

# Legacy

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## *In Plain Sight*

Wednesday 17 April, 1946, near Byres Road, Glasgow.

The sun had not been seen for days. It felt more like winter than spring. The skies were dull, heavy with threatened rain. Smog from thousands of coal fires hung over the West End of Glasgow, tainting the air and blackening the buildings.

Michael MacElhose now owned a motorbike with a sidecar but because of the weather forecast on the wireless, he had made the journey by tram and underground. He had sent a note by the bank's internal mail system to Roger Hagerty his Regional Manager explaining his absence; cleared his diary; coached his assistant Wilma and planned to call in later to the branch at Greenview Street to check that all was well.

His bank was in the heart of Pollokshaws, its principal remit to serve the hundred or so small businesses that served the working-class area which bordered the middle-class suburb of Shawlands and the upper-class area of Pollokshields with its enormous villas occupied by Glasgow's richest citizens.

Michael had few concerns about leaving Wilma Fergusson in charge. Although she was young, she was very able. If, as Michael hoped, he could gain a transfer to the Shawlands branch, he would move up and away from the pettiness that he was forced to endure day by day. Wilma would be more than able to run the branch on her own, perhaps with him overseeing for a few months. She was impetuous, pushy and gossipy but they made a good team, he thought.

MacElhose wore his heavy raincoat, best bowler and carried an umbrella and briefcase. Both his suit and shirt were nearly new, reserved for such occasions. He had carefully trimmed his thin moustache to be sure he looked his best. His shoes were hand-made to accommodate his special needs, an unwelcome but necessary expense.

The imposing church was close to the university, a world away from his own modest RC chapel on the poor edge of Shawlands bordering Pollokshaws. As he approached the huge building he looked up at the twin spires. From the shorter bulkier tower on the right-hand side a single bell tolled a slow, mournful note.

Inside, he found the building vast, cool, and dim, lacking the comforting smell of burning candles and spent incense of St Mary the Immaculate. During these last years, with his mother housebound, his attendance at chapel had become highly intermittent, a rebellion which had started when, aged fifteen, polio had withered Michael's left leg. His disability had spared him War service and, reluctantly, he had eventually agreed with his mother that this had been a blessing of sorts, as she had repeated in her daily prayers of thanks and intercession throughout the Duration.

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Over these last years since his promotion to manager, Michael MacElhose had been 'on funeral duty' in several Church of Scotland buildings, but none had been on this scale. He felt slightly intimidated by its size and pomp. Standing just inside the entrance vestibule he let his eyes travel slowly over the scene, noting the high polish of the dark pews, the shining brass of the lectern, and the dark purple cloth covering the communion table set before the soaring range of organ pipes. At low volume, the organist was playing "By cool Siloam's shady rill", a tune Michael recognised as a standard associated with these occasions.

The letter of invitation, sent to his home address, stated that the memorial service for Miss Annette Birkley had been organised by the Glasgow Missionary Outreach Society. Though sparse on details, the GMOS letter had informed that Miss Birkley had been interred privately in Pitlochry, beside her family. This information puzzled him: according to the little he knew of her, she had been born in Glasgow, in Pollokshields.

MacElhose checked his watch: it was 10:55 am. At 2:00 pm he was due at the offices of Henning & Henning, Solicitors, in Newton Place near Charing Cross, to attend the reading of Miss Birkley's Will. As requested, he carried in his briefcase the details of her bank account and the necessary forms to be signed to release these funds to her estate.

Miss Birkley had died leaving a modest fortune of £3,062. It had always puzzled MacElhose why the opening amount (£1,000) had remained unused, the ledger showing that it had been deposited in 1921. During the ensuing period, it had remained dormant without deposits or withdrawals, earning steady interest, compounded year by year over the twenty-five years.

In his briefcase MacElhose also carried a bulky brown paper envelope package tied with string and sealed with red wax. This had been lodged with him by Miss Birkley shortly after he had been promoted to branch manager. At the outbreak of hostilities, the then manager had gone off to serve in the RAF and Michael's promotion had been at first temporary. Within months, Jonathon Dron had been shot down, killed in action.

Earlier this morning when Michael had retrieved the package from the safe, he had recalled with clarity Miss Birkley's stern verbal instruction that the package must remain sealed until the reading of her Will, and that it must be opened only in the presence of her solicitor. On her departure that morning, and in accordance with protocol, Michael had registered the package, placed it in the fireproof vault then recorded her request in the Day Book. This done, he had promptly forgotten about the package until the second letter from Mr Robin Henning had been received at the bank, opened by Wilma and passed to him for action.

MacElhose took a few minutes to adjust to the gloom. Filled with curiosity he carefully observed the assembled congregation. Although he had known Miss Birkley all his life, she had remained remote, slightly forbidding, always asking questions, as if checking on his progress. Her pursed-lipped demeanour had not invited familiarity. As an older child and teenager, whenever Michael asked his mother about their infrequent visitor, Irene MacElhose merely

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shook her head, crossed herself and said, "Ah, Miss Birkley, she is a saint on God's earth, Michael. You must pray for her every day, as I do myself. And where would we all be without her?"

Perhaps it was this that had fixed the notion in his head that Miss Birkley had once been a nun. Throughout his life Michael had had many reasons to be grateful to her, but whenever he tried to pray for her he had found himself tongue-tied. As he grew older he reasoned that perhaps this was because he knew so little about her.

In the centre of the church, sitting several rows from the front, was a phalanx of around fifty people huddled close to each other, whispering loudly, giving rise to an occasional titter of subdued laughter which rolled from row to row as the remark was passed along. This group of well-dressed ladies in large hats were self-assured, most wearing fur stoles and leather gloves. He took them to be members of the missionary society.

Scanning and counting, MacElhose estimated a further two hundred attendees, all smartly dressed. Unlike the missionary group, these people sat in silence. About half of this second group sat alone, men and women not unlike himself with an age range from about twenty to forty, a few slightly older. The others sat mostly in pairs, this group usually comprising an older woman, accompanied by what may have been a daughter/son or niece/nephew. Here again the age range was similar. There were also a few children of secondary school age dressed in uniforms, most Michael did not recognise; those he did were from fee-paying schools. Statistics had been his favoured subject at university and so, to be sure he was not mistaken, he scanned again. Statistically, the entire assembly was odd, skewed, even allowing the lack of males generally because of the recent War. This check confirmed that, apart from the doorkeeper, there were no older men in this gathering, no husbands for the accompanying women.

Michael closed his eyes and offered up a prayer for the dead and at the last moment restrained himself from making the sign of the cross, to avoid giving offence.

An event of this nature was not what he would have expected for Miss Birkley. As a friend of his mother she had appeared irregularly throughout his life but he had never been party to the secret which she obviously shared with his mother. Very occasionally he had seen her at St Mary's, always arriving late, sitting alone at the rear and leaving early, never taking communion, never waiting to chat. When he had questioned his mother about this, she had replied, "Miss Birkley has her reasons. Pray for her as she does God's work."

Further to this mild admonishment, his mother would not be drawn.

Alone at the extreme right of the front pew sat a man in a grey coat with a black collar. There was something in the bearing of this man that was familiar, but Michael could not place him. Perhaps he is a relative, MacElhose surmised. He decided to sit on the side pews to the right

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and a few rows behind the man. Perhaps later he may have a chance for a brief chat, express his condolences.

Seated two rows directly behind the man were four figures Michael knew well, all business customers at his bank. He shook his head in puzzlement: what connection did any of them have with Miss Annette Birkley?

Their leader was Mrs Moyna Murray, the strident and opinionated woman who owned the newsagents' shop which was the centre of gossip in the small tight-knit community of Pollokshaws. Moyna's husband had deserted her during the first weeks of their marriage, running off to England with her older married sister whom he had impregnated while also courting Moyna. Since then Moyna had played the field and gained a bad reputation.

Moyna's whispering entourage comprised, on her left, Mrs Dorothy (Dotty) Wilson, a widow of long standing who owned the *Schaeffer and Family* fruit and vegetable shop, now run by her daughter and her son-in-law. Next to Moyna, on her right was Mrs Isabella (Isa) French whose long dead husband had owned a busy butcher's shop, now managed by her nephew.

Next to Isa was Miss Henty Mansell, the spinster who owned a ladies' dress shop which also did mending and alterations. This was where Wilma's sister Eva (Evelyne) worked as a seamstress. Wilma had confided the rumour that Henty Mansell had once been a loose woman in her younger days. MacElhose doubted there could be truth in this, despite her being part of Moyna's group. Miss Mansell was expensively and elegantly dressed, spoke in a cultured voice that betrayed the soft burr of a Birmingham accent. Unlike the others, Miss Mansell was always polite to him. Henty Mansell was one of the few in Pollokshaws who had a car. Her bank records showed her home address was in the upmarket suburb of Newlands. The puzzle about Henty Mansell was that she appeared to live well beyond the meagre income from her shop, as represented by the deposits to her business account, leading Michael to believe that Miss Mansell must have private wealth banked elsewhere.

Almost at once Moyna Murray spotted MacElhose and beckoned, mouthing, "over here, beside us". Michael smiled and shook his head, scolding himself for not sitting at the back of the church. He had no wish to fraternise with Mrs Murray and her little band of troublemakers, particularly on this sombre occasion. Moyna, in keeping with her manner, would not let matters rest and so squeezed past the others and made her way to sit beside him. As she did so the organ stopped playing and all eyes followed her noisy progress.

'Mr MacElhose', she said in a loud whisper, 'come over and sit beside us, comfort us in our hour of need, why don't you?'

'So kind, Mrs Murray, but no, thanks. You must forgive me but I'm not up to it today. Throbbing migraine. I would be dreadful company. Please, excuse, please.'

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'I didn't expect you, Mr MacElhose. Of course, Nettie was your mother's best chum we hear. Who have you left in charge? Not Wilma Ferguson? Have you? Have you really?'

"Yes, Williamina is officially my Assistant Manager now. She passed her banking exams last month."

"**WHAT?** Well, she kept *that* a secret! Wilma's so slow at counting I wonder that you put up with her! Oh, well, now that she is qualified, so you say, maybe you'll get rid of her at last, eh?"

He glanced around and then looked down at his hands. The other conversations had stopped and MacElhose sensed that they were all now listening to Moyna's sharp and penetrating voice.

He whispered his reply:

"Wilma is a very industrious girl and I am very lucky to have her. She is very good with people and she has been a great help with mother too."

"Oh, *now* I understand," boomed Moyna. "Mmm. Well, well, well. And does Wilma stay over at yours to help with your mother in the night? Eh?"

"No, no, no. Nothing of the sort. Wilma is a very nice and proper girl. Everyone knows that. She's a member of the Salvation Army now, did you not hear?"

"Oh yes, there is no limit to the bold Wilma's charms and ambitions, it seems. We hear she is learning to play the euphonium and getting special lessons from the bandmaster, privately, in his house no less. Does he have an ailing mother who needs help as well, eh? Just watch yourself with that Wilma Ferguson, Mr MacElhose. Be it on your own head."

Michael closed his eyes and grimaced with pretended pain, letting out a small sob.

"But Mr MacElhose, why did you not say you were coming? Trekking all the way over here with your leg. You could have squeezed into the car with us. Henty's Hillman Minx is quite wide, you know."

As if on cue the organ began to drone a slow mournful anthem and the warden or beadle or whatever he was called slammed the main doors closed and progressed slowly to the front of the church carrying a huge black Bible, holding it high in front of him.

With all eyes either looking down at hymn books or watching this man, no one noticed the door open again briefly and the tall, slim girl in the blue coat and matching headscarf slip inside, ease the door quietly closed then tip-toe to the rearmost pew. Last to arrive, later she would be the first to leave after the service.

