The Heron-Allen Society

Newsletter
no. 12
Spring 2008

EIGHTH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM

The eighth annual Heron-Allen Symposium will be held at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London at 11.00am on Saturday 5 July 2008. Coffee will be available from 10.30.

PROGRAMME

Theme: Treasures: Decorative, Egyptian and Musical: More from Heron-Allen's Collections

Venues: Palaeontology Demonstration Room (The Dorothea Bate Room] and Heron-Allen Library [Meet at Visitors Reception, on the right, inside the main entrance to the Museum on Cromwell Road. The nearest Underground Station is South Kensington.]

Welcome and introduction by the Chairman

Lucy Wood, "Heron-Allen's Westminster Fire Chairs"

Pam Thompson, "A Cornucopia of Treasures and Trivia: Heron-Allen's Miscellanea in the Royal College of Music collection".

Joanne Fletcher, "The Heron-Allen Collection of Egyptian Scarabs".

The Official Opening of the Heron-Allen Library Door

Lunch

Annual General Meeting

Peter Scott, "Tea at the De Keyser Hotel - Edward Heron-Allen's Colleagues at M.I.7(b)"

Edward Heron-Allen in military uniform

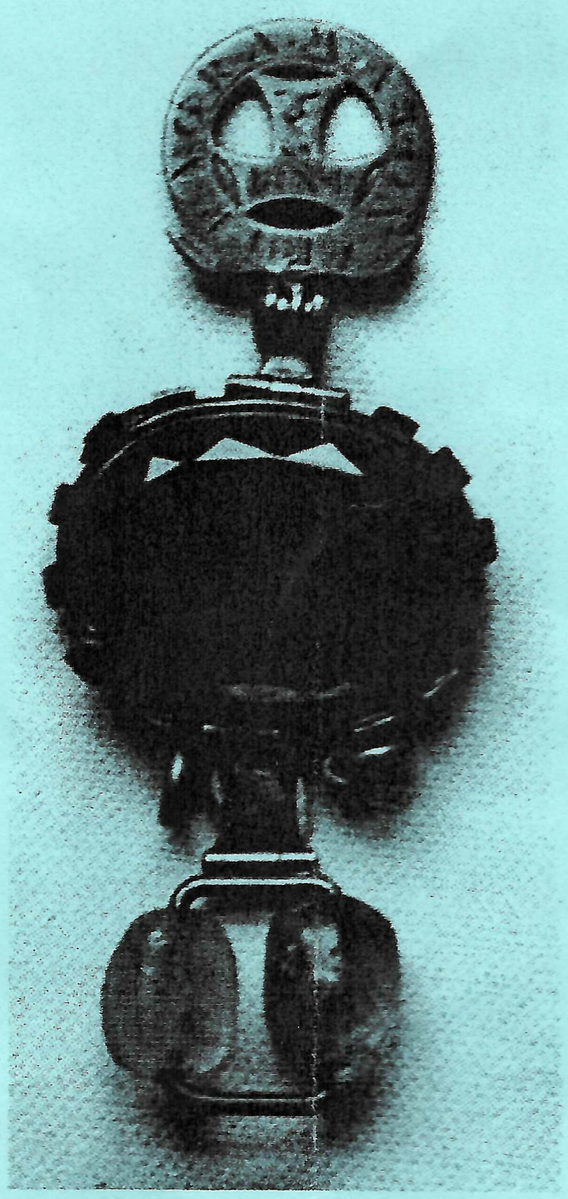
Edward Heron-Allen's necklace of Scarabs.

Lunch has been arranged at Pierino's Italian Restaurant in Thurlow Place near to the Museum. Those wishing to attend the lunch should book with Dr. John Whittaker at the Natural History Museum (Tel. 0207-942-5132; e-mail. j.whittaker@nhm.ac.uk)

During the day we hope to visit Heron-Allen's Room at the Museum (The Gavin de Beer Room), and "The Purple Sapphire" in The Vault.

