Some Memories

For my Grandchildren
- JPW

May 1996

Foreword

I start this because I am urged to do so by Tilla, and I have also been urged to write my memories by various friends after hearing me tell scurrilous anecdotes at bibulous dinners. But I have always felt, and still feel, hesitation and reluctance, which explains why I find it hard to get down to serious writing now. Moreover, when I read pompous and self-satisfied diplomatic memoirs now by my contemporaries, such as those by (Sir) Hugh Cortazzi, whom we knew in Tokyo, I think that I am sensible to keep silent! I am also increasingly idle, partly due to getting older. And I have already written a full memoir of Lee, about 80 typed foolscap pages, for the grandchildren, principally. This wandered into selected reminiscences of family life.

But I admit I would rather like to write a clear story of what I remember, while I do remember; it has been luckily such a varied, active and happy pattern of events for the most part. It would be easier if I could type or work a word-processor, which it is now clear I shall never do. We gave typewriters as presents to all three children when they were about eleven years old, and this proved for them a useful investment. They can all type efficiently, and now Bun is an expert on computers, and Polly has one also and operates it efficiently. Bun is now, in fact, a quite brilliant typist on his word-processor[*].

And now John William has courageously acquired a diploma in computers in his middle age, achieving brilliant marks (1998) and is fascinated by its potential.

That writing memoirs for family enjoyment is worthwhile has been shown by many but for me especially by the example of my great-aunt, Constance (Connie) Lady Lubbock. She wrote a fascinating, if brief, account for her grandchildren, of which I have a copy in my papers, of her early life at Collingwood, the Herschel family house at Hawkhurst, in Kent, now some sort of school or other institution. She also gave a picture of Girton where she was one of the very first students. She was the youngest child of Sir John F W Herschel, my great-grandfather, and his wife, born Margaret Brodie Stewart. Great-Aunt Connie (as we knew her) had six children by Sir J Lubbock but sadly her only son was killed in action in, I believe, HMS Hood which was sunk in action in the 1914-18 War. I can still remember Aunt Connie, with Aunts Julie and Fancy, her surviving sisters, when we visited them in their old age, living together at Observatory House, Slough, where their grandfather, Sir William Herschel lived until his death. It is now long since pulled down and a computer firm's office stands on the site. My vision of the three great-aunts is of old fashioned bonnets, lace and shawls. I cannot hear their voices at all. But I was probably only about ten, at the most. In the last twelve years of so, on Herschel Memorial business, I have seen something of Aunt Connie's grand-children, especially Diana Ladas, who was once Head Mistress of Heathfield. Aunt Connie's well known book, *The Herschel Chronicle* of which copies are rarely found and very expensive, is now (1997) being reprinted by the William Herschel society in Bath, and I have bought copies for my children.

Of course another HMS Hood was sunk by the Bismarck in 1944 and I may be wrong about the name of the ship in which Aunt Connie's son died - but I have it firmly in the recesses of my memory.

[*] and indeed typed this Spring - Summer 1999 (revised 2016)

Another recorder of her early years was my dear "aunt Winnie" (Winifred Jane[1] née Wardale) who married my father's elder half-brother Edward, known as Odo, briefly a Judge of the High Court in India, and after her husband's early death played a strong part in our lives as children in her beautiful and large house above Dawlish, the Clint, and later, when she had to move for economy, at a smaller house at Chudleigh. She was handsome and vivacious when young, with red hair, but we only saw it grey. She wrote an enchanting account, which we also have, of her up-bringing, in considerable hardship, as the daughter of the incumbent at Bowes, in Teesdale, in a remote corner of Yorkshire bordering on Durham and Westmoreland, and later at Willen in Buckinghamshire in Hertfordshire where she was sent away to live with relatives (Wardales). In India she lived grandly, and retained an air of gracious grandeur in old age. As a boy I was a great friend of William Newman, Aunt Winnie's 'handy man'. We watched Dawlish Town, for whom he had played, together.

My uncle, Harry Siepmann, also wrote in manuscript memories of his boyhood at Clifton, school at Rugby, University at New College and experiences in the first World War (his son, also Harry, published his father's letters from the War under the title *The Echo of the Guns*) and later, in the Bank of England, in Hungary and India, and in private business with Mocatta and Goldschmitt. I do not have copies of them, except for the book. My cousin Harry, in the Civil Air Administration, lent Mary (my sister) the original manuscripts recently. I found them fascinating.

Eric, my mother's youngest brother (Winchester and New College) wrote memories entitled *Confessions of a Nihilist* with rather unpleasing references to my father and to me. His widow became the best-selling novelist, in her seventies, 'Mary Wesley', and goes on now in her eighties, with no less success.

In terms of family history I and other Siepmann descendants have been recently engaged in helping Dr Maurice Whitehead of Hull University compile a revised biography of my grandfather, Otto Siepmann, the famous teacher of modern languages, for the New Dictionary of National Biography. The previous edition was ill-balanced and in some respects inaccurate. It has been a fascinating exercise, which I have fully documented on a separate file. It is surprising that we all depend so much on oral records, often garbled. For example there appears to be no record of my grandfather's university education at, as we have all thought to be the case, Strasbourg. He left no memoirs or personal records, unless his elder son Harry made off with them!

So, if I get this done, or any part of it, I hope it will be a source of entertainment, even amazement (as describing a life so different from present day ways) to Thomas, Katy, Hermione, Anna and Jeremy, or even their children, in future years.

My own father and mother wrote nothing of their memories which seems rather sad, and this omission leaves me largely in the dark about them. All the more reason for me to try to write these. I can see my father regularly writing at his desk (which I have), often on Sundays, but he wrote letters, or memoranda on work or business. When Professor Richard Chapman of Durham University wanted to write about my father's life and character in his book *Leadership in the British Civil Service,* in which my father played the leading part, we all, even my mother (I think) found it hard to describe more than the bare bones, events and dates, in his life. And of his early life we had very

[1] 'Grace' not 'Jane' - JTW

little idea. Now with the same Professor Chapman, I am helping to compile an entry for my father also in the New DNB. It will be convenient to add the new DNB version of my grandfather's life and my own draft of my father's (fuller than the eventual text) to this memoir.

I have no clear map in my mind of how to go about it, of how much to cover, and in what detail. I shall just start and see where I am led. I certainly would find it easier if I could use a word-processor, as Tilla is doing on her computer upstairs, at my mother's elegant Regency cylinder-top mahogany desk. But I shall have to make do in manuscript, as I have done all my life, when writing letters, memoranda, minutes and despatches in the Foreign Office and in other jobs later. But now I hope Bun will use his wonderful computer to present this in type. In the life-time of you grandchildren, computers and e-mail will revolutionize, if not entirely nullify, writing and reading books, so this is perhaps a turning point in methods of communication as much in family terms as in wider usages.

I would add two more features of life which overhung, indeed dominated, my generation and which have little bearing on the minds of my grandchildren. The first is that I grew up in the shadow of the First World War, the effects of which shattered my parents' generation, so many of my schoolmasters and to a greater or less degree the whole country. I then fought in the Second World War, where many friends were killed. There has been no major European war since then. I earnestly hope this respite from mass warfare in Europe will continue. The second feature of my life has been the loss of confidence and certainty in the established order of things for families such as ours, partly due to the (voluntary) break up of Britain's world-wide Empire. I looked at atlases as a boy where large parts were coloured pink and assumed that was immutable. Now, with Hong Kong (1997) returned to China, there are only a few comparatively unimportant overseas territories left of what was a great and prosperous Empire. These matters coloured my development and attitude to life and I cannot divest myself of their influence.

I end with grateful tributes to Lee and my sister Mary both of whom contributed so persistently and skilfully to establishing the history of 'our' Waterfield, Herschel and Siepmann ancestors and family.

Begun at Somerton Jan 1995

Continued at Yelping Hill, Connecticut, in Tilla's house, in August 1995, and this part concluded 7 May 1996 at Somerton, after completing my memoir of Lee and getting it fair typed and then re-presented by Bun.

And further revised, after Mary's initial comments, at Villa Fleur, Puerto de la Laja, El Portet, Moraira, Costa Blanca, rented for January and February 1997 and in Yelping Hill again, August 1997, and at El Portet again in 1998, and on Yelping Hill in summer 1998.

Memories of family

My father, born on 16 May 1888, went from Eastdon House to Starcross Great Western Railway Station, on the Exe estuary, to go to his prep school at Clifton, under Mr Townsend, and later to Westminster, in a carriage drawn by two horses and driven by a coachman, and by steam train. He lived until 1965, long enough to see a man orbiting in spare, as preparation for a landing on the moon. I have always described that as an extraordinary leap of human development in one life time. I suppose that television, computers and robots, the 'information highway' and 'e-mail' and the thresholds of genetic engineering and now cloning of animals and human parts are innovations, unimaginable when I was young, which correspond for me to my father's experience of novelties in his life-time.

Changes in the social order of things since my father's time have included, especially for me, the emergence of an independent rôle for women, and the cessation of ritual family attendance at church on Sundays. Up to the War we always went to church with my parents, dressed up, at Merrow or Compton, on Sunday mornings, followed by lunch in the dining room, with a maid in attendance, of roast leg of lamb, or sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding, and a solid pudding such as apple pie or in summer, some kind of mousse, or summer pudding, made with blackcurrants. Of course the onset of War saw the end, for my parents, of live-in servants, but we always had, till then, a resident cook and maid, a nanny and, in early years, an assistant 'pram pusher', sometimes Swiss, as well as a gardener. In terms of church attendance, we sang a hymn and said a prayer every day at Miss Chapman's infant school at Cobham, where I went, aged six; we had a service every Sunday morning at Dragons (very much as now); I don't remember any service at Melbreck (my pre-prep school); at Charterhouse we had prayers and a short Bible reading every evening in the House (Saunderites) at 9 pm, and Chapel daily and twice on Sundays. Now I am completely negligent in attendance at church, though I occasionally go if staying, for example, at Fairfield House, Hambledon (Wakes) or in West Cornwall, Connecticut in the summer holidays on Yelping Hill, and Tilla and I go, once or twice a year to matins at Wells. Weddings and funerals call for church-going too. I respect the ritual and would feel lost without it. But regular religious observance is no longer part of my life.

My father clearly remembered the names of the horses who pulled the Eastdon coach which took him to the station. Was one called 'Blackbird'? I think so, but I do not remember the other. Mr Townsend's son or brother Charlie, 'C L Townsend', bowled left arm for England. My father remembered that the boys all followed his success. I watched his son D C H Townsend play for Oxford in the Parks when I was at Dragons, as I am reminded by Johnny Woodcock, OD OBE, the former great cricket correspondent of the Times.

My father died in 1965 at the Paddock (now called St James's House) Sotwell-cum-Brightwell, near Wallingford, when I was Ambassador in Bamako, Mali Republic (West Africa), formerly the French colony Soudan. The Foreign Office, generously, let me come home, fare paid, for his funeral, as I represented to John Ford, the responsible official (later Sir John Ford, High Commissioner in Canada) that it was essential for me to be present to handle my father's affairs, as the eldest son. I fear this was an exaggerated picture, but I am glad I was able to come. Lee was already at home prior to my leave. I remember that she telegraphed or perhaps succeeded in telephoning about

his death, and I went out of the heat into the dark coolness of the French built Catholic church in the centre of Bamako, and said my prayers. We had a good funeral service for my father at Cofton, as we did later for my mother, and in 1990 for Lee. My grandmother, Matilda Rose Herschel, played the organ there every Sunday in the last century and up to 1909, when she left Eastdon after my grandfather's death. At Lee's service, we found music in the organist's cubby hole with my grandmother's name on it, dating from the beginning of the century. My grandfather walked every Sunday to church through Eastdon Woods. Half way, looking back, is the most beautiful view of the Exe Estuary, where the path crosses Orchard Lane, well remembered since my childhood. Orchard Lane cuts into the dark red Devon sandstone where there were always colonies of the biggest orange-coloured ants I have ever seen in England.

I brought my father's ashes, in an urn, from the Oxford crematorium to Cofton, accompanied in our car by my brother Martin. The urn was placed in our family vault below the gravestones. The vault holds the ashes of our most recent family, and will also hold mine. It seemed odd to carry the ashes, but later Lee calmly carried her father's ashes, wrapped in brown paper round the urn, from Austin, Texas, to Washington, D.C.. And Marion Wake told me lately that she still kept Peter's ashes in his study, two years after his death!

My father's father was William, elder son of Thomas Nelson Waterfield, of Dean's Yard, Westminster. The latter was in the India Board of Control, and Secretary of the Political and Intelligence Department, in the first half of the nineteenth century. He was, in effect, at his peak, about the most influential London civil servant in the development of British interests in India, but he over-worked, became painfully ill, took early retirement and died, comparatively young, in 1862. He had had a most distinguished career at Westminster School, and was Captain of the School, as were my grandfather William, and father, in their turn. Thomas Nelson was elected to a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1817, a year before the usual time, as is described in a most laudatory and full obituary of him in the Gentleman's Magazine. We have a copy of this and of another obituary, no less full of praise for his high qualities, from the Overland Mail 10 Sept 1862. He went down from Cambridge prematurely, because he felt it his family duty to earn his living early in his life, and because "Mr (afterwards the Right Honourable) Thomas Peregrine Courtenay" (as the Gentleman's Magazine wrote) "then Secretary of the Commissioners for the affairs of India, having received important support from Mr Waterfield's family, who had influence in the borough of Totnes, which he represented in Parliament, obtained for Mr Waterfield an appointment in the Board of Control, and nominated him his Private Secretary." It is interesting to see this reference to "support" and "influence" in Totnes, so openly expressed as an accepted feature of the time. It obviously refers to my great-grandfather's wife's family, the Benthalls, who owned a private and evidently successful bank in Totnes. Did they lend Courtenay money, I wonder? My great-grandfather had been at Westminster with his wife's brothers. It seems from the contemporary references, which my sister Mary has seen, that William Searle Benthall (Thomas Nelson's father-in-law) was of assistance to Thomas Peregrine Courtenay in recovering the ancient title to the Earldom of Devon, with seat at Powderham Castle. There had been then, and, I think, has been since, some confusion and uncertainty about the title and succession among various members of the Courtenay family.

Despite all the tributes to my great-grandfather's wise judgement, devotion to duty and industry, I am happy to see that the Gentleman's Magazine states that "No

man was more fond of society; no man better loved a good story, or laughed more heartily at a good joke". I would welcome such an epitaph myself.

He never went to India himself (he turned down an invitation to go as Lord Ellenborough's Private Secretary for reasons of career security, and his frail health also probably came into play) but he was in a strong position of influence to send his two younger brothers, his sons and other relatives into the Indian Army or civil administration. There were at least two Waterfield Major Generals and several Colonels, all of our part of the family, in the 19th century Indian Army, as well as a large number of civilian administrators and less senior army officers.

We have photographic portraits of Thomas Nelson and his wife Elizabeth, née Benthall, framed and on the stairs here at Somerton. They must have been among the earliest portrait photographs. They look full of character, grave, but with a humorous smile in his case, and a gaze of kindly sympathy in hers.

It was said in the family, and perhaps more widely, that a Waterfield was the first and another the last officer to be killed in the Indian Mutiny. Certainly Ensign William Waterfield was killed at the outset in Delhi in 1857, apparently seeking to persuade his sepoys not to defect. And Major John Bothamley Waterfield was the last to be killed, at Ferozabad, in 1858. He was on his way from Agra to take up a new command, possibly on promotion. Known all over India as 'Handsome Jack', he was six feet four inches tall, very big for his time. An account of his death from Charles Balls' *History of the Indian Mutiny* (vol. II, p340) indicates that he was cut down by rebel sepoys after a fierce fight. Family reports said that he could not disentangle his long legs from the gharry in which he was travelling. A Captain Fanshawe, who was travelling with him, escaped by climbing a tree. So it does seem that the family tradition of Waterfields being first and last to be killed in the Mutiny is historically true.

We also have a book, which I bought when serving in Delhi, called *The Mutiny Outbreak at Meerut in 1857* by J A B Palmer, published by the Cambridge University Press, which, after considerable investigation, concludes that Handsome Jack, when DAAG at Meerut in 1857, was not to blame for the cavalry having initially taken the wrong way in pursuit of the Mutineers, who were heading for Delhi. I visited Meerut when we served in India 1966-69, and I found the grave of a Waterfield there. He was John Edward, one of Major General Henry Gordan's large family, who died as a Lieutenant in the 31st Bengal Infantry, on 17 April 1891. I do not know what caused his death. I remember I went with Major General James and Muriel Lunt. He was Defence Adviser at the High Commission and later became Domestic Bursar and Fellow of Wadham college, Oxford, and a well-known author, always very readable, on a wide variety of military subjects. *The Hell of a Licking*, about the retreat from Burma, is outstanding. James and Muriel became close friends of ours. I also found the grave of Handsome Jack, on a different visit, at Agra, and I gave the *mali* (gardener) 10 rupees, quite a lot relatively at the time, to care especially for the memorial. I wonder how it survives today.

Handsome Jack married Helen, the daughter of General Sir Robert Blair, KCB; she had a good singing voice and was known as 'the nightingale of the Punjab'. The second of their five children was Major General Henry Gordon Waterfield CB (born 1840, died 1901) who commanded a Brigade on the Chitral Expedition. I think this was the Expedition on which Winston Churchill served as a journalist. We have a miniature of him, solid and full bearded. Cecil Waterfield (see later) was his grand-daughter.

Handsome Jack's name is inscribed on the memorial outside the west door of Westminster Abbey, to Old Westminsters killed in the Mutiny and Crimean War, a highly distinguished band of offices (no 'other ranks'!) headed by a Commander-in-Chief. Lieutenant William Waterfield (54th Native Infantry), described in Palmer's book as having been killed outside the Kashmir Gate at the outset of the Mutiny, is not among them, so presumably he was not at Westminster. But family records show that he was born in 1837, the son of Thomas Nelson's younger brother Major William Hill Waterfield (1801 - 1842) and entered the Bengal Army as an Ensign at age 16. He was only 20 when he was killed, trying, as I wrote above, to get his men of 54th Native Infantry to act against the mutinous troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry who had come in from Meerut.

Copies of such records and family letters and papers, mostly in the 19th century, were compiled into books by Lee and my sister Mary in the summer and autumn of 1989 and given to my brother Martin on his visit from California at Christmas 1989, and to my younger sister Jill and, later my first cousin Peter Waterfield, who protested that he had never known, or sought to know, our family history! We retained, of course, a copy for ourselves, which is by me as I write.

Palmer's book quotes from passages in my grandfather William's (Bengal Civil Service) unpublished diaries relating to the indications of disaffection, such as prayer wheels floating down the river. My grandfather was Thomas Nelson's second child and eldest son. His diaries are stored in the India Office library at Blackfriars, where I once called to inquire about getting them photographed. The cost was prohibitive. My half-uncle Philip, William's eldest son by Louisa M Gay (his cousin) inherited the diaries on my grandfather's death in 1907. His daughter Phoebe (born 1912) gave them on permanent loan to the India Office library, for the use of historians and researchers. A copy is also now in the hands of Roger Waterfield (born 1934), Tom Waterfield's son, a retired schoolmaster in Wales, he being the senior in family terms of male births, of his generation. My sister also took photocopies of the diaries from Roger's set. Tom, who is still alive as I write, in India, aged 92, was the son of Edward Hope Waterfield, referred to above, known as Odo, and my grandfather William's second surviving son. Philip had two daughters only, both now dead. The younger, Rosemary, was Polly's godmother. She married, late in life, a gentle American called Fred Delaney, and they both did good works escorting visitors at Westminster Abbey. Phoebe, her elder sister, was an actress; she never married. Lee and I became quite close to Phoebe, who lived next door to her father's last house, Bishop's Hull House, outside Taunton. We went to Phoebe's funeral at Bishop's Hull, and, later, to Rosemary's husband's funeral at Westminster Abbey. Mary reminds me that she and I also went to Rosemary's funeral in the Abbey's Henry VII chapel. She had retired to Suffolk, as I remember, before her death. Philip and his family lived at Bucknell House, a substantial country house, west of Honiton, for most of their married lives. We used to make a ritual call there when my parents drove us, in a large Armstrong Siddeley, for our summer holidays at Dawlish Warren. My father's cousin Dick wrote that Philip's wife, of an Army family, was the rudest woman he ever met. I remember that we did not like her!