The man with the large Bible was dressed in a black frock coat, a winged collar on his shirt, a purple bow tie, purple silk hose and black shoes with slight heels and ornate silver buckles. Michael suppressed a giggle as the tune of Bobby Shafto started in his head. The man

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disappeared briefly behind the pulpit flying high above the left-hand-side of the church, thumped up the steps, re-appeared briefly, deposited the bible and opened it with a flourish. He disappeared again and moved to the far corner of the church, to the left of the altar, opened a door and disappeared, slamming it closed behind him.

As the door opened again Moyna advised Michael:

"Oh, here comes the minister, the Reverend Dr J Fulton MacMillan. He's on the wireless a lot, so the Church Officer said. Look Michael, he's got a fur collar on his gown. That's because he's a Doctor of Divinity. Did you know he was at D-Day, on the beaches as a Padre? Married into big money and lives in a mansion with six children. Imagine! Six children and he's not even one of us. Very posh. But you'll have to excuse me, Mr MacElhose, I must get back to my girls. See you at the tea, will we? It's upstairs in that fancy City Bakeries' place, round on Byres Road."

Michael remained silent, looked down again at his hands. She shuffled along, stood up and then, at last, Moyna Murray was gone.

Michael watched the Minister process behind Bobby Shafto. Dr Fulton MacMillan was certainly impressive, moving slowly with his head bowed and slightly at an angle, demurely, reverently. He was tall and slim, an imposing presence topped with salt and pepper dark ginger hair. He looks fortyish, about my age, thought Michael. To have been chosen for a prestigious charge like this at such a young age was no mean achievement. Clearly here is a man destined for greatness, thought Michael. The Minister followed the Church Officer to the front of the altar, faced the congregation, nodded and smiled as the man backed away, stooped obsequiously and then retired to a seat on the front pew at the opposite end from the man in the grey coat.

MacMillan mounted five broad steps and stood facing the altar where he remained stationary with his back to his congregation for a long period during which, Michael presumed, he dedicated himself to his forthcoming performance. Eventually the man turned and again waited, to build the drama. When he spoke, he did not disappoint. His voice was a pleasant and cultured light baritone and his delivery given in firm, slow, punctuated phrases, as the ringing acoustics of the church demanded.

"Dear friends in Christ - we gather today to remember - and to celebrate - and to give - thanks to God - for the life - of our dear departed sister - Miss Annette Birkley.

"Thank you all for coming.

"I feel sure - that each of us holds - our own special memories - of a very great lady."

Turning to peer down at a gaggle of well-dressed elderly ladies he said:

"We also welcome our friends - from the Glasgow Outreach Missionary Society - represented in particular - by our brother in Christ - the Reverend Olwyn Ifan Davies."

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At this a small, wiry and balding young man wearing a black suit and a dog collar bobbed up and was hauled down immediately by an equally small and slim elderly lady sitting on his left.

The Rev. Dr J. Fulton MacMillan was now into his ponderous stride:

"Brothers and sisters in Christ - come let us worship God - and sing His praises - by lifting our hearts and voices - to the Holy One - He Who knows our hearts - He Who knows our every thought. Let us come to His throne of Glory - with reverent hearts - acknowledging our worthlessness - and adore Him without ceasing."

The Reverend Doctor closed his eyes and sent up a silent prayer before declaring in a loud voice:

"We shall sing the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm - The Lord is My Shepherd - to the tune of Crimond. During the first verse - I ask that you all - ***please remain silent***. This verse will be sung for us - by Dr Marianne Newbury - who represents - St Ninian's Choir, Pollokshields - of which Miss Birkley - was a founding patron - and Musical Conductor - until her sad demise."

As the organ reprised the first notes of the tune, an attractive raven-haired woman rose from the end of the front right-hand pew directly across the wide corridor from the man in the grey coat. As she made her way to the position before the altar which the minister had occupied, Fulton MacMillan turned and climbed up into the pulpit. Dr Newbury wore a tight-fitting three-quarter length dress in a very dark purple colour which exhibited her shapely figure and slim legs to good effect. Her skin tone was olive, her nose aquiline with brown eyes set in dark purple eye sockets. To Michael her face looked slightly Jewish. She is in her prime, Michael thought, probably about twenty-three, maybe twenty-five at most.

At the behest of the Church Officer the congregation rose, the organ sounded the introductory chord, and Marianne Newberry began to sing a *capella*, in a rich contralto voice.

The effect was transforming, and as she sang Michael closed his eyes and tried to pray properly for the first time since his diagnosis of polio. As the illness progressed it had changed everything, withering his leg, making him an object of pity, robbing him of his position as captain of the football team. Within months of becoming a cripple he had been forsaken by Jean McTaggart, losing her finally and forever when she had emigrated to Canada with Colin Nesbit, breaking Michael's heart.

When the second verse began, still distracted by the need to pray, Michael MacElhose sang by instinct.

The phrasing of his deep bass voice was note perfect and melded in harmony with Marianne Newbury's.

It was the first he had sung in public since his time as an altar boy at St Mary's.

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## Charles Horspool

In 1817, aged twenty-one, Charles Edward Horspool at last received his inheritance, becoming a man of substance. His father, The Honourable Edward Aubert Horspool, owned significant land holdings scattered across the south and west of Ireland. In addition, he also owned part-shares in strategically important parcels of land in and around the expanding port of Southampton.

As the third son, Charles was granted £1,000 sterling, deposited in his name in an account in the Bank of England, in the City of London. Thus provided for, Charles was sent out to make his own fortune.

His family were pleased to see his back: as boy and man their third son had been trouble of one kind or another all his life, drinking, gambling, and womanising. At times hot-headed and overbearing, Charles had been involved in several duels with the sons of neighbouring gentry. Charles's preference was the smallsword or epee, the dispute to be settled by 'the first cut', rather than risk death which often resulted when duelling with pistols.

The young Horspool was handsome, educated at home by a series of governesses and tutors and well-schooled by his older brothers in the ways of girls. At the time of his departure Charles was believed to be responsible for making at least three servant girls pregnant, which sins of the flesh he roundly denied when challenged by his priest. With little experience of the world beyond his home estate, its farms and surrounding villages, Charles was eager to escape the constraints of the strict Roman Catholic environment into which he had been born and raised.

After a spell of sowing his wildest oats in the taverns of Dublin, he was groomed by a jack-the-lad character called Moody. A few weeks later Horspool moved with Moody to London, where they took rooms in a small hotel.

Kevin Moody (not his real name), originally from Liverpool, he claimed, made a living as a 'spotter', a man who conned people like Charles and led them to his principal for fleecing. Moody introduced Charles to Brendan O'Neil (not his real name), originally from Dublin, he claimed, a man who spoke with a south London drawl. O'Neil purported to be an Architect and Builder with a get-rich-quick scheme on his books. Sadly, he explained to Charles over many drinking sessions, this scheme had stalled for the want of a final injection of capital. The project was set out in an impressive drawing: this was a copy drawing of a recent proposal which had been prepared by a proper Architect for a real consortium. This drawing depicted a series of warehouses to be built on farmland near a bend on the River Thames. This area would later become part of Docklands.



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Suitably coached by O'Neil and Moody, Charles became enthused by the vision and so invested the major part of his capital. Over the next few weeks, Moody and O'Neil then took Charles on a tour of the sights and elicit pleasures of London during which they concentrated on a social whirl of dances, theatre outings and dinner parties, providing Charles with introductions to families with suitable and willing girls in need of a husband.

When Kevin Moody left to return to Dublin, Charles, now with many other new friends, continued to carouse. Months later and running low on funds, Charles took a notion to visit the warehouse development. Work was in progress but no one at the building site had heard of O'Neil or Moody. At O'Neil's rented townhouse in Chelsea, Mr Horspool was advised that Mr Brendan O'Neil was believed to have emigrated to South Africa, and had departed leaving a string of debts.

Now almost penniless, Charles was being dogged by Julian Smithycroft, the elder brother of a young lady named Abigail, a girl whom Horspool had bedded several times and who was now very evidently pregnant. Julian, known to be an excellent shot with a pistol, called Charles out. Charles wisely avoided this confrontation and escaped by boarding a staging coach to Birmingham. Unwilling to return to his father and admit failure, Charles sold his silver fob-watch, a family heirloom, and took a series of coaches north, looking for opportunities. After a few failed attempts to find something that he could usefully turn his hand to, he tarried in the Yorkshire mill town of Keighley long enough to impress Thomas Walsh. Walsh was a man whose roots were in Dublin and who knew the reputation of the Horspools as an upright and sober family.

Walsh owned the controlling interest in the small but profitable business of Walsh & Co Central Mill. Thomas's wife Mary, a tall woman originally from Manchester, had provided only a single child, a presentable if painfully thin sixteen-year-old called Sarah-Anne. Charles, now almost twenty-three, having learned a hard lesson and with much reduced ambitions, set his sights on Sarah-Anne. Young Mr Horspool's charm and fine manners impressed the girl's parents and, unaware how poor Charles was, they readily consented to Charles's offer for their daughter's hand. The couple were married on Sarah-Anne's seventeenth birthday on 12th August 1819. Before a year had passed, Thomas and Mary Walsh had a beautiful healthy boy child to bounce on their knees. Born 9 May 1820, the child was duly named Edward Thomas. As proof of his fecundity, Edward sired Sarah-Anne assiduously, providing a further four children, all daughters - Mary, Sarah, Elizabeth and Anne arriving fifteen months apart.

As the Company Representative for Walsh & Company, a post which he had suggested for himself, Charles had found a job that he was good at. His position required that he travel to Harrogate, York, Manchester and Liverpool and suchlike parts to visit suppliers and buyers, thereby creating direct and more profitable opportunities by avoiding local middlemen. With his cultured Irish twang, roguish good looks, stylish clothes, and riding a fine roan gelding, Horspool cut an impressive figure.

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His work for Walsh & Co Central Mill was not onerous. On his trips to these bustling and anonymous destinations, Charles often booked into hotels and rooming houses as Kevin or Bernard Moody or Bernard or Kevin O'Neil.

Over these years the mill business continued to grow in profitability. No one cajoled him, or urged him to work harder. Charles was given a free rein and often went on a circuit which might last for a month. He had no desire to rush back to the noisy squalor of his cramped Keighley home or to the now shrewish Sarah-Anne and her brood. Charles dallied, spending his free afternoons and evenings casting his seed at willing barmaids, unsuspecting chamber maids and hopeful middle-class spinsters on the lookout for a gentleman to rescue them from a lonely future.

What Charles and his employers did not realise was that Horspool was grooming himself for a successful future on a larger stage.

Although Charles Horspool and Thomas Walsh often bickered about how best to develop the mill business, both were intent on establishing a lasting dynasty. Accordingly, in 1826 as his seventh birthday approached, their heir Edward Thomas Horspool was sent off to board at the prestigious Westminster School in London, to be educated alongside the sons of the ruling elite. With each return visit to Keighley, the young Edward Thomas seemed ever more like the young gentleman his family expected him to become.

In 1829, during the first precursor to the Great Scarletina Epidemic of 1844 swept across Yorkshire, and the angel of death scythed a swathe through the population of Keighley.

Edward, still in London, was spared, but the Horspool and Walsh families were culled, losing both grandparents and two grandchildren, leaving Charles and Sarah-Anne with only Mary and Elizabeth untouched.

By commanding Sarah-Anne's inheritance, Charles was now the majority shareholder in the Walsh & Co Central Mill, and full of bold ideas to modernise it. Frustratingly, these upstart notions were resisted by his fellow shareholders, a group of older men who had spent their lives building up the business, slowly, step by step. The more that Charles agitated, the greater their resistance became. Eventually Charles hit on another plan. He sensed, correctly, that these men, (who had also suffered in the epidemic), were anxious to enjoy the fruits of their labours, and so were easily persuaded by Charles to join with him to sell out the mill business to a larger rival from nearby Bradford.

