SPRING 2020

THE HERON-ALLEN SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER NO. 36

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM 2020

Theme: Edward Heron-Allen: The Monsters and the Man

Venue: The Seminar Room, the Clore Learning Centre at the Museum of London

Time and Date: Saturday 4 July 2020 at 11.00

Programme

11.00 Welcome and Introduction by the Chairman

Beatrice Behlen, 'Edward Heron-Allen's Clothes'

Joan Navarre, 'Edward Heron-Allen and Bram Stoker'

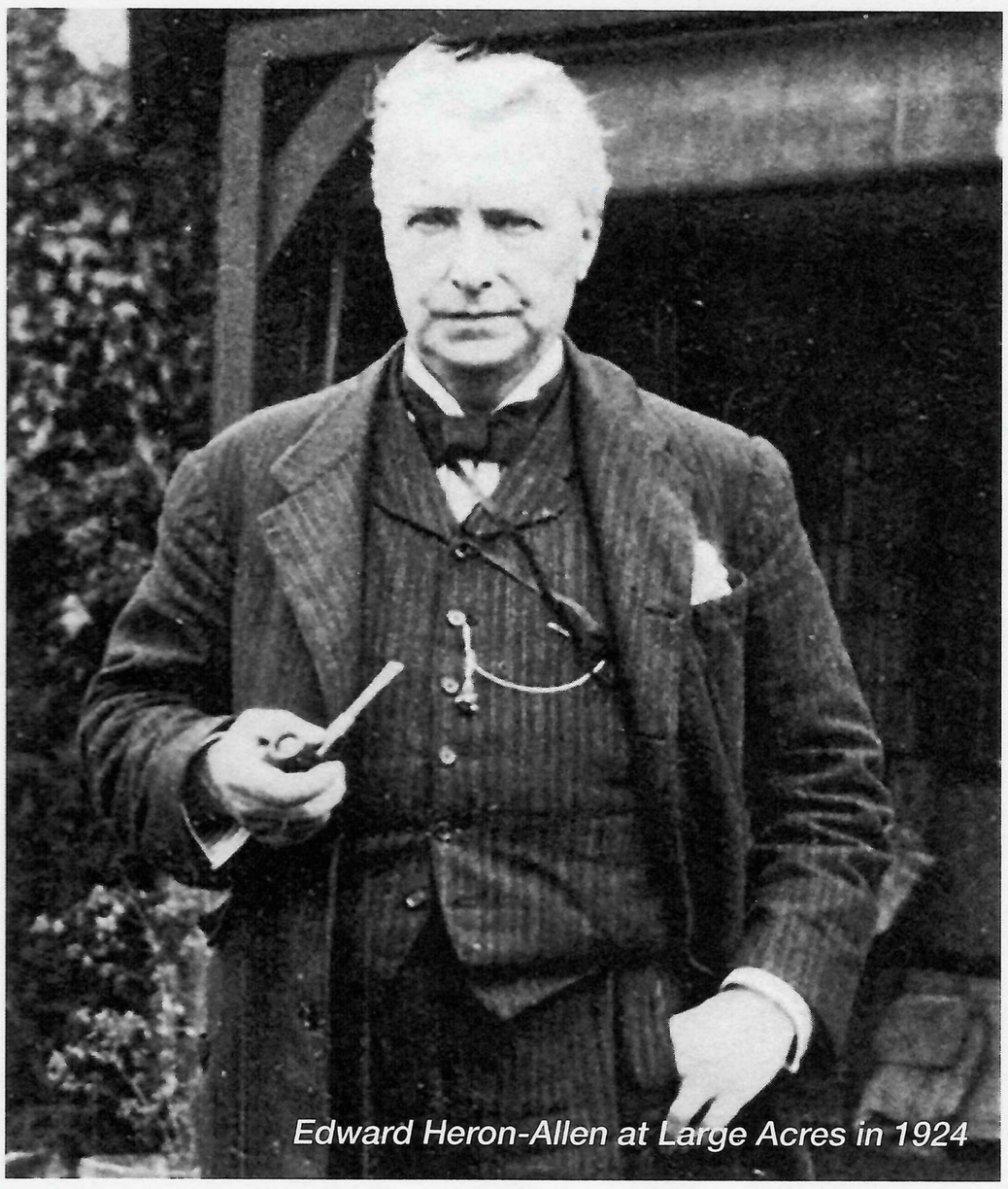
Interval

Daniel Corrick, 'Editing Edward Heron-Allen'

Tim McCann, 'Edward Heron-Allen and the Loch Ness Monster'

The Annual General Meeting

This is the programme planned for our Annual Symposium. Because of the coronavirus outbreak it is now highly likely that it will have to be postponed or at worst, cancelled. Please see our website http://www.heronallensociety.co.uk for the latest information. We will keep you posted.



Edward Heron-Allen at Large Acres in 1924

THE ANNUAL HERON-ALLEN LECTURE AT LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD, FRIDAY 13 MARCH 2020

Spring was firmly in the air as we walked through a blossom-filled North Oxford to hear this year's lecture. The Simpkins Lee Lecture Theatre was as full as ever in spite of the threat of coronavirus infection, and the atmosphere was full of the usual anticipation of an interesting and instructive hour's talk.

The lecturer was Professor Phyllis Lee, and her topic 'Models of Social Evolution', which, in view of her roles as Director of Science at the Amboseli Trust for Elephants and Professor of Psychology at the University of Sterling, promised fascinating insights. We were not disappointed!

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As is customary, the evening opened with an introduction from the Principal, Alan Rusbridger, who filled the audience in on the background to the setting up of the annual lecture and the Heron-Allen scholarships and acknowledged the debt the College owed to the family for the generous bequest.

His accidental attribution to Heron-Allen of expertise in psalmistry and an interest in cooking asparagus among his many attributes startled me a little, but otherwise he gave an accurate account of our late Permanent President!

Professor David Macdonald then briefly and warmly welcomed Professor Lee, who began by explaining that her areas of research in studying social evolution were primates and elephants – as indicated in the beautiful introductory screen to her presentation. She therefore would not be speaking about the hymenoptera (bees, ants, etc.) which are the most well-known social species, nor about lizards and fish, also highly socially organized creatures.

In looking at the evolution of social organization, questions to ask are – organization from what, and why? Why group? Why be social? This was her starting point.

For animals starting out as single foraging individuals, what would be the advantages and disadvantages of forming groups, and then once groups form, how would they work?

The advantages can be listed as protection from predation, efficient finding and protecting of food, exchange of information generally, thermoregulation, access to mates, and help with the rearing and protection of young. Against these, the disadvantages are the conspicuousness of a group to predators, with its associated need for energy sapping vigilance, increased and immediate competition for food, mates, etc., and easier disease transmission (in one study the most playful chimps were the most likely to succumb to Ebola, for example).

It is clear that for many animals the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, though obviously local ecological factors may complicate the picture. While solitary animals only need to come together for mating and maybe for rearing the young, a situation involving very little organization or structure, once groups are formed they naturally tend to be stable in structure and in the way they function, as they encompass many more aspects of living and surviving.

When the socioecology of groups began to be studied, the obvious and easy aspect to look at was predation. Early studies focused on the role of males as protectors, and less attention was paid to the role of females in the group. The higher the predation risk the more males there were likely to be in a group. However as further studies were done the picture appeared more complicated, and various combinations of numbers of males and females in a group were found, from all female or all male to kinship groups of various kinds; once a particular kind of group is established it's very unlikely to change to another as this makes the group unstable, though sometimes the local ecology, or changes in the food supply, for instance can trigger such change.