OPENING THE VAULT

I should think that the name of EH-A has been bandied around the Jones household since I first learned to listen and speak sense. However it was not until the Society began back in early 2000 that I truly became aware of him as a person not only of family note but also of public interest. It was while still a student I recall worming my way through the security of the Natural History Museum to somehow end up in the Heron-Allen library where my father, Ivor Jones, was meeting with John Whittaker to look at and discuss EH-A's works on foraminifera. It was there that I discovered the EH-A for whom this society was founded - not that shady and curious character of family history - but rather that riddle wrapped up in an enigma and swallowed by a Sphinx which has sparked so much interest from so many diverse areas of both learning and the globe.



'The Purple Sapphire'

Not being especially scientific by nature, the discussion and display of EH-A's foraminifera, had not been the main reason for which I had braved the formidable security system of the National History Museum. Like many, if not all students, it was the lure of a free lunch that had made me forego the thrills of my university library for that of South Ken. Discovering that there was a library in the NHM named after one of the blood was pleasant enough - but as we left, I had my first encounter with that "*stone trebly accursed and ... stained with the blood, and the dishonour of everyone who has ever owned it*" - namely, of course, the Purple Sapphire.

For as we were exiting, John procured the stone from where it was carefully stored and - as I realise now - most bravely held it in his hand to show both to myself and my father the cause of perhaps EH-A's most accessible tale. I could not say that it beamed with an especially malevolent light, or that the room suddenly darkened - for it did not, but just like Sir Clement Arkwright, I beheld what was "*the most splendid stone that I had ever seen*". The silver of the casing was perhaps a little tarnished, but by no means did this detract from the gem's beauty. For whatever, and indeed, despite its curious past, the Purple Sapphire is a piece of wonder that has been wrought by man from nature's bedrock. Those who have seen it in the flesh will recall that its size can be quite a distraction, but really it is that violent Byzantine purple which imperiously swallows and spits out the light that remains in the mind's eye after parting. How I longed to touch that stone! but the voice of caution, as symbolised by my father who refused all contact with it, urged me to be wary and like the dutiful hungry and somewhat superstitious son that I was, and am, I too refused to hold it. His advice has been wrong in the past, as I discovered when I once tried to touch a penguin on his urging (I nearly lost a finger), but this time perhaps he was right.

That was my first, and so I thought, last connection with the Purple Sapphire, beyond its bewitching tale recorded by EH-A's creative imagination.

Therefore, seven years later, it was with some great shock that I learned that it was to be dusted off and included in the Natural History Museum's new permanent exhibition: the Vault. I write shock, for however much I learn of EH-A's remarkable achievements and interests, it always comes as a surprise to me that anyone outside of the immediate clan circle would take interest in a member of my family. Past family members, as we

are all aware, are often credited with inflated renown, but recognition at the NHM surely gives credit to such family tales?

Entering the great atrium at night is an entirely different experience to that of the hustle and bustle of the day. The lights are dimmed, there is the flicker of lamp light (not sure how they managed that with electric light), and the vast skeleton which dominates the hall takes on the eerie leer of childhood fears. Such an illusion was swiftly broken though by the gradual dripping arrival of London's well heeled visitors of the eve, who soon echoed about the hall, clippety clopping as they paced in their lack of patience. As whispers grew to murmurs, and murmurs to that indistinct rumble of a crowd, the black clad staff (perhaps EH-A would have approved such a uniform?) allowed us to pass the hall's solitary guardian and wind our way up the stairs to trays brimming with peculiar cocktails.

Such cocktails were clearly not designed for one to linger long over (Zubrowka and Cava anyone?), for the gathering appeared to be managing barely the smallest of sips before heading straight for the unlit entrance of the Minerals Gallery. Outside this entrance were stationed a pair of brooding behemoths, operating on a strict one in one out premise. Soon there were droves of people clamouring to get in, presumably to escape the cocktails, but somehow (and perhaps with a little bit of strategic placement of my father) we were beckoned into the darkness beyond.

The Natural History Museum may have been following current environmental policy by keeping the Minerals Gallery unlit, though I would like to think otherwise, as at the end of the gallery's gloom blazing bright was the Vault. We hardly glanced at the elaborate array of semi and non precious stones, still preserved in their original Victorian settings of the gallery, instead we made straight for the evening's goal, curious to see our Purple Sapphire and what else shared its lime light.