Charles Horspool, in vigorous good health, with substantial funds at his disposal, freed of the yoke of argument and debate of the preceding years, made his next bold move. In the spring of 1831, Charles, aged thirty-five, relocated his family to Glasgow, determined to make his small fortune greater. At that time Glasgow was expanding rapidly, drawing in people from all over Scotland, Ireland and elsewhere in Great Britain.

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Charles rented a small villa in the Partick Hill area of the city and threw himself into the social whirl to establish himself as a presence, a coming man. After a period of riding along both banks of the River Clyde, he found what he was after. The plot of agricultural land was on the southern bank, downriver of the Kingston area. The area Charles had spotted would become known as Kinning Park. In the coffee houses and gentlemen's clubs of the city, Charles had learned this was considered a location ripe for the forthcoming expansion planned for docks and warehouses, a trend which would continue over the decades to come.

By sheer good luck this land was owned by an elderly but forward-looking man called Michael McAllister. The McAlisters were Scots from County Antrim in the north of Ireland where they still owned agricultural lands. Michael was keen to return home to live out his last years. His son and heir, Martin Michael McAlister had newly graduated as a lawyer.

Charles, using his London experience, found an Architect and drew up plans. The deal was struck. In the summer of 1833 Charles Horspool and young Martin McAllister set about building a fine set of medium-sized warehouses. Other projects followed, concentrating at first on a ribbon of single-storey warehouses along the river bank close to the existing wharves. As these wharves were redeveloped by the River Improvement Trust, Edward and Martin extended their warehouses upwards to create two and three storey buildings with derricks and hoists.

With each passing year Glasgow continued to flourish, as a gateway for the import and re-export of her traditional trade in tobacco, sugar and cotton while expanding her exports of manufactured goods such as textiles, high quality steel and manufactured engineering goods such as locomotives and cranes; indeed, anything that could be made from local steel and the abundant supplies of coal available from the Ayrshire and Fife coalfields was being shipped through Glasgow. Strategically located warehouses were in high demand.

Like many of his kind, Charles Horspool flourished. In parallel with his role as a property developer, Charles also became a shipping agent, deploying the skills he had honed during his years with Walsh and Company. He proved an energetic and affable go-between, matching loads with available ships while storing goods securely in the Horspool warehouses during the interim.

Charles was steeped in the Horspool family lore of how his father and before him his grandfather had built up the Horspool family fortune by similar activities in London and Southampton and in more recent times in Dublin. Believing that Glasgow, like London, would continue to grow and spread its boundaries, Charles became land hungry. He bought whatever parcel of land became serendipitously available, concentrating on land to the south and west of Glasgow, emulating what his forebears had done around Dublin.

One such parcel was a fifteen-acre plot which had proved difficult to farm because it was centred on a steep hill. This land had been a detached part of the Mains of Newlands estate,

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located to the west of the city centre. It was here that Charles decided to build a huge sandstone villa to be named "The Grange", after the Horspool family home in Ireland.

At this juncture Charles appointed managers to run his warehouses and haulage and shipping businesses, freeing himself of day to day concerns. Rather than leave his profits to grow slowly in the bank, he decided to seek wider investment opportunities. Although Charles Horspool was initially cautious of things he could not see and touch, his instinct was that of a gambler and this led him to invest in stocks and shares. To his encouragement, he had several early successes, buying low, and selling high.

This seemed to Charles to be easy money, and he quickly saw investing as his future.

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## Edward Horspool

In 1836, when Edward Thomas Horspool left Westminster School aged seventeen, his father set about moulding his son into a worthy heir and gentleman, after the model of the Horspool family in Ireland. Unlike his father, Edward had no competing male heirs and Charles's investment in his son was generous to a fault.

To further his dream that Edward might one day become a member of the ruling aristocracy, perhaps through a judicial marriage, Charles decreed that his son should remain in London for a further period of 'fraternising' with his influential classmates. The young Edward's sojourn in the south included travel by sea to Italy and onward, overland to Switzerland, Germany, France and the Low Countries, returning via Denmark by sea to Edinburgh. After a short spell in Glasgow, a place he did not know well, Edward was sent back to London, where he learned to ride with daring and enrolled himself in various Hunts to ride to the Hounds with the social elite.

In Charles's mind this approach was his son's best chance of meeting a suitable girl, preferably one with wealth as well as a title or at least Royal connections.

To round off his qualifications as a gentleman, and in the new vogue, Charles intended that Edward should excel academically. Edward must now go to a good university and earn a degree. At that juncture, Charles's longer term ambition was that Edward Thomas Horspool would become an MP and perhaps, in time, a Peer of the Realm.

At Westminster School Edward had proved an able enough scholar. He had reasonable Latin, French and Italian. However, it was his astonishing facility with numbers which marked him out from his cohort. On the recommendation of his former headmaster, Thomas was awarded a place at Cambridge University to study Mathematics and Astronomy.

In October 1839 when Edward went up to Oxford University he was twenty. Like his father before him, Edward cut a dash with the ladies. During his first year living in the halls of the University Edward led a charmed life, bedding many local women without repercussions. His misfortune arose when he attracted the attention of Mrs Rosemary Phelps, the busty young wife of his Astronomy tutor. It seemed that Professor Phelps was more interested in studying the movements of celestial bodies in the night skies than attending to his wife's nocturnal needs. Edward was pleased to fill this void. When Rosemary became pregnant, she foolishly asked her husband for a divorce, stating her intention to marry Edward. To avoid the full-blown scandal of rustication, Edward agreed to withdraw from his course. When Edward was sent down it was accompanied by the threat that his name had been circulated on a blacklist

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of men who must not be accepted at any respectable university. Perhaps this was a hollow warning but it served to skew his future.

In April 1842, aged twenty-two, Edward travelled to *Glasgow* to face the disappointment of his father. He expected to be severely chastised but that is not what he experienced. Edward was of course unaware of the parallels with his father's earlier years when he had been caught inseminating Miss Abigail Smithycroft, amongst others.

Unknown to Edward, his father had re-sighted his ambitions for his son in an entirely different direction.

# Legacy

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## Mansell & Company

Before the establishment of the Glasgow Stock Exchange in 1844, trading of shares was done by negotiation. At first this was directly between the buyer and seller. Later, the trading process was executed increasingly through an intermediary, a stockbroker.

Jonathon Mansell was a very able stockbroker, the head of a small firm called Mansell & Company. Despite its title, the firm was a private partnership in which Jonathon held 90% of the equity, the remaining 10% held equally by two long-term employees. These men, Thomas Michael MacElhose and Brian Henry Johnston, guided most of the administration of the company business. Mansell & Company was a tightly run ship, operating quietly and profitably. In addition to his negotiating skills, Jonathon Mansell was also a shrewd investor with an ever changing and increasingly valuable portfolio.

Mansell and his wife were originally from Birmingham, outliers of a large clan of secular Jews whose true God was Mammon. What caught Charles Horspool's attention was that Mansell ran his operation along professional lines, basing his business on the top floor of a large and ornate building in Glasgow's Union Street. Most of Mansell's competitors did business with their clients in the squalor of public houses and the hubbub of coffee houses, leading to a lack of secrecy.

Of crucial importance to Charles Horspool was that Jonathon Mansell had a cousin, Benjamin Goldberg, a founding Member of the newly reformed London Stock Exchange (LSE). In addition, and despite the high cost, Mansell had invested in the electric telegraph. This placed Mansell & Company in a strong position; through Goldberg he could secure shares in the expanding and lucrative overseas market. By investing in far-away places such as Brazil, Chile and Peru, great fortunes could be harvested by those with good access to the LSE, sufficient capital to command attention, and the wit to invest wisely.

While Edward had been slipping into bed with his tutor's wife, Charles had been carefully befriending Jonathan, a thoughtful man who had a passion for playing Bridge and Chess. Charles learned both games and joined the clubs that Jonathon frequented. By this means he introduced his son Edward, singing his praises as a man quick with numbers. On a trial basis, Edward was accepted as a stockbroker's clerk in the Union Street office, commencing work on Thursday 1 January 1843, a few months before his twenty-third birthday. He was assigned to serve Thomas MacElhose, a man Edward would come to rely upon greatly during the years ahead.

The placement was a success and within a year Edward was promoted to the post of Senior Clerk, with an increased salary. Edward did not of course receive a share of the profits which

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remained entirely with the Partners, Jonathan and his wife. However, now operating inside Mansell & Company, the new clerk now saw the staggering sums which the business generated annually. Edward now knew for certain what Charles had suspected: no amount of land ownership or property development in the Glasgow area or buying and selling of shares on a piecemeal basis could garner such easy and certain rewards of being a stockbroker who also invested for himself when the market was ripe.

Encouraged by his father Charles, the gallant Edward set his sights on his employer's rather plain daughter. Miss Hannah Mansell, an only child, was more than six feet tall (a head taller than Edward), painfully thin, self-conscious and very strong willed. Educated at home by a series of schoolmistresses and tutors, Hannah deliberately shunned society and was therefore difficult to meet in a social setting. When Edward arrived on the scene, Hannah was twenty-five and still unwed. Her parents had all but given up on attempts to find her a suitable match.

As was popular among the leisured classes at that time, Hannah had developed a keen interest in the natural world and the outdoors. To this end she would shock her neighbours in the well-heeled enclave of Garnet Hill by riding out from her home astride a huge white gelding with a pack horse in her wake. Dressed and riding astride like a man, she trotted off alone to disappear into the Arrochar Alps for up to a month at a time. On her return, her sketch book was filled with impressive vistas and detailed studies of birds, flowers and insects; and, in her saddlebags, a further selection of birds' eggs and rare pressed plants to add to her growing collections.

Consequently, Hannah Mansell was not an easy woman to woo. Edward and Charles devised a plan. Their strategy had two strands. In the offices of Mansell and Company Edward was hard-working, polite, ever obliging and responsive to every whim of Jonathan Mansell. In short, he was toadying to him. In parallel Edward made no secret of his admiration for Miss Mansell. As intended, Mr and Mrs Mansell found young Mr Edward Horspool to be a most suitable candidate and Edward became a frequent dinner guest at the large Mansell villa on Hill Street.

Edward's wooing of Hannah lasted almost three years during which he dogged her footsteps and read avidly the books she recommended. Flashing his smile, he allowed her to win every argument. When she made her field trips he insisted on placing himself at her service. To help her gain samples of rarer species of alpine flowers and eggs from the nests of eagles, peregrine falcons, buzzards and other birds of prey, Edward took up rock climbing. Fit and strong, he proved to be an able and daring exponent, sparking a love of mountains and the adrenalin rush of high and dangerous places that would return long years later. Watching the handsome man do her bidding without argument, scaling the dizzy heights and placing himself in obvious danger for her, reassured Hannah that she was a woman worth loving.

Eventually, aged twenty-eight, Hannah's passion was finally ignited by Edward's overt and insistent adoration. Inch by inch, the door to her heart had been gently prised open and she



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allowed herself to risk wanting him. Propinquity, that most powerful of aphrodisiacs, caused perhaps by the extended period during which he had held himself in a state of celibacy, had changed Edward, at least temporarily. Or perhaps it was the chase, the challenge, the immensity of the goal. Whatever the reason, Edward was now as deeply in love with Hannah as she was with him, a fact that was evident to all who shared their company. Edward, three years her junior, asked permission of Jonathan Mansell to wed his daughter.

Edward was warmly welcomed into the Mansell clan.

For the sake of propriety their engagement must last a minimum of a year, but Jonathan acted at once to secure his daughter's happiness. On Friday 9 May 1845, on his twenty-fifth birthday, Edward was made an Associate Partner in Mansell & Company.

Edward's timing was good. Jonathan David Israel Mansell was in decline, his poor health due to a recurrence of a virulent respiratory condition, aggravated by heavy smoking. During this further period of waiting to consume his bride, Edward continued to work energetically in the business to convince Jonathon that he had indeed found the heir and successor he had always hoped for, affirming at every opportunity that he was an able and vigorous man who would in turn care for Jonathon and his wife and nurture their daughter in the years ahead.

