

HILL FAMILY HISTORY

Transcribed from a note book, written by Lilian Hill, sister to Eustace St. Clair Hill, and known as Aunt Lil.

1857

Father and Mother were married in August and on the same day, he heard he must return at once to his regiment as the mutiny had begun. They drove straight on into Exeter – meeting their wedding guests arriving – on the road. Their luggage was sent to Southampton to meet their ship from London and did not arrive in time – and Mother had a 6 months journey ahead of her, with only the box she had taken to London and had rapidly to buy what she could in the short time they put in, in Southampton. Father said his regiment had mutinied some months before and would not again but he had to go out constantly at night and leave her alone with the ayah in her bungalow, and she put a dressing gown, and a pair of brown boots by her bedside, ready to run if necessary, but it wasn't.

They were run over by a steamer in Mauritius harbour, having gone for a row in a small boat with other passengers, when coaling (?) there. Father saw the steamer coming in without lights, and told them all to jump into the water. All did, but one lady, who was hit in consequence by the paddle and killed. Father swam round and brought in the others. It was night and very beautiful.

Agnes was born on October 25, 1858, Gertrude on April 12, 1860 and Jim November 18, 1861. Mother was terribly ill after his birth, and for a month was kept under chloroform, using all allowed to the northern division of the army for a year, in that time. The doctors had no idea how bad it was for the nerves, and she had great difficulty in giving it up, stretching out her hands for it directly she was coming round (when she came home, Aunt Em cried when she saw her looking like a broken down nervous woman, instead of the gay young girl she had gone out).

Reg was born on September 21, 1864. Father came back with her after his birth. She was so ill, Father had the complete care of the baby and was devoted to him in consequence.

Lewin Probyn was born in Teignmouth [Devon] on 18 September 1865 and died 8 October. Mother said he was the most beautiful baby she or anyone ! ever had, from the time he was born on. They went back to India, and Ethel Cunliffe was born at Mhow August 28, 1868.

Harold Charles [was born] at Mhow [17 Sep] 1869. He was called the Pope, from his likeness to Pius IX and was the only! ugly baby.

Lilian Mary [was born] October 1, 1870 at Indore. Mother came home with Ethel, Harold and Lilian in April 1871, with an ayah to help her on board ship. The ayah laid down in a corner of the cabin and remained there, very sick, almost all the way. She had to manage the 3 babies alone. She took us to Staplegrove, Taunton [Somerset] where Sackville Lee [Frangcon] was born January 25, 1872 and died March 1872, I think of

influenza. They moved to Marwood House, Honiton. Father would like to have bought [it]. It had a cork tree planted by Raleigh in the garden.

Eustace St Clair was born there, February 15 1873. Father having before returned to India. Adice [Agnes Jane Hill's nickname] now became very ill with consumption. They had had Minnie Hill, Uncle Hill's daughter, who was dying of it to stay, as she begged to, saying "Do let me go. Aunt Agnes is full of pleasure." Adis and Gertie were told to take turns in sitting with her and Gerty was reproved for saying she hated doing it. They probably both caught it, as Gertie became very delicate and Agnes very ill. Austin Tate was in love with her. He also had consumption, and begged to be allowed to go (?) with them.

They [and the child Eustace – text added by Eustace] went to Hyères in October 1873 and a year later to Switzerland. Ethel, Harold and Lily had been left at Venbridge but Ethel was very ill with diphtheria there, and when mother heard of it, she left Aunt Em who had gone with them, in charge of the house, and Adis, Gertie and Eustace and his nurse and Mother came home to fetch the other 3.

In November 1874 we all went to Hyères and later mother took Adis and Gertie to India with her, Uncle George taking the rest of us back to England to Mrs Kyngdon at Livermead Cottage in Torquay where Mother had left the elder ones before. She took Adis and Gertie by sea to the Suez Canal and they had to change from a French to an Italian ship after riding on a camel some of the way. Adis was exhausted and they were told by the Italian captain, the ship did not sail till the next day and they could not come on board. He thought they were French, as Mother spoke to him in French, and the Italians then hated the French. When Mother insisted she must get on and Adis could not possibly do the return journey, and he found they were English, and allowed them on board, in great heat and discomfort. Father was in Kurrache [Karachi] where Adis died in April of the next year, 1875.

