

# Edward Luckock

Born 1871. Land agent.

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RECOLLECTIONS & REMINISCENCES OF

EDWARD HENRY MORTIMER LUCKOCK.

1871 - 1948.

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"When Time who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The Mem'ry of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew".

Old Song.

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### INTRODUCTION

The following reminiscences of my two brothers and myself will perhaps amuse and interest my grandchildren and later generations to come.

We were brought up in a very different world to the present one and much is now different and no doubt in another 60 or 70 years even more widespread alterations will have taken place.

We have seen the disappearance of the horse from the roads and indeed to a great extent from the land and farming, and motor cars and tractors now take the place of horse driven carts and carriages and farm implements.

Electric light is now almost universal in streets and houses, instead of the old gas burners and the lamp lighter who hurried down streets with his long pole to turn on the gas in the street lamps is now no more.

Dress too is more haphazard and informal and for men the top hat once almost universal in London and even for Sunday Church in the country, hardly survives, except at Ascot, Court ceremonies, and for a few regular wearers in Eton Boys and bank Messengers in the City.

Long distance flying as a means of quick communication between countries far distant from each other, both for passengers and letters is becoming more and more common.

Cinemas provide entertainment in quite small towns as a regular thing, so different from Ely when we were boys and the only amusement we looked forward to, apart from Christmas parties, was a travelling circus once a year, and the "Tawdry" fair in the Market Place.

News by wireless is common in almost every home and in a few years television may also become universal.

What science and research will produce in the future is quite impossible to foretell, and one can only hope that in spite of wars and rumours of wars, the world may show real progress for the good of mankind and that my grandsons, if they feel inclined, when they reach "three score years and ten" may be able to look back on as happy an early life as I am able to do, in any case it may interest them to compare their doings with those of their grandfather and his brothers as set down in these reminiscences.



## 2. Early Years

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### MY OWN REMINISCENCES

Napoleon once said, "There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" and after writing the memoir of my Father's interesting and energetic life in which he achieved so much success and honour, I feel it is almost ridiculous to follow on with my own somewhat prosaic and easy going career.

I feel however, that I ought to give some account of my life, with the proviso that I hope in reading this little history, my grandchildren will take more note of their Great Grandfather's example than of my own.

In some ways though, I have had the good fortune to meet some interesting people and to see something of the world and I hope in that way these notes will not altogether be lacking in interest.

I was born at Newnham House, Cambridge, on December 7th 1874, and was helped into the world by the then well known Cambridge Doctor, Bumpstead by name who was generally and aptly known as "Old Bummy". My Father always used to say that he had only two medicines in his prescription book, one which was pink which he ordered if the patient was pale and the other black for bilious attacks. I cannot myself recollect that I ever experienced either, as I was brought up on homeopathic remedies with castor oil and Gregory powder, the latter I can still taste if I think of it, as the most nauseous concoction that could ever have been invented by the wit of man.

If I ever did get dosed with "Old Bummy's" black mixture I can now well forgive him, as in after years when I was up at Trinity he used to ask me to lunch on Sundays and regale me with some excellent brown sherry. Of the few years of my childhood at Cambridge, as we left for Ely in 1876 when I was only 4 years old, I naturally can remember practically nothing. I believe however I distinguished myself on one occasion, as having been got ready for some children's party in a new poplin frock I dashed myself against a chest with iron corners which was there in the nursery, and cut my forehead very deeply with the consequent stream of blood down my frock. No doctor being easily available, my Father who was summoned, took me quickly off to Decks the Chemist in the Kings Parade, who plastered it up as well as he could, but I have the scar to this day.

I have no doubt I was well "ticked off" for this exploit but I do not think modern nurseries would have chests with iron corners available for a similar disaster.

This is all I can recall of Cambridge days, though I find recorded in the Family Bible that I was baptised by my Father at All Saints Church on February 2nd 1872, and had as godparents Charles, Lord Carrington, Mrs. Harold Browne wife of the then Bishop of Ely and my uncle, Edward P. Thompson to whom I have previously referred in these notes.





*Newnham House, the birthplace of Edward Luckcock. It is now part of Corpus Christi College.*



*All Saints Church, Cambridge, where Edward Luckcock was baptised.*



We all moved to Ely early in 1876 soon after I had recovered from scarlet fever which I had developed at Brighton, where the Family had taken rooms for some weeks while the house at Ely was being got ready. I have no recollection of the illness, and luckily no other member of the family caught it from me.

At Ely we were brought up very simply, our nurse was one Annie Brigstock who remained with us till she died at the Deanery in 1909, and was always a great friend to all the family and though I do not know when I began lessons in the Schoolroom I recollect the two Governesses in my pre-school days, were Miss Howard who afterwards became a Sister of Mercy (I cannot say if this step was taken by her as a reaction from the strain of teaching us) and subsequently Miss Corbould, who I think some years afterwards wrote a treatise on knitting.

Besides our walks with Annie or the Governesses we made our own amusements in the garden, wearing what were known as "pinafore Billies", a sort of overall of brown Holland with a leather belt and which undoubtedly saved our clothes from destruction.

We had very few toys and I think our chief amusements, consisted of climbing trees and a sandpit, I was somewhat of an adept at the former, though on one occasion having climbed a good way up the large beech tree in the front garden I found myself unable to get down again and eventually ladders and the gardener William Gotobed had to be requisitioned to assist my descent to ground level.

Soon after we got to Ely Gotobed took to himself a wife and my Father married them and I remember with my sisters, presenting him with a table cloth as a wedding present in the workshop, where he cleaned the boots,

My Father was rather astonished when a few months after, he was asked if he would christen a child, and was so upset he gave Gotobed notice. He afterwards forgave him when he realised that in agricultural districts children are very often born shortly after marriage and that such an event is not in any way considered to be wrongful.

Anyway William Gotobed remained as our gardener till we left for Ichfield, and a good deal of our free time was taken up in helping or hindering him in the garden.

I do not suppose our meals were very different from those enjoyed by modern children, but we had a great deal of cold mutton which we ate with bread sauce and a pudding called "Hasty" made of flour and water with brown sugar. Sometimes chickens, and being then the only boy in the family, it was always my fate to be given the drumstick, and I never remember having a wing of a chicken till I was very much older.

Sundays were days I must confess I did not look forward to. We started the day by having to learn and repeat to my Mother the Collect for the day, then service in the Cathedral with very long winded and often abstruse sermons, probably a walk in the afternoon and looking at





*Hasty Pudding.*



*Interior view of the transept lantern at Ely Cathedral.*



bound Graphics, or holding a Service in the dining room at which we took it in turns to be either the Clergyman or the congregation, completed the day, tho' we were sometimes allowed to piece a jigsaw puzzle out from a map of Palestine!!

Perhaps the modern ways of spending Sundays are a bit too casual, but I have often felt that in those early days, our Sundays were made unduly unattractive.

However taking it all through, I think one's childhood was happy enough. There were a certain amount of children's parties in the Christmas holidays and occasionally we had picnics on the River.

As the years passed, the time was approaching for me to begin my schooldays and it was arranged that I should go for some grounding in Latin and Greek to the Rev. Sealey Vidal who had been Vice-Principal of the Theological College and was then a curate at one of the Ely Parish Churches. Thanks to him I started at school with rather more knowledge of Latin grammar than others of my age, though my Greek was limited to the alphabet only.

At this time too, I commenced to learn a little carpentering as my Father one day driving to St. Pancras station saw in a shop in the Euston Road a notice "Buy your boy a box of Tools". He took the hint and bought the box and as one of the old Beadsmen of the Cathedral, Anderson by name, had been a carpenter he was brought in and under his eye I started to learn something about carpentering in a workshop which my Father had had built in the garden for our use as a Mess Room.

I have always been glad to have learnt something of the use of tools, and I commend the hobby of Joinery to my grandchildren. It is a clean and useful occupation.

In choosing a school for me my Father had been influenced in his choice by a friend, Raynes by name, who was I think, Master of one of the Cambridge Colleges, possibly Pembroke, and whose son was then at a school at Wimbledon called Eagle House, whose Headmaster was a Dr. Malan.

Eagle House had been a preparatory school for the Public schools for many years having been founded in 1820 and had become famous for giving the early education to many well-known Headmasters of Public Schools. Among them were Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton in my day, and Dr. Montagu Butler, Head of Harrow and subsequently Master of Trinity College Cambridge, when I was up. In going to Eagle House to school and afterwards to Eton and Trinity I was to have my education supervised, at any rate, by men connected with Eagle House for some 12 years.

The School House was situated on the outskirts of Wimbledon and very near the Common; it had been built originally in the time of Henry VIII one of whose wives, I think Catherine of Arragon, lived there after she had been divorced by the King and it took its name from a tame eagle which she kept there as a pet.

### 3. Eagle House



*Eagle House School, Wimbledon.*



*Dr Henry Montagu Butler, transformative headmaster of Harrow School, and Master of Trinity College Cambridge.*



I entered the school in September 1881, my Father and Mother both taking me there. I cannot remember much of the early days there, but I do recall that I was very homesick and that Mrs. Malan was extremely kind to me, and endeavoured to console me in my unhappiness.

I think the worst feature of the school was that several of the boys there, were sons of parents in India or the East and were allowed to remain there far too long, in some cases till they were 17 or so. I do not think though that there was anything approaching bullying, but compared to modern preparatory schools it was certainly rough.

We had an excellent cricket field and a gravelled playground, where we used regularly to play "Prisoners Base" every morning between school hours and in which Dr. Malan always took part, and a fives court and an excellent gymnasium and swimming bath.

Dr. Malan himself was undoubtedly devoted to boys and in every way entered into the school life. He wrote books for boys, one or two of which were published in the B.O.P. or "Boys Own Paper" which had been started about the time I went to Eagle House and I believe still exists. He used to read us chapters from the books he was writing on Sunday evenings in the private part of the House. He was also very good with his hands, painted pictures and made carvings and stained glass windows for the school Chapel, was an excellent cricketer and the most human of men.

Besides all this he was a good Classical teacher especially good at Latin and Greek verses as I found out when I got to the top form of the school, and to a great deal to his early grounding, I owe the fact that I went up the school at Eton and also that I can still appreciate Latin quotations and am often able to translate inscriptions and epitaphs which I occasionally come across.

The Chapel which Dr. Malan beautified with stained glass and carvings still exists at Sandhurst, as it was moved with the school when the latter migrated there in 1886 after I had left. I went to see it during last summer and it reminded me that when in the Choir there I was once selected to sing a solo in an anthem. The words I had to sing began I think, "There brake he the Arrows and the Bow", but I cannot recollect anything more of it, save that Dr. Malan presented me with 5/- as a reward for my efforts and which allows me to make the claim that I am the only member of my family to have earned money by my voice!!

I do not suppose that my life there was anything very different from boys at other preparatory schools. On Sundays we went for walks on Wimbledon Common and when the Annual Musketry Camp was in progress, we were given tickets and used to see something of the firing for the King's and other Prizes at the Ranges. These competitions are now held at Bisley.

I am glad to say I won a good many prizes and was in the Eleven and Football Team. We played several matches with neighbouring preparatory schools but the chief match was against an Eleven from Winchester composed mostly of old Eagle House boys. Our school Eleven being stiffened by



several of the masters including the Head. After I had been at the school for about a year an impediment in my speech which I had had as a child became very aggravated partly possibly by nerves, but the result was that I could hardly say anything in public without stuttering or stammering. My Father I am glad to say took the bull by the horns and took me away from the school for a term, sending me to a certain Dr. Van Prague who had a school for deaf mutes, where he taught those born deaf to lip read and also to speak, as those born deaf of course not knowing what sound is, are "ipso facto", dumb.

Van Prague who was a Dutchman, lived in London in Fitzroy Square and I used to go to him every day for some weeks from Bryanston Square, where I was put up by Uncle Harry and Aunt Dolly. I owe much to him as I am now not bothered in the least by what was formerly a great and most worrying complaint.

While at Eagle House I used to be asked out to lunch or tea on Sundays sometimes by Mr. and Mrs. Peto (he was a Cambridge friend of my Uncle Ashton Thompson Yates) and so began a very long friendship, which only ended with the death of Sir Henry, as he had become, in 1938 after I had been Agent for his estate for 15 years or more previously. Lady Peto died a year after and they had both lived to the great age of 97.

I also went once or twice to a Dr. Lowe a great naturalist and bug hunter, who was I think brother of Canon Lowe of Ely; he had a stone deaf daughter who taught me to speak on my fingers, a practice which I found most useful in after life, as Sir Henry Peto was also stone deaf.

At the end of each term all boys were taken to the Crystal Palace by the Headmaster and given 5/- to spend. No doubt this was in order to give the other masters free time to look thro' and mark the Examination papers, but it used to be a delightful day for the boys, who could do exactly as they liked provided they all assembled again in the evening to catch the train back to Wimbledon.

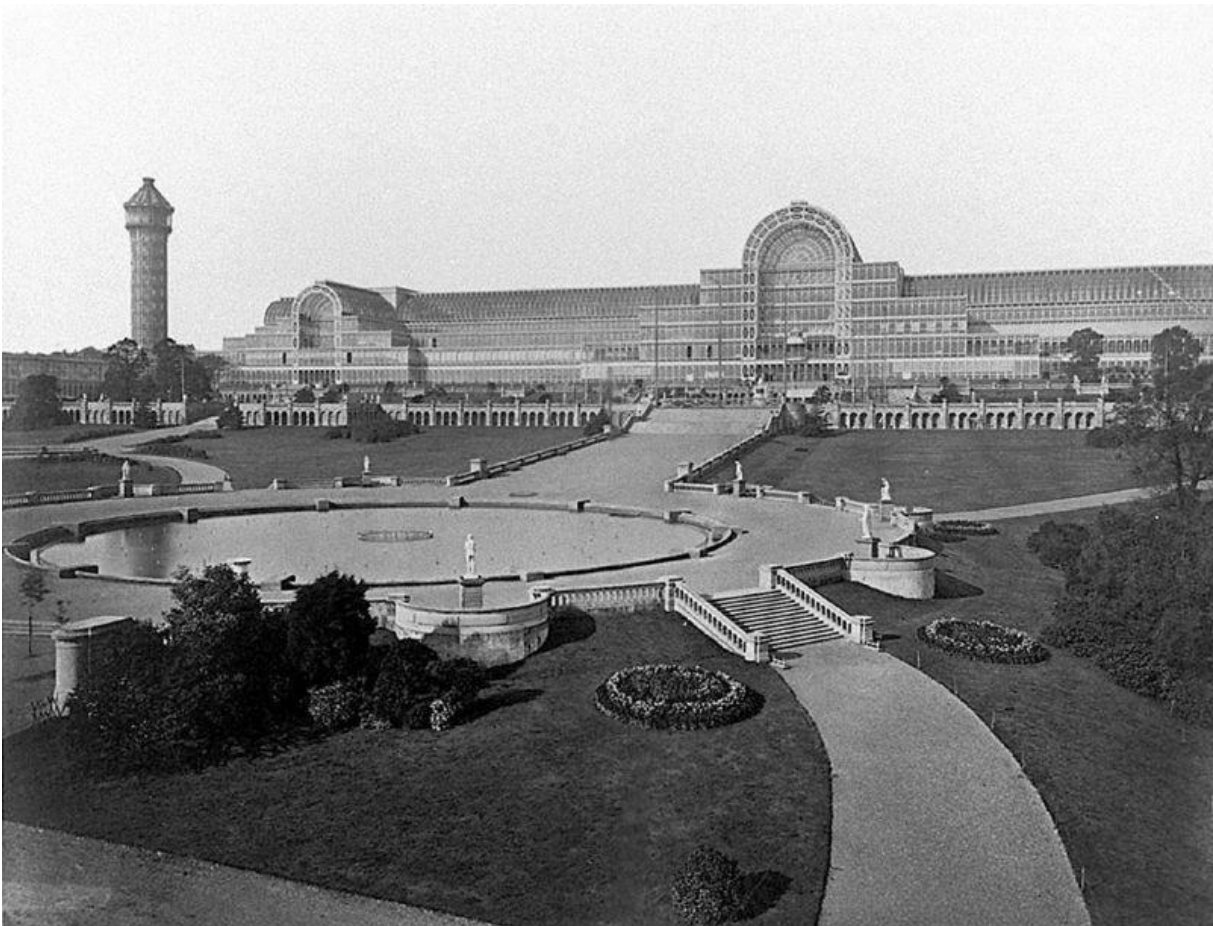
One or two incidents of my time at Eagle House come back to my mind. One especially was, when the whole school was woken up at night and taken down to see a comet which was then on view in the sky; I don't know which comet it actually was, but its tail seemed to reach across the sky and I have a very vivid recollection of it.

Another time when I was recovering from chickenpox in the sick room I remember that my Mother sent me a newspaper in which was an account of Blondin the tight rope walker, wheeling his wife in a barrow across a rope stretched above the Niagara Falls.

In 1885 too I returned for the Easter holidays to Ely and promptly broke out with mumps a few days after arrival much to the consternation of my parents and this disease I promptly passed on to my sister Alice and my two brothers.

I think this completes my recollections of my time at Eagle House





*The Crystal Palace was dismantled after the 1851 Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and was re-built at Sydenham (above) in 1854. It stood there until it was destroyed by fire in 1936.*



*Blondin, the famous French tightrope walker, wheels his wife in a barrow along a tightrope suspended over the Niagara Falls. Edward remembers that his mother sent him a newspaper account of this adventure. He was in the sick bay recovering from chicken pox at the time.*



and for many years afterwards I ceased to interest myself in its doings at Sandhurst where it had moved to in 1886. Soon after Dr. Malan retired from the school in 1905 I went to see him at Winchester where he had taken up his residence and there renewed my acquaintanceship with him. He afterwards moved again to Parkestone near Bournemouth and on several occasions I went to see him especially in his last illness. He died in 1933 and I was asked by his son to write an account of him for the "Times" which I was glad to do.

Shortly after his death I attended a dinner in London of old Eagle House boys and having been put in the Chair I took the opportunity of suggesting that a memorial to him by old boys might be raised and should take the form of the badly needed restoration of the old Chapel in which Dr. Malan had taken so much interest in his lifetime.

Though the funds collected did not reach the amount actually required, the work was put in hand, and the old Chapel is now in good order and when I was at the school last year, the present Headmaster told me that he was arranging for a memorial tablet to be placed at the East End to his memory.

I left Eagle House in July 1885 to go to Eton in the following September and I must now give some particulars of the second period of my schooldays.

I was taken down to Eton by my Father and deposited by him at the house of a former pupil of his at Cambridge, Mr. John Cole. The house was in Keates Lane on the right leading from the Chapel and had in those days a large Wistaria growing over it. I believe now it is generally known as "Coleridge House".

I was taken to New & Lingwoods to buy a top hat and it is perhaps interesting to recall that their employee always known as "Solomon" not only ironed my hat during my time at Eton but forty years and more afterwards performed the same duty for my two sons when they also were there. He only died a year or so ago and a portrait of him by Hall Neale, had been previously painted and after exhibition in the academy is now I believe at Eton.

One of the first things that I recollect was my tutor suggesting that I should mess with another new boy called Lawrence, and this for a short time we carried out. In those days both tea and breakfast were taken in one's rooms and at each meal we were given a quarter of a cottage loaf and a pat of butter, with the weekly addition of a pound of sugar and some tea or coffee as desired. Any additions especially for breakfast such as eggs, bacon or sausages as well as jam had to be provided by the boy himself and when money was short we depended on hampers from home or buying "on tick" from one of the grocers. When money was available we often got hot food from "Webbers" near Barnes Bridge, which we brought back in a slop basin surrounded by a paper bag. Hot breakfasts are now provided in the Houses and eaten in the dining hall, but in my day, what with boiling eggs, making toast and porridge for one's fagmaster there was very little time between early school and Chapel to eat much breakfast of any sort when one was a Lower boy.



## 4. Eton College



*The Eton Wall Game.*



*Eton boys in their top hats, as ironed by Mr. Solomon.*

Lawrence my messing partner, became in after life somewhat prominent in politics as a Radical Socialist. He married a well known Suffragette Pethick by name and took the name of Pethick Lawrence. At one time he was financial secretary to the Treasury in one of the Socialist Administrations and always has plenty to say in the House of Commons when Budgets are being debated. In many ways though we had different tastes and our partnership was not a success. He is now in the House of Lords as Lord Pethick Lawrence.

The following day we started school by an examination on general subjects chiefly I think Classical to see in what division we were to be placed. Largely owing to Eagle House and Dr. Malen when the lists came out I found that I had "taken Remove". This was all to the good as it normally meant only one year's fagging as a Lower boy.

I found too when the House fagging list came out that I was allotted to one Charlie Gosling, who was a cousin of some Cambridgeshire friends, the Allixs. He was quite a friendly fagmaster and I got on alright with him and Jardine with whom he messed. Gosling was afterwards killed in the Great War commanding a battalion of the 60th Rifles.

Jardine later became a Baronet and died a few years ago.

The next thing I recollect was going to Cuckoo Weir for "Passing" in swimming, as until one was passed one was not allowed to go on the River. Thanks to much swimming and bathing in the River at Ely and the tuition I received from Bishop Stonewigg there, I had no difficulty in passing at the first attempt. I remember the two masters who adjudicated were Walter Durnford who was afterwards knighted and became Provost of Kings, and the Rev. S. A. Donaldson a future Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge. As a result of Passing I received the customary exemption from a fortnight's fagging.

