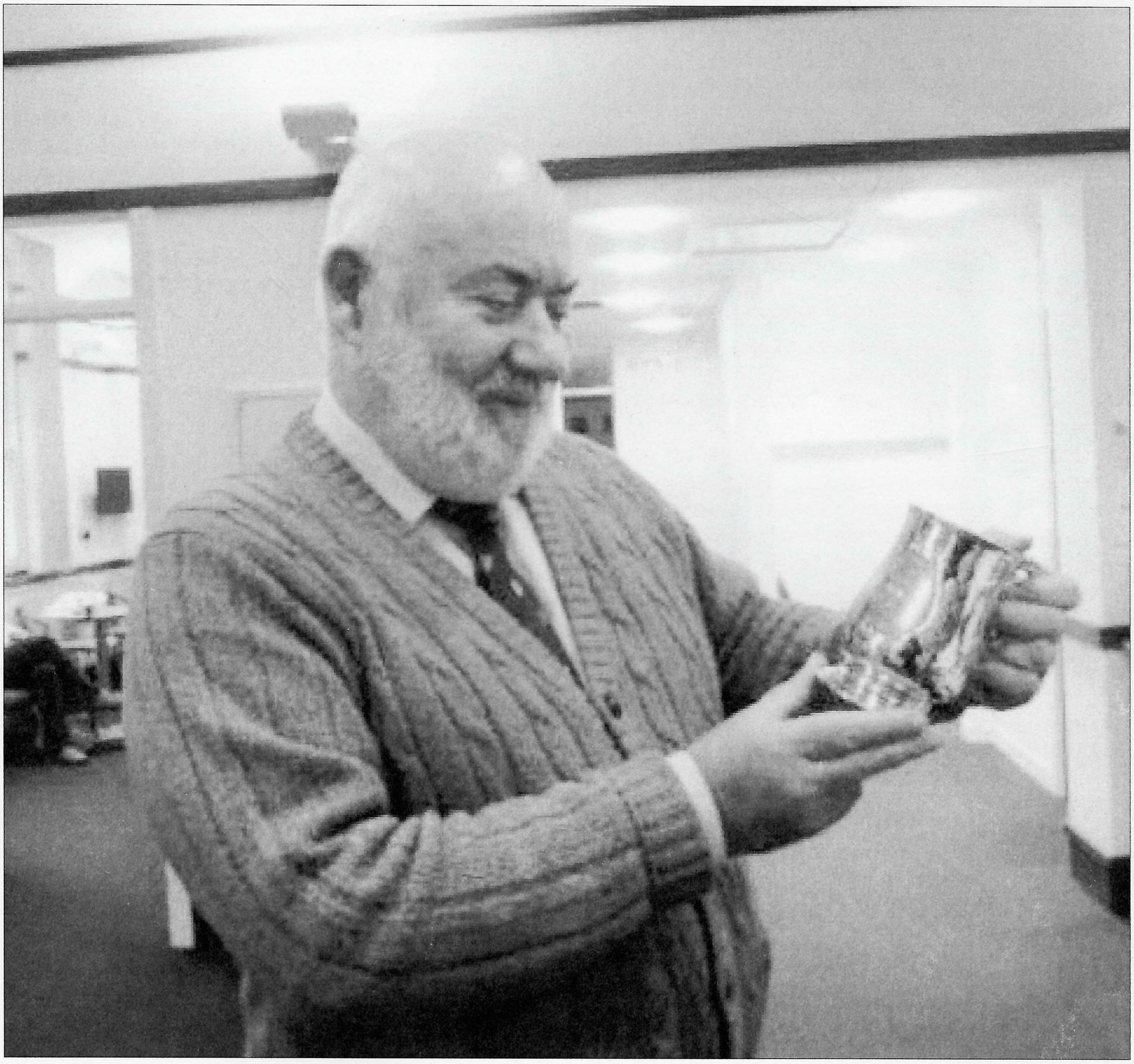
AUTUMN 2022

THE HERON-ALLEN SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER NO. 41

IN MEMORY OF OUR CHAIRMAN, TIMOTHY JOHN McCANN (1944-2022)



Tim with Heron-Allen's Christening Cup (photo courtesy of West Sussex Record Office)

EULOGY

Delivered at Tim McCann's funeral at St Joseph's Church Havant by his son James

The trouble with any attempt to capture Dad's life is that because he did so much, and with so many people, I'd have to keep you all here until sometime next week to really do him justice. That being said, I think it's testimony to how important Dad was to so many people that there are quite so many of us here today to say goodbye to him, regardless of distance and a global pandemic. We all knew Dad in different ways, whether as a beloved (and grumpy) husband, father, grandfather, brother and uncle, a colleague, a friend, a lifelong member of the Catholic Records Society, founder of the Heron-Allen Society, chief cricket nerd, or cricket statistician of the year as he preferred it to be said, or even as that weird bloke that a generation of Hungarian students were sent to stay with to practise their English. One thing that I think is common to everyone here's experience of Dad though, is that he was a fantastic raconteur.

This talent for keeping everyone entertained obviously started young. I remember him telling me the story of the time that a drinks amnesty had been announced at his boarding school, and the headmaster had said that if anyone had any bottles of alcohol, they were to leave them outside his office on Friday night with no consequences before the crackdown began on Saturday morning. Dad gathered a group of friends and together they went round every pub and hotel in the area asking for empty bottles. On Saturday morning the headmaster woke up to find a line of empty bottles stretching from his office door and all the way through the school. He never did work out who planned it.

Dad's stories always seemed to revolve around him getting himself into some ludicrous situation, like the time he fell off a cliff in Spain and had to be rescued by his nephew Anthony, or the time he managed to get himself held at gunpoint by the police and searched because he'd tried to go on the London Eye on 9/11 and had got angry when they wouldn't explain why it was closed that day. Then of course there's the famous time that he was taken ill on the beach in Cornwall with the tide coming in and had to be helicoptered off it. There wasn't enough beach left for the helicopter to land, so they had to put him on a stretcher underneath it, dangling from a cable, and fly him like that to Truro, with Dad projectile vomiting over the side the whole way because he had inner ear problems and was terrified of heights.

Dad was a devoted family man and never missed an opportunity to call in and see people, if he was anywhere remotely near where one of us lived. What's lovely is that I've had messages from several of the cousins saying how much that meant to them. He always kept up with all the family news and would give me an update whenever I rang. It all led to him being rather a wonderful grandfather. He told the boys wonderful stories at bedtime or in the car, which he made up on the spot, and which always seemed to revolve around different coloured marshmallows. That's why, you'll notice at the wake, that Osian has a sweet stall with marshmallows, and with haribo sour mix, because as those of you who've ever watched Dad eat anything with fewer than four spoonfulls of sugar on it will know, he really couldn't cope with sour tastes. When we went to visit my grandparents I used to persuade my grandmother to bake him gooseberry pies, as sour as possible, just to watch his face contort, and doing impressions of Dad eating sour foods has become something of a family in joke, so that is how Osian wants to commemorate his Nagy. He's also got Percy Pigs on there, because pigs were Dad's favourite animal. On our last family holiday together Dad couldn't really walk very far, or stand for very long, but he made a point of going out and playing football with the boys, because there was no way he was going to miss out on playing with his grandchildren!

HERON-ALLEN SOCIETY OFFICERS

SECRETARY

Juliet Field
40 Portland Road, Oxford. OX2 7EY
Tel: 01865 552640 E-mail: jools.field@btinternet.com

TREASURER

Pam Thompson
Fairlea, Slade, Bideford, Devon. EX39 3LZ
Tel: 01237 478455 E-mail: pthomp1059@aol.com

The Heron-Allen Newsletter was edited by Juliet Field and John Whittaker and designed by Gregory Whittaker

Dad was a life long cricket fanatic and ran his own team for a while, Bishop Carlton's XI, several of whom are here today. He liked to tell the story of the time that he and Uncle Ed made 50 together, or when he brought Uncle John, Big Heavy as he's known, on as a particularly terrifying fast bowler. In later life he got interested in the history of the game and published a history of early cricket in Sussex, which led to him being awarded the coveted Cricket Statistician of the Year award. Yes, honest to God, such a thing exists.

Dad's academic fame extends far beyond cricket, however. He has his own article on Wikipedia and was constantly being contacted by scholars from across the world on a dizzying variety of subjects from Sussex local history to violin making to English translations of Hungarian literature. He published over a hundred articles in his lifetime, and several books. Dad was a founding member of the Heron-Allen Society, and took full advantage of Edward Heron-Allen's, shall we say, eclectic variety of interests to go on exotic holidays and eat big dinners. He was also a lifelong member of the Catholic Records Society, and never missed their annual conference, where he made lifelong friends, and in later years got to be mildly smug about being the only member in the society's history whose son was also published in their journal. Nepotism is a wonderful thing.

He was a pillar of the parish here at St Joseph's as well, running the choir for years, playing Santa at the Christmas bazaar, dressing up as a giant chicken at the parish talent show, for reasons best known to himself, and acting as a surrogate grandpa at the mother and toddler group.

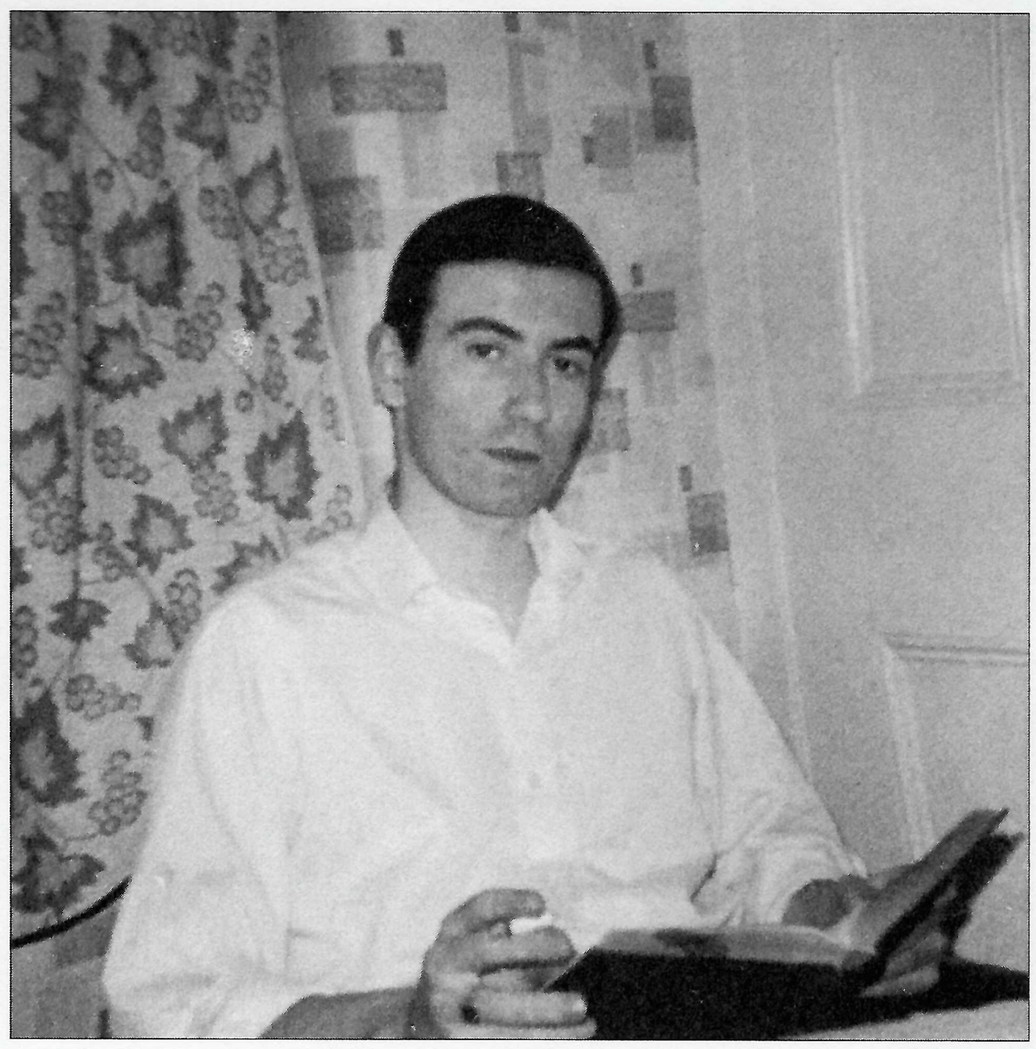
Dad also loved to travel, particularly to Hungary, where he would go and visit all the people who stayed with us when I was a child, which is probably why, as a militant Irishman from Berkshire, he insisted that his grandchildren call him Nagyapa, grandfather in Hungarian, or Nagy for short. In later years he and Mum got hooked on river cruises, and enjoyed floating down the Rhine in sybaritic excess, apologising to everyone they met for Brexit. He spent a lot of time in Ireland, as you might expect, and my abiding memory is of drinking port with him in a library bar in Dublin while he told stories about his great great grandfather, Edmund Downey's vicious feud with W.B. Yeats.