Muriel Agnes [was] born April 18 1879. Mother came to Germany, with Gertie, and Muriel, who was 6 months old, in November 1879, and the Bensons, relations of the Archbishop, got us a flat in the Gartenstrasse in Wiesbaden. It was a bitter winter. The Rhine froze. Aunt Em and Aunt Minnie took Eustace, Ethel and me out to join her there. We did not recognize her and thought she was the governess and I asked her when we should see Mother, thinking she or Gertie at least should have met us. She said in a surprised voice "I am your mother".

Ethel was 11. She got typhoid fever a week or so after arriving and was very ill. They said she got it in Cologne. She had hot baths from the natural hot springs there, brought up by men in barrels, 72 steps up to our high flat. Reg, Jim, Mr Pritchard (Jim's tutor) and Harold had now come out, and had to have rooms found for them close by. There was very little linen in the flat and only one overworked little maid. The food was carried up from a basement kitchen more than 72 steps by her. Dr Viebel asked Mother if she would object to a Catholic nun coming in to help nurse Ethel as they were the best nurses. Aunt Em had to see to the baby as Ethel would only take medicine and food from Mother, and Eustace and I were sent to a Catholic day school and asked what was our religion. Neither of us knew but the English chaplain's children were there so I said it would be theirs. So we sat alone with them when religion was taught, and as all the lessons were given in German, and Eustace refused to leave me, we spent our time sitting side by side till school was over.

We met the elder ones coming back from skating. A big ice palace had been built on the lake, by the Kursaal. The band played and all skated till 4.30, when we two came sadly back from school, frequently pelted with snow balls by small other children. Saturday was our holiday but the ice was too crowded for the others to skate.

In Feb 1880 Mother, Eustace, Ethel, Gertie, Muriel and I came to Little Tew in Oxford, sailing up the Rhine from Wiesbaden to Cologne and crossing via Rotterdam. It was a picturesque village and ivy covered house, with lots of outhouses we played in, and at Easter Harold and the elder ones joined us from their schools. Then Mother decided to take the Cottage at Cheriton, rent 30 pounds a year, and some furniture in it. So Ethel and I were sent to Welshpool, while they settled in. It was almost as cold a year as 1879 and pipes froze and our upper bedrooms were bitter, though there were hot water pipes on the landing outside.

Father came home in late Nov. in a snow storm driving up from Yeoford. We got up early to be in time to see him first and Eustace, having practised how to keep on a very brave expression most of the day, was so worn out, he fell asleep on the staircase window seat overlooking the Yeoford Road. We had brought two German servants, Catholics, with us.

In June 1882 we went to the Manor House Lymington, and in 87 to Gurnard, Isle of Wight, as Gertrude started a permanent diphtheria throat, supposed to be from the smell of the river.

In Sept 86, Ethel who had been at school at St Michaels Bognor, went with Eustace and me to Grassendale, a school started for delicate girls and boys by the head mistress, in order that her brother, dying of consumption, might have work in teaching. A doctor sent his delicate boy there also, the pine woods of Bournemouth and Boscombe being thought very sanitary. We actually were in Polkessdown [Southborne, added by Eustace here] a little outside. The next year, Bishop Webb came to have a confirmation and preach. I never had heard a sermon like it before – on the Holy Ghost and our dignity – not worms [?] as usual, and he said he wanted English girls women and families to go to Grahamstown, where he had started a sisterhood. I wrote an enthusiastic letter to Gertie saying I should love to go and all to go. I never posted it, but it got into my school box. Gertie packed for me to return, and saw the letter, read it and settled to go herself, but quite indefinitely, thinking Mother couldn't be left with us so young. Then Ethel wrote she was getting a Japanese grammar, and meant to go there with Agnes Murtens [?] as a missionary. That made Gertie feel we were all grown up, and to my horror I was told the next year, she was going out with Bishop Webb and I might come and say goodbye! I wept bitterly.