When she had first succumbed to Edward's advances, Hannah had not foreseen she would be immersed in the whirlpool of exuberance created by Edward's sisters who attempted to draw her into their social whirl. Although Hannah tried to hold Mary and Elizabeth at bay, her new 'sisters' as they styled themselves, insisted on befriending her. In private, among their own set, they reluctantly revealed that their handsome brother was no longer available, and that he had become betrothed to 'a heathen with Jewish connections'.

From the outset, the sisters saw it as their moral duty to bring Hannah into the Christian fold.

After a wrangle, and at Hannah's insistence, the marriage ceremony was not religious but secular, conducted in private, under the auspices of the civil authorities. With little fanfare, on 21 June 1845, Hannah's thirty-first birthday, the couple were legally bound at last. The newly-wed Hannah, still stubborn and wilful, would not consider being parted from her nature collections or her library, and so Edward stoically agreed to live *en famille* with his in-laws at Hill Street. In any case, Edward had grown tired of living at The Grange under the constant surveillance and questioning of his family. He also found the daily travel from Newlands to Union Street and Garnet Hill was wasteful of time and energy, especially in bad weather.

Most willingly, he escaped to his marriage bed in Hill Street and concentrated his efforts on producing an heir and with it, securing the Mansell fortune for himself.

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One week after the marriage, Jonathon signed the papers and Edward became a full equity Partner in Mansell & Company, gifted a token share of 11% of the business, taking over many of his father-in-law's duties, and thus securing his pathway to great future personal wealth.

By February 1846, both of Hannah's parents were dead. The elderly couple were heading for Birmingham to visit an ailing relative, travelling on the recently completed West Coast route established by the London and North Western Railway, a company in which Jonathon was a major investor. A few miles north of Carlisle their train was trapped in deep snow for nearly two days. At that time the carriages were unheated and passengers were subjected to many hours in sub-zero temperatures. Both parents contracted fatal pneumonia.

Now isolated, Hannah's resistance was gradually eroded by her new sisters. Although Hannah had studied both the Old and New Testaments, this had been from a cultural and social perspective and she had repeatedly declared herself to be 'non-religious'. Previously, but not openly, Mary and Elizabeth had been almost vehement in declaring the essential need for a Christian wedding, 'for the sake of any children, and propriety'. With the Mansell parents now departed, they took to calling regularly on Hannah to promulgate their argument for an additional, formal, Christian wedding.

Despite the great passion and energy expended by both parties, no child who lasted full term was implanted in Hannah's womb.

During this period Mary and Elizabeth continued their assault. The reason for Hannah's misfortunes must be that 'any child in her womb was in mortal peril', they insisted. After the third miscarriage, Hannah relented and accepted instruction in the ways of the Church of Rome and, with many misgivings, eventually pledged her allegiance. The sisters immediately set about organising a full-scale society wedding at St Joseph's RC Church in North Woodside Road. This second wedding took place on Hannah's thirty-fourth birthday, in June 1848.

Only then did the much prayed-for miracle take place. Soon after the 'proper' wedding, Hannah was once again with child. From initial inception, this pregnancy seemed normal. As the child grew larger and the pregnancy moved to its full term, each milestone was heralded by Mary and Elizabeth as evidence of God's blessing. As the child kicked and writhed in her belly, Hannah's faith in the Church of Rome grew to full conviction, a faith which was to endure and grow in the years ahead.

Problems did not manifest themselves until her contractions started. Hannah's narrow hips meant that her child became trapped at the exit from her womb, causing her excruciating pain. Perhaps the child should have been cut free, but the attending Nuns delayed, afraid that blood loss and blood poisoning would kill its mother. Instead, as was their normal practice the Sisters prayed and lit candles while they continued to ease the birth canal with their forceps and hot poultices. The labour lasted three long, painful days. To subdue her screams of terror,

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small doses of laudanum were given. Perhaps it was the effect of the laudanum that eased her hips sufficiently to allow the child to pass.

When Edwina Sarah Horspool was finally extracted in the early hours of 13<sup>th</sup> March, 1849, the infant was healthy, robust and complained loudly at being hauled into the presence of a clutch of praying Nuns and the Priest who had called to administer the Birthing Blessing and/or the Last Rites or both, whichever might have been required. In keeping with her mother's body shape, the baby was long and thin, the longest child those present had ever seen, weighing almost ten pounds.

Stunned, exhausted and disoriented by her ordeal, Hannah refused to accept the child to her breast and a wet nurse had to be found. George Lennox, the Butler at the Hill Street house recommended a cousin and Mrs McDermott and her new-born son were given a room in the basement.

During the first weeks of her life Edwina's aunts were frequent visitors, enthralled to have a baby to coo at, cuddle and pass around. However, their relentless probing soon uncovered an unfortunate truth: 'Mrs' McDermott was both unmarried and not of the one true faith.

Mary and Elizabeth now boldly proposed to remove their niece to the 'sanctity' of their new home at The Grange and find a suitable substitute to suckle the child. This intervention caused Hannah to breakdown entirely, resulting in screaming fits, requiring heavier doses of laudanum to be applied.

Edward stepped into the spat and banished his sisters, giving George Lennox firm instructions that if they called, they were to be refused entry. Mrs McDermott, a large and healthy young woman with an ample supply of milk for both children, was retained and the situation was stabilised.

In the Union Street offices, in parallel with these domestic developments, by controlling Hannah's inherited shares, Edward Thomas Horspool was now Senior Partner and occupied what had been Jonathon Mansell's desk. The young man was very able and energetic and made frequent trips to Birmingham and London to cement his position within the Mansell/Goldberg dynasty. Mansell & Company in Glasgow grew steadily. Edward led with a firm but friendly hand. Profits increased and were shared equitably. MacElhose and Johnston had little cause to complain and the transition of power was smooth and profitable for all.

By Spring 1851, five years since the death of his wife's parents, Edward Thomas Horspool had accumulated greater riches than his father could have ever envisaged. Indeed, although Edward did not know it, he was at that juncture, the seventh richest man in Scotland.

Given the trauma of his daughter's birth, it was soon clear to Edward that future conjugal relations were unlikely. It was a great disappointment he did not have a son. However, he considered he had done his duty. For the sake of reputation, he did not look to local Glasgow

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women for pleasuring and, like his father before him, chose to make increasingly frequent trips to the anonymity of London where, in Finsbury, he rented a house as Mr Thomas Edwards and, over the ensuing years, engaged a series of bought-in mistresses.

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## The Grange

When Charles Horspool completed the construction of The Grange in March 1848, the huge building had taken almost five years to construct and furnish. Initially this grand house was occupied by Charles, his wife Sarah-Anne and their surviving offspring Edward, Mary and Elizabeth.

The main house comprised three large floors with additional attic rooms their dormers set amid its ornate turrets and steeply sloping roofs. To its rear the house was approached by a steep road by which servants, tradesmen and deliveries of coal and other supplies approached. Guests and family would normally arrive past a lodge house through an impressive gate into a grand driveway flanked by rhododendrons, a cobbled road with granite wheel tracks which wound its way through the newly landscaped grounds.

Its principal vistas were over rolling countryside to the south and west, land which Charles immediately set about forming into a vast park with formal gardens nearer to the house. From the outset, The Grange was a difficult and expensive operation to run, requiring a small army of maids and footmen to stoke its fires and clean its rooms, a squadron of cooks and scullery maids to prepare meals with a platoon of 'executive' gardeners and auxiliary seasonal helpers to tend its grounds.

Taking advantage of the slope to the rear of the main building, a wide extension was formed, occupied by a modern kitchen, storage rooms, a laundry, workshops and quarters for the most senior live-in servants. Lesser servants slept over the remote stable block or visited daily from nearby working class areas such as Pollokshaws, Govanhill or even as far away as the Gorbals.

When Edward married, he moved out to live with the Mansells at Hill Street and Mary and Elizabeth became the dominant forces, embarking on a hectic round of dinners and house parties to impress their growing retinue of friends many of whom were sycophants happy to share in the largesse provided by Charles.

From this point onwards, Sarah-Anne, a simple Yorkshire lass, was mostly out of her social depth and retreated into the background, becoming an energetic gardener, happier in the company of her servants than her husband's and daughters' strident friends, each trying to out-talk the other.

During those first years which followed, as the Horspools moved up in Glasgow society, The Grange was well-filled with visiting friends from Glasgow, Birmingham, London and further afield. Invitations were sent to Charles's family in Ireland but were politely declined. The

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rumour of his lost fortune in London and his caddish behaviour with the Smithycroft girl had made its way back to the family, completing their view that they were well-rid of their profligate and untameable son.

Sarah-Anne Horspool's health suffered a gradual deterioration. Her chest was said to be weak and she was sent to a sanatorium near Harrogate where she remained for close to a year. On her return, her decline continued, slowly but steadily and a live-in nurse and wheelchair were required.

Increasingly, Charles absented himself, making trips on unspecified business. Both his daughters were still unmarried, nominally under the care of Edward but now banished from *The Grange* over their attempt to take Edwina 'hostage' during their breastfeeding spat with Hannah. The Horspool sisters had moved on, and all contact with their mother was lost in the process.

In late October 1853, a few months after her fifty-first birthday, Sarah took to her bed. Her priest was summonsed. Tended by a relay of nuns, her end from breast cancer was both painful and mercifully swift.

With Mary and Elizabeth now living at Hill Street, Edward living in his club in central Glasgow and Charles only an occasional visitor, Hannah Horspool was now, effectively, the Mistress of *The Grange*.

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## Pastures New

Three months after Sarah's funeral Charles (now fifty-seven) paid his son a visit at the Union Street offices of Mansell and Company. The climb to the third floor had taken his wind and his right foot was aching, causing him to limp. The preceding years of heavy drinking, excessive smoking and profligate gambling at cards in the casino at Monte Carlo had taken its toll on both his health and his finances.

"Ah, father, how is your gout?"

"Not so bad that a large glass of port is unwelcome Edward, if you please."

"Well, father, what brings you to my humble offices?"

"I won't mince words, Edward. I'm ready to be out of it. I'm too old for this business and I need a bit of sun on my back. I'm thinking of moving to Nice, or Monaco, somewhere that the winters are warm."

"Yes, I had heard the rumour. Is it Marta de Brunei who is behind this? Can you manage her? Would you not be better to find an older, less demanding type?"

"Oh Edward, when you have but a few years left you need the other to do the work. When she mounts me she's like a prancing filly. It's the French blood."

"So be it, father. And to be fair, you stood by mother to the end, all through the difficult years, God rest her soul. Now, Father, what is it you wish of me?"

"Edward, I've got myself in a pickle and no doubt of it. I'm owing to the banks and to the bookmakers' lenders. They are beating after me at every turn. You must have heard? It's cash I need to settle them or they'll never let me go free. If I duck out they'll come after you."

"Do you still have title to the properties in Kingston and Govan?"

"Yes, but they're worthless. The fire ruined me, they burnt me out, just as they said they would, then they swooped in and robbed me of my insurance money."

"I know all that, but do you still own the land?"

"Yes, why?"

"Good. Then we can do business. Your title deeds and supporting papers are with McAllister and Mackie?"

"Yes. Now, I'll take another glass Edward, if you please."

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"Father, The Grange and its park, is that free of let and hindrance?"

"Yes, but it's a monstrous drain. I've had to cut back on the staff, you know."

"And the papers for the proposed development of its park grounds, are they signed off?"

"Yes, we still have a few years to run before they expire. But that takes capital, Edward. That's why I'm here. Will you buy me out, with enough to give me ten good years in Monaco."

"Father, I've been expecting you to come to me for over a year. Here, let me top up your glass. I'll send a runner to invite young Robert Mackie to meet us. We'll dine here. We don't want to publicise what we're about. Do you have a list of what you owe and to whom?"