The thing that really stands out about Dad though is his kindness. Time and time again in the letters of condolence that Mum and I have been sent people have mentioned how kind he was. How he did a lot of work to help them with something. How he took them round and introduced them to everyone at their first conference. How he opened his home to them. How he took his broke student son on a boys' holiday to Dublin on the flimsy excuse of needing to look at some manuscripts for a dissertation. (Twice). How he dropped everything and rushed round when they needed him.

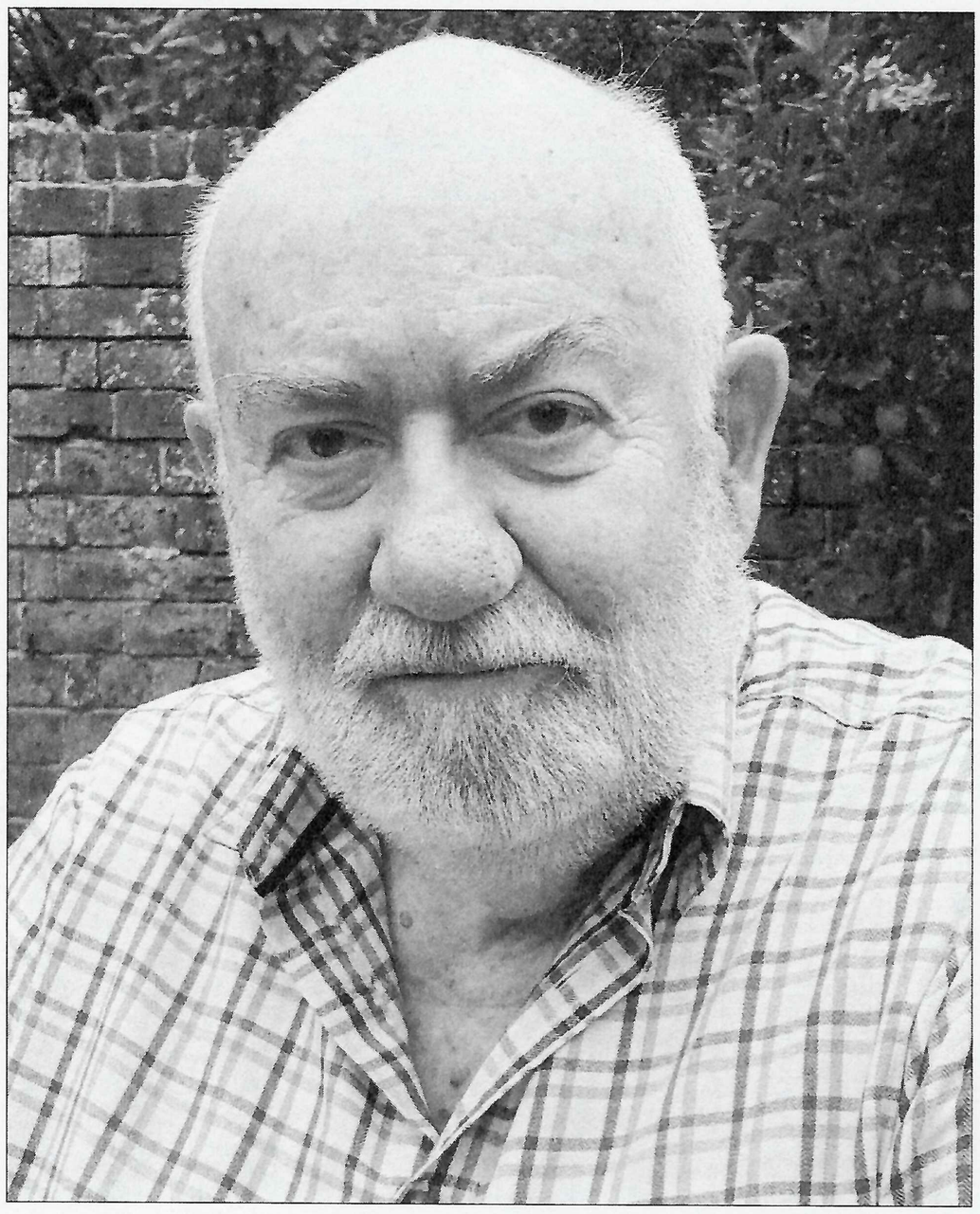
That's how I'll remember Dad. To quote Mum "he really was the kindest man". And to steal a line from one of his favourite Irish books, ní bheidh a leithéid arís ann. His like will not be there again.

James January-McCann

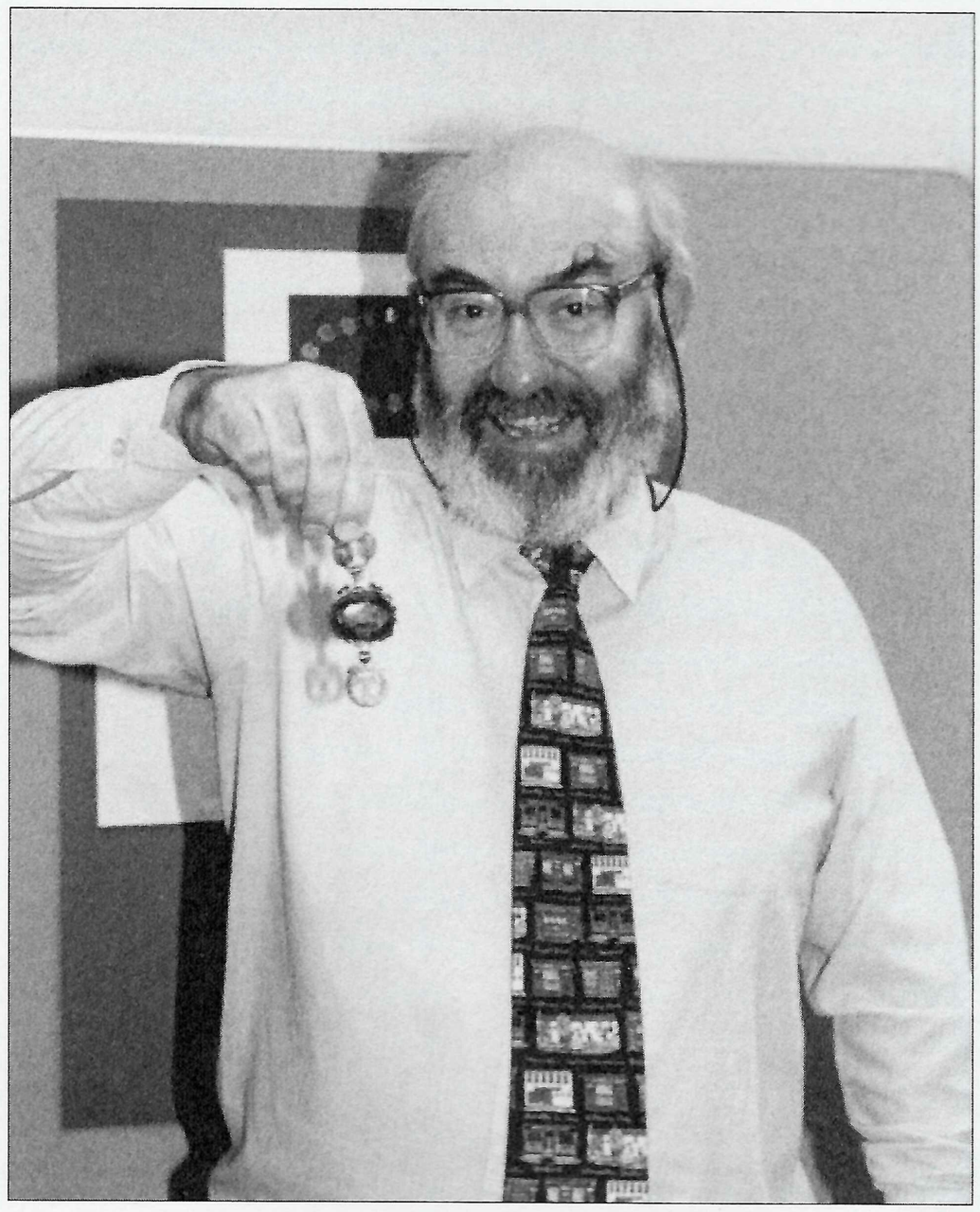
Tim playing cricket with his brother at Lancing College, 1980's