> The land belonging to the house has been developed, and a road or close there is called 'Waterfield'. Phoebe called her house 'The Eagle House', presumably after the Waterfield emblem - see later.

We never saw Tom, who lived somewhere near Bombay, when we were in India from 1966-69. He had deserted his English wife, Barbara, and children, in Cambridge in order to settle near Bombay, living in Indian style, after his retirement from the Indian Civil Service on Partition or soon after. I just remember once seeing him going for a swim in the sea at Dawlish, when I was a boy, and I was staying also at the Clint, his mother's house. In India I did not feel I had anything sufficiently in common with him to seek him out, and it would not have been easy as it was a long way and we were very fully occupied at the High Commission in Delhi, where I was Head of Chancery or 'chief of staff' to John Freeman. But Stephen, Tom's sister Ruth's (Bell) son, called on him before descending on us, a tiresome visitor in fact, as he needed money, and seemed at that time rather feckless. But he improved later as I saw at his father's funeral in 1998. He did not give us any clear picture of Tom's life, but I have learned much more recently from my cousin Peter, in Cornwall, that he and Tom carry on a regular, if infrequent, correspondence. Mrs Pandit, a great Indian lady and distinguished politician, Pandit Nehru's sister, spoke to us in Delhi most warmly of Tom. I had known Mrs Pandit when she came to Moscow in 1948 as India's first Ambassador and, as her people knew little or no Russian, and had no experience of entertaining in Moscow, I remember that I helped in, and in fact organized, her first big diplomatic party. Her then First Secretary, to whom I did not warm, was one T N Kaul whom I found again as the 'Secretary' or top official of the Department of External Affairs in Delhi in 1966. Though surprisingly affable to me then, I still did not warm to him, and his attitude to British interests was, if not hostile, certainly equivocal. Despite my unenthusiastic views of Tom Waterfield, I have been much impressed and touched by some verses he wrote about his father (Odo) after the latter's early death which my cousin Ruth Bell, Tom's younger sister, found and sent to me (or Mary) comparatively recently. I think they are well worth reproducing here if I can find them, which I have not yet done. We have always had close relations if on my part with good-natured laughter at her foibles with Ruth, whose husband Ian Bell was in the Foreign Service at much the same time as myself, having started in the Consular Service. He was a true French and German scholar and served as Consul General in Stuttgart and Lyons (a large post) and finished as Ambassador in Santa Domingo. My younger brother Martin, when working for André Besse, the great Middle Eastern French trader, served with the Bells in Ethiopia and formed the closest friendship with them there. Ruth has kept her strength, energy and warm affection for family and friends, despite the onset of years and Ian's decline in health and now death in 1998. (Mary and I went to his funeral at Bingham, Notts.) She was especially fond of Lee and they corresponded regularly and, in turn, she has shown great warmth to John William, and interest in his welfare.

Another interesting connexion with Waterfield family history in India developed when we were in Delhi 1966-68. In addition to being Head of Chancery, I was also officially Consul General for the Delhi District and the whole of North India. (There were Deputy High Commissioners in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, to cover consular matters in those areas.) A splendid Scottish head of Grindlay's Bank, called Macintosh, with whom I often played golf at the well-kept and well-run Delhi club, once mentioned to me that there was a Mrs May Waterfield, I supposed a customer of the Bank, living in a houseboat at Srinagar, Kashmir, the famous holiday valley of great beauty and happy memories to so many English in India, and not yet then, as it is now, rent by communal violence, international conflict, and a security risk. We had a happy family holiday on Gulmarg Lake one summer, and I had a fishing holiday there, with an Indian Major General K C Khanna, later, on my own, after Lee's return to UK. I

remember Polly water-skiing on the lake when we were there as a family with Alan and Lois Clark.

Naturally I felt I should, in my Consular as well as family capacity, investigate the position of this Waterfield lady, especially as the golfing bank manager said she was elderly and frail, and could possibly do with some kindness or support. So I wrote and then went to see her, I think during our family holiday, and found her, in the semi-darkness of her cavernous houseboat on the lake at Srinagar, surrounded by an attentive major-domo and a flock, seemingly, of other retainers. At first I failed to identify her place in the family (I do not think I had a family tree with me in India) and, at some point, I asked where she had been born. With a mysterious smile she answered "Within the sound of Bow bells". I still am not sure if she was teasing, or not. I soon realized that she was the widow of Harry Gordon Waterfield, Commissioner of Police (I think for the Central Provinces). He was Major General Henry Gordon's son, and grandson of Handsome Jack Bothamley Waterfield, whose death in the Mutiny I have already described.

It became plain that May Waterfield was in fact Indian - she was born May Wahihuddin - but I have never learned anything definite about her family and background. Much later I found in the India Office Library a record of her marriage, but it threw no light on her origins. When I visited her, and I went at least twice, she was very fey, if not coy, and talked in a rather allusive and mysterious way, but she was about 90 already and it was not surprising that her words seemed to wander. She was eager for tins of British food, such as herrings and sausages, and I was able to get these for her. She showed me huge photograph albums of elegant occasions in India before the First War, she and her husband immensely well turned out in uniform and finery. She was very lame, if not entirely immobile, and told me she had broken her hip, in a fall from her galloping horse, which plunged into a gully, I think soon after her marriage, certainly many years ago. I remember her saying - it seemed so awful that I resisted taking it in - that no-one had come to help her and pick her up. As a result, she went on, she became permanently lame, and hinted that her life had not been happy. She talked of her only daughter Cecil and when we returned to London I went to find Cecil in Leamington Spa where she had retired from her post as Head Mistress of Leamington School for Girls. We became friends with her and she visited us several times in Somerton on her way to her Cornish cottage, where she went out of season, to avoid the tourists. I brought for her from her mother's houseboat her father's sword and medals, and a framed photograph. She said she had left India to do her bit in the First World War, and I think I got the impression that she served in France as a nurse. But Cousin Dick's notes do not bear this out. I think she probably felt ill at ease as the product of a mixed marriage (very rare in those days in the higher ranks of the Raj) and she evidently did not get on with her mother, who left all her possessions and I do not remember how much money but a considerable sum - to Christian Science when she died, though I did my best, as tactfully as possible, to persuade her, before I left India, to leave her estate to Cecil.

Because she gave me letters from Tippoo Sahib's son to Thomas Nelson Waterfield asking for an increase in his allowance, about 1830 or so, I had a fanciful notion that she might be descended from the tyrant Tippoo Sahib who fought against the British. But there is no real evidence for this. On the other hand, I am now amazed to find (1998) in Cousin Dick's notes, transcribed by Mary, that he says baldly that she was a descendent of Tippoo, on what evidence he does not say.

Cecil, though not very obviously of Indian blood, had a slightly exotic look and was - in conversation with Lee, apt to hint that she felt she had mysterious powers of divination! But she must have been very good at her job to rise to Head Mistress. She was a specialist in modern languages, especially German (she spent some time in Germany). After her death, I gave a capital sum from the share of her estate she left to me as executor (the rest and larger part she gave to the National Trust) to provide interest for a book prize to be given annually to the best modern language student in the Leamington district. I used to get civil thank-you letters from the winners, boys and girls in about equal numbers, but this has now died out. Cecil also gave to Bun on his wedding an Indian silver christening bowl, used in the early years of the Raj when no church or font was available. This bowl has a number of family names engraved on it. Cecil grew frail and incapable, sadly, and I and her solicitor had a difficult time persuading her to go into a small nursing home where she was in the event well cared-for until death. As executors we obtained power of attorney, as her mind wandered, and sold her house and the cottage, and as a result she had ample means which I used to pay for her care. I used to drive up to visit her every six weeks or so; it became increasingly painful as her mind became so impaired that she used to ask me to buy her a car and take her away! Unfortunately we were abroad, I think in France or America, when she died, but her funeral was well attended, the local papers wrote laudatory obituaries, and she was clearly remembered with affection and respect at her school and in the district. As she had no children, and no closer Waterfield relative than I, her death marked the end of one direct line. I remember her with fondness, and her inheritance to me, about £30,000, was a great help to us at the time.

I must add one anecdote about her mother, the old lady in her Srinagar houseboat. A few years after we had returned to London from India, General James Lunt asked me to meet the travel writer, at that time known as James Morris, who was going to Kashmir and would welcome any local colour in advance. So we met in the Travellers Club, I remember, of which I had been a member, after the War, until I joined Boodle's. I described May Wahihuddin Waterfield and urged James Morris to go and see her, and perhaps cheer her up with some of her favourite sausages or kippers. On his return Morris wrote to me with a brilliant description of his visit to the houseboat, the obscure light, the hovering bearers, and the old lady in a shawl with her British, but out-dated, phrases and talk of the pre-1914 Raj. Morris did not publish anything about her. I think I asked him not to. But he was clearly fascinated.

When Lee and I went down to Cornwall to sort out Cecil's possessions there and to arrange for sale of her cottage, we took back a small carved granite pillar, with a top in the form of a bird bath, which we have in the garden at Somerton. It looks like an ancient Celtish memorial with runes but in fact Cecil, who was still lucid at the time and was pleased to give it to us, said it had been carved for his own amusement by an old stonemason who had been building a new pier at Falmouth. We also obtained an excellent garden spade and fork which I use gratefully, always being reminded of Cecil. Such old tools, with wooden handles, are a delight to use, and now rare to find.

On the origins of our Waterfield ancestry, we have an accurate family tree as far back as 1698, but no further. My cousin Geoffrey Lilly, now living in the Isle of Man, claims to have compiled this tree on the basis of notes by my father's Cousin Dick, who was born in 1874, the son of Sir Henry, of the India Office. Geoffrey, writing to Mary on 4 July 1996, said "As you surmised, I compiled the family tree from Cousin Dick's accounts which were handed over to me by Ottiwell's widow Eve. Uncle Henry may

have had a hand in them, but Ottiwell never suggested this to me." This Ottiwell was Cousin Dick's son. He served in the Nigerian Education Service. Mary has annotated the tree which we have in manuscript. There are now two generations following me, none of whom are as yet recorded on the tree. Our first recorded ancestor, William, in this tree, was born in 1698 and died in 1763, after spending, it appears, all his life in Peterborough where our family seems to have originated. We do not know what he did for a living. Orton Watteville, a village just outside Peterborough may, it has seemed to some, have had a connexion, perhaps, from the name, in Norman times. My sister Mary Ellingworth, with our cousin Geoffrey Lilly, our best contemporary family historian, says she has a lot of papers endeavouring to trace us back to 'de Watteville' and the Norman Conquest, but she thinks they are speculative, and has not studied them in depth. The papers come from Cousin Dick, in his generation also the leading family historian, as was his father before him. His father as already noted was Sir Henry Waterfield, GCIE KCSI, my grandfather's younger brother, born 1837, who was very high in the India Office.

The second recorded ancestor, William's brother Thomas (born 1730 - died 1781) who married Sara Bothamley, is buried in Cathedral Yard at Peterborough. It was from this marriage that our family all descend. Again we do not know what Thomas did for a living. But is seems pretty clear that the family in Peterborough were undistinguished before William, Thomas's son, came to London, whatever truth there may be in an earlier Norman connexion. And many collateral descendants evidently continued in Peterborough, in undistinguished circumstances. We have a book, *The Memoirs of Private Waterfield*, who served in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in India in the Sikh wars in the 1840s. He was born at Leicester but apart from the broad geographical region of the Midlands, there is no indication that he was related to our Peterborough family. It does however show that there were other Waterfields besides ours in that Midlands area. My cousin Ruth has been told of a 'Waterfield house', 'in Stamford, in Castle Street, overlooking the Sheep Market', but my sister Jill could not find any such house in 1998. Nevertheless Stamford is in the same general area as Peterborough.

It is attractive to fantasize that an ancestor came over with William the Conqueror, perhaps as a knight, and established himself with land in Orton Watteville, but that the family then descended into obscurity, as in the ups and downs of many families, until on the ascendant again with the next known William, the eldest son of Thomas Waterfield and Sarah Bothamley.

I, at least, have no evidence for this fantasy, but perhaps a future family scholar will pursue the Watteville link, if any, with the help of Mary's papers and local documents in Peterborough. Since I first wrote the foregoing fantasy, Mary has lent me her papers on the possible Norman origins of the Waterfields. And my cousin Peter, with his wife Rosemary, made a visit in September 1997, to Vatteville La Rue, at a bend in the Seine a few miles east of Le Havre, where they found and photographed in the church (*l'église* Saint Martin) a series of coats of arms on the walls, memorials to the de Vatteville family. The interesting thing is that the central oval, a blue background with three diamond shaped devices in line in the centre, is flanked by two eagles with raised wings. This coincidence with the eagle on my signet ring, given me by my father, and made by Hemmings, then of Conduit Street, W1, and presumably copied from the eagle in my grandfather William's bookplate, raises fascinating but, of course, unproven, prospects of some established connexion between our family and the one

commemorated at Vatteville La Rue. I had until this year (1997) always thought that my grandfather had given this eagle to himself, though it does not sound like the act of such an honourable and unpretentious figure. But Mary has now shown me a book of William Cowper's poems (which she never has mentioned before) belonging to Thomas Nelson, my great-grandfather, referred to above, with the same eagle *ex libris* bookplate. So it goes back to the early 19th century. But where did Thomas Nelson get it? I doubt if we shall find out. Mary has also produced (typed) *A Note on the family of Waterfield*. She does not know who wrote it, but the probability is that it was my father's above mentioned cousin Dick Waterfield, ICS. The text is as follows:-

> The name appears to derive from Vatierville* in Normandy, from whence apparently came two branches of the family to settle upon the estates of Peterborough Abbey after the Conquest. A number of the Watervilles were stewards to the Abbey of Peterborough, and they were considerable landholders, but by the end of the 13th century, when Reginald de Waterville died leaving only daughters, the estates seem to have begun to be dispersed. The villages of Orton Waterville (Camb.) and Thorpe Waterville (Northants.) were Waterville holdings.
>
> I have no direct evidence to connect this early family with William Waterfield of Peterborough (b.1698, d. 1763), but his location in Peterborough makes it seem likely that he was one of the descendants of this family. Most Waterfields seem to have originated from the Peterborough area and as the name is not very common are probably descendants from the Vatierville Normans.

This seems to express matters very fairly and reasonably.

Mary's documents include, first, a treatise in French on the linguistic transition from Vatteville to Waterfield, and then in English, difficult to decipher, a list of the de Watteville family who held land and offices in and around Peterborough from after the Conquest until about 1300 or later. The similarity of the names, the geographical locations and extant village names make it almost impossible to doubt that our William was originally descended from the Norman Wattevilles, as Cousin Dick concludes. But there is no direct evidence, and as church records of births and marriages do not exist for the lost period, it seems unlikely that we shall ever get any. Evidently the family went down in the world with the loss of their estates. 'Our' Waterfields seem to have been simply-educated country work people, some with a skilled trade, until our ancestor came to London to work in the Department of the Exchequer as a clerk.

One problem is that Burke's General Armory of 1842, cited by Geoffrey Lilly in a letter to me in 1997, gives three armorial bearings for Watervill(e) which do not seem to have any relevance to those in *L'Eglise* Saint Martin. They are as follows:

Watervill
Argent, three chevrons gules a bordure engrailed sable.

Watervill
Gules three fleurs-de-lys argent, on a chief azure, another nebulée of the second.

Waterville
Gules three fleurs-de-lys argent; a chief vair.

* "Vatierville" seems wrong. The village which Peter and Rosemary found in 1997 is called "Vatteville la Rue"

We do know precisely that William, born in 1779 at Peterborough and baptised there, came to London and attracted the attention of Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, by whose influence he secured a clerkship in the Exchequer Office. In 1798 (only 19 years old) he married Elizabeth Weekes Patey at St George's, Hanover Square (where Lee and I were also married in 1950, a pleasing coincidence for us) and lived in Barton Street, Westminster. I suppose that Barton Street was not such a very distinguished and expensive address then as it is now, being so convenient for Parliament. Elizabeth Weekes Patey was the daughter of William's landlady. She was born in Boulogne, in what circumstances we do not know. She was said to have been handsome but of violent temper, and, curiously, related to Sir Isaac Newton! We have a photographic copy of a portrait of her – she does not appear handsome in this – which was probably taken from the small oil painting of her which my father's eldest half-brother Philip is known to have owned – where it went after his and his daughters' deaths we do not know. It seems odd that family and newspaper records indicate that Thomas Peregrine Courtenay found places both for my great-grandfather Thomas Nelson and his father William before him.

It seems to me also curious, looking at our Waterfield tree, that such a large amount of talent should develop in so short a time from obscurity. Was it due to educational opportunity, or to 'Barton Street' William's genes? It is also interesting to note how widely the family spread numerically. Although so many are recorded, there are a number of males of whom nothing seems to have been known when the tree was compiled. These also appear in Cousin Dick's notes, but without amplification. My sister Mary, the expert on genealogy, says, for example, that nothing is known of Thomas Nelson's elder brother. Nor do we know from whom the large and dispersed number of Waterfields in America are descended. There were none in the Manhattan Telephone Directory in 1995; however, Henry Ellingworth, Mary's son, reported about 1,100 on the E-net in 1996 as well as a US military building named 'Waterfield Building'[*]! And now (in 1998) there appear several Waterfields entirely unknown previously to us, in and around Yeovil, in the Somerset telephone book. I was alerted to one of these by the girls at Puffin Cleaners in Yeovil: they did not ask if we were related!

With so many males whose issue is not recorded, it is not surprising that we have often met or heard of Waterfields whom we do not 'know'. Some may indeed be distant cousins. After all 'our' first William of Peterborough had four other sons besides Thomas and there must have been descendants from some of these. The tree also shows a lot of collateral males of more recent generations about whom we have no information. A guest of C Parsons, Wolfe Murray, came to the river to fish recently and asked me if I knew "Mark Waterfield", who he said was a good man. I did not. But this is an example of what I have been writing about.

I remember that Lee and Mary found some reference in their papers to a remark by a female of an older generation about meeting a cousin who had done extremely well as a pawnbroker in the Peterborough area. We do not know who precisely he was

[*] Henry Ellingworth has now (June 1999) been in touch with an informant in Norfolk, Virginia, through the e-net, who sent a cutting dated March 1983 stating that the "Waterfield Building" was named after Mr Harold H Waterfield on 12 August 1983 in celebration of his service 1923-1960 as a civilian in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Although "mostly a self-educated man, he rose to Chief of the Survey Branch, Engineering Division (of the Corps). He was born in Princess Anne County, now part of Virginia Beach". In further exchanges, Henry's informant, Lane Killane, adds "there are lots of Waterfields in this area".

or who are his descendants. But I do remember well that when Lee and I lived at the Willows, in Vincent Square, behind the Westminster School pavilion, from 1952-54, there was on the corner of Horseferry Road and Vauxhall Bridge Road, a 'Waterfield, trading as Attenborough, Pawnbroker' in an establishment which looked to have been long-standing. I was dared to go in and enquire about the Waterfield of the sign, but got a churlish and uninformative answer. The building was demolished for redevelopment some years ago. My cousin Ruth Bell (Aunt Winnie's younger daughter) tells a family story that in our grandfather's time, or possibly earlier, some of 'our Waterfields' refused to drive past the pawnbroker sign (I suppose from Dean's Yard, where Thomas Nelson lived) as it was too humiliating!