"Yes, here it is. A sad day this is to come a begging to my own son."

Edward studied the list of creditors, the amounts due and the estimate of additional interest accruing month on month.

"My God, father. What have you been playing at?"

"I don't need the lecture, Edward. Can you cover it, yes or no? If not, I'll look to the Mansells in Birmingham."

"Relax, Father. I've already raised it informally with the banks and I have a block of shares that a certain man is greedy for, more fool him. They'll be on the way down soon. That trade should be done within the week. All I need is the transfer papers with your signature. As I said, I've been expecting you for some time. I had a word with Mackie at Mother's funeral."

"So you guessed?"

"Yes, Father. And I know how persuasive Mademoiselle Marta De Brunei can be!"

"Ah, so you have been dipping your wick at her inkwell too."

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It was in this fashion that title to The Grange and his father's remaining businesses passed to Edward Horspool, ending the uncertainty that had been niggling at him these past years, knowing it was far better to purchase his inheritance at a massive discount than risk losing it altogether to bookmakers and debt collectors. What Edward understood and Charles did not, was that a new company had been formed to redevelop the south bank of the River Clyde for docks and shipyards. Nor did Charles realise that in recent years pressure had been building to create higher quality housing of the type that was being built in the Newlands and Clarkston areas immediately surrounding The Grange.

With his coffers replenished, Charles then left with his current secretary, the sylph-like Mademoiselle Marta de Brunei, (aged twenty-two). Charles advised his family and friends that



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he was moving to France for his health, taking Martha as his interpreter and to attend to his correspondence.

This was the last that his remaining family in Glasgow would learn of Charles Horspool. Not once did he write to advise of his whereabouts. If letters were dictated to Marta, she did not post them. Conflicting reports filtered back along the social grapevine. One was that Charles had become addicted to gambling and had lost everything in the Casino; another that he had become the owner of a large vineyard; yet another advised that he had married Marta and served her up many children intent on consuming his remaining wealth.

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Edward Thomas Horspool had no fond memories of The Grange, finding it too distant from the pleasures of the city, often saying that the daily journey from Newlands to his offices was a waste of time and energy. However, to his great surprise Hannah, in one of her more coherent spells, expressed uncharacteristic enthusiasm.

"Edward, dear, dear man, you have cheered me up enormously. We own The Grange at last! It will be like our times riding out together into the country. And the views from the west windows! I will be able to watch the ships come and go along the Firth of Clyde and see the hills around Loch Lomond. And think of it, dear man, think of it! At last we will be free of this dark and dingy house here in Hill Street and you will have the place you deserve. The Grange will make you stand out as a man of property and a country gentleman, as your heritage deserve. It will, of course, need work done to bring it back to a high standard. I can't bear to think what your sisters Mary and Elizabeth have been doing to it during these last years with your mother as she was. And Edward, **I won't have them there with me!** No, you must move them out!"

Confused by this outburst and since Mary and Elizabeth had removed to Hill Street years earlier, Edward decided to humour his wife:

"Yes, Hannah, my dear. What do you say to moving them to Garnet Hill?"

"Yes Edward, yes! They've always wanted to live in the city, just as I've always wanted to live in the country. And I shall ride a horse again, when I am well."

Thinking of what he had witnessed Edward wondered if her laudanum intake had caused this befuddlement. During the years after Edward moved to live with Hannah and the Mansells, when The Grange had been first occupied by Charles and Sarah-Anne Horspool and their girls, they had filled the place with guests coming and going, week on week. Every excuse had been used to make a celebration. Although Edward had often visited, Hannah had seldom attended these soirees and when she did, she left early to retreat to the calm of Hill Street.

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As agreed with his father, Edward had now assumed responsibility for his sisters. Under this agreement he granted them generous annuities and advised that he would allow them to live rent free at Hill Street with a full complement of servants to cater for their needs. However, should either sister marry, her annuity would end, as would her rent-free occupation.

Although unstated, the message was clear:

The situation was unchanged: Mary and Elizabeth Horspool would no longer be welcomed at The Grange.

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In the weeks which followed Edward realised that the germ of the idea of recreating this past grandeur of The Grange had given Hannah a temporary boost, but gradually her melancholia had returned and with it a new ailment. Hannah now suffered from excruciatingly painful rheumatism in her joints, particularly her hands, turning them into gnarled claws. This made it almost impossible for her to hold a book, pen or cutlery, requiring her meals to be spooned to her as if she was a child.

Moving little and with her taste dulled by laudanum his wife was eating sparsely, beginning what would be a long, steady decline. She seldom left her rooms on the uppermost floor in the north-west wing, gazing towards the Arrochar Alps as tears of sadness and despair trickled down her gaunt face. And now her priest must come to her, which he was happy to do on a regular basis, remunerated handsomely for his services by a personal monthly stipend.

As those first months rolled into years her need for laudanum increased and Hannah's already loose grip on reality began to decline. However, sometimes for a period of a few weeks, she would rally and become quite lucid. For the servants at The Grange, these were difficult periods. On one occasion, she recruited a clerk to make lists from her dictation and sent the unfortunate man off to deliver her rambling epistles, insisting that the person receiving her instructions report back 'without delay' to confirm their task had been complete.

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## Edwina Horspool

Since the difficult birth of their daughter in the Spring of 1849, Edward and Hannah had drifted into parallel and distinctly separate lives.

Although he was now in theory based at The Grange, increasingly Edward lived at his club in Glasgow, travelled frequently to London on business (and thence to Finsbury for pleasure) or spent his weekends in discrete country house hotels with his current mistress.

With the purchase of The Grange, Edward inherited its remaining complement of servants. This small army totalled around twenty-five, functioning under the stern control of Mr William (Will) Townley the Butler. Will Townley was now greying and slower in thought and deed than his younger self. Increasingly he deferred to his senior members of staff: Mrs Margaret (Peggy) Harrison, Housekeeper and Cook, Thomas Neely, Head Gardener, and Neely's son Robert (Bob), recently promoted to Head Groom. Among the servants it was well known that Peggy had a great deal of sway over Will Townley who had warmed her bed on a regular basis over many years.

As was common for housekeepers in grand houses, Peggy Harrison had assumed the title 'Mrs' when she birthed an illegitimate child. It was rumoured that Margaret-Mary had been fathered by Charles Horspool and the girl certainly had the look of the man, with the same raven black hair, pale blue eyes and an olive complexion.

The person who benefited most from the move Garnet Hill to Newlands was Edwina.

In Hill Street, the toddler had been constrained to live almost entirely indoors. Now with her mother unwell and her father often absent for weeks at a time, Edwina's life revolved around Peggy Harrison and her kitchen, or running almost wild in the parks to spring out on Neely and his gardeners. At other times, especially on cold or wet days, the child spent hours with Bob Neely and his assistants in the stables. At Bob's suggestion, Edwina was provided with a Shetland pony, a docile gelding which she named Snowball. Like her mother had been in her prime, Edwina was a natural rider. Soon she was taking Snowball over small hurdles around a course which Bob and his father Thomas devised for her.

On rare occasions Edwina would be dressed up like a presentation doll, to travel with her mother by carriage to St Joseph's Church in North Woodside Road. As this might mean an unwelcome encounter with Mary and Elizabeth, these trips were restricted to special occasions only. Edward did not attend, having declared himself uninterested.

When Edwina arrived at The Grange she was three months old and Margaret-Mary Harrison was eight. Margaret-Mary was at that time working as a chamber maid, assigned to keeping

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the many coal fires burning brightly and making sure all the piss pots were emptied and rinsed clean.

At Mrs Harrison's suggestion, Margaret-Mary was relieved of her other duties, assigned to care for Edwina, acting as her maid and companion. With her mother becoming increasingly remote under the influence of her high doses of laudanum, Edwina the child looked to Margaret-Mary and Peggy for love and affection. Together the girls played games, running free through the house and grounds. At least once a week, and more frequently in summer, Peggy took both girls on outings, to explore the shops in Shawlands and nearby Pollokshaws and to help the child spend the handfuls of shiny gold sovereigns which her father folded into her hand when he called to visit.

Where Margaret-Mary was small and round like her mother, Edwina was already tall and thin with a wise and often serious face, When Edwina was four years old, seen side by side the two girls seemed almost of an age.

On wet days, Peggy and Bob Neely took both girls in the Landau either to the centre of Glasgow or to Paisley to visit the fancier shops. In this way Miss Edwina was rescued from what might otherwise have been a depressing and damaging experience, transforming her instead into an animated and confident little girl.

Although Edward Horspool had shown little interest in his daughter to that point, after her seventh birthday he proposed she be sent off to be schooled. As a man who himself had benefited from an expensive education and who could afford the very best for his child, he wrote to several establishments in England.

When Hannah caught wind of what was about to happen, she rallied and insisted their child should be educated at home, as she had been. Edward had almost always deferred to his wife on domestic issues and since the education of a girl child was of little importance, he agreed to her demand and placed an advertisement in the major Scottish newspapers for a live-in governess.

This approach threw up an exceptional candidate.

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## Enid Dalrymple

Miss Enid Dalrymple was the fifth daughter and youngest child of the Reverend and Mrs Robert Dalrymple of Perth. When Enid responded to the Horspool advertisement she was newly forty-three. Miss Dalrymple was a stern woman, who had taught several minor Royals and held impeccable references from each of her previous employers.

What these references did not reveal, and what Enid Dalrymple was careful to conceal, was that she was a radical advocate of 'the rights of women', a stance which would have caused Edward Horspool to discount her out of hand.

Enid's path to her convictions was a product of her early years as a governess in a grand country house.

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Aged sixteen and newly appointed, the younger Enid had been entirely naïve. While his wife visited her parents in Hampshire, Viscount Brierty played host to a series of male-only shooting parties. During that long wet autumn, he had bedded his children's governess repeatedly while showering her with gifts of jewellery 'borrowed' from his wife's boudoir. Realising her condition, Enid tried to conceal her plight by starving herself. However, when it became clear that the new governess was pregnant, His Lordship's Butler raided her bedroom, accused her of theft, retrieved the jewellery 'gifts' and cast Enid adrift with a nominal payoff and the promise of a good reference if she remained silent.

Enid, five months pregnant, unable to return to her parents and visit her shame upon them, fled to the anonymity of the seaside town of Arbroath for her confinement. There she found lodgings with Mrs Marion Blakely, the widow of Henry Blakely a local coal merchant who had died a decade earlier. Marion had sold out the business and was supplementing her savings by letting out a room in her small villa.

The year which the girl Enid Dalrymple spent cloistered in Arbroath with Marion Blakely changed her view of herself and the world around her.

As the daughter of a schoolmaster, Mrs Marion Blakely had been moderately well-educated. Marion and Henry had had ambitions for Rebecca, their only daughter, hoping she might become a teacher in a school for young ladies. Throughout her life Rebecca had been closeted and spoiled, educated at home by her mother and a small troupe of day tutors who had taught her French, basic Latin, and pianoforte to add to her meagre skills in Arithmetic and English Literature.

# Legacy

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Rebecca's fate was story which Enid was obliged to endure time after time as Marion unburdened herself, trying to see a way to turn back the clock and make things right, make things turn out the way she had envisaged for her daughter.

After a long search, a position was found for Rebecca in a private school for girls located in Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. In this small establishment, Rebecca was provided with an attic room in the home of the head teacher, Mr Alan Metcalfe, who purported to have an M.A. from Bristol University. Metcalfe was a handsome, pretentious and foppish man with a plain wife called Sybil. They had two grown-up sons, both now living in Edinburgh. The older son was an indentured clerk to a small publisher, the younger a laboratory technician at a chemical works. Both sons had lamented the lack of money which would have allowed them to attend university and their resentment burned bright. Competing, each made repeated visits to Dalkeith to lobby their parents for financial assistance, bemoaning the high cost of rents in Edinburgh. They hoped in vain.