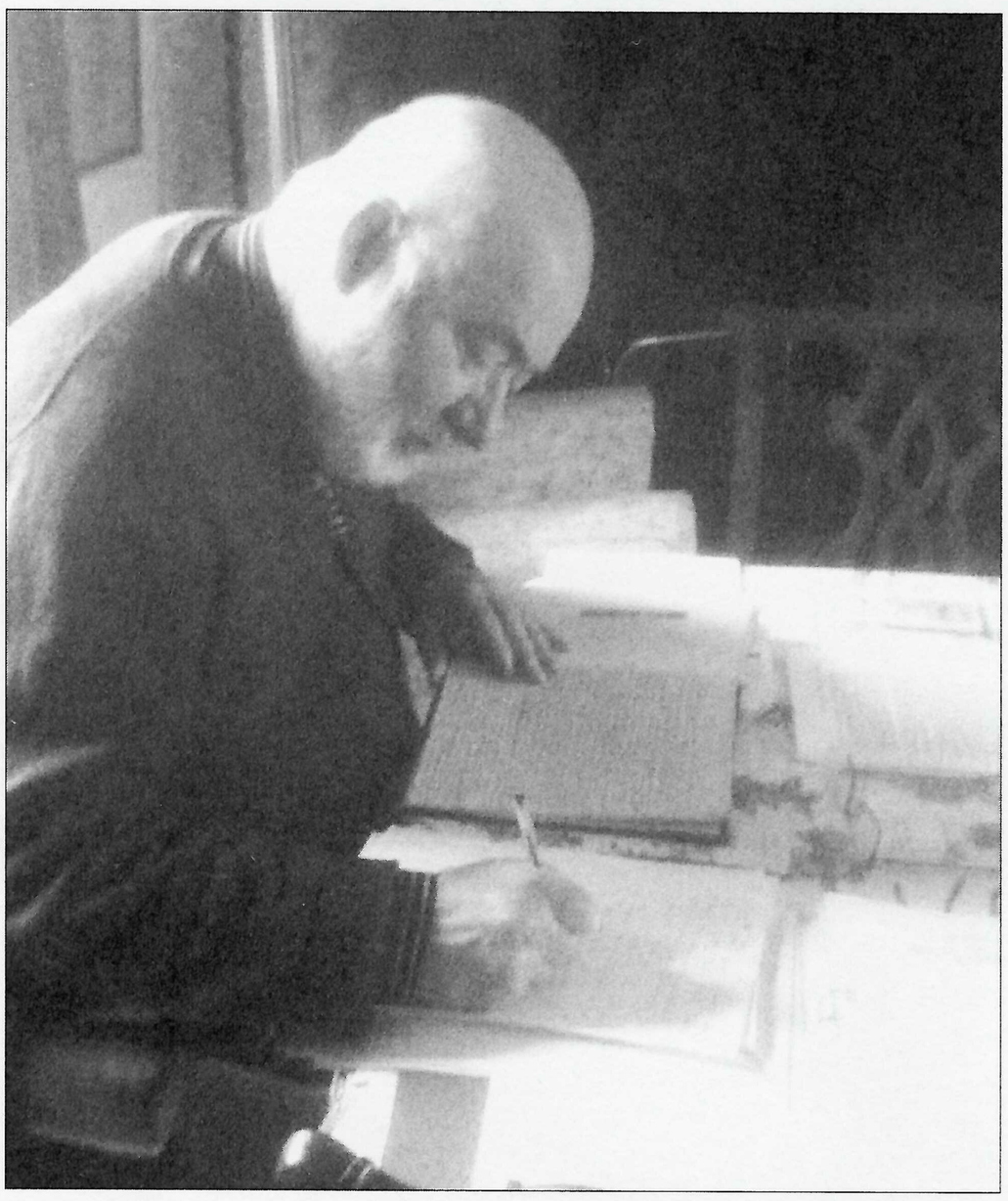
A young Tim, 1966



Tim after a radical haircut, 2020



Tim holding (with some trepidation) the Purple Sapphire (photo courtesy of David Nicholls, West Sussex Record Office)



Tim working on a Heron-Allen manuscript at "Sweets" (Ivor Jones's farmhouse in Dorset)

TRIBUTES TO TIM McCANN FROM MEMBERS

Pam and David Thompson

Sixteen years ago, a phone call to one of us (Pam) at the Royal College of Music (RCM) Library from a certain Tim McCann convinced me that the RCM's Heron-Allen Collection, long under-explored due to myriad other priorities, deserved instant attention, not to mention a symposium with talks and an exhibition in the library. We had never heard of the Heron-Allen Society, knew next to nothing of EH-A's life and work, and certainly never expected that, astonishingly, Tim's persuasive appeals and sheer enthusiasm would lead to associations, opportunities and expeditions which would come to form a regular focus in our lives, producing friendships with people, experts in their fields, who would bring to life so entertainingly their own, wildly varying knowledge and specialisms.

Tim's commitment to the Society was extraordinary. The hours he spent, researching, writing and speaking were matched by a constant willingness to share his knowledge, encourage others' research and to ensure that the Society always had new and broader horizons, securing articles for the Newsletter and speakers for

Symposia, always to the high standard which he was convinced was vital. Simply keeping in touch with members was fundamental to the Society's wellbeing, and it was Tim who ensured that. Few might have surmised that, beyond the Society, his interests were far more diverse than we knew, and always approached with the same commitment.

The concept of International Heron-Allen Symposia took us around Europe, to Italy, France and Ireland, inspired by Heron-Allen's own travel journals, following not at all rigidly in his footsteps, but certainly dedicating ourselves to his delight in food and drink. The time to get to know other members and their experiences was always filled with endless humour and fun. The last trip, international only in spirit, to Penzance in 2021, consisted only of me and David and Tim and Alison. While David was a more recent convert to the society, Alison's support to it was patient and unwavering. How lovely it was to spend that week with them.

The society's committee must now devise ways to continue our work and maintain Tim's standards. It will be a formidable task, but, in appreciation of all he did, we will do our very best.

John Whittaker

A Valediction.

I worked as a micropalaeontologist at the Natural History Museum in London and knew Heron-Allen's collections of foraminifera as well as his incomparable book and reprint library. However, it was the other things that Heron-Allen, being a polymath, had done which still intrigued me and about which I wanted to know more. Then I heard of the formation of the Heron-Allen Society and went to an early, if not the first, meeting in 2001. I was in awe at making the acquaintance of both the grandsons of Heron-Allen (Ivor Jones) and Oscar Wilde (Merlin Holland). Overseeing all this at the West Sussex County Record Office was a benign, bearded figure named Tim McCann.

Tim was a most friendly and interesting fellow and when I retired from the Natural History Museum I invited him to my party (with some jolly good food) which was held in University College, London, through the good auspices of Alan Lord. I went to as many subsequent Heron-Allen Society meetings as I could, most of which Tim organised or contributed to greatly. I soon found out that his breadth of knowledge of Heron-Allen and his circle was amazing.

Tim came to the Museum quite a lot, especially to look at the Heron-Allen Library and we took to going to Pierino's restaurant in South Kensington, which subsequently became the venue for many Heron-Allen Society Committee meetings. The food was excellent and the wine helped us concentrate on the agenda in front of us!

It was my pleasure to be involved in the symposium with Tim and others at the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin in 2009 on the Clare Island Survey of 1911 in which Heron-Allen had taken part. The results were published by the Society in one of its Opuscula in 2009. Tim was involved in many of these Opuscula - small pamphlet-like publications in limited numbers, in the style of Heron-Allen, which in the end amounted to over 25 issues.

Tim was also greatly involved with the Society's bi-annual Newsletter, which itself now amounts to 40 issues. The contents were often provided by Tim and Tim's friends and contacts (he seemed know everyone), and latterly printed by Selsey Press. Tim and I made an amicable editing team and my son Gregory, assembles the copy to go to the printer – both Newsletter and Opusculum look quite professional.

Tim had many arrows to his bow, the one I know best being early cricket. He produced a book which won him an award and with my son, Jonathan, I was lucky enough to attend the launch in Henfield, Sussex, which has a cricket club dated 1771, one of the oldest known.

Tim and I become very good friends over the years. It was always pleasant to visit his house in Havant, where the sitting room, characteristically, was stacked with books, floor to ceiling and in piles on the floor so you could sit on them! His wife, Alison, was always most resigned and pleasant to visitors.

Tim was a deeply religious man and no doubt he achieved much solace over the years from it, as he was never well. He was very brave and never hinted at his many illnesses. When the end came it was still a great surprise as I, for one, thought he would go on for ever. I miss him greatly and feel the world, never mind the Society, will never be the same again. We must carry on for his sake as he probably has left much unpublished material which we need to tease out of his papers.

Tim was good man and a good friend. God rest his soul.

Peter Horton

Skimming through the brief tributes to Tim on the Funeral Guide website I was struck by one description of him as a 'life-giving spirit' – words which, accompanied by an image of him with a glass in his hand, seem to capture so well the man we knew and loved. Like most of those who will read these few words, I came to know him through the Heron-Allen Society, and it is with that, in 2005 or 2006, that the story began.

One of the challenges facing the committee each year is to identify potential venues for the annual Symposium which would ideally fulfil two criteria: a tangible connection with EH-A or his collections, and a low hire fee. For the 2006 gathering it had been decided to approach the Royal College of Music Library, home of the Heron-Allen collection of literature on the violin, and it was on an early visit by Tim to the RCM that I first met him. With both Pam Thompson, the Chief Librarian, and I thinking that it sounded interesting, we were invited to join the committee at their next meeting to find out to what we would be committing ourselves. But before walking the short distance from Prince Consort Road to Thurloe Street, a few words on the origins of this, one of EH-A's earliest collections, will not go amiss.

There can have been few 17 or 18 year-old boys, whether in the 1870s or today, who would set themselves the challenge of compiling the most comprehensive bibliography of their chosen topic, yet this is what Heron-Allen (1861-1943) embarked upon while still a pupil at Harrow School. It may have taken him some 15 years to achieve his goal, but when the second volume of *De Fidiculis Bibliographia* was published in 1894 he was still only in his early thirties and could, with justifiable pride, refer to his 'library relating to the violin … [which is] larger, I believe, than any in the whole world'. It was against the background of the RCM's 'Heron-Allen collection' that I came to know Tim. I had been working in the Reference Library at the RCM since 1984, and although aware of the 'Heron-Allen Collection', housed in a (locked) handsome late 18th or early 19th-century mahogany glass-fronted bookcase in the reading room, knew little about its contents, which were rarely, if ever, consulted. As though to add insult to injury, I recall being told that its status as a closed collection, to which nothing had been added since the first decade of the 20th century, inevitably limited its usefulness. This, I later discovered, was simply not true!

Given the nature and multifarious interests of EH-A, it should have come as no surprise to discover that the Society's committee meetings were, to say the least, idiosyncratic. Then, as now, they took place over a leisurely and somewhat bibulous lunch at Pierino's Italian restaurant in South Kensington – conveniently close to the RCM – and were always held on a day when Ivor Jones, EH-A's grandson and the Society's first treasurer, would be coming up to London for a meeting of his masonic lodge. As the tables are not large and it is not always easy to pursue discussion while wielding a knife and fork, the aim was always to get most, if not all, of the business transacted before the arrival of the main course.

The decision to say 'Yes' to holding the Symposium at the RCM was neither hard to make, nor one we regretted, while the occasion itself was, in one respect, quite historic: for the first time in some 50 years one of the two violins made by EH-A during his apprenticeship with Chanot was heard in performance, thanks to the kindness of Pat Naismith, its current owner. Both this and EH-A's second instrument had formed part of his bequest to the RCM, and both suffered the same fate when, in the late 1940s at a time when the College had a great need of money to repair war damage, they, and many others, were sold, frequently at knock-down prices.

With the Symposium well attended and successfully negotiated, Pam and I were invited to the next committee meeting for a debriefing and, as we had begun to fall under EH-A's spell, quite apart from enjoying the convivial company of the committee members, the invitation was extended to the following meeting too, at which point Tim suggested that we might as well go the whole hog and join the committee.

As I became better acquainted with Tim I came to appreciate more fully the extent of his encyclopaedic knowledge of EH-A's life and extremely varied interests – something that was reflected in the wide variety of topics on which he spoke. His position at the West Sussex Record Office in Chichester gave him easy access to its extensive holdings of Heron-Allen material, and he was also well placed to act as a sort of 'clearing house' for information or news about EH-A, as well as being able to provide links between those who can be best described as members of a worldwide 'Heron-Allen Fellowship'. Thus whenever I came across a reference to a book bearing EH-A's bookplate I would send the details to Tim, taking it for granted that he would either record the information himself, or know to whom it should be passed. But there was one part of the McCann 'Heron-Allen package' which ceased to function after his death - his irreplaceable first-hand knowledge of, or acquaintance with, the fast-diminishing number of those who had known EH-A personally. And they, as he would remind us, seemed just as likely to have negative as positive memories!

Since Tim's death one question above all others has refused to go away: can the Society survive without its founding Chairman? I hope so and like to think that when we next gather around the back corner table at Pierino's, Tim will be with us in spirit, beard neatly trimmed, a glass of red wine in his hand and a twinkle in his eye. Thank you Tim for the jollity you invariably brought with you. May you rest in peace and rise in glory.

