The Heron-Allen Society

Newsletter no. 11
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The Oval portrait of Armorel
by kind permission of Chris and Liza Wood

SEVENTH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM: AN AUSTRALIAN IMPRESSION

To say I am Australian is not absolutely correct as I was born in Sussex England in 1957 and for some reason one of my many Christian names is Edward. I have however lived in Australia since I was two and I therefore regard myself as an Aussie. My earliest recollection of EH-A was as a very small boy on Avalon Beach in Australia. I had a habit of walking along the beach and spotting treasures without picking them up and challenging the rest of the family to find them. My mother attributed my behaviour to that of my Great Grandfather Edward Heron-Allen. I never thought any more of this and in fact lived a life basically devoid of EH-A other than some fleeting references to "the violin book" or Selsey Bill (and I had no idea what it was).

More recently I was awoken to EH-A once again and this time I sat up and took notice. From that moment on there is a deep regret at having not taken this interest nor having EH-A thrust upon me a long time ago. I have since read many books and have gained my own collection of EH-A books from around the world (the wonders of EBay). I have also discovered with some alarm I have more than a coincidental similarity to EH-A. However that is all I am saying on that subject until another time.

The sudden intense interest in EH-A has caused me to have several attempts at getting to a symposium and finally succeeding this year (2007). In early June with my wife Helen and our daughter Sinead I set of on a trip that started out with attending the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Isle of Man TT motorcycle races and finished at the EH-A Symposium in Oxford. Somewhere between the two found us wandering around in Venice, as if we had lived there all our lives, and strangely attracted to the Café Florien, which I later discovered was the one frequented by EH-A.

Just prior to the symposium, we decided it would be prudent to visit the Natural History Museum and do some of our own research on EH-A. To my absolute amazement and soon after bitter disappointment we drew a complete blank everywhere we turned, and it appeared nobody at the Natural History Museum had even heard of EH-A, let alone the fanciful dream there was a library room dedicated to him. At the symposium Dr Andrew Henderson was able to quickly restore my faith in the museum with assurances that all that I have dreamt of does in fact exist and I will be welcomed there on my next visit. Due to our schedule from there on I was unable to return to the Museum, but that is a strong incentive to return one day.

On the day of the symposium, Helen was committed in London, so Sinead and I, blissfully ignorant, boarded a bus to Oxford and despite it being called the "Oxford Tube" it had no other similarities! Expecting to arrive early as is always my plan, I became increasingly agitated as the Tour de France held up our bus to the point I was convinced we would miss most of the symposium. Luckily an obliging taxi driver dropped us at the front entrance to Lady Margaret Hall and we walked in with minutes to spare.

For Sinead and I it was not just the excitement of the symposium but also meeting again my Uncle Ivor. We also met Auntie Liza and Uncle Christoe and my cousin Dominic whom I had never met. We were greeted by the amazing painting of Armorel that resides in the Lady Margaret Hall and Liza and Christoe's wonderful pastel of Armorel as a small girl. When I think about it now I started to unravel at about that point. It was like doors were opened and stories of Armorel's tragic death came flooding back. I have always been more conscious of Armorel than I was of EH-A, as I lived all my life in a house with a camphor wood box in the hall with large sterling silver letters across the top "A D H A" which is I believe Armorel's glory box. Ivor Jones gave a stirring account of Armorel's early life which for anyone interested, let alone a passionately interested relation such as me, was a very special talk. It is nothing short of a great fortune to be able to listen to stories such as these about your own family. The experience was further compounded by Joan Navarre's incredibly informative and sensitive talk on "Woman of the World" about Armorel and Lady Longford at Oxford. There were a number of very moving segments during the two talks, which I am not too proud to say brought me to tears and others which had the hairs standing up on the back of my neck. One such moment was the revelation that we were meeting on the 7th of the 7th 2007 and it was 77 years since Amorel died. I am sure she was in the room with us at that time. I was very impressed by Joan's obvious depth of knowledge and passion about the Heron-Allens and, in particular, EH-A.