Though ultimately the other stones in the Vault were of limited interest to my father and I, we still paid them a courtesy visit as walking clockwise we made our approving noises for a Martian Meteorite (which looked suspiciously like a piece of slate), and other elaborate displays featuring giant golden nuggets and uncut emeralds. Perhaps the most impressive of all these, was the Aurora diamonds, so named, presumably after the dawn, as it represented a collection of every coloured diamond, reflecting a differing light depending upon the intensity and variation of the beam.

However, like every other example of precious stones and metals in this gallery, it was merely pretty, representing no particular story or event, and really only being of interest to geologists, mineralogists and potential thieves. This is ultimately the exhibition's downfall. For it generally lacks in that element of human interest which sparks the human imagination and stands out in memory long after – something that is only remedied by the presence of the Purple Sapphire.

Now of course I write this from an exceptionally biased perspective, but I do wonder out of those who visit the Vault, how many will recall the uncut emerald; the golden nugget or any of the other exhibits long after their visit? I should imagine very few unless prompted – but I would be more than surprised should they have forgotten that cursed stone. For one thing, it is the only mounted exhibit present – and in such a curious setting too! The Greek letters and curious glyphs, not to mention the double-headed snake, make all other exhibits seem naked beside EH-A's donation.

Yet, what truly makes the Purple Sapphire of interest is that it has that hint of mystery and taboo so attractive to man, ever since we stopped seeing bananas as a staple part of our diet. A cursed stone stolen from a temple during the Indian mutiny, and which brings incredible misfortune to all who own it – or a large golden nugget presented to someone

Pat Coleby, Liza Wood, Tim McCann (holding 'The Purple Sapphire') and Ivor Jones, at West Sussex Record Office, 2000.

for being so big? Really there is no contest into which will fascinate more.

Of the exhibits that night, it was the Purple Sapphire that drew the largest crowd and seemed to spark the most conversation, at least so I gathered from the snippets I picked up as I drifted about the room. Whether this was due to my father's conversation on its history to the lady curator, I could not say. More likely it was that font of imagination, and who knows perhaps fact, that gushed from the nib of EH-A's pen that made this gemstone so popular for its viewers.

As it was, I do not think that the general visitor that eve was there to look at the display, rather they were present to be looked at. I noticed several finely built suits which strutted along with a flimsy dress draped across its arm, that would then settle and perch by an exhibit with chest puffed out, only to declare to coos of blank-eyed excitement that this *fascinating* rock was theirs.

We left soon after my father had spoken to the curator and those responsible for the setting up of the exhibit. Following the trail of canapés which led to the exit, we escaped without suffering anything more from the Purple Sapphire's baleful influence than the occasional odd *amuse bouche* which we snatched from the passing trays and disastrous cocktail.

A few months later I returned to the Vault, as I had intended to do so for some weeks. I did this largely to remind myself of the evening, but also to prove to a cynical friend of mine that a fellow called Edward Heron-Allen had gifted the NHM with a cursed stone.

Just as I was setting out I received a phone call which related a distressing piece of news to me, so much so that I almost decided to remain at home. However, having set out to see the Purple Sapphire again, I mounted my bicycle and pedalled off to the NHM. Beyond the accustomed Chelsea tractor and bendy bus, I reached South Ken without mishap.

The teeming atrium, now reminiscent of an anthill, just with less purpose and more noise, sent a shiver of horror through me, and again I thought of turning back. I greeted my friend by the cloakroom, where having expected a free storage area, such as one experiences at other London museums, misfortune struck in the form of an excessive fee to leave my bicycle. The afternoon was further assailed with little pieces of bad luck, ranging from a lost handkerchief to an inside out shirt. Such things may well not sound so dreadful, but when the day culminated in an exploding dumpling that sprayed both friend and inside out shirt with soy sauce – and there being no means of mopping up the mess - will one truly appreciate the extent of the disaster. Add to this a minor accident on my journey, which has left the rear mudguard of my wheels viciously mutilated, and you will forgive me for thinking that the day was ill omened.

Could this have been the Purple Sapphire still exerting its evil influence over its former owner's descendants? I do not know. Such a string of events could be coincidental, but I for one will not be risking the flimsy glass walls of its casing with another visit, though please do not let me put you off from doing so yourself!