However there is much variation in the composition of groups from one species to the next . Some more unusual examples mentioned were Orang-utans with

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The Heron-Allen Newsletter was edited by Timothy J. McCann and John Whittaker and designed by Gregory Whittaker.

the males having a 'dispersed harem' and Mandrills with groups of up to 600 females. Ease of food provision makes a difference – compare carnivores whose food is generally large and easily portable with ungulates (and also elephants) who have to move to where the food is rather than collect it (and whose females' oestrus is also comparatively rare); their structures will need to be rather different.

In every case virtually the most important function of a group is to conserve the reproductive energy and fertility of the females and to ensure the safe rearing of the young.

It is also important to prevent inbreeding , and this is partly controlled by inhibitions such as against breeding with litter-companions, mother mating with son, and father with daughter (which is also controlled by limited periods of fertility). In some types of groups the males stay in the group and the females disperse to mate with males in other groups. Some mating couples are monogamous, and this has been another interesting area of study.

Another important function of the group is to facilitate the transmission of knowledge and information, and this is particularly true in kin groups. These individuals are on hand and are also very like each other; they have a vested interest in passing on correct information, as any attempt to mislead will rebound on them.

The factors that could tend to disturb the stability of the group structures can be both social and ecological, though such changes are rare. On the social side, there can be changes in the hierarchy and/or in the size of the group. On the ecological side a change in the food supply or habitat, and the development of the use of tools, and innovation could be factors.

The many amazing and complex power point slides that Professor Lee presented showed how very complex these group dynamics are, and how difficult they are to study so as to show any simple and easy results. She gave us a wealth of information in the course of the lecture – clearly there is a lot going on in this field, and it will all be valuable in our work to conserve species so that they thrive.

She concluded by saying that in her modelling she was moving away form the earlier hierarchical ideas to looking at reproductive energetics as underlying the function of the group.

There were a few very detailed questions following appreciative applause as she concluded, and she then drew proceedings to a close with the suggestion that she at least was ready for the glasses of wine awaiting her and us in the adjacent room!

During the reception I was delighted to meet Karen Cleaver, one of the Heron-Allen Trustees, with whom I exchanged contact details, with the idea of making closer contact between the Society and the College. Later I had a brief chat to Mr Rusbridger, and gave him copies of the two newsletters and the Opusculum that particularly feature Armorel. He seemed keen to meet us again next year, and to mention the presence of Society members on that occasion.

A gentle stroll home in the twilight concluded a most instructive, enjoyable – and challenging – evening.

Juliet (and Dave) Field

THE NINTH INTERNATIONAL HERON-ALLEN SYMPOSIUM, HELD AT BIARRITZ AND PAU IN FRANCE, 19TH – 26TH SEPTEMBER 2019

Numbers attending were down this year following some unrelated events, not least the absence of Heron-Allen Society Treasurer Pam Thompson, who was recovering from a bout of ill health, and her husband David. Alison and 'Society Chairman Tim McCann travelled from their home in Havant, choosing to spend the night in some comfort before flying, in the Radisson Blu Hotel at Stansted, while Eve and Ted Collins chose to take the 3:15am red-eye shuttle bus from their home in Galway 155 miles non-stop to Dublin Airport, for their morning flight, which was on schedule and uneventful, landing mid-morning in a sunny, warm Biarritz.

Having checked into their hotel, the Gamaritz, which was just a hundred yards up from the Plage Port Vieux, Eve and Ted lost no time in getting out of doors to enjoy the novelty of clear blue, cloudless, skies above and warm sunshine, as they walked up the street for an early lunch. Their first choice was the Barb Bu close by the hotel, where, sitting at outdoor tables, Ted enjoyed a large glass of a popular beer, Affligem, while Eve had an iced tea, as plates of chipirons (small squid), salad and French fries were brought out. After lunch, they took a leisurely walk down to the Plage Port Vieux, one of the smaller of the plages along the seafront of Biarritz and, interestingly, a non-smoking beach, which means it is popular with families and children getting lessons in surfing. They spent some time looking at the waves and the surfers. The water looked so inviting that Eve took the opportunity of having her first swim which she found most refreshing, before heading back to the Gamaritz to meet up with Alison and Tim where there was a joyful reunion. Following this, everyone departed for a short walk through the town centre, before adjourning for the first of a number of pre-prandial drinks at the Impératriz, a restaurant/bar on the Place Sainte Eugénie, again sitting at outside tables, and people watching.

As afternoon became evening it was time to check out to a nearby restaurant, Le Capri, for the first of many successful dinners, including Poulet Basque, a regional speciality, and duck with all the usual accompaniments, washed down with carafes of the house wine, both red and white, finished off with Basque pastry and ice cream desserts – a veritable first night blow-out!. Discussion over dinner ranged over EH-A's previous visits to Biarritz and his critical comments on the development of tourism in the region, which displeased him, especially as some of the places where he had originally collected foraminifera had disappeared under concrete in the 38 years that had elapsed between his two visits. Tim also drew attention to references in both EH-A's Holiday Journals to a young Irish lady, Maggie Sullivan, who had been staying in the same hotel with her parents. Apparently the young EH-A became quite smitten with her, and managed to spend a little time walking out with her along the seafront outside their hotel. Such was her influence on him that, on his second visit to Biarritz, 38 years later, he wrote longingly of her, and the memories her name evoked. Tim has been transcribing both journals, and is hoping to learn more of the mysterious Maggie Sullivan and what became of her subsequently. In part because of all the travel that day, an early night was agreed, and the party walked back to their hotel, which was only minutes away through streets thronged with revellers.

The next morning, Friday 20th, dawned fine and warm, and by prior agreement everyone assembled in the foyer before heading out for breakfast. Just a few minutes' walk from the hotel, up the road from the Gamaritz, the party came on a crêperie, Le Bleue de Toi, which became the venue of choice for all breakfasts from then on, again sitting outdoors in the morning sunshine. Made to order, the crêpes were exquisite, as only the French can make them and, with plenty of fresh coffee and freshly squeezed orange juice, it was the perfect way to start the day.

It had been agreed the evening before that the party should try and retrace, as much as possible, Edward Heron-Allen's footsteps from his previous visits, in 1882 and 1920. For instance, it was known from his Holiday Journals that he had stayed in the Hôtel de Paris et de Londres in 1882 and the Hôtel Regina in 1920. So, with the addresses of the hotels to hand, the party set off through the centre of town, which was quite busy as, it being a Friday, the streets were now pedestrianised and lined with the weekly market stalls selling everything from fresh cheeses, bread and vegetables to clothes, handbags and surfing gear.

While working their way through the stalls, Eve recognised a place name off the street they were on, the Rue Mazagran, to Place Bellevue, a small secluded square. Walking along it to the seaward end, the party came on the gates into what used to be the back of the Hôtel de Paris et de Londres, but was now an upmarket apartment block and not accessible to the general public. Its front used to face the Place de Ste Eugénie, but is now hidden by a row of ground floor restaurants and upstairs apartments. Even so, Eve took a photo of the group standing in front of the gates [Fig. 2] to