Portrait of Armorel in Lady Margaret Hall
by kind permission of the Principal

The absolute indulgence of family history did not stop there as Timothy McCann read a contribution from Brian Hulan on Armorel's copy of Omar Khayyam and then launched into "Men of Prevision" about EH-A and John Johnson and what is, I firmly believe, "their" collection of printed ephemera. This was a most interesting and informative talk which also further complicated my future story on similarities between myself and EH-A which I promise to tell some day. I am personally so grateful to the research and effort that Tim, Joan, Dr Henderson and others undertake with such passion about my Great Grandfather EH-A.

After the symposium was over Sinead and I found the memorial stone to Armorel at the entrance to the chapel at Lady Margaret Hall and spent some quiet and sad moments absorbing the incredible sorrow it must have held for EH-A.

The amazing day did not stop there as Joan insisted I should visit all of the London addresses and proceeded to write out directions to a veritable feast of attractions. All of which I visited the following day and took many fantastic photos and even a rubbing of the tablet on the front of St Anne's. I scraped my shoes on the boot scraper at the front of EH-A's offices and rang the night bell as I imagined him at the front door.

I hope all of EH-A's relatives are able to feel the same intense pride and fortune that I feel in being related to such a thoroughly extraordinary individual. I often smile to myself when friends enquire with some curiosity about whose symposium I attended, and add that he must be very famous. To which I reply - mildly famous and extraordinarily talented.

Peter William Edward (Bill) Coleby

Memorial Tablet to Armorel
at Lady Margaret Hall
photographed by Bill Coleby

HELENE ELIZABETH BARGMANN – "THE LAST LADY"

I have recently rediscovered a rather interesting letter in the archives of the Natural History Museum, London. It is from Arthur Earland (long-time scientific collaborator of Edward Heron-Allen) to Cameron Ovey (erstwhile Curator of Foraminifera at the Museum) and is dated 22nd June 1943. Ovey must have asked Earland to advise him about writing an Obituary of H-A, who had just died, for the Linnean Society. In this letter, which is his response, he "lets it all out", and it's a rather bitter and

sad piece generally. So much so, that I think one should take it with a rather large pinch of salt! Earland was however not a well man at the time (he had angina) and it is generally acknowledged he had become jealous of Heron-Allen's fame, especially his F. R.S., where perhaps he thought he'd done most of their work himself! However sad, it is by no means uncommon for a lifetime's collaboration to end like this, certainly in the scientific world. There is one reference, however, that sheds some light on the break-up and, as one might expect with Heron-Allen, a lady was at the source of it! Earland is responding to Ovey's question about what he should say.....

> "You ask what points I think you should bring out. Have to say - he was a past master of spoof - a very clever and versatile fellow who might have gone a long way if he had confined his boundless energy to one channel. When I first knew him he didn't know a thing about Forams but had been amusing himself for years by picking over material. He was untiring at any job he fancied - picking out - indexing - proof correction - bibliography - but was quite content to let me do the rest and until the "Last Lady" came on the scene we never had any disputes. During the previous 25 years I had seen a succession of "Secretaries - Ladies" come and go but they confined their activities to their own jobs and did not interfere with mine".

This "Last Lady" was one Helene Elizabeth Bargmann. What do we know of her? She was employed by what is now the British Antarctic Survey, based at The Natural History Museum, London. She later worked and published in her own right on material from the *Discovery* Expeditions and became a specialist on Siphonophora and krill. The former are colonial animals resembling jellyfish – the Portuguese Man o'War is perhaps the most well-known; krill are small crustaceans, the staple diet of the blue whale. Initially she may have been an Assistant and would presumably have helped Heron-Allen and Earland with their own *Discovery* work. H-A may have even got her the job. Anyway, Heron-Allen & Earland published Part I of their work on the Foraminifera of the *Discovery* Expeditions in 1932. It was about this time that Armorel had tragically died and H-A went to Ceylon with his wife Nour, ostensibly to see over his Lanka tea plantations, but mainly to get away from this country and his grief. Whilst away, we presume Earland had been ranting on about H-A to Helene Bargmann, little knowing the depth of their 'relationship'. On his return, she then 'spilled the beans' to H-A, and he also finding that Earland's write-up of the second part of the *Discovery* Reports, which he had left him to do, was not to his liking, withdrew his name.....and hence the famous note found by Clive Jones stuck into his copy of Part II (1933) and subsequently covered with layers of paper.....

