschel on his death which includes the splendid phrase *Coelorum Perrupit Claustra* which is inscribed on the stone memorial on the floor of Westminster Abbey, for the restoration of which, in cast iron, I had earlier co-ordinated a fund raising and administrative operation. I knew Martin Charteris as a distinguished 60th Rifles Officer and also because of my dealings with him, as the Queen's Principal Private Secretary, in 1977 over the Queen's Jubilee visit to Northern Ireland which I was principally responsible for arranging, with numerous innovations, such as use of a helicopter (now common Royal practice for Ulster). After the party at Eton, Grandma and I went to lunch, very kindly offered to us by Commander A.E. Fanning (R.N. retired) and his wife Mary, at Moram Stables, Datchet. Tony Fanning is a distinguished navigator and astronomer and has done a great deal, at Slough Museum and elsewhere, to perpetuate Herschel achievements and activities. This was, we felt, after the excitements of the service (where I persuaded Martin Charteris to speak) and the gathering of descendants at Eton (to all of which Thomas and Katy came) an adequate and appropriate celebration. We did not want another big party. The two parties we gave at Boodles earlier had been such triumphant occasions, about which people still talk, that Grandma and I did not think we would try to emulate them even though I was still happily and enjoyably a member of Boodle's, from where I resigned in the winter of 1991 after marrying Tilla, on the grounds that it simply was not worth it, as we went so seldom to London. A prudent decision even though I still miss it. The first party at Boodle's for about sixty relatives and close friends was in 1980 to celebrate thirty years of our marriage. In 1986 I had another, men only, party for 55 friends in the Saloon to celebrate my becoming a pensioner of 65. The night after (Grandma and I stayed in Boodle's Chambers) Grandma and I went to the musical *Annie get your Gun*, and then on the following night we gave another party, in the

Coffee Room (as the Saloon had been taken) for about 45 relatives. I had to make a speech on both occasions which I tried to make a funny and entertaining effort on each, though different for different audiences. Bun came to the first dinner, and John William and Polly, to the second. Grandma looked, as always, stunningly elegant. Boodles' food, wine, presentation and service were magnificent. I feel that was the last big party I shall give, though Tilla and I had a splendid wedding lunch for about fifteen (no room for more) of her closest friends, plus two of mine, after our wedding in Connecticut on 2 August 1991. It was held on the porch of a friends' house in Goshen, Connecticut, an isolated and rural setting. Tilla planned it with caterers from Kent and we had Summer Pudding which reminded me of summer days at Guildford and Sotwell when I was young and my mother served Summer Pudding. Most of the Americans had never heard of it but all enjoyed it. Now Tilla makes it regularly (though usually with raspberries rather than blueberries and black currants) for guests during our annual stay on Yelping Hill. It is hugely popular. Grandma also made it sometimes.

My own special guests at my wedding to Tilla in the West Cornwall Congregational Meeting House (18th Century) were George G. Thomson and Clair George who, I think, are both worth mentioning, as they were, with their wives, good friends of Grandma. Clair George served in the C.I.A. at the U.S. Embassies in Bamako and Delhi during our time and finally became Director of Operations of the C.I.A. He nobly refused to break his oath to the President when he was most unfairly, and, largely for political reasons, principally a desire by the Democrats to be revenged on Presidents Reagan and Bush, tried by the vindictive and very old Special Prosecutor, Walsh, for "lying to Congress". Although Walsh tried to persuade him, in a prolonged personal and private interview, to betray Bush and Reagan and point to their complicity in the arms for Iran in return for hostages deal, engineered by Admiral Poindexter and Colonel North in the White House, in return for immunity from prosecution, Clair refused. He had personally opposed the operation but had been ordered by the White House and (I think) his own boss Casey, to comply with White House requests for co-operation. He thereafter went through two years of hell, two trials, the intensive glare of the press, and a terrible drain of monetary costs for legal fees and so forth, and all the time he could not carry on with his consultancy work which he had built up successfully since his retirement. At the first trial only one member of the jury was not for "not guilty", but there is no majority verdict in America, and the judge cruelly ordered a second trial.

This, months later, was in progress when President Bush, on his leaving office, issued a pardon for Clair, and some others, such as Caspar Weinburger, former Secretary of Defence, who had been indicted, another monstrous and vindictive action. Weinburger did more than any other American to help the U.K. during the Falklands War. Robin Renwick, our Ambassador in Washington, and a good friend of Clair, as well as mine, told Tilla and me when we stayed at the Embassy in September 1993, that he had himself urged Clair's deserts on Mrs. Barbara Bush, the President's wife, as she so often called the tune. Anyway, Clair was pardoned and came, with his wife Mary, an equally fine character, to the dinner the Renwicks gave us for so many of my old American friends, including Brigadier Toby Philbin and his wife Anne who had been among the very first people Grandma and I told about our engagement in Moscow in late 1949. Toby is one of the very few Americans to have been awarded an immediate British D.S.O. in the War for action when he was commanding a U.S. Battalion in the Ardennes. He and Anne have remained close friends, and Grandma and I, once with Anne Tenny, visited them several times at their beautiful house in Lexington, Virginia where General Robert E. Lee retired after the Civil War, and is commemorated, along with his famous horse Traveller.

George Thomson and his wife Sylvia, from an Anglo-Venezuelan family, are also good friends. Although he was one of the Americans who volunteered for the 60th Rifles early in the war, following Ambassador John G.Winant's offer to Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, I never soldiered with him. But we became friends in England, when he was with the Shell Company, and I was an Assistant Head of the Permanent Under Secretary's Department of the F.C.O. from 1960-64. We played golf a lot. George was a member of the Berkshire. In 1994 he came for a night to Somerton, while Tilla was in America, and fished with me on the Nadder. We have seen quite a bit of him and Sylvia in

Manhattan, on our recent visits, but they have now (1995) moved out of Manhattan to New Hampshire, to be near their son, director of a hospital, and it remains to be seen if we shall find it possible to go up to see them, or if they will ask us again, and we will make the journey up to Maine where they have an old family-shared island. George had a remarkably brave war after service in the 11th Battalion of the 60th in Greece. He was one of the so called "Jedburgh" officers who parachuted into France, not speaking French, before the invasion, with the tasks of organising and co-ordinating disruption of German military and materiel movements. Later he was parachuted into China and had, as he told me, for the first time, at dinner here at Somerton in 1994, some fantastic adventures, being virtually held prisoner by Mao Tze Tung's forces among whom he was mistakenly dropped when he was meant to be with Chiang Kai Shek. I think he said he was interrogated by Chou En Lai, later Foreign and Prime Minister of Communist China.

I find that writing this memoir, and now eager to finish it, so that I can get it typed for easier reading, I have lost any sense of structure and pattern, as I come to write at intervals from so many other tasks and activities; sometimes these intervals are as long as several weeks. We have had a whole series of guests from America and elsewhere this summer, which has made it difficult to find time to write. But Tilla is now on Yelping Hill, since 20 June (1995) and I hope to complete this in the month before I join her on 20 July.

John William and his family have been to stay, a welcome visit. His memory is remarkable and he constantly stimulates and surprises me by what he dredges up from his recollections of Grandma. This time, talking about Americans getting driving licences in the U.K. in connection with Tilla, John William reminded me that although Grandma had been driving since she was fourteen (so she always said) and was certainly a very experienced, expert, and secure driver, who never, to my knowledge, had any sort of accident, she failed the British test the first time she took it, at Sunningdale, in about 1960 on the alleged grounds that she "showed insufficient consideration to cyclists". I think this is a funny story, and worth repeating as such, but I suspect the examiner felt impelled to fail an American, and made the most of whatever slight fault, if any, that he could find. I myself doubt if Grandma did show lack of consideration to any cyclist!

I feel I should like to return for a moment to Clair George. When in 1965, while I was a very young Ambassador in Bamako (and also concurrently to Guinea with residence also at Conakry), Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia, declared unilateral independence, and there was great indignation throughout the mostly ex-Colonial and newly independent African States.

The French former colonies, such as Mali and Guinea, were as eager as the British ones to strike a blow for African nationalism. Several of them, including Mali and Guinea, sent for the British Ambassadors and expelled them. Although we were prepared for this and had made contingency plans in both capitals, it was a severe shock to my pride to be sent for to the Government offices at the top of Koulouba Hill by Ousmane Ba, the Malian Foreign Minister, and to be told I was to leave forthwith "*á cause du traitre Smith*" and the "perfidious assurances" (which I, on instructions, had given to him the previous week) of the Prime Minister Harold Wilson. It is no fun to haul your flag down, even though we never felt physically in any danger, and rumours that there would be organised popular demonstrations outside the Embassy were not fulfilled.