Fagging in those days was I think more strenuous than now, besides the fagging at meals referred to, anyone in Upper Division could call "Lower Boy" at the top of his voice and all Lovers had to run up, the last arriving being given whatever job was wanted to be done.

Football was compulsory and we were supposed to play 5 times a week at least; the field we played in, with boys of two other Houses (Austen Leighs and Cornishs) was near the Railway Arches, quite a distance from one's tutors.

I was also tried for the Choir in Lower Chapel having my voice tested by Joseph Barnby then the school organist, but in spite of my Eagle House efforts as a soloist, I was not considered suitable; nor was I for the Band of the Volunteers for which I also made an attempt.

In the middle of my first Half, I got leave to go to London for my eldest sister Evelyn's wedding to the Rev. George Arbuthnot. I forget the Church but a wedding breakfast was afterwards held at Bailey's Hotel and there I competed with my neighbour a brother in law of the bridegroom Mr. John Burns (who afterwards became Lord Inverclyde) to see who could





*Lord Pethick Lawrence (left) with Mahatma Gandhi.*



*The son of Bishop Richard Durnford, Walter Durnford was educated at Eton College. He entered King's College, Cambridge in 1865, graduating B.A in 1869. He was appointed a Fellow of Kings in 1869. He was on the staff of Eton from 1870 to 1899. He was Mayor of Cambridge in 1905; and Provost of King's College, Cambridge from 1918 until his death. While a master at Eton he supervised Edward Luckcock's swimming test.*



accomplish the greater number of courses at the meal. I cannot recollect numbers but I know I won handsomely and was rewarded by him with a sovereign.

For some inexplicable reason I was also sent back to Eton with the top tier of the wedding cake, with the result that I have never since eaten any with enjoyment.

Among other new boys at "my tutors" were Hamlyn Chichester who afterwards, as will be seen, became my brother in law, Reggie Hicks, now a Cambridgeshire Squire and Billy Tayleur who married a sister of Major de Winton of Maesllwch to whom for many years I was Agent.

My tutor had married a Cornish lady, one of the Rogers of the Looe and of course everything Cornish was in her view the best. The result of this was that she imported our butter from Cornwall and in the Summer Half at any rate it used to arrive and be doled out in a state of unpleasantness to say the least of it. The result has been that I got a fear of indifferent butter and hardly ever eat any to this day. I think the food too at Middleday Dinner was very monotonous, a good deal of boiled rice and stewed rhubarb in the week, though chickens and gooseberry tart on Sundays in the Summer Half made a pleasant change. I don't suppose really we had much to complain about, but undoubtedly whenever we had any cash most of it went on "soaking".

The furniture in our rooms was much the same as now except that there were no bathrooms and we each had a saucer bath, which we had to fill and empty ourselves, and one became an adept at emptying one's fagmaster's bath after football without spilling the contents on the floor and carpet. At the end of the Winter Half just before leaving for the train we used to set fire to our chimneys, to save one's tutor sweeping them, with the result that 5/- was generally in the bill to meet the police fine. I believe though this custom has now died out.

Another thing we used to do against the law and for which an item for repair used to appear in the bill, was the making of a hole in the floor just inside the door with a red hot poker. The hole was useful if one wanted to block the entrance into one's room by putting the poker in the hole so made, which effectively prevented the door being opened.

One's time as a Lower boy was fully occupied with one's work, fagging, football in the Xmas half, some fives and running in the Easter Half, and cricket or rowing in the Summer and I do not recollect anything much to refer to in my first year.

I moved up from Lower to Middle and from Middle to Upper Remove without much trouble and at the end of the Summer Half of 1886 had completed my year of fagging and could look forward to Lower Division of Fifth Form in the following September with a comparatively easy life, free from fagging calls and troubles.

In my last half in Remove I had a near and only shave of winning a



*A chimney fire is the combustion of residue deposits of soot or creosote, on the inner surfaces of the chimney.*



*Maesllwch Castle, Radnorshire, the estate of Major de Winton. Edward Luckock acted for many years as agent for the estate.*



School Prize. There was a Prize given by the Assistant Masters or 'Beaks' as we called them, once a year for the best Paper in "Trials" for either Latin Verses or Prose alternatively and for boys in Remove.

At Eagle House we used to do our Verses from a book called "Foliae Silvarum" which included short poems suitable for verse making. Just before going into Trials for the verse paper, I took the book down from my "Burry" and out fell a copy of verses that I had done at Eagle House. The poem was "The Poet's Song" from Tennyson, which begins, "The rain had fallen the poet arose". The copy I had done had been highly commended by old Malan, who had no doubt improved my rendering of it. I remember reading it through and saying to Reggie Hicks who was in my room at the time how I wished that the same poem could be set.

I went into school and lo! and behold it was. I soon finished it off and showed it up in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. There was quite a hullabaloo about it and my tutor had to enquire whether anyhow I had got inside information of the paper previous to the exam. This I was able quickly to satisfy him about and I received some 92% of marks which would easily have won the prize if unfortunately in that particular year it had not been given for the prose paper instead of for verses. Rather hard lines!!

In my next year in Lower Division I can recollect no incident of any importance except that the jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria in the Summer Half gave a great deal of interest outside the ordinary school life and doings. The school was organised to carry out a torch light procession up to Windsor Castle in the evening of the Queen's arrival there from London.

This necessitated a great deal of rehearsing and a good many ordinary school hours for work were shelved and marching in column and forming various figures such as the Union Jack took their place. It was very hot weather as will be remembered and at one of the rehearsals which took place at the Castle itself, several boys fainted. They were taken into the Castle and revived with champagne, and this naturally got about the school with the result that at the final rehearsal a few days later, casualties increased. The authorities in the meantime had become alive to what had happened previously and large doses of sal volatile were in readiness, to the disappointment of those who were hoping to sample the Royal Cellar.

On the day of the Queen's return from London to Windsor it was arranged that her train should stop at Slough and that she should be driven in semi-state to Windsor from there. Stopping at Eton to have addresses of congratulation from the governing body headed by the Provost, and the masters and boys. All went according to plan and in the evening the whole school marched up in a torch light procession to the Castle and forming figures in the great quadrangle sang Eton and other songs before the window of the room in which she was sitting. The Queen was apparently much pleased and came down into the quadrangle itself, having had a chair placed for her. She sat there surrounded by others of the Royal Family and the Court officials until the completion of the





*Masters and students from Eton College awaiting Queen Victoria's carriage, Eton, 23 June 1897.*



*The London celebrations of Queen Victoria's 1897 Jubilee included this substantial balloon.*



singing, when she sent for the Head, Dr. Warre and congratulated him on the school's efforts.

The whole of Eton and Windsor was most gaily decorated with flags and banners, one of them hung from Lyttleton's House bore the words "50 not out".

Anyway everything went off very well and was satisfactorily topped up by an extra week's holiday.

Every now and then we used to see the Queen driving through Eton with postillions and outrider in Royal scarlet accompanied by an equerry trotting along side in Windsor uniform - grey trousers with red piping down the seams, black coat and top hat.

As the Queen often drove in this way for several miles on end the equerries had to be in good training. One of them was Col. Carrington, Lord Carrington's younger brother.

He lived in a house in Old Windsor and on one occasion he asked me to lunch. He was of course my Father's old pupil in his Eton days.

The proximity of Eton to Windsor often gave one the opportunity of seeing some of the Royal Family and on one Sunday afternoon when I was walking along the terrace at the Castle with a friend, Eddie Lygon we passed by the Empress Frederick who was at the Castle soon after the Emperor's death sometime in 1888 I think. We luckily recognised her and took off our hats and she stopped and asked how we were getting on at school.

The summer holidays in 1887 were especially happy ones as my Father took a house at St. Enogat near Dinard for a month or so, and we had most glorious bathing and shrimping. In those days St. Enogat was only a village with a few Villas owned by a Monsieur Lacroix. We took our old nurse Annie and our butler Neaves and had two French servants, the cook was called Dixie and made the most delicious omelettes and coffee, but how the English and French servants got on together was difficult to say as neither could speak a word of the others language.

From St. Enogat we used to make expeditions to St. Malo and Dinard and on one occasion my Father and I went to Jersey for a few days, the only time I have been to the Channel Islands and I was not greatly impressed.

Though I started as a wet bob I never succeeded in getting into the Boats and gave up rowing for cricket in my third summer half.

"My Tutors" was not in any way very distinguished in either cricket or on the river and we never had any member of the Eleven or Eight when I was there. This was unfortunate as success often breeds success, and a few boys in a House at the top of the tree give great encouragement.

I played for the House in football and cricket but never got by



*Victoria, Princess Royal (Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa; 21 November 1840 – 5 August 1901) was German Empress and Queen of Prussia as the wife of German Emperor Frederick III. She was the eldest child of Queen Victoria of the United Kingdom and Albert, Prince Consort, and was created Princess Royal in 1841. She was the mother of Wilhelm II, German Emperor.*

*Educated by her father in a politically liberal environment, Victoria was married at age 17 to Prince Frederick of Prussia, with whom she had eight children. Victoria shared with Frederick her liberal views and hopes that Prussia and the later German Empire should become a constitutional monarchy, based on the British model. Criticised for this attitude and for her English origins, Victoria suffered ostracism by the Hohenzollerns and the Berlin court. This isolation increased after the rise to power of Otto von Bismarck (one of her most staunch political opponents) in 1862.*

*Victoria was empress for only a few months, during which she had opportunity to influence the policy of the German Empire. Frederick III died in 1888 – 99 days after his accession – from laryngeal cancer and was succeeded by their son William II, who had much more conservative views than his parents. After her husband's death, she became widely known as Empress Frederick.*

*Edward Luckock and his fellow Eton schoolboy Eddie Lygon had a congenial conversation with her while promenading on the terrace at Windsor Castle.*



House Colours or did anything worthy of note in that line to look back on.

After 2 halves in Middle Division, I managed to get a double remove into Upper Division and was able to fag in the Summer Half of 1888, but in spite of this I never got into VI Form though I had 4 halves in 1st hundred and ended up in Division 2.

My tutor John Cole retired from his house at the end of the summer half of 1889 and the House was split up, several boys going to other Houses, and the old House was taken over by one Frederick Drew a Science Master. I remained with him and eventually in my last half became Captain of the House. Old Drew who was frequently known as "Boggy" Drew was really not fitted to have a House; he had been a Geological Professor in the East and was brought to Eton as a Science Beak some years previously. He meant extremely well but was not a success in managing boys.

He died at Eton very soon after I left and his widow went to live at Oxford.

Johnny Cole inherited a delightful house and land near Mawnan in Cornwall, with a private cove running down to the sea. I went to see him once or twice there and he always took an interest in his old boys. He was one of the old type Eton masters, more suited for a position as a University Don, but he was the kindest of men and we were all very fond of him, and he would always stick up for fellows in his House, if other masters complained to him of their doings.

This reminds me that when I was in Lower Division I was "up to" one known as "Toddie" Vaughan. He afterwards became a great institution in Eton as Hon. Secretary and one of the Founders of the Old Etonian Association and only died a few years ago. In his early days he was not a great disciplinarian in his division and we used to take advantage of his being blind in one eye and were apt to get surreptitious peeps at books from which we were doing some paper or other in school. On one occasion he caught me out doing this and at the end of the Half, did not give me the usual prize for being top of his division in consequence.

To show the humanity of the man, just before I was leaving Eton he sent a note asking me to breakfast.

I went there and when saying good-bye, he told me that he had quite forgiven the little episode referred to and wished me well for the future. Few I think would have done this.

Many years afterwards, when I was in difficulty in getting my youngest boy Peter into Eton, he took no end of trouble to find him a "chance vacancy" and soon afterwards when I used to see him at Lords at the Eton and Harrow, he was always glad of a friendly chat, and I have the greatest respect for his memory.

In my last year at Eton there were great Election riots as a bye Election for the Windsor Division was in progress, the two Candidates



being the Conservative Francis Tress Barry and the Liberal William Grenfell who afterwards became Lord Desborough. "Boggy" Drew was an ardent Liberal himself and was Chairman of the Party in Eton and as almost all boys are in early days, at any rate, Conservatives, he gained much unpopularity thereby. The riots chiefly took the form of tearing down Grenfell posters, but for fear of further trouble when the polling day came, which was at the end of the Half, the school was sent home a few days before the normal date.

Grenfell who was a great sportsman used to drive thro' Eton on his canvassing expeditions with a four in hand, but besides being a Liberal he was also an Harrovian which aggravated his offence in standing against a Conservative at Eton.

Two institutions were started at Eton in my time, in both of which I took a good deal of interest. One was the workshops where one could do carpentering and turning on a lathe, and the other was a Photographic Society.

The "Head" sometimes worked in the workshop as he was endeavouring to make a model of an old Roman Trireme to show how three banks of oars could be operated. He was of course a great oar himself, but whether he ever succeeded in satisfying himself that the top row of oars necessarily of great length could be pulled by human beings, I do not know.

In July 1890 my time at Eton came to an end and I paid a last visit to the "Head" in Chambers to receive my Leaving Book. I had only a few weeks before been "sent up for good" by Chips Carpenter who was another science Beak and of whom as a member of the Biological Society I had seen a good deal.

The work I had been "sent up for good" for, was an essay on Blood Vessels and having written it out on special paper headed with the Eton Arms I took it to the Head "after twelve" one day. Unfortunately he started reading it and came across the word "referent" which by bad luck and a slip I had spelt with two R's "referrent". This was too much for Classical Warre, who was not very keen on Science innovations, and I had to write it all over again before he would give me his signed Ticket of Commendation!!

As this was the only time I was "sent up" during my Eton life, I felt it rather hard lines.

I have often felt and said that Warre was the greatest personality I have ever, however indirectly, been concerned with and I had the good fortune to be at Eton when he was in his prime and undoubtedly outstanding among all Headmasters of his day. He was a great administrator and was held in the greatest awe by boys and masters alike.

Though really not a tall man, he gave one the impression of being enormous and I can conceive no more impressive sight than seeing him calling "Absence" on the Chapel steps in his silk cassock and gown.



**A GREAT HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE**  
**The Striking Testimonial Portrait of Dr. Warre.**  
*PAINTED BY J. S. BARGENI, R.A. AND NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY*



The feature of the New Gallery is the striking portrait of the Rev. Edmond Warre. He went to Eton as assistant master in 1860 and was head master from 1884 to 1905.

*Edmond Warre CB CVO (12 February 1837 – 22 January 1920) was an English rower and Head Master of Eton College from 1884 to 1905.*

Provost Hornby his predecessor was a very different man and seemingly took no interest in boys or boys in him.

His sermons in Chapel were hopelessly dull and long winded and beyond taking off our hats when we passed or met him, he seemed to have no contact with the boys at all. He was an uncle of my uncle Dick's wife and I used to meet him sometimes in after life at Nunwick.

If I had an undistinguished career at Eton, at any rate I acquired a great love for the school and place and few things interest me more than reading books about the school, of which many are written from time to time and from talking over Eton days and ways with other old Etonians. I am sure no school in the world produces a greater "camaradie" in after life than Eton and I have been more than glad that two of my own sons were able to go there, and I feel sure that when they grow old they also will look upon their days there with the same pleasure and delight as I do.

In looking back after nearly 60 years on one's time at Eton, it is not I think unnatural to try and appreciate the reasons why one did not produce better results both in work and play.

I think a good deal may be accounted for by the fact that Eton in my day was a place in which one was allowed in reason to do a good deal, as much or as little as one was inclined for.

I left Eagle House undoubtedly with the early promise of doing well and "taking Remove" on one's entry rather proved this, as it was the highest any Oppidan could then take, but a great deal was left to one's own initiative and a considerable amount of preparation was done in one's own room with the consequent opportunity of only doing sufficient to satisfy the "powers that be" and not bothering oneself to do more. Divisions too were very large generally some 30 or more boys and the Division master naturally took more interest in those that showed enthusiasm than the ordinary ruck.

As long as one did reasonably well and did not fail to get one's remove in Trials one went up the school placidly and regularly and it was only a few boys who periodically took Distinction in Trials that really got to the top.

Some of the masters too, were very uninspiring, no doubt they meant well but lacked the power of producing enthusiasm in those they were teaching and I cannot recall any in my early days that really encouraged me to put my back into my work. When I got into First Hundred I elected to specialize in Science and Dr. Carpenter who taught Physiology and Biology was really the first master to really get me keen on my work with him.

I think Dr. Warre the Head realised this and he began a campaign of gradually retiring the older men and most carefully picking those that were suitable for House Tutors instead of appointing by seniority.

I believe things are very different now and the general standard



of Houses far higher than they were in my day.

It was much the same in games, unless one had in the House, members in the Eleven or the Eight, there was no one really to push one on, and as long as one played football sufficient times in the week to satisfy the Captain of the House team in the Winter Half, one could do pretty well what one liked especially in the Easter and Summer Halves when there were no compulsory games at all and one was apt to loaf about on the river or elsewhere, without any particular objective.

All this sounds as if I was trying to put the blame on others for my not doing better at Eton, and it is perhaps an unworthy thing to do, as no doubt 9/10ths of the reason was my own slackness and the remaining 1/10th only due to the fact that one's Tutors was not at the top of the Houses in either work or games.

At any rate, I feel I owe a great deal to Eton; several good friends who I have retained in later life and more than anything a great affection for the school itself.

In my last half at Eton, with a good many others I went up to Cambridge for the Matriculation Examination and as one was put up in Trinity one had the first foretaste of College life. In those days there was no School Certificate with so many credits necessary to qualify for the Universities and the Matriculation Exam was not I recollect a very serious matter and I think we all passed.

Before saying something of my life at Trinity I must just refer to the holidays at Ely. I did a great deal of bathing, rowing and fishing on the river, a good deal with some of the students of the Theological College and was able too, to join in tennis with my Father in men's fours, as I never remember any ladies playing and in those days I do not think it was considered suitable for them to do so.

One incident on the river I remember well, as John Bidwell, a local friend, and I had gone down to bathe one morning before breakfast and he took with him a retriever puppy of his Father's.

When we emerged from the river the puppy was nowhere to be found and we had to return back without it. No trace of it could be discovered till some days afterwards the former owner wrote and said it had just returned to Peterborough some 40 miles off. As the dog had been sent to Ely originally by train, this was a very clear instance of the instinct that animals have in finding their way over unknown country.

John Bidwell who I am glad to say I still often see is a Land Agent of great repute in the Eastern Counties as his Father had been before him and was President of the Surveyors' Institution a few years ago.

Another expedition I made was with a Mr. Harold Archer an Ely solicitor, and a well-known entomologist. We went up the river to Wicken Fen, now a sanctuary for birds under the National Trust, and the last remaining area of the old undrained Fen. Our object was to find



## 5. Trinity College Cambridge

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caterpillars of the swallow tail butterfly, which feed on the wild carrot, I cannot recollect if we found any, but we actually captured a specimen of the butterfly itself.

I began too to do some shooting, staying near Longridge in Lancashire with my uncle Dick, where he was living on Lord Derby's property, before he bought Nantwich.

The whole family too used to migrate to Liverpool once a year for several weeks to stay at Thingwall with my grandparents and this we always looked forward to with great **Joy**.

In September of 1890, just before going up to Cambridge, my Father and I went to Ober Ammergau for the Passion Play as I have referred to in notes on his life. We travelled via Antwerp, Cologne, Heidelberg, Nuremberg and Innsbruck, and I had my first experience of foreign travel. The holiday at St. Enogat being hardly in the same category.

I went up to Trinity in October 1890, and had rooms in Colloge, situated in one corner of the Billiard Table Court of Whewells Buildings which were on the opposite side of Trinity Street to the main Colloge.

I had a good many Eton friends up with me, I think altogether at that time there were some forty old Etonians at Trinity as well as several at the Hall. I joined the Union, but never took any part in the debates there and after a couple of terms I gave up my membership on being elected a member of the Pitt Club in Jesus Lane, which was somewhat select and had as well as social advantages the stamping of one's letters free of charge as part of the perquisites of membership. The Pitt had its centenary in 1935 and I attended a Celebration Dinner at the University Arms Hotel with my boy Dick who had also been a member when he was up at the Varsity.

The Club had been originally started in Cambridge in 1835 as a Tory organization in memory of William Pitt. There were many similar institutions in other English towns but they have all died out and the Pitt Club in Cambridge now divorced from any political flavour, and a London Dining Club that only meets once a year, are the sole survivors.

When I was up, the subscription was only 30 shillings a term and considering the social advantages, as most of one's friends also belonged to it, the subscription was not excessive.

I used to run a bit with the Trinity Beagles and often spent a day at Swaffham with Charlie Allix, or at Fulbourne with Alec Tomley or Wilburton near Ely as Mrs. Claude Pell who lived there was an aunt of Maurice MacCausland one of my greatest friends both at Eton and Cambridge.

It was a curious coincidence that my chief friends at Cambridge, in one way or another were connected with the Cambridge neighbourhood and we had many days at their homes, doing some rough shooting, or ferretting of rabbits.

Charlie Allix became a Land Agent like myself and is one of the Eton friends who I still see a good deal of.