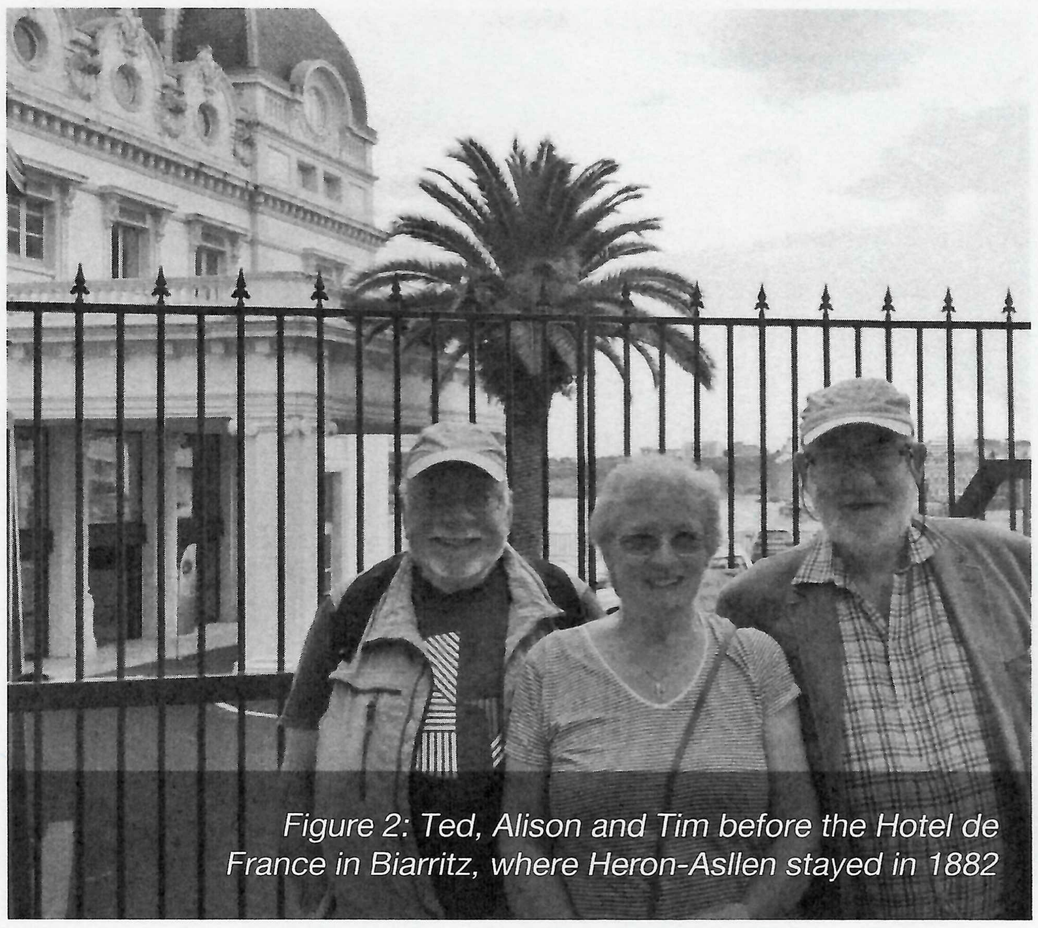

Figure 2: Ted, Alison and Tim before the Hotel de France in Biarritz, where Heron-Asllen stayed in 1882

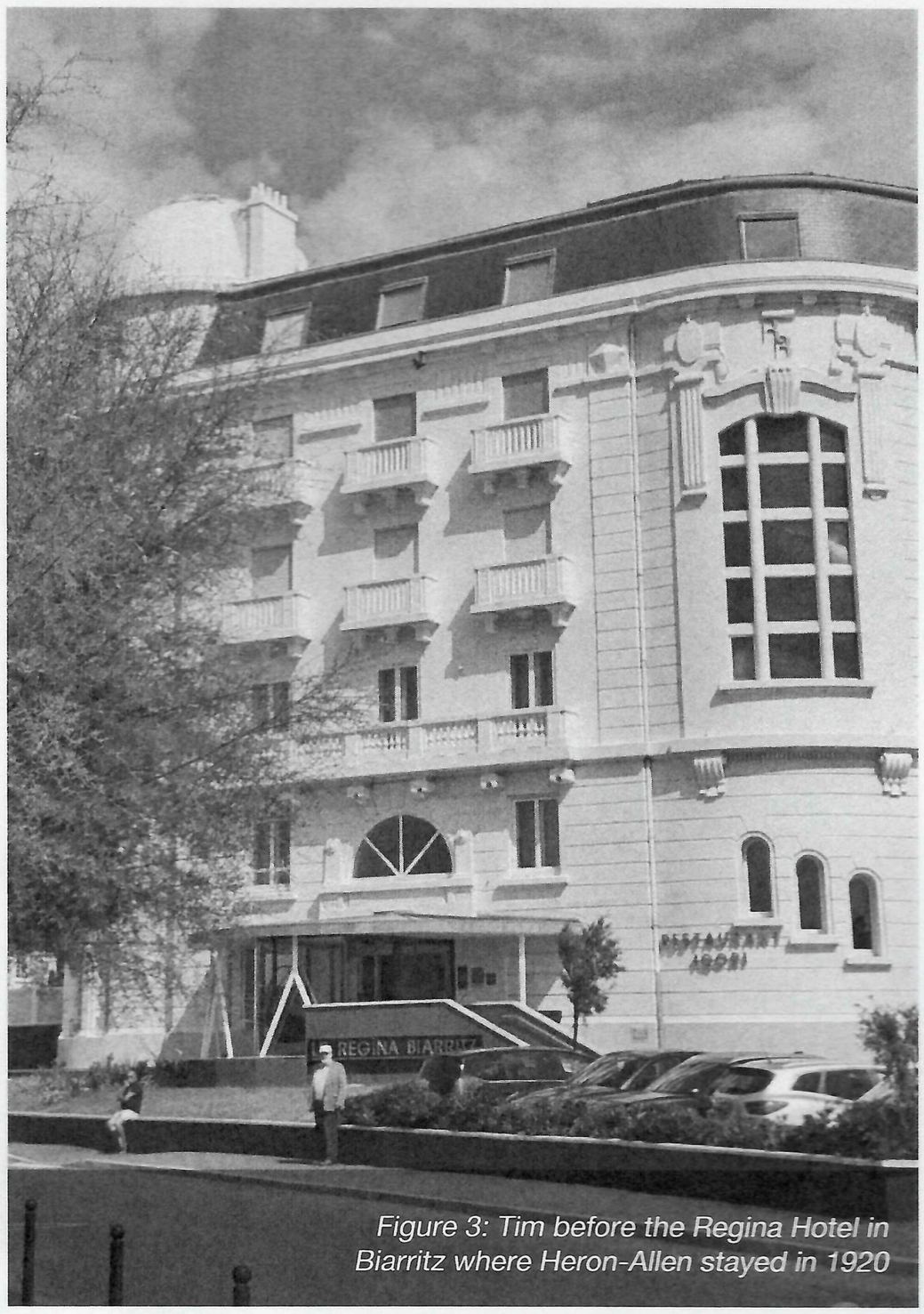

Figure 3: Tim before the Regina Hotel in Biarritz where Heron-Allen stayed in 1920

commemorate the visit, before returning once more to check out the market stalls.

Perhaps it was more than an accident, but the party next came on the striking edifice of Galeries Lafayette, a major multi-story department store, which both Alison and Eve headed straight for, leaving Tim and Ted to sit outside (at great personal cost!), to await their return.

By the time the ladies had had their fill of viewing what was on offer in Galeries Lafayette, with Alison treating herself to a ring, and Eve some earrings for her daughter, the sun was now high in the sky, and the temperature had soared to over 33°C. Undaunted, the party resumed its walk along the seafront of the Grand Plage towards the Pharos, or lighthouse, which dominates the skyline on the northern headland. On the way, the party came on the second hotel EH-A stayed in, this time with his wife and daughters in 1920, the Hotel Regina, on the Avenue de l'Impératrice [Fig. 3]. Still in business as an upmarket hotel, it has seen a major redevelopment recently and as a result, as Tim was to find out, there was nothing of historical interest inhouse, the owners having disposed of their old visitors' books and other records. Still, it was possible to imagine what it must have been like a century before and sympathise with EH-A's comment that it was quite a distance from the town centre. Today the hotel is surrounded by other superior apartment blocks, and is a definite part of the old town, but back in 1920, it would have stood alone, with an uninterrupted view of the sea to the west and the south, but also a distance from the bright lights of the town and its casino. The Pharos itself is well worth visiting, as it gives one the opportunity of enjoying the panoramic view southward back across the whole Biarritz seafront, and further down the coast all the way to Spain.