Though Waterfield is not a common name, there are plenty about. There are several in the Taunton, Somerset, telephone directory, unknown personally to me. One, Jack Everard, died recently at Shepton Mallet, as announced in the Times. More recently the papers reported a young and promising jockey called Waterfield being sentenced to prison for drug offences in Lambourn, Berkshire! Another, Michael Collins, died in 1997 at Kingsbridge, Devon. Not in any of our records. Years ago the Sunday papers were full of the unpleasant exploits of someone called 'Dandy Kim Caborn Waterfield', who, I think, was also sent to prison!

Twice in recent years I have been importuned by organisations purporting to sell me Waterfield genealogies. I rashly subscribed and learned little or nothing in general, and absolutely nothing about our origins, eg about Orton Watteville. The documents did record the widespread numbers of Waterfields in the Commonwealth and United States. I think at least one of the originators of this stuff is probably Mormon. The Mormons in Utah are said to have unrivalled computerized genealogical information to assist their proselytizing efforts. Now Debretts has made a similar approach but their brochure sounds equally spurious and neither I nor Mary have subscribed. And now (August 1998) most amusingly yet another of these genealogical confidence tricks has reached Tilla, who is addressed at her house on Yelping Hill, West Cornwall, Connecticut as 'Mrs Tilla H Waterfield' with an invitation to subscribe (price not defined) to the *New World Book of Waterfields* issued from 3687 Ira Road, Bath, Ohio 44210! It refers to a Thomas Waterfield, who came to the USA in 1656, and states that there are over 1824 Waterfield households worldwide. It also says that the book includes a "Waterfield Coat of Arms, granted to an individual Waterfield centuries ago, that is translated into everyday language", whatever that means! I am not going to buy this.

Mary and her husband Dick Ellingworth, when stationed at the Embassy in Tehran, met a Robin Waterfield who, later, had a quite well-known bookshop in Oxford, but between them they could establish no connexion. I saw a reference to this bookshop in the paper recently (98). Hermione Waterfield, a director of Christies at one time, and well known on TV as an expert on tribal art, told me in a letter once (I had enlisted her advice on our Dogon wooden trough from Mali) that she knew nothing of her ancestry as her (Army) father had professed ignorance and lack of interest. Another Waterfield about whom I have been asked was a Gunner Colonel or possibly Brigadier who acquired a considerable reputation with the Sultan of Oman's Forces. Perhaps there is a distant connexion, but we do not know, and I have never met him.

Our (contemporary) cousin Geoffrey Lilly, the compiler of our tree, is an absolute mine of information on family history, especially the Gays, his mother's family, who

were large landowners in Norfolk, as well as serving in the Indian Civil Service. Cousin Dick also served in India. He made 'notes on the family', transcribed onto the typewriter by Mary, a copy of which I have. Lee also annotated them. He was said to have a waspish pen and some of his notes are indeed acerbic but he seemed very mild in old age on the only occasion on which I and Lee met him.

Lee once began a genealogical correspondence with a female Waterfield in the American mid-West, but it soon fizzled out on the American's side, though she had, I think, initiated it.

Lee, though of course (as I have written in a separate memoir of her life) born and educated in America, and remaining, with my encouragement, a US citizen even when I was Ambassador 1964/65 in Mali and Guinea – in those days the Foreign Office did not object – chose of her own freewill in the seventies to take out British nationality. She felt 'at home' in England, she had no close family left in America (though numerous cousins) her children were British, and she was particularly anxious to vote, especially latterly, for the Liberals against both Mrs Thatcher and Labour. She was very knowledgeable on her own family's genealogy, and became no less interested and expert in Waterfield history.

When we lived at 850 Park Avenue at 77th Street, Manhattan, from 1957-60 (I being posted as Commercial Consul at the Consulate General) we were often asked about our connexions with Bob Waterfield who was one of the most famous American footballers of his day. I think he played for the Los Angeles Rams, as they then were, but his other distinction was to be married to Jane Russell, a bosomy film actress notorious for a sexy scene in a Western with Gregory Peck, when she was dragged, half naked, around a straw stack.

My grandfather's eldest child and daughter Katherine Emily (Kate) born in 1867, emigrated to Florida and died in Mexico childless, unmarried, and in somewhat obscure circumstances. It seems she wore mannish clothes, pretended she was a man, and was felt to be 'different', a sad story not openly discussed at the time. In any event all American Waterfields must have come from earlier sources. A female, Phoebe Waterfield, of an earlier generation, is noted by Cousin Dick as having been born in 1778 and died (no date given) in Baltimore, Maryland.

Most of the Waterfields of our family in the 19th and 20th centuries achieved reasonable, even high, success in Government and the professions, and especially in the Indian Army and civil administration. My half-uncle Odo was a District Judge, thought certain to rise to the High Court. He was the only judge in the family. But he died comparatively young and never enjoyed the retirement planned after buying the Clint at Dawlish. It was said in our family (was it from Aunt Winnie, his widow?) that he died in fact after appointment to the High Court but before he could assume his duties.

The Indian connexion was clearly due to the influence of my great-grandfather Thomas Nelson who, from his senior office in the India Board of Control, was in a position to guide his relatives, even if by the time of my grandfather in mid-century they had to pass exams for the civil appointments. In the case of the Indian Army, I think appointments as Ensign were still secured on personal recommendation until the Cardwell Reforms after the Crimean War, which probably influenced the Indian Army's practice as well as the British Army's. In the UK my father's first cousin, Reginald, known to us as Cousin Reg, was from his early thirties (very young,

especially for those day; Robert Birley was, I think, 32 when he came to Charterhouse, the same quarter as I in 1935 – and this was considered exceptional) Headmaster of Cheltenham College before becoming a distinguished Dean of Hereford. He was offered the Bishopric of Truro, presumably before the Deanery. Cousin Dick's notes say he felt himself too poor to accept it after all the entertaining he did at Cheltenham. In my friend and former Foreign Office chief Sir Peter Wilkinson's biography of Major General Sir Colin Gubbins, Head of SOE in the War, the first part (written by Joan Astley (n■e Bright) contains a remarkably warm tribute to Cousin Reg and his wife who both had a beneficial influence on Gubbins as a Cheltenham schoolboy. Cousin Reg was a great classical scholar and I have seen some of his brilliant original Latin verses, a completely disused form of expression now anywhere. I suppose my generation in the VIth Form at Charterhouse was more or less the last to have to submit to 'The Uncle' A L Irvine (and C M Harrison) a weekly translation of classical English poems into Greek or Latin verse, as well as a Latin or Greek prose translation. The University scholarship papers required candidates to translate without dictionaries both verses and prose into Latin and Greek. I was good at this and still retain my book of 'versions'. I made a collection of versions by various 19th and early 20th century school masters and dons mostly bought at Thorp's marvellous bookshop, second hand, in Guildford High Street, a vast and cavernous place. But I sadly sold them, with many other books, when we left London. The old weekly Westminster Gazette, probably up to the twenties, gave a prize for Latin and Greek verse translations. It was an accepted art, and Classics were the civilized norm. Versions were published in book form, and I had a copy, among others of this kind. But it was sold with the rest.

Just recently (Nov 98) I was pleased and surprised to receive a copy of Latin verses in the style of Catullus (probably a unique achievement these days), written by Stephen McWatters to the Dean of Winchester in thanks for the fruit and vegetable plot which he had cultivated in the Dean's garden for 22 years, but had now to give up as too much at his age. Stephen was the son of Sir Arthur McWatters, a Judge I think, in India, who lived in St Giles. Stephen was a dayboy at Dragons and a year senior to me. He and Anthony Elliott both got into College at Eton the same year. In those days we did, if considered scholarship material, two years in Upper 1, the top form, under Leonard Dale. I was in the junior year with Stephen and Anthony above me. The former served in the 12th Battalion, KRR, where I met him when Leslie Mackay and I visited them at Hanover, as Bill Deedes's guests, in October 1945. We drove from Vicenza, Italy, with an authoritative pass from our Colonel, Sydney De Salis, saying we could go anywhere in Europe we wished! I went on to Ostend, England and home, and up to Christ Church. Leslie returned to Vicenza. He and I had both served in the 12th Battalion in Yorkshire in 1941 (Leslie from an early date). We had lost, to our surprise and indignation, heavily at poker in Hanover, over two nights, still remembered by surviving participants, as Stephen McWatters and a retired solicitor called H R James (who lives now in my mother's old house at Sotwell) confirmed at the 1998 Celer et Audax Club Dinner. Stephen became Headmaster of Clifton, but, after some sort of failure, went on to be Headmaster of the Pilgrims, the well-known prep school, at Winchester. His father had been educated at Clifton and remembered my grandfather Otto Siepmann there as an influential teacher. I think that is why he asked me to tea when we were at Dragons, though I was not then a close friend of his son. Perhaps my mother remembered Sir Arthur as a Clifton boy, and asked him to entertain me. Anthony Elliott, whose father, Sir Ivo Elliott, had also, I believe, served in India, was a good friend and contemporary of mine in the Foreign Office, but sadly was drowned swimming in the sea when he was Head of Chancery in Tel Aviv. His daughter was

Polly's close friend at Downe House. Such are the inter-connexions of our lives. But now, after this diversion, I must return to the Waterfields.

Cousin Reg was also in early years a tutor to Prince Arthur of Connaught. As he was in orders, he was naturally asked to marry my father and mother at Clifton, and some thirty years later he married Lee and me in St George's, Hanover Square. I distinctly remember his aquiline features and piercing eyes, as he exhorted us from the pulpit, at some length, faithfully to respect the sanctity of marriage and everything we had promised in the service.

None of our immediate family relatives were in commerce or industry (perhaps regrettably!) but the Benthalls, my great-grandmother's family, were, as noted above, private bankers in Totnes, and Edward, known as Tom Benthall, my father's cousin, because Sir Edward, KCSI, and very rich, from the success of Bird and Co, Calcutta Merchants, of which he was chairman. He married Ruth, daughter of Lord Cable. They lived at Lindridge, a big house above Teignmouth. I remember with awe duty-visits there by car with my parents during our summer holidays. And Sir Paul Benthall, another cousin, of Benthall Hall in Shropshire which I think the family bought back, after years of others' possession, was also knighted for service in commerce in India. I went from Somerton to his wife's funeral in Shropshire (but found I knew no-one) as he had made a special impression on me for coming to my father's funeral at Cofton in 1965 and saying then that my father had been kind to him when he was a boy. For about 150 years, it seems, the Benthalls have all been at Eton.

I am proud of being the fifth generation of Waterfields in public service. But I have no objection whatever to commerce, and indeed worked in it, after I retired from the Foreign Service in 1970, when I was managing director of the British Electrical and Mechanical Association (BEAMA) albeit in the bureaucratic area of trade associations. But I was also, after the Northern Ireland Office (1973-79) a director of International Military Services (a government-owned arms dealing company) for a short period, and then chairman or director of several companies in the Elbar Group – agricultural machinery – Hereford, Aberdeen and Grantham – Ford car distributors in London and elsewhere – industrial engines in Grantham – oil distribution in Aberdeen, and steel fabrication in Elgin, a very mixed bag and all interesting, if not very profitable at the time.

I joined Elbar at the invitation of the group's chairman Dr Vivian Wadworth, who had been a senior civil servant in East Africa before independence and there had a 'stringer' relationship with the SIS, which fascinated him. I think John Scott, of the SIS, who served for a time in Ulster (I remember Maurice Oldfield telling me what a good officer he was!) introduced me to Vivian Wadsworth. He thereupon asked me to do an inspection and salary review of the whole group, and then gave me a whole range of responsibilities, which I enjoyed, among its various components, with a large Ford car, a perk I greatly appreciated. In the end, after several years, Elbar was taken over by the Société Générale from Belgium, who put in their own very unpleasant (English) people and we were all forced to resign in loyalty to Wadsworth, who was dismissed.

Vivian Wadsworth was among the last of those enterprising individuals who became millionaires through oil speculation in the sixties and seventies. He was a subtle minded, whimsical and generous man, who enjoyed good food and drink. He was a member of Bucks and said, the first time he took me there, "you would not expect to find me here, would you". And indeed I would not have done so. His

Lancashire accent and rather louche appearance contrasted with the usual type of Bucks' member, the essence of smoothness. But he became a good friend and I was very sorry when he died in 1992.

In an earlier generation Ottiwell Charles Waterfield, who was son of Charles, a barrister and younger brother of Thomas Nelson, my great-grandfather, made Temple Grove a distinguished preparatory school in the 19th century. He was evidently a man of ability. He was educated at Eton and King's, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow. He died suddenly on Windsor Station when he was, after his school-mastering, a director of the Ottoman Bank. He lived as Nackington House, near Canterbury, and left a substantial estate.

I think there was a feeling in my immediate family that Waterfields who descended from the barrister, Charles, were 'grander' and more 'in society' than our lot. I think there was no valid reason for this; though it may have been due to my father's obsessive preoccupation with money and economy after the loss of much, if not all, of his private funds in the 1929 slump. But it is true that while most Waterfields (though not I) in the 19th and 20th centuries went to Eton or Westminster, Charles's descendants (and the Benthalls) were predominantly Etonians. My father's Cousin Reg (Dean of Hereford) was, on the other hand, a scholar of Winchester. According to Geoffrey Lilly the former Dean of Wells, Harold Costley White, Geoffrey's Headmaster at Westminster, called Cousin Reg the 'renegade Waterfield', but, as Geoffrey writes, he was only the first of many not to go to Westminster.

In the 19th century Westminster was considered as socially smart as Eton, but the aura of 'society' surrounded some of these other Etonian Waterfields of whom I had scarcely heard when I went into the Army in 1940. I remember Hugh Boileau, the charming DAAQMG of 2nd Armoured Brigade, much older than I, once electrifying me, when I was a young (22) and callow Adjutant of 1st Battalion, the King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th Rifles), at Boufarik, outside Algiers, in 1943 (after Alamein and Tunisia) by asking if I was 'related to the four pretty Waterfield girls', implying that 'everyone' knew them! I felt much boosted, if childishly so, by this acknowledgement of a smart connexion. I was forced to admit that I did not know them, though I was undoubtedly related, this last a bluff on my part. They were, of course, as the tree shows, actually the four daughters of Colonel Arthur Charles Malleson (I wonder where that 'Malleson' came from) Waterfield, 1st Dragoon Guards and later Indian Army, who had a staff job in the First World War as Liaison Officer between the War Office and GHQ in Egypt. There are two references to him in Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson's papers, published by the Army Record Society. He was born in 1866, retired in 1920, and died in 1943.

I remember meeting Denny Marris, well-known in his time as director of Lazards, and married to Colonel Arthur's eldest daughter Barbara (one of the 'pretty' ones) when I lived in Edwardes Square, Kensington, with (Sir) Mark and Peggy Turner, on my first entering the Foreign Office in 1946. Denny Marris greeted me warmly as a Waterfield. I can see him now, immensely charming and, to me, worldly-wise, with a glass in his hand before lunch in front of the fire in Mark and Peggy's drawing room. Robert Wade Gery, a colleague of mine in the FCO, who became High Commissioner in India, was also married to a daughter of one of the 'pretty' ones. And only recently in 1995, Tom Hamilton Baillie, the young and most agreeable Commanding Officer of the Territorial Battalion of the Greenjackets, claimed me warmly as a relative (he is married to

Phyllida Pumphrey's (another 'pretty' one) daughter) at the Celebratory all-ranks lunch at Davies Street on the 50th anniversary of VE Day in 1995, which I attended by train from Somerton, and greatly enjoyed. My cousin Roger Bankes Jones, somewhat ridiculed by us when young, was also there. He has mellowed.

Evidence of the distinction of Old Westminsters in the 19th century is, as noted already above, provided by the imposing stone memorial which stands immediately outside the West Door, and main entrance, of Westminster Abbey. Few of the visiting multitudes notice it, let alone read it. It is sadly showing signs of severe disrepair. It was paid for by private subscription but I suppose it would be hard now to find Old Westminsters willing to subscribe to its refurbishment. In this connexion there is in my sister's possession an interesting letter from Thomas Nelson dated 18 February 1957 to his sons William and Edward in India when the proposal to erect a memorial was made, presumably in the first instance to commemorate Crimean War casualties, as the Mutiny in India had not yet ended. My great-grandfather expressed his disapproval of an expensive memorial in stone, believing that the money should be spend on a scholarship or some such practically charitable gesture. This is perhaps the place to mention that my great-grandfather died in September 1862, at his Westminster home. He and his second surviving son, Edward, are buried in Brompton cemetery, London W. My sister Mary records that she has been twice to the grave, and cleared it of grass and weeds. It is a flat stone in the ground, no cross or raised feature. The writing is quite clear.

The memorial in fact commemorates the names (though some of the inscriptions are now withering) of all those Old Westminsters (and their regiments) who were killed in action in the Crimean War or Indian Mutiny. Among them is a Commander in Chief, General Barnard, a number of other senior officers, and our own Handsome Jack, Major John Bothamley Waterfield, mentioned already above. Ensign William, the first officer killed in the Mutiny, is as already noted not on the memorial. He joined the army at 16. We do not know where he went to school before that. But he belongs to our family.

As has been recorded in several publications, there were in 1913 eighteen Waterfield names inscribed on the wall 'Up School' at Westminster. Waterfields and Phillimores held by far the top places for the numbers of their family members so recorded. Since 1913 only one Waterfield, my first cousin Hugh, has been to Westminster. Hugh did so when he and his sister Margie came to stay with us at Guildford after their father, my uncle Bill and my father's elder and only brother, an astronomer at Bloemfontein, South Africa, had been killed in a motorcycle accident. They had previously stayed with us, together with their younger brother Peter, when they came to England with Uncle Bill from British Columbia after their mother drowned in a lake when their canoe overturned. Uncle Bill survived. At that time they were apple farming. Two tragedies for the family. Peter was taken off to be brought up at Blewbury by his mother's Hazell relations. His career as a preparatory schoolmaster included Temple Grove, the founding and development as Headmaster of a successful day prep-school in Sheffield, Headmastership of St Faith's, Cambridge (soon ended) and, a great achievement, the hugely successful development of the Mall School in Richmond, another day prep-school. He and his wife Rosemary have retired to her roots, Tredower, St Martin in Meneage, near Helston, Cornwall, and we see them regularly, if not as frequently as we would like. They have four children. One, Robin, is a notable translator of the classics for Penguin and others.

Hugh and Margie were respectively about five and four years older than I. They were both educated in South Africa, in Boer country, until their father was killed, and they came to us at Guildford with Afrikaaner accents. I cannot remember how we all slept, but it must have been pretty crowded. Although our house, Underdown, had six bedrooms, we were four, and we had a resident cook and maid, who shared a room. Hugh had only one lung, after TB, and was slightly built, but was very good at tennis. I remember how astonished I was by the way he tossed the ball up so high when serving. This very high toss is no longer the thing, except at ping pong! We had a grass court, and took care of it, though the surface, as chalk, became worn and patchy as the season went on. I am pretty sure Hugh disdained to play with me, but I can see him serving, without remembering who else was playing; perhaps he was practising. He played for Westminster and, I have a feeling, for Oxford, but I am not sure about this last. His game, as I thought and still believe, was more flash than substance. He awed me with descriptions of the tough life in his Bloemfontein school with huge Afrikaaner youths settling disputes by ferocious fist-fights. I am surprised that Hugh survived, but his reaction against Afrikaaner and apartheid mentality developed, when he returned to South Africa after Oxford, from liberal antipathy to a radical desire for reforms, and then active Communist Party membership. He was sought by the police as his divorced wife Laura Kohlberg told Lee and me when she came for the reunion at Bath in 1988 to celebrate the 250th anniversary of Sir William Herschel's birth. 80 descendants attended the reunion at which my cousin Charlotte Dunkerley completed the data for the latest up-to-date genealogy of our Herschel relatives. The Japanese have (in 1996) named an asteroid in Charlotte's honour for her work on the genealogy of the Herschel family.