The Metcalfe's ran a shoe-string operation, teaching the daughters of local merchants from age seven to fourteen. Sybil taught the youngest to read and write while cooking and serving breakfast, lunch and evening dinner. Her duties included cleaning the three small schoolrooms and tending the cottage garden which provided the main source of vegetables for their establishment. When Rebecca arrived in Dalkeith, Sybil was in her late forties, physically and mentally exhausted by her unceasing toil and soon to become menopausal.

Rebecca, a moderately pretty girl with no experience of the world or the wiles of men, had been easily seduced by Alan Metcalfe M.A. If Sybil was aware of what was happening, she ignored it. When it became evident that Rebecca was pregnant, the errant girl was sent home, revealing her sad predicament to her parents. According to Marion's account, it was this shock which had killed Henry. A few months after the birth, (a boy which Rebecca had insisted be called Henry Alan), the mother and child had disappeared.

"An interested observer", had written an unsigned letter to Marion from Dalkeith, saying Mr Alan Metcalfe M.A. had absconded with Rebecca and their child to seek their fortunes in England and that his wife Sybil had hanged herself, unable to service the many debts which her husband had left in his wake.

Mrs Marion Blakely was a bitter woman who had already formed a view that the 'rights of women' were paramount. When she learned of the parallel between Enid and Rebecca, she was incensed. Her previously fond memories of Henry were now twisted. All men were perfidious, selfish and ready to exploit women, given the chance. It had happened to Rebecca and now to Enid. There were many other examples of poor girls and women abandoned by the fathers of their illegitimate children. During the remaining months of her pregnancy Enid was persuaded to these views and read with increasing interest the seditious literature Marion Blakely provided.

# Legacy

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Enid's child, a girl, was a poor weak bundle of skin and bone, who died in childbirth, strangled by her own umbilical cord. Enid was badly affected by depression after the birth. Marion nursed and cajoled her back to health but when Enid recovered she was changed.

Harbouring her secrets, Enid moved to Edinburgh to start again. With her 'good reference' she applied for another position as a governess. Her reference was checked and she was accepted. Over the next two decades each position in turn built her reputation as a stern disciplinarian who got results. It was this standing which led her to The Grange and to Edwina.

Since leaving Arbroath, never to return, Enid's friendship with Marion Blakely endured. Maintained by self-indoctrinating correspondence, each exchange of views and pamphlets reinforced the radical views of the other. On a weekly basis, they passed back and forth articles carefully snipped from newspapers, essays which triumphed their own views. Over several years the story of Marion, and her lost grandchild Henry Alan Blakely/Metcalf became melded into Enid's memory as if it had been a fate she herself had suffered.

In this fashion Enid became, like Marion, an active but secret advocate of the rights of women.

Of the many women who had applied, it was clear to Edward that Miss Enid Dalrymple, was the outstanding candidate.

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From her first week at The Grange in June 1856, Miss Dalrymple set about teaching her seven-year-old charge with her established mixture of kindness and strict discipline. Morning lessons started at 8.00 am sharp. No lesson lasted more than thirty minutes, after which there would be a short break for singing of songs and tinkling on the grand piano. Then followed the next thirty-minute lesson, then a short break and so on. Reluctant to relinquish her position as Edwina's personal aide, Margaret-Mary hovered quietly in the background, ready to assist Miss Dalrymple at every opportunity by running errands, fetching tea and biscuits, whatever was required.

From noon until 2.00 pm lessons were suspended for lunch while Enid read the daily newspapers. Regardless of the weather, the child was encouraged to play outdoors. Edwina was free to choose what she might do, which often meant a visit to the stables to ride Snowball if the weather was suitable, with Margaret-Mary in tow.

Afternoon lessons followed the morning pattern until five-thirty when a light meal was followed by a warm bath, a glass of milk and a bedtime story, the highlight of every day.

Saturday's were treated as weekdays. Only Sunday was permitted to be 'recreational'. Miss Dalrymple was an adherent of the Church of Scotland but attended only infrequently. Her Sundays were devoted to letter writing, mainly to newspapers under a string of pseudonyms and to her growing circle of activist ladies and, as always, to the aging Marion in Arbroath.

# Legacy

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Enid Dalrymple found the seven-year old Edwina Horspool to be clever and hardworking. When the child's reading and writing had been mastered to a sufficient standard, Enid stepped up the pace and variety of her lessons. The child responded with enthusiasm.

With Hannah mostly confined to her rooms, Enid gradually realised that unlike her previous employments, she had almost complete freedom to do as she wished in terms of Edwina's education. Enid had also fallen in with Peggy Harrison and Will Townley, and the three established a firm cabal of friendship. After a few months, Peggy's daughter was encouraged to study alongside Edwina and she too proved to be an able student, soon catching up on lost years.

When Margaret-Mary reached seventeen, with a small financial helping hand from Enid, the young woman was sent off to be trained as a nurse at Glasgow Royal Infirmary, a progression seen by Peggy and Will as a significant move upwards from domestic service. At every opportunity she returned to The Grange, which she continued to treat as her home.

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As the child Edwina matured into a tall, flat-chested young woman, she resembled the girl her mother had once been. Her face was long, her nose large and beaked, her hair dark brown and thick, and her eyes hazel brown. Like the younger Hannah, Edwina was self-assured and opinionated. Unlike Hannah, Edwina was outgoing and willing to engage in argument, a product of her years under the radicalising influence of Enid Dalrymple.

As she passed through puberty, Edwina received forthright and graphic tutelage on the workings of the male and female bodies during procreation and the many dangers of childbirth. From Peggy, Edwina now became aware the stories of her own tortured birth and the background to the rift which had developed between her parents. Edwina's prejudice was thus established: her mother's melancholic weeping and reclusive behaviour must, in part, be her father's fault.

The newspapers of the time were filled with articles decrying the demands of women seeking fair and equal rights, and votes like men. Encouraged and tutored by Enid, Edwina took to writing letters to editors in which she portrayed herself as a mature woman. These heartfelt and lengthy epistles were never published. Affronted by these rejections, Edwina grew more strident, redoubling her output of condemnatory assertions.

In 1865, aged sixteen she read an article (provided by Enid) about the pioneering efforts in the field of women's medicine describing investigations and treatments championed by Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, a woman who had repeatedly applied to be accepted as a qualified medical practitioner. Since puberty Edwina had heard the unfortunate tale of her own birth many times: reading Garret Anderson's testimony of the unnecessary and avoidable suffering caused to women at the hands of ignorant and unfeeling male doctors, made Edwina livid with the injustice of what was continuing to happen to women.



# Legacy

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Enthused by what she had read, Edwina read the article to her mother then at once launched into her interrogation:

"Mother, I understand that this will be difficult for you to bear, but I must know, what were the true circumstances of my birthing?"

"Edwina, dear, dear child, hush your tongue. Gentlewomen like us must never talk of such things.' Hannah grimaced, clutching her stomach at the memory. "Oh, oh, the pain. Prepare me a draft, my dear and do sweeten it please."

Here it is, mother, now sip it slowly.'

"Mmm, that's better. Now what did you say, Peggy?"

"Mother, it's me, Edwina. Please tell me what happened when I was born. What turned you away from father?"

"Edwina, your father is a wonderful man. He made me so happy. I thought I would never find someone to love me and then, there he was. He was so handsome and so clever. And he had done everything I had wanted to do. He travelled all through Europe before he met me. He could climb like a goat. Ah, ha, ha, ha. Yes, my Edward was like a goat. He used to mount me and ride me like a horse! Night and day we made love, true love, for hours at a time. And then you came and spoiled it all! You, you witch! Look at these hands, these claws! You did this to me, Edwina Sarah Horspool. I did not want to have a girl child. We wanted a boy! A boy! What use is any girl except for fornication! Ha, ha, ha. Get out of my sight. Tell Edward to come, I want him to ride me again. No! No! No! Oh God, I need to confess. Tell Father Heltman to come! I need to confess. I need to confess. Oh God, I need to confess my sins of fornication and bestiality!"

Enid, who was waiting outside the door, heard every word, as had most of the household staff although to them this was not a new refrain.

Edwina retreated from her mother's manic rantings, her eyes filled with tears. Enid merely shook her head and led her charge back to the library where she used the calling tube and its whistle to summon a pot of tea from the kitchen. While they waited, Enid provided Edwina with a short article written by Garrett Anderson which described the devastating effects of postpartum melancholia on susceptible women, particularly those who have suffered great trauma in labour.

When Peggy arrived with the tray, the three women discussed what should be done for Hannah. In the end they decided to leave matters as they stood. The alternative of an asylum could not be countenanced. Suitably sedated, Hannah was of little danger to herself or others and, during her lucid spells, she seemed happy to reminisce with her books of pressed flowers and albums of bird sketches.

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Sensing that the moment was apposite, Enid proffered a further batch of articles written by Elizabeth Garret Anderson, articles that she had been hoarding for years against this opportunity. These described how Garret Anderson had first completed her qualification as a surgery nurse and only then had battled the male-dominated medical profession to be allowed to study and to graduate as a Doctor of Medicine. The valedictory nature of these writings had the desired effect, implanting in Enid's young mistress the desire to emulate their heroine.

Edwina wrote to Elizabeth Garret Anderson that very afternoon, seeking guidance on how she should best prepare herself to follow in the great woman's footsteps.

In due course (almost a month later) a Miss Gwynn Davis-Evans replied. This woman, (who described herself as an *aide-de-camp*), explained that it was with much regret that Dr Garret Anderson was unable to engage in such long-distance tutelage. Perhaps, if Miss Horspool could relocate to London, an opening might become available. Meantime, on payment of a deposit of £100, Hannah's name would be added to the waiting list, which was already crowded. Normally recruits must be at least twenty-three, preferably twenty-five and in possession of independent means.

Miss Davis-Evans also recommended that Miss Horspool make a start on her preparations by reading her way through the enclosed list of recommended books, adding that when she was fully versed in this subject matter, perhaps she might apply again. In the interim, should Miss Horspool wish to make a charitable donation in support of Dr Garret Anderson's women's hospital, a cheque would be most gratefully received.

The long list of books on anatomy, physiology, embryology, pathology and gynaecology was purchased. Enid and Hannah committed themselves to a regime of intensive studies complemented by visits to women's wards in various hospitals and maternity nursing homes to check reality against what the books depicted.

The quest to transform Edwina into a Glasgow version of Garret Anderson had begun in earnest.

# Legacy

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## Coming of Age

Glasgow. April 1867.

Edwina made her way to her father's Union Street offices to discuss her plans.

"Ah, Edwina, how are you, my dear? Will you have tea, or do you prefer coffee?"

"Neither. A glass of water, please, infused with a lemon tincture, if that is obtainable. Father, you do realise that tea and coffee is only available to us because of the sweat and blood of slaves. Slavery may be banished here in Britain, but it still goes on overseas, in one guise or another."

"Ah, yes, be that as it may - water it is. And how is your dear mother these days?"

"Why should you need to ask, Father? You do realise that you have not deigned to visit us at The Grange for almost a year?"

"No, surely that cannot be so? Is it really such a time?"

"It is Father, and we only know that you are well from intermittent news conveyed second-hand by Will Townley, when he calls here to see you. Did you know Townley is quite unwell? From your reaction, I see not. That, in part is why I am here. It is ridiculous the situation we find ourselves in. It seems I must ask Townley to come here to beg for repairs to be done and supplies to be authorised. Mother and I will not put up with this another day. You do realise that I am eighteen now? NO! I suppose it must have slipped your mind, like it did with mother. Not a visit and no little gift. Did you know that my stallion Duke had to be put down?"

"Yes, Townley did mention. But there are other horses, surely. How many do we have at The Grange?"

"Seven, if you include Snowball. But the point is, I asked Townley to get you to authorise me to attend the Lanark horse sales with a billet sufficient in value to buy a replacement for Duke. I need a proper horse to ride with the hounds, not a carthorse."