Muriel now joined us at school, and Ethel left and in 1890 Jim returned with consumption from India, and we let the house at Gurnard and went to Medland for the summer. He was ordered to Grahamstown, and Father took him out in the Dunnottar Castle, in Nov., saying if he sent a wire for us we were all to follow. The wire said "Wait" but we didn't

and sailed in Nov., bitterly cold, having Eustace and Muriel at school, and Harold at Sandhurst and Colchester.

In 1892 Mother heard Aunt Em was seriously ill, and we went home in August, a month before we intended to, missing a ball at Bloemfontein in honour of the opening of the railway there. Cecil Rhodes, Kruger and many others were to be there Reitz [?] etc. Arthur Godfrey had got us invitations. We got home on the day of her funeral and stayed in Lustleigh and then looked everywhere for houses going to Tunbridge Wells and Canterbury.

Helen Currie came as a companion to Muriel. Dot having married Jim, Colonel Grieg wrote to beg us to come to Parame and we took a house on the cliffs for 6 months and stayed a year. Eustace then took a house for us in Emery Down and Jim and Dot came home with their baby Nesta in 1895 and we went up to Oxford [Eustace adds here E, H, Lil, Joan (? Probably Jim) and Dot] to see Eust at Christchurch and then realized Father was very ill. He died Jan 24 1896 and we gave up the house, and Ethel went back to Stuttgart, where she was studying music and Mother, Muriel and I went to Margate and then Wrexham after paying visits at Welshpool. We were all to go to Grahamstown and took our tickets in Aug. 96 but Herbert Hawksworth said Mother's heart was so bad she would die on a ship, and with great care would live 10 years [Eustace added 'She did!!'].

He advised Worthing, and we went there in 1898. Ethel now settled to be a Sister and joined at Forres and Eust, to go as a missionary to S Africa [Eustace added: St Peters Home Grahamstown]. He was chaplain in the Boer War and got typhoid and came home in 1900 [Eustace added: for 3 months].

Gertie, and Harold who was in India, and Ethel, all came in 1905, Mother having become a Catholic in 1902 and Muriel, who had gone to Reg in New Zealand, came home via S. America became one [Eustace added: R.C.] on Corpus Christi day 1903 and I on Nov 13 1905 [?]

The clergyman at St Andrews was very angry and insisted on us leaving Worthing which Mother promised so we went to Boscombe and Muriel and I settled to take up East End work. We had just moved into a charming house in the church grounds belonging to the Jesuits, but no lease had been made out. Father Payne who asked us to take it in Sept. dropped dead in a Corpus Christi procession. Mother was asked to go in, early in Sept. when the tenants went out, and we arranged to go on Sept. 29. Still with no lease we moved in our furniture on the 28th and mother came over to sleep on the 29th. She had been very unwell that week and on the 29th Saturday, Muriel and I had gone out to tea, and were called back by her maid saying she had been taken ill and she died next day [Eustace added: Sep 30 1906].

Our lawyer came up, and asked how we had got there, as it was an expensive house. I said we had put our furniture in and followed but he meant with no lease, and said we might stay on there the winter, and must leave in March. We didn't know where to go so we got an address in Vincent Sq. and stored our furniture in Regs barns and set off for

London. We were told when we got there the owner was coming unexpectedly home, and we must leave in a day or two. We ran round Westminster looking for rooms till we could go to St Cecilia's Commercial Road where I intended to stay and Muriel to go to Ireland and train again as a nurse. She had done a year at Salisbury Infirmary while we were at Boscombe, but broke down in health and went to India in 1904 to Frances Pennell, returning in a year.