Of course before the War it was intellectually fashionable to subscribe to Communist theories, and, in the case of the Spanish Civil War, to fight for such beliefs against fascism. Doris Lessing's great autobiography *Under My Skin* vividly describes the activities of Communist activists in Rhodesia and also in Cape Town at that time, people like Hugh. He was in fact a singularly sweet-natured person and deserved better of the world than he got. When my troop ship arrived at Cape Town in June 1942 (winter in Cape Town, but I remember the warmth, the bright light and the sunshine as a thrilling novelty) Hugh was there and I found him. I can't remember what he was doing. I was by then, I think, a Lieutenant (which you became almost automatically after so many months with one pip on the shoulder as a 2nd Lieutenant) in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, in a draft with other 60th and Rifle Brigade officers and a mixed bag of others whom we 'Black Buttons' despised and ignored, in the snobbish regimental fashion of the times. We also had a draft of riflemen and a few NCOs for whom we had responsibility, with a little PT, weapons training and lectures. The officers were four to a cabin, comfortable but cramped. I shared with Christopher Burton, Peter Cagby and Peter Proctor, all 60th. I have not seen or heard from them since the War. Peter Cagby was in the 1st Battalion for a time with me; the other two in the 2nd Battalion. Peter Cagby had been in a bank before the War, the other two, like myself, had no pre-war employment experience. The ship's lounges, dining-room (and food) and bar were run as if no war-time restrictions had occurred. We mounted anti-submarine watches. Otherwise we had only to amuse ourselves. Some played bridge or poker, but not I then. A high proportion of those I travelled with were killed at Alamein or elsewhere on the advance to Tunis. The voyage was, for them, their last holiday. I was sea-sick once, at the start, in the Bay of Biscay, but then enjoyed it all.

Hugh welcomed me warmly in Cape Town, gave me a fish lunch and took me up Table Mountain. I was also welcomed by a South African (Anglo) family waiting on

the quayside, who took me to surf bathe at Muizenberg. I think they had a daughter, but I do not remember her, shamefully! All the officers were given family hospitality, a wonderfully generous manifestation, and a number of romances followed, if not continued, though I was not involved. I say all the officers, but the other ranks were equally well received. In all my four visits since to South Africa I have never driven past signs to Muizenberg in the Cape without thinking of my day on the beach there in 1942, and the generous hospitality of the (Anglo) South Africans at that time.

Hugh married in South Africa and was subsequently divorced. He had a daughter, Caroline, who, as a result of a car accident became very difficult and unbalanced. She brought her son, Don William, aged about six, a nice little boy but very mixed up and bullied by his mother, to stay with us for the Herschel Celebration in Bath in 1988. Laura, Hugh's former wife, who was married again, to a Boer or Dutchman called Kohlberg, came also, but stayed at Craigmore in Broad Street, Somerton, where Maggie von Marx lived at the time and took bed and breakfast guests. Caroline spoiled much of the visit by her tantrums, ill-temper with her son, and bad behaviour generally. Her mother, however, was charming, gentle and well-read. She brought with her her daughter Elsa, by her second husband, who was petite, also sweet-natured, charming and very intelligent. She teaches teenagers in a tough German state school in Kaiseralautern, a hard town. Her German husband, Wolfgang Vorbrodt, also teaches. They have no children but travel wildly, and we have maintained a warm and full communication but Elsa writes so interestingly about conditions in her school that I, and Tilla, forgive her (just) for making us feel obligated to reply!

Caroline was already divorced from her American husband Pearson and returned to Florida with her son, who then moved to be with his father further north, and Elsa has reported that he is doing well. (We have now heard from Laura that he is 6ft 3ins tall and very well behaved.1997) We have lost contact with Caroline. Her behaviour was unendurable, but one must forgive her in that the accident changed her personality. I do not fully understand it, but I think, from what Elsa has written or told Lee, that Caroline had an illegitimate daughter in South Africa when she was very young, whom her mother nobly brought up. It's sad to see how life has turned out for the Herschel and Waterfield line in that family. But the next generation is doing well. Hugh married again, a girl called Gerda, and I seem to remember that he brought his new wife to my parents' house at Sotwell in the sixties, when Lee and I were in charge during my parents' absence. It was a very hot summer day and Gerda was stung by a wasp of which there were swarms. There was a daughter of that marriage, now in South Africa, but we have never located her. I remember Margie saying she had tried to find her without success. She is called Lynn, as I am reminded in a letter from Laura Kohlberg, well over eighty, from Bloemfontein in August 1997. She writes that 'Hughie' is often in her thoughts. But she too, though believing Lynn came from Paarl, has not traced her.

Hugh was driven to leave South Africa for political reasons, and earned his living in London, somewhat precariously, as a verbatim Parliamentary reporter, for which he had been trained in South Africa. We used to lunch together occasionally in the Sixties. He was very short of money, and I paid. He then, to his great pleasure, obtained a reporting job on a Rhodesian newspaper and returned to Africa with high hopes. But sadly, he too was killed, after only a short time, on a motorcycle, as his father had been before him.

Margie, as I and I think probably others also thought, was very attractive. In South Africa (she went back with Hugh) she became engaged to a Johannesburg Jew called Milner, who was a professor of Roman Law. Because of their left-wing opinions, and (for all I know) activism, they were forced to leave, or chose to leave, and came back, married, to UK. My father, I remember, went to enormous trouble to find an academic post for Margie's husband, no easy task as no-one was interested in Roman Law. Eventually he got him accepted at London University where he served out his career, but, meanwhile, after begetting four children, deserted Margie and went to live with a young girl, to Margie's distress.

Lee and I kept up with Margie, who ended her life in a small house in Brighton, much occupied with the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Though she knew she had terminal cancer, she made a last expedition to see one of her daughters in British Columbia, a successful doctor, successfully married. Margie told us that she had been back to the Nakusp area where her parents were apple farming before her mother was drowned, and found (as I remember it) other Waterfields, distant cousins, there. It seems that Uncle Bill went to Canada, and to that area, because relatives (I think one was called Horace) were already established there.

Margie had three daughters and one son. They all seemed lively, attractive and determined when we saw them at her funeral, but we have, rather sadly, lost touch. The girls had good careers and married well enough. One other is abroad in Australia, as well as the doctor in Vancouver. The son is a marine biologist and works, or did, when I last heard, at a research establishment in Lowestoft. I felt especially sad when Margie died, although her forthright radical views were at odds with mine. She came to stay at Somerton at least once, and we had a warm relationship to the end. She had a romance for a long time, with a Belgian, Hugh told me, but it did not lead to a permanent relationship.

Returning to the Westminster connexion, there is an amusing and, in its day, widely quoted verse written by Edward Waterfield, my grandfather's younger, and, it appears, rather raffish, brother. He was known in India to 'drink', but was also clearly witty and, I gather, charming. As recorded in Laurence Tanner's book *Westminster School* (1934) p44, the Headmaster in Edward's time was called Scott, while the Dean of Christ Church, whose daughter was the model for Lewis Carroll's Alice, was called Liddell. Together they compiled the massive Liddell and Scott Greek Lexicon, indispensable daily accompaniment to all classical students after its publication. I, of course, had a copy all through my time at Charterhouse and I think I gave it to John William when he got into College at Eton. The story was that, at the time after its publication, when a Westminster boy in school questioned any interpretation in the Lexicon, the Headmaster used to say testily, "Liddell wrote that part". So Edward Waterfield wrote:-

> Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott,
> One part was right, and the other was not.
> Come ye Nine Muses, and rede me this riddle,
> Why the right parts wrote Scott, and the wrong parts wrote Liddell.

This amusing rhyme deserves to be remembered, even though study of the classics has so sharply declined and nearly disappeared. At one time the rhyme was quoted appreciatively in many a school common room and college hall.

Ottiwell Charles, mentioned already, was one of the generation to be brought up in the famous 'Long Chamber' for Collegers at Eton. He is the central figure in a most interesting and scholarly book privately published in 1994 by the Heron's Ghyll Press called *Waterfield's School*, by Simon Wright. My sister Mary, at my introduction, contributed greatly to the author's knowledge of the family, and he is also kind enough to acknowledge in his preface my help for "unwinding the tangled skein of the Waterfield clan". Mary has entertained him, and found him a modest and charming bachelor, devoted to Temple Grove where he taught for all his career. His book gives a unique description of life at a top-class Victorian preparatory school. Meston Batchelor, Headmaster of Temple Grove after our cousin Harry Waterfield, also wrote an earlier book about the school called *Cradle of Empire: A Preparatory School through Nine Reigns*, published in 1981 by Phillimore & Co. Batchelor and my cousin Peter parted company sourly and Peter then left Temple Grove and the prospect of succeeding as Headmaster. My father, I remember, made great efforts to mend the rift, and to protect Peter's interests.

Ottiwell lived at Nackington House, Canterbury (I think now pulled down) until his death in 1908. He had eight children, of whom Margaret, the second, was born in 1872, and became a fine watercolour painter of gardens, with a brilliant technique and deep feeling for colour and form. She has been featured in Country Life, and her work, though regrettably not much survives (I do not know why) is included in *Painted Gardens*, a large coffee-table book of watercolours dating from 1870, edited by Penelope Hobhouse and Charles Wood. She never married.

Ottiwell's youngest child Aubrey was also a fine, if unrewarded, artist, and something of a dilettante, certainly an individualist. He married Lina Duff Gordon, and they had two well-known residences in Italy. One was the villa Poggio Gherardo in Florence, and the other a castle at Aulla on the west coast about which Lina wrote a book of autobiography called *Castle in Italy* published in 1961. Lina, at the invitation of J L Garvin, the famous pre-war editor of the Observer, became the Observer's correspondent in Italy for many years. She and Aubrey, though apparently short of money, but only relatively so, were very well-connected in cultural and political circles in Italy among expatriates such as the art critic Bernard Berenson, and in British society in Florence and at home. At one time Lina ran Poggio Gherardo as a finishing school for well-connected English girls. I remember Peggy Turner, Mark's wife and Peter Wake's eldest sister, describing her time there before the War, where she became a life-long friend of Kinta, Aubrey and Lina's only daughter.

During the War, after the capture of Florence, the 60th and Rifle Brigade jointly took a villa for officers' rest and recuperation in the town, and put an officer, Teddy Voules (who had originally come out with 2/ KRRC) in charge, which he did admirably, providing every comfort. I went there by jeep from the 1st Battalion with Leslie Mackay (Polly's godfather), while I was still Adjutant, but collapsed with jaundice at dinner the first night – I do not remember much about the dinner – I turned yellow, and was taken to hospital and eventually to Rome the next morning. Nor do I remember the villa, except that I felt awful in myself, and sad to miss my holiday, the first I had had since I joined the Battalion at Himeimat, in the south of the Alamein line in July 1942.

In 1993 Kinta Waterfield Beevor wrote another book, published by Viking, about her youth in her parents' two houses, in succession to her mother's reminiscences. It

was called *A Tuscan Childhood* and was enchantingly written, though some of the reviewers, of a much younger generation, seemed to be unable to comprehend the sort of life, with loyal servants, described in the book. I wrote to Kinta to congratulate her and incidentally described my sad experience in Florence in 1943. Kinta replied that of course I should have taken over Poggio Gherardo in the Waterfield name. In fact I believe the villa was previously used as a German officers' mess, but here I may be confused with Schloss Tentshach, the great Goschen house outside Klagenfurt, which was taken over by the SS, and where I went often with Sandy Goschen in 1945 and later, once, on leave from Moscow in '49, also with Sandy. I was too hesitant to make any move to claim Poggio Gherado for Greenjacket benefit, though one or two officers in other regiments (perhaps their sisters were there before the War) asked me about it. It is worth noting that Tentshach was given to Sandy Goschen's grandfather, who had been our Ambassador to Austria, on his departure, by the Emperor Franz Josef before the first World War. The days when Ambassadors got any parting present from the host governments are sadly long gone. The last was probably Molotov's gift of an exit visa to Archie Clark Kerr's footman in Moscow in 1946.

I got to know Kinta first after the War, when I entered the Foreign Office from Christ Church in July 1946. I left without a degree to take my chance with the Foreign Office exam, at my father's suggestion. I had been used to my own income in the army for five years, with few expenses except for mess bills and poker dues. My father could only afford to give me a very small allowance, which was, in retrospect, generous on his part. I found, with a great many invitations to dances in London and elsewhere, and consequent involvement in society, and the need for civilian suits, a dinner jacket, tail coat and morning coat, none of which I had possessed, that my expenses were mounting well above my capacity to pay. I had also proudly become a member of the Travellers, put up from the desert, by John Hope and Robert Birley. But this cost money. Nor did I find academic life at Oxford, after five years soldiering, three and a half of which were overseas, much to my taste. Others did better in this respect that I did, but I suspect money was the root of the problem. If it had not been for the war I would have continued with my classics, which I enjoyed. Politics, philosophy and economics (PPE), which I was advised by my father to take, were less palatable. I did not enjoy Roy Harrod as my economics tutor. Frank Pakenham, later Lord Longford, and still alive and active in good works for prisoners, was much more agreeable and became a friend, though I have now lost contact. We played golf at Frilford together.

I was taken into the Foreign Office by Roddy (later Sir Roderick) Barclay, the head of Personnel Department, as an act of nepotism and kindness to my father with whom he was closely associated in the post-war recruitment programme. My father, as First Civil Service Commissioner, then a much more distinguished and powerful office than it has since become, and totally independent, was responsible, with enlightened but controversial innovations, for all entries into the Foreign Service and Home Civil Service under the Post-war Reconstruction System, which he himself had devised, on the premise that the new entrants would not after war service be fairly judged by their performance in first class degree specialist examinations. To enter candidates had to produce tutors' letters that they would have been expected to have obtained at least a second class degree. We then had general English papers and arithmetic, followed, if we passed, by two days leadership and psychological exercises at Stoke d'Abernon, staying overnight, and then a final interview with the Civil Service Commission Board, my father in the chair, in Burlington Gardens, imposing offices, in the West End.

Although Roddy Barclay took me in before I had done the exams, held twice a year, he evidently hoped, and indeed expected, that I would pass. Some of my contemporaries already in the Office did in fact fail, or took several attempts before they passed. Roddy Barclay's action in my case was generous and, indeed, wildly optimistic, since the competition was intense. It was, unlike today, the acme of my generation's ambition to get into the Foreign Office, and I believe some three thousand names were entered in my exam for the whole public service, of whom, of course, a large number were eliminated at the first, written, stage. Only eight were taken for the Foreign Office in my exam. If the total of entries has escaped me, it is clear that the demand was great, and the quality high, so I could count myself fortunate to get in.

I can only now identify, as I do not have a record of the results, one other who got in with me, and that was (Sir) John Killick, later Ambassador at NATO and Moscow. He has always remained a friend. I stayed with him at the Residence when he was in Moscow and I was directing a BEAMA electrical industry exhibition there in 1971. I had not been back there since my first FCO posting 1947-50, and I have had no desire to go back yet again, though the memories, associations, smells and sights of Moscow will remain with me for ever. I have written something about all this in my memoir (for grandchildren) of Lee. When I was posted in Moscow, 1947-50, I was followed everywhere I went, on foot or in my Humber staff car, by four or five heavy-footed, hatted thugs. I thought I would have the same treatment in 1971 but not a bit of it. Killick and I got rather drunk (his (first, South African) wife played no part and may not even have been at home) and walked round the Kremlin walls singing and shouting anti-Soviet slogans – ridiculous behaviour but fun. We were totally ignored!

Only recently, as I write this in Moravia, Costa Blanca, in February 1997, Roddy Barclay's death was announced. He finished as Ambassador in Brussels.

For my entry interview my father stood down, as form required, and Bill Barrett, the Secretary of the Commission, not normally a member of the Board, took his place in the chair. I felt that, for obvious reasons, he was excessively hard on me, but all ended well, and dear Sir David (Montagu Douglas) Scott, the Foreign Office member, came out and put his thumb up with a great smile from the top of the staircase, as I left, with my father, for lunch. David Scott's only son, Merlyn, had been killed in 2nd Battalion, the Rifle Brigade very early on in the Western Desert, a sad loss. Apart from his devotion to my father, and their common interest in gardening, he was especially well disposed to any Rifleman for his son's sake. He died at a great age. I cannot remember that lunch with my father at all, but we must have been very happy. It was probably at the Athenaeum, where my father was a member. It was the official beginning of my FCO career. I think the exam was held in October so I had already been in the Office, in Northern Department, nearly four months. The exam changed nothing there and I carried on in the 'Third Room' as before, dealing with Polish affairs. I will describe some of the features of life in the Foreign Office at that time, almost incredible to younger generations, when I come to my own life's chronological narrative, if I ever get that far.

But, in the present context, Waterfield family origins and connexions, I now revert to Kinta, whom I met because at the time she was married to Jack Beevor, a senior partner in Slaughter and May, solicitors, who acted for the Council of Foreign Bondholders in their attempts to gain compensation from the Polish Socialist (and soon to become Communist) Government for British enterprises or shareholdings in Polish

firms in pre-war Germany which the Poles had acquired east of the Oder-Neisse line, and promptly nationalized. I had regular dealings with Jack on these matters. He had been a Colonel in SOE in the War, based latterly in Bari on Italy's east coast. Although I had been in hospital there with jaundice (my second attack) I had, not surprisingly, as his was a different world, never met Jack in the War. He seemed to me, post-War, immensely sophisticated, worldly, and experienced, as indeed was the case. Nevertheless he treated me, despite my youth (still only 25) and lack of experience, with great consideration, and, in official matters, as an equal. Of course I did have Foreign Office 'clout' behind me, but I was learning about complicated politico-legal and commercial matters as I went along, from a state of complete ignorance. Jack and Kinta had me to dinner in Draycott Place. I thought that Kinta was the most elegant and sophisticated woman I could ever imagine. I had certainly not met anyone like her except, I suppose, Peggy Turner, in whose house in Edwardes Square I was lodging, together with my Army 1st Battalion close friend Peter Wake, Peggy's younger brother, who was starting his City career in Hambros's Bank. Peter and I shared a basement bedroom. Mark, Peter's brother-in-law, I am ashamed to say, cooked us a full breakfast every morning, towards which we did nothing to help! Mark had asked me to come and live with them quite casually one day, when I was visiting with Peter, just as I started in the Foreign Office, and Mark asked where I was going to live. I said rather lamely that I thought I would probably have to stay at home at Merrow and come up every day. His invitation was a gesture of very great generosity and his continued inspiration was a great influence on me. He got a knighthood at this time for his work in the Control Commission for Germany in Norfolk House, and, later, on returning to the City, became largely instrumental in merging R H Benson, the Wake and Benson family bank (Sir Hereward Wake's wife Daisy was a Benson) with Lonsdale's and, later still, with Kleinworts. Mark was an encouraging and generous friend to many young people, including me, and I owe him a great deal for his stimulating kindness, and vision in all aspects of life. One of his twin sons, Roger, is my godson, and we are in close touch. His son Francis got into College at Eton from Summerfields in Thomas's time. Only last week (April '97) I went for the last time to 3 The Grove, Highgate Village, with James and Mary Weatherby (Mary was the youngest of seven Wakes) for Peggy Turner's funeral. There was a very large attendance of Wakes, Dawnays, Turners and so on. The Turners moved to Highgate shortly after I went to Moscow in November 1947.