John and Barbara Mahoney

I was minding my own business late one night in the fall of 2008 when I received an email from the President of the Heron-Allen Society, Timothy McCann, asking if I had any interest in submitting an article to the Heron-Allen Society Newsletter. I had been a subscriber to the Society since the early 2000s. I suspect I may have raised a question or two to the Society before this, but personally had never met members of the board or the Society.

I asked my wife, an English major, if she would help me compose a spoof article for the newsletter. "A Fatal Kiss of the Princess: Who did Marmaduke Scott Marry?" was published in the Autumn 2008 issue. For some strange reason, Tim asked if I would consider submitting a paper for the 2009 Heron-Allen Symposium. Tim was instrumental in encouraging us to work with the Society in research, sharing resources, supporting activities, donations, and participating in symposiums and publications.

Without Tim's monthly encouragements via his emails, I doubt we would have continued this intensive time commitment needed for research, symposium presentation, and publications. Two of our symposiums took over two years of research and preparation. Tim was a mentor to us. He never pushed us towards a particular subject but freely shared his research, society member inquiries, library findings, purchases, and 'grapevine' pronouncements and innuendos. We easily exchanged hundreds of emails, letters, books, gifts, and packages through the years.

Later, Barb and I considered Tim and Alison as friends, with delicious dinners and wine at their house before the summer symposiums. The McCanns also introduced us to fellow society members.

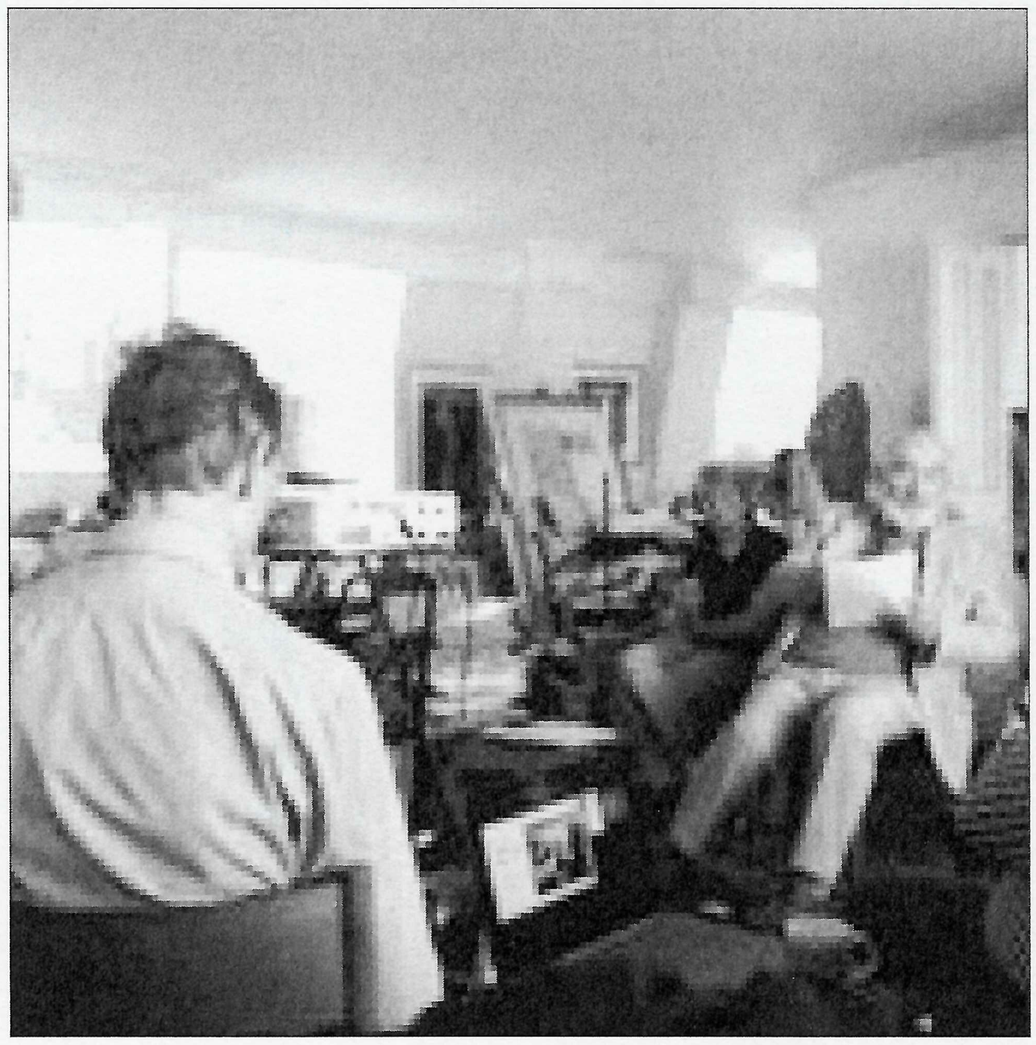
He was a gentleman, scholar, dedicated co-author, and delightful covert raconteur. Even now, when I find a new tidbit, article, or surprise purchase, I still find myself mentally sending an email to Tim. Alison answered my last email to Tim with the announcement of his death. Sleep well, dear friend. We will talk in my dreams.

Joan Navarre

Tim McCann was a driving force in the field of Edward Heron-Allen Studies. Like EH-A, Tim was a formidable and multi-faceted scholar who loved travel, good food and wine, wide-ranging conversations, and the world of ideas. In addition to his numerous contributions to Heron-Allen Studies, Tim published widely—Sussex Cricket in the Eighteenth Century, The Eric Gill Collection at Chichester: A Catalogue, and the list goes on!

The photograph below from the EH-A Symposium of 1 July 2017 shows Tim in his element—sharing his scholarship while surrounded by like-minded individuals.

Tim McCann will be greatly missed.



Tim holding forth at a Heron-Allen Society Symposium in 2017

Juliet Field

Tim was one of my oldest and dearest friends – kind first and foremost, and funny and infuriating and obstinate and brave and single-minded. A man of strong likes and dislikes, an immovable and unchanging feature in an ever-changing world.

My first line-manager and mentor and guide, who took me under his wing as I started my first job. He seemed to me to be the glue in our small team of very diverse personalities.
He was a man devoted to scholarship in many fields, a meticulous historian and true archivist, and wide-ranging educator – he taught me so much!

We were also fellow singers in Havant Choral Society – an after-work trip with dinner at his house first – and music was always a big part of Tim's life. He was director of his church choir for many years, usually in the most difficult circumstances, and was a devout and faithful member of St Joseph's Church; he even welcomed us heretics into the church choir when we were staying.

He was equally devoted to family and friends, and was godfather to our daughter Hazel, who has thanked us

for giving her such a wonderful godfather – not for the presents (which were unpredictable) but for the person he was, and the love and care he always showed for her.

Passionate about cricket (Somerset), Ireland, the (Roman) Catholic Church and Catholic, especially Recusant, history, music from Byrd to Wagner, Goon Shows, good food (NO seafood) and drink (smooth Italian red wines, and tea!).

It was through good food and wine that he tempted me into joining the Heron-Allen Society as Honorary Secretary. Committee meetings at the wonderful Pierino's restaurant in South Kensington, often followed by a trip to the British Library and a cup of tea before we went our separate ways again. And for a while annual committee trips to celebrate EH-A's birthday at Sweets, Ivor and Venetia Jones's Dorsetshire Farmhouse, with Venetia's wonderful lunch (with obligatory asparagus) and the special Heron-Allen punch.

Tim's love of family was complete when their son James came on the scene, and he was ready to pass on his enthusiasms to a very willing recipient, specially when it came to Irish history, Catholicism, and lovely women.

I believe all who met him felt themselves included in his wider family, through the care and thoughtfulness he showed towards them, including members of this Society, many of whom may have seldom if ever actually met him, but with whom he maintained scholarly and friendly contact.

We all relied on him as the ultimate source of information and support – who knows how we will manage without him.

SHORT TRIBUTES FROM MEMBERS IN RESPONSE TO TIM'S DEATH

Merlin Holland

I think that the last time we met must have been twenty years ago before I left the UK. Nonetheless I had huge admiration for him and the way, over the years, he helped to turn the Society into such a serious outfit. It's a great loss but the foundations he laid will ensure that the Society continues the good work he started.

Francis Beretti, Professor emeritus of the University of Corsica

This information makes me deeply sad indeed. On behalf of the 'Société des sciences historiques et naturelles de la Corse' (SSHNC) I had the honour and pleasure of receiving Tim at Bastia with a small delegation of your Society. So, I had the opportunity of appreciating his kindness , joviality and zest for life. Thanks to Tim and to John E. Whittaker I could have access to unpublished material preserved by your Society, and write a paper entitled 'Impressions de voyage en Corse, par Edward Heron-Allen (avril-mai 1921), journal inédit, présenté, traduit et annoté par Francis Beretti', in Bulletin de la SSHNC, n° 734-735 (2011), p.27-84. As a matter of fact, Edward Heron-Allen visited Corsica from 22 April to 2 May 1921, and kept in touch with Ambroise Ambrosi-Rostino, who was sometime chairman and in charge of the publications of the SSHNC, a collaboration which succeeded in a paper by EH-A and Arthur Earland entitled 'Les Foraminifères des sables rouges du golfe d'Ajaccio' published in the Bulletin de la SSHNC, n° 441-444, 1922, p. 107-149.

I was also very sensitive to Tim's friendliness and faithfulness. He regularly kept me informed of the activity of your Society. Please accept my deepest sympathy.

Venetia Jones

I admired Tim immensely for his dedication to keep the Heron-Allen Society ticking along, he put so much effort into the Society. Ivor admired him and all he was doing to promote his grandfather.

[Venetia, Ivor Jones's widow, told us that she always responded immediately when Tim got in touch to ask for some information from them, or from the Heron-Allan documents they still kept at home, and she knew how very busy Tim was with research and writing for his papers and pieces for the Society's publications].

Brian Hulan

As I look through my email correspondence with Tim, I'm reminded of his always truly supportive nature as well as his dedication to the Heron-Allen Society. He wrote this in a message sent to me December 6, 2018:

"It is amazing that the Society is still going strong after eighteen years and that we are still finding new things to write and talk about. The Society has given me many good friends and an abiding interest in my retirement."

It is his gift of friendship that I will most remember.

Minoo and Alan Lord

Minoo and I knew Tim for a long time via the Heron-Allen Society and we realised that he was a man of parts,

witness his appearance on BBC Countryfile talking about early cricket. However, we really only got to know Tim and Alison properly during Heron-Allen Society expeditions starting with the excellent visit to Clare Island. Tim was knowledgeable, fun, good company, a lovely man.

IMMEDIATE EMAIL RESPONSES TO THE NOTICE OF TIM'S DEATH

From **Maira Canzonieri** - What sad news! Tim was such an incredible and generous man and he will be terribly missed!

From **Roger Cline** - very sorry to hear the news about Tim - always the life and soul of the party.

From **Kevin Chanot** - May I just say how shocked and saddened I am to learn of Tim's passing.

From **Ray Russell** - This is very sad news. Tim was a lovely fellow.

From **Joan Navarre** – I was shocked and greatly saddened to read the news about Tim's passing. I knew he was in the hospital, but I had hoped that he would recover in due course. He had rallied before; I was certain he would win the fight again. Tim did so much to add to our understanding of the life and times of Edward Heron-Allen.