The return walk back along the seafront to the Place Ste Eugénie brought the party once again to the Impératriz, where some much-needed refreshments were imbibed, to overcome the obvious dehydration from walking in the heat of the sun. There was much satisfaction expressed as the party reflected on the day, having successfully tracked down EH-A's hotels, and noting much of what he had written about. That night the party dined at Etxeko, a restaurant facing the Place Ste Eugénie, which as can be guessed from its name, specialised in Basque cuisine. Again, they were not disappointed, as the party dined on various local fish and meat dishes, merlu and lomo, with all the accompaniments, including plentiful carafes of local wine, before rounding everything off with desserts including homemade Gâteaux Basques and, for Tim, a divine Île Flottante (meringue floating in custard) which left him lost for words! The comment was made over dinner, that EH-A seemed singularly uninterested in Basque cuisine, as he hardly ever wrote about his meals, other than a general compliment or, more frequently, to complain about the quality.

Next morning, Saturday 21st, the members once again made their way to Bleue de Toi for their customary crêpes, and enjoying the novelty of sitting outdoors. This time there was an added frisson in the air as the maître d' was somewhat preoccupied with the opening game of the Rugby World Cup coming live through every TV in the vicinity, with France playing the hosts, Japan. Our crêpes were served to the accompaniment of exhortations and expletives from the staff and we were able to make our departure before it got too serious, especially as it appeared Japan was giving France a hard time, by having the temerity to score against them!.

Back then to the Gamaritz to collect luggage for the next phase of the trip on the trail of EH-A, this time travelling by train to the city of Pau, some 60-odd miles inland from Biarritz, close to the Pyrenees, and some 40 miles north of the border with Spain. Although not that distant, there is no direct connection between the two cities and our journey by rail necessitated changing trains at the town of Dax. The first part was completed in some comfort on a TGV express train which was running north from Hendaye on the border with Spain, all the way to Paris, travelling non-stop from Bordeaux at high speed. Even though the party was on this train for less than 40 minutes, one got the feeling of what the TGV is capable of at full speed, as it accelerated silently and seamlessly from Biarritz, and the countryside became a blur. The wait at Dax was made bearable by simply imbibing freshly squeezed orange juice while sitting under a parasol outside the station – the morning sun already too hot to stay out under. Although not a TGV, the local train was equally modern and with our seats pre-booked, the journey to Pau was completed in comfort and on schedule. Having managed to get a taxi outside the station, the journey to the hotel was cut short by a 'gilet jaune' demonstration and the driver told the party he was 'desolée' (- a word they were to hear again!), but that he could go no further, so he dropped everyone off to make the rest of their journey on foot. Later, as the party got to know Pau, they were to discover that their hotel, the Roncevaux, was situated very close to the station and accessible via the funiculaire, which runs up from the station to the level of the city centre, at the Boulevard des Pyrénées, mere minutes away on foot!

Because it was still lunchtime, it was agreed that once everyone had checked in, there would be time to enjoy a leisurely lunch in the warm sunshine. While waiting in the foyer prior to walking out for lunch, Ted sat down into the decidedly uncomfortable sofa facing the door, ending up feeling like a turtle on his back. Within minutes he was joined by a large gentleman who came into the hotel, looking overheated and tired, and what followed

was another of those strange conversations that Ted seems to stumble into with total strangers at these symposia. Like Ted, he was surprised by the softness and lack of support as he subsided into the sofa, but, having survived the heat outside (hovering on 30°C), he let out a deep sigh of relief. Turning to him Ted said, "Je comprends. Il est difficile". Looking at Ted he replied, "I haven't a clue what you're saying – 'don't speak that French stuff". "Oh", Ted said, trying to think of something that wouldn't be construed as offensive, so he replied "I understand the feeling, especially in this heat. Are you American, by any chance?" (- as he uttered the words, Ted realised that the question itself could be a cause of grave offence in the present political climate!). However, the stranger replied, "No, I'm Swedish", and stabbing his finger at the tourist map of Pau Ted happened to be holding, pointed to a royalist symbol on it near the city centre, saying "I've just come from there, the Bernadotte Museum. I'm not a royalist, but I had to visit the birthplace of Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte" (onetime Marshal of France, appointed King of Sweden by Napoleon). "We Swedes were never happy with having him made King, and he was not popular, especially as he seemed to get us into wars which we never won". "Ah yes", Ted said, "You went to war with your neighbours Denmark". "Which we lost", he said. "Then there was the war with Finland", Ted said. "We lost that one too", he said. "Then there was Russia, and later Norway" "Lost them both", he said. "Yes", Ted opined, then, with masterly understatement, "You seem to have been most unfortunate alright". In an attempt to mollify him before departing, Ted summed up by saying "Well, it seems you learned your lessons in statecraft early, as you haven't gone to war with anyone for more than a century and a half now, added to which your army is today renowned for its great record in international peacekeeping", which compliment was duly accepted. Following this exchange, Ted and the Swede shook hands formally and parted. So, in minutes, more than two centuries of Swedish history had been disposed of. One can only wonder what EH-A would have made of such a conversation, if indeed he would have taken part in it in the first place!

Leaving the Roncevaux, the party sortied out into the sun to seek lunch, Alison taking the lead armed with a map of the city. [Fig. 4] Walking through the old town, the party came on an inviting restaurant on rue Henri IV (just one of many placenames incorporating the name of arguably the most popular king to rule France), with the curious name of Arthur et Compagnie, within sight of the Château de Pau, the striking 700-year old castle which dominates the southern end of the city and renowned as the birthplace of the aforementioned King Henry IV. What made Arthur et Cie so inviting were the comfy armchairs outside, under parasols. Having seated themselves and ordered liquid refreshments, the party enjoyed a lunch which included succulent breaded mussels and freshly made salads, while at the same time people-watching and generally soaking up the ambience of the locale in the sunshine. The owner/chef, named Pat, was so attentive to the party's needs, the decision was made to book dinner there that evening, a decision which was to prove the correct one.

After a rest back in the hotel, and dressing for dinner, the party once again made its way to Arthur et Cie, where they were duly seated outdoors, the evening being still very warm and calm. In response to Ted's questioning, Yvonne, Pat's wife and front of house manager, explained that the restaurant was named for her eldest son, Arthur, whom she duly called out from the kitchen to introduce himself. A rather serious boy of 8-9 years, he duly shook hands formally and spoke courteously in both French and English. It was obvious this family-run restaurant is proud of its family roots and traditions. Indeed, Pat himself plied the party with complimentary pre-prandial glasses of local champagne while the menu was being perused. Following Pat's recommendations, the party dined on his own pâté, trout, ham and even his own recipe burger, his eponymous Arthur burger, before following the main course with extremely large portions of tiramisu and crème brûlée, all accompanied by his recommended house wine. It goes without saying that