*The Pitt Club, Jesus Lane, Cambridge, now a restaurant.*



*The Trinity Foot Beagles. Hunting hares without horses.*

Maurice MacCausland who, sad to say, died a couple of years ago, lived in Co. Derry, and I stayed with him on several occasions at his delightful home, Drenagh near Limavady. He was most respected and thought of in the north of Ireland and before he died had become a member of the Ulster Privy Council and Lord Lieutenant of Co. Derry. Alec Townley whose father owned the Fulbourne property near Cambridge, was Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. He was destined for a family living but the then Bishop of Ely would not ordain anyone who had not taken a degree. Poor Alec took many, many years to accomplish this but finally did so, and is now Rector of a fat living in the Fens at Upwell near Wisbech. Crockford gives the emoluments at nett £2200 and House, so it seems it was well worth the struggle.

I used too to go over to Ely every now and then and as I have mentioned in my Father's memoir, my Mother died there in the middle of my first term.

Owing a good deal to my interest in Biology etc., at Eton in my last year or so, I had intended to try and take a Natural Science Tripos and become a Doctor, but I fear I soon found that the work entailed was far greater than I was likely to accomplish. This was brought home to me at the end of the term as I failed ignominiously in the part of the "Littlego" necessary for men who were proposing to take a Tripos. I am glad to say it is the only examination in my life in which I was not successful in passing. Anyway as a result of this I gave up the idea of becoming a Doctor, which my father was never very keen on my doing, and a good deal owing to the interest taken in me by my Uncle Dick who had himself been a land agent, I elected to go in for that profession and have never since repented of my decision.

As there was no such thing then as an Estate Management Degree, I aimed at taking a "Poll" or ordinary Degree in Chemistry which I thought might be useful, and this merely necessitated passing the "Littlego" and "General" Exams in my first and second and the final in Chemistry at the end of the third year.

After a year at Whewells Court I was able to move into the Great Court, having very good rooms in Letter P opposite the Chapel; and there I remained till I went down.

The Great Court at Trinity is I believe a quarter of a mile round the grass and as the Chapel clock took a minute to strike at midnight one of our endeavours was to sprint round the Court during the striking. I often tried it but never could get nearer than about 30 yards from the end in the time.

My time at Cambridge passed by pleasantly enough without any very strenuous exertion on my part in any way. I beagled in the winter and Easter terms and in the summer played a good deal of tennis and some cricket in the scratch teams, which played surrounding villages. One of our matches was against a team of Fulbourne Asylum, composed mostly of the resident doctors and some of the warders with a few of the inmates, one of which I remember refused to go out after being clean bowled!





*Drenagh is a 19th-century house and gardens near Limavady, County Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Drenagh has been the home of the McCausland family since 1729, and the present house was built in 1835. It was the first major work by Charles Lanyon, known for his work in Belfast. Edward Luckock was a friend of Maurice McCausland, and stayed with him at Drenagh on several occasions.*



*Great Court at Trinity College Cambridge. Edward Luckock and his friends would attempt to run around it in the time it took the clock to strike midnight.*



Owing to many of the Dons having been friends with my Father in his Cambridge days I dined and lunched out with them now and then, especially with the Nevilles at Magdalen and the Austen Leighs at Kings.

I remember in the General Exam having to write an essay on "The Enclosure of Waste and Common Lands in the 17th and 18th Centuries", not an inappropriate subject for one intending to be a Land Agent.

My last year was spent a good deal in preparing for my final exam, in Chemistry, and I did a good deal of analytical work in the Downing College Laboratories and with a Coach C. T. Heycock of Kings. I am glad to say the result was successful and I came out top of the first class being bracketted equal with one Copeland who was a member of the China Factory concern in Staffordshire. My First Class was a pleasant surprise for my Father, and certainly to myself.

In the "Summer Vac." of 1891 I spent a few weeks at Biarritz with my Father and sister Alice, and we played a good deal of golf there on some delightful links on the edge of the sea, and at various times in the Vacations I paid visits in Ireland with the McCauslands and elsewhere with various relations and friends.

I also played some cricket for the Ely team and on one occasion when Ely was playing a Cambridge local Club in the long Vac. I had the experience of fielding out to a century made by Ranjisinji, the great Cricketer.

He stopped in Cambridge for the "Vacs", and a good deal of his early practice in cricket with the local clubs there enabled him to gain a reputation as a bat, as in the following year he got his "Blue" and from then onwards became one of the best bats who ever played for the Varsity and English teams.

There is little more that I can say about my Cambridge days and with the taking of my B.A. Degree in June 1893 my school and college education came to an end, and I had to turn to the more serious training for my profession as a Land Agent.

An old fellow pupil of my Uncle Dick when learning Land Agency in the King's County Ireland with Lord Digby's then agent, was a certain Mr. Arthur H. Bowles. For many years they had seen but little of each other but renewed their old friendship a few years before I left Cambridge. He had been for some considerable time Agent to Lord Onslow's Estates in Surrey and Essex and it was arranged that I should go to him as a pupil and at any rate for the time being live at Temple Court, which was the Agent's house and was situate in the centre of Clandon Park.

I arrived at Clandon on June 22nd 1893 and the date is very much in my mind as I took down with me an evening paper with an account of the collision between the battleships Victoria and Camperdown in which the former was sunk and many lives lost, including the Admiral Sir George Tryon who had given the order for the manoeuvre which occasioned the disaster.





*Golf in Biarritz during the 1890s.*



*Colonel H. H. Shri Sir Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji II, Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, GCSI GBE (10 September 1872 – 2 April 1933), often known as Ranji or K. S. Ranjitsinhji, was the ruler of the Indian princely state of Nawanagar from 1907 to 1933, as Maharaja Jam Saheb] and a noted Test cricketer who played for the English cricket team. He also played first-class cricket for Cambridge University, and county cricket for Sussex. Ranji has widely been regarded as one of the greatest batsmen of all time.*

*Ranji was in the opposing team when Edward Luckock was fielding as a member of the Ely cricket team. Ranji scored a century.*

## 6. Clandon Park

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Clandon Park lay between the villages of Clandon and Merrow and the estate, which was some 14,000 acres, extended in the direction of Chobham and as in those days there were no motors, the whole of the supervision of the estate was done on horseback.

There was also another pupil, Neville Leese, a member of the Winchester Cricket Family, who was an excellent fellow to go about with, and though he did not persevere with Agency after he left Clandon, he was certainly keen on the work when there. He afterwards tried many different occupations, commencing with the stage, then in the Colonies gold mining and was generally a bit of a rolling stone. He served in the R.A.S.C. in the Great War and won the D.S.O. but was badly gassed and now lives in Somerset near Wincanton where I am glad to say I have once or twice been able to look him up.

My first experience of keeping a horse ended in disaster, as a very good looking cob I had bought, in some way or other twisted himself internally and eventually succumbed. However I soon acquired his successor and had no further trouble.

Looking back from some considerable experience as a Land Agent myself, I feel very strongly that old Bowles or the "Boss" as Neville and I used to call him, was certainly a very well qualified Agent of the estate and he was certainly the best of men to be pupil to, as he was keen and knowledgeable on all sides of country life. He had no Clerk of the Works and all the Heads of Departments were working foremen. Besides the farms let we generally had one farm at any rate in hand, there was a considerable acreage of woods, mostly coppice, a brickyard, some building property being developed round Guildford and a certain amount of copyhold property, which required valuations every time when death of the Copyholder took place.

In those days I do not think there can have been a better estate for learning one's job. Besides daily rides on the estate with the "Boss" Neville and I had far more responsible work given us to do than would have been the case on an estate where there were highly paid heads of departments.

Among other things given us to do was the registering of the cropping of all the farms each year. In those days freedom of cropping was not allowed and it was necessary to see that farmers were carrying out the obligations of their agreements.

It was the day before the Agricultural Holding Act curtailed a good deal of the power of landlords over their Tenants and undoubtedly in those days it was far easier to get rid of an unsatisfactory tenant than it is now.

In this way one learnt a good deal of the various tenants and their methods of farming and they were generally friendly to us pupils and glad to give what help they could.

The farms in Essex too, near Colchester, we used to visit twice a year to collect the rents and in the winter to shoot over the farms, and





*HMS Victoria was the lead ship in her class of two battleships of the Royal Navy. On 22 June 1893, she collided with HMS Camperdown near Tripoli, Lebanon, during manoeuvres and quickly sank, killing 358 crew members, including the commander of the British Mediterranean Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon. This calamity, on June 22nd 1893, coincided with Edward Luckock's arrival at Clandon.*



*Clandon Park before the devastating fire that ripped through it in 2015.*

*Clandon Park House is an early 18th-century grade I listed Palladian mansion in West Clandon, near Guildford in Surrey. It stands in the south east corner of Clandon Park, a 220-hectare (540-acre) agricultural parkland estate which has been the seat of the Earls of Onslow for over two centuries. The house and gardens were given to the National Trust in 1956, but the park remains in private ownership. Construction of the house, designed by Italian architect Giacomo Leoni, began about 1730, and the interiors were finished by continental sculptors and plasterers in the 1740s. The park was landscaped by Lancelot 'Capability' Brown in 1781, and there are two formal gardens on either side of the house. underwent restoration before it was opened to the public, and later became a wedding venue and filming location for period dramas.*

I had there my first experience of shooting or missing driven partridges.

One of the farmers had an inadequate water supply in Essex and a water diviner was employed. He pegged out a place to sink in the usual way, but the result of digging a well there for some greater depth than he said would be necessary, produced a Nil result. Curiously enough though, shortly after, one of the horses fell into an old well which had been covered up years before and whose site had been lost.

This well after being cleaned out produced a proper supply and was only six feet from the place where the new one had been dug. I can never make up my mind as to the efficacy of water divining though I have known great successes as well as failures. I think there must be something in it.

At Clendon people were very friendly and we did a good deal of dining out and I made several friends who I have stuck to all my life, especially the Chiltons of Merrow Croft and some of the Blaines who rented Clendon Park as Lord Onslow was then Governor in New Zealand. Almost all the latter are now dead.

When Lord Onslow was in New Zealand a son was born and the Maoris were very excited about the event and promptly made the baby a Chieftain and he was christened "Huia" and was presented with a native carved "Whare" or hut. The hut was sent to Clendon and by Lord Onslow's instructions was to be erected at one end of a large lake in the Park. Years afterwards when I was in New Zealand at Rotorua I told Maggie Papakura who was the guide to the Hotsprings there, that I had helped to put up the "Whare" at Clendon. She was very interested, as of course she knew all about it and gave me her photograph as a memento.

Neville Loose left after I had been at Clendon a couple of years and a new pupil arrived, one Baron Ney de Tuyl of Holland. He came more to enjoy some English life than to learn Land Agency but he was a good companion and one year I went over to stay at his house Velserbeek near Haarlem to shoot partridges and had a most amusing visit.

We used generally to shoot some 8 or 10 brace a day, but whatever the size of the bag, they used all to be cocked at once and used to come in to dinner served up on an enormous dish.

His father too had a trotting stallion which he used to race, and a small yacht on the Zuyder Zee. There were horses too to ride and altogether it was a most interesting and enjoyable experience.

I only saw him once again when some ten or twelve years afterwards I was staying at the Hague with Harry Chilton, who was the First Secretary at our Legation there. He had a most beautiful wife but she was not of an "ancien regime" and was rather tabooed by the old families to which of course Ney belonged. The marriage was not a success and was eventually dissolved.

After my first six months at Temple Court I joined Neville Loose in rooms over the village shop in Clendon, which was run by Mr. & Mrs. Goacher;





*A Māori meeting house or wharenui named Hinemihi stands in the gardens of Clandon Park. It was originally situated near Lake Tarawera in New Zealand and provided shelter to the people of Te Wairoa village during the eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886. It remained half buried until 1892 when William Onslow, 4th Earl of Onslow, then Governor General of New Zealand, bought it and had it fully restored and shipped to England.*



*Mr Bidder QC, who came to Clandon Park to investigate a purported ghost, was the son of the 'boy calculator' George Parker Bidder (above). George Bidder was able to achieve extraordinary feats of mental arithmetic from the age of six. He demonstrated this ability in performances at country fairs.*



the latter was a most excellent natural cook and we sometimes had small dinner parties for our friends.

Neville was a very good singer of a comic song and tried to encourage me to renew my early singing exploits of Eagle House days but it was not a success.

One relic of a past age and almost feudal times comes back to me in wonder that it should ever have happened.

Good Friday was only a holiday for the men on the Estate on full pay if they attended Church in the morning, and Neville and I used to go to Clandon and Merrow Churches and mark them in. We reported the result and the men were paid or not accordingly, and as can be imagined the Plymouth Brethren and other Nonconformists who did not attend Church were most disgruntled. Times have changed since that day, and rightly so.

Clandon House was a large red brick Elizabethan House with a centre hall, a 40 foot cube. Rooms surrounded it opening out from one to the other. One of these rooms was called the State Bedroom with a large four post bed in it, in which at one time it was supposed that Queen Elizabeth had slept. The footman whose duty it was to close the shutters each evening complained that he had several times seen the ghost of a lady there, and because so frightened he refused to go into the room after dark.

The Blaines who were tenants of the house in Lord Onslow's absence in New Zealand, became very excited about the ghost and eventually asked Mrs. Florence Marriott who had written books on ghosts and spirits to come down and investigate. I was invited to dinner to join in the search and had a most amusing evening. Though personally I saw nothing of the lady, at one time Mrs. Marriott said that she was looking at me and asked me to address her, which I did in English and afterwards in French. The latter was too much for the ghost who vanished.

Some while after the Psychological Society also sent down two of its members to investigate, one a lady, Miss Bartle Frere a relative of Sir Henry who was our Commissioner in Africa at the time of the Zulu war, and the other one Bidder Q.C. who was son of the "Calculating Boy".

They, however, made their research alone and reported afterwards to their Society and I never saw or heard the result.

Lord Onslow was very annoyed when he heard of it, as it got into the Press, but the trouble gradually died down and as far as I know no ghosts have been since seen there.

Anyway I am able to relate that I have spoken to one, both in English and French - which I think few people can claim to have done.

I was some two and a half years on the Clandon Estate and undoubtedly had been there long enough, and a change was very desirable.

Mrs. Vesey as she then was, now Mrs. Partman of Hestercroft near



here, had been living at Clandon in the Dover House of the Estate. She was a sister of Major Lawley who was the Duke of Westminster's private secretary at Eaton in Cheshire, and through Bowles having met some of the family I was able to get an introduction to the Hon. Cecil Parker, the Duke's Agent, with a view to going to him as a pupil, and it was arranged that I should go to him in September 1896.

My time therefore at Clandon came to an end, I certainly learnt a good deal there of Land Agency work and I owe much to what "the Boss" taught me, but he had little influence with other landowners and one's prospect of getting employment through him was unlikely.

He used to spend his holidays on a moor at Abney in Derbyshire owned by his elder brother, and I several times went there to shoot grouse, and I kept up my friendship with him till he died about 1917 in Suffolk, where he had retired to live near Woodbridge.

He was very much of a "Landlord's man" but as I have said before, he was very knowledgeable and extremely good company and I do not feel that my years in the Clandon Estate Office were wasted.

I found the Eaton Estate a very different proposition. Cecil Parker had many other irons in the fire and one saw comparatively little of him, and what I learnt there was chiefly from the Heads of Departments who were, excepting the Head Clerk, Wells, not very keen to help one. There were several other pupils too and it was a case now of seeing others do the work, then doing it oneself.

The whole estate was being rebuilt at the time and when I was there Eccleston Church, two vicarages, endless farm houses and buildings and innumerable cottages were being built.

A light railway was also being constructed from a railway siding on the North Western Railway near Chester and connecting with the Estate yard and Eaton Hall itself.

Everything seemed to be carried out regardless of expense with an enormous staff in every department. The thorough-bred stud there too was a great interest, as we saw many of the best brood mares in England and the two stallions "Bendor" the sire of the great "Ormonde" and "Orme" the son of the latter were at the stud, and "Flying Fox" his son who also won the Derby in 1899 was then a yearling.

A fine line of winners, though Orme had failed in the Derby, owing some said to having been poisoned.

When I was at Eaton Orme became quite unmanageable and was considered practically mad. Anyway he became a great danger to his groom and the Duke talked of having him shot. This was eventually not carried out and the horse was turned out into one of the paddocks and became comparatively quiet.

The Duke and Duchess were most kind to us pupils, we used sometimes



# 7. The Eaton Estate



*Eaton Hall in the late 19th century. It had been remodelled by the architect Alfred Waterhouse.*





to dine or lunch at Eaton and were always asked to any big function there.

One or two of us used to go out on shooting days and stand behind the Duke ready to go any message for him, afterwards being asked to lunch.

Now and then we used to get a shoot ourselves on some of the outsidess and on one occasion the Duke's son-in-law Prince Adolphus of Teck (afterwards the Duke of Cambridge) was one of the party. I mention this because many years afterwards he got into my carriage at Shrewsbury when I was on my way home from Whitchurch and he was "en route" for Cornwall to attend Sir Reginald Pole Carew's funeral.

I reminded him of having been on the Eaton Estate soon after he married and he seemed interested and talked away in a most friendly manner. At Bristol a well-to-do bag-man got into our carriage and pointing towards where Longleat, Lord Bath's House is situated, said he had heard that the young Prince of Wales was "rather sweet on Lord Bath's daughter" and also that it was quite time he married and settled down etc. etc. This naturally much amused the Prince's Uncle who encouraged him to give his further views on his nephew's doing. Shortly before getting to Taunton the bagman went into the corridor and the Duke said to me, "How astonished that fellow would be if he knew I was the Prince's Uncle!"

At Taunton however we both got out and I rushed after the bagman and told him who he had been talking to. His consternation could be left to the imagination.

One rather interesting episode comes back to my mind; it will be remembered that in early days the Duke was an admirer of Mr. Gladstone's and that the latter had raised him from being a Marquis. He had had a portrait of him painted by Millais which I believe used to hang in the State Dining Room at Eaton. However, when Gladstone went in for his Home Rule for Ireland policy the Duke failed to follow him and became a Liberal Unionist and it was said that he was so bitter about it that he had the portrait taken down and relegated to the attics.

When Mr. Gladstone was nearing the end of his life a reconciliation took place and the Duke drove over to Hawarden in his state carriage and postilions to call on him. I remember seeing the carriage proceeding down the Pulford Drive. The following day Mr. Gladstone returned the call driving to Eaton in his landau and pair. He died soon afterwards.

I once had a day's shooting at Hawarden with Mr. Henry Gladstone. He had married a daughter of Lord Rendel who lived at Hatchlands in East Clandon with whom I had occasionally dined when in the Clandon office and had told me to let him know when I went to Cheshire. We lunched out and I did not see either the inside of the castle or the G.O.M. himself.

The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and the Princess came to stay at Eaton for Chester Races on one occasion and we pupils were detailed to patrol the Drive on horseback in top hats and black coats to help to keep the road clear.

Cecil Parker had, among other occupations, the Honorary Directorship



of the Royal Agricultural Society's Shows, and as he liked to have his past or present pupils as Assistant Stewards we used to have quite an interesting week each year. I began at Manchester in 1897 and continued for four or five years off and on. The "Royal" took a house for us and gave us a guinea a day for expenses, so we were not out of pocket over it. My particular department was with horses and my chief Steward at Manchester was Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who had just sold Trafford Park where the Show was held, to the Manchester Corporation. He had a tent just outside the showground with a door in the fence to get to it, and provided lunch each day to many of us, and champagne flowed and was most acceptable as being a steward necessitated being on ones legs pretty well all day from 6 o'clock onwards. On the Sunday all the Council and Stewards were taken up the Manchester Ship Canal in a steamboat and shown some of the locks and other engineering works.

One year when the Show was at York we were put up in a house there belonging to Major Egerton who was the Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club. The house was full of interesting racing relics.

When I first went to the Eaton Estate the pupils were lodged in various houses about, but in the last year there, Cecil Parker took a house at Eccleston for us and Mrs. Parker arranged a housekeeper etc., and we all lived there together.

Our next door neighbour was Major Arthur Hood brother to the Government Chief Whip, who afterwards became Lord St. Audries; Hood was A.D.C. to General Swaine who was C. in C. of Western Command and lived at Government House in Chester. Through him I got to know the Swaines and dined with them on one or two occasions.

The General had been Military Secretary to Lord Wolseley in the relief of Gordon expedition and had in his possession the last message from Gordon on a little bit of paper the size of a postage stamp which had been brought through the Mahdi's lines by some native. I forget now what was on it but it was to say that he, Gordon, could not hold out much longer. An interesting relic of an ill fated expedition.

I also went to tea once or twice with Mrs. Hughes, the widow of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays", still the best school book that has yet been written. She had a house in Chester overlooking the River.

Another house that showed me hospitality was the Deanery at Chester. Dean Darby was a kinsman of my Aunt Annie, the wife of Uncle Dick.

In the summer I had a good deal of cricket, playing in the Estate Eleven of which Major Wilford Lloyd, who had succeeded Major Arthur Lawley as the Duke's Secretary, was Captain.

We played many matches against teams from adjoining estates - Cholmondely Castle, the Park Yates at Ince, High Lough and Willington belonging to James Tomkinson generally known as "Jimmy". He was a Radical M.P., but a very fine sportsman in all ways, and ended his life



## THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

(For Description, see Page 188.)