1908. She now hoped to try again. Harold came home and got married in 1908 and she went to Darlington as a postulant [Eustace added: Sisters of Charity (?)] in November, giving me a return ticket to India. I stayed at St Cecilias till Sept 1909 and then went to India with Marion and Dick Willis. Rubrittens (?) Italian Line, sleeping in Paris, and Brieux (?) in Switzerland, and in Genoa. We sailed and had a day in Naples, St Januarius day – every siren going in honour of it and then in Messina, in ruins from the earthquake. American wood sent to build houses packed along the shore. We had a day in Port Said, and again in Aden and landed in Bombay where I expected Harold to meet me, but they said I had forgotten to tell him my ship. So he met me some days later in Poona and we went to Nuggen (?) where Joan was rejoicing to show her baby Humpfrey. He died in Feb. 1910 and Harold was away in Poona at the time, taking an exam for Major. I went up to Mahabaleshwar with the Crumps (?) for a month in May and joined Harold and Joan later in Matheran and we all moved to Belgium. Harold got me an indulgence passage by the Indian Navy, to Durban, as I thought I might live in Africa, not knowing what to do. When I got to Bombay to return, Harold having seen me off, by a night train, with the hamal to take care of me. I got his wire. My passage had been given by Bombay and Simla refused at Kurrachee [Karachi]. I must find out why, and see embarkation officer. I drove up with all my boxes to a courtyard and saw him, and he said he couldn't understand it. Leave would certainly come. Could I go anywhere for two days when it surely would.

1910 Nov. I drove to Dick Willis, and luckily found him at home, Marion away, and he put me up and said I must go on the ship to Kurrachi [Karachi], and ask why I couldn't go on [Eustace adds an exclamation mark!] and it would be very hard to turn me off. I had waited in India for Michael to be born, meaning after that to go to Africa and spend the winter holidays with Gertie. Anyway, the captain kept me on board at Kurrachi as he didn't know where to send me for the 3 days we called [coaled?] there, and then an embarkation officer came on and asked me to go as he wanted a girl he knew to have my cabin. As the captain and chief officer said I needn't, I refused [Eustace adds another exclamation mark] and we sailed to Durban and I went to a convent there for a fortnight and then to the Stratfords in Joburg to see Eustace and he found me a boarding house and in Dec. I went to Gtown [probably Grahamstown] and stayed with Gertie and then Ethel saw me off to Cape Town where I met Eust and we came home in Feb 1911 and we saw George V coronation with Esmé and Charles Henley. Then I went to St Cecilia's and heard it was shutting, because Mr Finch Hatton had cheated over the dinners, and they were to go. However all begged me to take it over so I did and was there alone, others sleeping various days in the week till later on Beatrice Pearson's mother died, and she became head and cleaned things up.

Muriel now had done a year in Paris being there in the year of the floods and was a nurse in Mill Hill and then went to Liverpool, where Eustace and I saw her when he came home in 1912.

In 1914 war broke out. Eustace joined up [Eustace added: in G.S.W. Africa]. Harold sent Joan, Michael and Rupert home, conducted by French destroyers, taken over later by English and a little later he was sent to Mesopotamia. Joan took the boys to her mother in Heavitree, where John was born in Jan. 1915.

In July, Russia, France and Germany were at war. I returned from Preston where Muriel was nursing, to the East End and on Sunday Aug. 2nd placards were up, to say we were at war and Socialists were demonstrating against it [another exclamation mark by Eustace] in Hyde Park and Commercial Rd was placarded with their requests to the men not to join the army. Edmund Pennell, who had just come home on sick leave, was ordered back to India and Frances asked me to come and help with the children at Starcross. St Cecilia's shut for the summer holiday.