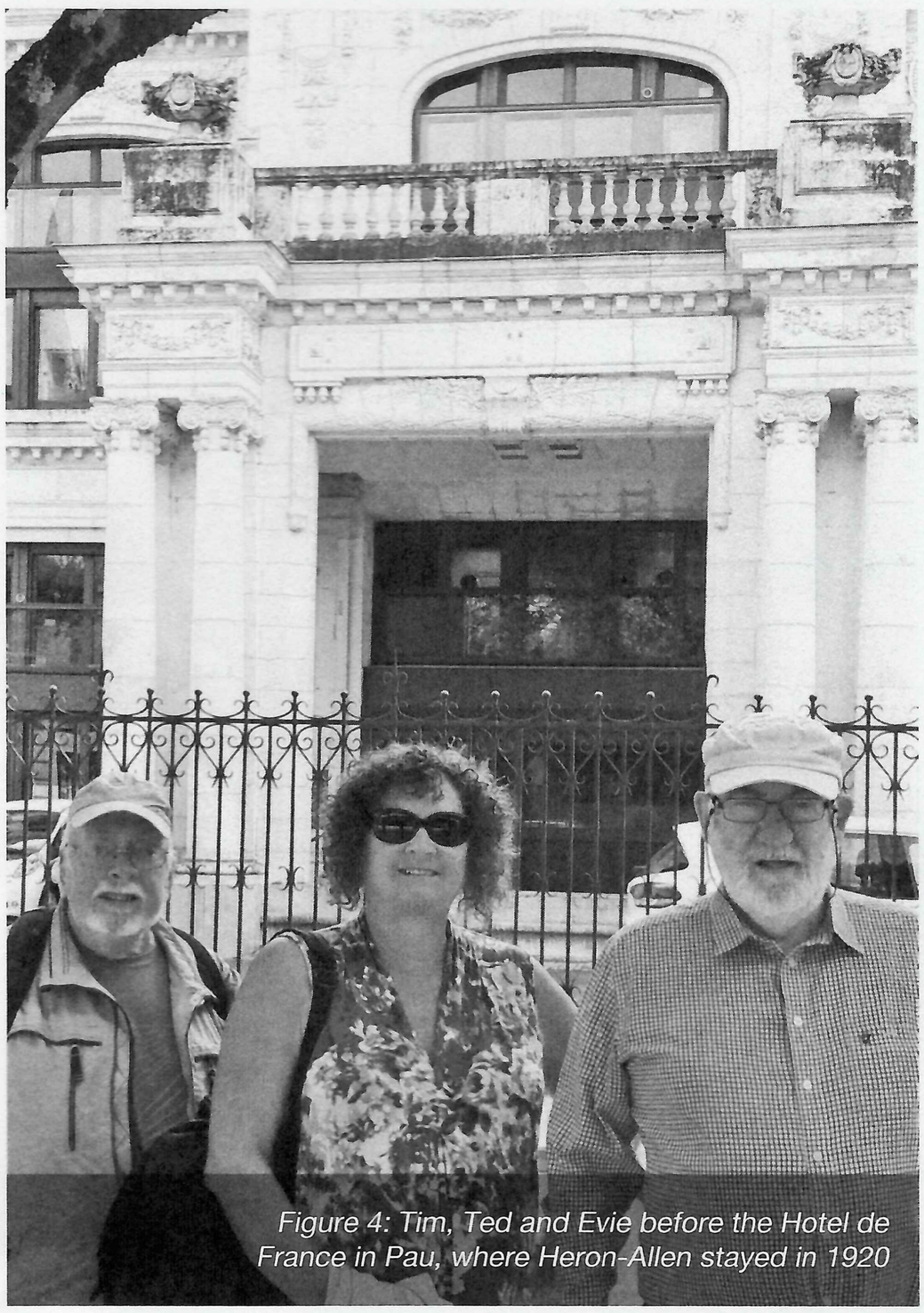

Figure 4: Tim, Ted and Evie before the Hotel de France in Pau, where Heron-Allen stayed in 1920

the party needed the walk back to the hotel, short as it was, to help digest the memorable meal.

The next morning, Sunday 22nd, saw a change in the weather, with leaden skies which accompanied heavy rain, and a drop in temperature from hot to bearable. Luckily, after a late breakfast, the rain had cleared by mid-morning and the party headed back to visit the Château de Pau, it being decided to tour the indoor exhibits while the weather was so unsettled. Architecturally, the castle is an almost fairytale construction, beautifully restored by the government, and well worth visiting.[Fig. 5]

Dating from the 14th century, but lavishly restored in the mid 19th century by Emperor Louis Philippe, the Château de Pau is an outstanding medieval fortress which now houses major collections of tapestries, paintings and sculptures, as well as collections of neo-Gothic and Renaissance furniture, all collected by Louis Philippe. The castle and its collections reflect Louis Philippe's taste in the period as he tried to legitimise his political standing by linking his name with that of Henry IV. Of interest was the giant Galapagos turtle shell which apparently was used as a cradle for the newborn Henry IV. Having completed a tour of the galleries, the group next headed out to walk the manicured gardens, including its carp pond containing prime specimens of goldfish and carp.

Walking out, the group followed the Boulevard des Pyrénées, enjoying the kind of panoramic views EH-A would have enjoyed, before breaking off for a relaxing lunch at Le Shtruk, overlooking the railway station and funiculaire. Following lunch, the group elected to take the funiculaire down to the Parc Tissié, opposite the station. Located in this park was the mysteriously titled Parc des Géants, which the party decided to visit. It became obvious that the giants referred to in the title were in fact, giants of sport, in particular cycling and specifically winners of the Tour de France. In the park, ranged around a central monument are pillars with photographs and short biographies of every winner of the Tour since its inception in 1903. Of interest to Ted was the only Irish winner to date, Stephen Roche in 1987, which he sought out and duly photographed. Of course, the most recent winner, in 2018, Welshman Geraint Thomas was also there, as was four-time winner Chris Froome, but the pillars referring to disgraced six-time winner Lance Armstrong were gone. Availing of the funiculaire, the party returned to the Boulevard des Pyrénées, walking along it, admiring the views of the mountains to the south before breaking for afternoon refreshments and returning to the Roncevaux.