FIG. 7. SWING BRIDGE AT MOORLANE, NEAR WARRINGTON.

*The Manchester Ship Canal under construction.*



*The Royal Agricultural Society Show in the late 19th century.*

riding in the House of Commons Point to Point, being killed by a bad fall in 1910. I used to stay with him sometimes for the matches.

The Grand National at Aintree and the Chester Races were two events of the year that were never missed, and for the former I stayed at Knowsley with old Mr. Hale, Lord Derby's Agent, or Colonel Halifax Wyatt who was Lord Sefton's, both of them being old friends of my Thingwall relations.

Lady Grosvenor, the widow of the Duke's eldest son but who had secondly married Mr. George Wyndham the Politician, lived at Saughton Grange and often gave me lunch if I dropped in there when in that part of the Estate. Her son is the present Duke and he occasionally used to come and dine with us at Eccleston in the holidays, as he was then at Eaton; but George Wyndham never bothered to talk very much to us.

I mentioned at the beginning of these notes that a new Church was being built when I was on the Estate. Underneath part of the old Church was the vault in which old Grosvenors had for years been buried. It was covered with a large oval iron plate and was very near the end of the choir seats occupied by children from the school as there was no surpliced choir in those days.

The decaying coffins and general damp gave out unwholesome fumes and on one or two occasions children fainted and had to be carried out.

I think this was the beginning of the Duke's desire for a new Church and when the old one was being pulled down the vault was opened and finally sealed up. I went down into it and in the middle were a heap of coffin fittings piled up. Some years previously the vault had been broken into by burglars who had supposed that the coffin fittings were silver or gold. They evidently carried them away and finding that they were only brass after all, presumably in disgust threw them into a ditch near Wrexham.

When the ditch was cleared out many years after, some of the fittings were dug up and the Grosvenor Arms were recognised by the Parson to whom the farmer took them.

Further investigation produced a good many more and they were returned to Eaton and placed as I saw them in the Vault.

From the above notes it will be seen that one met a good many interesting people and enjoyed a good deal of hospitality, but the bulk of our time as pupils was of course taken up on the Estate and though the Heads of Departments were not particularly forthcoming in their help, we saw a tremendous lot of new building work and had plenty of opportunities of getting advice from the architects and builders concerned, but it was not an estate like the Clendon one, on which as a pupil one was given responsible work to do. I gained through the influence of Mr. Cecil Parker, who was often asked by visitors to Eaton to recommend Agents, and as the Land Agents Society with its most helpful Selection Board, had not





*James Tomkinson, landowner and Liberal MP, was a neighbour of Edward Luckock when he was working at Eaton Hall. Tomkinson was a keen sportsman. He died at the age of 70 from injuries received in a fall he suffered while competing in the House of Commons steeplechase.*



*Adlington Hall. Adlington village made the news in January 2008, when a delivery vehicle shed 18 tonnes of mango chutney onto the road through the village. A spokesman for F Swain and Sons, the company which owns the lorry, said: "It was just one of those things."*

## 8. Adlington Hall

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yet been formed, one's best chance of getting employment was through his good offices.

I had had several abortive interviews with prospective owners and it was not till early in 1899 that I was appointed to be Agent of the Adlington Estate in Cheshire owned by Mrs. Legh, whose husband was in the Cheshire Yeomanry and in this way had come across Mr. Parker.

On looking back on the time I spent as a pupil at Eaton I feel that on the whole the disadvantages I have referred to were far outweighed by the friendship and interest that are gained from associations with Mr. Parker.

He had a great many pupils, some 60 or 70 during his thirty years on the Eaton Estate and many of them were still managing large estates when he died in 1931 at Corsham in Wiltshire, where he had lived since his retirement in 1911.

There I used occasionally to visit him and his widow at Salisbury where she lived after his death.

I owe much to him and he was undoubtedly a great agent of an estate such as the Duke of Westminster's, but whether he would have been a success on one where money was limited it is difficult to say. He was very much liked by the Tenant Farmers, by whom he was always known as "The Honourable" (he was son of Lord Macclesfield) but as I remarked in an obituary notice I wrote of him for the journal of the Land Agents Society, this was no empty title and really expressed what was thought of him.

When I took up my appointment at Adlington, which was a few miles from Macclesfield, I found a very different state of affairs to those at Eaton.

The owner, Mrs. Legh, was a daughter of Fred Cotton who among other things had written the well-known song "The Hounds of the Meynell". Mrs. Legh's grandfather, old Squire Legh, had two daughters and when he settled or resettled the estate before he died, arranged that his first successor should be his younger daughter who eventually married a Mr. Gubbins, the owner of the Irish horse Caltee More, which won the Derby in 1897. She was in possession of the estate for a few years and died without issue; she was then succeeded by the Mrs. Legh who I was agent to, as the old Squire passed over his other daughter Mrs. Cotton in the settlement, no doubt fearing the danger to the estate of Fred Cotton, her husband, having any sort of control over it, as he was, to say the least of it, a most irresponsible person.

Miss Cotton as she was born, married a Mr. Renny, a Manchester business man but of old Scottish parentage, and shortly after marriage they took the name of Legh and went into residence at Adlington.

The estate had been owned by the Legh family from time immemorial, right back I think to the 13th century.



The house, Adlington Hall, was in parts old black and white with a Georgian front which had been added later. There was a large hall with a hammer beam roof and was interesting, it having been erected with the four corner oak pillars of roughly hewn trees, which were actually growing when the Hall was built. The roots were still in the ground as we discovered when some drainage work had to be carried out. The trees leaned a little from the South West, which of course was the prevailing wind.

In the Minstrels' Gallery overlooking the great hall was an old organ on which Handel was reputed to have composed his famous "Largo".

The Estate itself was a most compact one, about 6,000 acres, with two railways, a main road and a canal running right through it and almost every kind of building material, bricks, slates, lime, sand, gravel and building stone were all available, and from its proximity to Manchester there were many opportunities of developing building and residential sites especially near the village of Prestbury.

The Estate had, however, been very much let down and was in a shocking state of repair when I came on the scene, as both the previous owners had neglected their responsibilities and a considerable scheme of rebuilding and structural repairs to the farms and cottages was absolutely necessary, especially as most of the farmers sold their milk to Manchester and the public authorities there were beginning to get busy about the sanitary arrangements of the cowstalls and dairies.

Old Squire Legh was reputed to have consumed a considerable amount of port, but among other virtues or vices he had a great power over animals as his granddaughter also had inherited. He used to sit in the dining room after dinner drinking his port and feeding rats which had come out of the panelling and sat on his knee to be fed, at least so tradition held, and when I first went there and used to dine, the rats used to come out and run about under the table when we were at dinner. This was eventually put an end to through the good efforts of a rat-catcher which we employed and who we had heard of through the P. & O. Shipping Company.

On one side of the House was a deer park and the deer could come up to the dining room windows, often to be fed by bread which they would take out of Mrs. Legh's mouth.

As a temporary measure I lodged in Prestbury Village, but soon after was able to take a house opposite to the Church. The village, most of which belonged to the property, was about three miles from Adlington and I used to go there each morning either by train or bicycle, as the office was at the Hall in the old Brewhouse.

Without going into elaborate details of the work involved by the Agency, I might just mention that in the two and a half years I was there I was responsible for the building of two farmhouses, several new cow-houses and a pair of cottages, and as I was my own architect these gave a considerable amount of work and effort. Besides this the whole drainage of the Hall was overhauled and altered, electric light was



installed there and many minor alterations done to the House itself.

Holidays were few and far between and except for Saturday afternoons and Sundays one had little time to oneself.

The School at Prestbury belonged to the Estate and was very much of a "Casus belli" between the Managers and the Leghs, as the former would not recognise the latter's ownership. At one time the trouble became most acute and as I was the agent who fired most of the salvos on the Managers, my relations with some of them, especially the Rector who was their Chairman, became most unpleasant and we were hardly on speaking terms

However an opportunity occurred as I thought to heal the breach between the Rector, the Rev. Canon Broughton, and myself. He used to let his house during his summer holiday and arrange for the work to be done by a local Parson. I heard though, that one Sunday he would have to come back from his holiday to take the services, the other man not being available. I wrote and asked him to put up with me for this Sunday and did my best to entertain him with food, drink and neighbours, but to my astonishment in Church at the morning service next day he preached from the text of the Unjust Steward. Broughton was a man of great sense of humour but stoutly maintains to this day, and I often remind him of the incident, that the text was taken from the Gospel of the day and was nothing to do with the row about the school!!

One of my neighbours at Prestbury was George Dawson, and he and his wife were most friendly. Dawson was a mechanical engineer, being Managing Director of Beyer Peacock & Co., of Gorton, the well known engine builders. Mrs. Dawson had been a Miss Peacock.

He was the first owner of a motor car that I had known and used to take me out in a little old "Benz" car on Sundays. We seldom completed our run and often had to be brought home by a cabhorse. But it is interesting to have had some experience of motoring in the early days of 1899 and 1900, when there were no automatic carburettors and the mixture of petrol vapour and air had to be adjusted by taps according to the state of the atmosphere on the day and even when going up a hill.

The Dawsons afterwards retired and went to live on a property in Suffolk near Boxford, where I stayed with them on one or two occasions. They are now both dead.

When I was at Prestbury the South African War was in progress and I well remember the black week of Magersfontain, Stormberg and Colenso at the end of 1899, and the relief of Mafeking in the following summer, and the gloom that the old Queen's death in January 1901 cast over the whole country.

As time went on I began to find my position as Agent to the Estate increasingly difficult and especially in my relations with Mrs. Legh's husband. We often differed on policy to be carried out on the Estate and I was never able to convince him that an Agricultural Estate cannot be carried on on the lines of a Manchester business. After all, generally





*An 1899 Benz motor car, as owned by Edward Luckock's friend George Dawson.*



*George Dawson, a mechanical engineer, was Managing Director of Beyer Peacock & Co, a leading manufacturer of railway engines during the late 19th century. The engine above was supplied to the Argentine railways. The engine below, built in 1873, was supplied to Australia.*





speaking an agricultural crop takes a year to prepare for and grow and one cannot cut one's loss as easily as in industry if one finds one has made an error in producing or purchasing goods that turn out to be unsaleable. I daresay a good deal of the trouble was of my own making, but there were other reasons too and I was not particularly happy there and thought it better to resign the agency, which I did in June 1901.

As there was no particular prospect of getting further employment immediately I took the opportunity of a few months travelling to the Colonies and the East, the expenses for which were most generously provided by my Uncles.

As I was proposing to travel entirely alone it was obviously necessary to get some letters of introduction which would be likely to assist me in seeing what I wanted to in the Colonies when I got out.

My Godfather Lord Carrington had been Governor of New South Wales and he kindly asked me to stay a night at Dawes Hill, his house, near Wycambe, so that he could tell me about Australia and give me some introductions, which he most kindly did.

Gerald Parker too, son of Cecil Parker of Eaton, had gone out with Sir Arthur Lawley, as he had become, to Western Australia and had told me to let him know as soon as I arrived in Perth, and Lord Onslow too gave me some letters to New Zealand where he had been Governor when I was in the Clandon Estate office.

I had several other letters from friends and I felt secure on starting in being able to see something of the countries I was going to, under good auspices.

I am anxious in giving some account of my travels not in any way to emulate a guide book and I will try and confine myself to relating interesting incidents and some of the more well known people who I met.

I left London on June 27th 1901 and embarked on the P.O. Ship "Victoria" at Tilbury, being seen off by my brother-in-law Herbert Pease. At dinner I found myself sitting next to Captain Lyon, the Skipper. He turned out to be a friend of a brother-in-law of one of my Clandon neighbours, Smithson, who I had seen a lot of when at Clandon, as he was farming the Home Farm.

Lyon though not at all an old man had snow white hair and he told me that this was the result of an attack of yellow fever when a boy and a midshipman in the Navy, somewhere in the East.

The voyage out to Colombo passed pleasantly enough, we landed at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said and Aden. It was very hot after leaving Port Said with a following wind down the Red Sea, and once or twice the ship was put about for a few minutes to clear some of the accumulated heat and "froust" from the ship.



## 9. Travelling the World

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We had a good passage through the Suez Canal which was monotonous, though I had my first experience of a mirage, seeing a most attractive looking oasis with palms, etc., but which vanished as we passed on.

We eventually reached Colombo on July 21st and I said goodbye to the "Victoria" as I proposed staying a fortnight in Ceylon and going on to Australia by the next boat.

Ceylon I found most attractive in every way, scenery and bazaar life delightful, and I was interested in seeing something of Tea Estates, staying on one or two with men I met at the Clubs at Kandy and Newara Elya where I was put up.

Rubber plantations were then in their infancy and I did not come across or hear of any at all.

Kandy is one of the prettiest places I have ever been in; it is built on the edge of a lake and is really the centre of Cingalese life as it contains a temple which is supposed to contain the Tooth of Buddha and there is a "Bo" tree in the garden surrounding it, which is reputed to be an offshoot of the tree under which Buddha sat when he evolved the religion to which there are now so many devotees.

Newara Elya was in mist and rain as it always is when the S.W. monsoon is blowing, but on one of my expeditions to a well known tea estate called "Concordia" about 8 miles off by rickshaw, on going round a corner into another valley I emerged into bright sunshine, the monsoon breaking on the hills I went over.

I had a most pleasant fortnight in Ceylon and met many most friendly people among the tea planters, and I should have liked a longer stay so as to have been able to accept some of the invitations they gave me.

I was due though to catch the P.O. steamer the "Rome" on August 4th and this I did and found myself on one of the worst of the P. & O. fleet and with very few passengers, only 12 I think in the saloon. I had a most uninteresting voyage to Freemantle where I arrived on 15th.

We broke down once with a siezed piston and were becalmed for some seven hours, catching one or two sharks which were hauled on board and at once attacked by the Lascars with their knives to endeavour to get the best bits for their dinners.

Capt. Street the Skipper of the "Rolling Rome" was used to breakdowns and was a past master in keeping his passengers happy when they occurred.

One of his tricks was with a soda water bottle, which after being part filled with sand and a cross cut on the top of the cork, was lowered down by a deep sounding line, I think 400 fathoms. On it being pulled up again the only difference was that the cork had turned over and the cross cut on it was pointing down instead of up!! I have never yet had the reason for this explained, but it certainly happened.

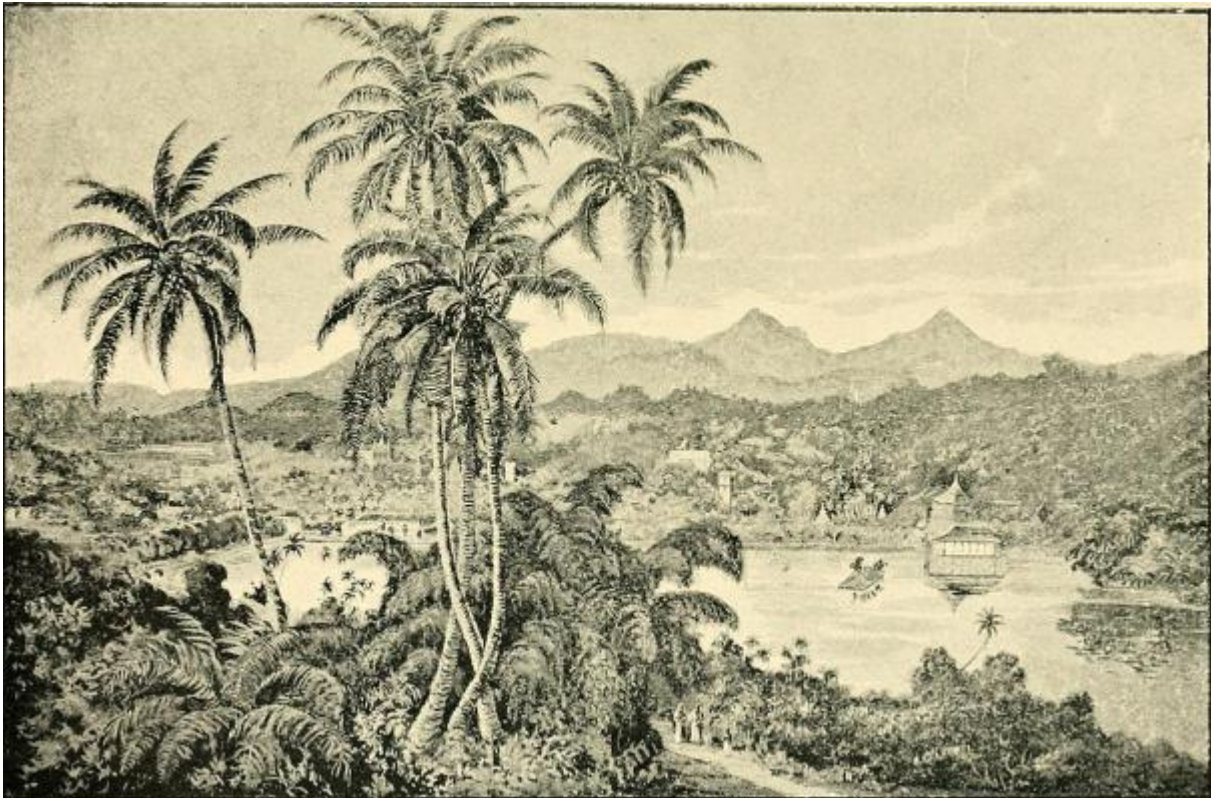
On landing at Freemantle I wired to Gerald Parker at Government House





THE BEACH AT COLOMBO.

*Colombo in 1901.*



*Kandy in 1901.*



and he met me at Perth with an invitation from Sir Arthur and Lady Lawley to go and stay with them at Government House.

The Duke and Duchess of York, afterwards King George V had but shortly left Government House on their way to Melbourne to open the Federal Parliament, and Lady Lawley told me of an amusing incident connected with their visit. When inspecting the accommodation at Government House before they arrived, she noticed that there was no basket in the Duchess' room for soiled linen. A local firm sent up two on approval, one of which was put in her room and the other was kept in the basement and got slightly damaged. After the visit was over Lady Lawley elected to keep the damaged one and returned the other saying that though it had been for a day or two in the Duchess' room it was as good as if it had not been used. To her horror on passing the shop next day she saw it in the window with a notice "This basket was used by H.R.H. the Duchess of York during her visit to H.E. The Governor and Lady Lawley".

I had an excellent fortnight with them, going to see all sorts of interesting parts of Western Australia in the most comfortable way. Among them some of the gold fields at Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, where I went down a mine in a large bucket some 1500 feet, and got some insight into the gold mining industry. I also saw the big waterworks at Mundaring which when complete were intended to supply the goldfields with water at about 5/- a 1000 gallons; when I was there water was sold round the town from water carts at 1d a gallon and even then it was undrinkable being brackish. This, however, did not seem to worry the local inhabitants as their staple drink seemed to be whisky!! But a great deal of water is required in the process of getting the gold out of the rock.

Mundaring was delightful, masses of wild flowers in profusion, among them acres of little pink everlasting flowers - and of course heaps of wattle and the sweet smelling boronia. I also went up into a Jarrah forest where I found timber being converted into blocks to pave the Strand in London some 12,000 miles away.

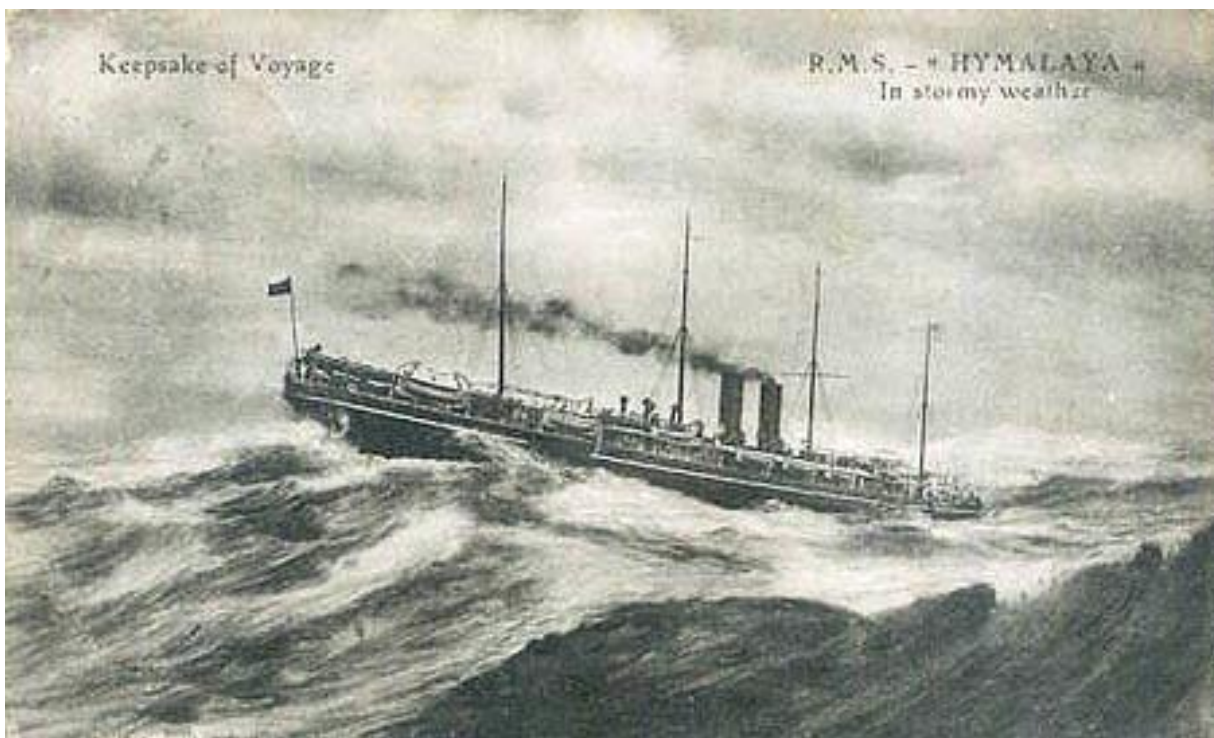
On leaving Western Australia I travelled by P. & O. Steamer "Himalaya" to Adelaide and had a pleasant few days. At my table I found Sir Robert Low and his two daughters and A.D.C. He had been Lord Roberts' Chief of Staff in the Afghan war and I think also had command of the Chitral Expedition some years later. He was on his way to Tasmania to see a house and land which he had bought many years previously when he had felt he was unlikely to get very far in the Army, and had thought of retiring there to farm and grow apples.