Samuel J.F. Jones (great grandson of Edward Heron-Allen)

CONSTANCE MARY FOY AND EDWARD HERON-ALLEN : A CHEIROMANTIC FRIENDSHIP

We heard at last year's Symposium at Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford details of how many hits are received by our website. Several of them take the form of requests for information, and Andy Henderson, our webmaster, passes on these queries to appropriate members of the Society. A recent request was for the identity of 'Mistress C. M.F.---, at C – H --, E –' to whom Heron-Allen's, 'A Discourse of Mesmerism or Ye Principles and Practique of Animal Magnetism, as exemplified in ye Phenomina of Willing, of Thought-readynge & of Clairvoyance or Second Syghte', published in *The Early English Almanack* of 1886, was dedicated. Our enquirer attached photocopies of the first and last pages of the article in *The Early English Almanack*, which revealed that Heron-Allen had dedicated a previous 'letter, entitled 'A discourse of Chyromancie' to the same 'Mistress C.M.F.—'

The identity of this mysterious dedicatee is revealed in the pages of Heron-Allen's own diary. Writing on 11 December 1886 he revealed that: 'Constance Foy is the "CMF" to whom "Chiromancy or the Science of Palmistry", The Editions de Luxe of "Codex Chiromantic" & my letters in the Early English Almanack are addressed. She is wonderfully clever & wonderfully fascinating, & we are intensely firm friends. I met her five years ago at a tennis party at the Bosanquets at Enfield & she struck me, tho she was only sixteen being the possessor of the calmest & clearest female intellect I had ever met. We struck up a firm friendship and I have supplied her with books to read, & have in fact directed her mental education ever since. Our first point de depart was her interest in Cheiromancy, she is now my greatest confidante & I am very lucky in having such a friend. We both pride ourselves on the marvellous self control which prevents our marrying one another!'

Constance Mary Foy was the second of four daughters and eight children of William Lowndes Toller Foy and Emily Gold, nee Price, his wife. William Foy was a prosperous woodbroker, a partner in Messrs. Foy, Morgan & Co., and a director of the Surrey Commercial Dock Company, who were specialists in handling timber, especially softwoods imported from the Baltic. He was a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex and also a Justice of the Peace. In 1878 he purchased the Elm Lodge Estate at Clay Hill in Enfield, hence the initials in Heron-Allen's dedication, and later bought Manor Gardens at Henley on Thames in Oxfordshire, and was sufficiently celebrated to be the subject of a *Vanity Fair* cartoon published on 1 February 1911 and described as 'A well-known face in the Timber World'. Constance features regularly in the short personal diary that Heron-Allen kept between 1 December 1885 and 6 January 1886.

'On the morning of the 9th [December]', he wrote: 'I didn't go up to town as I wanted to talk over my novel "The Confessions of a Cheiromant" with Constance. I have had the general scheme of this novel in my head for years, but it is only lately that I have seen any chance of having time to write it. Accordingly I shut myself up with my dear friend this morning (9th) & went through the whole thing in its minutes particulars. She was very sweet & sympathetic & gave me all the encouragement that I required to write it, the scheme so huge & the idea so deep that I am simply afraid of it; and for me to lack in self-confidence is to say the least of it, strange! I left her however quite ready to begin & when I got home in the evening seriously started sketching out the plot. She drove me & Miss Malcolm to the station'.

On 12 December 1885, 'This morning I finished sketching out the plot of the great novel and sent off the whole thing to Constance Foy for perusal & approval'. On 19 December 1885, 'Finished Hyperion which I sent off to Constance Foy. And on 22 December 1885, 'I got home in time to dress to go up to St. George's Hall where an amateur performance of "the two Rises" was being played by the Hampstead ADC .., the beautiful Miss Mabel

Mason was there & also a selection of the Foy family. I had a chat with Constance, & went behind the scenes to talk to Ferdie & the rest of them they all seemed very pleased with themselves, "bless' em".