When Lee and I came back from Japan in 1952 we went to dinner with Jack and Kinta Beevor, and agreed that they seemed an enviable example of an elegant and happy marriage. Sadly this all ended, as Jack went off with the British Social Secretary to the American Ambassador, Leni Douglas, and he and Kinta were divorced. Kinta brought up her sons, one of whom has, a few years ago, written an outstanding book on the battle of Crete, and now, another on Stalingrad, a best seller also. Kinta did not marry again, and we did not see her until a ceremony in the eighties at Highgate Church, and afterwards at 3 The Grove. This was held to mark the completion of a stained glass window and inscription in Mark's memory. Peter Wake gave a memorably brilliant address. I later introduced Kinta to *Waterfield's School*, of which she was not previously aware, although it recorded so much about her grandfather. She wrote to me after reading the book that her grandfather was in advance of his time in providing equally for all his children, girls as well as boys at a time when primogeniture was still prevalent. Kinta died in 1995. I was glad that I had been again in touch with her, and sorry that, as we were in America, I could not go to her funeral.

One of Kinta's two brothers, another John Waterfield, and, I think, the only one in our family since Major John Bothamley, was killed in the Second World War, flying in the RAF in defence of Malta. I never knew him. The other, Gordon, was a well-known writer and journalist who wrote a successful book on *The Fall of France* at the beginning of the War and, later, a well-received biography of Sir Henry Layard. There is another contemporary Beevor who must, I think, be Kinta's other son, who has achieved distinction, well publicized, in the City.

Lee and I met Gordon when we were living at the Willows, 83 Vincent Square, behind the cricket pavilion of Westminster School, from 1952-54, and became quite friendly with him. I forget how we met, but we got on well, and it was a pity that, largely because we were off abroad again in the autumn of 1954, this time to Chile, and again by boat, the *Reina del Mar* from Liverpool, we lost touch and did not see him again. But I distinctly remember that he took us out to lunch in the canteen at the Westminster College School of Cooking, a few doors away from the Willows in Vincent Square. I remember also, and shamefully, that I churlishly felt that this was not the sort of place to be taken out to lunch! I was, of course, as one often is when forming immediate and prejudiced views on matters about which one knows little or nothing, entirely wrong. Gordon proudly said that lunch would be cooked by his son, Michael, a pupil at the College. It was certainly very good. As far as I can remember, Michael was unable to make a personal appearance so we never met him. He made a great name for himself, later, at *The Hole in the Wall* restaurant at Bath, and, after that, at his own place in Kent called *The Wife of Bath*. Lee and I were staying once in the sixties with Marie No⬢le Kelly in that part of Kent, and tried to make a reservation to take Lady Kelly out to Michael's restaurant, but it was hopeless, and it was commonly said that you had to book months ahead. I am afraid I have no up-to-date news of Michael and his two sisters but I have heard vague reports in the past. His father, Gordon, was widely popular and received a substantial obituary in the Times when he died. I think I have been more often asked if I knew him than about any other relative.

One of the reasons that I did not know many of most distant cousins, even if technically of the same generation as myself, was because my grandfather William married twice and my father was the younger son of his second marriage. My grandfather (whom, of course, I never knew, as he died in 1907), was in fact the fourth 'William' to be born to Thomas Nelson and his wife Laura. The first three all died in infancy. William married first in 1864 at Westminster Abbey, after he had been through the Mutiny in India. He was aged 32 (born in '32). He married his cousin Louisa B Gay, whose brother Edward, after service also in India, was the Squire of Aldborough Hall, near Cromer, Norfolk, and a substantial landowner. Edward Gay married Ellen Waterfield (born 1846, died 1925) who was one of my grandfather William's two younger sisters. I have no recollection of her, but her daughter Margaret, a dear kindly and (I believe) shrewdly capable person, though suffering from a cleft palate and a speech impediment, inherited the whole of the very substantial Aldborough estate after her brother Edmund was killed in the 1914-18 War. She married the Reverend Christopher (Kit) Lilly, a jovial and rotund parson, who was then given the local living, in the family's gift. My father and mother took our family to stay most happily for the summer holidays in August 1934 at Aldborough Hall. We all fitted in easily though I do not remember the bedrooms, of which there must have many. The Reverend Lilly – we called them Cousin Kit and Cousin Margaret – told uproarious stories at the dining table in Norfolk dialect. His three sons Kit, Denys and Geoffrey (of whom the latter is alive and in touch with Mary and myself) collapsed with laughter. I am afraid we did

not always understand the dialect or the jokes, but the atmosphere was certainly convivial and generously hospitable.

I did a Dragon School summer diary of our holidays – they seem idyllic in retrospect. I still have this diary which Mary re-read the other day. Unlike modern diarists, I was very proper and reserved, and put in nothing indiscreet or unpleasant, even if such things entered my mind, and I do not think they did. C C Lynam, former Headmaster, and known as 'the Skipper', from his ownership of the *Blue Dragon* cruising yacht, and elder brother of A E Lynam ('Hum'), Headmaster in my time, read and marked all the diaries. I am rather surprised that he gave me α++++, the highest marks he ever gave anyone, but I did a good many drawings and also put in numerous photographs which may have helped. The Skipper had white hair which turned into yellowish curls down his neck and a drooping yellow moustache, stained from his pipe, I suppose. I remember being sent to see him in his rooms in Park Town, to have my diary returned, with warm praise for my efforts. He had a decrepit, slightly raffish, air in old age, and smoked his pipe incessantly, but he was kind to me, and had undoubtedly been a great school-master. A paragraph he wrote about finding and encouraging boys' talents was quoted in the new *Dragons* magazine last year, and is wise and inspiring.

Of course our stay at Aldborough Hall was made easier for our hostess by the ample supply of servants. I do not remember their names, but there were several of them, and a cook, in fact the personnel of a typical Norfolk squire's house pre-war, everything short of a butler. I stayed in several houses with butlers as late as 1946, after the War, and was once embarrassed to be asked what clothes I wished put out, when I only had one suit! This was at Nawton Hall, Ben and Lindy Pollen's house in Gloucestershire, where I also remember the maid coming in and lighting my bedroom fire in the grate. This was also done by Percy Greenwood, my splendid scout at Christ Church in Meadow Buildings. In those days winters in large houses in England with no central heating were a harsh experience. I remember Lee and I staying at Wells Folly, Moreton in the Marsh, then the house of my dear regimental friend (Sir) Geoffrey Shakerley and his wife Barbara. We were all so cold we could hardly get out of bed and I kept my socks and other layers on in bed! Geoffrey and I went on leave together to Lake Garda after the war finished in Austria. He had ridden his own horse in the Grand National and coached my riding in 8th Army races on *Vienna*. Later he became chairman of the Gloucester County Council and received a deserved Knighthood. I wrote his obituary in the Times.

This is becoming, and I will be criticized for it, a series of false hares. That is to say, I am allowing myself to be diverted by tempting scents, away from the main quarry, namely an account of what I know about our branch of the Waterfields, descended from the first known (to us) William of Peterborough and Susannah Matley. I was also trying, when diverted, to explain how the generations, in my father's lifetime, got out of synchronisation. So back to that. My grandfather William had seven children by Louisa B Gay, his first wife, and cousin. Of these the first three, all boys, died in infancy in India. How infinitely depressing for a young couple, eager for a family, to lose three infants so far from home. I do not know if these deaths were due to the fact that the parents were cousins, generally considered to be genetically risky, or because of the climate and diseases to which so many expatriate children in those days in India succumbed. I know that my parents sometimes referred to problems encountered by the later children as being due to the marriage of cousins. But it is a

curious coincidence that as I wrote above, the first three children, all called William, of Thomas Nelson and Elizabeth Benthall, my great-grandparents, also all died in infancy but in the UK. I do not think we have any information on the causes of their death. My grandfather retired comparatively early. It seems that he was appointed Comptroller General and Auditor General to the Government of India but only just took up his post, an important appointment, as he came home on leave in 1880 and never returned to India. This was apparently due to his concerns about Louisa's health, and, indeed, she died in 1882.

The house in which my grandfather and Louisa first lived was called the Quarries, a substantial building on an eminence to the north of Exeter. It is now an old people's home. Lee and I made an expedition there sometime in the 1980s. It was leased from the Snow family, a well-known industrial family in the area, whose descendant, Tom Snow CMG, lately Ambassador to Switzerland, died at the age of about 100 in 1997. I think my cousin Ruth Bell knew members of the family at school. In those days people rented or leased much more frequently that in my life-time, though the tendency to do so has recently revived, as for example in the case of friends of ours who have an indefinite lease of a large farmhouse and garden at Caundle Marsh from the Wingfield Digby estate at Sherborne Castle. Apparently they cannot be turned out and may get a chance to buy advantageously under the tenancy laws now in force.

William did not remain too long a widower after Louisa's death, and in early 1885 he married my grandmother Matilda Rose Herschel, the tenth child and eighth daughter of Sir John F W Herschel Bart, the eminent astronomer, scientist and inventor (eg of the principles of photography) and Margaret Brodie Stewart. The marriage took place at Hawkhurst, in Kent, where the Herschels lived, after their return from South African in 1838, in a large brick pile, with a park, called Collingwood, now a girls' school. Tradition has it that before Louisa died she told William that he should marry Rose Herschel! There was a governess, Mrs Dennis, who had looked after William's older children at a house the parents rented at Shrewton (Lee and I identified it, on the hills to the east of the village) for William's leave and afterwards when they had to return to India. Mrs Dennis went to the Quarries with the family and tradition in the family continues that she had her eye on William and felt sure that she would be the second Mrs Waterfield.

William had been a great friend, in England at Haileybury Imperial Service College and in India, of Willy (later second baronet), my grandmother's elder brother, and had probably met my grandmother earlier in England, but certainly saw a great deal of her during her journey to India in 1872, principally for the purpose of accompanying Mary Cornwallis Herschel the wife of another of her brothers, John, an Army officer, in the Survey of India. Rose helped her brother nurse his wife, who had TB, until she died, and then stayed on to keep her brother company. All this was recounted by Rose, including a splendidly light-hearted description of the visit to India of the then Prince of Wales, together with durbars, receptions and balls, in a series of letters to her mother and sisters in England. We have copies of these letters and Lee transcribed them all into typescript. My cousin Rosemary produced the letters from her collection of papers after her father's and sister's deaths. My half-uncle Philip, William's eldest son, and executor, had kept them all the time and, sadly, my father never knew of their existence! Mary Herschel wrote a biography of her great-aunt Caroline, William Herschel's distinguished astronomer sister. This was published by John Murray in 1876 after she left for India with her sister-in-law.

We have a list of the wedding presents which William and my grandmother received and we also have one of those presents, a silver mounted claret jug, with an engraving saying it was given "to William Waterfield Esqre on his marriage, December 1884, by his servants", a loyal gesture, unimaginable now except in the grandest landed houses.

In 1886 my uncle Bill was born at the Quarries and in 1887 William and Rose moved to Eastdon House, a pleasant country house with park, drive and lodge in an idyllic setting above the Exe estuary, between Starcross and Dawlish Warren, with the woods leading over the hill to Cofton Church rising behind. They initially leased Eastdon from Mrs Eales, the widow of the MP for Tiverton. The house was subsequently bought by George Partridge who, however, continued to lease it to William while he, Partridge continued to serve in the Indian Civil Service. After William's death in 1907, Rose continued at Easton until George Partridge required it, on his retirement from India, and my grandmother moved to Bracknell in Berkshire where my father lived with her when he had just entered the Treasury on coming down from Christ Church. She died in 1914, aged 70, sadly young by today's standards. She was brave to have my Uncle Bill at age 42 and my father, Alexander Percival at 44. My father was born in 1888, 16 May, at St Leonard's Terrace, Exeter, a nursing home. We have his birth certificate among my mother's papers. My father always said his mother was very sweet and gentle, which the photographs I have of her certainly indicate. But she seems also to have been accomplished in all she undertook. We know from her letters from India that she won the tilting competition at Simla or Mussoorie. I imagine this was riding at a hoop with a lance or similar mounted competition, the female equivalent of tent pegging. We know she played the piano, and the organ in Cofton Church (where we found some of her marked music at Lee's funeral, when John William played the organ) and, above all, she was a brilliant watercolour painter. I wish we had more of her work. We have paintings of Biarritz and of India, possibly Madras and also of Mussoorie, a drawing of Dehra Dun from Mussoorie, and an interior watercolour of the drawing room at Collingwood and another of Eastdon. My sister Mary also has some. They are extremely skilfully executed, very attractive, well up to the highest standards of the RWS (where incidentally I had three pictures accepted after the War, when we were in England, and subsequently selected for a tour of England to represent contemporary watercolour).

It can be seen from the family tree that my father's relatives of the same generation were all older than he, due to his father's second marriage. Similarly I, my brother and sisters were younger than other Waterfields of our generation. Moreover, though my father was dutiful in family matters, and wrote, mostly on such subjects as money, funerals and graves, to a wide range of family correspondents, I do not have the impression that my parents were at all active in social contacts with more distant Waterfield connexions. Perhaps this was due to stringent circumstances after my father's losses on the Stock Exchange in 1929; perhaps due to his heavy burden of work at the Treasury, and the efforts required, even with a nurse and nursemaid and two resident servants, who remained even after his losses, to bring up a family of four children, with a lot of illness, and perhaps also because they had never mixed with the previous generation. What is clear is that we as children never met descendants of our great-grandfather's children other than those of our own line, and indeed we never met, except for the Dean of Hereford and Cousin Dick, and those rarely, descendants of our grandfather's two married brothers, Edward (Indian Civil Service) and Sir Henry GCIE (KSI of the India Office). Family gatherings in the previous generation seem to have

been much more widely inclusive, not only at Eastdon, which was clearly ideal for numerous guests.

As I have already written we did meet and stay with our Lilly cousins, descendants and heirs of the Gays. Margaret Lilly had three sons, Kit, Denis and Geoffrey, all older than I, of whom Geoffrey at this moment is the only survivor. He lives on the Isle of Man but is in touch by letter with Mary, my sister, and myself. In November 1998 Mary and her husband visited them, a long journey in rain and wind, and found them very frail – he 80 and his wife, Toni, 71. Margaret Lilly was so anxious that her sons should not have to board at prep-school that she bought a house in St Margaret's Road, Oxford, from which the two younger boys attended Dragons. Denis and Geoffrey, older and bigger than I, but kindly, were at the school when I arrived in September 1930 and I was invited to tea at the St Margaret's Road house from time to time on Sundays. Alas Kit made a bad marriage, beneath him, and the whole of the large Aldborough estate was gradually frittered away before and after Kit's death. Denis died, it appears unmarried and lonely, in a caravan in the grounds of the Hall. Geoffrey, who went to Westminster and Christ Church, spent much of his life in Gaymer's Cider. He was severely wounded in the Royal Norfolks in the War. His wife, Antonia (Toni) was a Hart, a member of a famous British military family from Inishowen, Co. Donegal. One of them later lived outside Londonderry, below our close friends, Hilary and Dolores Keegan. Lee and I heard of the Harts of our generation, as well as the 'handsome Harvey sisters' of Malin, from our family visits to Malin on the Inishowen peninsula. The Harveys owned Malin Hall which was burned down in the Troubles. One of the sisters was married to a retired Naval Commander and they owned cottages beyond Malin, one of which we rented for a summer holiday with the Clarks and later the Perrines, Lee's Texas cousins. Geoffrey and Toni Lilly have children, Edmund and Cordelia. Edmund has a child, though himself afflicted by some debilitating illness. Geoffrey and Toni nobly came from the Isle of Man to my mother's funeral at Cofton, and afterwards to my sister Mary's lovely sea-front house at Budleigh Salterton (since sold in their removal to Wells). Geoffrey is, with Mary, by far the most authoritative source on all our family history and genealogy. It is a pity that he lives so far away, and is now, with age, less ready to communicate by letter, when he knows so much. His stories about his Norfolk ancestors are amazing. Lee and I did an exploratory tour of those parts in the hot summer of 1986, when we stayed at Irstead at the invitation of (Sir) Peter and Rachael Scott. I succeeded Peter in the Chancery at the Tokyo Embassy in 1950. Before he entered the Foreign Office, he had been in the ICS and one of the small group of officers on Mountbatten's staff engaged in the partition on India. Lee and I found a large red brick Norfolk hall, lived in by an eccentric collateral relative of the Gays, about whom an aura of scandal, as we heard for ourselves from a local farmer passing by, still persisted. We also boldly called at Aldborough Hall and found it freshly refurbished and looking elegant, in the ownership of an agreeable younger couple called Barclay, who gave us a drink. Geoffrey Lilly later told us that this Barclay came from a local branch of that family and that he has since left Aldborough on inheriting his uncle's neighbouring, and larger property. The land at Aldborough has long since gone, though my sister Mary more recently called on Kit Lilly's only daughter Jane Heard, who, I think she said, retains and farms a comparatively small residual acreage. The object of Mary's visit was to get a sight of the diaries of my grandfather's sister Ellen (who married Edward Gay). Geoffrey had told her that these were in a heavy box two feet long which had been in the Aldborough attic when he was a boy, though, curiously for such a keen genealogist, he had never examined them. Mary found the diaries and brought them on loan to Wells where she intends to

photocopy them. They should provide a fascinating account of family life on a Norfolk estate in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

As to other cousins with Waterfield connexions, I remember that in our summer holidays at Dawlish Warren where in early years we boarded at the Cedars, owned by Fred Back and his wife, my parents paid a dutiful call on the grand Benthalls at Lindridge in the hills above the Teign Estuary, a very large property. I can just remember the house, but have no recollection of the family there, and there was no closer association with them. Whenever we drove into Dawlish, a handsome house on the cliff, to the left of the road called Rockstone, was pointed out to us children as the former home of Great-Aunt Laura. Much later Lee and I and our children spent two or three short holidays at Easter time in that house, which had become a quite well-run private hotel. We had (now with John William) a home movie of all three children and Katharine, Mary's eldest, splashing up to their waists at Easter in the sea below the hotel and across the railway line. In April they looked frozen, but did not, except for Bunny, aged about three or four, seem to mind. The hotel has now gone disappointingly down-market. It must have been a splendid home for one old lady, perched above the sea, with views to Berry Head one way and the point beyond Exmouth the other, and, on a very clear day, to Portland Bill across Lyme Bay. Aunt Laura, whom we never knew, though she was talked about as if still alive, was the youngest child of William Searle Benthall, banker of Totnes whom I have mentioned above. It seems that he adopted the name Benthall by Royal Licence (from what previously I do now know) after the original Benthalls of Benthall Hall in Shropshire died out. (There must have been some family connexion.) He lived in style in Buckfastleigh, which was later turned into an Abbey by the Church. Later the Benthall family reacquired Benthall Hall. Our great-grandmother married to Thomas Nelson, was Aunt Laura's elder sister. Louisa Benthall Gay, our grandfather's first wife, had an elder sister, Susan, who married the Reverend John Reynolds Wardale, sometime Vicar at Orcheston, Wiltshire, in the Plain, which is our, rather tenuous, connexion with the Wardales, to whom there are memorials, which Lee and I identified, in Orcheston Church (where Tony Smith, now with his wife Penny, close friends, found us). Edith Wardale, a famous don and Vice-Principal of St Hughs, used to invite me to tea in St Margaret's Road when I was at Dragons 1930-35.