Sir Arthur Lawley had given me a letter to Lord Tennyson, the Governor of S. Australia and he and Lady Tennyson very kindly invited me to put up at Government House, which of course I was very glad to do.

I met many interesting people while there, the Bishop of Adelaide who was an old Etonian, Harmer by name was good enough to call on me and I found quite a colony of old Etonians in S. Australia and my diary records that at a race meeting lunch given by Sir Richard Baker, the Lord Chancellor of the Federal Parliament, we sat down 16, all the men being old Etonians.



*Gold mining in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, in the 1890s.*



*The S.S.Hymalaya in stormy weather.*



I had many talks with the Governor who often used to recite to me extracts from his Father's poems.

I made many expeditions from Adelaide, going to see an Ostrich Farm at Port Augusta. An olive and vineyard owned by one of the Cheshire Cholmondely's and which he called "Happy Valley" after the family property at Delamere Forest. I also spent one evening with Sir Charles Todd who was Astronomer to South Australia and Postmaster General of the Federated States, and saw something of the stars through the big telescope. Sir Charles had been the engineer responsible for laying the telegraph line right across Australia from South to North and had many interesting reminiscences of his difficulties of water and transport especially.

South Australia was a most friendly place and I had many invitations, and thanks to the interest Lord Temynson and his Private Secretary, Lord Richard Neville, took in arranging for me to see the country, I had a most enjoyable visit. When I left I had arranged to go up the Murray River from Morgan to see the Labour settlements for the unemployed of the State and some irrigation settlements for growing citrous and other fruit, which had been started some years previously by two Americans, Chaffey by name, from California.

The district round Morgan was in a terrible state as the result of the long drought, and was practically bare of any stock, as when the drought continued many sheep died and the rest were boiled down for tallow.

The bird life on the river was delightful, heaps of duck and black swans and many parrots and cockatoos flying about with innumerable kites. The river passes through a very flat country and consequently winds tremendously, and in one place I left the boat, which was a sort of travelling store, to go ten miles round a large bend which I walked across, to pick it up again about half a mile only.

On arriving at Renmark which was one of the Chaffey Settlements, I was met by the Mayor Cutlack by name, who was a relation of an Ely ironmanger of the same name, and we talked of Ely and its surroundings. I put up at the local hotel adjoining which was the Planters' Club, where I played Bridge in the evening with, among them, the local "Bobby" who now and then had to leave the table to deal with rows in the adjoining "Pub".

The fruit grown was mostly apricots with some sultanas which after being dried in the sun were exported. There were of course also oranges and lemons, the former including some pipless ones there called "Washington Navels" which had only just been introduced from California. Oranges off the bush seem to me to taste far better than those imported to England but it may be imagination.

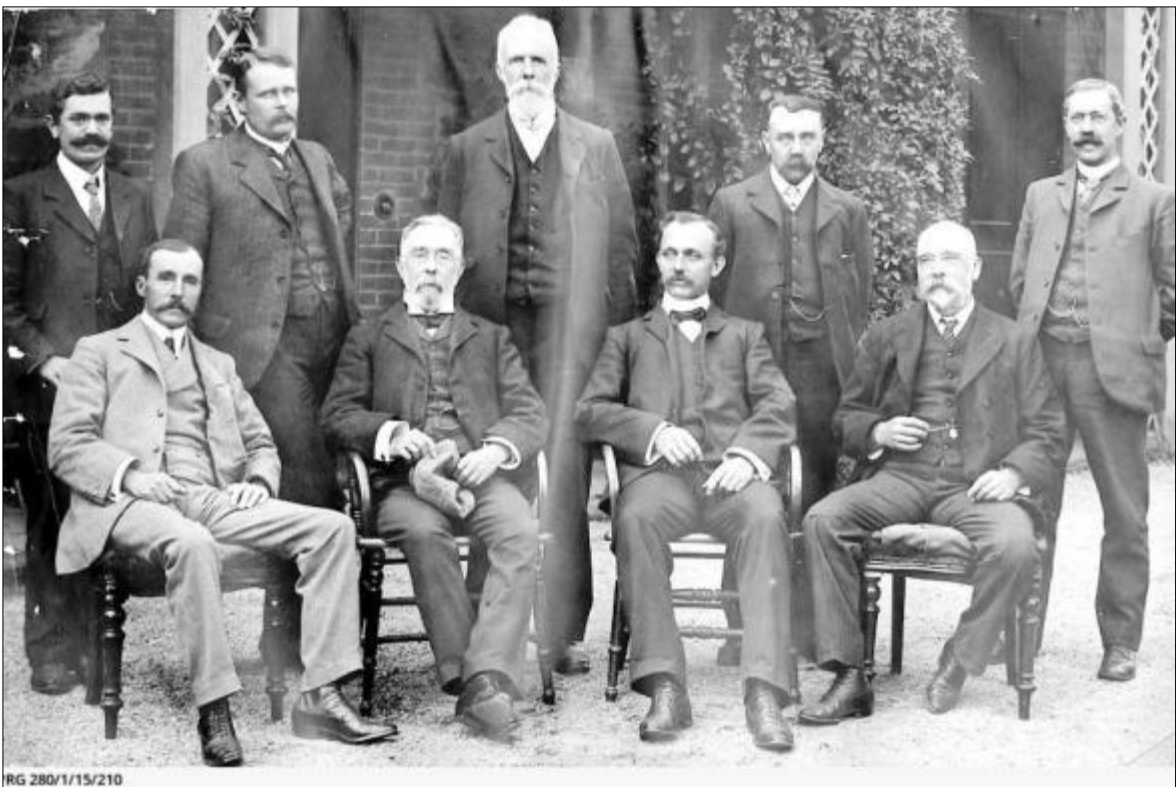
On leaving Renmark, partly by buggy and partly by another boat, I got to Swan Hill and there took the train down to Melbourne, after a very interesting trip up the river.

It had been arranged through Lord Richard Neville that I should put





*Port Augusta Ostrich Farm in 1901, the year of Edward Luckock's visit.*



*Sir Charles Todd is seated second left at an astronomical conference in 1905. Todd was Astronomer to South Australia and Postmaster General of the Federated States and had been responsible for laying the telegraph across Australia. He entertained Edward Luckock during his visit to Adelaide, allowing him to 'see something of the stars through the big telescope'.*



up at the Melbourne Club, so I went straight there on arrival and found most comfortable quarters. The Melbourne Club is quite the best Club I have ever stayed in or belonged to.

Melbourne was a most hospitable place and my letters of introduction produced many invitations.

I dined several times with the Governor General Lord Hopetown, who was most friendly, and I found there far less ceremonial than at either Perth or Adelaide, but I never went there except to small and unofficial dinner parties.

Among other interesting people I met was Tom Brown who wrote under the "nom de plume" of Rolf Boldrewood the well known book "Robbery Under Arms", which was a romantic story based on the operations of the Kelly Gang of Bushrangers and on his own experience as a Resident Magistrate in the Bush. It is one of the best books I have ever read. When I lunched with him he was engaged in writing another book on New Zealand and the Maori Wars but the only book that was any good was "Robbery Under Arms" and the others which were not drawn from his own experience mere "pothunters".

I also saw a good deal of Janet Lady Clarke who was the widow of the first Australian Baronet and was the leader of Melbourne Society. Sir William Clarke had made his fortune as a butcher in the goldfields in conjunction with one Tyson who died intestate leaving a million of money. Tyson was the grower of the cattle and sheep and Clarke did the distribution of the meat, and both made fortunes. Tyson had died a few years previously and his intestacy produced endless legal troubles in finding out his next of kin, and who should divide the spoil.

Janet Lady Clarke had an enormous house in Melbourne and was a great entertainer. Her brother who had been a Bank Manager up country had been responsible for the capture of the chief of the Kelly Gang.

Kelly walked into the Bank one day to stick him up and he and the manager both fired their revolvers together. The Banker was killed but he shot Kelly in the knee and brought him down and he was collared.

Kelly on capture was found to be wearing a breastplate and apron of iron knocked out of old ploughshares, and this armour was pitted with bullets which had been fired at him at various times without success. The grateful Governors gave the armour to the Bank Manager's sister, Lady Clarke, and it was in her hall in Melbourne. An interesting relic.

Others who I met and dined with were Sir Rupert Madden, whose daughter Ruby was the belle of Australia and certainly a most beautiful girl. On going out to lunch with them on Sunday by tram a torrential rain came on, about 3" in half an hour, which flooded several streets and some of the railway lines. It was an absolute water spout.

I spent one evening with Inspector Christy, the head of the Melbourne C.I.D. going round China Town and other purlieus of Melbourne. He told



*The Melbourne Club.*



*Rupertswood. The palatial Melbourne home of Janet Lady Clarke. Her husband William inherited from his father one of the largest land holdings in Australia. As a widower he married Janet (nee Snodgrass) who was governess to his four children. She bore him eight additional children.*



me of some anarchists coming to Australia for the Duke of York's visit and that they were placed on a steamer and kept there with the boat anchored outside the Harbour until the Royal Visit was over.

Others who showed me hospitality were Chas. Ryan now Sir Charles, who was the Turkish Consul in Melbourne, a great naturalist and had a collection of Australian birds' eggs. He told me that there were supposed to be some 2000 different birds in Australia many of whose nesting places had not yet been discovered.

Judge Cholmley too, a kinsman of my daughter-in-law, Charley's wife, was most friendly and McKinnon the owner of the Melbourne Argus, the best paper in Australia, asked me to spend a week-end with him at his country cottage.

I also spent a week near Colerooke in the Western District of Victoria with Everard Browne, son of Rolf Boldrewood. Browne had had a varied life, mostly goldmining in early days, and told me how when at Southern Cross in West Australia, then the farthest west that gold had been discovered, a black boy brought news to the Camp that Bailey, a prospector, had found gold at Coolgardie some 50 miles or more away. Browne and his uncle and partner were pretty good bushmen and got away from the Camp in quick time arriving at Coolgardie before the general rush, to find Bailey, as he put it, sitting on his "hunkers" on the outcrop of the Coolgardie Reef.

As Browne said, there was £200,000 sticking out of the ground. They made a bargain with Bailey for a share in the "Reward Claim" which a prospector is allowed to peg out, and eventually took a fortune out of it, merely using pestles and mortars, before machinery could be got up. The Claim was afterwards turned into a Company known as "Bailey's Reward" and produced a great quantity of gold.

Browne invested some of the proceeds of his share, in Dairy land at Colerooke, married a Miss Chernside and settled down to dairy farming, and there I stayed with him. He was then milking 500 cows and had imported his stud bulls from England. It was a wonderfully fertile farm. All the milk went to creameries near by for conversion into butter for the English market.

One day I rode out 40 miles on horseback to see the big trees of Australia, 300 feet high and one girthed 61 feet at a few feet up. The longest ride I have ever had 80 miles there and back, but it was a good expedition and I had the experience of hearing the lyrebird imitating woodcutters chopping and sawing trees. Most realistic.

I had sent up a letter of introduction given me by Lord Carrington to a Mr. Horsfall, a partner in Goldsbrough Mort & Co., the well known wool brokers. Lord Carrington's brother Rupert had married his daughter and she and her son, who afterwards inherited the peerage but is now dead, were keeping house for Mr. Horsfall at his sheep station in Riverina, known as Widgielwa, and as the result of my letter I received an invitation to stay.





*A camel team at Coolgardie gold diggings, 1900.*



*A big tree of Australia, as described by Edward Luckock.*



Widgiewa was one of the show stations in Riverina, which is a good sheep country, and there I stayed pretty well of a month, but visiting other stations near by.

One spent one's days on horseback often hunting kangaroos and emu and seeing a good deal of station life.

One day we drove out to lunch with Mr. Samuel McCaughey at his Station Coonong. He was reputed to control either in his ownership or on lease some three million acres and his shearing included a million and a quarter sheep each season!! He had introduced the Vermont breed of Merin from America, which produces very heavy fleeces though of a rather coarser texture than the original merinos which came from Spain.

While at Widgiewa I had many good gallops after kangaroos and Emu, the latter most amusing as they trot along a yard or two ahead of one and it is most difficult to get near enough to crack them on the head with a loaded crop. I only killed two all the while I was there.

I helped to put out a not very serious bush fire, but there was no wind and we easily beat it out. The heat was intense.

After nearly a month of Station life at Riverina I took the train for Sydney where I stayed for some days before going on to New Zealand.

Sydney Harbour is wonderful and I spent several afternoons sailing on it with some of the Knoxs to whom I had had introductions, one of them Adrian Knox, a lawyer, was then engaged on the Tyson will case to which I have already referred. He gave me many reminiscences of the great Shearers Strike in 1890 and was not an admirer of Lord Carrington who was then Governor and had, he thought, sided far too much with the shearers against the Station Holders.

One afternoon we came in for a "Southerly Buster" which is a gale coming up from the South Pole and many of the sailing boats on the Harbour capsized, and it was amusing to see their occupants hauling down their sails as the gale came up the Harbour.

I went on several occasions to Admiralty House overlooking the Harbour. The Admiral, Sir Lewis Beaumont, was reputed, I do not know with what truth, to be an illegitimate son of the Prince Consort. He was certainly very like King Edward VII. Anyway he was most hospitable. Living with him was a Miss Victoria Lawson who he had I think adopted. She was the posthumous child of a naval officer who had led the troops across the desert by the stars to Tel el Kebir in the Egyptian war. He was killed by the first shot fired in the battle and Queen Victoria as an honour to the deceased officer became Godmother to the daughter.

I also dined with Sir Frederick Darley the Lieutenant Governor, and there met Sir Hector MacDonald, who had commanded the "Gippy" Brigade at the Battle of Omdurman against the Mahdi's hordes. Not at all an attractive man, he afterwards committed suicide in Paris.





*A late 19th century kangaroo hunt in Australia. Painting by Edward Roper.*



*Sir Hector MacDonald. Edward Luckock met him while dining with Sir Frederick Darley, the Lieutenant Governor. Luckock explains that MacDonald had commanded the 'Gippy' Brigade at the Battle of Omdurman against the Mahdi's hordes. He describes MacDonald as 'not at all an attractive man'. One of the few derogatory remarks in his life story.*



I was only a few days at Sydney as I intended to return there after a few weeks in New Zealand and on my way to Japan.

In the North Island of New Zealand I did the usual round of the Hotsprings, geysers etc., the most interesting of which was the "Whaimangu" Geyser near Mount Tarawera and Lake Rotamahana on the banks of which used to be the old famous pink and white terraces then covered up with 50 feet of volcanic mud from the eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886.

The Whaimangu Geyser threw a column of black water some 400 or 500 feet into the air. After it had fired I walked with a Maori guide to look into the crater, a most uncanny and revolting sight. The guide and some tourists were afterwards killed by the geyser firing a second shot unexpectedly when they were looking at the crater, and after that the Government forbade sight-seers to go anywhere near it. I believe it is now extinct.

I had one interesting evening with the Maori Missionary the Rev. G. Williams, son of the Bishop of Auckland. He had arranged to address a gathering of Maoris to discuss the Drink question. The assembly took place in a large whare at Rotorua, the men squatting on one side and the women on the other. There were a good many babies with the latter and they were passed from one to the other and seemed to feed indiscriminately on any breast that was offered them.

There were about 150 Maoris there and Williams and I were the only whites. Some of the Maoris were much tattooed.

After the discussion which lasted for some time some of the more important Maoris came up and rubbed noses with me, not a very attractive proceeding but interesting. They had no English and we had to converse a little by aid of Williams as an interpreter.

The Governor's Private Secretary, Boscawen, was a great help and most friendly. He had married a Maori girl and I supped one Sunday evening with him at his bungalow a mile or two from Auckland.

She waited on us but never spoke to me, and squatted on a stool by the fireplace all the time we were eating.

Boscawen who was one of the Cornish family had been in New Zealand since a boy and had become permanent secretary to successive Governors. Though he of course was in all Government functions, his Maori wife never appeared with him. Rather sad, but I was told she made him an excellent wife and looked after his home well, but except myself as a non-resident, no one ever went to his bungalow.

After about a fortnight in the North Island I felt I had had enough sight seeing and was anxious to get down to the South Island, where I had invitations to stay.

I spent some days at Timaru with S. F. Smithson a brother of my old friend at Clandon and then went to stay at the Pareora Station with



*Whaimangu Geysir in the late 19th century.*



*The terraces at Lake Rotomahana. They were covered with 50 feet of volcanic mud in 1886.*



the Elworthys for Christmas. A very cheery party in a large house.

Elworthy was Master of the local hounds and showed me that New Zealand horses are trained to jump bare wire fences by saddling a horse and larking over a paddock fence in cold blood one morning.

I stayed a few days at Christchurch and had my first experience of an earthquake, which threw me out of bed and shook the spire of the Cathedral, doing considerable damage to it.

Christchurch was founded in 1850 by a body of religious men who took their families out there and formed a settlement.

They were known as the Canterbury Pilgrims and I met the son of one of them. His father, Read I think by name, went out as a wheelwright and prospered and the son was a most attractive elderly man when I met him. Showing that the religious characteristics of the original settlement still held, it is interesting to say that when I was staying at the Club prayer books were put out on the Hall table on Sunday morning. A gentle hint which I rather think I took.

I went down to Dunedin and there I found a cable from home summoning me back to take up an agency in Wales. I had therefore to cut my travels short and missing out Japan I set sail for San Francisco as the nearest way home. I was sorry to leave New Zealand "Ao tea Roa" as the Maoris call it, the Long White Cloud, but I had really enjoyed Australia more.

The voyage across the Pacific was uneventful, we stopped at Pago Pago in Samoa and Honolulu and after a few days at Frisco I crossed the States to New York only spending a day or two en route at Chicago and Niagara where the Falls were of course frozen.

After a cold, unpleasant passage from New York I arrived at Liverpool on February 12th 1902, after having been over seven months away. Curiously enough my brother-in-law Bob Bush who was one of the Mersey Dock Board engineers with a friend Boscawen by name, came to meet the ship.

Boscawen was a younger brother of the one in New Zealand who had seen me off from Auckland and the two brothers had never seen each other as the elder one had gone to New Zealand before the birth of the younger one.

So ended my round-the-world trip. I was sorry to have had to miss out Japan and Canada which I had hoped to have seen, but my time altogether had been most enjoyable and I am most grateful for all the new found friends who showed me hospitality.

I had heard in New York from letters which I had received there that the Agency in Wales which was waiting for my return was that of the Maesllwch Estate in Radnorshire belonging to Captain Walter de Winton and very soon after I arrived in England I went to London to see him and Mrs. de Winton and fix up all details.

I found that the property was chiefly in Radnorshire near Glasbury



## 10. The Maesllwch Estate

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on the Wye and was all agricultural though with some coal property in Glamorganshire from which a considerable income from Coal Royalties was derived.

The Radnorshire property was divided from the neighbouring county of Breconshire by the River Wye which bordered it for about ten miles. The Agent's house was called Glanhenwye and was just outside the Castle Park and about 100 yards from the river and was pleasant enough with about 7 bedrooms and three sitting rooms. The late Agent Penry Lloyd by name, had brought up a family of thirteen in it so it was quite adequate for a bachelor.

The Castle had been built some 50 or 60 years previously and though unattractive and inconvenient in itself stood on a beautiful site overlooking the Wye and facing the Breconshire Black Mountains.

The Estate of about 12,000 acres of agricultural land had also a grouse hill to the north and with the fishing rights in the Wye was undoubtedly an exceptionally fine sporting estate.

The owner's kinsman Sir Francis de Winton, who was Equerry to King Edward VII when Prince of Wales, had at one time suggested that the property would form a suitable residence and estate in Wales for the Prince of Wales, and some steps had I believe been taken some years previously to go into this suggestion, but if negotiations had ever begun they never materialised.

The Radnorshire farmers and people all spoke English a good deal I think from the proximity to England and to some extent from having married women from the neighbouring county of Herefordshire.

Captain de Winton had been in the 1st Life Guards and his wife was a daughter of Sir Frederick Marshall, who at one time was considered the handsomest man in the Army.