Clair George and Mary played an affectionate and stalwart role, first, in telling me that I had to go (it had crossed my mind, not very realistically, to hang on) and, then, in helping us to pack up all our possessions. Mali was not the sort of place where one found expert removal firms and we had to do it all ourselves, in packing cases with hammer and nails, on the veranda. We had brought all our pictures, ornaments, clothes, etc. as we always took them abroad with us. But as an Ambassador we were provided with British official china, glass and linen. Nevertheless there was a lot to pack. So off we flew, with Bunny, aged 5, and my cousin Claire Shorland (later married to Anthony Rushbrooke) who had succeeded Joan Westley, as Bunny's *au pair*, when Joan had to be evacuated home with jaundice.

Our possessions in a big "lift van" which we constructed ourselves, went off to Dakar by train and then by sea home. They arrived safely but much later, at Sunningdale. In all our travels we had very little stolen, or broken, and were very lucky in that regard. I always remember telling the story, as typical of the Japanese, that when we came back in 1952 by Glen Line ship from Yokohama, we found, on unpacking, that in John William's child's pencil box, every one of his coloured chalks and pencils had been wrapped individually in tissue paper! That was the highest standard of packing!

Many of the Malian Ministers came to see us off, with evident gestures of goodwill, together with our staff and American and French friends and colleagues. As someone pointed out, in the diplomatic world, unlike in the army or navy, it is the invariable practice for the captain to leave the ship first. We went home via Paris, where we stayed with Clive and Elizabeth Rose. He was Commercial Counsellor then and later rose to the greatest height, honoured as GCMG and U.K. Permanent Representative to N.A.T.O. though I was preferred to him, and others, in being appointed Head of the Western Organisations Department in the F.C.O. on our return from India in 1968.

When we got home, Joan Westley had prepared St. Albans, Sunningdale, our house, and lit fires, and we soon got over our sadness at being turfed out, and prepared for our next adventure, which was, for me, a splendid job as Chairman of the ad hoc N.A.T.O. Intelligence Committee, one of three Committees (Political, at Ministerial level, Intelligence, at Ambassador level - I was given temporary promotion to Minister - and Communications - Rear Admiral, later Admiral of the Fleet Edward Ashmore was the U.K. Representative) set up to review N.A.T.O's stance at the initiative of Robert MacNamara, the U.S. Secretary of Defence. Grandma, throughout the tensions of the last days at Bamako, the hasty packing up and emotional departure, and settling in all over again at Sunningdale, getting Bunny into Windlesham State Primary School (as he was too young for his planned entry into Stradling's House at 1 Charlbury Road at Dragons), was quite wonderful in her unflustered calm and efficiency. She never complained or gave vent to irritation: I think I took it unfairly for granted that she would behave in such splendid fashion and handle all the domestic aspects of our uprooting with complete efficiency. Now, looking back, I wish I had told her more emphatically how wonderful she was.

We saw Clair and Mary George next in India where they arrived soon after we did. David Blee, the very powerful and authoritative Head of the C.I.A. Station in Delhi, loathed the British because, as we learned later he felt, and probably was, slighted by the British Sahibs when he arrived in India, as a keen young Californian lawyer, turned Intelligence Officer, during the War. He did not play polo, or even ride, or drink pink gin, but merely wanted to work. He never entered any British house again (until he came to us) and forbade his officers to socialise or co-operate with the British. Of course I was horrified, on arrival in Delhi, to find that Desmond Parkinson, our S.I.S. "friend" in the Embassy, had never even met Blee, or his people, let alone exchanged any information with them, however trivial. A senior C.I.A. officer, visiting Bamako, had told me at breakfast to "treat Clair George as if he were your own staff" - a great compliment. I had always had excellent relations with the Americans, diplomats and C.I.A.. So the situation I found in India was very distasteful. Of course I recognised that America, as David Kirk once told me in India, had no special regard for British interests but this did not prevent practical local co-operation. We paid no attention to Blee's edict with the Georges and played tennis with them, and had them to the house. But Clair warned us that he was forbidden to have any official or even informal working exchanges with us. Eventually we had a Soviet defector in the night. Our S.I.S. and M.I.5 representatives (we had both) handled it in such a muddled fashion that the defector, a useful but comparatively low level prize, walked out on them, failed to keep a rendezvous, and eventually walked into the American Embassy, while still protesting that he wanted to go to the U.K.! There was an *impasse*, with the Americans rather disdainful, the Russians fuming, and the Indians equivocal and unhelpful to us. Finally we had a grand meeting in the High Commission with Chester Bowles, the distinguished American Ambassador, and his people. We finally agreed that we would come in to the American Embassy and give the defector a British travel document, after ascertaining definitely that he wanted to come to London. A representative of the American and British

sides would organise all this and plan the handover and departure. "Who will speak for your side"? asked John Freeman, our High Commissioner, "David Blee" said Bowles, and "who for your side?" "John Waterfield". So I said I would be in Blee's office in ten minutes. No British official had ever seen the inside of the C.I.A. offices. I found Blee, as one might have expected, cool, practical and efficient. It was all quickly arranged. Our very effective lady Vice-Consul Marian Binnington, who later became an Inspector, gave the Russian a document, and we sent him off quickly on an aeroplane with our M.I.5. representative as escort. Although we took a lot of precaution to ensure the Soviets did not try to seize him back, with or without Indian connivance, all went off without incident. I made a lot of use as, in effect, bodyguard, of ex - R.S.M. John Smedley, about 6ft 4inches and very solid, who was a leading light among our Chancery Guards, and with his wife Flo, a beneficial influence among the huge non-diplomatic staff, whom Grandma had, somehow, to keep happy and out of mischief, as Head of Chancery's wife. I have written above about how magnificently Grandma performed her (unwritten but expected) duties in this area of the High Commission's life.

After this I asked Blee and his wife to lunch. After hesitation he agreed to come and we had a perfectly happy party - no other guests. Although he did not ask us back, I think we cured him of some of his ill will! Blee distinguished himself after that by identifying and quickly flying out to Rome, Svetlana, Stalin's daughter. She walked into the American Embassy one morning, after fleeing Russia with her boy-friend. Blee packed her off successfully to Rome while the C.I.A. in Washington were still sending telegrams of disbelief about her identity, which Blee ignored.

Some years later Clair told me he had recently attended a White House ceremony at which President Reagan awarded a medal of considerable distinction to David Blee. I sent my congratulations and got a civil message back. He was undoubtedly a very able, as well as a powerful, man, and I hope we changed his views of the British.

Clair George flew over to London for my big 65th birthday dinner in the Saloon at Boodles' which I have already described. M.I.6 were excited on hearing of this, as Clair proposed to call on them. They had not met him, as he was too grand by then, and they could not understand that he was simply coming to my party! Bunny, briefly and appositely, proposed "Happy Birthday" and then impromptu and unrehearsed, Clair got up and made a funny and flattering speech of how I had astonished them, after being asked by them to tea in Bamako, by popping over the wall in an entirely informal manner and disabusing them of any possible notions that I was a stuffy and formal British diplomat! I was glad to have Clair's support at my wedding to Tilla. He was wonderful with all Tilla's liberal New York friends who all had a deep-seated suspicion of the C.I.A., and charmed them all, so much so that they followed his trials and eventual pardon with genuinely warm sympathy and interest. At the wedding in the lovely countryside, we followed the practice which I learned from Edward Wake who, at his wedding in Hampshire after Grandma's death, had stood, with his brother Philip as best man, outside the Church door, before the arrival of Katharine, his bride, rather than awkwardly at the front of the Church with his back to the congregation. The Wakes greeted us all individually, and this engaging practice made such an impression on me, that I was determined to stand with Clair outside the beautiful white wooden Congregational Meeting House, early 18th Century, in West Cornwall, Connecticut. We greeted everyone, most of them I did not know, and Clair knew none of them! It worked extremely well.

Incidentally Peter Wake (died November 1993) was my best man in 1950. Before neither wedding did we arrange a men only stag dinner. I never wanted this. I dined with Peter alone at Brooks's club in St. James's (all the Wakes were members) in 1950 and we had a family party in Tilla's house in 1990 with all three of her sons, Clair, Mary George, and Anne Tenny and her daughter Carole Boster.

I think this has now become entirely out of proportion, though I hope you grandchildren may find at least some of it interesting. I find, as you see, that I am writing about my wedding to Tilla whereas I think I said little about my wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, to your Grandma, though the two, though so different in time and manner, are both entirely vivid in my mind. And there is a distinct

continuity of spirit and, for example in the persons of Clair and Mary George, a connection between Grandma's life and our current circumstances.

We have of course a book of photographs of my wedding to Grandma in February 1950 and you may find it entertaining to look at these. It is amazing how dated it all looks, and how the people have changed, alas, with age!