> "I had my name removed from the titles of this paper, when on my return from Ceylon in 1931 I found that Earland had claimed all my work upon it as his own, and that, not having knowledge of the German language, he had ignored Hans Wiesner's report on the "Süd-Polar Expedition", in which (in my opinion) most of his 'new genera and species' are described and figured".

This, of course, is rather different from the "official line" contained in the printed note on p. 28 of the publication.....

> "Owing to illness my colleague Edward Heron-Allen was unable to take as large a share as usual in the preparation of the Report. At his own request, and against my wish, his name is omitted from the authorship"

That really was the end of Heron-Allen and Earland's collaboration of nearly 25 years.

Recently Tim McCann has had two telephone calls with Alethea Pitt, the widow of Hewitt Pitt, Heron-Allen's solicitor, about Helene Elizabeth Bargmann. She apologised profusely for not being able to remember much, as it was all more than seventy years ago. However, she says that she can remember Helene clearly. She thinks that she was of Danish extraction and that she had an older sister who lived in Denmark. She confirms that she was not at Lady Margaret Hall and therefore not a friend of Armorel. She describes her as 'very nice' and says that she was 'tallish, dark-haired and smiley: not fat and not scrawny', and what we would today describe as 'a liberated woman'. She says that she and her husband dined several times with EH-A and Helene at their flat in Maida Vale, but that they lost touch during the war.

I think it is not an exaggeration to state the Helene Bargmann was more than an assistant of Heron-Allen's and had been his mistress for many years. He was obviously very fond of her and it is perhaps a measure of the relationship that this "Last Lady" was bequeathed no less than £1000 in Heron-Allen's will, more than any other of his lady "secretaries" and "protégés".

John E. Whittaker

Armorel and Hélène Héroys
at Large Acres, 1929
by permission of Ivor Jones

HÉLÈNE HÉROYS (alias H. DU COUDRAY alias M.W.WARING), 1906-1971

Hélène Héroys, a close friend of Armorel Heron-Allen from their time together at Oxford, was my Russian aunt. She was the elder sister (and only sibling) of my father, Vladimir Héroys.

Sadly, I have only a few sketchy personal memories of her, for more than one reason. She was living in Geneva when I was growing up in Kent during and after the Second World War, and travel was difficult for some years afterwards due to austerity. Later she and my father contrived to become estranged after more than one row, in which personal slights were alleged. This seems sad as they had shared and survived a difficult childhood together. These Slavs can be so passionate and quarrelsome! Finally she seemed to like to cultivate a certain air of mystery about herself.

Nevertheless, I'll try to contribute something about her, firstly by giving the facts of her rather unusual background (perhaps not so unusual for that time) and secondly recalling one or two of my own memories in an attempt to give some idea of her personality.

She was descended on the direct paternal side from a French family that had moved to St Petersburg under Catherine the Great towards the end of the 18th century. Three generations rose to serve as generals in the Imperial Russian army, the last being her own father Boris, who, while at the élite Corps des Pages military school, served as page to the last Empress of Russia, Alexandra Feodorovna, at her wedding to Tsar Nicholas II in 1894. He later served in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 and on the eastern front in World War 1. He remained in Russia after the abdication of the Tsar and was a close witness of the events that led to the disintegration of the Russian Empire and the Revolution in 1917. He met Kerensky and later Trotsky, but when the Bolsheviks made peace with Germany and turned on the 'White' officers, he was forced to go underground and eventually escaped on foot to Finland in 1918 with one suitcase.

Hélène's mother, Sophie (née von Hilchen) was descended from German immigrants to Russia, but her family included in her own time mainly Russian and Polish elements. She was educated at the exclusive Smolny Institut for young ladies in St. Petersburg. Her elder brother, Hélène's uncle Michael, was Governor of Kursk and then Bessarabia (now Moldova).

Hélène herself was born in 1906 in Kiev, then part of the Russian Empire, where her father was on a military posting. Her early education was in St. Petersburg, and she had a French tutor at home, so was brought up speaking both Russian and French. Her father had the foresight to send her abroad with her mother and brother around 1916 to Finland and then Sweden, as the war deteriorated for Russia, and before the Revolution broke out. Boris brought them all to England when he got an assignment to work for the counter-revolutionary forces from the embassy in London, where for a time he received a salary.