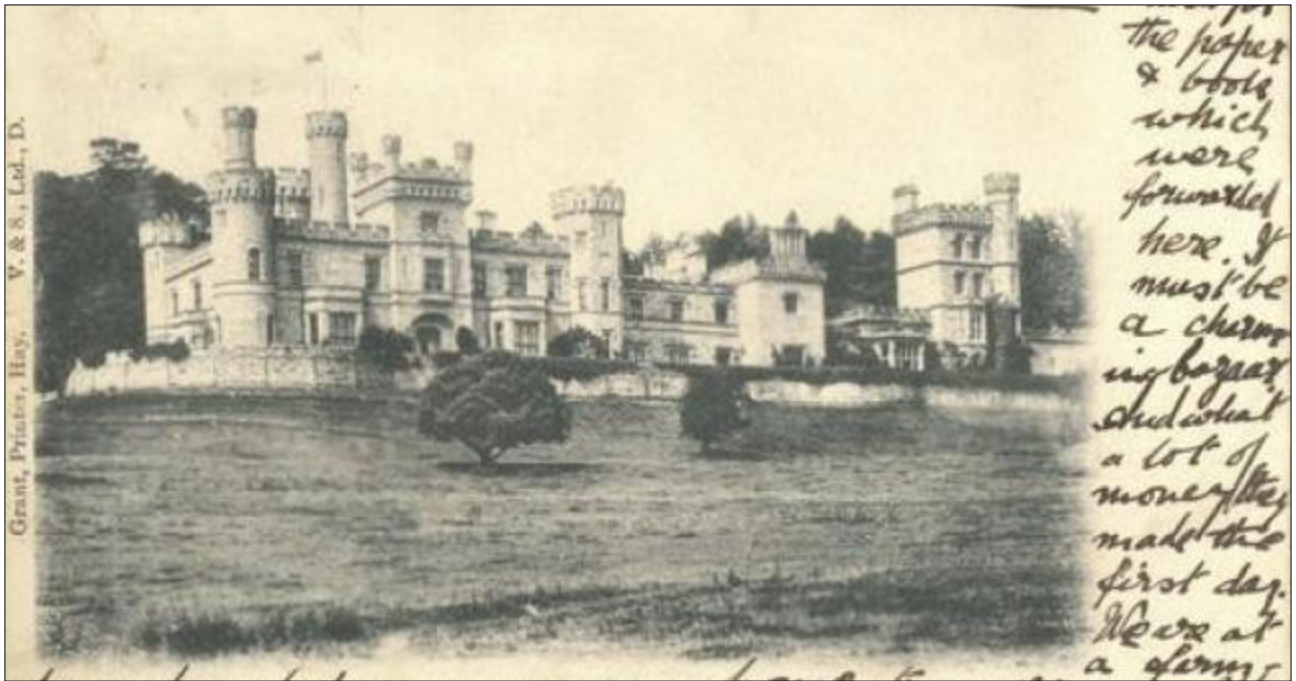
The neighbourhood was not a large one as it was limited practically to the Wye Valley itself, which in that area was very narrow and bounded by hills with sheep farms. It was a friendly neighbourhood and one soon learnt to know and like one's neighbours.

The Estate itself consisted mostly of hill farms let to thrifty tenants and except for the repair of the buildings gave very little trouble.

I took a certain amount of interest in public work and was made a County Magistrate at the end of 1902 and also joined the Wye Board of Conservators.

When the Education Act, which put some of the expenses of public education on the rates and passive resistance by the Nonconformists was started, there was a great agitation and endeavours were made to get as many Conservative Members returned to the County Council as possible when the election in 1903 was held. I stood for the Painscastle Division and





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money they  
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first day.  
We are at  
a dinner

*Maesllwch Castle, Radnorshire.*



*Glanhenwye, the agent's house at Maesllwch, in which Edward Luckock lived. It had seven bedrooms, and the previous agent had brought up a family of 13 in it. Luckock described it as 'quite adequate for a bachelor'.*



spent several weeks riding miles and miles round farms canvassing, besides holding several meetings in various villages. I was, however, beaten after a close election which was really resolved into Church v Nonconformity by 13 votes. This has been my only experience as a principal at any election and I have no desire for another.

The de Wintons used to go each year to Leicestershire to hunt and had some 10 or 12 hunters there, and in addition a house in London, so it can be imagined that there were no great signs of economy, but in early days the Coal Royalties produced a considerable income though of course were a wasting asset and gradually returned less and less.

I had a great deal of shooting and in one year when I was there we had over 400 brace of partridges and 300 brace of grouse besides a great number of pheasants from the Estate alone.

The salmon fishing in the Wye had become very poor as the netting rights at the mouth had been let to some Scotchmen and they of course had no interest in the riparian owners rod fishing. Through the influence of the Ministry the netting rights were purchased by the Crown from the Duke of Beaufort, who owned them, and leased to the Wye Association of Riparian Owners, who put their hands in their pockets and kept the nets altogether off the River for three years, allowing a great number of fish to get up to the spawning beds and so re-stocking the River.

The Birmingham Water Works which dammed up the head waters of the Wye in the Elan Valley were then being constructed and there were considerable negotiations going on with the Corporation of that town to ensure that an adequate quantity of compensation water, as it was called, was allowed to pass down the River.

Altogether I saw a good deal of the gradual improvement of the Wye from a rod fishing point of view, and the riparian rights became of great value as the result.

After I had been there two or three years, the income from the coal had so depreciated that it became necessary to let the Castle shooting and fishing. The first tenant we had was one Charles Leonard who had been Chairman of the Reform Committee in Johannesburg which organised the ill-fated "Jameson Raid" in 1896. He remained a couple of years.

Another tenant for a few months in the summer and autumn of 1905 was a Mr. Charles Lethbridge, a member of the Somerset family whose old home was Sandhills Park near Taunton, now an institution for feeble minded persons - and with him and his family I made great friends.

In 1905 I purchased my first motor car, an Alldays & Onions, and with this I was able to get about a good bit and see more of my neighbours than I had hitherto been able to do with my ponies.

Among my friends were the Christys who had a very nice place and estate on the Breconshire Bank of the River about 7 miles from Glasbury





*Charles Lethbridge of Sandhills Park (above) rented the shooting and fishing rights at Maesllwch.*



*An Alldays and Onions motor car of 1905. Edward Luckock bought one as his first car. Alldays & Onions was an English engineering business and an early automobile manufacturer based at Great Western Works and Matchless Works, Small Heath, Birmingham. It manufactured cars from 1898 to 1918. The cars were sold under the Alldays & Onions name.*



called Llangoed. The family consisted of Mrs. Christy, her eldest son and two daughters, the younger of whom was called Muriel; and by the greatest good fortune I fell in love with her at a garden party at Llanstephan, which was a house on the Maesllch Estate, let to some people called Talbot. A Sunday lunch and afternoon at Llangoed soon after helped on the process, and a week in London where she was staying with her Aunt Mrs. Christie Miller in St. James' Place and when I was also up for the Eton and Harrow Match, and in which through the kindness of her aunt I had seen a good deal of her, completed what I think she would agree was an ardent courtship culminating in an afternoon one Sunday at the Zoo, where we agreed that we were both fond of each other and wished to be engaged and eventually married.

On our return to Wales the engagement was announced and it was arranged that our marriage should take place in London the following September.

We were married by my Father assisted by an old friend of the Christys the Rev. C. G. Burn, and the Vicar of Glasbury the Rev. H. Griffiths, at All Saints Church, Sloane Street, on September 25th 1906.

My best man was Walter Marchant an old fellow pupil of mine on the Eaton Estate, and the Bridesmaids were some friends of Muriel's, Violet Morland, Francis Anson, her cousin Mildred Birley and my niece Margery Pease.

After a reception at the Hans Crescent Hotel we left for a month's honeymoon which we spent at the Italian Lakes, Venice and Lucerne.

Those who have known me for the last 42 years will know how fortunate I have been in my marriage and the happiness which has resulted from it, both to myself and my children as they came.

We both received many wedding presents among them a silver tea tray from the tenants and a silver cigar box from the employees on the Estate to myself and a silver inkstand from the employees at Llangoed to my wife.

Thus happily ended thirty-five years of Bachelor life and we soon settled down at Glanherwye as a married couple.

After a few months as a child was expected we came to the conclusion that I should give up the Agency and become so to speak an idle man, and we took a house called Widworthy in East Devon with some shooting, and there we went into residence in August of 1907 after a few weeks in a flat in London, 5 Montague Square, where our eldest boy Dick was born on July 20th. We took him down with us from London and he was christened Richard Henry by my Father on September 20th 1907 at Widworthy Church, his Godparents being my brother Russell, his mother's brother Henry Christy and as his Godmother Violet, wife of the latter.

On going to live at Widworthy we found ourselves on a property that from very early days had belonged to the Chichester family, as John Chichester in 1474 was described as of Widworthy in the Chichester Pedigree,





*Llangoed Hall, the family home of Muriel Christy, who became Edward Luckock's wife.*



*Widworthy Court, near Honiton, East Devon, to which Edward Luckock moved with his young family in 1907. He had given up work as an agent and described himself while at Widworthy as an 'idle man'.*



and further after several generations that another John Chichester of Widworthy died and was buried there in 1702, and that the Chichester family then left Widworthy and migrated to Virginia in U.S.A. in the same year.

The old Manor House where they had lived was in our day a farm house and local tradition said that some old Chichester resident there, had drowned his wife in the well in the yard. The farm adjoined the Church and Rectory and was known when we were at the Court as Widworthy Barton.

Widworthy Court belonged to the Rev. Marwood Elton, a member of the Somerset family of that name, though the Marwoods like the Chichester were a Devonshire family.

It was a large house, far too large for ourselves with only one small boy Dick, but we settled down there happily, and having considerable shooting were able to have friends to stay, and this from my point of view helped to fill up the unusual amount of spare time which I had as an idle man.

We took a considerable interest in the village and school children for whom we were generally able to provide an annual treat, and when King George V was crowned, the celebration took place in a tent in the Park just outside the Garden and we manufactured a banner placed across the drive with "Widworthy wishes Long Life to the King and Queen" in large letters.

I took too some interest in politics and on the resignation in 1910 of Sir John Kennaway who had held the seat of the Honiton Division of Devonshire for very many years I was asked by the Chairman of the Conservative Association, old Mr. Marker of Gocombe, to let my name go forward to the Association for consideration when they had to choose Sir John's successor.

Party politics though have never been very much in my line, and though I appreciated the suggestion it was not one likely to suit me, nor in the unlikely event of my being chosen would I have been a satisfactory candidate for Parliamentary honours.

I think the suggestion probably arose from the fact that shortly before I had had to preside at a dinner to the Agricultural Society of East Devon, when the Show had been at Honiton, and sitting next to Sir John Kennaway, it may be that he thought the oration I produced with much fear and trembling had not altogether been a failure.

Anyway nothing further happened and the Association of which I was a member eventually chose Mr. Morrison Bell (now Sir Clive) as the candidate and he has held the seat continuously ever since.

In 1907 I was given a commission as Lieutenant in the Army Motor Reserve and used occasionally to drive Generals about the country on Staff rides. This was before the days of universal motoring and the



Army had then very few motors at their disposal, and the Army Motor Reserve was formed to get enthusiastic amateur motorists to fill the breach. I remained in it till it was disbanded in 1913, when we were all given permission to retain our Rank and wear the appropriate uniform when occasion allowed!!

In 1909 we took a house for a few weeks in Hyde Park Square, London, and there our second boy Charlie was born on March 3rd, his advent into the world being heralded by a severe snow storm.

Shortly after his birth my Father died, as has already been related in notes on his life, and this necessitated my going backwards and forwards to Lichfield to wind up his affairs.

In 1911 we exchanged houses for a couple of months in the summer with my brother-in-law Herbert Pease, who was then living at Merrow Croft near Guildford. We were anxious to be near a good doctor and were loth to go to London again in the summer, as we were expecting another addition to the family, and there on September 3rd our youngest boy Peter was born.

In the intervals between the arrivals of our children we were able to make several expeditions to foreign countries.

Once we went to Cannes for three weeks or a month, and while there saw some of the crack tennis players, Wilding I especially remember, as the Riviera Tennis Tournament was held on the courts of the Hotel, the "Beau Site" where we were staying.

Another year an expedition which we made with my brother-in-law Archie Christy was to Spain. Travelling by P. & O. Boat to Gibraltar for Algeciras and from there working up through Spain by Ronda, Seville and Madrid.

At Ronda we stayed at a new hotel, the "Reina Christina" perched on the top of the Ravine, but it had only just been opened and we were practically, with a few others, the first guests at the hotel, which was then not nearly in proper running order. One of the visitors at the same time was Sir Percy Girouard, the well known Railway Engineer, to whose efforts in great measure the success of Lord Kitchener's expedition to Khartoum and the defeat of the Mahdi may be attributed. He was there with his wife honeymooning and we thought how very grumpy with each other they were!!

After we had been at Widworthy for some four or five years we began to think it was time we got into a more permanent residence, where we could feel we were likely to settle for the rest of our lives, not then expecting the upheaval that was to be created by the war of 1914-1918. A house called Brynderwen with about 200 acres surrounding it and fishing rights for about a mile on the river Usk, a few miles from Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, came into the market and after somewhat prolonged negotiations we purchased it early in 1912 and prepared to leave Widworthy. While we had been there we had found ourselves living among some warm hearted people with whom we got on well enough.





*Hotel Beau Site, Cannes, where the Luckock family stayed in 1911. The Riviera Tennis Tournament was held on the courts of the hotel.*



*Brynderwen, at Llangorse, near Abergavenny, which was bought by the Luckocks in 1912. They overhauled the drains and put in electric light.*



Perhaps the characteristics of Devon folk might be well exemplified when I say that on the evening of our first arrival, the Church bells were rung to welcome us, and when we were leaving the farmers and villagers subscribed to present us with a silver bowl suitably inscribed. A most friendly act and one which we much appreciated and which carried out in a most pleasant way the old adage "Welcome the coming, Speed the parting guest".

We arrived at Brynderwen towards the end of April of 1912 and settled in comfortably after having overhauled the drains and put in electric light.

The house was only about 100 yards from the river at the upper end of the length of fishing rights which we had acquired with the property.

We soon began to overhaul the property generally as a good deal of the outbuildings and cottages were badly in need of repair.

The house was in the parish of Bettws Newydd and the Church contained a most attractive and ancient carved rood screen. There was also at the corner of the village near the Church an old well with a tiled canopy over it which was a replica of a similar one on the Maesllwch Estate on Fynnau gynndr Common. It had been put up in memory of Geoffrey Hill, the stepfather of Major Walter de Winton the owner of the Maesllwch Estate who had at one time lived at Brynderwen. He had also been Master of the Hawkstone otter hounds of which we were both members.

The neighbourhood was not a very sociable one and there were a great many Roman Catholics surrounding us, of the family of Herberts, and it was not easy to get into public work of any kind, though I did become a member of the Usk Board of Conservators.

It is difficult to say much of our doings at Brynderwen. We did a good deal of fishing and shooting; our best day of the former consisted of five fish weighing "in toto" 100 lbs., four of which were killed by a friend of Radnorshire days Aston Talbot, the biggest weighing nearly 30 lbs.

For two seasons too we shared a shoot, part of the Buckland Estate near Bwlch, belonging to Jimmy Gwynne Holford, a very well known Breconshire Squire, and was on the edge of Llangorse Lake, which in winter time was much frequented by Coots.

On one occasion we had a coot shoot from boats and killed a considerable number, the boats being rowed up and down the lake, the coots flying backwards and forwards over the guns in the boats.

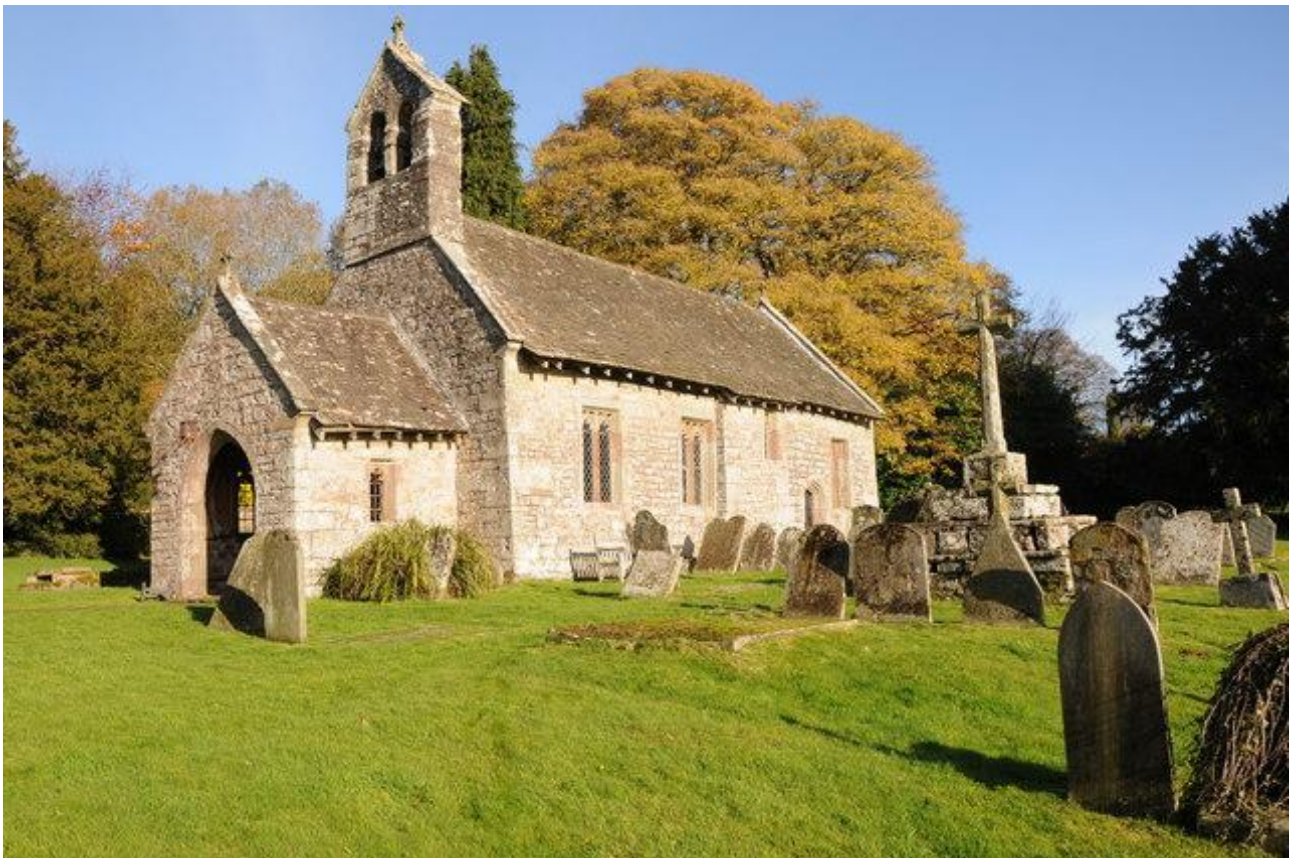
My brother Arthur was one of the guns and I have no doubt will remember the day and the perishing cold, as a fitful snow storm was in progress.

In 1913 our only daughter Joan was born at Brynderwen on July 2nd





*The Buckland Estate, near Bwlch. One year Edward Luckock shared a shoot on the estate. He described coot shoots, in boats going up and down Llangorse Lake, during which considerable number of coots were killed.*



*Bettws Newydd Church, where the Luckock's daughter Joan was baptised in 1913.*



# 11. First World War

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and was baptised at Bettws Newydd Church by our friend the Dean of Llandaff the Very Rev. Charles Griffiths,

About this time too I became a member of the Diocesan Board of Finance and Secretary of the Diocesan Clergy Pensions Board, but I really hardly began to take an interest in the work before the war with Germany broke out early in August 1914.

I remember the first suggestion of the impending disaster came to me when we were otter hunting with the Hawkstone Otter Hounds on the Upper Wye near Newbridge and Llys-Dinam. We had just read in the paper of the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Serbia at the end of June and our friend Frank Anson suggested that this might mean a general flare up in Europe. Though at the time we ridiculed the suggestion, he proved to be a true prophet and in the first days of August the war broke out and we were involved as a belligerent in the general conflagration that was continued for nearly four and a half years.

On August 6th two days after we had declared war against Germany, I received a telegram from Mr. Orde the Secretary of the R.A.C. asking if I was prepared to take my car out with the B.E.F. and if so to see him at once in London. He had been asked by the War Office to arrange for some cars and drivers to go out, and naturally gave preference to old officers of the Army Motor Reserve.

I at once went up to London to see him but found I was too late, and all available vacancies had been already filled by other officers nearer London and more easily got at.

If this was my first contact with war realities I was soon to have another, as on my return home I found another telegram from my brother Russell who was then in his last term at the Staff College, saying he was at Southampton waiting to go overseas and asking me to come down there.