I have now been re-reading the book about her ancestors, published in 1982, by Virginia Rice Biggerstaff, Grandma's cousin. It is entitled *The Rice and McGhee families of Bedford County, Virginia*. Sarah Frances Rice, born 16 May 1862 and died 1952 in Washington D.C. and buried at Montvale, Bedford County, Va., (we have several times visited her grave) was Grandma's grandmother; whose husband John Barnett Thomas "disappeared" in Mexico in 1920. Virginia (Binny), who came to Somerton with her husband Comer, and later, after his death, with her sister Margot Reynolds, painted the nice watercolour in the bathroom which she entitled "A view from the loo". She was an accomplished painter. I never paid very much heed to her book in earlier days, (although I heard that Grandma helped with it) because Grandma said it was full of apocryphal anecdotes and not fully reliable. But now I have looked at it again, I find its portrayal of 19th and early 20th century life in Virginia among middle class Americans of Anglo-Saxon, Welsh and Irish stock, mostly professional and University educated, but none of them rich, most vivid and evocative. However apocryphal the many anecdotes, they certainly bring the people and society to life. It also contains a contribution by Grandma about the blood condition (which Bunny was found to have) called Glucose 6 - Dehydrogenase Deficiency (commonly abbreviated as G.6 P.D). I think that, although we have the book, the order for which is acknowledged in a manuscript letter of 1982 by Binny from New Albany, Indiana, tucked into the book's covers, it will be a good idea to attach Grandma's note to this memoir as an appendix* . Grandma also contributed on some of the genealogy but I think her own genealogical records, with those of Anne Thomas Tenny, are more to be relied upon.

Nevertheless Binny's book is a devout and fascinating record (there is a newspaper photo of her also inside the cover) and I find, despite mis-spellings, the foreword of significance in arguing, very well, the value to each generation of regard for and knowledge of one's ancestors. I respect what Daniel Webster said, quoted by Binny, and her own subsequent words about your American ancestry. I hope you will too. I therefore attach it as a second appendix and think it is the right note (although I keep thinking of more to write) on which to conclude this memoir of Grandma, whose memory I hope you will always hold dear and whose great and distinctive qualities I hope this memoir has helped to perpetuate.

JPW

Somerton, July 1995

* See third appendix for *Foreward* and extract.

– MLW –

ADDENDUM - Written at Somerton, April 1996

Polly, reading the manuscript, made some valuable corrections of fact, and explanations, in writing. I could not find these for a while, and went ahead with the typing. But I have now found them, and here they are, for the sake of accuracy. I agree with them all. They are illustrative of our family life, and style.

1. The brooch I had made in Delhi. It was Polly who collected the stones at Thorpeness (on our holiday with the Deedes) and asked me to get them made as a present from her to her mother. And they were not amber, except maybe one, but a mixture of cornelians and agates. Polly adds that she is now always picking up cornelians on the drive at Pro Corda, where she is one of the violin teachers at this elite workshop for young players. It is very near Thorpeness and that Suffolk coast.

2. On pets, Polly says that in New York we had a cat called Puty (pronounced Pewty) which was Polly's invented name for it. It was black with white paws. Later we gave it to the Tennys who called him Snowshoes: Polly also had two budgies in New York, Do-Do (green) and Co-Co (blue) who came (this amazes me at our enterprise, but I don't doubt it) to England with us in the Cunard Queen. Polly does not think she had hamsters in New York and I accept this. She says the fish in the tank were more John William's concern. Bun later had hamsters in Sunningdale.

3. In Bamako, Polly writes, we only had one cat, called Cous-Cous, Polly's name again, as they had eaten this Arab dish on the ship to Dakar. Grandma, Polly and Bun and the au pair, came by a later boat than I, who preceded them, also by boat, from Marseilles. Polly, with extra vivid sensationalism, says that what I left out was that the young French vet had to castrate poor Cous-Cous after his fight, as his testicles had been ripped practically out. Polly says she still remembers the vet saying "*Il faut le castrer*" - she thought it was a death sentence at the time (aged about 12 and boarding at Downe House).

4. Polly studied first in Switzerland with Orrea Pernel ("Pernie") and then in Austria. I knew this of course but perhaps did not make it clear. I and Grandma went to fetch Polly back from Switzerland one summer, and had a splendid interlude in a wooden chalet type hotel, in an isolated tree-less spot high on the Swiss-Italian border. No-one else there. We came back by Lugano and up the Rhone valley and so to Pontarlier, in the Jura, where our Peugeot estate broke down. We had Polly's contemporary Lucy Cowan, also a pupil of Pernie, with us. I remember that Grandma went off with the girls into the town to an hotel recommended by the garage, when I stayed to "supervise" the repairs. Grandma came back and said she had found us accommodation, but not at the first place, which gave her the most lively impression of being a brothel. Grandma was indignant about this, though she took it in her stride. She said she had not voiced her suspicions to the girls.

5. Bun's blood deficiency can only be passed down through the female, so there can be no question, as we have always understood it, of any of you grandchildren passing it on. I knew this, of course, and my comment in the text above was more figurative than scientific.

JPW

– MLW –

– MLW –

IN SEARCH OF LEE

What happened to that beautiful, bright, enterprising young woman with whom I shared an apartment in Greenwich Village in 1945?

We had met that summer, dancing under the direction of Hanya Holm at Colorado College. That June I had graduated from the University of California in Berkeley, I would be twenty-one years old that September. Lee was a year and some months older than I, had already held a job in the Pentagon the past year, living at home with her parents.

I had hopes of being a dancer, in spite of my family's misgivings about such a plan. My mentor, the head of the dance group I belonged to while at the University of California, had urged me to go on to New York, to continue studying with Hanya. Lee did not acknowledge the same ambition. She liked to dance, but did not think of herself as a dancer. She wanted to find a job in New York, that's as much as she told me of her intentions. I don't think we had come to know each other well - dance classes and rehearsals consumed our time and energy. But we sensed shared interests in reading during our free time, and similar reactions to the noisier goings on in the dormitory. Neither one of us knew anyone in New York, so the decision to share an apartment that fall seemed natural.

Lee arrived in New York before I did. She found a room in the YWHA on Abingdon Square for little money and "safe" for young women on their own. When I arrived I was rather shocked at the cold sparseness of that room, but had no other idea of where to go. Lee was sure that we would want to live in Greenwich Village, and starting right there on the edge of it would be helpful. We searched through listings in the New York Times as well as The Village Voice in search of a job and an apartment, the latter by far the more difficult task. The war had only just ended, servicemen were returning, and apartments of any kind were scarce. So, when we located one on West Tenth Street for only twenty-five dollars a month, we were triumphant, and did not hesitate for a moment about paying for the few items of furniture that we had to buy as part of the bargain.

It was a bargain. We did not mind the old fashioned icebox, the tiny bathroom, the lack of a door between bedroom and living area, the scarcity of light. We had a place and would make the best of it, painting the walls wild colors, hanging a bedspread as curtain between the two rooms.

Lee found a job as secretary in the Office of Advanced Education at Teachers College, Columbia University and took the subway every morning, after carefully pressing the skirt and blouse she would wear that day. I worked for a doctor part time to allow for dance classes every afternoon, for twenty-five dollars a week. The rent was easy to pay but the classes and other expenses made for a very tight budget. After three months I decided my plan was not working, I would not make it as a dancer, I needed other work. Lee suggested I try for a job that was open in her office, and I had no trouble getting it. So then we not only shared the apartment but sat at desks next to each other all day.

That fall Maurice Wilkinson, a young Englishman whom I had known superficially in Berkeley, who was to win the Nobel Prize as part of the team who discovered the DNA, came through New York, on his way back to England. Lee and I went out on a double

date with him and another old acquaintance of mine from California. I remember being surprised at her readyness to drink more than one whisky. I hated the taste of the stuff and merely sipped at a Dubonnet. Lee seemed more relaxed, gayer that evening than I had ever seen her, flirtatious even, but the next day she showed no interest in either of the young men.

We were besotted with the anticipation of romance. We daydreamed aloud about the man on the white horse we phantasized would come into our lives. In our conversations he became "the white horse." But none of the young men who filed through our office had the requisite qualities. We had access to their folders, giving us all sorts of biographical information, as well as an indication of their academic performance. One or two who might have been of possible interest invariably turned out to be married, or though their photo might have left us wondering if perhaps they'd pass inspection would disappoint when seen in person.

Lee was reserved. I could only speculate as to what was going on in her mind, much of the time. I envied her calm, her unruffled attitude when week after week she was without dates, without attention from any male, because she did not encourage any. I assumed she was a virgin, although not sure. I had no idea how my more adventurous spirit would appear to her. When I did stay out one night to spend it with a young man I had been dating, I worried how she would react. She made no comment. I searched her face for a clue, but she merely shrugged her shoulders when I apologized for having caused her possible concern. She brushed that away, but gave me no opening to discuss this further. I felt as uneasy as though I had been frowned on by my mother and given the silent treatment as punishment.

Occasionally she referred to a boyfriend off in India from whom she got letters, but there was none of that impassioned waiting for the postman that was my style, nor the flush of excitement when a letter did come. She read them, mentioned his possible return before too long, and then I believe there was a faint blush on her face. But my mind was way ahead of hers when I wondered if I should get out of the apartment at that time, because she made it quite clear, there was no need.