TIM AND EARLY CRICKET

Tim McCann was very interested in cricket, especially the older form of the game. The differences include a slightly longer pitch than today; twelve players per side rather than eleven; two stumps in the wicket only; underarm bowling; heavy curved or longer bats, and to score a run the batsmen, having crossed, must touch the scorer who held a notched stick on which he recorded the score. Here is Tim (centre) as umpire/scorer in July 1977 in a practice match between Goodwood and Pepperharrowe, prior to a re-enactment of the original game in 1727. Suitably attired, Tim is standing between

They'll play the game as it used to be played ...

Descendants in blood and spirit of the men who drew up the first rules of cricket exactly 250 years ago will be meeting soon to play the game as it used to be played in their forebears' times . . .

Captaining one team will be the Earl of March, son of the 9th Duke of Richmond, whose ancestor, the 2nd Duke, jointly signed the oldest set of cricket laws known and captained one of the teams in the first match under the rules.

He will be leading an invitation team, consisting of cricketers and personalities, which will play a Pepperharrowe team — from the same village that played the 2nd Duke's Goodwood team two and a half centuries ago.

CURVED BATS

It was in July and August, 1727, that the first two recorded matches under the rules were played — one at Goodwood, and one at Peper Harrow, as it is now called, a small settlement near Guildford.

The descendants of those two teams are determined to relive history. They will be playing two matches — one at Goodwood, on Sunday, July 10, and the other at Peper Harrow, on Sunday, August 21.

The games will be conducted under those original rules, and the teams will wear the cricketing gear of that era.

Other major differences from today's game will be the longer 23-yard pitch, the missing middle stump, and the longer and curved bats.

COMMENTARY

The ball will be bowled under arm, and to score a run "the Batt Men for every One they count are to touch the Umpire's Stick."

For those not conversant with the rules of 1727, Michael Seth-Smith will be giving a running commentary.

An interested spectator will be Mr. John Brodrick, the direct descendant of the original Pepperharrowe captain, who was the rules' other signatory.

The Surrey team will be

● Continued on Page 30.

The Earl of March (captain of the Duke of Richmond's XII), Mr. Albert Metcalfe (captain of the Pepperharrowe XII) and Mr. Timothy McCann, umpire, pictured before a practice for the cricket match to take place on Sunday, July 10.

Photo courtesy of the West Sussex Record Office, article from 'The Chichester Observer'

the Earl of March and Mr Metcalfe, respective captains of the Duke of Richmond's XII and the Pepperharrowe XII.

REMEMBERING TIM McCANN

When I first arrived in Chichester in 1975, I found that the West Sussex Record Office had an exceptional staff assembled by the County Archivist. Tim McCann had joined the staff [them] in 1967 and was a key part of that team. He had an unsurpassed knowledge of the history of the county and its records. As a new boy, knowing nothing about either, I quickly became indebted to him for his patience and generosity in sharing what he knew and for his kindness in introducing me to the place, the office and the job.

One of his responsibilities then was the running of public services. This was a time when family and local historians were beginning to populate searchrooms in growing numbers. They were new to the mysteries of archives and needed help in identifying, reading and interpreting sources. Tim made sure his staff understood that and provided that assistance. As a result, the WSRO quickly became renowned for the friendly and helpful service it provided. The public enjoyed working there.

Tim wrote and spoke widely on a range of subjects associated with the county and its archives. He gave freely of his time. With Peter [Wilkinson] and Alison, he ran evening classes at the Record Office, he supported West Sussex Archives Society from its creation in 1974, and he chaired the Heron-Allen Society, celebrating the many accomplishments of Edward Heron-Allen of Selsey. His range of interests and enthusiasms impressed me from the start and, as a new entrant to the profession, opened my eyes to the possibilities that archives offered.

Cricket was one of his passions. He formed Bishop Carleton's XI, captained the side, opened the batting and scored the runs, ineptly aided by sundry Record Office staff.

Obviously, I could go on. I haven't touched on his sense of humour. Nor on his pioneering work with volunteers in the Record Office. He was instrumental in setting the style and tone of the office. I found the WSRO a lovely place to work. Those of us from the early days will always remember with heartfelt admiration his courage and fortude in battling and overcoming his first serious illness. We are proud to have known him as a colleague and friend, and we, along with so very many researchers and historians, applaud the legacy of his life and his forty years at WSRO.

Alan Readman (West Sussex Record Office)

An abridged version from *"The Researcher"*, the newsletter of the Sussex Archaeological Society. Reproduced with permission

ELLA HALLWARD & EDWARD HERON-ALLEN

Edward Heron-Allen's classic study, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Being a Facsimile of the Manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a Transcript into modern Persian Characters* was published and printed by H.S. Nichols of 39 Charing Cross Road, London, in 1898, with a second, textually enlarged, edition appearing in the same year.

Heron-Allen's second classic study, *Edward FitzGerald's Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam with their Original Persian Sources* was published by Bernard Quaritch of 15 Piccadilly, London, in 1899, but still printed by H.S. Nichols.

Ella Hallward did the frontispieces and textual decorations for both editions, the frontispiece for the former being shown in [Fig.1]. She had illustrated an edition of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem of 44 lines, The Raven, also published by H.S. Nichols in 1898, shortly before the firm published Heron-Allen's "Facsimile" volume. An example of her white-on-black illustrations for this is shown in [Fig.2].

Aside from the foregoing, Ella illustrated no other books, mainly it seems, because in 1902 she became a wife and mother, of which more presently. She did, however, do the bookplate for Heron- Allen and his wife Marianna, shown in [Fig.3]. It was featured in *The Ex Libris Journal* in March 1901 (p.43) under the heading "Book Plate (Joint) of Edward and Marianna Heron-Allen". The article quoted Heron-Allen's own explanation of the significance of the various details in it, and this is of sufficient interest to quote in full here:

> The frame is surrounded by a quotation from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, Book III, 15, 'Be not deceived; for thou shalt never live to read all which thou hadst provided and laid up for thyself against thine old age.' The general design and appearance of the plate is intended to be oriental, to symbolise my work in connection with Persian literature. The *khush-i-khatt* ('elegant writing') or tughra ('sign-manual') over the central design being my name 'Edward Heron-Allen,' written by the *Katib* ('writer') Mirza Mohammed Ali of Shiraz. The ornamental corners are suggested by an oriental bookbinding.
>
> The central design is surrounded by the snake with its tail in its mouth, a symbol of eternity which I have affected for many years; the winged heart bears the motto of my house, '*Diligenter et fidelis*',

Fig. 1. Frontispiece by Ella Hallward for Heron-Allen's First Edition of his Rubaiyat (1898).

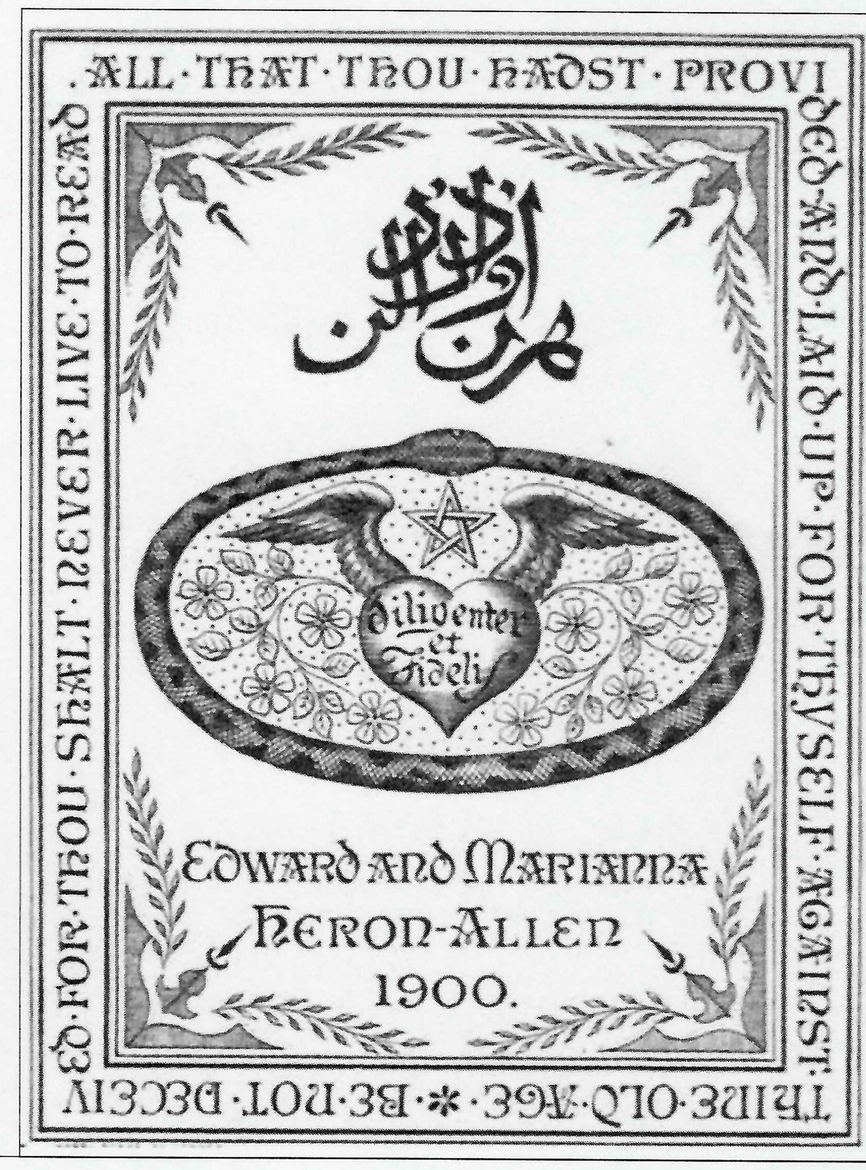


Fig. 3. New bookplate, designed by Ella, for EH-A and his wife Marianna (1901).

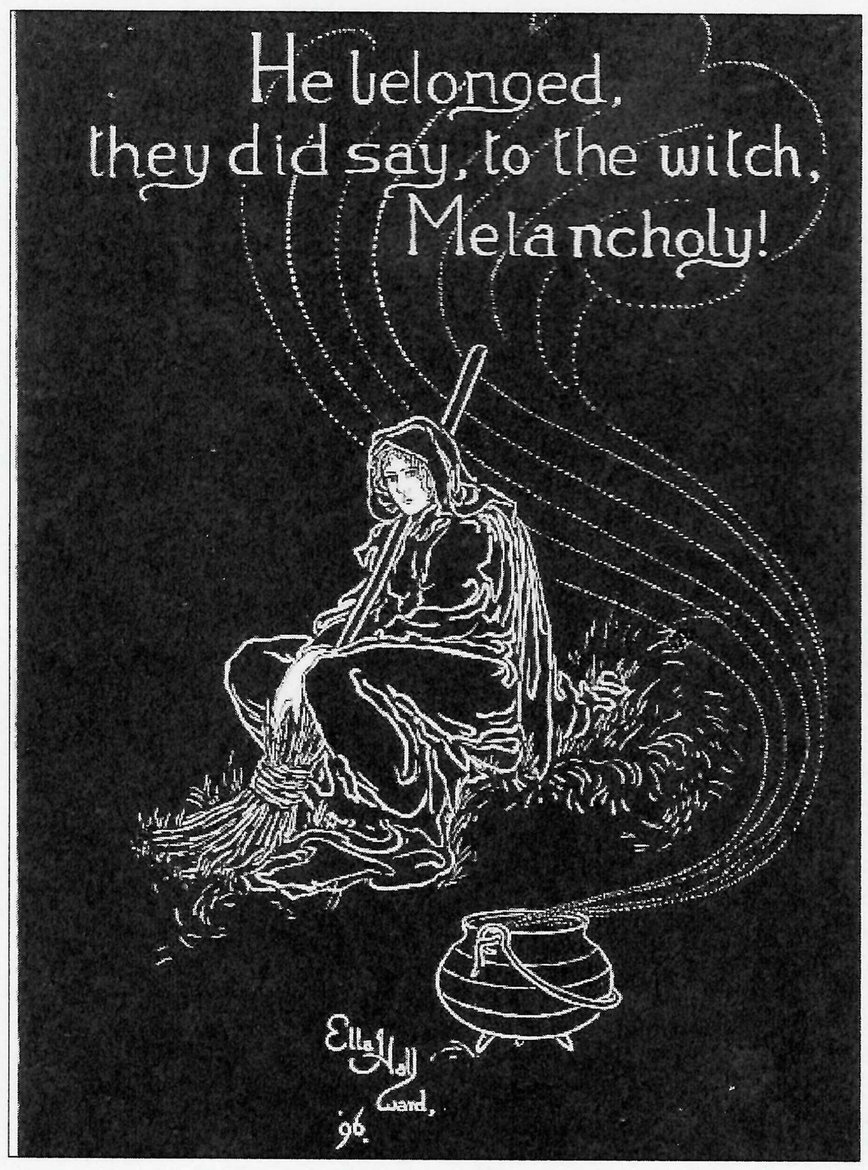


Fig. 2. Illustration by Ella fromr Coleridge's poem The Raven.