So Hélène arrived in England in 1918 at the age of 12, knowing no English, and was placed in a boarding school in Seaford in Sussex. Luckily she showed academic promise and got an exhibition to Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford in 1925 where she read English. But these were difficult times for her family, as they were desperately short of money once the counter-revolutionary efforts foundered. Her father, the general, became a painter and eventually taught at the Chelsea Art School. Her mother tried to earn a living teaching French.

In 1927 Hélène won the University (Oxford and Cambridge) Novel Competition Prize with *Another Country*, written under the *nom-de-plume* of 'H. du Coudray', a story of Russian émigrés in Malta and London. After Oxford she did some translation work in England and France and wrote two more novels, *The Brief Hour* (1930), set in a provincial French university, *Electra* (1933), a contemporary reworking of the ancient Greek myth, and a biography of Metternich (1935). In 1936 she settled in Geneva, where she spent the rest of her life, working as a simultaneous trilingual translator at international conferences in Geneva and around the world. A longer novel, *The Witnesses*, set before and during the Russian Revolution, was published in 1967 under a new *nom-de-plume*, 'M.W. Waring', (a reference to a poem by Robert Browning).

While living in Geneva, unknown to us in England, she became the personal guardian of a 13-year old Spanish girl, Carmen, who had been forced to flee from Franco's Spain in the Civil War, in an echo of her own childhood. Hélène became godmother to Carmen's daughter who was named after her. She never married. She died in Zermatt in 1971.

In her will she had her money used to

establish a Foundation to provide stipendiaries for promising young writers who 'were in need'. The funds of that foundation have run out, but Lady Margaret Hall have recently agreed to kindly perpetuate her name with an annual 'Hélène du Coudray Prize Novel Competition'.

When visiting England in the late 1940's and the 1950's she did come to stay with us in Sevenoaks briefly on several occasions. I remember her as a rather glamorous and colourful aunt, swooping on us for a few days, telephoning around in intriguing foreign languages, and entering into witty badinage with my father (a Cambridge man)----'dear boy, you don't know what you are talking about. Now, if you had been to a proper university,....' etc. She didn't stay long and seemed to be always on the move.

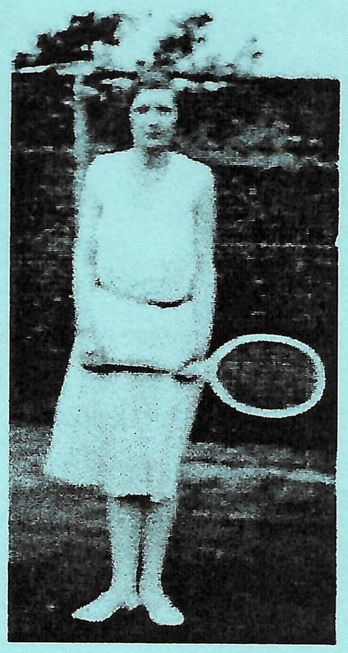
In addition to the Russian way of tending to exaggerate things and giving a full emphasis to their evaluations ('wonderful', 'terrible', 'absolutely frightful' etc), she had acquired a very refined Oxford accent in English. She spoke with something like twinkle in her eye, and had a good sense of humour, relishing the absurdity of small details of life, not without the occasional withering put-down of a perceived human inadequacy. I think this sharp observation of human idiosyncrasies comes across in her novels.

She could appear rather imperious with a certain *grandeur*, expecting others to wait on her and pay her expenses, and I suspect this was the major ingredient in the worsening relationship with her brother, my father. She tended to wear black and smoked from a long cigarette holder.

I have to say I cannot recall seeing in her the sensitivity and passion which comes across in her novels. My father said she had had an unhappy love affair with (Prince) Vadya Naryshkin (incidentally from the family who supplied the mother of Peter the Great), but it appears she was more attracted to deep female relationships. Such things were never discussed at the time in my family. She lived with a Belgian companion in Geneva, Louise Berg.

Notwithstanding the estrangement, she did show up for my sister's wedding in Sevenoaks in 1967. She had inevitably aged and was stouter than the elegant woman I remembered. I recall her confiding in me at the reception, where vintage Krug was served, 'One thing I can say about your father, is that he has excellent taste in champagne'.