She rarely spoke about family. Her mother fancied gardening. One weekend she invited me to visit her parents' home in Washington. I vaguely recall her mother's appearance as surprisingly elderly, with gray hair, in drab dress, who talked about the garden club. Between mother and daughter there was a quiet distance, none of that reaching and touching, and hungry questioning filled with excitement that would enliven my own mother, who'd be likely to burst out with indiscreet curiosity in her eagerness to embrace my life, and therefore any friend's I might bring along.

Cousins played a part. I did not meet them. I do not recall her commenting on my relatives when I took her to my aunt's great house in West Orange, or when my cousin Paul came to visit and we went to dinner and to Central Park. There were times when her silence was eerie - but I just thought, that is the way she is, and we did laugh and comment about the goings on in the office, the young men walking in to make inquiries, the professors who asked to see folders, the head of the Advanced School from whom I had to take dictation.

Even before I came to join her at TC, Lee had mentioned a professor who was known as Lank. He towered over everybody, more than six foot seven in height, dark, with bushy eyebrows, and a come hither twinkle in his eyes. He teased all the secretaries, flirted with them all. Once in a while he asked one to tea in the cafeteria, and Lee powdered her nose and straightened her stockings before joining him at his table. Sometimes we'd watch him come through the cafeteria line and wonder where he would head, pleased when he settled himself at our table, and took out his pipe to give us time to admire him. But whatever flirtatious look Lee might give him with her legs crossed and a cigarette at her lips promised nothing. He made my heart pound when he asked me to lunch, ostensibly to talk about a paper I had written for his class. For a while I tried imitating Lee's langorous manner of puffing at a cigarette, but I never liked the taste and gave it up.

Lee stayed away from classes at Teachers College. She did not discuss her plans, but enrolled at Columbia proper the following year. By that time, confused and restless, not sure of my direction, I had gone back to California.

There followed an exchange of a few letters, eventually pared down to Christmas cards. She did not write about being sent to Russia, to work for the State Dept., not even of meeting John, or anything about how their romance evolved. Only an announcement that she had been married. Then there were Christmas cards, not even every year, yet that is how we realized we were both in New York again in 1959. By this time I was married to Paul, had two little boys.

The two years after leaving New York in 1946 had been the most troubled, the most painful of my life. I cut myself off from family because I needed to escape what had become a dangerous net in which I feared being caught. After a few weeks in Los Angeles, testing the possibility of being near my mother and continuing my studies at UCLA I fled to Berkeley, then moved to San Francisco where I took a secretarial job and rented a room from a nasty Irish lady who threw me out for having Tom, then a teaching assistant and Ph.D. candidate in the English Department at Berkeley whom I had known as an undergraduate, and to whom I had recently become engaged, visit me in the evening. I packed up and crossed the Bay back to Berkeley. At this time I attended Mills College with the idea of getting an MA in dance.

When my fiance decided we should become disengaged I collapsed. Only looking back from a distant perspective have I come to understand that the strain of the years of wandering, without roots, ever since I was thirteen and had to leave Austria, leaving my father behind in England, trying to make sense of all the changes, growing up without guidance that I felt I could trust, had drawn all my strength from me. Now I was worn down and came to a sharp halt, with unbearable headaches, tears, and a total loss of direction.

My first experience with psychotherapy followed. A motherly German woman, following the Adlerian mode, urged me to become more political, that is become involved with in the Labor School in S.F., which her daughters were doing, and to open myself quickly again to a relationship with a man. The first was easy to resist, I was never inclined to join groups, always skeptical, although I longed to belong to something.

Loneliness did push me into the arms of George, who became my first husband, and the therapy came to an end.

Soon George decided to return to graduate school and we left California for Idaho, where his roots were, to attend the University of Idaho in Moscow. That year I earned an MA in English. The following year took us back to New York. Lee's cousin Kitty, who had taken over the old apartment on West 10th St. was about to move on and turned it over to us. The rent had gone up only ten dollars a month. So here I was again, just three years later.

I obtained a scholarship to work toward a doctorate at Teachers College, in the area of Education for Marriage and Family Life, an interdepartmental program, involving anthropology, child development, psychology, sociology, education. With various odd jobs we managed to survive, but before long the marriage fell apart. Sex and bodywarmth were not enough to maintain the bond as I began to get a greater awareness of the distance between us, felt less needy and more confident. I was beginning to teach, the possibility of an independent life had a pull on me, although I think I hardly recognized what was at work. I remember thinking that I could never have a child with George, he lacked the warmth, the ease that I would want to share in parenting. Yet when I did ask him to leave and he, utterly astonished, complied, I was devastated, terrified of the loneliness once more. I was twenty-seven. I felt that I had no hold on my life, that I was lost.

I turned to psychoanalysis, and gradually freed myself from layers of emotional burden.

I have spoken of all this because, as Lee and I met again, so much had happened to us both, I hoped for long talks, a sharing of confidences, explorations of where we had been, where we had come, and was surprised by the lack of opportunity that we allowed ourselves, as much as the lack of interest Lee showed.

I began to write this because of a number of reasons: Curiosity, a wish to understand the dreadful way Lee deteriorated - talents unused, a woman of great qualities aging prematurely - fallen into passivity and desperation. Why? The patriarchy into which she married certainly played a part. Her own willingness to submit to it, to live out the old myth rather than finding a story of her own? I believe it is essential to put her story into historical perspective, to recognize the family tradition from which she came, and to speculate about her mother's expectations, her mother's unfulfilled dreams, as well as to recognize that Lee and I were both steeped in the romantic myths with which we grew up, in spite of the independent, enterprising spirit with which we began our grownup lives.

No matter what other possibilities vaguely appeared on the horizon, it was romance and marriage that dominated our idea of the heroine's life, more than achievement or any other pursuit. Her clinging to a traditional pattern included not sleeping with anyone outside of marriage. She remained a virgin until twenty-seven.

We have no way of knowing what is ahead for us when we fall in love, when we yield to the lure of the old script, which entices us beyond the happy ending of the fairy tale, to living happily forever after. No matter how much we tell ourselves that we are too

smart to believe such promises, our childish wish says, yes, it will be so, we close our eyes and take the leap. The longing for closeness, for playing the promised part of bride and wife pervades the woman's psyche from the time she knows that she is to be a woman like her mother. Only she is always sure she will know how to play the part better. No matter what the mother's failing was, or her misfortune, daughters are determined they'll surmount whatever obstacles will present themselves and prove themselves winners. We quickly push aside fears and doubts, until they trick us.

How unsuited we actually may be to the tasks required by the old role of devoted wife, which we may have rehearsed in daydreams as long as we remember, we have no way of knowing.

After a few months of being courted by an eager young Englishman, while working in the American Embassy in Moscow, how clearly could she foresee what it would mean to fit a prescribed pattern, to play the role of a diplomat's wife? In that exotic setting, had she any idea of the extent to which she would enter his life, his country, his world? Or was this part of the attraction, that her life would be mapped for her, tasks assigned, a role given which she did not have to invent?

The unknown, the stranger is readily the object of fantasy. For J, her good looks, intelligence as well as her cool reserve and poise were a welcome invitation. The adventurous spirit, the forcefulness of the young Englishman must have been the perfect qualities to overcome the reticence that had kept her uninvolved till then. I would imagine she was quite ready to be taken by storm by this time. For Lee, steeped in English literature, his background, accent and manners must have fed her romantic illusions, so that he appeared miraculously suitable as a partner.

I'd like to know if she had any misgivings, a moment's concern that by marrying the stranger she was giving up her own terrain, where she had knowledge of how things are done, where she was at home. That she was letting go the possibility of a career of her own might never have occurred to her, because she was after all a woman of her time. Becoming a wife was seen as achievement, not as a loss of other possibilities.

This is where we differed. I always knew that I would have to have work of my own, be able to earn my living, never become utterly dependent on a husband either for money or a way of life. My mother taught me well. No matter how thoroughly I too had absorbed the romantic fantasy, the belief that a woman should always put marriage first, serve the man, adapt to him, do all in her power to make him happy, the striving for some independence and for some separate activity could not be denied.

What followed I only know from hearsay. That the reception she was given by J's mother was cold, if not cruel. Too late to be warned. What were her impressions of the family? How openly did John's sister Mary speak with her?

How understanding of her lonely situation was J? Was the adventure, facing her new world alone exciting, aphrodisiac? Did she feel abandoned by her parents who did not attend the wedding? No matter how reasonable the excuses - that they were too old to undertake the journey, that it was too costly - she was left to experience the crucial ritual alone.

I wish I knew more about her relationship with her mother, that would cast some light on her singularly lonely path. Women need women as allies always, but especially when making the major transitions of life.

Her role as wife of a diplomat again insured a kind of isolation - always in foreign territory, an obligatory social life, limiting the amount of freedom for special friendships or pursuits of her own. J recalls that she played that role to perfection, efficient, calm, well organized as she was. Did their private exchange make up for all that formality, allow departure from prescribed behavior? The demands under those special circumstances for mutual understanding and support must have been considerable. I wonder if Lee ever could bend to such need and articulate it.