which makes up in sentiment what it lacks in latinity. Between the wings the pentacle (or pentagram) signifying mystery, perfection and the Universe which plays a prominent part in the Faust legends, symbolises my early work in the fields of occult science and psychology. The roses filling the ground suggest the cult of Omar Khayyam, and the sentiment attached by the sentimentally inclined to red roses all over the world.

The date 1900 commemorates the birth of the new century, as well as the death of our old plate, which, after giving nine thousand impressions, refuses to produce anything but what looks like a tenth-rate lithographic production.

The plate is designed by Miss Ella F.G. Hallward, whose illustrations to Coleridge's "Raven" drew the attention of artists to her black-and-white (properly speaking, white-on-black) work a few years ago, and concerning whose work an exhaustive article is about to appear in *the Studio*.

It has been engraved by the well-known heraldic engraver Harry Soane, of Hanway Street.

Unfortunately, the promised "exhaustive article" about Ella in *The Studio* seems never to have appeared. So, who was Ella Hallward ? Her full name was

Figure 4a, b. Two holiday photos of Italy with Marianna and Ella

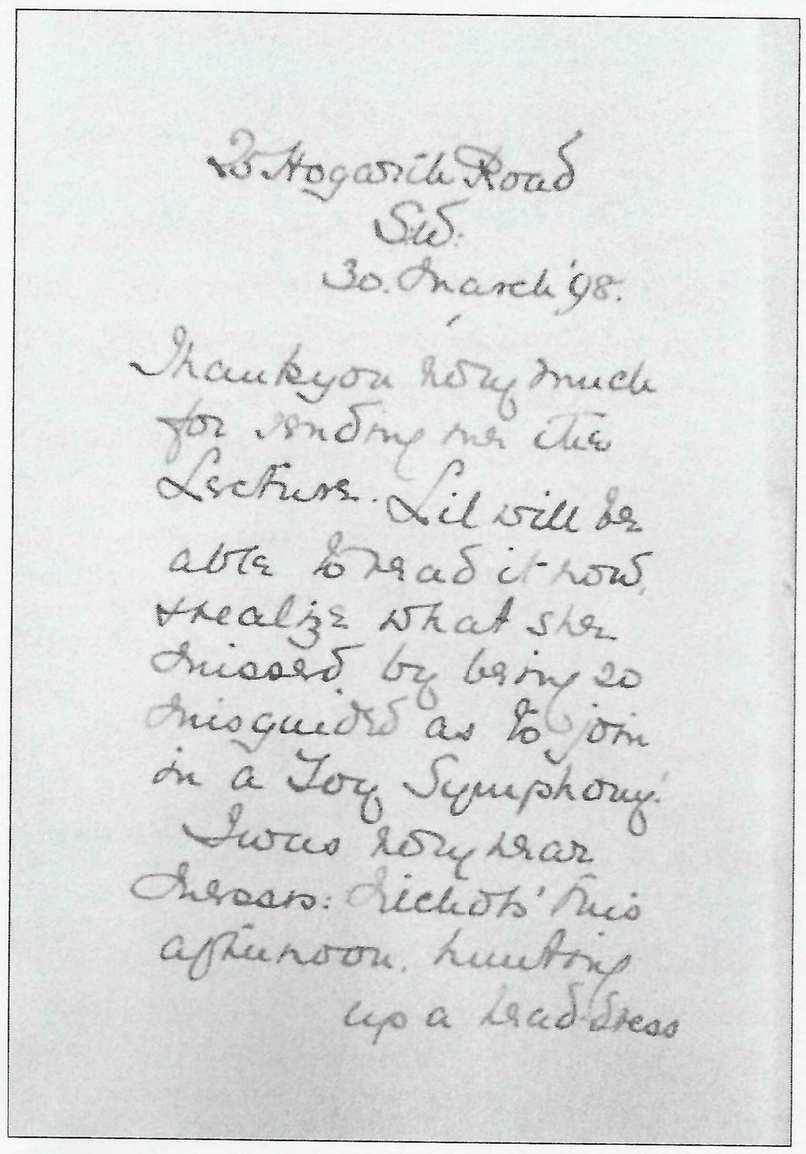
Eleanor Frances Graeme Hallward, and she was born in Bognor, Sussex on 14 May 1866, the daughter of solicitor Charles Berners Hallward and his wife Elizabeth Ann. In the 1891 census she was recorded as living as a lodger at 76 Warwick Road, Kensington, London, her occupation listed as "Sculp. Artist." At the same address was her younger sister, Lillian, a "Student of Music." In the 1901 census she and her sister were living at 25 Hogarth Road, Kensington, her occupation listed as "Artist – Sculp", her sister's occupation as "none - liv[ing] on means." They had two servants. By this time, of course, she must have met Heron-Allen, though the circumstances of this are not known at present. We shall return to their close friendship later.

In 1902 she married Colonel James Ridgeway Dyas, after which, sadly, her career as an artist and illustrator seems to have taken a back seat to her roles as wife and mother. By the time of the 1911 census they were living at Brook House, Cumberland Street, Woodbridge, Suffolk – FitzGerald country, of course. They had two children, John aged 4 and Eleanor aged 1, with five servants. Ella lists no occupation. Shortly after the census, but still in 1911, they had another son, Henry. By the time of the 1921 census they were living at Corrib Lodge, The Avenue, Camberley, Surrey, with children Eleanor and Henry, plus two servants. (Their older son, John, was at school in Oxford at the time of the census.) The occupation of James Dyas is listed as "Colonel (Retired)" and that of Ella as "Home duties."

In 1927 Col. James R. Dyas retired from the army altogether, having served as the librarian of the Staff College, Camberley, Surrey since 1919. In January 1933 he died suddenly, apparently as a result of taking his customary cold bath (1).

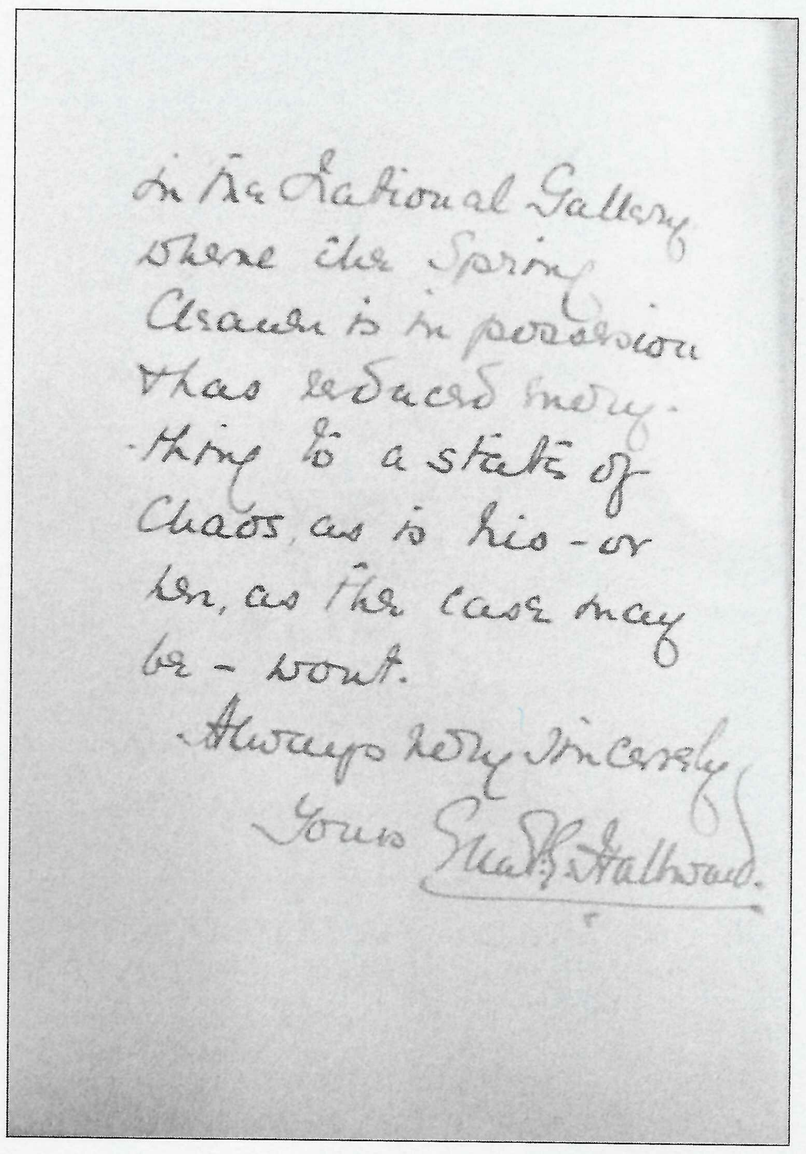
In the 1939 register the widowed Eleanor F. G. Dyas, occupation "unpaid domestic duties", was recorded as still living at the above-mentioned Corrib Lodge, The Avenue, Camberley, Surrey – still her address at the time of her death on 4 November 1948.

Nothing is known at present about how Ella Hallward and Edward Heron-Allen first met, but that they had a close friendship is indicated by the fact that she and their mutual friend Brooke Sewell (2) went on holiday with Heron-Allen and his wife, Marianna each year between 1898 and1901. As readers of this will know, Heron-Allen kept detailed Holiday Journals, from which we know that the group were in Venice in May 1898 and May 1899; in Paris in October 1900 (though without Brooke Sewell for most of it, apparently); and in Lugano, Verona and Venice in April-May 1901 (3a). Unfortunately the diaries tell us very little beyond the traditional day-to-day activities of the tourist – details of the journey (including sea-sickness); visits to churches, galleries & places of interest; buying souvenirs and gifts, antiques and books; details of their hotel rooms (including the bed-bugs) and meals out; people encountered along the way; and so on.



26 Hogarth Road
S.W.
30. March '98.

Thank you very much for sending me the Lecture. Lil will be able to read it now, & realize what she missed by being so misguided as to join in a Joy Symphony!
Yours very dear Dreams: Lichots' this afternoon, hunting up a head-dress



in the National Gallery where the Spring Cleaner is in possession & has reduced everything to a state of Chaos, as is his - or her, as the case may be - wont.
Always very sincerely
Yours Ella B. Halsward.