Fred Back was the son of the Eastdon gardener in my grandfather's time, 'Old Backo'. We have a photograph of him, white-bearded in old age, outside his cottage on the road up to Eastdon. Fred Back had served in the Navy, and made a great impression on me when I was about eight. I remember one phrase he used: "Never choke a hammer", ie don't hold it short. Because of my father's close associations, from all his childhood, with the area and the people, we acquired a similar attachment to Dawlish, Dawlish Warren, the Moor's southern part and the whole district, and treated it with a proprietorial and sentimental affection to which in the circumstances, my grandfather having died in 1907 and my grandmother having left on the Partridges' return in 1909, we were absolutely not entitled! But the sentiments were valid enough, and remain. I and my sister Mary still have exactly the same feelings, though my children at least now have associations of special intimacy elsewhere. But John William has recently taken his two children, Anna and Jeremy, to Dawlish Warren, to paddle at the Elephant Rock (because of its trunk, more properly called Langstone Cliff) and to camp near Manaton on Dartmoor. And some links will always remain because so many of our family, including my grandparents and parents, and Lee, are all buried in the family

vault at Cofton Church, where my grandparents went to church every Sunday. I hope that my own ashes will also be interred in the Cofton vault.

A coincidental family connexion with the Starcross area was that my mother, entirely unaware then of any Waterfields, used to stay with her godmother, Miss Mary Thomas, at her substantial house, called Staplake, visible from the road at the end of a long drive, to the south of Starcross Station on the inland side. I do not know anything about the Thomas family but I am fairly sure they came from Bristol. They must have been well-off for a spinster member to live in such a substantial house as Staplake. Sadly there is no sign of the house now, and it must have been pulled down. One on my younger brother Martin's godfathers, I remember, was a Ben Thomas, about 6 ft 4 inches or more, a barrister. He must have been a member of the same family. I do not know what became of him but I remember him visiting us before the War. Another very tall and thin bachelor, Rex Littleboy, another connexion of my mother's from Clifton, also visited us frequently, and may have been a godparent to one of us. I think my godmother Kitty, married to a solicitor called Rowbotham in Repton, was also a Thomas.

One other cousinly relationship is worth a mention. Frederick (Derick) was the fourth son of Sir Henry, my grandfather's younger brother. He married Barbara G Gardner and, on retirement from the ICS they lived in Menton in southern France, near the Italian border, in a villa where they developed a fine garden. When the Germans defeated and occupied France, they were so overcome by the tragedy that, in 1941, they both committed suicide. I have an idea that I heard they did so on their way to escape from France. I know my father was distressed when he heard of it, though I do not remember hearing that he had seen them in recent years. Their son Antony (educated at Eton) was married to Honor May Northey; he served as Scientific Attaché at one time at our Embassy in Paris, and then in the American firm Union Carbide. They lived in Dorset in retirement in the Piddle Valley. Anthony's brother Humphrey, also an Etonian, was an artist of some note, but a greater gardener, unmarried though closely linked to a Tennant, who lived on the borders of Essex and Suffolk. Lee and I once visited him there, after he had brought his nephew Giles (Antony's younger son) to lunch at our house at Sunningdale on St Andrew's day in our own John William's time in College (though John William was younger than Giles). Giles, still unmarried, has since become the successful director of the Dulwich Art Gallery, from where he had now moved on to be a consultant and adviser to various wealthy institutions. William, his elder brother, also unmarried, lives in the Menton Villa, and was interviewed there recently on a TV garden programme. My sister Jill, with her husband, Harry Norris, has visited him at the villa.

As I have explained how George Partridge ICS took over Eastdon House two years after my grandfather's death, it is perhaps worth mentioning that my parents used to call at Eastdon where we were going to visit Terry and Kitty Partridge, brother and sister, who lived there in seemingly increasing genteel decay. Terry ran it, I think I remember, as a market garden. Their lives seem to have been in strong contrast to that of Ralph Partridge who was their first cousin, about whom a lot has been written as a handsome and popular member of the Bloomsbury set. His wife Frances at an advanced age published a series of frank but readable memoirs about life among the Bloomsbury set. My sister Mary remembers 'old Mrs Partridge', who must have been George's widow, but I cannot remember her. She died in 1960. There were two Partridge brothers, Reginald and George, sons of William Partridge of Tiverton. William

Reginald was born in 1864 and George in 1865. The former, after retirement from the ICS, lived at Rock Cottage, Starcross. The latter lived at Eastdon, after my grandmother left in 1909, until his death in 1939. Reginald's second daughter Dorothy, a good friend of my mother, married Edward (Ted) Geidt, my father's elder half-sister Violet's son. Mervyn and twins Alan and Jean were their children. We have a family tree of the Partridges made for me my by sister Mary. I have lost touch entirely with Mervyn, Alan (formerly in the Navy) and Jean, but I think Mary has met Jean and her family. 'Old Mrs Sparkes', widow of another ICS member, lived in a large red brick house above the Warren called Oakcliff, where we used to go as children for tea under the huge cedar trees during our holidays. I remember the cucumber sandwiches, brought out by a maid in apron and cap.

It is a pity that we never knew our grandfather William, or our grandmother. We have correspondence between my grandfather and his mother when he first went out to India, before the Mutiny, through which he served at close quarters, though not under arms. We also have letters to his mother at the time of his father's death in 1862, when he dutifully assumed the responsibilities of the eldest son on matters of inheritance and his mother's well-being. She, nevertheless, was evidently immensely capable and firm of purpose, and, at the same time, sensitive, as our photographic portrait shows. At Haileybury Imperial Service College which existed especially to prepare its students for service in India, William was an outstanding scholar, as he had been at Westminster, and won most of the prizes. Many of the books which he won, in fine calf bindings, were in my father's library, together with my father's own prizes from Westminster and Christ Church. My father won the Hertford scholarship at Oxford and was *proxime accessit* for the Craven Prize. These books form part of my memory from childhood, in their fine, specially made, oak cases, some remnants of which Bun has now in his drawing room at 6 Warnborough Road, Oxford, as has also my sister Jill (Norris) in the latest of their four houses in Woodbridge. But some of the books became outdated, for example *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* and, after my mother's death, I sold those which it seemed to me would not be read again in our family, and for which none of us had space. I remember that I found a dealer, in one of the streets off Oxford Street to the north, whose house was completely lined, from floors to ceilings, with books in elaborate bindings. He said that there was a steady demand, from board rooms and film companies, for their movie sets, for books of this kind. He sold them, not by their titles or rarity, but by the foot or yard! Of course some of my father's English classics, in fine editions, were retained by me, and John William has some. We for our part, at Lee's special insistence, kept a pleasing Winchester edition of Jane Austen's novels. Lee knew these almost by heart.

My grandfather was commended for the papers he wrote in the examinations by the India Board. We have letters to his father, Thomas Nelson, from prominent figures on the Board praising his elder son's achievements. We also have a very dim photograph (is it a daguerreotype?) of William about the time of his departure for India, showing him clean shaven and with pince-nez. We have a number of better photographs of him much later on, from the Eastdon House period, after his retirement from India. These show him with a full white beard, and a frock-coat, very much in the fashion for gentlemen of that time. As I remember, my father's descriptions of him always referred to his beard. My grandmother's letters (already mentioned above) to her own mother (Lady Herschel) during her visit to India to stay with her brothers Willie and John in the seventies, when William was married to Louisa M Gay, describe William as immensely kind and helpful, 'twinkling' with good humour, and eager to impart his

profound knowledge of the local fauna and flora. (He was a member of the Linnean Society.) My father always described him as kind. I think 'benevolent' is probably the best description of his character, together with 'serious', 'dutiful' and 'upright'. Lee painstakingly transcribed my grandmother's letters from India onto her typewriter, and we have the typed copies.

We have a bald note by my grandfather, written much later for his elder son Philip (of Buckerell House, Honiton, and later of Bishops' Hull House, Taunton) describing briefly his service in his several periods in India, broken by home leaves. In those days, and later, the duration of each period of service, without leave, was of many years. William appears to have done pretty well in his career, without perhaps achieving the very highest posts which might have been expected to follow from his academic distinction and evident intelligence. I have the impression from my grandmother's letters that he was not much of a one for the sociabilities, dancing and so on, of local society in Indian stations, and perhaps he was not sufficiently convivial or hail-fellow-well-met to catch the eye of superiors. However my grandmother's letters indicate that he was constantly entertaining colleagues and friends, often in transit, as was the fashion of those times. And in his retirement at Eastdon he is described as being constantly hospitable to family members. He had a series of responsible posts, generally in financial administration, and the post of Comptroller General to the Government of India, from which he retired, was a highly important appointment. In fact, as already noted above, he retired early when he was only just 50, and so scarcely occupied his last post, due to the ill-health of his wife. This, it seems, may well have accounted for the fact that he received no Honour or achieve the highest offices. Clearly he was honourable, industrious, and incorruptible. He was also devout, and I remember being told, though I am not clear by whom, that he made a practice of giving 10 per cent of his income to charity up to the end of his life. It is also said that when news of the Sepoy mutineers approaching reached him in church, he refused to move until he had finished the service with the officiating priest, the rest of the congregation having quickly fled. In retirement, in Devon, he served as a JP, but I am not sure where he sat, perhaps Starcross; although a small place itself, it is the centre of a number of surrounding villages and hamlets; perhaps it was Dawlish, a larger community. Cousin Dick notes that he was 'allowed' to retire early without any official Honour because he had discovered an error in the accounts of the (second) Afghan War, 1877-78, for which some very senior official was responsible, and that this, though it saved the Government of India large sums, was not forgiven. I cannot help being doubtful about this being the sole reason for his early retirement, especially as he was appointed Comptroller General. His wife's serious ill-health seems more likely to have been a decisive influence on his decision to return to England. But it may well explain the absence of an Honour, which, if he had stayed on, might have followed when the feeling that he had been tactless in exposing a senior official had subsided with the passage of time.

It is clear that one way or another, especially if one was prudent, it was normal for those serving in India at that time to accumulate, perfectly honourably, through saving, a substantial amount of money. Pensions from the ICS in my father's time, I have always understood, were always fixed at £1,000 pa, a generous sum even up to the Second World War, when prices had been pretty stable and inflation low. I remember family discussion turning to our much loved Aunt Winnie's pension, her only income after her husband Odo's death, which though for a widow, was the full £1,000 pa. But with rising costs, it was, in my father's judgement (he acted as her adviser, and

agonized over her circumstances and, as he thought, rather irresponsible standards) not enough for her to keep up the Clint, where she employed a chauffeur/ gardener, cook and maid, and she had to move to a smaller but still quite ample house in Chudleigh. It is sad to see that six houses, all now looking mature, with their own gardens, have been built in the grounds of the Clint, where we enjoyed playing when we were young. The house itself has been split up into a further series of apartments. I have nostalgic memories of the house, Strand magazines in the loo, rather dingy but extensive sculleries and kitchen quarters with cream in the larder, a large light drawing-room with a cabinet of exotic sea-shells and Indian artefacts, and always from the ground floor and, better, from the bedrooms, glorious views extending from the narrow red-cliffed promontory beyond Exmouth in the east (and on clear days from the chalk of Portland Bill, a far way beyond) to the Thatcher Rock at Torbay and to Berry Head at Brixham to the west. After I had my appendix out in 1935, before the Dragon's summer term began, at Dawlish Cottage Hospital, I convalesced at the Clint in luxury, as is seems still, with binoculars regularly trained on all the shipping visible from my bed, moving up and down the Channel or putting into Exmouth, Teignmouth or Torbay. Very romantic they seemed then.

I revert, after this diversion, to my grandfather's estate. I have it in my mind that my father once said that his father was worth £70,000 when he died, and this was, of course, without inclusion of Eastdon House, which was held on a lease. I think that this sum would be the equivalent of at least £1 million today, probably more. I have all the papers, sent to me late on after my father's death by my cousin Rosemary, relating to my grandmother's estate when she died at her house in Bracknell in 1914. These were meticulously kept by Rosemary's father, my Uncle Philip, her executor. As far as I could add up the disposal of shareholdings, all set out in meticulous manuscript by stockbrokers' clerks, the estate amounted to about £40,000 which, divided equally between my Uncle Bill and my father, provided each initially with handsome private means. But there certainly was not £75,000 in the estate. I have no papers about my grandfather's estate. I am sure that apart from anything he left to his eldest son, Philip, and possibly to his other children, he provided amply for his widow, my grandmother. But I doubt if he left her everything. She may (though I have no evidence) also have inherited some Herschel money from her parents. She certainly inherited a number of Herschel articles, furniture and so forth. We have a glass-fronted cabinet, a sideboard, a music cabinet, a photo by Julia Cameron of Sir John F W Herschel, and another photo of the great telescope at Slough built by Sir William, of which the frame is made from the wood of which the telescope was constructed. We had a nursery cupboard, with bookcase above and storage cupboard below, which was always known as the 'Eastdon cupboard' and this is now in Bun's possession[*]. I think it was decorated by my grandmother.

I now see ('98) that Cousin Dick says in his notes that my grandfather 'left £75,000, all to his wife'. I find it difficult to believe he left all to my grandmother. My impression is that the custom of primogeniture held strongly at the beginning of the century even if a family were not large landowners. Certainly my grandfather, as well as being charitable, was generous. He provided his unfortunate daughter Kate with a property and allowance in America. He invested in an Exmouth brickworks. Cousin Dick said this was a disaster, but it seems that my Uncle Philip benefited from it substantially.

My grandfather certainly made his elder son Philip, in the fashion of the day, sole residual legatee of his estate. After school at Westminster, he went to Edinburgh University to study agriculture. He then went to the West Indies on a sugar estate in

[*] Hermione's use

Demerara (in which, notes Cousin Dick, the Herschel family had an interest – no indication of why or how). But it did not suit him and he came back to England. From 1895 he was a director of the brickworks near Exmouth which his father had bought. The latter seems to have provided him with a good income. A few years ago Rosemary, my first cousin Peter's wife, told me at her house in Cornwall that she remembers complaining, when staying at Buckerell House, about a brick lorry blocking their path in the narrow Devon lanes. Whereupon Uncle Philip's elder daughter Phoebe, the driver, who had a fine sense of dry humour, replied that they should not complain, as her parents' whole very comfortable style of living depended on the bricks and their distribution! It is an interesting reflexion of family attitudes that I never heard my parents refer to Philip's income from the brickworks, perhaps because it was tacitly not regarded as a gentlemanly profession.

We always used to visit Philip and his family, briefly, at Buckerell House, on our annual summer holiday visits to Devon. As I remember him, he gave no impression of working for his living or of ever having worked. I also remember him and his wife, by then much older, coming to our wedding at St George's, Hanover Square, in February 1950. By then I think they were living at Bishops' Hull House, outside Taunton. They were passengers, I distinctly remember, on the same train to the south-west from Paddington that Lee and I took, on our way to the first night of our honeymoon, at the Imperial Hotel in Torquay. I remember we felt rather put out to find them on the train, and were only too glad that they sat tactfully in a separate compartment.

Philip was married to Violet Mary Coates, daughter of an Indian Army officer, I believe. At any rate my parents did not find her congenial. On their death their estate passed to their two, unmarried then, daughters, Phoebe, who was at one time an actress, and Rosemary. Lee and I used to visit Phoebe, who never married, in her small and hideously untidy house, with layers of old newspapers littering the rooms, which she built in the grounds of her parents' Bishops' Hull house. She called it the Eagle's House but I cannot remember why. Perhaps it was because of the eagle engraved on my grandfather's book mark 'ex libris' which we took to be a sort of unentitled family crest. My father gave me a gold signet ring which I have always worn, with the same eagle engraved on it by Hemings of Conduit Street, whom my parents, and we also in a limited manner, used for all jewelry and silver. My gold pocket watch, also from my parents, was made by Hemings. We got on well with Phoebe, but she sadly died comparatively young. She left everything to her sister Rosemary, who was Polly's godmother. Rosemary's American husband, whom she married late in life, Fred Delaney, died before her. We went to his funeral in the Abbey where Fred and Rosemary had done good works guiding visitors, but Rosemary moved to Suffolk and we did not see her again before she died in the eighties. We were in America, I think, certainly not in England, at the time of her funeral. She left £5,000 to Polly, which was a nice gesture. Her whole estate, published under 'Wills' in the Times, came to about £650,000. This must represent what was left of my grandfather's estate, after comparatively little having been done to augment it by any further development of capital or through income-earning careers. It also argues against the supposition that my grandmother inherited the whole of my grandfather's estate. Rosemary, to my mind oddly, but no doubt logically for her, left it all to Julia Sheard, born Geidt, and grand-daughter of my half-aunt Violet, born in 1869 and died in 1949, my grandfather's second surviving daughter and child, by Louisa Gay. Our relations with Julia, a doctor herself, like her father, who also married a nice doctor, Peter, are cordial, if a little disjointed. They came to Somerton for lunch once with their two children, a boy called

Rupert and a girl, each at the separate boys' and girls' schools at Sherborne. But they have not made any effort since to pursue personal contact, though warm enough when we met at Ian Bell's funeral at Bingham in 1998. Julia asked me if her father, David, who had been divorced from her mother Margaret Houghton, daughter of the Dawlish bank manager, could be buried in our Waterfield vault at Cofton Church and commemorated on the stone cross. There was adequate space and so I naturally agreed. Later Mary was able to obtain a donation from Julia for restoration of the two headstones when they were almost totally vandalized and shattered in 1991. I had put up a second cross for Lee's memorial and, in due course, for myself. The church warden was helpfully sympathetic, but the Dawlish police could scarcely have been less interested. The general opinion was that the perpetrators were drunken youths, probably from Liverpool, staying at the holiday caravans which have been installed on farm land adjoining the churchyard. Despite the anguish this destruction caused, all has been successfully restored, with a modified (and I now think) more appropriate stone for Lee. Mary nobly organized the work and Michael Mercieca, who inherited his father-in-law Gay's monumental masonry business in Dawlish, found a retired employee, a craftsman in stone, to whom it was a happy challenge, to renew the more elaborate stone tracery of the first (my grandfather's) cross. I have all the details on my 'graves' file which includes correspondence by my father about family responsibility for maintenance. I think the restoration cost about £5,000. I have asked Julia in writing to ensure that Rupert (who had a nervous breakdown in his late teens but is now reported better) plays a part with Bun in the upkeep of the grave after my death and I have left a modest sum to provide some income for this purpose. I have also written on these lines in my 'Memorandum of Wishes on my Death'. Oddly Mercieca, who says the stone memorial business has almost disappeared, has been now sued by the old craftsman for wrongful dismissal, and had to pay up! His son still works for Mercieca, fed up with his father's behaviour!

I have always thought that instead of leaving her estate to only one descendant of my grandfather William, Rosemary might well have left some of my grandfather's money, as I believe it was in effect, to all his surviving grandchildren. I believe that apart from us four, only Ruth (Bell) and Peter Bruce Waterfield, youngest and only surviving child of my uncle Bill (about whom I have already written above) would qualify. Never mind, it is over now, and I am no longer irritated, though I admit I was at the time.

My grandfather William's connexion with the Herschels was due, as noted earlier, to his close friendship, formed at Haileybury, with William James (1833-1917), Sir John Herschel's eldest son, and therefore the second Baronet. Willie, as he was known to the family, went to India at the same time as my grandfather. From the letters from India of his sister, my grandmother, Willie seems to have been light-hearted, generous in spirit, and rather eccentrically wild, given to sudden, whimsical enthusiasms. He did well enough in India without great distinction, and retired in comfort to Littlemore House, south of Oxford. My father sometimes described his visits by bicycle to his Uncle Willie when he was up at Christ Church. Littlemore, a nice enough village, had the misfortune to house the local lunatic asylum, and when I was at Dragons, small boys used to deride each other by such insults as "you should be in Littlemore". One of Uncle Willie's daughters, like nearly all the Herschels, painted with great distinction. Quite recently, I think in the eighties, some of her watercolours of scenes around Oxford were reproduced for sale by the Bodleian. We bought the volume, which is still at Somerton.