The diary also contains three photographs of the Foy family. The first is a photograph of Constance on her own, taken in Sweden, and posted in against the entry for 11 December 1885. The photograph is dated '25 January' and was probably taken when she was travelling on business with her father. On 3 January 1886, there is a photograph, entitled, ' Group photographed at Clay Hill, Enfield, November 1885', and captioned 'W. Foy, EH-A, Helen Foy. Miss Foy, "Bobbie", C.M.F', including Heron-Allen, Constance Mary Foy, her father and her three sisters. A second photograph pasted into the diary on the date of 4 January 1886, is captioned. ' Mr. Foy, W. Dunning, Fred Rawson, "Bobbie", Helen Foy, Miss Foy, W. Foy' and entitled 'Second group photo'd by W. Dunning at Enfield, Nov'r 1885.' It seems clear that Heron-Allen was quite at home with the family.

The de-luxe edition of *Codex Chiromantiae* by Edward Heron-Allen and *Chiromancy or The Science of Palmistry* by Henry Frith and Edward Heron-Allen, both published in 1883, were dedicated to 'C.M.F.' at a time when Constance was only nineteen. As we have seen, in 1886, he dedicated to her the letters he had published in *The Early English Almanack*. Their relationship was not just marked by dedications, it also included correspondence. After he ceased the recording of his personal diary in January 1886, Heron-Allen devised a method of diary-keeping that was characteristically unusual. Each evening when he was travelling or on holiday he wrote a letter describing the days events and then posted it to himself. Very occasionally he sent the letters to others. Eventually the letters were collected, put into order and bound into volumes. In the first of his holiday journals, he describes a visit to Downside from 9 to 12 May 1886. His Downside diary survives in the form of two letters: the first, of eight sheets, was sent to 'Miss Constance Foy'

Constance Mary Foy in Sweden, *c.*1885

at 23 Portman Street, and the second, of four pages, to himself at St. John's, Putney Hill.

In November 1886 EH-A set off on his successful lecture tour of America for Major J.B. Pond. His subject was 'Cheirosophy', and it is difficult to imagine that he did not discuss the tour with his 'greatest confidante', but evidence of their continuing friendship has proved difficult to find. It is possible that they drifted apart after Heron-Allen found another 'confidante', in Selina Dolaro, whose name appeared with his on the cover of *Princess Daphne* in 1888, shortly before her death. Constance Foy married Arthur Llewellyn Foley in the Spring of 1890. Her husband, like her father, was a timber merchant, and several years her senior. The 1901 census shows her living back in Enfield, with her husband and their daughter Elizabeth: a girl of six, while EH-A met Marianne Lehmann in February 1891, and married her on 1 July of the same year. It is possible that Constance was the Constance M Foley, aged 49, who was listed as a passenger on *The Baltic* from Liverpool, that arrived in New York on 6 October 1914, but otherwise nothing is known of her later life.

Acknowledgements: I would like to thank Ivor Jones and the Heron-Allen Estate for permission to quote from the first Holiday Diary and to reproduce the photograph of Constance Mary Foy; Venetia Jones; Alison McCann and Clare Snoad of the West Sussex Record Office and Graham Dalling and Kate Godfrey of Enfield Library.

Timothy J. McCann

EDWARD HERON-ALLEN IN AMERICA: A RARE PHOTOGRAPH BY NAPOLEON SARONY

When I presented a paper on Edward Heron-Allen in America (EH-A Society Meeting of 7 July 2002) I posed a research question: Where are all the photographs of EH-A?
EH-A documents that he had been photographed numerous times while in America (1886-1889). However, only a few photographs are known to exist. Ivor E. Jones owns an original, taken while EH-A was lecturing in Chicago, and this was published in *The Complete Letters of Oscar Wilde* (2000). Another photograph appears in Major J.B. Pond's *Eccentricities of* Genius: *Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and Stage* (1900), along with a biographical essay. Since my talk, I have located an original photograph of EH-A in America. It is in the Print Collection of The New York Public Library, and it can be viewed on the internet, thanks to the NYPL Digital Gallery. The address is as follows: http://digitalgallery.nypl.org/nypldigital/index.cfm
Type Heron-Allen's name in the search window, and his image will appear.