Figs 5a, b. Letter from Ella to EH-A.

One curious detail is that in the Venice diaries of 1898 & 1899 Heron-Allen refers to Ella as "Lady Ella", though he gives no indication of why! (By 1900 he had dropped the "Lady".)

The year 1900 was the year of an Exhibition Universelle and on 21 October they went to see the exhibition of French art, ancient to modern, in the Petit Palais; an exhibition of Byzantine art; followed by the Sculpture Court of the Grand Palais, which was devoted to modern works. "The sculpture is most beautiful," Heron-Allen wrote, "if somewhat preponderating in ladies in their birthday costumes". After a nice but hugely overpriced lunch (tourism hasn't changed much!) they went to visit the various Pavilions representing the cultures of other nations, including India, Ceylon, Russia and China – at the last they bought some soapstone carvings and some "beautiful Chinese ink for Ella." The following day, having feasted sufficiently on arts and crafts the previous day, Ella and Marianna went off to buy hats for themselves, leaving Heron-Allen to return to the Grand Palais for another look around, presumably checking out the naked ladies exhibited there en route. Unfortunately a page is missing from the diary at this point, and the next thing we know is that they are going home on the night-boat from Calais.

The 1901 holiday is one of particular artistic interest. Thus, on 13 April 1901, as they passed through Milan on the way to Venice, Ella & Heron-Allen squeezed in a visit to the Galleria, where "Ella fell in love with the big Veronese, of which she had to buy a photo". Later on the same holiday, in Venice itself, the party visited the Scuola San Rocco "to see the Tintorettos, which are the worst lighted pictures in Venice" (18 April); later to the church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni to see the "marvellous woodwork and pictures by Carpaccio" (23 April). That same evening, "we dined most excellently, being presently joined by Walter Sickert who is a quaint & humorous wight". The following day, in St. Mark's Square, the party met up again with Sickert, "who has begun a new and weird picture of S. Mark this morning." He goes on:

> He stands all the morning with a crowd around 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.

Unfortunately we don't have Ella's own thoughts on Sickert's work.

The 1901 holiday is also interesting on account of some of the photographs taken by Heron-Allen and which have survived in the back of the holiday journal in remarkable condition. Thus [Fig.4a] is a photograph

of Marianna, Ella and Brooke taken at Lugano and [Fig.4b] shows Ella in the Arena at Verona, visited on 15 April, on the way to Venice.
As regards the things she bought on this holiday, lace and embroidery feature, though beads seem to have been one of her main interests, one shared by Heron-Allen apparently. Needless to say, they visited Murano. On 2 May, "On our way back from Murano", he adds, "We stopped at the Fondamenta Nuova & looked into the Church of the Gesuiti to see the Tintoretto & the Titian & the marvellous barocco inlaying of dark green marbles." A few days later, on 7 May, they bought some "small beads and charms, for Ella's 'children' Gweneth & Maud", though who they were exactly remains unclear.

There are a few other minor details from the holiday journals generally which add to the picture. Thus we know that, back in their hotel, Ella enjoyed playing chess with Heron-Allen; that she proved herself an accomplished swimmer in the Lido at Venice; and an amusing if inconsequential detail from the 1899 journal (30 May – the evening before was their last in Venice before returning home): "Poor Lady Ella is rather seedy suffering from a Spanish Lady called 'Dolores Fortes della Birras' so she has not enjoyed her last evening" – Heron-Allen's rather neat description of a hangover!

As already indicated, though the holiday journals give us some interesting day-to-day personal glimpses of the participants' activities together, they give us no substantive information about how Ella and Heron-Allen met, or of their working relationship.

Again, as readers of this will know, Heron-Allen also kept, and had bound, much of his correspondence, one volume of which **(3b)** covers the period 1896 to 1898 inclusive. But it contains no letters from Ella and only one letter to him from H.S. Nichols, dated 1 December 1897, relating to a revised prospectus for "Omar". Another volume contains several letters dating from 1897 to 1898, all relating to Heron-Allen's booklet Some *Sidelights upon Edward FitzGerald's Poem 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'* published H.S. Nichols in 1898 **(3c)**. This one does contain a letter from Ella, dated 30 March 1898, and since it is the only one known to have survived, I reproduce it here as [Figs.5a & 5b]. As can be seen, though interesting as a personal snapshot of the time, it is actually little more than a thankyou note. (Lil is Ella's younger sister, mentioned above, and it is the Spring Cleaner in possession of the National Gallery.)

But returning to the Holiday Diaries, 1901 marked a turning point as regards the present study. Marianna Heron-Allen died in January 1902, and early in that same year Ella Hallward married Colonel Dyas. It was the end of an era.

Notes

Note (1): An obituary of him appeared in The Birmingham Gazette, 25 January 1933, p.15 col.3.

Note (2): Brooke Sewell (1878-1958) was born in Norway, went to school in England, but seems to have lived most of his life in mainland Europe – France, and from about 1923 until his death, Switzerland. It is not clear where he actually lived at the time he holidayed with Ella Hallward and the Heron-Allens, though it appears to have been London, going off his presence there when the party set off for Dover or Calais to go abroad. A merchant banker by profession, he clearly acquired considerable wealth, for in the late 1950s, by a donation and a bequest, he gave the British Museum a total of about £1,000,000 to be used specifically for the acquisition of oriental antiquities.

Note (3a): The Holiday Journals are stored in the West Sussex Record Office in Chichester. The relevant documents are: Holiday Journals vol.IV, for Venice, May 1898 (Catalogue No. EHA 1/2/1/4); Holiday Journals vol.V, for Venice, May 1899 (Catalogue No. EHA 1/2/1/5); Holiday Journals vol.VI, for Paris, October 1900 (Catalogue No. EHA 1/2/1/6); Holiday Journals vol.VII, for Lugano, Verona & Venice, April-May 1901 (Catalogue No. EHA 1/2/1/7).

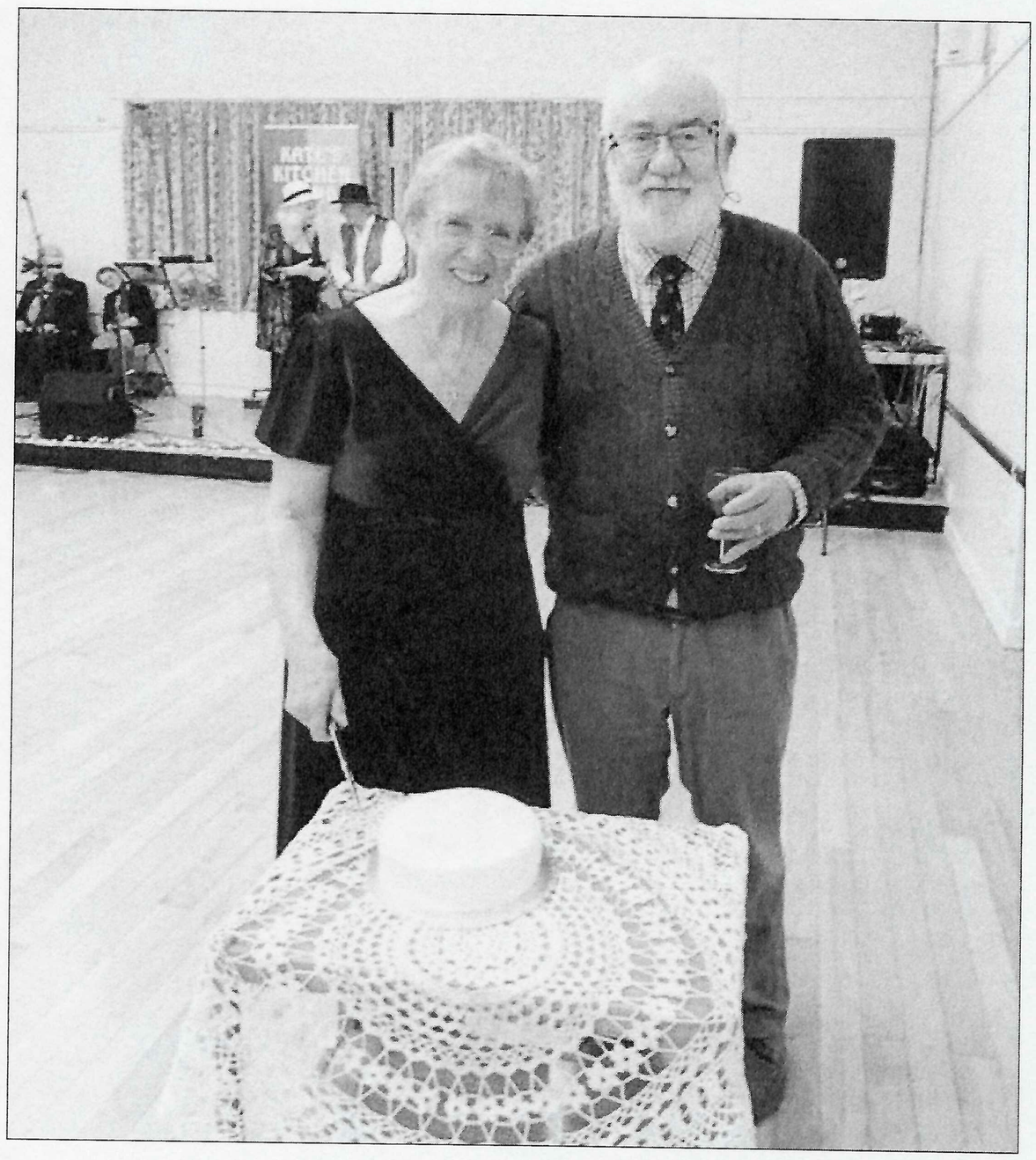
Note (3b): West Sussex Record Office: Album of Correspondence 1896-1898 (Catalogue no. EHA 1/1/1/4).

Note (3c): West Sussex Record Office: Edward Heron-Allen. Sidelights on E. FitzGerald's Rubaiyat: MS, Proofs, Correspondence & Notes (Catalogue no. EHA 1/1/1/5). This contains details of "Sidelights" as a lecture at the Grosvenor Crescent Club and Women's Institute, London, on 22 March 1898; the hand-written MS of the booklet version; the typescript of the booklet version, interleaved with printer's proofs of it; clips from newspapers reviewing the booklet; and letters from various people relating to it. Heron-Allen had dedicated the booklet version of "Sidelights" to Edward Byles Cowell, and this volume contains the original of the well-known letter from Cowell, dated 3 April 1898, politely asking Heron-Allen to remove that dedication when he reprinted "Sidelights" in the up-coming second edition of "Facsimile," on the grounds that he wanted nothing to do with "the Omar Cult", and that for guidance in life he preferred "to go to Nazareth, not to Naishapur." The complete text of the letter is reproduced in Heron-Allen's book *The Second Edition of Edward FitzGerald's Rubaiyyat of Umar Khayyam* (1908) p.xv.