"Are you riding with the Hunt? Which one allows women?"

"Father! You are so old-fashioned. Of course we have a Hunt! *The Renfrew Gallants* we call ourselves. We are up to twenty-three members, and not all of them ladies. I have had to borrow a horse for our last two outings. Think on that! Your daughter, reduced to borrowing. We at The Grange are being treated like serfs and paupers. Mother and I will not have it."

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"There, there, I'll see to it. Do you know, when you sound off like that, you look just like your mother did at your age."

"Rubbish! You did not know her when she was eighteen. You have never known her. And now, now that she is infirm, it seems you have cast her aside like a used nag. You would better have had her put down! Oh, Father, Father, my poor dear mother, she is gone in the head. Her body is racked and twisted by pain and she is only at peace when she is heavily sedated. Will you not *do something* about it?"

"So, we have reached that stage. Is it an asylum you wish me to send her to? Can you not care for her? Is that not your function, as a loving daughter?"

"How dare you, Father! How dare you, sir. Primarily she is *your* responsibility; and where are you to be found when she needs you? In the arms of another. There, it is out, sir! The whole of Glasgow gossips about your 'secret' liaisons. This is not like London, although I daresay your philandering is well known there, too."

"Hush, now, Edwina. You judge me very harshly. It is true that Hannah and I have drifted apart over these last years. But it was not my doing. When you are older you will understand. This often happens to women after, well, that will come, in time. I am . . ."

"Father, *please!* I am eighteen. I know more than most Doctors do about procreation and childbirth. Have you heard of Dr Elizabeth Garrett Anderson? Have you heard of postpartum melancholia, or as some call it, childbirth depression? Did you not know there were people who could have helped mother, even then, before it was too late? Why did you not act?"

"Edwina, dear girl, again you go too far. I have always done my best for your mother. She was once a passionate woman. Although we were, how shall I say it gently . . . Although your mother was a little peculiar in terms of her looks and ideas, when she took to me at last she was, how shall I put it politely, . . . a very energetic wife."

"Oh Father, I know all this, Mother has told me of your passion for each other. That is what I find impossible to understand. I was born out of that passion. My delivery caused birthing difficulties. That is not uncommon. When it happens, it must be faced up to, **by both parents**, acting together, in love. **The father must support the mother**. Surely you can see that?"

"But, Edwina, she would not have me! She pushed me away. Once she even bit my . . . She told me she hated me. How else was I to go forward? Like most men of my sort, I have needs. And I did give her full control of The Grange, although it has always been a white elephant, a huge drain on my purse. And it was not easy to shift your aunts to Hill Street. You must know, surely, that I'm still paying out for the Mansell house too?"

"Ah, I see it now, Father! I'm so sorry for you, for us. You are down on your luck? You are short of funds? We must economise? Tell me, Father, what happened to Papa Mansell's wealth? They say that he was very rich, possibly the richest man in Glasgow when he died."

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"No, it's not that, you've grasped the wrong end of the argument, as your mother always did. No, Edwina, it's the 'constraints' that these places throw up. Surely you understand I should develop the parks at The Grange for housing, don't you? Your mother, however, will not hear of it. And surely you understand I should demolish the Hill Street house and build a terrace in its place. You must have heard there is talk of a wholesale re-building of Garnet Hill. But Mary and Elizabeth have taken against this and will not move, no matter what I offer them to do so. And did you know they have renounced the Church of Rome and have become enthralled by the Episcopal Church? They are ever at me for donations for that overseas missionary charity of theirs. Meanwhile I am being pressed on all sides with good, sound offers to join in ventures that make sense. When I refuse, they think I am going soft. That, Edwina dear, is what frustrates. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps I am too soft. So, there you have it, Edwina, we must play out the hands we have been dealt, while you wait for your God to resolve the matter in due course. At least you have youth on your side. But I am ready for a change, Edwina. I can see that coming."

"Father, I have a plan. I intend to become a Doctor, a medical doctor, like Dr Elizabeth. Will you support my application?"

"Edwina, dear Edwina. That woman is subversive. I admit that on the face of it she seems to be reasonable and rational, but that is merely the *public* art of it. Surely you know she will not stop until she and her kind have turned the world upside down, until they have women in every profession? Madness. The whole of society as we know it today will melt in a cauldron of argument and indecision. Can't you see that the world is best run by men?"

"No, Father, in that you are entirely wrong. Dr Elizabeth has the right of it. Women should have an equal footing with men. In all things . . ."

"But Edwina, what if that was true? How would we have stood now with Hannah running things? Tell me, as she is now, how that would work?"

"Father, you are out of touch with reality. The Rights of Women are already upon us. Many of those who reasoned the best arguments for the Abolition of Slavery were women. Throughout history from the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans, women have been strong leaders. You and your kind who make money by trading on the subjugation of others must wake up and take notice. . ."

"ENOUGH! Edwina, it is time to end this interview. Have Townley come to see me tomorrow. I will make necessary arrangements for you to have a bank account and a sufficient allowance. From now on, YOU can look after The Grange and your aunts at the Mansell house. I am finished with the entirety of this petty business. If you need further funds at any time, write to me. Do NOT come again to these offices and harangue me. I will not have it, my girl!"

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# Legacy

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On her return to The Grange, Edwina reviewed with Enid what had transpired at the meeting with her father. It was not the outcome they had expected but it provided the freedom which Edwina needed to progress her career. In Edwina's mind her father's behaviour merely confirmed his perfidy and selfishness. Enid had been correct - no man of wealth could be trusted: a naïve view Edwina would hold to tenaciously for many years.

Within weeks, and despite her father's protests, Edwina enrolled as a helper nurse at Glasgow Royal Infirmary, following the track of her friend Margaret-Mary Harrison, and determined to emulate her hero Garrett Anderson: first she would qualify as a midwifery nurse and then, when she was old enough, she would study medicine, become a Doctor and, in due time, an Obstetrician.

# Legacy

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## Cul-de-sac

By working long hours and refusing to take holidays, Edwina accelerated her training. In the summer of 1870, aged twenty-one, she became a fully-qualified nurse with certificates in ante-natal care, midwifery, and post-natal care. However, now she was part of the system, she understood more clearly how difficult it would be to realise her full ambition and become a Doctor of Medicine.

During her time working in the various clinics, she had been impressed by the midwives and supporting nurses. However, like Garrett Anderson before her, Edwina had been dismayed by the lack of empathy and apparent callousness of the attending male physicians. For Edwina, only one doctor stood out as different.

Professor Rafael (Rafa) Blanche was a graduate of the Sorbonne who specialised in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Blanche had moved to Glasgow at the behest of his uncle, Rabbi Benjamin Abrahams, a man of considerable influence in Glasgow's Jewish community. During Edwina's time at the Royal, Rafa was her mentor and they became firm friends.

Edwina had wondered that he was not married. He was handsome, personable and had private funds. Gradually, piece by piece, she assembled the complicated jigsaw of his private life. She discovered that his 'cousin' Alberto, who had relocated with him from Paris, was his lover. Alberto, a painter and sculptor, lived quietly with Rafa in their terraced townhouse home in Woodside Place, near Charing Cross.

At that time Woodside Place was known as 'Glasgow's Harley Street' and many of these houses operated as private consulting rooms, frequented by those rich enough to afford them. It was here that Rafa had his private consulting rooms. His clients were, in the main, Jewish.

By engaging a series of private tutors, Edwina gained proficiency in medical Latin and a sound working knowledge of anatomy and physiology. She had her mother's gift for sketching and had become an accomplished medical illustrator, providing input to a series of pamphlets published by a group of progressive ladies under the banner of "Essential Education for Christian Women".

Armed with her many qualifications and testimonials, Miss Edwina Sarah Horspool applied to every British medical school. She was ignored rather than rejected. As Garrett Anderson had done, Edwina set herself the task of learning French. Supported by a glowing testimonial from Professor Rafael Blanche, she applied to the University of the Sorbonne. They did not reply. She re-applied six months later. As before, she received no reply.

To bolster her curriculum vitae, she studied advanced physiology, anatomy and pharmacology.

# *Legacy*

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At each turn her attempt to enrol in a medical school was thwarted by the authorities.



# Legacy

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## God's Work

It was the summer of 1872.

Edward Thomas Horspool was aged fifty-two. Following the rift with Edwina five years earlier, his intermittent contact with *The Grange* and his sisters at Hill Street had been solely by letter or through Will Townley.

With no (legitimate) male heir to follow his footsteps onto the testosterone-dominated bustle of the *Glasgow Stock Exchange* trading floor, Horspool decided to retire. During the next two years, without fuss or fanfare, he quietly sold up his numerous partnerships and businesses and consolidated his wealth into *The Horspool Trust*, investing in secure stocks and *Government bonds*, to provide himself with a generous and steady income. In the absence of an alternative, Edward made his daughter the sole beneficiary.

In retirement, Edward aimed to become a man of active leisure, expecting to live for at least two further decades. Nominally based in his club in *Glasgow*, Edward was free to travel, intent on enjoying to the full the fruits of his labour.

In April 1874, a few weeks before his fifty-fourth birthday, Edward's re-kindled passion for mountaineering led to his death. He had been climbing in the Alps, the active patron of a group of much younger British climbers who were making their third attempt to scale the north face of the *Eiger*.

The news was delivered to *The Grange* by telegram. Within hours Hannah ended her life with a massive overdose of laudanum. Edwina would always refer to this tragedy as "Mother's accident", refusing to acknowledge it as suicide, which would have condemned Hannah's soul to eternal purgatory.

At this juncture Edwina was newly twenty-five.

A month later, in a joint funeral, Edward and Hannah were laid to rest, side by side in *The Horspool Vault*, in the splendour of *Glasgow's Necropolis*, the huge tomb visible on clear days from *The Grange* on its hilltop site high above *Newlands*, five miles to the south and west.

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On Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> July 1875, Edwina Horspool attended the offices of *McAllister & Mackie*, Solicitors, supported by *Enid Dalrymple* and *Professor Rafael Blanche*.

In parallel with Edward Horspool's rise to prominence, *Robert Mackie* had also flourished. The remnant of the original *McAllister* clan had long departed and 'young' Robert (who had married

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McAllister's daughter) was now approaching sixty. The short, slim and sprightly man of his youth was long gone, leaving a puce-faced wreck whose breath was wheezy, his gut straining inside his waistcoat, and no longer able to command his previous air of cheery authority. Had he followed the advice of his personal physician when the first signs of deterioration became evident, Mackie would have relinquished control of McAllister & Mackie a decade earlier

Under pressure from his wife, Robert Mackie had recently struck a deal with his colleague, Herbert Henning, a man of slow energy and quiet ability who, crucially, had obtained access to sufficient funds to buy Mackie out. In accordance with their 'transfer of business' agreement, Herbert Henning had been invited by Robert Mackie to attend the meeting with Miss Horspool. Also present was Henning's wife, Avril Henning (nee Neumann), a brilliant young lawyer who specialised in family trusts. (The Neumann family had put up the money for the buy-out.)

It was Avril who had drafted The Horspool Trust document and understood its peculiar details. Should any difficult questions arise, although such questions were thought to be unlikely, recourse would be made to Avril. The three lawyers were tense, on edge because of the great importance and reported haughty nature of the young woman whom they hoped would continue as their new and valued client.

At Edwina's request, to suit Rafa's availability, the reading of the Last Will and Testament of Edward Thomas Horspool would start at 3.30 pm. This was not ideal for Robert Mackie: his best time was before lunch: on most days by mid-afternoon he was nearing his limit of endurance. Some thought it was alcohol, which was part of it, but the underlying problem was medical: he had suffered several 'minor attacks' after which ideas and the relative importance of the issues to be discussed became jumbled. Robert Mackie was suffering from what his Doctor called 'tired brain syndrome'.