The last Herschel baronet, the Reverend Sir John, was Willie's only son. When I was in my teens and at Charterhouse, he was the incumbent at Perranzabuloe, a mile or so inland from the North Cornwall seaside resort town of Perranporth. My father took the comfortable rectory at Perranzabuloe for three or four weeks' family holiday for several years running. We all enjoyed surfing, lying, not standing up on the board, in the big Atlantic rollers up and down the coast, expeditions and picnics by car all over Cornwall, north and south, and endless games of cricket with a tennis ball on the lawn. I, by the end, become a restless and temperamentally rebellious teen, used to go on my own for long walks through the Cornish farmland with the housekeeper's terrier of which I was fond. The dog had an aptitude for catching moles in which enterprise I savagely assisted it. Together we fended off the no less savage cross-bred collies at every farm. There was an attractive girl in a green dress at a house half-way to Perranporth, and although I never dared to speak to her (so inhibited were we at that time) I used to walk past when I could in the hope of seeing her. Funny that I remember this so vividly at 77 years of age. On those holidays I did a number of sketches and water-colours of coastal villages, sand dunes and deserted tin mines, one of which is on the stairs at Somerton. Some prefer them, perhaps for nostalgic reasons, to more recent work done by me.

I remember, on our return by car to Guildford from one of these holidays, my father seeing a newspaper hoarding at the top of Guildford High Street and stopping the car to buy the Evening Standard. He returned, shocked because the paper reported the crash on its first trip of the airship R101 with the loss of all on board. Included among the dead were the distinguished aviation pioneers and leaders, Lord Thompson and Sir Sefton Brancker. It was all the more shocking for my father because at the time he was responsible for defence matters in the Treasury and had been invited to go on the airship's inaugural voyage. If he had not excused himself due to his pre-arranged family holiday, he would have been killed with the other passengers, most of whom I think he knew. I do not remember family discussion of the disaster, but the effect of the crash and its report in the evening paper do remain vividly in my mind. But I do also remember the excitement at an earlier stage of seeing an airship (I think two were made) flying above our house Towngate at Cobham, Surrey. I watched it from the vegetable garden. When I was retired from Government service, but engaged in various business activities, I became friends with a very distinguished and original veteran of the RAF called Group Captain Tom Mapplebeck, who later became agent for many British engineering and defence products in the Middle East. He had been inducted into the RAF in 1916 by the same, then Major, Brancker, after Tom's brother, one of the earliest air aces, had been killed in a crash. Tom had a hugely colourful career after himself flying into a balloon, crashing, and serving the rest of the war as a prisoner where he made a close friend of the Queen Mother's brother. I think he had five wives. His daughter Tamara, by his first (Russian) wife, was a star of Italian films and married Abduljalim Daghem, who became, on my retirement, my Libyan associate. He was very successful at first as Marconi's agent for Libya but sadly declined and died in a Chelsea pub, having fathered twin boys by, of all things, a Jewish young wife. I realised what a great contribution Tom made after the Second World War to British exports and recommended him to the British Ambassador in Cairo, where he lived at the time, for an Honour. Nobly, (Sir) Michael Weir, the Ambassador, accepted my citation and got Tom an OBE which gave him, then in his late eighties, enormous pleasure. Tom had been made an Honorary Attaché by the Minister in Belgrade in the War when the Germans threatened to invade. He described to me how he finally left Belgrade, with as many as he could get of his Yugoslav airforce pilots into his Hawker aeroplane (he had

been Hawker's agent), together with his then wife (Russian) and her dog. They were all standing up to crush in as many as possible!

Reference to our vegetable garden at Towngate reminds me of another memory fragment. The complete Two Minutes Silence on Armistice Day is connected with the vegetable garden because I remember standing there, - it must have been before my ninth birthday as we left Cobham by then – and hearing the gun or maroon announcing the Silence. You could feel it. This was obeyed by everyone in those days and was enormously impressive. It is hard for people to imagine now, although last year there was some attempt, incomplete, to revive the Silence.

Going back to our Herschel connexion, my grandmother, Matilda Rose, was the tenth child and eighth daughter of Sir John F W Herschel, only son of Sir William. The latter discovered the planet Uranus in 1781 with his home-made telescope set up in the small back garden of the house which at that time he shared with his sister Caroline at 19 New King Street, Bath. He was at the time Director of Music in Bath. Caroline acted as housekeeper and as astronomical assistant initially but became no less distinguished in her own right as an astronomical observer and analyst. Their house is now the home of the William Herschel Society and Trust and houses the Herschel Museum. Its acquisition was largely due to the remarkable benevolence of Dr and Mrs Hilliard, residents of Bath. It is sad that, with all those talented genes, all the Herschels have died out. The last was another Caroline, a spinster, whom we knew quite well, and who asked me to escort her, as the last remaining Herschel and honoured guest, to a grand commemorative ceremony in the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

My cousin John Herschel Shorland's mother Eileen was Caroline's sister, and married a Malay Civil Servant. They had two other children, daughters, one of whom, Claire, came to Bamako with us to help look after Bun, after Joan Westley, our first au pair, had to go home with severe jaundice. Eileen sold her grandfather's papers to Texas University, to pay for all school fees, we all said; but the outcome was worth-while in the shape of an absorbing book of Sir John's letters and diaries from the Cape, edited by Professor Evans, which was published by the Texas University Press. John Herschel Shorland, who lived until lately at Crossingford Lodge, Pulham St Mary, Norfolk, after working for Rolls Royce and then as a science teacher in Norfolk, retains a large amount of Herschel furniture, portraits and other memorabilia. He changed his name to keep 'Herschel' in existence as a name. Charlotte Dunkerley, whose mother was Eileen's sister, is divorced and lived until recently in Salisbury where she has built up a successful upholstery and internal decorating business. We were in quite close touch but she has moved to Bourne, Lincolnshire to be near one of her daughters. She produced the latest Herschel family tree of descendants, a considerable effort. This is probably the last occasion on which such a tree can be made, as the descendants of Sir William and Sir John are now so diffused, and unknown to each other. It is perhaps worth noting that Gerald Seymour (whom I have never met, but who subscribed to the memorial at Upton when I asked him) is a descendant of my generation. After a career as a TV correspondent, he has become a thriller writer millionaire with first class stories, full of thoroughly researched detail. Another, Serena Gordon, of the next generation whom I met at the party to celebrate completion of restoration of Sir John's grave in Westminster Abbey's floor, is a successful actress on stage and TV. I acted as fund-raiser and organizer of the restoration projects in the Abbey and at Upton.

My Herschel grandmother went out to India in the early seventies, as I have described already. We have, as I have also described, several drawings and paintings executed by her at that time. One drawing is of a scene from Mussoorie, a famous hill-station, looking down on Dehra Dun, the well-known military training cantonment, which she did in 1872. Lee and I stayed in Mussoorie with Dick Turpin, an Ulsterman who was Economic Minister in the High Commission at the time, in about 1968. We also have, as described earlier, a picture by her of the drawing-room at Collingwood, Hawkhurst, Kent, which Sir John Herschel bought as a family home after their return from South Africa in 1838. Lee and I made a pilgrimage there in the eighties. My sister Mary recently organized and paid for a memorial to our great-grandmother in Hawkhurst Church, which was unveiled at a ceremony on 6 August 1992. I was in Connecticut at the time at Tilla's house on our usual summer holiday there, and so could not attend. But I think it is right to record the inception and fulfilment of this memorial, in which my sister Mary Ellingworth played the sole leading part. So I include now her record, written at my special request:

Herschel Memorial in Hawkhurst church

The story of this memorial started with an old photograph of a grave, which had been in MRW's album (& been taken out when my parents dismantled the album, threw away a lot & kept odd paintings, photographs etc loose. I was in Japan at the time. I think it was when they moved house & were trying to condense their belongings, but it was a great shame). There was no title to the photograph. It showed a grave with a white cross & surround (possibly marble) & iron chains & posts on the surround, under a large cedar tree with a wall behind. I was curious about the photograph – it also seemed strange to me there was no mention of where Lady Herschel (MRW's mother) was buried & I wondered if this grave might be hers.

She died at Collingwood House, Hawkhurst, Kent, & it seemed possible she was buried in the churchyard of St Laurence's church near Collingwood. (There are two churches at Hawkhurst but St Laurence is just by Collingwood House & there is a memorial window there to Sir JFWH.) So in January 1991 Dick & I went to Hawkhurst to look round. We found two Herschel graves in a neglected part of the churchyard & MBH's grave had no cross, but could otherwise be identified with the photograph. The inscription on the second grave, that of Sir William J Herschel & his wife, daughter & others of the Hardcastle family [I have no note of any inscription on MBH's grave but it must have been illegible] reads:

b 1833 m 1864 d 1917 Sir William James Herschel Bart. eldest son of Sir John Herschel Bart. of Collingwood in this parish. Bengal Civil Service 1853-78. MA Oxon 1884.

Resteth here Beloved with still increasing Love.
Anna Emma Haldane wife of Sir William James Herschel, daughter of Alfred Hardcastle Esq. d 1873.

b 1865 d 1880 Margaret Eliza. Emma Herschel – Thou bright and gentle child – aged 15. In Thy presence is fulness of joy.

Caroline Winifred Hardcastle daughter of Edward and Priscilla Hardcastle of New Lodge, Hawkhurst b 1869 d 1949

To the Beloved Memory of Elizabeth Hardcastle of New Lodge, Hawkhurst, widow of Alfred Hardcastle Esq., Hatcham House, Surrey.

Selina Emily Hardcastle, daughter of Alfred and Elizabeth Hardcastle.

Memorial to Sir John Herschel Bart. in the Parish Church of St Laurence, Hawkhurst, Kent:

> This window replaces a memorial erected in 1872 to Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, who came to reside at Collingwood in this parish in April 1840 and died there on 11th May 1871. He worshipped here and occupied the seat below this window. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Following this visit in Jan 1991 I wrote to the vicar of St Laurence asking permission to restore the grave. His reply surprised me: he had no objection to my restoring the grave, but suggested I might put up a memorial in the church to JFWH & his wife. Though there is a memorial window in the church, it is only a replacement for a window which was destroyed in the War when a number of German bombs fell near & most of the church windows were smashed. The cross on MBH's grave may have been broken at that time also. Apparently a number of Japanese visitors come to Hawkhurst to visit Collingwood (at that time a girls' school) & the church, & are surprised to find no Herschel memorial tablet in the church. So I decided we should put up a memorial to JFWH & his wife. The vicar knew an architect who could design the memorial, and later I went again to Hawkhurst with Elizabeth & we met the vicar & the architect & discussed the memorial & arranged for the work to be done. The vicar applied for an official indulgence & I wrote around to family, friends & institutions (including the Royal Society & the Royal Astronomical Society). Everyone was very generous & we collected the necessary £2,000 & on 6th August 1992 we had a great gathering of descendants & members & officials of the W H Society & Dr Patrick Moore (president of the Society) unveiled the memorial tablet.

ME
Wells 7th October 1998

My grandmother's letters to her mother and sisters from India came to us from my cousin Rosemary before her death. As I have said above, my father, sadly, never knew they existed. It seems to me to have been curiously callous or negligent of my half-uncle Philip to have held onto them. They were truly nothing to do with him! Lee devotedly transcribed these letters on her (manual) typewriter. But she derived much pleasure from the task. We have the typed versions somewhere in my papers. My grandmother wrote amusing descriptions of the Prince of Wales' (later Edward VIIth) visit to Calcutta and the sociabilities involved in the Durbar which was held in his honour, and other entertainments all of which she seems to have attended, with gossip about the Prince's heavy cigar smoking and the dresses worn by herself and many other ladies. She later describes hard journeys on horseback up country with her Army officer brother John, whose wife Mary died after a long period of depression and painful illness, so often suffered by adults and infants alike in India at that period though in Mary's case it appears her illness began at home. My grandmother also wrote penetratingly about social life in Simla (as portrayed also in Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*). It is to me nice to read that she won the prize for tilting, from a horse, presumably at suspended hoops. This shows that apart from her more refined talents for music and painting, she was a hardy pioneer in travelling and camping across country, and a dashing horsewoman.

Although in India Willie Herschel probably, and John Herschel certainly, indulged in *shikar* (John shooting for the pot) I do not think my grandfather showed much sporting inclination of that kind. Nor in fact did my father grow up in a hunting, shooting or fishing environment at Eastdon. On the other hand, my sister has shown me

a letter from the eighties written by his brother-in-law and former Indian Army officer John Herschel to my grandfather declining with regret, due to ill-health, the latter's "invitation to shoot your covers at Eastdon". So there must have been some organized shooting even if, as I think was the case, my grandfather acted as host but did not shoot himself. My father, following his father, had a deep knowledge of birds, butterflies and moths, and plants, which I did not inherit or share except, to a limited extent, and later in life, as regards shrubs and plants in the garden. But I have been lucky enough to have enjoyed, if sporadically, shooting (largely unsuccessfully) and hunting, and in recent years fishing for trout and salmon, widely, intensively and pleasurably. My grandfather, incidentally, wrote a number of translations of Indian poetry, a collection of which were published by Elder & Co in 1868 under the title *Indian Ballads*. He also wrote and had published hymns and other translations and verses. He was known as 'the Pandit' in the family. A keen botanist, he was a member of the Linnaean Society, as I have noted previously.

Of course although my grandmother went to India to look after her brother John's ailing wife Mary, and she was not part of 'the fishing fleet' (for husbands) there may well have been an element of husband hunting in her expedition. She was already verging on her thirties, talented and, judging from later photographs, of attractive appearance. We have no photographs of her at the time of her visit to India but the one in the Herschel museum, at an earlier stage, shows her pleasing appearance, and the one I have in my dressing room at Somerton, probably when in her late fifties, shows an attractive and charming appearance. My father always spoke of her, when asked, as having been very gentle and sweet. But judging from her letters from India she was sociable enough when occasion demanded, as well as artistic and musical. She also evidently rode well enough to win the tilting. We do not know anything about any early romances. There is just no evidence in our hands. My grandfather was, during her Indian visit, married to Louisa B Gay. Although, as my grandmother writes, William showed her great kindness in India, we can be sure that, with Victorian propriety, no romance occurred, and it was not until after Louisa died in 1882 at the Quarries, Exeter, that they became engaged, and married soon after, in 1884. We do not know how or where the proposal took place.

According to Cousin Dick's notes, my grandfather "lived at Eastdon in patriarchal style. Almost all his cousins, nephews, nieces etc stayed there from time to time; he loved to fill the place with young people, taking the keenest interest in their doings." Cousin Dick says William would have bought Eastdon "but the price asked was too high, £15,000." Considering his ample means I am tempted to doubt that money was the dominant reason. At that period, ownership of property, as a capital investment, was not so much in vogue as recently, and renting even substantial properties was accepted as a normal way of life with no sense of social inferiority. My grandfather, despite his generous hospitality, was, according to Cousin Dick, also "abnormally precise in money matters." And Cousin Dick says that my poor grandmother "used to be found sitting late at night in tears, because she was 1/2d out in her household accounts".

Life at Eastdon House, where my grandparents lived, must have been at the turn of the century, comfortable and happy, and unclouded by any serious doubts or anxieties, even from the Boer Wars in which I have not heard that any Waterfields served. My Aunt Winnie talked of picnic parties by horse and carriage up to Hay Tor on Dartmoor and back, all in one day. She said the passengers all got out to walk up the steeper parts to relieve the horses. The roads were unmetalled then, and the climb dusty in summer,

and a great effort. Across the Starcross to Dawlish Warren road, below the Eastdon House Lodge, was a dock under the main Great Western Railway line leading to the estuary of the Exe. My father said he and his brother Bill played in the dock but I do not have any impression that they went rowing or sailing in the estuary which is subject to big tides and dries out the dock each low tide. My father and his brother were, as I have already noted, great naturalists. My father had every kind of bird's egg, and also carefully preserved specimens of moths and butterflies in elegant mahogany cabinets, with sliding drawers. I vividly remember looking into these cabinets, and being amazed at the size of some of the preserved and pinned moths by then stored in the attic at Underdown, Tangier Road, Guildford, where we moved to my great horror and chagrin, during my first year at A E Fernies's pre-preparatory school at Tilford, near Farnham in 1929-30. I remember my mother telling me when she fetched me in the car at the end of term, and my disappointment at the news. Thereafter I imposed a blanket on any memories of Towngate, my first remembered home. But now, with an effort, a little, but only a little, comes back.

The recent attempt by Debrett to sell me a book on Waterfields includes the unlikely promise to include an account of the Waterfield coat of arms. I have not seen what they have produced as I have no confidence that the book will be any more informative than earlier similar books which, as I have already written, are little more than compilations of world-wide telephone-book lists of Waterfields. I doubt if, at least during the period since our first William, there has been any formal entitlement to an armorial bearing. But as I have described, my great-grandfather's book-mark represented a spread eagle, which is also stamped on my signet ring, given to me by my father. We remain unsure of the provenance of this eagle.

As I have said there is no great sporting history among our Waterfield family and relatives. The Herschels, especially my great-grandfather John, who shot for the pot or natural history purposes in South Africa, as described in his *Letters from the Cape* (University of Texas Press), all rode, as did everyone else in their time, before the era of the motor car. My half-uncle Philip was apparently a fair athlete at Westminster and was later a keen shot. Some others of his generation, according to Cousin Dick's account, were good at games or athletics when at school, some outstandingly so. Patsy Warner, Cousin Reg's daughter who, with her husband, ran a well-known and successful prep-school, Heatherdown, had been good at all games and played hockey for Herefordshire. My uncle Charles Siepmann, after gaining a Military Cross in the Great War (which was said to have affected him psychologically for the rest of his life) went up to Keble College, Oxford after the War and hooked for the Oxford rugby team at Twickenham in 1919. We were all proud of that. His elder brother, my uncle Harry, was also a formidable Rugby footballer, playing for Rugby School and New College. Charles was Director of Talks at the BBC under Sir John Reith and later, when he was married, for the second time, to Janey Zabriskie, an East Coast American and editor for Readers' Digest, he became Professor of Communications at New York University, living in New Canaan, Connecticut, and a country house in Vermont. Harry, an eccentric and difficult, though very able, character, became a director of the Bank of England under Montague Norman, after a period in the Treasury before the 1914-18 War, in which he served in action in the same Battery RA (with horses) throughout the War in France, Italy and the Middle East. His letters to my Siepmann grandmother during the War have been compiled into a very readable book by his son, also Harry, whom we have recently, after a period of estrangement due to his father's pig-headedness, got to know well, together with his wife Rosemary and sister Odette

(known as Toto). The book is called *Echo of the Guns*[2]. My uncle Harry also wrote a book of alphabetically listed reflexions entitled *Alphabet for Odette*. He served on the Treasury Delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference and, between the Wars, was seconded by the Bank of England for service in Hungary and India to develop central banking principles and practice, in which he was regarded as the outstanding expert of his time. But his private life was a disaster. In retirement he was a director of Mocatta and Goldsmidt bullion brokers.

In chess, however, the family (except for myself) have shown considerable ability. My father played for Oxford (I think he was captain) and later for the Athenaeum, his club. I think he was disappointed that I played so comparatively badly. But we did have some happy times playing, when I was young, by a bright coal fire, after family lunch on Sundays in the drawing-room at Underdown. My father gave me a rook but still won easily and inevitably. I do not remember him saying where he learned, or that his father played. He used to have protracted and serious matches by post with Spedan Lewis, chairman of the John Lewis partnership, who had been his friend at Westminster, and remained so throughout their lives.

In my time John William, whom at least I taught, could beat me by the time he was eight or nine. I remember that this happened on one of the Cunard's Queen liners, on our final return to England from New York in 1960. He went on to play at Dragons and Eton, where he was captain, and later, he has been champion of Norwich and Hereford, and, I believe, Überlingen before that. He has also played at respectable, if not the very top, level at various congresses in Germany and the UK. Bun also could beat me by the time he was about eight, and has taught his children, as has John William. Thomas, my eldest grandchild, seems to have become about the best player at Summerfields, but gave it up in his last year. Now he has started again and is playing for St Edwards.