The photos of her with Armorel at 'Large Acres' are from the late 1920's, when women had made gains in liberation in education and dress. I recall her saying to me once, 'Of course before 1918, women simply didn't have legs!' Seeing her with a tennis racquet in one of those photos recalls another remark made to me by her, when I expressed as a young boy my enthusiasm for tennis, 'You know, when I step off the plane at Geneva, I practically step straight on to a tennis court!'



Hélène Héroys at Large Acres, 1929 [Ivor Jones]

I would guess she was very happy at Oxford, where an LMH tutor, Miss Gwyer, first encouraged her to write. She must also have been very happy to have found such good friends at Oxford, and in particular to be invited by the Heron-Allens to their home. I suppose they found her a bit exotic, although it sounds, from my very recent and limited knowledge of the polymath, that not much would have counted as truly exotic for Edward Heron-Allen!

Claude Héroys

DR. STRODE, VERONICA GOTCH AND HERON-ALLEN'S GUARNERIUS VIOLIN

Dr Christopher Strode, retired local doctor and OD (1942), decided to give his two old schools an unusual gift – a rare Turneries violin, made in 1740, the same year that Handel composed The Messiah, Bach wrote the Goldberg Variations, and Haydn was just an eight year old boy.

The Guarneri family are famous for their violin-making, ranked by many as equal to the Stradivari family. (Paganini always played a Guarnerius). Dr Strode's violin is one of only forty-two existing instruments made by the younger Pietro Guarneri, known as Peter of Venice.
The violin is to be sold and the proceeds shared between the Dragon School, and Bryanston School, Dorset, in support of their respective Bursaries Programmes, which fund places for children whose families cannot afford school fees.

The Guarnerius previously belonged to Dr Strode's aunt Veronica; she, in turn, had been given the violin by her godfather, Edward Heron-Allen, known to the family as Ned. This unusual man was a solicitor, a writer of novels (one of them being judged too shocking for publication – this in the early1890s!), a Naturalist (for which he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society), an avid collector of violins (and maker of two violins) and a linguist in ancient Persian (translating the Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam).

Ned's god-daughter Veronica studied the violin, becoming

very proficient, and Ned then gave her this Guarnerius when she was in her `teens. Later she specialised in the viola and earned her living as a professional viola player.

Dr Strode's mother was also a talented musician and was taught by the composer Gustav Holst as a schoolgirl at St Paul's girl's school. Holst was writing The Planets Suite at the time, and the young Nancy was asked to turn the pages for the first ever play-through of one of the newly composed planets – Saturn – during her school tea break.

Christopher himself started to learn the violin at the age of five, playing on a series of small instruments of ascending size, loaned to him by Ned from his extensive collection. When old enough to use a full sized instrument, Veronica (prompted no doubt by her younger sister, Christopher's mother) first lent, then gave, him the precious Guarnerius. This was in 1946 and he has been playing on it ever since.

Christopher was sent to the Dragon at the age of ten. Although his mother was anxious that he was too young to be sent away to boarding school, Christopher's only complaint was to say, "Why didn't you send me here before?"

He has fond memories of his time at the school, particularly of performing in all the plays and Gilbert & Sullivan operas, concerts and with the orchestra.

Dr Strode's wish that the proceeds from the sale of the violin must be used for bursaries, stems from his own experiences. In 1944, first his oldest brother was killed, another brother was taken prisoner by the Germans, their home was wrecked by a V1 rocket and his father died a few months later. The headmaster of Bryanston then wrote to Christopher's mother

Always most sincerely Yours
Ed Heron Allen

Edward Heron-Allen
from *Violin Making as it was and is* (1884)

and told her that whatever her financial situation they would see to it that Christopher could remain at the school. However another man, whom Christopher`s father had helped many years earlier, set up a financial trust on his own initiative which ensured the further education of the remaining Strode children. Christopher Strode is glad to be able do the same now for others.

There is no doubt that the proceeds from the sale of the violin will make a tremendous difference to a great many children at the Dragon and at Bryanston.

Phillipa Boston
[Reprinted by permission from Dragons (Dragon School Magazine), no. 23 (Christmas 2006) 5.]