Dot was asked to go to France to manage a hospital [Eustace added: Duchess of Westminsters]. In September I returned to St Cecilia's, Eustace went as Chaplain on Sept. 12 to German S.W. Africa. The Prince of Wales started a fund to help families whose husbands had been called up. The German treatment of Belgium made all socialist opposition to the war go. Also finding all the gentry had joined up. They had declared only the poor would be sent. Beatrice Pearson and I kept the clubs (?) and work on as usual but fewer West Enders came to help, as buses were taken off. We were on the Prince of Wales Fund, and had heaps of money to give away but almost immediately orders for uniforms etc came in and children starting work usually at 5/- a week, were paid 25/- instead, as orders came in: 72,000 horse halters to be delivered in a week etc. Everyone was delighted and money came in like water. In December a bomb fell in Dover and we were told we must not show lights but no one worried if we did. We had 150 children to dinner on Xmas day as usual. In May the crowd of boys and women wrecked German bakeries etc near us, as the papers were full of German atrocities in Belgium.

In May 1915, it was said, voluntary nurses were wanted and I did a month in Exeter VAD hospital, but they had a waiting list by then so I returned to St Cecilia's. In July we had our first Zeppelin raid. It set fire to a factory, and houses by the German Church. The German nuns think they may have to leave. We were all told to buy respirators for possible gas. They were muslin bags packed with cotton wool, into which you were to plunge your nose and tie the bag behind your ears with tape.

Reg, who had joined the Sportmans Brigade, tried in Sept to get back as a 'Farm labourer' as he said he saw he would never be sent to France. I stayed with Em, who was alone with the children in Stallcombe and Jim had an op for appendicitis. In October I returned to the East End, where a stricter blackout was beginning and another Zep. Raid was made on Aldgate and the Strand. Only 3 Zeps came over.

Eustace came home, and we went about together to St Pauls etc. and to see Dot who had returned from France. Eust went to Flanders [Eustace added: Egypt - Senussi] in December. We ran the clubs etc and visited much as usual but everything was difficult. Went to Joan for Christmas.

1916. Back in Jan to St Cecilia's and heard Kut was surrounded. Harold was in it but it didn't fall till April.

In October I got a wire. Eustace was wounded not seriously and then a card from Reg, saying he was dangerously ill. Went to the War Office to ask if I might go to Rouen and to the S African offices, but they said he hadn't asked for me and was not on the danger list, so I couldn't. On Nov 3, I got a wire. He was in the Royal Free hospital and I might go and see him every day. It was a dreadful crush getting home in the dark after, you couldn't see the numbers on the trams and had to struggle in and ask where it was going and struggle out if it wasn't.

Eust seemed very ill, but on Dec 19th they said he could go to Exeter, and Beatrice by a miracle found us a taxi and an express train and we went to Joan [Eustace added: Heavitree (?)] for Xmas. [Reg had come up and stayed at the Thackeray Hotel to see him]. We had Taubes, instead of Zeps, making raids in November.

1917. Went back to St Cecilia's in Jan. Beatrice went as a nurse to Dollis Hill Hospital, leaving me as head, with precious few workers! Everything got frozen, including the geyser. I liked getting an invitation (to hear Sir John Jellicoe and Lord Derby speak on sailors and soldiers in the Mansion House) as Head! Eust came up to see me and to Howe to see Mr Thring, and on Feb 26 he and I went to Lancing. He came up again in March. I met him at the SA club and saw him off for France on the 23rd March. He begged me not to but I was firm.

We had an air raid in July. About 15 Taubes fought our planes. I was in Church and a lot of women and children came in crying so I made them say prayers by the altar. They all enjoyed and we went out when it seemed over but they came again. Leadenhall St and the GPO were hit. In Dec. Harold who was a prisoner in Kaslamane (?) was moved to verminous barracks in Changri.