J had his world of manly pursuits - sports, riding, tennis, golf, shooting, fishing. The sphere of the woman, arranging the social occasions, supervising the servants, caring for the children that were born soon - was she pleased with her role? She had been a keen scholar of literature - was it enough to keep her mind challenged, to fit into this mold? What secret paths did her imaginings take?

J lives in the immediate world. Had he any idea of what her thoughts were, her longings, her disappointments?

When we shared the apartment in New York, we used to talk politics, both drawn to the liberal interpretation. How did Lee reconcile her beliefs with J's adherence to tradition, his nostalgic attachment to his regiment?

When we met in New York in 1959 Lee appeared more reticent than I remembered her, almost formal. She made me shy. There was none of that womanly sharing of experience that I have enjoyed with other women friends. What was she guarding? One afternoon she suggested I meet her at their apartment on Park Avenue. She introduced me to her son, John William, home with a cold, and then we sat out to go to Bloomingdale's. She seemed distracted, preoccupied. She needed a black dress. I was surprised by her manner, irritable with a saleswoman, going from rack to rack, looking for "something better," to my surprise more expensive than what I would have been able to afford at the time. I realized they led a life very different from ours then, with sociability of great importance, and a little black dress of fine quality essential. She was in a rush, we were not at ease with each other.

When Paul and I were invited to a dinner, there was at least one other couple present. The supper was served formally, the menu seemed strange to me, I could not believe that asparagus with some sauce could be the main course, but it was. I remember nothing else about the evening.

J claims he told Lee "I can understand why you spoke so often of her, what a girl, attractive, lively, intelligent and sexy." Did that remark put her on guard? J dismisses the possibility. But he does not know how easily we women are made wary once hurt. And she had been hurt. He had a serious affair in Chile while Lee was visiting her parents in Florida with John William and Polly. J dismissed the matter as though Lee could not have been hurt when I first asked about it. Polly and JW tell a different tale - that Lee did intend to leave him at this time, but was persuaded to go back to him.

What did this cost her? At this time, she was in her early thirties, life still had many possibilities. How silently did she choose to return? The ideas of women's liberation were barely nascent. The pressure to make family life primary was enormous.

I thought that I could handle it all - to be a woman with a working brain and wife and mother. The years at home with babies, much as I adored them, were often darkened by depression, a feeling of being locked in, isolated, the only relief some sense of comradeship with other women in the building, also saddled with little children. At least I had my degree, and as soon as possible was teaching a class once a week, first at NYU, then at Finch College. I certainly was not aware with what weight the mandate to make marriage work, both self-imposed in reaction to the upheaval in my parents' lives and by society bore down on all women with unrelenting fervor. The wellbeing of husband and children was regarded as almost totally the wife's responsibility. Understandably, I reprimanded myself for my restlessness, did not heed the rebellious stirrings. After all, I was teaching Psychology of Marriage and Family, and should aim to be a model of devotion.

My doctoral thesis, completed in l954, was called "How Women Feel about Being Women," and consisted of interviews with thirty-five women. Certainly, Simone de Beauvoir was listed in my bibliography, but the feminist writing of the coming years as yet had not been written. I struggled to clarify what it was about being a woman that seemed to make for a shaky sense of self, a lack of self-esteem as expressed in women's continued looking to men as authority figures, for example. The conclusion my modest study could provide was that women who worked outside the home had a better sense of self than those who did not. I had no way of knowing that my work, an expression of my own struggle to clarify conflicting feelings about my role, was a forerunner of much of the work that followed.

I was also only faintly aware how driven I was to free myself from childhood trauma, yearning to replace my torn family. There were moments on the brink of despair when the possibility of breaking up the marriage flitted by. Only briefly. With two little boys, how would we live, where would I go, how could I do this to them, how could I do this to their father? The distance between P and me was considerable - he so often depressed, drinking heavily, insecure in his role as professor. And yet, there was much love. Affection as well as mutual need brought us together again and again, and then came a time of greater ease.

I grabbed the opportunity of further study and qualified as a practicing psychotherapist. I found an outlet for mental energy, a sphere in which to use myself more fully, as well as to earn an income. I gained a sense of greater freedom to be myself. Still, I took no risks to go too far out on my own, sharing an office with my husband and in many ways working together, so that we became known as a team.

Into this sunnier climate Gregory was born, and now there was no question of breaking up the family for years to come.

Again, the only contact Lee and I maintained consisted of an exchange of Christmas cards, with a brief note and affectionate greetings. Once or twice Lee referred to travels to the U.S., and I would feel a twinge of regret that she did not contact me at

such times. It was many years later, after I had been separated and divorced from P, the boys grown up, living by myself in an apartment in New York, that I received a phonecall from Polly. She introduced herself as Lee's daughter and wanted to see me. I was delighted, touched that a young woman would want to meet a friend of her mother's from so long ago.

She came to my apartment on Beekman Place, a slender young woman, not at all like Lee, not only very different in looks, but in approach. Taller than her mother, thinner, with light brown hair and hazel eyes, whereas Lee had glossy dark brown hair and dark eyes, and though long legged with small breasts, was built rather wide in the hips even when I knew her as a young girl. But far more than her appearance it was Polly's intensity, her readiness to communicate that surprised me, charmed me, and proved how very different mother and daughter can be.

Polly was on her way to Findhorn where she was to spend the following three years. She evidently had been for some time in a state of stress, and I am sure did not tell me all that was on her mind. She made no attempt to disguise that the family scene caused her great pain. Before we had even left the apartment she exclaimed "You look ten, fifteen years younger than my mother!" Over dinner she described her parents' marital strife. She emphasized her mother's unhappiness and her own impatience with Lee's passivity. She partly blamed her father, while she repeatedly emphasized that she could not imagine two people more unsuited to one another. According to her, the scene was so terrible, I could not imagine why Lee would not stand up for herself. I could only ask the same question Polly had asked herself, "Why does she not leave if it is so awful?" Polly shook her head, obviously angry with both her parents, unable to understand how her mother could tolerate her father's involvements with other women, and indignant at her mother's passivity, that kept her locked into a marriage that made her unhappy. "I am not close to my mother, but seeing her so unhappy and not doing anything about it is awful."

This visit took place in the late seventies. The story I was hearing as it was being played out in England was no different than many stories of marital rift I was hearing as a psychotherapist, to some extent resembling my own. But here, in the USA, the women's movement had helped us to say, "Enough, I do not need to submit to the humiliation, I do not need to compromise...." Was the support women were communicating to one another here, whether in actual support groups, or by the ongoing discussions on radio and television, encouraging each other to raise our self-esteem and to gain independence not available in England? Or was it Lee's isolation, in large part self-created by her reserve, her hesitation to confide in friends that deprived her?

A few weeks later I received a brief letter from Lee, thanking me for being hospitable to her daughter. I could not write her how my heart went out to her since Polly had spoken in confidence. Lee would have been distressed, I am sure to think that I knew the state of her marriage, or the profound pain it was causing her daughter. Her letter included an invitation to visit if I were in England, and whereas I have no doubt it was sincerely meant, I was not tempted. When I had been in England a few years earlier, I had tried to contact her but did not reach her.

– MLW –

T.W. San Miguel, January 1992

Postscript: April 8, 1996

I stopped writing here, as I recall, because any further speculation would be based on hearsay. I had felt impelled to put down these thoughts that first winter of my marriage to J to gain some understanding of the story of his life with Lee, based on what I had heard from relatives and friends. When I showed J what I had written so far, I was moved by his acceptance of it, without protest. Nothing I said was meant to hurt him. Our marriage, becoming part of the family, so late in our lives means that there is inevitably much history to know, if possible to understand, if we are to truly know one another.

T.W.

Ahnentafel of Margaret Lee Thomas Waterfield

prepared by Frances Anne Thomas Tenny
December 1992

This chart shows Lee's ancestral line, generation by generation. An Ahnentafel is an ancestor list in which the only fixed reference points are consecutive numbers. The numbers are assigned according to a conventional rule, but the type of information included can be selected by the preparer. In this case, Roman numerals designate the generation and the small numbers identify individuals. The numerical scheme is built by doubling each person's number to give his or her father and adding one more to give the mother. Thus, you are number 1; your father is number 2 - twice your number. And your mother is number 3. Your paternal grandfather is number 4 - twice your father; your paternal grandmother is 1 more, number 5. And so on, as far back as there is information available. If numbers are missing or a line is blank, it indicates that nothing is known so far about the individuals represented. Otherwise; vital information is reported as known - date and place of birth, death, and marriage. More detailed information could be provided in an Appendix, and I plan to include such an appendix in my next version of this *ahnentafel*.

Also, please note that in most cases, I have stopped at the American shore. This is due to time constraints, not necessarily to lack of information. Lee herself did a great deal of research into the English and Welsh lines, only some of which are included here, and I have additional data concerning the Germanic ancestors. These additions may also go into the next Ahnentafel version.