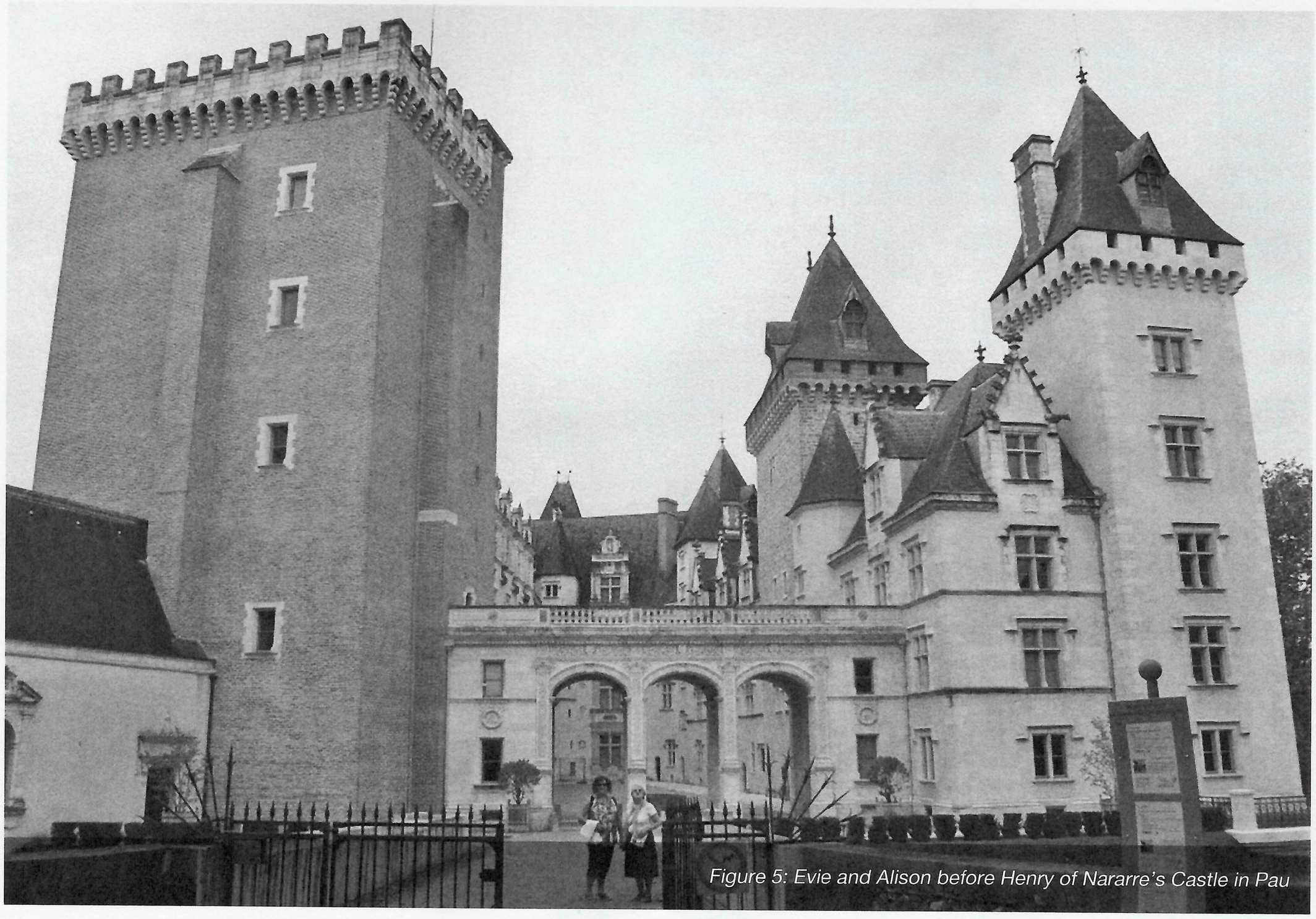

Figure 5: Evie and Alison before Henry of Nararre's Castle in Pau

This evening, it was decided to try a different restaurant, and the party agreed on the Etna which, as can be guessed from the name, specialised in Sicilian cuisine. As was becoming the norm, carafes of Sicilian wine were imbibed while perusing the menu. While eating the main course, which was to everyone's satisfaction, Ted happened on what he thought was a piece of shell or carapace, not unexpected in a Sicilian seafood tagliatelle. Upon examination he lifted up a large yellow 'smiley face' fridge magnet, much to everyone's surprise. When Ted showed it to the waiter, his face visibly paled and taking it, he told the table he would ascertain its origin. Arriving back, he informed the group that the cook was 'desolée'(- that word again!). He explained that it must have fallen off the extractor hood over the cooker, which shouldn't have happened and, by way of recompense, there would be no charge for Ted's tagliatelle and, to help overcome his discomfort (!), there would also be a round of complimentary post prandial liqueurs for everyone! Needless to say, Ted was more than happy to ease the cook's feeling of being desolée, by clearing his plate and accepting the liqueur!

Monday 23rd dawned with clear skies and bright sunshine, promising a hot day later. Following a leisurely breakfast, it was decided to check out some more of the sights of Pau, and the group walked through the old town, intending to visit the Fine Arts Museum. Unfortunately, in spite of printed signs to the contrary, the museum was closed for renovations. Lunch was eaten in the shade nearby, before returning to the now familiar environs of the area near the Roncevaux. Walking on through the town and past the Casino, which EH-A favourably commented on, the group rested for a time in the Parc Beaumont, enjoying the ambience and the warm sunshine, while discussing EH-A's life and times. Walking back along the Boulevard des Pyrénées, a stop was made for refreshments at Le Shtruk, before returning to the hotel to prepare for dinner. Once again, the group decided to return to Arthur et Cie, where they were welcomed by Pat, who once again distinguished himself by guiding the group with his recommendations. Of interest was Pat treating the group to complimentary post-prandial myrtle liqueurs of his own making, which were duly imbibed and positively commented on.

Tuesday 24th was another bright cloudless day, and the group opted to check out the covered markets, walking through the centre of the town. Arriving at the Place de la Libération both Tim and Ted decided (- at great personal cost!) to rest up under some leafy shade at the Café du Palais with some cold beer, while Alison and Eve went on to check out the markets. As it was now lunchtime, Tim and Ted opted to also have lunch while they waited, which was just as well, as when the ladies returned, they too had already eaten, because they wanted to make the most of the afternoon, including a visit to the Bernadotte Museum, which had been recommended to Ted by his Swedish friend on his first morning in the hotel foyer.

The Bernadotte Museum was just a short walk from the Place de la Libération, and is a well preserved 18th century béarnaise house, the birthplace of Marshal Jean Baptiste Bernadotte in 1763. With Napoleon's backing Bernadotte was appointed Regent to Sweden's ailing King Charles XIII and, on his death in 1818, Bernadotte was crowned King Charles XIV John of Sweden and Karl III of Norway. The House of Bernadotte still rules, with the current king, Charles XVI Gustav, being a great-great-great-great-grandson. The townhouse itself is in excellent condition, and the furnishings reflect the living conditions of a well-to-do family of the period. Following the visit to the museum, the group once again opted to walk along the Boulevard des Pyrénées, enjoying the south facing panorama, which was now beginning to look ominous as turbulent dark clouds were beginning to pile up over the Pyrenees, lit by the setting sun. While enjoying ice cream refreshments at Le Winfield, looking out on the view, there was a definite feeling that there was going to be a change in the weather.

That evening the group returned to Arthur et Cie for their last dinner in Pau and, once again, Pat and his family distinguished themselves. His starter of roasted camembert was a delight, as were the sardines and chipirons. All were happy with their main courses, with Alison opting for Pat's signature Charles burger, Eve for trout, Tim for chicken and Ted for mixed seafood, rounded off with very large crème brûlées and tiramasus. Of course, the accompanying Jurançon wines were a perfect match with each course, again recommended by Pat. After tearful farwells to Yvonne and Pat and promises to return some day, the group managed to walk off some of the calories on the short walk back to the hotel.

The final morning was overcast following overnight rain, but at checkout the receptionist informed the party that, as a gesture of goodwill, the final breakfast was complimentary, a nice touch, which left everyone with a very favourable impression, in spite of the weather. The, by now, familiar short walk to the funiculaire in misty rain and then to the station gave the group one last opportunity to enjoy the ambience of Pau, before taking the train, this time as far as Bayonne where, rather than waiting an hour for the connection, it was decided to take a taxi to our Biarritz hotel, the Gamaritz, which turned out to be a short journey of some fifteen minutes.

That afternoon the party strolled around the headland between the Plage Port Vieux and the Grand Plage, where huge waves were crashing onto the beaches, making exciting surfing for those brave enough to paddle out. The group then walked up the town for afternoon refreshments at the Imperatriz. The plan had been to

book the final dinner at the Etxeko restaurant, but it was not open. It was then decided to book at the Imperatriz itself where we had been sitting outside, enjoying our afternoon drinks, a wise decision, as the meal and the service, was excellent.

The final morning dawned with sunshine, clear blue skies and an equally blue, calm sea, the high sea state of yesterday a distant memory. By prior agreement everyone repaired to our, by now, favourite crêperie, Bleue de Toi, for a final breakfast of crêpes, freshly squeezed orange juice and milky coffee. The comment was made by Tim that, since the party's first breakfast in the same crêperie through to this final breakfast, every meal of the trip, breakfast, lunch and dinner, had been eaten outdoors, proof positive of the warm weather experienced throughout, and one which will be fondly remembered when dining back at home through the coming winter months. The conversation this time was on planning next year's symposium, with Budapest becoming the most favoured venue. Taking our leave from the Bleue de Toi it was back to the Gamaritz, and the delegates made plans to go their separate ways, with Eve and Ted heading off to the airport for their early flight, which departed on time, landing in Dublin at 2:10pm, following which they availed of the non-stop bus to Galway and home by 6pm, tired but with lots to mull over. Alison and Tim meanwhile went down to the Grand Plage to simply sit in the warm sunshine, looking at the waves, before having a last light lunch outdoors, overlooking the seafront; salad and mineral water for Alison and a tasty gazpacho and local cider for Tim, rounded off with a last blow-out ice cream dessert. Then it was their turn to head for Biarritz airport, arriving in Stansted on schedule, before taking various trains into and across London to Waterloo, for their own train to Havant. With only one unscheduled stop near Vauxhall resulting from a fatality on the track, they too arrived home before midnight, tired but glad another memorable symposium had been concluded successfully, following EH-A's footsteps.