The photograph, a carte de visite, was taken by Napoleon Sarony (1821-1896). Known as the father of artistic photography, Sarony is famous for his photographs of celebrities, such as Mark Twain, Sarah Bernhardt and Oscar Wilde. The Sarony photograph, *circa* late 1886-early 1887, shows EH-A in formal attire: bow tie, watch fob and black cape. He is perfectly coiffed and he sports a slight mustache. His hands are large, and his stance is one of confidence and authority. No wonder he captured the attention of fashionable society!

EH-A mentions Sarony in his American journal. On the 1st of November 1886, his first full day in New York City, he mingled with the rich and famous, and he met the great photographer. By the 13th of November he had been photographed by Sarony. He would return to Sarony's studio. However, much is left unsaid. EH-A does not describe Sarony's studio at 37 Union Square nor does he say how many photographs were taken.

I have recently returned from New York City. I examined the rare Sarony photograph, looking for clues. EH-A's handwriting does not appear. On the back of the photograph there is a previous owner's stamp: J.H. James. This photograph is from the John Henry James Collection. Someone (perhaps Mr. James) has identified EH-A: "reader of palms, deceased."

Numerous photographs of EH-A in America once existed. Where have they all gone? It is good to know that one original Sarony photograph has a safe and permanent home, and it is accessible to all. I remain hopeful that other photographs will surface and shed light on the life and times of EH-A.

Acknowledgements: I would like to thank The New York Public Library (Digital Image ID 498293), Ivor E. Jones and the Heron-Allen Estate.

Joan Navarre.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF EDWARD HERON-ALLEN AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY

Among the documents relating to Edward Heron-Allen in the archives of the Royal Society are his election papers, a copy of his letter relating to the 'Purple Sapphire' and a photograph.

The photograph is a black and white head and sholders portrait of Heron-Allen (150X105mm), and is signed by Kay Vaughan. The subject is pictured looking to the right and wearing a waistcoat and a black pin-striped suit over a wing-collar and what I first took to be a cravat, but is in fact a black bow-tie. There is no writing on the back or the front of the mount, but a note in the Society's catalogue reveals that the photographer worked at Dover Street in London. There was something about the photograph, the age of EH-A and his clothing that seemed familiar.

I examined the photograph through the kindness of Nichola Court, formerly of West Sussex Record Office and now Archivist (Modern Records) at the Royal Society. Afterwards we went to the Natural History Museum, where John Whittaker kindly showed us some of the treasures of the Heron-Allen Library. As soon as I entered the room, I noticed the photograph of EH-A on the wall, known as 'the Cushman portrait', which is a copy of a photograph from the Joseph Cushman collection at the National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institute, Washington DC, USA. That photograph shows Heron-Allen full length, dressed in a frock-coat, over what looks to be the same waist-coat, winged-collar and bow-tie, looking remarkably similar to the Royal Society photograph. Indeed the similarities are so striking that at first it seemed fair to assume that both photographs were taken by Kay Vaughan.

However, on re-reading the correspondence between Edward Heron-Allen and Joseph Cushman from the photocopies in the West Sussex Record Office, I came across a letter from EH-A dated 10 September 1927 in which he wrote: 'I have ordered for you a copy of the photograph done of me by Russell for the National Portrait Gallery & will send it to you when it arrives'. So it seems that the photographs of EH-A at the National Portrait Gallery and at the Smithsonian Institute were taken by James Russell of Chichester in 1927 and that at the Royal Society by Kay Vaughan of Dover Street in London at an unkown date.

Further research suggests that EH-A was invariably photographed in a wing-collar and black bow-tie with a waistcoat and black pin-striped suit. Joan Navarre kindly pointed out to me that the photograph had been published before. It was used to illustrate R.A. Gregory's obituary notice of EH-A in *Obituary Notices of Fellows of the Royal Society*, vol. 4, November 1943, pp.447-454.

Timothy J. McCann

REMEMBERING EDWARD MORTON BARFORD, GODCHILD OF EDWARD HERON-ALLEN: 11th June 1915 – 8th November 2007

Edward Morton Barford, known to many as Ted Barford, passed away on 8 November 2007. He suffered a stroke at the age of 92. He is survived by his wife Carla, their daughters and grandchildren.
Ted was the son of Dr. and Mrs. P.C. Barford, and he was a godchild of Edward Heron-Allen. The Barford's lived in The Homestead. A lovely coloured print of this home serves as the frontispiece to EH-A's *Selsey Bill*.