1918. On April 6 when I was at Cuckfield, I heard from Joan. Merfeld (?) had written Eustace was missing. I got many letters praising him but all saying the same. I went back to London, rang up the Central Prisoners office, heard 500 names had come in, but on the 16th heard from a Dutch reformed Pastor, who was gassed [in France and sent to – added by Eustace] the officers hospital near Dot in Marylebone. I went to see him and took him to tea with Dot and he said Eust was alive on Palm Sunday and he himself would like to see the East End. He lunched with us, and kept calling and was quite certain Eust couldn't be killed. I loved him and later a Scotch chaplain came to see me and said he thought Eust was a prisoner. I wrote to the king of Spain's information place. By June I had a letter from him at Raslaat (?) and his kit came. I sorted it and sent it off

to the “Comforts”. A Mr Harris devoted to Eust came to lunch. In July heard from Eust. He was moved to Schweinitz Silesia, the part about himself censored out.

1918. Harold seemed very ill, and a Kasta-Muni society was got (? – set?) up in London to try and get Turkish prisoners home. He was moved to Changri and the prisoners were given barracks there which being too bad for Turk soldiers had been used as stables. In spite of the cold the prisoners refused to go into anything as filthy and stayed in tents till they were cleaned. He was told he might come home a very short time before the Armistice, as doctor said he could not live through another winter. When he got to Dover he heard Rupert, his 3rd son, had been killed by a car in Exeter.

Lady Edmund Talbot head of var (? – war?) settlement, now gave it up, and Mrs Boyle a ‘worker’ financed it for a year. After that Sisters of Charity took it over.

1919. The Armistice had come on Nov. 11 and Harold and Joan went to live at Heavitree (?). Eust came home, and I told him Gertrude had died on Oct. 7th. He had not heard of it. He was staying the night at St Cecilia’s as Harold did, on his way home. I was asked to go to Bonn, to join the Catholic Women’s Canteen there, and went out to Boulogne in May. All wore life belts on the steamer. When I got there, they said my permit did not allow me to go on so I spent a few days there bathing and going over to Wimperne (?) to see the camps etc. and returned.

Harold came to London to get his DSO, and I met Joan at Buckingham Palace to see him get it and we all went to Welshpool, i.e. Harold, Joan, Michael and little John and I.

Peace was signed at 3 on June 28. I went to see it announced by Heralds to the City, the Lord Major etc driving to Temple Bar to hear the news in his great coach and his train with him. The Trumpeter on a white horse and very lovely fell off it as it pranced about, frightened by the crowd but got on again in a moment. Perhaps he was a Herald really.

On July 6 I went to Bonn and worked in the canteen with free railway and tram fares in all parts of our occupation, and free trips up the Rhine in German motor boats. Went over Ehrenbreitstein when the Americans who held it were having a holiday so no one was there to object, and stayed with German nuns at Rudersheim, who were in charge of about 300 mentally defective children, all delighted at my visit. I was told I might join the allied army pilgrimage to Lourdes for Armistice Day. Got there Nov. 8 and came home on the 17th. Beatrice was at St Cecilia’s and was head.

1920. I was asked to be a Mile End Guardian. They said it wouldn’t be for long as they were to be done away with. I knew nothing about it but agreed, as they all seemed so keen and was quite useless. A Miss Utterton (?) came, friend of C. Andrews, a reformer in India, and she took me to call on Tagore, an Indian poet in London to expostulate - a very dignified man, staying in a Kensington hotel.

In December we all moved into Union Road, Rotherhithe. Our settlement was formerly two small butchers shops with tiny bedrooms above, no hot water, the boiler broken, and

everything thick in dirt. We scrubbed our rooms ourselves and B. and Anne papered them, but the stove in the one club room always smoked so badly we couldn't see each other.

We started boys clubs, but I fancy did more harm than good with them and we gave it up in March 1921 to a Father Rawlinson OB who was brother to Gen Rawlinson and I went down to Furze Close to help Reg and Em move into it, and I stayed with them and the Hawksworths at Littleham and Joan in Heavitree. Reg still building his new house, and planting the garden, Luvine Morris (?) asked me to stay with them in Jersey in July. Major Morris had been acting Colonel in a princesses (?) house overlooking the Rhine, when we first knew him. Now he was a very poor schoolmaster in St Heliers. The priest in St Aubyn, where he lived, asked me to stay on and work there for him. I said I would if I could get a friend to join me. I couldn't so came home and stayed with Harold in Heavitree.