I. Subject of Ahnentafel

1. Margaret Lee Thomas, b Austin TX, April 14 1923, m John P. Waterfield Feb 25 1950, St George's Hanover Square, London, d 23 Jul 1990, Somerton, Somerset, UK.

II. Parents

2. Howard Rice Thomas, b 1887, Pulaski VA, m 1922, Austin TX, d 1967, Rockville MD.
3. Mary Lena Megee, b 1885, Travis Co TX, d 1965, Austin TX.

III. Grand Parents

4. John Barnett Thomas, b 23 Feb, 1863, Botetourt Co VA, m ? d (or disappeared)1920, Mexico City MEX.
5. Sarah Frances Rice, b 16 May, 1862, d April 1952, Washington DC bur in cemetery at Montvale, Bedford Co, VA.
6. John Thomas Megee, b 1845, Decherd, Franklin Co TN, went to Texas in 1877, m 1882, Travis Co TX, d 21 Nov 1917, Austin TX.
7. Anna Wilson, b 26 Nov 1858, Travis Co TX, d 16 June, 1934, Dallas TX.

IV. Great Grand-Parents

8. Giles Spessard Thomas, b 4 Aug 1824, m 1826, d 17 Jan 1897, bur Amsterdam, Botetourt Co VA.
9. Kitty John Pettit, b 1839, d 189?, bur Amsterdam VA.
10. Dr William Read Rice, b 1826, VA, m (2) 6 Oct 1858, d 12 Jan 1890.
11. Nancy Booker Speece, 2nd wife, b 21 July 1825, d 10 Mar 1867, bur at Ivanhoe, New London VA.
12. Jesse Megee, b ca 1800, KY, m 19 Dec 1841, Franklin Co TN, d after 1870, TN; occupation millwright.
13. Rebecca Foster Wiggin (2nd wife), b 24 June 1810, d 26 Aug 1852.
14. John C. Wilson, b 1825, Rutherford Co TN, migrated to Texas in 1647, m 31 May 1854, Travis Co TX, d 1697, TX.
15. Mildred Smith, b 1834, TN, d 1892, TX.

V. Great-Great-Grand-Parents

16. Elias Thomas, b 25 Feb 1801, d 11 Dec 1875, Catawba Valley, Roanoke Co VA. His second son Elias Thomas, served in Civil War, died after his return home.
17. Mary H. Spessard, b 24 Nov 1803, d 1 June 1878.
18. William Abner Pettit, m 24 Feb 1834, Botetourte Co VA, graduate of William and Mary, d 1854.
19. Mary Tosh Evans (2nd of 3 wives), d 1841, Roanoke Co VA.
20. Rev Samuel Rice, b 1795, m 12 Oct 1817.
21. Sarah Dodridge Mitchell, b 1800, d 1881.
22. Frederick Speece, b 23 Oct 1785, m 31 Mar 1812, Charlotte Co VA, d 1868, bur at Ivanhoe.
23. Nancy Booker Morton, b 9 May 1791.
24. John Megee, b 20 Mar 1761, Middlesex Co NJ, m ca 1790, NJ, d 2 Nov 1844, Jessamine Co KY.
25. Martha Ellison, d 1841, Jessamine Co KY.
26. John P. Wiggin, b 16 Nov 1771, m 24 Mar 1798, d 6 June 1837, Franklin Co TN.
27. Rachel Wendel, b 1772 or 1773, d 26 Feb 1853, age 80.
28. John Wilson, b 1796 (per Census), Rowan Co NC, went to fight in Battle of New Orleans (1815) at age of 14 (?), but got there too late. M 1817, Rutherford Co TN. d 1852.
29. Mary May (1st wife, second was Rhoda Manor), d TN 1838.
30. William Stark Smith, b 1797, m 1827, d 1876. Primitive Baptist minister in TN. Moved to Texas in 1850.
31. Nancy Rountree, b 1813, d 1876.

VI. Great-great-great-Grandparents

32. Giles Thomas, b 1763, lived in Harford Co MD, fought in Rev War, d 1842, Blacksburg VA, bur in cem there.
33. Annie Wheeler, b 1765, Harford Co MD.
34. Michael Spessard, d 1850.
35. Barbara Eby.
36. James Pettit, b 1768, Albemarle Co VA, SGT in Rev War, m 1785, liv Louisa Co VA, d 1833 Campbell Co VA.
37. Frances Baker, d 1829.
38. Mark Evans, d 1823 Botetouort Co VA.
39. Temperance Bratcher.
40. David Rice, attorney, m 18 June 1794, d 1804.
41. Jane Holt, d 8 May 1795, Bedford Co VA.
42. Rev James R. Mitchell, b 29 Jan 1747, Pequa PA.
43. Frances Rice Sister of # 40.
44. Conrad Speece.
45. Ann Catherine Tournay.
46. Little Joe Morton, b 1749, d 1812.
47. Rachel M. Booker.
48. William Megee (??)
49. Perrine.
50.
51.
52. Joseph Wiggin, b 1732, d 1795, blacksmith. m before 1763, Strafford Co NH.
53. Lydia Lamson. *b* before 1750, Strafford Co NH. d ca 1834 in MD.
54. Christopher Windle Jr, separated from wife in 1793, Frederick Co VA.
55. Susanna Deadrick, b 1753, Winchester VA, moved with her brothers to Nashville after the separation, d 1816, Davidson Co TN.
56. John Wilson, b ca 1760, Rowan Co NC, m 1782, Rowan Co, d before 1812.
57. Sarah Boone.
60. William Smith, b 1759, SGT in Capt John Wilk's Co, 7th VA Regt, 1776-1778 (see DAR records for Alice Megee Porter, nat'l no.106,133).
61. Mary.
62. Thomas Rountree, b 1778 SC, a founder of town of Lynchburg, Lincoln Co TN in 1820, d there 1828.
63. Mary Gilbreath, b 1787, prob SC, d 1815.

VII.

64. David Thomas Jr, 1708-1769, Harford Co MD.
65. Hannah Green.
66. Benjamin Wheeler, b 1731, d 1802, Harford Co MD.
67. Mary E. Neale, b 1732, MD, d 1792.
68.
69.
70. Christian Eby, b 1743, Lancaster Co PA.
71. Catherine Huber.
72. Wm Pettit III. b 1736, attended William and Mary, m 1761 Trinity Parish, Louisa Co VA, d 1805.
73. Susannah Ballard.
76. William Baker.
77. Mary.
80. Rev David Rice, b 29 Dec 1733, Hanover Co VA, m 1762/3, d 18 June 1816, Greene Co KY. A monument to him and his wife stands in the town square of Danville KY. Had 11 children. Graduate of Princeton. Lived in KY, was Presbyterian minister in KY, ridge rider in VA. Founder of Transylvania Univ and of Hampden-Sydney. Helped write KY Constitution.
81. Mary Blair, b 1741, d 1824.

82. David Holt Lived in Amelia Co VA, then in Chesterfield Co. d 1786.
83. Betty Hall.
84. Robert Mitchell, b Derry(?) Ireland, liv Pequa PA, m Edinburgh, Scotland.
85. Mary Innis (Enos?), b Wales.
92. Joseph Morton (1709-1772.) Lived in Prince Edward Co VA, later moved to Roanoke Bridge, Charlotte Co VA. Married 1730.
93. Agnes Woodson (1711-1802), second wife of Joseph Morton.
94. Edmund Booker, of Amelia Co VA, m prob 1747, d 1792.
95. Edith Marot Cobbs.
104. Henry Wiggin, d 9 Feb 1748.
105. Hannah.
106. Benjamin Lamson, b 8 Feb, 1710, Ipswich Mass,d 8 Feb 1710, Ipswich Mass, d 31 Mar 1753 at Ipswich, farmer.
107. Sarah Cummings, b 20 Aug 1720, Topsfield Mass, d 7 Nov 1756, Ipswich Mass.
108. Christopher Windle, immig to Shenandoah Co VA after 1732, d 1791, m ca 1737/8.
109. Catherine Brumbach, b ca 1720, d after 1798.
110. David Deaderick, b in Germany, ma ca 1752, VA.
111. Rosanna Boucher.
114. John Boone, b ca 1727, Berks Co PA, d 1803, NC.
115. Rebecca.
120. John Smith.

VIII.