Ted Collins

THE SOCIETY'S WEBSITE

The Heron-Allen Society's website is at: www.heronallensociety.co.uk The webmaster, Maira Canzonieri, can be contacted through the website or directly by e-mail at: maira.canzonieri@rcm.ac.uk Maira updates our website 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.

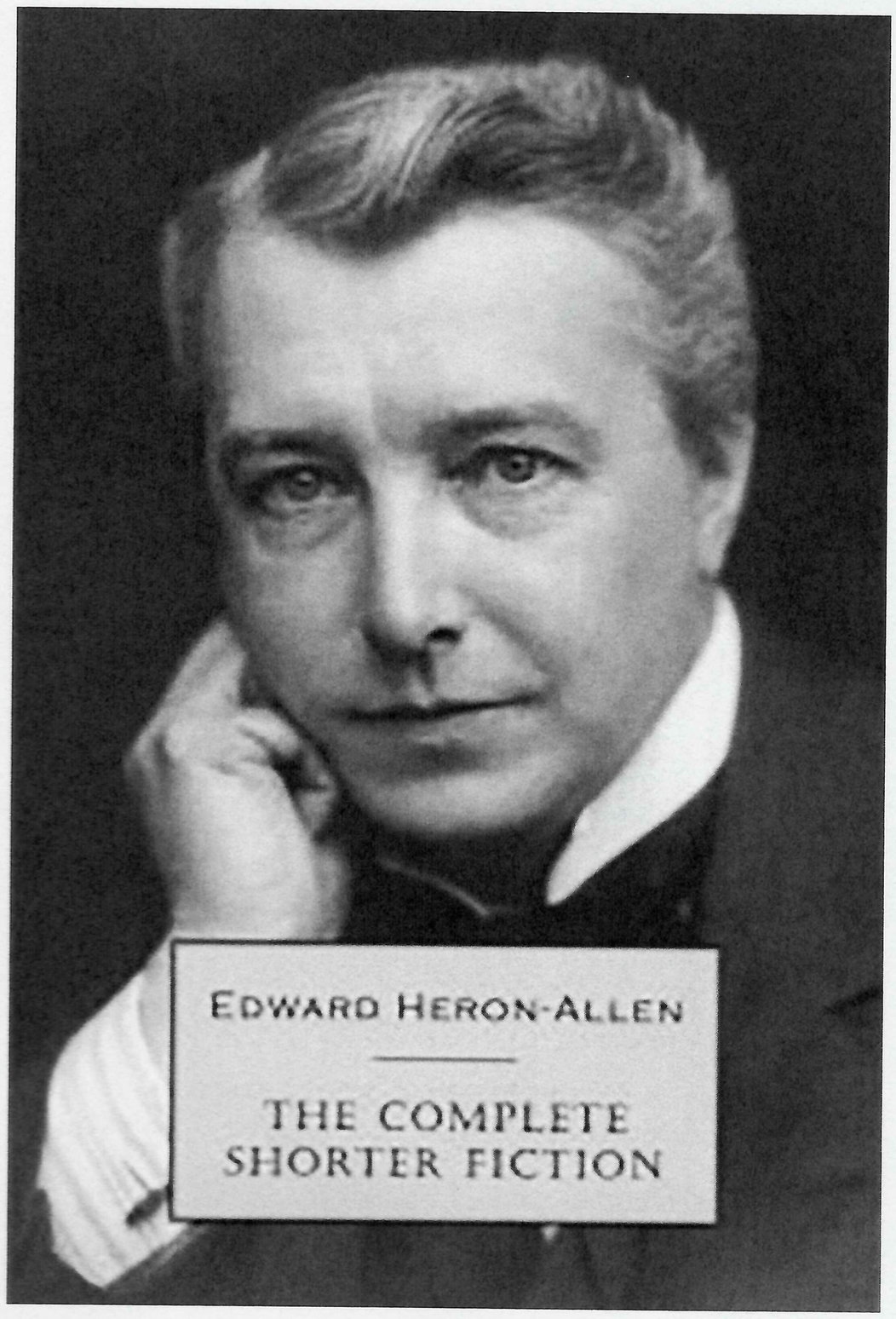

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Figure 7: The bookplates of Christoph Wenzel Graf von Nostitz and of Edward Heron-Allen

Figure 8: Adrien Richer, "La Vie de Corneile Tromp", 1694

A HERON-ALLEN DISCOVERY IN HOLLAND

I have in my possession a delightful little book that seems once to have been part of the library of Edward Heron-Allen. The book, in white calfskin and good order, is in French. La Vie de Corneille Tromp, one of our famous admirals, who was a scourge of the English in the third Anglo-Dutch War, printed in La Haye (the Hague).MDCXCIV. It measures 11 by 16 by 3 centimetres, contains 550 pages and bears on the spine La Vie de Corneile Tromp and the number '8,19'. The book bears two bookplates [Fig. 7]. The first, on the left hand page, is the bookplate of Christoph Wenzel Graf von Nostitz He was an aristocrat who devoted his life to public service acting as governors of various provinces. At his castle at Bobro in Jauer (Jawer) in South West Poland he collected a fine library, paintings, scientific objects and antiquities.

Dr. Richard Sipek. The Head of the Department. of Manuscripts and Early Prints at the National Museum Library in Prague, kindly informs me that there really are (or more precisely, there were) two Nostitz libraries. The older one was founded by Otto Jr. of Nostitz (1608-1665) in 1650 in the castle Jauer (today Polish Jawor). Shortly after Ottos death (1670), his library together with other collections were bought by his brother Johann Hartwig of Nostitz (1610-1683) and moved to Prague as the oldest core of the newly founded Prague Nostitz Fideicommissium Library. The library is still there (Nostitz Palace in Prague). The bookplate in concern belonged to the son of Otto Jr. of Nostitz, Christoph Wenzel von Nostitz (1643-1712) who founded a new library in his castle Lobris (today Polish Luboradz). This later library was, however, sold in auction starting April 22 1895 in the Ludwig Rosenthal's Antiquariat in Munich. There was 1907 auction items according to the auction catalogue

but it definitely must have been only a selection as the library was much larger. And that is why the Lobris (Luboradz) library of Christoph Wenzl of Nostitz is scattered all over Europe (and perhaps also outside of Europe). The National Museum Library, where Richard works, contains a few tens of the books from the Lobris library scattered in the later private collections. As for the red numbers on the spines, they are shelfmarks of the original Lobris library. Our copies have them too. Interestingly the bookplate was incorporated into the volume when it was bound, which would suggest that it was ordered by the Nostitz Library before publication.

The second bookplate is that of Edward Heron-Allen . It is not known where and when Heron-Allen acquired the volume, though Heron-Allen's bookplate is dated 1925, and Timothy McCann informs me that it is not listed in the sale of Heron-Allen's library at Sotheby's in 1943, or in the later sale of the remainder of his library in Chichester, so we must assume that it left the collection sometime before Heron-Allen's death.

I studied Law and Economics at Leiden University, financed by my father. To thank him for facilitating my student time over a dinner in a club in the Hague, I presented this book [Fig. 8] to him in gratitude. We are from a maritime family, not seafarers, but office workers. He climbed as far as Boardmember of Nedlloyd (comparable with P&O at the time), which company I joined when he retired. That is why I bought this "maritime" book for him. I got it in my possession when he died. I bought it in a Rare books & prints shop in the centre of the Hague. That must have been in 1964. That shop no longer exists.