REFLECTIONS OF VENICE, & EXTRACTS FROM EH-A'S HOLIDAY JOURNALS (1898 & 1901) [Part II: continued from Newsletter No.10]

Edward & Mollie Heron-Allen must have been contemplating buying the house they were staying in. Here is a copy of what the British Consul wrote:-

"CONFIDENTIAL. The British Consulate, Venice 13th May, 1898

Dear Mr Allen,

The owner of the Maison Barbier, Commendatore Angelo Levi, asks for the sole building fronting the Grand Canal and the piece of ground in the garden, you have shown me the other day, Lira 125,000 – about 5000 Pounds – free of expenses. The sum is enormous, as with eighty or ninety thousand Lira you can buy a palace in a very good condition. However, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly drop me a line declining the purchase, in a polite way, to enable me to show it to Signor Levi. If any house agent should come near you in the future please don't do anything without consulting me.

Pray give my best compliments and regards to Mrs Allen and Believe me

Most faithfully yours

Edw. De Zuccato"

While travelling in waterbuses on the Grand Canal I kept my eyes peeled for Casa Barbier but no luck. I noted in *The Times* of 8th November 2005, that the Mayor of Venice is hoping to sell off some of the municipal properties, palaces & possibly the Casino as the city of Venice is not financially well off.

In Holiday Journal Vol. VII in 1901 the Heron-Allen's visited Venice with friends Lady Ella & Brooke staying at 2725 San Maurizio Venice.

16th April. 1901: "Arrived 2.30 & found our gondolier the dear 'Toni' to whom as Antonio Franzanchini we wrote to meet us from Verona. He was overjoyed to meet us & kissed all our hands, we emerged from the station like Royal personages". "Toni and another gondolier took charge and we arrived in triumph and delight in the apartment the Montalbas have taken for us, 2725 San Maurizio, on the 4th floor above the traghetto, just above Henry Woods the artist & immediately across the calle from the rooms we had in 1895". "We have a

bed & dressing room, a huge drawing room ditto dining room & large rooms for Brooke and Ella, all most charming furnished (the property of an absent Marchesa) for 12.50 lira a day which we think a triumph in house hiring".

17th April. "This morning is perfectly lovely". "We are exactly opposite the gaudy Venice & Murano Glass house & we look down to the left over the old Casa Barbier which they are entirely rewiring blocking up the old doors on to the terrace & putting in a new roof". [This is the only mention of the property they were thinking of buying in 1898] "Our First meal here, which has impressed us very favourably. The table silver is all George III (1803) which is surprising when one comes to think of it, & the Marchesa has her coronet all over everything". "Ella & I are growing the bead habit again to the renewed scorn & disgust of Mollie; there seem to be more & more brilliant beads than ever this year".

Fiona Jones in Venice

18th April. "A lovely morning. Mollie having found "organisms" in our bed, had a field day & abolished all the hangings in our room & generally re-modelled the household, accompanying the reform with a few well chosen words expressive of her opinions on the subject in general and particular. At 10.30 went out and bought first violets of the season & some white doeskin gloves at 2.50 l. in which I look like a French Vicomte" [Shades of Dirk Bogarde in *Death in Venice*] ".went into Scuola San Rocco to see the Tintorettos which are the worst lighted pictures in Venice, & hooted with laughter again over the English guide they give one. We still want to buy one."

21st April. Dinner at Panada. "Here we met Walter Sickert who presently joined us at Quadri for coffee & sat with us till 8.30 when we came home went out with Toni up the Bacino & to the end of gardens and back. It was a lovely night made hideous for the last quarter mile of the canal by more floating concert parties than ever apparently, we had to pass through them tonight & they seemed more discordant & horrible than ever". Fiona and I did not venture out in a gondola we left that to Chinese and Japanese tourists, besides we could not do it in the style of the Heron-Allen's!

23rd May. "Panada's where we dined most excellently, being presently joined by Walter Sickert who is a quaint & humorous man".