I got down there on the 8th and found him and others from the Staff College at a hotel and waiting to go to France on junior Staff jobs. After some difficulty I got a billet through the police over an Italian restaurant and had my meals at the hotel where a mess had been formed. We spent a day or two more at the Docks, seeing railway sidings being put down to take additional trains arriving with the B.E.F., transports being fitted to take the troops and guns being mounted on various ships, and on Sunday morning, I think the 10th when I went round to the Hotel for breakfast, I found G.S. wagons being loaded up with officers' kits for the docks and that the officers themselves were ordered to be at the dock gates at 11 a.m. I went into the Docks with the party and remained there till late in the evening, when I thought I had better clear out for fear I might be taken for a spy, having no permit.

The ship, whose name I forget, sailed that evening after I left and early next morning at Havre the B.E.F. began to arrive, Russell's job being that of a Military Landing Officer, and so in this way I saw the early beginnings of the World War.

To show what curious ideas people had at the beginning of the war,



a squad was formed near Brynderwen which many of us joined. We were drilled by some retired sergeant, and wore felt hats with a tricolor cockade, and the idea was that we should eventually form some sort of defence unit and be armed by the War Office.

I need not say that this idea never came to anything practical, but I daresay that the drilling did not do any harm from either a military or patriotic point of view.

I also went one day with a friend, Gilbert Mitchel Innes (Lord Tredegar's Agent) to the Depot of the Monmouthshire Regiment at Newport, to see if we could get commissions in that Regiment, but the Colonel would not look at us, saying that our age was against us.

Sir Ivor Herbert the Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, came to see me one evening to ask if I would take over the County Secretaryship of the Soldiers and Sailors Family Association, but thinking something more active might later come my way, I refused, especially as second line battalions of the Territorial Regiments were then being proposed for Home Defence.

In this view I turned out to be right, as a second line Battalion of the Breconshire Regiment affiliated to the S.W.B. was formed and I was asked to take a Commission in it, and as several old Wye Valley friends, among them F. Anson, Aston Talbot, Mavrojani and others were all joining, I gladly agreed and proceeded to get some uniform and kit together, eventually joining at Milford Haven towards the middle of November and being gazetted as a Lieutenant on December 1st 1914.

Before this, however, I had twice made expeditions to France, the first early in October I think, we both went over to Havre taking with us my sister-in-law, Russell's wife, who was anxious to see him before he went up to the line to his regiment on the Aisne, which he was shortly expecting to do.

We boarded a boat at Southampton one evening and in the morning were congratulating ourselves on the smoothness of the crossing, when we discovered that the ship had never left the dock side, being held up by some fog and the reported presence of a submarine in the Channel. However we eventually got to Havre and spent two or three days there, returning safely to England without incident and having been much interested in all we saw of the Docks and the immense stores in the big Hainault Hangar or Dockshed, and the troop trains going up to the Front.

The second occasion was a much sadder one; we had heard through a wounded trooper of the XXth Hussars that my brother-in-law Henry Christy had been shot in the retreat to the Marne and no one knew then whether he was wounded or a prisoner or even killed. The War Office had no knowledge either and the casualty lists were in a hopeless state of chaos owing to the disorganisation occasioned by the retreat from Mons of the B.E.F.

This being the case I determined to go out and see if I could find out anything about him, and hearing that Lord Robert Cecil was there in charge of the Red Cross in Paris, I was given a letter of introduction to



him by my brother-in-law Herbert Pease, who knew him well, and with a XXth Hussars friend and brother officer of Henry Christy's called Gascoigne, I started for Paris, going via Newhaven and Dieppe on October 20th.

Paris I found was a city of the dead almost. Shops were shut, there was no one in the streets except Gendarmes and on almost every door was a placard "Monsieur le Patron est parti pour la guerre" with a tricolor above it.

The next morning I went round to see Lord Robert and explained what I wanted to do and he gave me a letter to an official at the French War Office asking him to give me a permit to go out to the Marne Battlefield in a car, which the Red Cross people were good enough to say they would lend me. He also suggested that I should take with me a Parisian Architect, Briggs by name, who would act as interpreter.

The permit was for three days and we had to be back within the gates of Paris each evening by 7.30.

We therefore next day started out by car to explore some of the region north of the Marne through which the B.E.F. had had to retreat. We crossed the Seine at Tripost by a bridge of boats as the French in their retreat had blown up both the railway and road bridges; on the former, which was being rapidly repaired, were two tablets on one of the piers, "Detruit par les Allemands 1870" and on the other "Re-edife par les Francais 1871". A relic of the Franco Prussian War. We also crossed the Marne at La Forte Jonarre west of Meaux by a temporary bridge, the others having been blown up by the British; and proceeded to explore the country asking at all the villages if they knew anything of a British Cavalry Officer who might have been wounded and was being cared for by some of the villagers, but could get no information either from them or the gendarmerie we came across. I took notes and marked on the maps I had bought, the sites of all graves I came across with any names for their identification and these I eventually handed to Lord Robert Cecil and have sometimes thought that in this way I must have been one of the earliest pioneers of the War Grave Registration Scheme.

On our third day of exploration and enquiry we worked the area just north of the Marne, having on previous days begun some distance from it, in accordance with the information the wounded trooper had given. On arriving at the little village of Ussy near La Forte Jonarre, we asked a villager called Roussel if he knew of any British Cavalry Officer who had been wounded or killed in the neighbourhood and he at once replied that a Captain Christy, which he pronounced with a long i, had been killed on a farm called Cuissy belonging to the Maire, Monsieur Robey, and that he and the Maire had buried him where he lay, together with his mare who had also been killed. He also said that he had his saddle and that the Maire who had gone to market in Meaux had his identification tablet.

We went up to the farm and found the grave in the middle of a large ploughed field and covered with bunches of Michaelmas Daises which villagers had carried there.

On the Maire's return from Meaux he gave us the identification tablet





*The Church of Soumont-Saint-Quentin, Ussy.*



*Saxmundham, Suffolk, in the early 20th century. Edward Luckock, promoted Captain, served at Saxmundham as the Brigade Coast Defence Officer.*



and signet ring which he had taken before he buried him, and those with the saddle I brought back to England.

So ended a very sad if successful expedition, the Maire and his daughters both told me how nice Henry had been to them when he and his troop of about 40 men were at the farm and that he alone had been killed when late in the evening of September 3rd they had been retiring across the farm to the Bridge over the Marne at Ussy, which was subsequently blown up. The German advance guard of Uhlans being very near.

We had a somewhat perilous journey in the dark back to Paris as we were constantly stopped at road barriers by French Territorials who generally poked their bayonets into the car when inspecting the permit from the W.O.

If it was very sad that Henry should have been killed so early in the war his death was evidently instantaneous and he died as he would have wished, riding his mare and in charge of a troop of his old Regiment.

Soon after my return to England I proceeded to join my Battalion at Fort Hubberston on Milford Haven. The Battalion was commanded by a Col. Turner, a retired officer of the S.W.B. and my Company Commander was a Major de Winton, a plucky old man of over 60 who was a cousin of the owner of the Maesllwch Estate.

There we remained endeavouring to train and in support of some big guns on the S.W. corner of the Haven, for several months. After some time the Battalion were asked as many as possible to volunteer for foreign service it having been originally recruited for Home service.

The result of this was that about half volunteered and the remainder were sent to Swansea. The others including myself were sent down to Bedford to be doubled up with a similar half battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and to become part of the 203rd Brigade and the 68th Division in training for overseas.

The amalgamation of the two Battalions was not a success though it enabled me to be promoted Captain after only six months service and to command one of the two Companies apportioned to the Brecknockshire Regiment.

Shortly after my arrival at Bedford I was sent to Ongar for a course of Military Engineering in which I am glad to say I came out top and was congratulated in Orders by the Divisional Commander.

This eventually led to my leaving Regimental work and being employed on junior Staff jobs of various nature at Brigade Headquarters, which suited me very much better.

After some time at Bedford the Brigade was moved in June 1916 to take over the defence of part of the East Coast with H.Q. at Saxmundham, the coast we were responsible for, reaching from Kessingland just south of Lowestoft to Orford, and as the result of my Ongar course I was made Coast Defence Officer for the Brigade and directly under Brigadier General Close R.E., the C.R.E. of the Northern Army of Eastern Command.



One of my last jobs before leaving the Battalion was in taking a draft out to France of about 200 men assisted by four other officers and some N.C.O.'s. This was the first draft sent out from the Division and created some excitement in Bedford, and I was lucky in being selected to command it. We travelled all the way by boat from Southampton to Havre and it was interesting seeing the lower Seine in this way.

This was quite the most interesting part of my war years as in addition to my supervising the defences on our portion of the Coast I also acted as Intelligence Officer and generally as liaison between the Battalions and H.Q., keeping a small car with which to go up and down the Coast.

For a short interval between leaving Bedford and going on the Coast, the Battalion was sent to Thetford to join with two other Battalions in digging a system of trenches over which the tanks were to train before being used in the Battle of the Somme.

We were camped on the edge of Lord Iveagh's park at Elveden and marched out each day to an area of Norfolk "Brek" land partly belonging to the Culford Estate and partly to Lord Iveagh's.

The whole area, much of which is now taken over by the Forestry Commission, was denuded of all stock and persons and picketed round by G.R. Squads, the whole business being kept very secret.

Though we had some idea of what the trenches were for, the secret was well kept and I understood that after we left railway sidings were run into the area, bringing the tanks in, and as is now well known, when they were first used on the Somme the surprise to the Germans was immense.

Bird life in the Thetford area was most interesting and walking about one day in the Tank training ground I was astonished to put up some grouse and was told by the Elveden Agent that some had been turned down many years ago, and though never in any way prospering had still managed to maintain themselves.

I dined one night at Elveden and Lord Iveagh was most friendly to us. A very rich man himself nobody could have lived more simply during war time than he did. His gardens were being looked after by a few women and he had encouraged all his men to join up at whatever inconvenience to himself.

When I arrived at Saxmundham I went round to the Rectory at Kelsall about a mile off to see if I could be billeted there and I stayed there all the time the Brigade was on the Coast and was most comfortable. The Rector was the Rev. George Davis and curiously enough I soon found out that his wife who was an Ashworth was a cousin of my wife's, both having had the same grandmother.

I myself had several relations in the neighbourhood with whom I often spent Sunday evenings, as having a car I was able to go and see them. The Heywoods at Glevering, Brooks at Yoxford and Nat Heywood near Aldeburgh all were cousins through my mother's family.



My Brigadier was General Richardson with whom I got on very well and made a friendship with his wife and himself which continued after the war till he died a few years ago.

In summer of 1917 we were moved off the coast and became a training battalion for young soldiers, starting in camp at Henham, Lord Stradbroke's place near Southwold and going into winter quarters at Yarmouth.

Before going into winter quarters I was detailed through the good offices of my brother Russell on 4th Army Staff to go to France to attend a demonstration at the Musketry School of the Army at Pont Remy and the general training school at Flexicourt on the Somme. There I had the opportunity of being introduced to Lord Rawlinson the Army Commander and General Archibald Montgomery, his Chief of the Staff. Before returning to England I spent a few days at 4th Army H.Q. with Russell and had a day over the Somme Battlefield where I saw the grave of my nephew Ronnie Pease who was killed with other Guards Officers in the early part of the Battle.

I was retained on the Brigade Staff as Brigade Musketry and Lewis Gun Officer as I had luckily done well in courses on both Arms, first-class in Musketry and Distinction in Lewis Gun, and in this work I continued to the end of the war.

In February 1918 a "tip and run" bombardment from the sea took place. It was supposed that the ship or ships taking part were Destroyers, though I do not think it was ever finally decided. Anyhow they dropped some 60 shells in the town in about 5 minutes, but showing what a great deal of open space there is in the streets and squares of a town, only three or four houses were hit.

Several of the shells whistled over the house which we had taken on the front and a nose-cap of one of the shells was picked up in our garden. There were very few casualties.

The summer of 1918 saw the Brigade camped on Herringfleet Hill near St. Olaves, again being sent to Yarmouth for the winter where we were, when the Armistice was declared on November 11th.

Just before we moved into Camp from Yarmouth I again went to France to Le Touquet to the Lewis Gun School there, for a course and to compare notes on training for Lewis Gun work as carried out in England and France. However, the course was only a few days old when the Bosche push began on March 18th and the school was at once broken up, all the officers serving overseas were dispatched back to their units and the N.C.O.'s on the course were formed into a Lewis Gun Battalion with the Officer and N.C.O. Instructors and I believe eventually did excellent work in assisting the 5th Army in its retreat. Before leaving with three other officers from Home Brigades we were ordered to get back to England as soon as possible and after a few days waiting we were sent back.

During these days there was a good deal of bombing from aeroplanes, as the Bosche was trying to destroy the railway bridge at Etaples, so cutting the connection between different parts of the battle. I spent a



good deal of time at the station watching a continuous stream of troop trains and hospital trains on their way to the Front and to Boulogne for shipping over to England, respectively.

After the Armistice was signed demobilisation soon began and as my Brigadier, General T. N. S. Howard, who had succeeded General Richardson in Autumn of 1917 asked me to remain at H.Q. and assist in the demobilisation, especially as he and other Staff officers were anxious to get away to their homes, I remained in command of the Brigade Details till May 1919, when I myself went to Prees Heath near Whitchurch in Shropshire to be demobilised.

So ended my experiences in four and a half years of the Great War. I had the good luck to be recommended to the notice of the Secretary of State for War in the two Home Service Despatches and received the British War Medal.

It is perhaps interesting to relate that during my time in the Army I saw four Zeppelins brought down, in two cases especially, the one at Billericay when I was an Instructor on the School of Military Engineering at Ongar, and the other at Theberton when camped at Henham Park near Southwold, were within a mile or two from where I was watching and I had a splendid view.

While I was still at Yarmouth winding up the 203rd Brigade, my wife had been active in finding some temporary residence, as we had sold Brynderwan in September 1918 just before the Armistice, realising that with increased taxation and probably loss of income generally, we should not be able to have carried on there.

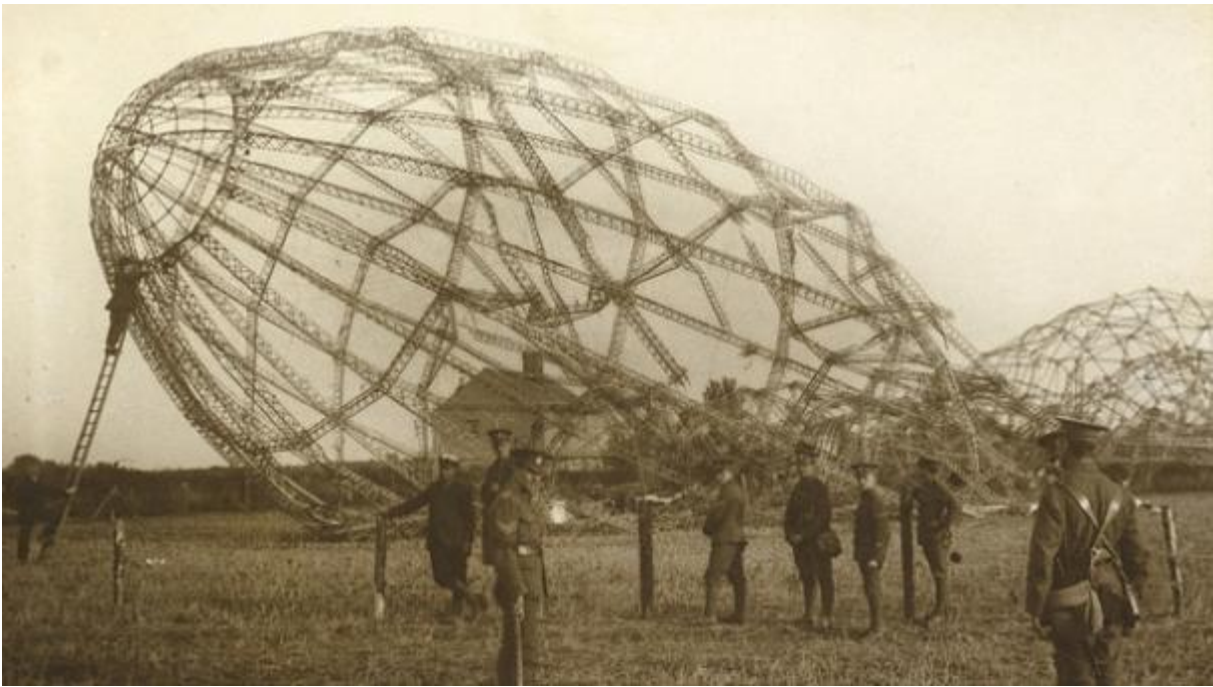
For myself, as I had only lived there for two and a half years before the war, I had not any very deep regrets, but we had spent them in restoring the property generally and improving the house, and as it turned out had buried a good deal of money in doing so. However, it was no good crying over spilt milk and the thing to do was to settle down somewhere else in some way to fit our diminished income.

We therefore took a furnished house called Littlecourt at Tavistock as a temporary expedient and went to live there in May 1919. The house was practically on the first tee of the Tavistock Golf Links and in addition was within easy walking distance of Grenofen belonging to old Mrs. Chichester, my wife's Grandmother, and there we lived for the greater part of a year seeing a good deal of the Grenofen people and some of their old friends and playing some golf, the two elder boys having lessons from the Club professional in the holidays.

We were on the lookout however for some more permanent home and hearing from some friends who had lately bought a house at Taunton, of Sidbrook House, we came over from Tavistock to see it and one or two other houses in the same neighbourhood.

Sidbrook House we found belonged to some cousins of my wife's, two Miss Besleys, whose mother was a sister of her grandfather and from them in April 1920 we purchased the house and a few acres of land and went





*The Lewis family had a lucky escape during the Billerica Zeppelin crash. The L.33 was damaged by anti-aircraft fire and was forced to land at New Hall Farm, Little Wigborough, only twenty yards from a nearby house. The occupants of the house, the Lewis family, ran for their lives as the airship hit the ground. The crew ran from the craft and shortly after it exploded. Special Constable Edgar Nicholas, who lived nearby, made his way to the scene and came across the crew walking along a road. They identified themselves as the Zeppelin crew and he arrested them. Other officers later joined them and the local constable, Pc 354 Charles Smith, arranged for the prisoners to be handed over to the military to be taken off to a prisoner-of-war camp.*



## 12. After the War

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into residence there in the following May.

Writing these recollections in the summer of 1940, some twenty years after the end of the Great War and in the middle of the still greater World War, it is difficult to concentrate ones thoughts on trivial matters, but the twenty years at Sidbrook have been happy ones and I must continue.

We have seen the children's school days with their holidays spent at home, pass away with their entry into the larger world around them and their marriages one by one, and I have much to be thankful for; and though one feels that the end of the war will see a very different life for all of us, still those of us who are nearing old age have very much to be thankful for and many happy memories to look back upon, and though the younger members of the family will not perhaps have the same opportunities for an easy life and sport of various kinds that I have had, still I do not believe that civilisation is altogether bankrupt and that out of the welter of the war, times will emerge which will provide some enjoyment of simpler things possibly, but which will as time goes on provide equally happy memories for our children and grandchildren as old age comes to them.

This at any rate is my fervent hope.

While we were at Tavistock I received a letter from the de Wintons asking if I would consider again taking over the Agency of the Estate as a non-resident agent and with some assistance from a local sub-agent.

After the four or five years of Army life I felt disinclined to go back to the idle life I had lived at Widworthy and was glad of the opportunity to begin work again. I had been Trustee for the Estate for some years and so had kept in touch with it and was able to make a fresh start in a country I knew and where I still had some friends.

I therefore agreed to carry out their suggestion and for some six or seven years I remained Agent for the Estate until the greater part of it was sold, when I relinquished both the Agency and the Trusteeship.

Perhaps the most interesting episode that occurred in these years was the sale of the Nyth Fishing Bungalow with a mile of the Radnorshire Bank of the Wye and a few acres of land for the large sum of £18,000. This most successful sale, which I effected by private treaty, was the first sale of Wye Fishing Rights for a large sum and set the example for similar sales up and down the River.

Whether the Wye will continue to hold the reputation it now has, or there will be sufficient rich men in the world after the war to indulge in salmon fishing at such a cost it is difficult to say. Nationalisation of property is in the air and no one can tell the future.

Soon after I took over the Maesllwch Agency for the second time I was concerned with an arbitration held to decide the amount of compensation which the Estate should receive for ploughing some of the Parks during the War. The local solicitor who acted for the Estate was one Armstrong by name, who I had remembered in years gone by as sometimes acting as Clerk for the Bench when I had sat as a magistrate.



Armstrong very shortly after was arrested for poisoning his wife and eventually was hanged.

I recall that I motored with him to Hereford to take the train home, he going on to Gloucester to fetch his wife back from a nursing home where she had been recovering from his first attempt at poisoning her.

I remember saying how glad I was that she was better, and his saying that he was thankful to get her home again, only of course to complete his murder of her.

He is the only murderer I have ever known, though I am sorry to say I have come across and known many suicides.

The case was a famous one, as when he was arrested he had in his pocket book a small packet of arsenic which he stated he had proposed to use in killing dandelions on his lawn!!

However, after a long trial at which Lord Darling was the Judge, he was found guilty.

I remember subsequently in a walk I had with Lord Darling the latter told me that a poisoner is very seldom found out and convicted for his first offence, and this was undoubtedly the case here, as he had tried several others, rival lawyers and Agents to whom he owed money or wanted out of his way, and I am often relieved to think that my relations with him were confined to small matters or I might not have been writing these notes to-day.