128. David Thomas, Sr, of Harford Co, d 1734.
129. Elizabeth Wheeler.
130. Giles Green Lived in Port Tobacco, Charles Co MD, home "Green's Inheritance".
132. Thomas Wheeler, b 19 May 1708, Prince Georges Co MD, lived in Harford Co, d 1 Jan 1770. First wife Sarah Scott, 2nd wife Elizabeth Hillen, nee Raven.
133. Sarah Scott, d before 1748.
134. Roswell Neale, b 1685, d 1751.
135. Elizabeth Blackistone, 2nd wife of Roswell Neale.
140. Christain Eby.
144. William Pettit Jr.
145. Ann Baker.
146. Thomas Ballard, Albemarle Co VA.
147. Susannah.
154. Thomas Tosh.
160. David Rice.
161. Susannah Searcy.
162. Rev Samuel Blair, b 14 June 1712, Ireland, d 1757, Faggs Manor NJ. Educated at Log College (forerunner of Princeton). Presbyterian Minister.
163. Frances Van Hook.
164. David Holt. Lived in St Paul's parish of New Kent Co VA, then Hanover Co.
165. Margaret.
166. John Hall. Of Prince George Co VA, b 1709. Moved to Edgecomb Co NC by 1765.
167. Anne Bolling.
186. Richard Woodson b ca 1662, d 716, VA.
187. Ann Smith.
188. Edmund Booker, lived in Essex Co VA, d 1758, Amelia Co VA.
189. Jane (Davis?)
190. Samuel Cobbs, m 1717, d Amelia Co VA, 1757.
191. Edith Marot, d 1761.
208. Thomas Wiggin, b 1664, d 7 March 1726/7.
209. Sarah.
212. William Lamson, b 19 Aug 1675, m 17 Dec 1706, Beverly Mass, d after 1749, farmer at Ipswich Mass.

213. Lydia Porter.
214. Capt Joseph Cummings, b Woburn Mass 1 Sept 1692, moved to Topsfield ca 1704, d 22 Apr 1794, age 101, m (1) 1 Dec 1714.
215. Sarah Easty, living 1748. Second wife of Capt Cummings was Priscilla Lamson, m 1751.
218. Melchior Brumbach, immig 1714 to Germanna Colony in VA.
219. Elizabeth (possibly Fishback).
222. Michael Boucher.
228. Benjamin Boone, b 16 July 1706, Devonshire, England, immig 1717, d Exeter township, Berks Co PA.
229. Ann Farmer b Saffron Walden, England.
240. Samuel Smith, d 1737, Essex Co VA, m 1726.
241. Anne Amis, d 1753 , Essex Co VA.

IX

256. David Thomas, d 1720, Harford Co MD.
257. Sarah Peverill Smith.
258. .. same as 264.
259. .. same as 265.
260. Francis Green, gent. b ca 1648 at "Green's Rest", St Mary's City MD, lived in Port Tobacco, d 1707.
261. Elizabeth.
264. Benjamin Wheeler, b 1686, Prince Georges Co MD, moved to near Hickory, Harford Co (then Baltimore Co) in 1715, d 1741.
265. Elizabeth, d 1742.
266. Daniel Scott, d 1744/5, Baltimore Co MD.
267. Elizabeth.
268. Anthony Neale, b in Spain or Portugal before 1660, d 1723.
269. Elizabeth Roswell.
280. Jacob Eby.
288. William Pettit, b 1697, Ireland, came to Louisa Co VA ca 1720.
289. Susannah Ballard.
290. Samuel Baker.
320. Thomas Rice. Immigrant (from ?), lived St Paul's Parish, Hanover Co VA. d between 1711 and 1716.
321. Marcy.
322. Robert Searsey, d before March 1733/4, after 22 Aug 1733, Hanover Co VA.
323. Sarah.
324.
325.
326. Lawrence VanHook.
334. Robert Bolling. Of Prince George Co VA, b 1682, came to VA ca 1660, d 1749.
372. Robert Woodson.
373. Elizabeth Ferris.
374. Obadiah Smith, d 1746.
375. Mary Cocke.
376. Capt Richard Booker, b 1688, d 1743. Married second wife, Margaret Lowry in 1710.
377. Rebecca Leake(?)
380. Ambrose Cobbs.
381. Anne.
382. Jean Marot, innkeeper in Williamsburg.
416. Thomas Wiggin. b ca 1640, d ca 1700, Sandypoint NH.
417. Sarah Barefoot.
424. John Lamson, b Ipswich Mass, Nov 1642, m 17 Dec 1668, d 1717, Topsfield Mass.
425. Martha Perkins, b 1649, Topsfield Mass, d 1728. Sister Mary m Wm Howlett.
426. John Porter, lived in Wenham Mass, m ca 1680, had 6 daus.
427. Lydia Herrick, bapt 26 Sept 1666.
428. Abraham Cummings, b Boxford after 1661, moved to Dunstable around 1680, later lived in Woburn, m 28 Feb 1687.

429. Sarah Wright.
430. Isaac Easty.
431. Abigail.
436. Johan Georg Brumbach (1669-1739), b Muesen nr Siegen, Nassau (Germany), m 26 Sept 1694.
437. Anna Barbara Wurmbach, m (1) John Joseph Merten, who d 1693. She d 1708.
456. George Boone, b 1666, Stoak, Devonshire, immig 1717 a weaver, d Berks Co PA.
457. Mary Maugridge.
458. John Farmer. A Friends minister.
480. Lt John Smith.
481. Jane Cocke, m (1) Rice Jones in 1679.
482. Louis Amis.

X

520. Thomas Greene, Esq. Came on Ark (of the Ark and the Dove) in 1632), d before 20 Jan 1651/2. 2nd wife was Winifred Seybourne.
521. Ann Cox, d after 1638.
532. Daniel Scott, d ca 1724, Baltimore Co MD.
533. Jane.
536. James Neale, Gent, d MD 1683.
537. Anne Gill, b England, d MD 1698.
538. Will Rosewell, of St Winifred's Freehold, St Mary's Co MD, wrote will 1694/5.
539. Emma, m (1) Turner.
540. Col Nehemiah Blackistone, was in MD in 1674 became Chief Justice of the Province in 1691, d 1693.
560. Theodorus Eby, b 25 Apr 1663, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, lived in Palatinate or Pfaltz (now Germany), 1704-1715, then immig to Philadelphia and Lancaster Co PA. d Conestoga , Lancaster Co PA, 1737. Was a Mennonite.
578. Thomas Ballard, lived Hanover Co VA.
579. Mary Powers.
668. Robert Bolling, b 1640, immig to VA 1660, d 1709. Wife was Jane Rolfe or Anne Stith.
746. Richard Ferris, of Curles, Henrico Co VA.
750. William Cocke (1655-1693). 2nd wife was Sarah Dennis.
751. Jane Flower of James City County VA.
832. Thomas Wiggin , second "governor" of Dover, New Hampshire.
833. Catherine Whiting, sister of Mr. William Whiting of Hartford. Father was mayor of Boston, Lincolnshire, England.
848. William Lamson, b England, immig 1634, settled at Ipswich, Mass by 1637, d ca 1 Jan 1658/9.
849. Sarah Ayers, m (2) Thomas Hartshorn of Reading Mass.
850. "Deacon" Thomas Perkins, b in England, probably in Newant, Gloucestershire in 1616. Immig to Mass with his father in 1631. Lived in Topsfield, m ca 1640, d 1686.
851. Phebe Gould, b Hemel Hempstead, 1620.
852. Samuel Porter, b ca 1636, d ca 1660.
854. Henry Herrick, bapt 16 Jan 1640.
855. Lydia d before 1690.
856. John Cummings, b ca 1630, moved to Dunstable, Mass, 1680, d 1 Dec 1700.
857. Sarah Howlett, b 1634/5, d 7 Dec 1688, a month after an Indian attack in which two sons were killed.
858. Joseph Wright Sr, b before 1641, m 1 Nov 1661, d 31 Mar 1724, Woburn Mass.
859. Elizabeth Hassell b 20 Sept 1643, d 28 June 1713.
872. Joseph Brumbach, of Muesen, nr Siegen, Nassau, m 1647 at Muesen, d 1677.
873. Catherine d 1704.
960. Alexander Smith, immig 1653 to Lancaster VA.
961. Mary Anne Cooke.
962. Nicholas Cooke, d 1687.
963. Jane.
964. Thomas Amis, a founder of Manakin Town, a French Huguenot colony, m in VA, d after 1638.

XI

1,072. Raphael Neale, of Drury Lane, London and Wollaston, Northamptonshire.
1,073 Jane Baker, widow of Simon Forman (1552-1611.)
1,074. Benjamin Gill, Gent. came to MD without his family ca 1741, d 1658.
1,120. Bishop Jacob Eby, Switzerland.
1,500. Lt Col Richard Cooke (1600-1665), m 1646.
1,501. Mary Aston.
1,698. John Ayers in Salisbury Mass in 1640. Later, one of the original settlers of Haverhill, Mass (by 1645), a "proprietor", d 1657.
1,699. Hannah.
1,700. "Quartermaster" John Perkins, sailed from Bristol in ship Lyon in 1631. Went to Ipswich with John Winthrop the Younger.
1,701. Judith Gater, bapt 19 Mar 1588/9.
1,702. Zaccheus Gould, b ca 1589, Bovingdon, Co Hertford, m ca 1619, emig ca 1638 to Weymouth. Moved to Ipswich 1644, d Topsfield 1668.
1,703. Phebe Deacon, b 1597, of Hemel Hempstead, d Topsfield Mass 1668.
1,704. Sgt John Porter, b 1595, England, immig to Hingham, Mass by 1637, d 6 Sept, 1676.
1,705. Mary, d 6 Feb 1684/5.
1,706. William Dodge, came in Lion's Whelp from Dorsetshire.
1,708. Henry Herrick, came to Salem, 1639, d Beverly by 15 Mar 1670.
1,709. Edith Laskin of Salem.
1,712. Isaac Cummings, was at Ipswich in 1638., d there 8 May 1677.
1,714. Ens Thomas Howlett, b ca 1605, immig 1630, carpenter d 1678.
1,715. Alice French, d 6 June 1666.
1,716. Deacon John Wright, liv in Charleston Mass, 1640, in Woburn 1645, d 21 June 1688.
1,717. Priscilla, d 10 Apr 1687.
1,718. Richard Hassell, in Cambridge, 1647.
1,719. Joan.
1,920. Joseph Smith of Bristol, England.