Every summer I went to Preston to stay with Muriel for 10 days or so. Beatrice wrote to me asking me to join her in the Catholic Club in Koln – Cologne. I crossed from Calais, going through Armentières and Hazebruck, to Lille, wonderfully rebuilt all the way since 1919, when it was in a terrible state.

Our hotel was just by the cathedral which was packed all day and at mass on Sundays, people stood in lines at the sanctuary steps. We had shorter hours in the canteen than in Boon (?), 10 to 12, and 8 to 10.30 or 10 to 12, 5 to 8 and a day off, which we hadn't before.

We went about more, with cheap tickets, but no free passes as before. The opera we went to most free nights (from the canteen) cost about sixpence and was lovely; and we went to all the old churches, many built out of old Roman temples and buildings. St Ursula's and the Three Kings were the most interesting. We all taught soldiers' Catholic children in the Frankstrasse schools, when not at the early canteen – from 9 to 10.

I had a Fraulein to teach me German for an hour in the morning. You got about 17 to 18,000 Marks for 1 pound and it went up to 40,000. People were starving in parts of Cologne and going round smashing windows and rioting at times at night. On Christmas day there was no midnight mass, as no fasting was ordering (?). We went to one at 4 a.m. at the Dom. and High Mass at 5.30. People sang their own hymns; such crowds it was hard to get to the altar. We went to lunch at GHK (?) the Excelsior Hotel. It seemed dreadful our enormous menu. Rhine salmon and champagne etc. when all are on starvation rations round.

Beatrice and I got a holiday in Jan 1923. Beatrice and I asked a police officer if we could go to Gemand (?) on the Eifel, or Bonn for our holiday. He said Bonn would be impossible being under the French, but we might try Gemand (?) as it was under Belgium. They were expecting a railway strike. We cashed a pound at 215,000 Marks and went there. It is a beautiful Catholic village on the Eifel. Men, women and children seemed to spend hours in the Church. We went to Maria Wald and found a beautiful

monastery with glorious views and went into the chapel. Food was very scarce. Bread brought in in slices. The Church so full at Sunday Mass. B. never got past the porch and I got on the men's side. We had a month's holiday there. We got a French railway officer to stop a troop train, and got back to Cologne in it.

We came home in March. After that I stayed with Joan and for a short time at the Poplar Catholic settlements and then I stay with Alice Hawks working (?) France Pennell, Reg or Harold as they or I wanted to, always going for a fortnight or so to Preston to stay with Muriel.

Alice asked me to live with them at Exmouth and I arranged to but Herbert was too ill, and went to his brother at Herne Bay in June 1925. He died there and I stayed a lot with Alice after in rooms in Exmouth. Harold bought the Cottage at Cheriton in 1925 and I took a room in it and lived there after paying visits from it. I had taken Muriel to St John and Elizabeth's hospital and stayed at the Mile End Settlement to be able to go to her every day. She was there 6 weeks but they never found out what was wrong. She got terrible pain at times. Drinking hot water seemed to relieve. They thought it was gastric ulcers but decided it was not. I think the abscess on the liver had begun from which she died in 1938. I think the trouble began in 1905 when she went to Salisbury Infirmary to learn nursing, and they overworked her. She having got very anaemic staying with Bertie in S America a year or two before.

In 1938 Eustace wrote he was coming home in an Italian steamer and we met in Genoa, where Mussolini came to inspect his ship among other things. The Spanish Civil War was on and I was terrified at going there alone as I was afraid he might be unable to get there! Afterwards we went to Preston and Muriel and I were together when he became a Catholic and she died the December after.

Harold died in 1944, Reg in 1942. Now only Ethel, Eustace and I are left.