Bob Forrest

THE SOCIETY'S WEBSITE

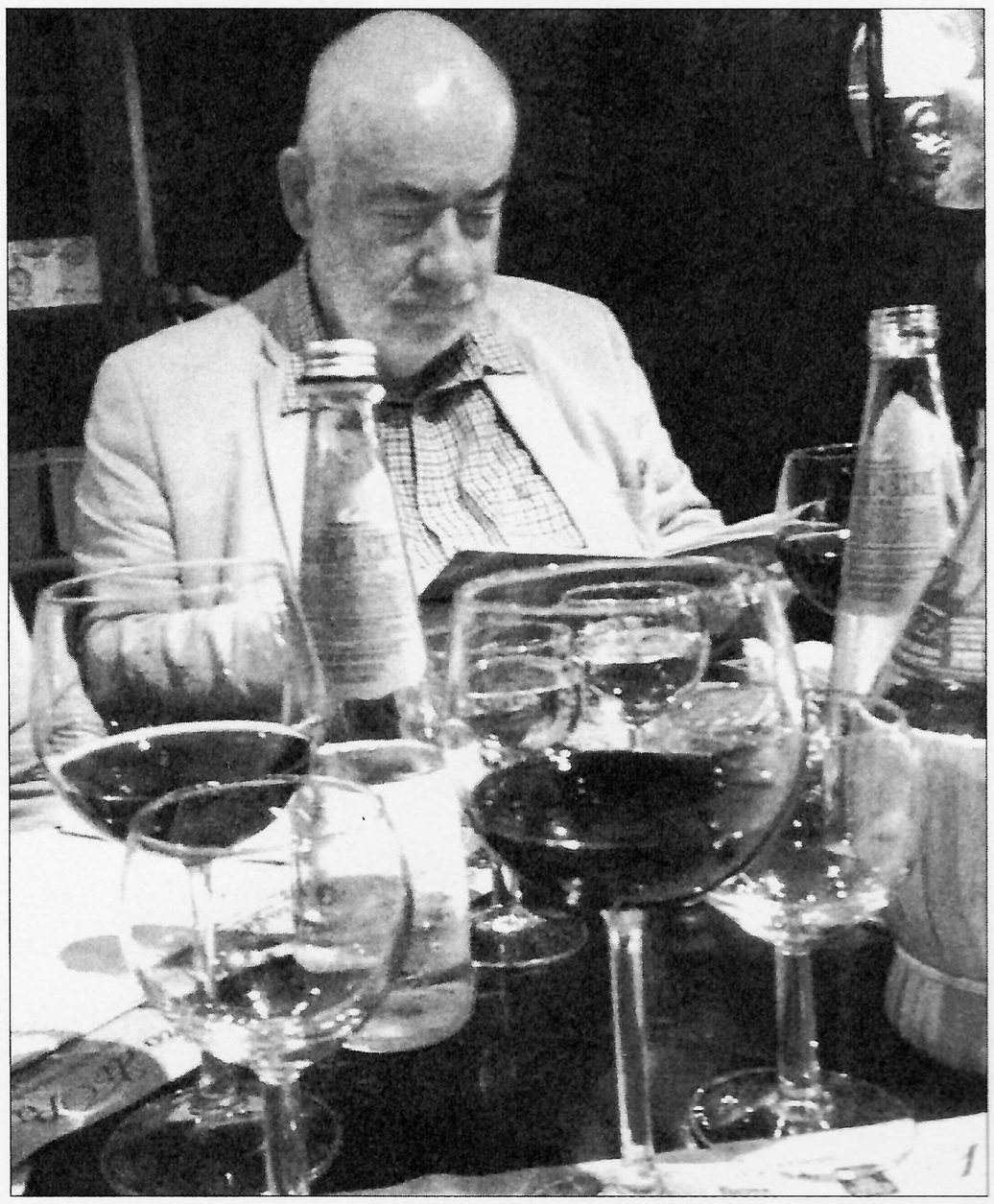
The Heron-Allen Society's website is at: http://www.heronallensociety.co.uk. The webmaster, Maira Canzonieri, can be contacted through the website or directly by e-mail at: maira.canzonieri@rcm.ac.uk. Maira updates our web-site on a regular basis, and members are encouraged to keep in touch by making use of it. There is an opportunity on the site for members to make comments and suggestions and to post queries.



Alison and Tim McCann on Alison's 70th birthday

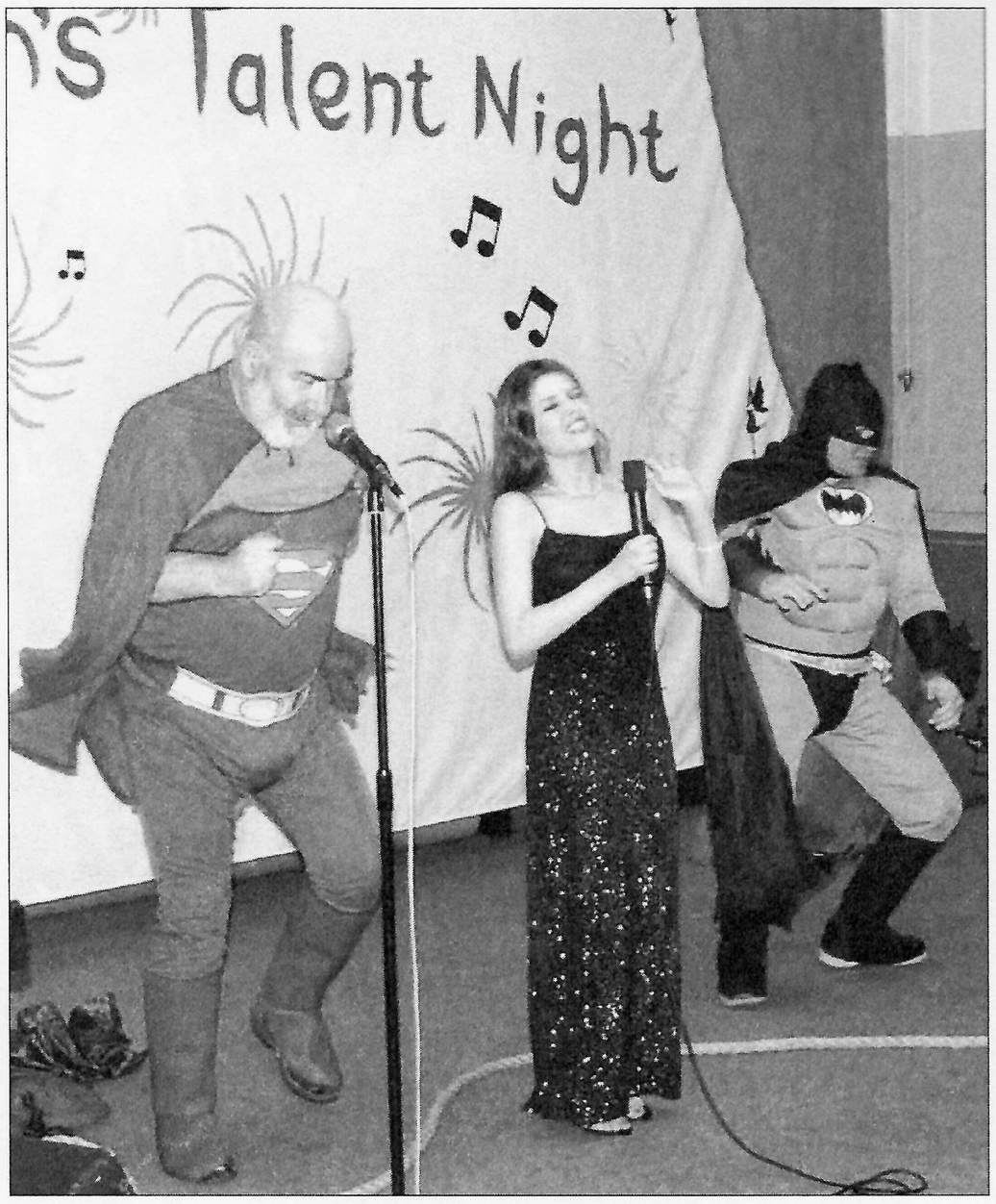
REMEMBERING TIM McCANN

Heron-Allen Society Committee at "Pierino's" restaurant

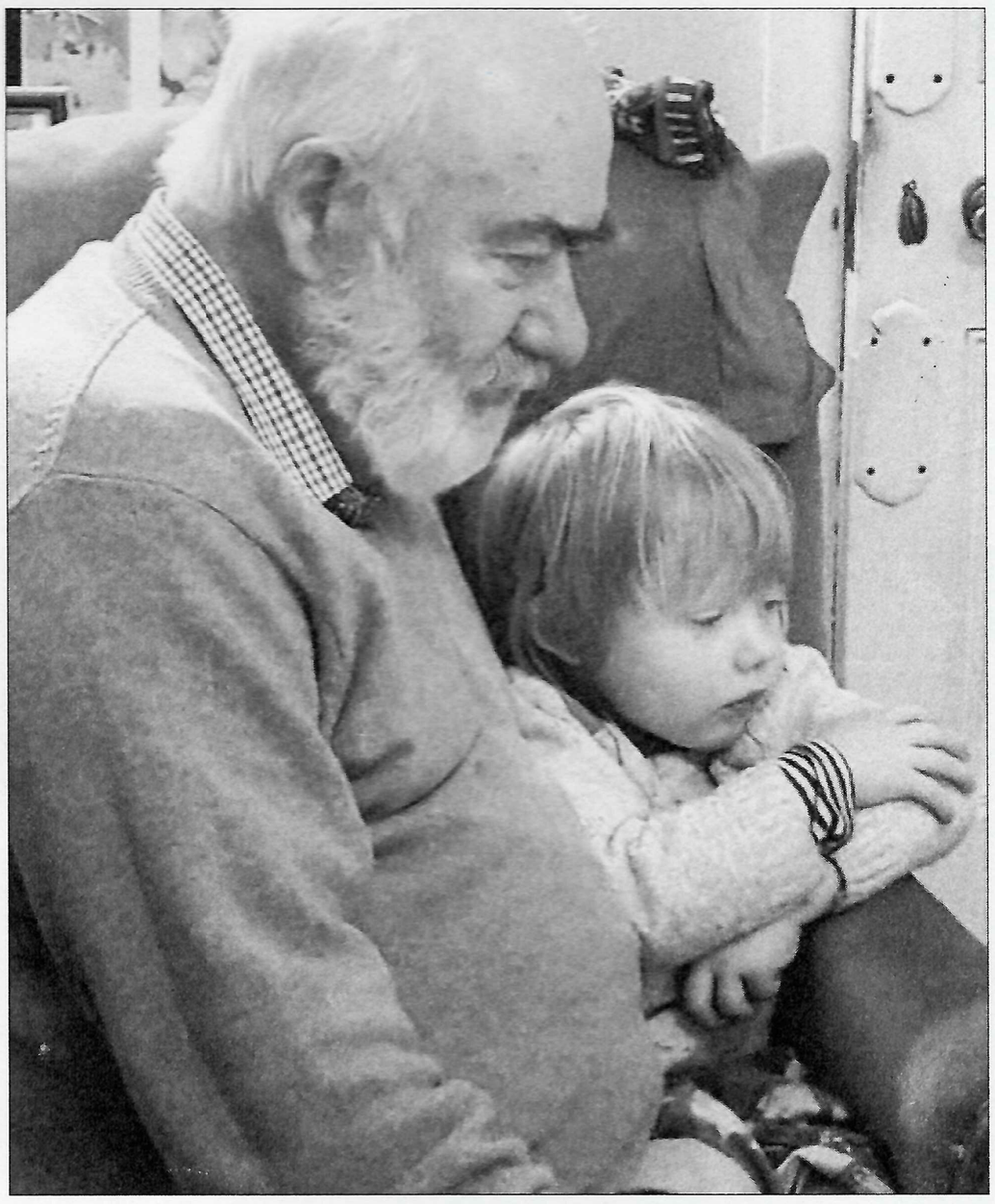


Tim surrounded by wine glasses, Florence

Tim's sitting room surrounded by books



Tim as "Superman" at a Parish Party



Tim with his elder grandson, Osian