24th May. "We were late this morning. Up at 8.30, Brooke & I didn't get out to Cook's till 10 visiting the post & a bead shop on the way & buying some postcards in the Merceria. The Girls did not join us in the Piazza till 11.15 & then we talked for a bit to Sickert who has begun a new and weird picture of S Mark* this morning . He stands all the morning with a crowd round him, who make despairing remarks about him, regretting that he should be doing such awful things – they do not appreciate the Starr-Sickert New Century developments of the Whistler legend. He enjoys it and paints on imperturbably, outraging all their pre-conceived ideas of Art." [* The Tate Gallery owns a painting of Sickert's painted c 1895; he stayed in Venice eight months from December 1900, during which time he made paintings of San Marco, Doge's Palace, Bridge of Sighs.]

One of the last things Fiona and I did in Venice was to attend 10.30 Sunday Mass in the Basilica di San Marco, it was a most welcoming service, the music and singing was excellent and of course we had the opportunity to see at first hand the Byzantine art and architecture. The autumn rains had arrived, it was high tide the duck boards were out and we could hear the water sloshing up the drains near the Basilica, before departing we watched from the Bridge of Sighs a regatta of gondolas' with each crew decked out in different colours a fitting way to remember Venice.

Venetia Jones
(Copyright EH-A Journal extracts Ivor Jones)

BOOKS

NEW BOOKS

On 18 May 2007, *Elgar, Vicat Cole and the Ghosts of Brinkwells* by Society members Carol Fitzgerald and Brian Hardy was published. The book tells the story of Elgar's holidays at Brinkwells, a cottage in West Sussex, which he rented from the artist Vicat Cole, during which he wrote his mature chamber music and much of his cello concerto. The book is illustrated by unpublished photographs and reproductions of Vicat Cole's paintings and makes use of Heron-Allen's war diaries. The book is available from bookshops or from Phillimore & Co., Ltd, at Shopwhyke Manor Barn, Chichester, West Sussex. PO20 2BG for £25 plus £3.50 p&p.

In July, '*A Book of Verse: The Biography of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*', by Society member Garry Garrard was published. The book tells the story of how a book of poetry has provided delight and fascination for centuries and brings to life the evocative world of early Islamic Persia and the literary and artistic scene in England in the second half of the nineteenth century.. Heron-Allen's contributions to the story are fully described. The book is available from Sutton Publishing Sales Dept., The Mill, Brimscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire. GL5 2QG for £20 post free (in the UK).

STILL AVAILABLE

Edward Heron-Allen's *Journal of the Great War: From Sussex Shore to Flanders Field*, edited by Society Members Brian Harvey and Carol Fitzgerald, chronicles the impact of the War on the lives of himself and his family at Selsey in West Sussex, and on his friends, acquaintances and organisations nationally. He describes the day to day experiences of life in wartime conditions, and describes the effects of conscription, spy scares and Zeppelin raids. He recounts his military training with the Sussex Volunteer Regiment and his officer training at Tunbridge Wells. Later he discusses his role in the propaganda department of the War Office, and final his visit to the Western Front. The journal casts a perceptive eye on the Home Front and the changes that the Great War inflicted on the structures of English life. The book is available from bookshops or from Phillimore & Co., Ltd., at Shopwhyke Manor Barn, Chichester, West Sussex. OPO20 2BG for £20 plus £3.50 p&p.

THE HERON-ALLEN BIOGRAPHY

Joan Navarre is writing a biography of Edward Heron-Allen. Any information concerning Heron-Allen (e.g letters, manuscripts, photographs) will be greatly appreciated. E-mail: jnavarre@hotmail.com

THE SOCIETY'S WEB-SITE

Andy Henderson, the Society's web-master, updates our web-site almost every month, and members are encouraged to keep in touch by making use of it. It can still be found at http://www.heron-allen.co.uk There is an opportunity on the site for members to make comments and suggestions and to post queries.

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The Heron-Allen Newsletter was edited by Timothy J. McCann and designed by Caroline Adams.

MEMBERSHIP

Members pay a fee (a minimum of £15) on joining, and £15 annually in July thereafter, with £17.50 for overseas members. Members are entitled to the Newsletter, information about the annual Symposium, the current Opusculum, and information about the Society's activities. Any Society publication will normally be paid for separately. Any back publication will be charged for separately (if still in print). Members are reminded that prompt payment of subscriptions enables the Society to continue to publish its Opuscula. Enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary.

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