XII

2,144. John Neale, Yelden, Co Bedford and Wollaston, Co Northampton.
2,145. Grace Butler.
2,160. Rev Marmaduke Blackiston of Newton Hall, Rector of Woodburne in 1585., bur at St Margaret's Cross Gate, 1639, m 30 Sept 1590.
3,400. Henry Perkins, b ca 1555, m 1579.
3,401. Elizabeth Sawbridge, bapt, Hillmorton, Co Warwick, 23 Dec 1583, d Ipswich, 1654.
3,402. Michael Gater.
3,403. Isabel Baylie.
3,404. Richard Goould of Bovingdon, died before 1604.
3,406. Thomas Deacon, of Hemel Hempstead, co Hertford, m 15 June 1596, d 1642.
3,407. Martha Field.
3,416. (?) Sir William Herrick.
3,418. Hugh Laskin of Salem. 3430. Thomas French, d 1639, Ipswich Mass, m 5 Sept 1608, Assington, Co Suffolk, England.
3,431. Susan Riddlesdale, d 1658.

XIII

4,288. Thomas Neale, Yelden, Co Bedford.
4,289. Goditha Throckmorton.
4,290. John Butler, Cotkenles, Co Pembroke.
4,320. John Blackiston, of Blackiston, Durham, England.
4,321. Elizabeth Bowescut.
6,800. Thomas Perkins, b ca 1545 at Hillmorton, d Mar, 1591/2.
6,801. Alice Kebble, d Aug 1613.

XIV

8,576. Thomas Neale, Ellesborough, Co Berks, b 1481.
8,577. Emlyn or Emilia Cheshire, Willington, Shropshire.
8,578. Richard Throckmorton, Esq, Higham Park, Co Northampton.
8,579. Joan Beaufo.
8,642. Sir George Boweskut.
13,600. Henry Perkins, b ca 1500.

XV

17,152. John Neale, Co Stafford.
17,156. Sir Robert Throckmorton. Knt of the Bath, Privy Council of Henry VII, d on pilgrimage to the Holy Land.
27,200. Thomas Perkins of Hylmoreton, b ca 1475, d 1528.
27,201. Alice.

XVI

34,312. Thomas Throckmorton, High Sheriff of Warwick and Leicester King Henry IV[*] .
34,313. Margaret Olney.

XVII

68,624. Sir John Throckmorton, Under-Treasurer of England under Henry VI d 23 Apr 1445.
68,625. Eleanor de Spineto.
68,626. Sir Robert Olney, Knt, Weston, Co Bucks.

XVIII

137,248. Thomas de Throckmorton, living 1411.
137,249. Agnes de Besford, m before 1380, living as of 1428.
137,250. Sir Guy de Spineto, lord of Coughton, co Warwick.

[*] *How if his father served Henry VI? JPW May '95*

Rice and McGhee Families of Bedford County, Virginia

Virginia Rice Biggerstaff

FOREWARD

"There may be and often is a regard for ancestry which nourishes a weak pride, but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the moral character and improves the heart." Daniel Webster

My grandmother, Elizabeth Frances McGhee Rice, once reproved my cousin who claimed pride in her ancestry, "It is more important that your ancestors be proud of you than that you be proud of your ancestors." This may have been a valid reproval fifty years ago but today there is another equally appropriate viewpoint. Since we are all a part, an infinitesimal part, of the continuing stream of family heritage, it is important that each of us have acquaintance with the flow of the stream in order to fill his own space and take his own appropriate part. Studying the many generations and their contributions to and involvements in American history gives one a sense of time and of familiarity with our country's early heroes and their ideals. It also reenforces one's urge to make a major dedication to civilization and to the bettering of the human condition. Many of our ancestors were lawyers, doctors, or ministers. There are at least three lawyers, four doctors, two nurses, and one minister in the present generation. I feel that the humanitarian attitudes engendered by many lifetimes of professional service is a part of our basic make-up. Basic also is a flare for music: two cousins are concert violinists and there are a number of trained voices through the generations. There is also an artistic streak. I know of three living artists among the cousins. Our great grandfather McGhee designed and built manor houses and churches around Bedford, Va. Some will disagree with me but I sense a vague continuity of attitudes from former generations.

Along with a study of our strengths, I have also included inheritable weaknesses. For instance, Dyslexia, which has appeared several times among present day cousins, is first evident in a member who was born one hundred and eighty years ago. A defective enzyme in the blood has appeared in this generation in two first cousins and a third cousin. A genetecist's more detailed and scientific study of inheritable strengths and weaknesses would be most interesting and valuable, especially in the light of the fact that our grandparents were second cousins and our grandfather's parents were first cousins.

A word should probably be said here about the numbering used to indicate the individuals. In following the lines of descent, the

first immigrant to America is numbered 1.; successive generations add a number in the order of birth for each child in that generation. For example the children of the immigrant would be: 11., 2., etc. Each successive generation adds a number on to his father's number. Direct lines of descent are denoted by Roman numerals before the name in each generation in addition to the identifying individual number. An asterisk before the name indicates the bearer of the line to our living segment of the family.

The founders of the lines and dates of their immigration to America are:

Thomas Rice	ca 1692
Rev.Samuel Blair	ca 1732
Arent lsaaczen Van Hook	1649
Robert Mitchell	ca 1735
Col. Thomas Walker	1625-1650
Francis Thornton	Before 1700
Robert Taliafero	ca 1655
_____Holt immigrant unknown but	before 1650
John Crawford	1643
Richard Dibdall	ca 1645
Charles (?)McGhee	Before 1740

I should like to express indebtedness to family members now dead who have been conservators. Also my appreciation needs to be expressed to the living relatives who have made this book possible:
Margaret Ballard Maupin, Elizabeth Ferrell Harris, Anne Thomas Tenny and Lee Thomas Waterfield and to Mrs. Marge Higginson, genealogist of Salt Lake City who put at my disposal the entire Holt line, and to Joan Glade for whom Mrs. Higginsan did the Halt research. Joan Glade is a descendant of Thomas Halt, son of David Halt Jr. and has given her permission to print the Halt material. Lastly l am grateful far the enthusiastic support of my nephew, Dr. Stan Hillis, who has just offered to help financially an this project. Without the work of the many I could not have brought it all together.

V.R.B.

[from pages 118 - 199]

Margaret Lee Thomas Waterfield writes, "James Thomas Waterfield's blood condition (which is identical with that of Charles Flora and Marshall Harris) is known as Glucose-6-Dehydrogenase Deficiency (commonly abbreviated as G-6-P-D). It is rare indeed, and has only been discovered in this present generation. It is an inherited deficiency of one part of the blood

(G-6-P-D), and the deficiency is carried on the same gene that carries color blindness and hemophilia. It operates in the same way as these conditions: that is, it is carried latently by the females and passed on to some male children. Its effect is that the blood is susceptible to virus diseases, which cause the blood to turn upon itself, as it were, and bring on an attack of acute anaemia (which gives the same yellow appearance as jaundice). This is accompanied by severe headaches as the body tries to manufacture extra red blood cells to replace those that it is destroying. There are also a considerable number of modern drugs and antibiotics which have the same effect on the blood as the virus illnesses (aspirin is the most common of these), so the antibiotic that affect the blood must be avoided. It is thought (though I'm not sure that it's proved yet) to be a result of intermarriage.

"Looking back, it seems quite plain to me that my father suffered from the same thing: he often looked sallow and jaundiced, and he always said that he couldn't take aspirin as it made him feel too bad. Undoubtedly Dr. William R. Rice had the same condition, as he is the only common ancestor that James T. Waterfield shares with Charles Flora and Marshall Harris. Incidentally Charles and Marshall have been participating in research into this at the Medical Center in Bethesda. The signs of G-6-P-D possibly being present would be: slowness at recovering from all the childhood virus diseases with a jaundiced appearance and possibly complaints of headaches, and the same symptoms appearing after administration of aspirin or certain antibiotics. All would warrant investigation for descendances of William R. Rice, but remembering that the condition can't be passed from father to son but only through daughters to succeeding generations."