John William has been a good distance runner but did not have any great talent for sport. However when he was about twelve he and I reached the final of the fathers and sons, mothers and daughters (or any combination of the generations) handicap golf foursomes at the Sunningdale Ladies Club, which lay conveniently across the road from our house St Albans. We played the brother of a former English champion H G Bentley, who was himself a leading amateur, and played from scratch, and his daughter, only a young girl, intimidated and over-coached. A L Bentley could reach all the greens from the tee, and so, when it was his partner's turn to drive, he made his daughter tap the ball only a few inches, and then himself hit the ball off the teeing-ground! I thought this pretty reprehensible tactics and a bad example of gamesmanship and eagerness to win at all costs. The match, surprisingly, went to the last hole, and Bentley showed poor manners by not addressing a word to John William or me throughout, except once, at the last hole, when I hit a good two iron, after John William's tee shot, to the green, he said "good shot". John William played with very steady nerves especially on the putting green. I always remembered this match for the bad behaviour of the distinguished and rich (I think from Lancashire cotton) golfer, A L Bentley. He insisted on a bet for money, not much, which I did not mind, though it seemed out of place, with the children playing, and I paid up, of course, but not too happily!

I myself enjoyed golf from about age twelve at Merrow Golf club, where I had some lessons with the Assistant Professional called H G Rule, and at West Surrey, where I played with my grandfather Otto Siepmann, and then at the East Berkshire,

[2] 'Echo of the Guns: The Recollections of an Artillery Officer, 1914-18' - JTW

when my grandfather moved to Crowthorne. I had a few lessons at Crowthorne also from the professional there, George Cawsey, who made me a driver. The professional at Merrow, George Turner, very much of the old school, made me, as a present from my parents, a mashie, mid-iron and spoon with hickory shafts when I was about fourteen, which I carried around the world long after I had grown out of them and occasionally used, though too small, for fun. I think I still have them, works of art. I also used an old aluminium headed putter, pre-1914 War, belonging to my mother.

My father and mother played tennis when we were young, and I distinctly remember tennis parties at Towngate, with my parents and guests playing in long white flannels held up by ties or scarves (never shorts), in the case of the men, and long (if not ground scraping) skirts, for the women. The court at Towngate, like that at Underdown, was grass – hard courts in private houses in those days were very rare. I suppose our gardener, Edser, mowed it, by hand, but I do not remember watching or hearing this. He was a dear man and a particular friend of mine when I was about six. I once said to him "Edser" (no first name in those days), "what are you having for lunch?" And he replied "bread and pullet". For years afterwards I though he said "bread and pull it" and had a vision of him eating an elasticated and magical sort of bread, which stretched when pulled! We had a huge and very heavy garden roller which came with us to Merrow. I think it did not do the lawns much good, merely compacting the soil.

When we left Towngate and moved to Merrow, ten miles away and uphill onto the chalk downs for the last stretch, dear old faithful Edser continued to work for my parents, bicycling each way. But eventually he had to give up, and we took on a local man, groundsman at a Guildford school, I think, called Bartlett, who also became a cheerful and loyal retainer, and continued, I think up to the War.

My father played tennis adequately for suburban company, with a particularly jerky serve and agitated self-condemnation when he missed which I can picture still. My mother, with a free and slashing style, was a much more natural ballgames player, but did not play much, if at all, after we moved from Cobham. I developed into a fairly useful player and had good doubles matches, with school contemporaries, especially Denys (J D P) Tanner, a brilliant games player who captained the Pegasus Football team which won the Amateur Cup (watched by my father and myself at, I think, Wembley) after the War. He was a member of Boodle's (to my surprise, I admit) and died sadly and bravely of motor neurone disease in the eighties, when he was already a vice-president of the Football Association, and likely to succeed to the presidency. He remained a friend of mine to the end and he, with Michael Hoban, Headmaster of Bradfield and Harrow in succession, were the only Carthusians among the sixty odd friends whom I invited to my 65th dinner party in the saloon at Boodle's, which I described in my memoir of Lee's life, and which was beautifully done by the club and as such commented on favourably by many long after the event. It certainly was a memorable and enjoyable occasion. At Charterhouse in my last summer, when I was Head of the House, and Robert Birley, the Headmaster, was also my housemaster (as a war-time measure he came in after Christmas from Northbrook, previously the Headmaster's residence, but I think he also really wanted to have experience as a housemaster), I was generously given by Birley the use of the well-kept grass court in the walled garden which had always belonged to the Saunderites housemaster. It was there that I invited Denys Tanner, Michael Hoban, Tommy Garnett (our house tutor), Tony Wreford Brown (with whom I served in 1941 in 12th Bn KRRC), Robert Powell,

and other young and games-playing beaks, to play, usually in the late afternoons, when cricket did not conflict. We kept up a pretty high standard, and although I was probably the weakest, I could hold my own. Tommy Garnett was a relative of Elinor Birley. He was a fine all-round games player and, among other distinctions, played cricket for Somerset. He had been in Pageites himself and head monitor under our great, if eccentric and old fashioned, even then, sixth form master, AL ('the Uncle') Irvine. After the War, rather to my surprise, Tommy Garnett asked me to be his best man. I do not remember what we did the night before – certainly no stag night. Probably I took him for dinner at the Travellers of which I was proud at that time to be a member, having been put up in the war by John Hope, my company commander in the desert, and seconded by Robert Birley himself. Tommy became Master of Marlborough and then Headmaster, and I believe a very successful one, of Geelong in Australia, where he and his wife settled after retirement, doing notable environmental and conservation work. Rather sadly, as a result of the distance, we lost touch, but I remember them both coming to Somerton for a drink on one of their rare return visits to England. However, though still warm, our relationship had suffered from absence of contact, and we did not rekindle any very bright spark.

At Underdown too, in my last school summer, and again briefly after the War, we had some good tennis, first with the same group (we used to run and walk over, some six miles, and back for chapel) and post-War with among others Peter Wake, Leslie Mackay, John Hogg, and, I think, Mark Turner. Hugh Hope also came but I do not remember him playing tennis. Nor did Eileen Mackay or Peggy Turner play. After the War my friends were either those with whom I had served in the War or connected with them. I made a very few new friends at Christ Church but none of much intimacy, and those of whom I saw most, Charles Wingfield, Andrew Mayes, (Sir) Eddie Boyle (later Conservative Minister of Education) and (Sir) Francis Dashwood of West Wycombe, for one reason or another, partly because we were so much abroad, either died or faded into a more remote relationship. My parents were notably generous in extending hospitality, even in stringent post-War conditions, when they no longer had a cook, to all my friends.

At the High Commission in New Delhi, 1966-68, we had some fine, competitive tennis, in spite of the heat. We also had a resident young Indian professional, who coached the wives and broke some hearts, and was also available to play doubles and singles, raising the levels of our games, though not up to his standard. We played occasional matches against the Americans, with a certain amount of needle. I remember, among the American team were Clair George (later director of ops of the CIA) and Tony Quainton (later Ambassador in several places, head of anti-terrorism and also of administration in the State Department), both good and continual friends, and Alan Kirk, whom I remembered as the 16 year-old, son of Admiral Alan G Kirk, who succeeded General Bedell Smith, both serving in my time, as Ambassador in Moscow. In Delhi Gerry Greene, the deputy head of Mission, later Ambassador in Egypt, and then head of a New England academic institution, also played. His wife, Kitty, was British. They were good friends also but we gradually lost touch. In Moscow the Embassy hard court was one of the only two (1947-50) in use in those days. The other was said to be at the Finnish Embassy but I never played on it, or knew anyone who did. Ours was flooded and frozen in winter and used for skating though I do not remember skating on it, preferring to go to Gorki Park. We had good fun playing in Moscow and were lucky that Alan Watt, the Australian Ambassador, who had been reserve for the Australian Davis Cup team, was willing to play with us. In his early

fifties, he did not hit too hard, but his placing and consistency were of a high standard and raised our levels of play. Richard Hallock Davis, a bachelor senior First Secretary, was my best American tennis buddy in those days and a good friend off the court. I think he became Ambassador of Roumania, but, sadly, we lost touch.

I very much enjoyed cricket at Charterhouse, bowling slow off breaks and batting left-handed, as I had at Dragons, and usually opening the innings. I ended up as captain of the Saunderites House team through having had my house colours longest, although we had Derek Podmore (killed in 2 KRRC in France) and Hugh Griffiths (who later played for Glamorgan and then became a Law Lord) who opened the school bowling, and R W Sword, who was a leading school batsman, all a year or so junior to me, in our team. Rather disappointingly we did not get very far in the house cup. I started the year as just under consideration for the first eleven, but I was not good enough and was quickly relegated to the second eleven. After several games, I got bored with being summoned to compulsory nets and opted out, choosing to play in the relaxed Maniacs teams against Brooke Hall (Masters) and the surrounding villages. This was quite a high standard, and serious enough in a way, but light-hearted and without stress. In the summer of 1940 I enjoyed playing some village cricket for scratch teams against neighbouring villages. Nice village greens and good fun. I remember Shamley Green's ground in particular. I played a little country house cricket after the War. I remember playing for Ben and Lindy Pollen's team in the Cotswolds against their local village. But that was the end of my cricket except for the Fathers against Dragons in Bunny's time. I did not play overseas. Bunny showed great talent, especially as a bowler who could make the ball move both ways – he bowled me out quickly in the Dragons Fathers' match – both at Dragons and Marlborough. But after considerable success, including a horde of wickets against Millfield, as a Junior (the Headmaster, Roger Ellis, commented on his pleasing and subtle style) he also revolted against compulsory nets and obtuse, unsympathetic beaks, and opted out. He has nevertheless continued always to be a talented player of small ball games, especially croquet whenever he has had a chance to play. And he probably could have developed into a good golfer.

At golf I have been lucky, and enjoyed playing, nearly always with people better than myself, in Chile and India in particular overseas, as well as in the UK. In Chile I was a member of the Club de Los Leones and I think I am an Honorary Member still but have lost the membership card. The course was not far from the centre of Santiago, green and with plenty of trees, but fairly flat. From all parts of the course the 17,000 ft snow-capped Cordillera de los Andes dominated the view. I benefited there from the kindness of Pancho and Perico Prieto, electrical engineer brothers, both champions of Chile in their time, and I think Perico became amateur champion of South America too. But he developed a disease of the hip which caused him acute pain and made him limp severely. He thus went from a handicap of plus two to eight for all his middle and later life. His wife Margot and I still correspond warmly and she says that in his seventies he is managing nine holes in the low forties. He had the best short game of anyone I ever played with, and I dare to say that he was probably the equal in that of almost anyone in the world at his best. His brother Pancho has sadly died, as, more recently, has his wife. Perico and Margot's children are flourishing, a boy and girl achieving great scientific success in America, and the other, a girl married to a millionaire. If I had not married Tilla, I would probably have made a return visit to Chile. I had made preliminary contacts and plans.

In India, the Delhi Golf Club was also a convivial and well-run place of which I have happy memories. I played with Indians a lot, one of them Sammy Malik, a very good player, and we also played with good women golfers, as I had also done in Chile. One of them, a good player and very attractive woman, was the wife of a General serving in the frontier action with the Chinese. She was called Seeta Rawlley. In both Chile and India we always played for money, though never allowing the stakes to get too high.

I used to ride most mornings in India on horses brought up to the polo practice ground, by the President's Bodyguard, who also themselves exercised there. The area consisted of numerous trails through the scrub so one could hack out at a good fast trot, with an intermittent canter, for an hour without seeing anyone else in the early morning cold air and mist. Sometimes I used to bring my pony back on a circuit through the High Commission and ride it round the swimming pool to make sure, as I used to say, that the numerous staff were all behaving themselves! The smell of wood fires in the early mist and sheer exhilaration of the riding combined to make it an experience I vividly and happily recollect. I rode also, by special invitation of Shigekuni Kikkawa, who was high up in the Imperial Court, in Tokyo. This was in the Imperial Palace grounds, just across the road from the Embassy. The Imperial Household provided me with a horse, and I sometimes took our dog, Nitchevo, to keep me company.

I also had exciting riding in Bamako, on stallions, very unpredictable, at the riding school which the French, led by our ex-cavalry friend, Bob Villain, organized in the dust. But there were so many amazing experiences riding in Bamako that they deserve but must await a separate account as must also my acquisition from the Gräfin von Helldorf of Schloss Thalenstein in Kärnten, Austria, at the end of the War of my two horses Vienna and Susan. The Gräfin gave them to me, as she could not feed them, together with a Polish groom, and I rode them in 8th Army meetings at Klagenfurt and, later, at Aiello, outside Venice, with some success.

It was in Delhi one morning in about 1967 on the Maidan that I saw one of the Americans, whom I knew to be a member of the CIA, suddenly cease his polo practice and rush off in his car. It transpired he had been summoned to help resolve the crisis caused by Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, turning up, unannounced, at the Embassy, with her boy-friend, and asking for asylum. I have described this incident in my memoir of Lee. David Blee, the head of the CIA station, despite disbelieving telegrams from Washington, acted with remarkable decisiveness and had Svetlana and her boyfriend out of Delhi and on a plane to Rome in a matter of hours.

I am in danger of writing at random about my own life and getting away from my objective of writing here what I know and can establish about our branch of the Waterfields, as well as something of Herschels and Siepmanns.

On the Herschels, there is really nothing I can add to the numerous volumes of published literature as well as articles in, for example, the William Herschel Society Bulletin and, of course, *The Herschel Chronicle*, so happily now reprinted under arrangements by the William Herschel Society at Bath, is the authoritative published volume.

On the Siepmanns, late last year, I, my sister Mary, my first cousins Roger Bankes Jones and Harry Siepmann, as well as Mary Siepmann, widow of my uncle Eric, and now well-known best-selling novelist known as Mary Wesley, have all been involved

in contributing to a revised entry for the New Dictionary of National Biography for my distinguished grandfather, Otto Siepmann. He was a much respected pioneer in educational theory and practice in the teaching of modern languages in the United Kingdom. He taught for many years as the head of Modern Languages at Clifton College and also published, for Macmillan, grammars for schools (which I used at Charterhouse) of the French and German languages. I remember him fondly and have been glad to make my contribution to the effort by Dr Maurice Whitehead of Hull University, to re-write, succinctly but accurately, the DNB entry. I do not think we could have had a better person to research and summarize my grandfather's achievements and character. The earlier version, by Sir Wilfred Eady, a senior Civil Servant, who, I think, may have been a former pupil at Clifton, was deficient in a number of respects, all now remedied.

I reported to Dr Whitehead that when I went into the Army and, in 1942, to the Western Desert to join the 1st Bn KRRC, my grandfather said to me firmly "I am determined to live until you come back, and in order to see the end of Hitler." This was not, in the end, included in the first DNB draft entry, but, in answer to my expression of regret that this did not mention my grandfather's resolute opposition throughout his life to German aggression and tyranny, especially Bismark's and Hitler's régimes, Dr Whitehead assured me on the telephone (he had called me in Spain over my attempt to find a suitable institution to receive the copy of my grandfather's HMV gramophone record about the French language[*]) that he had added a sentence to that effect in the final version, as well as amending the text in several other ways to take account of my suggestions.

It is curious that despite Dr Whitehead's thorough and persistent researches, no trace or record had been found of my grandfather's study or graduation at Strasbourg University. It has always been believed in the family that he was there. Perhaps he left without formal graduation.

We now have the editorially accepted final version, and I think it will be convenient and appropriate to attach it to this document as an appendix, especially as it refers as being among its sources to the books written by my uncles Harry and Eric and the film producer Jack Houseman where descriptions are found of my grandfather, and the family life he led with the Siepmanns at Clifton. I remember my grandfather, always with his pipe, on the hill at Molefields, Godalming (now sadly pulled down for the construction of a Polytechnic) and at Crowthorne, where he died. The sun always seemed to be shining into his study at Molefields, which smelt strongly of tobacco. My mother drove us over in the holidays about once a fortnight, only about seven miles. I stayed there for the Charterhouse scholarship exam, and, when at school, I used to run down Charterhouse Hill and up to Busbridge and Tueseley Lane to have lunch with my grandparents. Often my uncles Harry, Charles or Eric were there and we played fierce croquet, at which my grandfather practised a mild form of dishonesty. For lunch we always had a roast, followed by trifle, with a bottle of claret, of which I was allowed to have a small glass. I used to have riding lessons in the holidays with Miss Iris Raikes, a mile or so away, and we used to call at Molefields always after those lessons. I regret that I was so imbued, from the atmosphere of the time, with anti-German feeling, that I refused my grandfather's offer to teach me German, when I was about 14, I think. I hope this did not cause him pain. He had had to suffer malicious anti-German hostility, if not harassment, during the 1914-18 War.

[*] It has now been happily accepted by the Librarian at Leeds University

I played golf quite often with my grandfather, at the West Surrey Club at Enton, of which he was a member. He was driven there by one of the Barnes brothers, who ran the local garage in Godalming (it is still there) and serviced my grandfather's car. He played regularly with various friends, perhaps twice a week, and sometimes with his son-in-law the Reverend Bankes-Jones, to whom my grandfather always referred in a derogatory manner by his surname only! He was in fact a gallant ex-RAF pilot in the first World War. My grandfather hit the ball a short distance but steadily and nearly always straight. He enjoyed playing and continued to do so (I remember two elderly retired Brigadiers who were his usual partners) at Crowthorne almost up to his death. In fact I believe he finally collapsed on the course.

As regards Siepmann origins we have a document in German produced by a charming cousin Ingrid Lembke geborn Siepmann which Mary Wesley (Siepmann) arranged to be translated at the expense of myself and my sister Mary. It was written, as I remember, by a distant family connexion. It detailed the family's and allied families' history. It seems that they were substantial landowners in the Rhineland for many years. One is described as having taken his son to the top of a hill and, with a sweep of his hand, announced that everything, as far as could be seen, belonged to him. The Siepmann of my grandfather's generation went into shipping insurance in Hamburg and became rich. It seems odd that none of them seem to have served in the armed forces in the War. They certainly were not Jewish (contrary to some wild assertions by my Uncle Harry, perpetuated in *The Echo of the Guns*, edited by his son, also Harry). Perhaps their business in shipping insurance was considered so important as to exempt them from military service. My uncles Harry, Charles and Eric, maintained pretty regular contact with their Hamburg relatives. My grandfather took his family to Germany at least once, when he had a sabbatical, and perhaps at other times before the first War. My mother remembered their time in Germany when she was a girl. My grandfather wrote regularly to his sister in Germany until his death. My sister Jill and her husband are the only ones of our immediate family to have visited our Hamburg cousins but our recently developed contacts with Ingrid Lembke, who has Chilean relatives on her mother's side, and visits Chile, have been warm, if infrequent.

This is, I think, a convenient moment to end this account of our family's origins, and connexions. I know it is too repetitive, and disjointed, and that disproportionate space is given to side-issues. But I hope it may be enjoyed in future by my grandchildren and their families, and help to keep alive for them some of the family's history and anecdotes. I'm also conscious of having left out a lot which I could have described. But if I went on adding, and fiddling, I would never finish. Now on the eve of our third drive to El Portet de Moraira for two months away from the English winter (although daffodils are already sprouting up, and clematis too) this, I feel, is a good moment to call a halt.

It remains to be seen if I shall now manage to write a more detailed account of my own personal experiences in the Army during the War, the Foreign Office and Northern Ireland Office, and in various business enterprises after that. *Vamos a ver*, as they say in Spain, and used to say in Chile.

JPW - at Somerton - Christmas Day 1998