Eduard Harinck

A TIMELY PIECE

"I have escaped the 'Spainsh Influenza' of which we have heard so much, but it seems to be a real menace. We are told that the German army is 'decimated' by it, and that this accounts for the delay and the failure (in a large measure) of their recent offensive. The German papers which I have read at the War Office give really amazing accounts of its effect upon the underfed populations, thousands upon thousands of cases being recorded in all the large towns, and people dying by hundreds. Their war conditions have left them no power of resistance. Here it is not very bad but in all offices a certain proportion of staff are always down with it – especially men who have been wounded and lack stamina. It hits them suddenly – in the street or anywhere, and for periods varying from four days to a week they are quite helpless".

Heron-Allen's Journals of the Great War, entry for 4th August 1918.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Apart from the editors, the Society's publications rely on the important input of several individuals. The Whittaker brothers, Robin and Gregory {see Figure 9], in their spare time, design the layout and produce the camera-ready copy for the printing of the Newsletter (Gregory), and capture and manipulate the illustrations for the Opuscula (Robin). In real life Gregory is a Marketing Manager working in private equity/financial services. Robin, latterly, has been working either as a volunteer or on a short-time contact at the Natural History Museum.

The finished product, especially the Opuscula, then owes much to the professional care and ingenuity of Jon Bull (see Figure 10) of the printers, Selsey Press. Jon has worked for them for 40 years and he is their Studio Manager. He has a vast amount of technical experience and is now working with the latest design software.

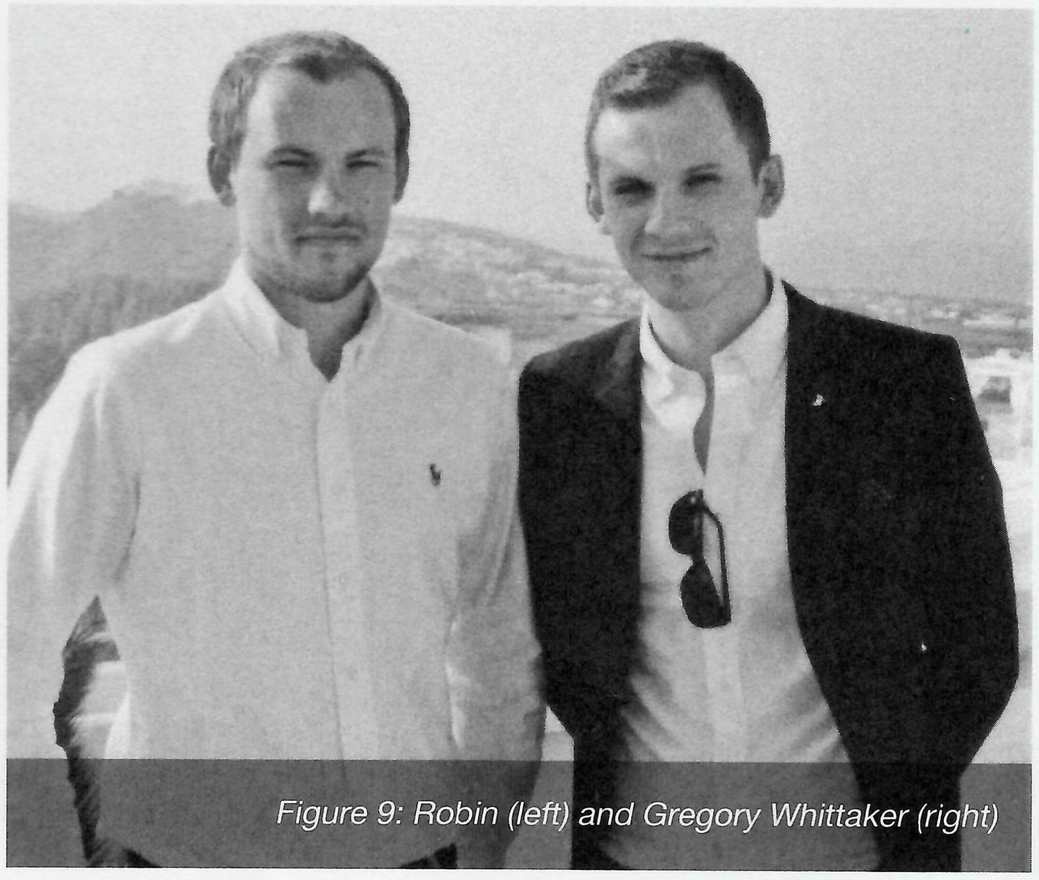

Figure 9: Robin (left) and Gregory Whittaker (right)

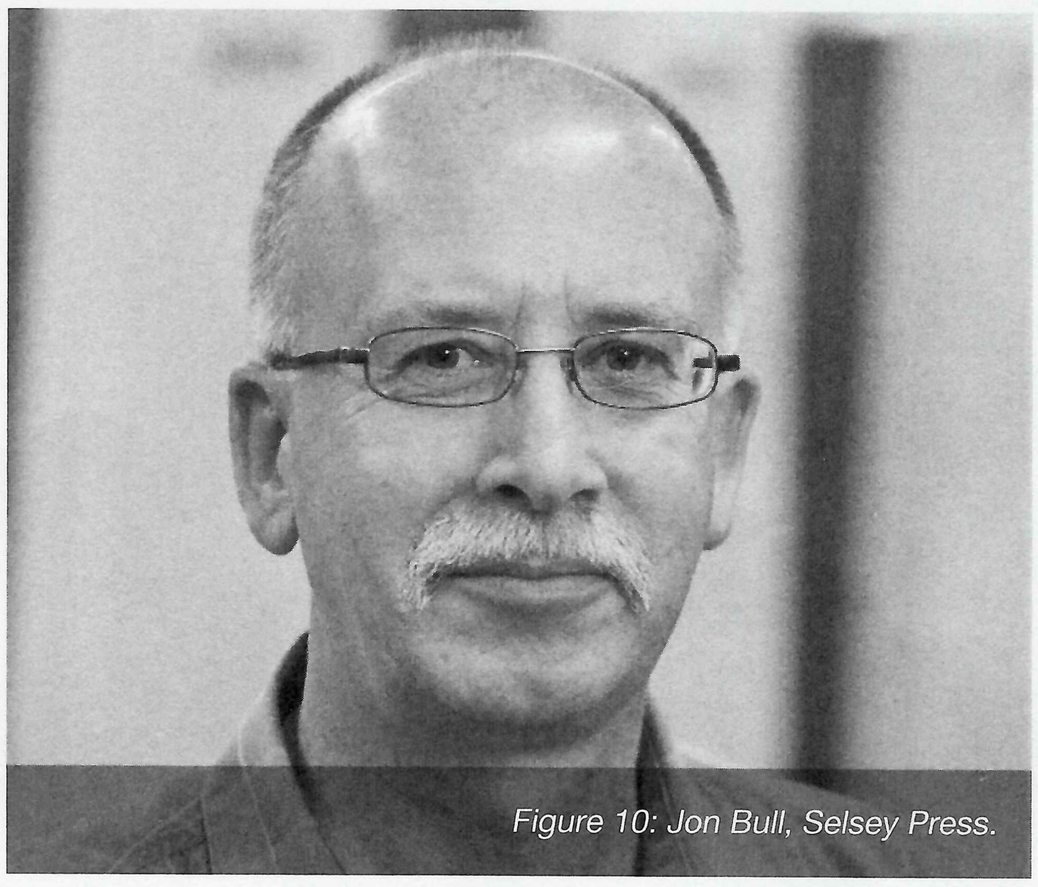

Figure 10: Jon Bull, Selsey Press.

Edward Heron-Allen at Large Acres in 1924