I first met Ted in the autumn of 2001. Ted was EH-A's godchild, and he was so much more. He was a storyteller, friend and teacher.

He never tired of my questions about the past. He was a talented storyteller. His eyes would light up, and he would pick just the right words to paint pictures of the past.

I can picture him as a little boy, playing in the gardens at Large Acres, EH-A's estate in Selsey, West Sussex. I can see him riding horses with EH-A's daughter Itha. I can also see him walking along the Selsey shore with his father, the doctor. When the scent of eucalyptus mingled with the smell of sea air, his father would put his nose up in the air and tell Ted, 'Archie is near'. Archie was Sir Archibald Hamilton, a Selsey resident, who soaked his

body in eucalyptus, believing that it was a cure-all.

Ted shared his memories of EH-A on numerous occasions. On the 8th of September 2005, he addressed a packed audience at St Peter's Church Hall. He was the keynote speaker at a meeting of the Selsey Society. I had the privilege to be present.

The Homestead, Selsey; the family home of the Barfords. The frontispiece to EH-A's *Selsey Bill*

One of my last visits with Ted took place along the Selsey shore. The sky was steel grey, and a strong wind mixed with rain. There was no eucalyptus to be smelled that day.

Joan Navarre

THE HERON-ALLEN GRAVES AT CHURCH NORTON, SELSEY

Members who have attended our symposiums or who have looked at our website, will know of our appeal for financial help towards the restoration of the graves of Edward, Edith and Armorel Heron-Allen at Church Norton in Selsey.

The graves are to be found in the graveyard of a unique church. Edward Heron-Allen wrote an account of the church – *The Parish Church of St. Peter on Selsey Bill Sussex* – and, typically, had it published in two different formats in 1935 by W.G. and W.R. Willis of 16 North Street, Chichester. A quarto edition, for private circulation, was limited to one hundred copies and contained 42 pages, which included 13 fine plates. The octavo edition was for general circulation and contained exactly the same text on 26 pages, which included 7 plates.

In his account of the parish church Heron-Allen described how the Church of St. Peter is 'the only church in the British Isles that exists in two pieces ... the detached fragment – the Chancel – which is left looking out over the waters of Pagham Harbour and the English Channel, and the other, with the church as we see it to-day in the village'.

He went on to describe how 'the growing population of Selsey made it more and more inconvenient to have the Church two (and more) miles from the village'. He reported that 'under ecclesiastical law a Church can be removed, but not a Chancel, so the old Chancel was left, and remained in use as a Mortuary Chapel, the west end being filled in. In 1917 this abandoned Chancel was renamed with the consent of the Bishop, St. Wilfrid's chapel'. The rest of the church was removed to its present site in Selsey Village in 1864-6.

After the tragic death of Armorel Heron-Allen in 1930, the Heron-Allens purchased a burial plot in the graveyard at St. Wilfrid's chapel, and Armorel was buried there in a large grave marked with a Celtic cross. Her parents were buried either side of her in 1943 and 1944 respectively and their graves are marked by simple inscriptions on flat stones. In the sixty years since then, the graves had inevitably

The Heron-Allen graves at Church Norton, Selsey

of Norton Priory and L.F. Salzmann in 1911, and outside the lych-gate. Enter through the gates to the churchyard, walk straight along the path, leaving St. Wilfred's Chapel on their right (grid reference: SZ 872957), almost to the end wall. The graves are to be found to the left of the path just before it reaches the north wall of the graveyard.

Timothy J. McCann

deteriorated somewhat. Some of the lettering had flaked off the stones and some of the stonework on the floor of the graves had crumbled and become uneven. After a visit on the occasion of the unveiling of the plaque to Edward Heron-Allen on a site in the High Street, near to the entrance to 'Large Acres' in Selsey village, the Society decided to launch an appeal to restore the graves.

Thanks to a generous contribution from the family, the money has now been raised, and the graves have been restored by Messrs. F.A. Holland & Son of Selsey. The missing lettering has been replaced, the stones cleaned and the grave generally tidied. Grateful thanks are due to the members who kindly contributed to our appeals.