Lord Darling was a brother of a Mrs. Rose who lived in West Monkton Village, and I often used to see and go walks with him when he stayed with her, as he constantly did.

An interesting man and full of anecdote.

There is an old saying "To him that hath shall be given" and this is very true in the Agency world and I very soon was offered and accepted other Agencies, the first being the Chedington Estate of old Sir Henry Peto, who I had first known as a boy at Eagle House and who had been a kind and hospitable friend to me ever since. I retained this Agency practically till his death at the great age of 97 in 1938, when he left in his will that he wished me to act as Executor and Trustee of his property.

His widow's death at a similar age took place in the following year and so ended nearly 60 years of close associations and friendship with them both. They were quite unique in the way in which they retained almost perpetual youth up to the last, a good deal I think from the fact that they liked to have younger people about them and to take an interest in their pursuits and lives, as they always did in my case.

This was very soon followed up by an invitation from Wilfred Brymer who had just inherited the Puddletown Estate near Dorchester, some 6000





*The Chedington Estate of Sir Henry Peto.*



*Puddletown, Dorset, in the early 19th century.*



## 13. Retirement

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acres, to manage for him, and this agency I also carried on for some 10 years or more.

Mrs. Mitchell too of Searborough Court, Sir Henry Peto's sister, and her son Major Mitchell also asked me to look after their small properties near Crewkerne and altogether for some considerable number of years I had a very busy life which took me away from home a good deal, but I gradually relinquished them, as opportunity occurred and as I became less active, till in 1937 I retired altogether from Agency work.

In 1922 I began to attend meetings of the Somerset and Dorset Branch of the Land Agents' Society of which I had become an original Fellow when it was started in 1902.

I became a representative member for the Branch on the Council in 1923-26, an Elected Member of the Council in 1926 to date, and having been Vice Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee 1927-1928 I was elected Vice President of the Society in that year and President in 1929-30.

It fell to my lot to propose the Toast of the Landed Industry at our Annual Dinner in July 1927 replied to by the then Minister of Agriculture Colonel Guinness, and of course to preside at the similar function in 1929, when the Toast of the Society to which I responded was proposed by Lord Clinton.

This was a specially noteworthy gathering as the Society had been given the Royal Charter a few months before.

I had a fairly uneventful year as President, the two especially interesting events in it were the honour that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VIII) paid us by becoming our Patron; and also the grant of Arms to the Society from the Herald's Office.

I was especially interested in the latter and produced the motto "Non nobis solum" "Not for ourselves alone".

This turned out to be especially appropriate as though I did not realise it at the time I suggested it, it also may be translated "The land is not ours". The "Times" and other Newspapers commented on its dual meaning being very apropos.

Since my Presidency finished my chief interests in the Society have been as Chairman of the Selection Board and of the Committee which administers its Benevolent Fund, and these two Chairmanships I held till 1947.

I have also been a member of most of the other Committees in the long period I have been on the Council and on several occasions have examined in various subjects at the annual Examinations, and altogether I have had great interests in the Society and have made and enjoyed many friendships with other members of Council as the result, and am especially glad to feel that my son Dick is now also a member of Council and I much



hope that he will gain as much interest and pleasure from the position as I have done in the last 17 years.

I have also had many local interests especially with regard to the Taunton and Somerset Hospital, as I joined the Board of Governors in 1922 and was Chairman of the General Committee from 1925 - 38 and President in the latter year.

1938 was especially interesting as it celebrated the completion of works of enlargement and reconstruction of the Wards and Nursing Home, the total cost of which approximated to £40,000 of which sum £30,000 was raised by subscriptions and donations, the balance of £10,000 being provided by a legacy from a "Wellwisher".

H.R.H. Princess Alice accompanied by her husband the Earl of Athlone, came down to perform the opening ceremony, at which I presided, and all went off well and she not only made a charming speech but took an immense interest in the Hospital itself, saying a few words to practically every patient in the wards.

I need hardly say how relieved I was, when it was all over, especially as the result of purses which she kindly and graciously received, was the considerable sum of £1,500 towards the cost of the rebuilding.

If the work of the Land Agents Society and the Hospital have been my two chief interests in the last 20 years or so, I have had others, which I will shortly refer to.

Chairman of the Appeal Tribunal of the "Unemployed Assistance Board" and of the Dilapidation Committee of the Board of Finance for the Diocese of Bath and Wells. A Governor of the Huish School and a Trustee for the Huish Funds as well as serving as Churchwarden of my Parish for several periods, have given me some work, but I think the most interesting experience I have had in public work has been as a member of a Committee of three, appointed under the "1936 Tithe Act" to investigate the many arrears of Tithe that had accumulated in previous years and to decide as to whether or not any remission might reasonably be given.

I was invited to be a member of this Committee by Mr. W. S. Morrison, who was then in 1937 Minister of Agriculture, and my colleagues were, as Chairman, Judge Austin Jones, a County Court Judge with whom I made great friends, and W. C. Sneath, a retired chartered accountant from the firm of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co.

The Committee started its sittings in July 1937 and held the last sitting in June 1939.

We travelled all over England and Wales and sat on 157 different days at 70 different places and gave decisions on over 4,000 appeals, dealing with £128,000 of Tithe arrears.

After we made our Report the Lord Chancellor who had appointed the Chairman was good enough to write and thank us for our work, which he





*Edward Luckock was a Governor of the Taunton and Somerset Hospital. He oversaw the construction of substantial new buildings. These were opened in 1938 by Princess Alice and her husband the Earl of Athlone (above in a ceremonial portrait).*



thought had been carried through expeditiously and satisfactorily; so all ended well and though the travelling about and staying at hotels was rather irksome, on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed the experience and for the first time in my life found my name mentioned in Whittaker's Almanac!!

As I write in war time I find myself Chairman of the Labour and School-boy Camp Sub Committees of the County War Executive Committee to endeavour to provide farmers with additional labour for the harvest and otherwise, and of a Tribunal for deciding on whether or not unemployed persons on the Register are suitable for Agricultural Employment.

If the first ten or twelve years of my time at Sidbrook were fairly fully occupied with Agency and other work, I still had time for a good deal of shooting in the winter and some golf and tennis in the summer. We looked forward too to the boys' holidays from school and in 1924 we arranged to share a small grouse moor in Argyllshire with our friends the Boyvills.

Having fitted out the three boys with guns we migrated to Wood Cottage near Otter Ferry on Loch Fyne early in August, and though the grouse were disappointing as we only got about 100 brace, it made a good holiday with fishing on the loch, bathing and some tennis and squash rackets, as the Laird Col. Macrae Gilstrap who lived at Ballinmore a few hundred yards from our cottage, was most friendly and gave us the run of his gardens and tennis courts etc.

Anyway, it started the boys off in some rough shooting and we all thoroughly enjoyed the time there.

The following year we took over the moor again, though this time alone, and had another excellent holiday.

In June 1927 my brother-in-law Archie Christy and Dick and myself made an expedition to Denmark for a fortnight with an idea of seeing something of Danish farming, and this we were able to do through the good offices of the Danish Minister in London, who put us in touch with his Agricultural Representative in Copenhagen, who made arrangements for us to see many holdings of various sizes and Schools and Co-operative Factories of all sorts. I wrote an account of our expedition which is published in the Journals of the Land Agents' Society, which gave details of what we saw and the inferences we drew from our experiences.

In 1928 we both went to Belgium for a short holiday in the early part of the year, spending most of the time in Brussels.

In 1929 my brother Russell and I went up to Cambridge and took our M.A. Degrees, somewhat to the mystification of the Vice Chancellor, who we met afterwards on the river bank watching the May Races and who was good enough to enquire the reason for our action, which we told him solely was an excuse for a visit to Cambridge and the hope that our fees might help the College and University finances!!

We dined at the High Table at Trinity in the evening and sat one on





*Ballimore House, Loch Fyne. Edward Luckock rented the nearby Wood Cottage for a shooting holiday with his young sons. The owner of Ballimore House, Col. Macrae Gilstrap, was very hospitable, giving them the run of the garden and tennis courts.*



*After taking his MA degree, Luckock took dinner in the great hall of Trinity College (above).*



each side of the Vice Master, St. John Parry, who had been junior Dean when we were up at Trinity and on several occasions had "hauled" us for shirking Chapel.

However, he bore us no ill will and we had a pleasant evening aided by the College port which we found excellent.

It was amusing too walking about in M.A. gowns and seeing the undergraduates celebrating the result of their boats in the Races.

In 1931 we celebrated our silver wedding and were able to have a family gathering for the occasion, consisting of Evelyn, Herbert and Alice, Russell and Mab of our generation, and our three sons and daughter, as Charlie who was then in Rhodesia had come over for the occasion.

We also had a party for our neighbours and altogether had a very cheery few days.

Archie and Nell Christy came a few days later.

In this year too I was elected a member of the Land Surveyors' Club, a Dining Club which had existed since 1835 and was generally known as the "Forty Thieves" although its membership was limited to 39 only. Most of the members were past Presidents of the Surveyors Institution or the Land Agents Society, and without wishing to appear conceited, drew its members from the pick of the profession. It may be interesting to recall that ever since the Club had started the "piece de resistance" at the dinners, which were held four times a year at the Grosvenor Hotel, consisted of an "itch bone of beef", though there were always many other good things both solid and liquid at the Dinners, which were always of a very cheery nature.

In 1932 we took Peter and Margery Pease to Paris for a few days to let the former especially see a little bit of foreign life, and in the summer of the same year we experienced the first enlargement of our family by Dick's marriage to Adeline Pryor, the wedding being celebrated at Bishop's Stortford Parish Church on July 23rd.

In 1934 we took a motoring holiday to the North of England staying at Levens with Bob and Trixie, Ecclesriggs with Lady Cross, Nunwick with Uncle Dick and ending up at Alnwick for a few days with Fred Hall, the Duke of Northumberland's Commissioner. There we had a most delightful week-end exploring the Castle and Park, and were much interested in meeting the famous Lord Grey of Falloden at tea on Sunday. He was almost quite blind and it was pathetic seeing a man nearing the end of his long and honourable life, so helpless and unable even to light his pipe without someone, as I did, holding a match to it.

He died in September a few months after we met him and he must surely be always remembered as a man who abandoned the country life he would have liked, as he was a great naturalist and fisherman, for his duty to his country. "Noblesse oblige".

He was much interested in hearing of birds in Radnorshire, the pied



flycatcher which nested on the Wye at the Nyth and the quantity of buzzards which now breed there.

I was very glad to have had the opportunity of a visit to Northumberland as it was the only county in England that I had never previously stayed in.

In 1934 we again had the pleasure of welcoming another addition to the family in Charlie's wife. She was Jean Weatherly and a niece of Major Chamley with whom Charlie had been for some years in Rhodesia. They were married in Australia where he had gone after his engagement, and they both came to England for their honeymoon.

In November of the same year we made an expedition to Belgium with Joan for her annual holiday as she had entered St. Thomas's Hospital in London as a probationer in the previous year and we were anxious to give her as interesting a holiday as possible even though November was not the best time to go abroad.

Similarly in 1935 we took her to Tours and explored the Chateaux on the Loire in lovely weather. The Hotel l'Univers at Tours was most comfortable and we used to dine in the Courtyard every evening, sampling some very attractive wine called "Vouvray".

We had one rather amusing contretemps, as having gone to Blois by train to see the Chateau there we got into the wrong train in the evening and found ourselves journeying towards Orleans instead of back to Tours. The result I think of my indifferent French, as I had enquired from a "facteur" if a certain train was the one for Tours and failed to understand his reply correctly. The result was that we did not get back to our dinner till nearly 10 p.m., very hungry.

In 1936 we motored to Fishguard and took the car across to Ireland where we motored about going to Killarney, Connemara and Achill Island and returning by Dublin, and Joan again accompanied us.

In August of this year too we went to stay with the Weatherlys, Jean's parents, at a moor in Argyllshire very near Loch Fyne, which they had taken.

The Lodge was an excellent one but the moor was six miles off with no possibility of motoring to it or near it. The first day I rode up on a pony and after a rather long day's shooting walked back in the evening and unfortunately this was too much and I lamed myself and could not attempt it again. It was, though, a very nice place and we enjoyed our time there very much in spite of not being able to do any more shooting.

In 1937 we again took Joan to Belgium to see her off from Antwerp in a Dutch cargo boat for Australia to stay with Charlie and Jean, and subsequently went on to Dinant on the Meuse for a few days.

1938 found me busy with my Tithe Committee but the chief incident to record was Joan's marriage to John Metcalfe, a Lieutenant in the Navy.





*Hotel L'Univers, Tours, where the Luckocks took their daughter Joan for a holiday in 1935.*



*Aix en Provence. The Luckocks visited in the autumn of 1938 as Edward's doctor advised his rheumatism could benefit from the waters there. The treatment was successful.*



He was a nephew of our Chief Constable and a great friend of Colonel Metcalfe, who had been for many years a constant visitor to Sidbrook and of whom we were very fond.

Jean had become engaged to John Metcalfe when she was in Australia by correspondence, I think, though she had seen much of him previously. The wedding took place at West Monkton and we took the opportunity of having a party of neighbours and friends at Sidbrook.

It took place on a fine day, August 16th, and all went well and we were glad to entertain some 200 of the neighbours, having a large marquee erected in the garden.

The Police Force, owing a good deal to the connection of the bridegroom with their Chief Constable, played up well and some seven or eight constables with a sergeant in charge directed the traffic with the aid of the A.A. Scouts who parked the cars near the church and house.

With the Great War now in progress and the world tumbling about our ears, one can only feel that this will prove to be the last occasion when we shall be able to have a festivity at Sidbrook or elsewhere of such dimensions, and I am most glad that we have had it to look back upon.

In the Autumn of 1938 we went to Aix on the advice of my doctor to see if the waters there would help to drive away my rheumatism, and this I am glad to say they did. We found Aix a most attractive place and we thoroughly enjoyed the change, especially as the bathing and drinking of waters were not at all irksome.

Our visit there was at the end of August just about the time of the 1938 crisis with Germany and Hitler's Nuremberg speech, and though the French people seemed to take the crisis placidly and calmly, we and other English people there were very anxious. On passing through Paris on our way back we saw posters displayed, saying that Chamberlain was flying to Germany to see Hitler and this was the beginning of the temporary easing off of the crisis, which was only to break out again a year after, leading to the outbreak of the war in September 1939.

Just before war was declared the evacuation of children from the big towns took place and we took in six from Plaistow in North London, three boys with their sisters, and they remained with us for some six months, when we passed on four of them to other billets only retaining two of the boys, who we still have.

Soon after war broke out we got a cable from Peter who was serving with the first Battalion of his Regiment (the Somerset Light Infantry) in India, saying that he was engaged to be married to Elizabeth Anley who was sister of a brother officer. We also heard that he was returning shortly to England, where he arrived on January 1st 1940.

The engagement was soon announced and their marriage took place at Bolney in Sussex on a bitter cold and snowy day, February 3rd 1940.



We had arranged to go out to Australia to see Charlie and Jean in October and had actually booked our passages but Hitler's attack on Poland and our entry into the war against Germany naturally prevented us leaving home, even if we could have made the journey. Whether we shall manage it at some future date after peace is again established is in the "lap of the Gods", but having to cancel all our plans was most disappointing.

Writing these notes in August of 1940 with the war getting daily more intense and the threat of a possible invasion hanging over our country, it is difficult to speak of any ordinary affairs of life, but the last 20 years at Sidbrook have passed rapidly and happily.

We have seen our four children happily married and started in the world in various professions and have had the great pleasure of knowing that through the six grandchildren of which four are boys, there is little danger of the family dying out.

A few days ago we heard from Jean in Australia that Charlie had enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces and that we may expect to see him soon. I hope so, but think it more likely that he will be held up in Egypt for the campaign against Italy.

Dick is in command of his local L.D.V's at Clavering and also as A.R.P. Warden.

Peter of course is serving, though unfortunately not in his own regiment, having been made Adjutant of a Pioneer Battalion of the 4th King's Own Lancaster Regiment now serving on the coast at Sidmouth and with Joan nursing at the Taunton & Somerset Hospital and her husband at sea in the latest aircraft carrier the "Illustrious" our family war work is complete, with myself enrolled in the local L.D.V's or "Home Guards" as they are now to be called.

We can only hope that when the war comes to an end we may all be alive and able to enjoy years of peace.

It is sometimes almost difficult to realise that war is on in this West Country till one wakes up in the night to hear aeroplanes flying over the garden and occasional bombs dropping in the neighbourhood.

The village and neighbourhood too is filled up with khaki, as a Corps H.Q. has been established at Hestercombe a mile only from Sidbrook and officers and men billeted in houses round.

How many we shall be asked to take in has not yet been notified to us but I have no doubt we shall not escape altogether.

This must bring me to the end of my reminiscences; perhaps I may feel inclined after the war to write something further but as my chief object in writing them was to tell my grandchildren something of the early life at any rate of their grandfather and his home and school life sixty years or so before they themselves entered the world, later events and happenings in the time in which they are being brought up will naturally





*HMS Illustrious, on which John Metcalfe (husband of Edward Luckock's daughter Joan) served in 1940.*

*HMS Illustrious was the lead ship of her class of aircraft carriers built for the Royal Navy before World War II. Her first assignment after completion and working up was with the Mediterranean Fleet, in which her aircraft's most notable achievement was sinking one Italian battleship and badly damaging two others during the Battle of Taranto in late 1940. Two months later the carrier was crippled by German dive bombers and was repaired in the United States.*

*After sustaining damage on the voyage home in late 1941 by a collision with her sister ship Formidable, Illustrious was sent to the Indian Ocean in early 1942 to support the invasion of Vichy French Madagascar (Operation Ironclad). After returning home in early 1943, the ship was given a lengthy refit and briefly assigned to the Home Fleet. She was transferred to Force H for the Battle of Salerno in mid-1943 and then rejoined the Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean at the beginning of 1944. Her aircraft attacked several targets in the Japanese-occupied Dutch East Indies over the following year before Illustrious was transferred to the newly formed British Pacific Fleet (BPF). The carrier participated in the early stages of the Battle of Okinawa until mechanical defects arising from accumulated battle damage became so severe she was ordered home early for repairs in May 1945.*



# 14. Postscript

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not be of the same interest to them. So I do not suppose I shall be likely to add further to these notes.

I will therefore end as I began with expressing the hope that they will take as an example the more strenuous and energetic career of their great grandfather rather than my own more easygoing life.

E. H. M. LUCKOCK.

Sidbrook House,  
Nr. Taunton.  
August 4th 1940.

## Post Script.

When I wrote the foregoing notes in 1940 I had as I have stated little thought of adding to them, but the last eight years of war and its aftermath have brought much to think about and I must mention a few happenings during the time.

The family has increased and seven grandsons and four granddaughters will keep it in existence. We can be thankful too that the last war inflicted no losses and in the summer of 1947 we had a real and joyful family reunion of our three sons and daughter with their respective wives and husband at Sidbrook for a few days. Though they are again scattered, Charlie back in Australia, Peter at Benghazi and John Metcalfe at Hong Kong, where Joan hopes soon to join him, we must look forward to another similar reunion, if we live long enough to reach our golden wedding in 1956, when we shall again hope to be together.

If this reunion in 1947 has been the outstanding event of the years, we have also had other incidents which have given pleasure to us and ours, many of which have been recorded in the Family History.

Peter's Military Cross as the result of his share in the battle of the Rapido River; John Metcalfe's promotion to Commander, and Dick's settling down in Great Horstead as a farmer have brought us much pleasure, as well as the plucky escape of Jean and her boys from the dangers of the disastrous Bush fire in 1944 which entirely destroyed their home at Ennerdale.

Taunton and its neighbourhood was very lucky in escaping bombing during the war and the nearest shave we had from damage was towards the end when a Bosche aeroplane in difficulties flying very low over the house and garden crashed near the Hestercambe Lodge in Cheddon a mile away, all the crew being killed. I was in the garden at the time and felt sure the aeroplane would hit the big elms in the field below the sunk fence.



We had several officers billeted on us and at various times evacuated children from London.

The L.D.V's were soon rechristened the Home Guard, but though I continued in that force till I was 70, I really did but little to help and retired on becoming Chairman of our Parish Invasion Committee.

My chief war work was as Chairman of the Labour Committee of the County War Agricultural Executive and this has continued ever since and still has to deal with auxiliary labour for food production, and has necessitated a considerable number of Hostels being organised in the County to house European Volunteer Workers, W.L.A., and a few Germans who have elected to stay in England after the bulk of the prisoners of war have been repatriated.

Many other Committees have kept me busy and interested especially the Diocesan Dilapidation Board, The Huish Grammar School and the Appeal Tribunal of the Assistance Board, of all of which I have now been Chairman for many years.

These are only small matters and we have been able to go on living at Sidbrook in spite of absence of residential domestic help, and I do not wish to elaborate our doings in the last 8 or 10 years, as when I thought of writing these reminiscences I was chiefly anxious to refer to earlier years when the world was very different; and so I will end these notes and feel I must "count my blessings" and be thankful for the happiness I have experienced during the last 77 years, which has owed so much to the love of my wife and the affection of my children.

E. H. M. LUCKOCK.

July 1949.