Members wishing to visit the graves should take the A 2145 south of Chichester towards Selsey. After crossing an arm of Pagham Harbour south of Sidlesham, they should take a very sharp left turn marked 'Church Norton', and proceed to the end of the road, passing on their right, Norton Priory, the former Selsey Vicarage. The road ends in a small car-park opposite 'The Mound', which was excavated by Heron-Allen, Claude Bishop

THE ANNUAL HERON-ALLEN LECTURE, 2008

With the imminent arrival of bird flu in this country, the subject of year's annual Heron-Allen Lecture at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford could not be more topical. The College welcomes back alumnus Dr Neil M Ferguson OBE (Physics 1987), Professor of Mathematical Biology, at Imperial College, London to speak on "Planning for the unpredictable: how modelling can aid preparations for the next flu pandemic".

Professor Ferguson's team at Imperial is a world leader in pandemics research. His expertise is regularly sought by governments and international organisations. His OBE was awarded for services to epidemiology and the control of infectious diseases.

The lecture is on **Friday March 10th** at 5.15 in Talbot Hall, Lady Margaret Hall, and is followed by a short reception. Admission is free, but space is limited and you are strongly advised to reserve a place online here, or by emailing the Principal's Secretary Janet Wardell, from whom further information may be obtained.

NEW BOOKS

Richard Fortey, *Dry Store Room No. 1: The Secret Life of the Natural History Museum* (Harper Press, 2008), is a well-written and immensely readable account of what goes on behind the doors of the Natural History Museum. It includes a number of pages on Edward Heron-Allen, together with a colour plate of the 'Purple Sapphire' and the familiar portrait of EH-A working at his microscope. Fortey describes Heron-Allen as 'an extraordinary polymath, a skilled violin maker a Persian linguist as well as a world authority on 'forams'. ... One thinks of Dryden's lines: 'A man so various that he seemed to be/Not one, but all mankind's epitome'. Later in the book he imagines a conversation between Heron-Allen and Nevil Story-Maskelyne, one of the leading mineralogists of his time, who he describes as 'almost Heron-Allenesque in his versatility, though without the interest in mumbo-jumbo'. 'I imagine Heron-Allen passing Story-Maskelyne on the stairs. 'Ah! My dear Maskelyne, I regret I cannot spare time for persiflage just now, as I have to finish my monograph in time for the violin recital. Perhaps we could meet at the Sufi Poetry Society this evening?' 'Would that it were so', Story-Maskelyne might reply, 'But I fear I must complete the determination of the latest parcel of minerals from India before I leave for my constituency in Wiltshire by way of the Welsh silver mines, there to glean materials for my photographic plates'.

Selina Dolaro, *Mes Amours: Poems, Passionate and Playful, Written to me by People celebrated and obscure; and my Answers to some of them* (Belford, Clarke & Company, 1888, reprinted by Kissinger Publishing, 2008).reprints a number of poems sent to the comic-opera singer and actress who was associated with Edward Heron-Allen in the authorship of *The Princess Daphne* in 1888, and *Bella Demonia* and *The Vengeance of Maurice Denalguez* in 1889, and her replies.

Gyles Brandreth, *Oscar Wilde and the Candlelight Murders* (John Murray, 2007), is the first in a proposed series of detective stories in which Oscar Wilde solves the mysteries, with the help of Arthur Conan Doyle. The paperback version of the novel prints the first chapter of the second story in the series entitled, *Oscar Wilde and the Ring of Death*, which features Edward Heron-Allen as one of the leading characters. The second story will be published in May, and will be reviewed by Heron-Allen's grandson in a later edition of this Newsletter.

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

Edward Heron-Allen, from the frontispiece of his *Violin Making, as it was and is*

THE SOCIETY'S WEB-SITE

The Heron-Allen Society has a website at: http://www.nhm.ac.uk/hosted sites/ heronallen/ The webmaster, Dr. Andrew S. Henderson, can be contacted through the website or directly be e-mail at: a.henderson@bhm.ac.uk. Andy updates our web-site on a regular basis, and members are encouraged to keep in touch by making use of it. There is an opportunity on the site for members to make comments and suggestions and to post queries.

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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.

I/We enclose my/our subscription for 2008/9.

Name:

Address:

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