In keeping with his obsequious nature when dealing with important clients, Robert Mackie rose from his seat to welcome Edwina and her party. The man dipped his head and proffer his pudgy hand to each in turn, but failed to introduce his colleagues.

"Miss Horspool, please, will you take a seat. Why not sit here at my side, my dear girl, just here by the fire."

"No, thank you, Mr Mackie. Do you not find this room to be very stuffy? May we have a window opened, please?"

"Of course, of course, my dear girl. Ah, your father was just the same - a great lover of the outdoors, God rest his soul."

"Mr Mackie, you will please desist from calling me a 'dear girl'! As you should know I am past twenty-five."

"Oh, oh. Of course, dea. . ., eh, Miss Horspool. What I . . ."

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Avril intervened:

"Miss Horspool, I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to meet you after the funeral, but I understand that Mr Robert has written to explain our situation. I'm Mrs Avril Henning, and this is my husband Herbert. Herbert is soon to be Senior Partner when Mr Robert retires at the end of the year. Now Miss Horspool, where would you prefer to sit?"

Edwina studied the man and his wife as she shook hands, then introduced Enid and Rafa.

Avril was small, dumpy, with short dark curly hair, a prominent nose and disconcertingly widely-spaced eyes with dark brown irises. By contrast Herbert Henning was a tall, slim handsome man with a pleasant face and a rather flamboyant ginger-blond moustache. He seemed older by ten years or more. Edwina would learn during the coming months and years that although this man was sound and trustworthy, in contrast to his quick-witted wife, his brain worked slowly, methodically.

Edwina focussed on the wife:

"Ah, yes, Mrs Avril Henning, are you also a partner in the firm?"

"No, not yet. Soon, I hope."

Avril glanced a quick smile at her husband and then, immediately regretting her boldness, more anxiously at Robert Mackie. She need not have worried; Robert Mackie, now seated again was engrossed in his task of snipping the end from a cigar.

Avril Henning added, "I am fully qualified with a Law Degree from Edinburgh University, and a further post-graduate diploma from Glasgow University."

"I would judge you will make an ideal partner, and soon, as you say," said Edwina.

Edwina glanced directly at her husband, raising her eyebrows in a question. Herbert, unsure how to react, cast his head down, revealing his thinning pate shining with sweat.

Edwina swung back to smile at Avril:

"May I ask how old you are, Mrs Henning?"

Avril smiled and blushed:

"I was twenty-six last week, almost your own age, Miss Horspool."

Edwina continued:

"In answer to your question Mrs Henning, my friends and I shall sit on this side. I suggest that you and your husband sit on the other, with Mr Mackie. In that fashion we might all easily maintain good eye contact, do you agree? Oh, and the window? And perhaps some lemon and water, please?"

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Avril spoke:

"Herbert, would you pass a message to Lucy, please, I'm trapped here. And the *window*, dear, please."

"Mrs Henning, I was most impressed with your work. A.S.H, that is your cryptic?"

"Yes, Avril Sarah Henning. Well spotted."

"I take it that it was you who drafted this Trust document to my father's requirements. Is that correct?"

"Yes, but Herbert was part of it too. Your father had very fixed ideas. I'm afraid it took quite a bit of explaining regarding what is allowable in Law, and what is not. I think Mr Horspool much preferred to deal with Herbert rather than me directly, which made things awkward, from time to time, I'm afraid. Did you read only the summary, or have you had a chance to read the whole document?"

"Yes, I assure you I have studied it in its entirety. I checked it several times and judged it to be without error in spelling, grammar or syntax. I judge it to be a brilliant piece of work. Indeed, in my view it is a work of art. Now, having had a chance to meet its authors, I feel reassured that it must also be legally sound. Very well done, Mrs Henning. It is very good indeed to see a forward-looking firm willing to appoint a young lady of your ability as a full partner."

Mackie intervened, "Ahem. Ladies, may I call this meeting to order, please? There is a certain protocol which must be followed."

"Yes? And what is that, Mr Mackie," said Edwina, curtly.

"It is a small but crucially important detail. May I ask that each person present sign this affidavit. It affirms that the matters which will be discussed here today will be kept secret and discussed only out-with the hearing of others. Only then shall we be permitted to read the last Will and Testament of Edward Thomas Horspool. And, having read it, and affirmed its terms are acceptable, we might, by agreement, proceed to the business of deciphering The Horspool Trust document."

A knock at the door announced a short interruption. Mackie looked up at the young lady who entered with a tray.

"Ah, Lucy, lemon water. How thoughtful. When you get a chance, dearie, I'll have a pot of coffee and a small gin with lemon. Thanks."

Overawed by the presence of so many important people, the girl curtsied as she turned to leave.

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"Mr Mackie, you do understand that I have already read the copy of the Trust document you sent?"

"Yes, dear lady, I suppose that you may well have read it, but how could you have possibly understood it? The Trust document is most complicated. And much of it is deliberately in Latin, to make it harder to understand, an approach which your father specifically asked us to adopt. Unconventional, but I am sure he had his reasons."

"Mr Mackie, why would you assume that I am unable to follow a document because parts of it are written in Latin? Did we not just agree that Mrs Henning drafted it? Is that correct Mrs Henning?"

Both Hennings remained silent. Robert Mackie closed his eyes and seemed to be praying. Then he grimaced, pressed his hand to his chest and gasped sharply, clearly in genuine pain:

"Aaaah! Aaaah! Dear me, dear me. I am. . . Aaaah! I'm so sorry, but you must excuse me. I have Aaaah! Aaaah! . . . I must leave you. I do apologise."

Herbert Henning helped Mackie onto his feet and escorted him to the door. As the door closed behind Mackie, a loud female voice called out:

*"Charlie, run along to the rank and bring a cab for Mr Mackie. He's had another bad turn. We had better get him to his Doctor. Then send a messenger over to Kirklee, to Mrs Mackie."*

The owner of this voice was later introduced as Miss Mable Fleming, Mr Mackie's secretarial assistant. The disruption lasted only a minute until silence was restored in the hallway beyond the door of the conference room.

"Miss Horspool, shall we proceed?" suggested Herbert Henning.

"Perhaps Professor Blanc might render Mr Mackie a more immediate medical assistance?"

"Miss Horspool," interjected Avril Henning, "perhaps it might be best if we leave the matter to his secretary. I am afraid to have to advise you that Mr Mackie has been unwell, on and off, for some considerable time. With all due respect to Mr Mackie, perhaps we will do better today without him, if that is acceptable to you."

"Poor man. Yes. Well, how did my father leave matters? A few years ago, I gained an impression that we would soon be on our uppers. Have you called me here to tell me we have to sell up?"

Herbert Henning spluttered:

"Good gracious me! No, Miss Horspool, you are now one of the richest young women in Britain, far less Scotland. Did you not understand that you are the sole beneficiary of The Horspool Trust, which has been recently valued by our Accountants at £1,230,765 net of tax, *excluding*

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the heritable and movable estate which comprises The Grange and its lands, and the house at Hill Street?"

The meeting waited in stunned silence. Edwina sat frozen, her eyes closed, hands folded on the table in front of her, beside the glass of lemon water. She opened her eyes; her hand found the glass; she sipped; her eyes closed again.

"Mr Henning, would it be fair to say that, currently, I might be your most important client?"

"Yes, of course. That is correct."

"May I suggest that if you wish me to remain as your most important client, you do as your wife asked some minutes ago, and open that window. Thank you."

Herbert moved quickly and heaved the window up to allow a draught of fresh air to blow into the room, clearing the smug created by Mackie's cigar.

"Thank you. Now, I wonder if I may be left alone for a few minutes. I wish to pray."

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These were the circumstances in which Edwina Horspool learned that she was wealthy beyond imagination. However, her euphoria was tempered by a worry that had been dogging her.

Over several years she had suffered recurring minor bouts of rheumatism in her joints, particularly her knees, putting an end to her outings with *The Renfrew Gallants*. The spectre of her mother's life of suffering and steady deterioration had already begun to haunt Edwina. She had read every medical text about arthritis she could uncover, revealing the hereditary nature of the disease. Rafael had confirmed her self-diagnosis.

Although she had continued to re-apply for enrolment to schools of medicine, the seed of doubt had been planted. Now, as she sat alone to consider her position before God, she knew that she must relinquish her long held dream of becoming an Obstetrician. Even were she to be accepted and qualify, she might not remain well enough to make a full contribution. As she continued to pray, the revelation of God's purpose for her life unfolded with clarity.

*"This is God's Plan", she reasoned. "The timing is His. Using Father's and Grandfather's lives and gifts, He has amassed great wealth within The Horspool Trust. God has provided this bounty for me to disburse in His service. I must begin at once, without any self-indulgent delays. What Dr Elizabeth Garrett Anderson has done in London, I, Edwina Sarah Horspool, must do also for Glasgow, for Scotland."*

Edwina saw now that this idea had been growing from her earliest days as a junior nurse. Among other good works, The Horspool Trust must be used to open a clinic to help women through their pregnancies, from inception, through pregnancy to safe delivery and beyond, to secure and ensure the ongoing health of both the infant and its mother.

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Edwina's first thought was that Rafa would allow her to share his private consulting rooms. He quickly dissuaded her from this idea, pointing out that the other practitioners nearby would raise strong objections, creating negative publicity.

Together with Enid, the three hatched the alternative plan. Suitably adapted, *The Grange* would make an excellent private maternity hospital. Rafa pledged his support, both directly and by using his influence to quell the objections which might arise from the authorities. Everything must be done to the highest medical standards. Only professionals and experience nursing and support staff would be employed.

The enterprise took a year of tremendous effort: in July 1876, *The Grange* opened, quietly and without the fanfare of publicity.

Its first clients were referrals from Professor Blanche and his Uncle Benjamin and so these ladies were mainly from *Glasgow's Jewish community*. Soon, by word of mouth, the net widened and patients from all parts of *Glasgow* made their way to Edwina and her team of midwives and nurses.

Requests for abortions were at first dismissed by Edwina on religious grounds.

In later years that edict would change, provided she could be sure the mother and/or child would be put at unavoidable and serious medical risk unless the foetus was aborted. All recipients of abortions were sworn to secrecy.

With *The Grange* operating smoothly under a resident matron, Edwina sought to widen her horizons looking for other opportunities to assist pregnant women in the *Glasgow* area. One such enterprise was to make her pre and postnatal services available, delivered on a visiting basis, to *Maternity Nursing Homes* of the kind catering to the middle classes, and to the many *Foundling Hospitals* which served the poor. In the course of such visits Edwina was forced to confront the reality of the many unwanted infants that both types of establishment generated.

In another development, in parallel with the normal ante-natal, delivery and post-natal care, more difficult and unusual gynaecological and obstetric problems were dealt with professionally, and sympathetically. Unexpectedly, arising from this almost clandestine advisory service, Edwina accumulated a great number of friends among single and married women for whom child-bearing would never be an option. Many of these ladies were also active in the *Glasgow Outreach Missionary Society* in which her aunts Mary and Elizabeth Horspool had established themselves as leading lights.

This in turn led naturally and almost inevitably to opportunities to redirect unwanted or bastard children to homes where they would be welcomed and nurtured in a loving and

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environment, supported by sufficient wealth to ensure the prospect of these children fulfilling their true potentials.

Three years after *The Grange* opened as a maternity hospital, *The Horspool Trust for Foundlings* was formally established. This separate but complimentary charity was dedicated to finding suitable homes for unwanted children and thereafter monitoring their progress through their years to full maturity.

As the work grew, so the bounty amassed by Edward Horspool was depleted. Edwina prayed and lived by her faith, strong in the belief that if God wished her work to continue, He would provide the necessary inflow of funds as and when the need materialised.



# Legacy

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## Verity Fulton

In 1865 Henry Fulton moved from Cambridge University to Glasgow University to take up a post as a Reader in Anatomy and Pathology, bringing his wife Hilda and three boys. The boys were soon enrolled as boarders at Fettes College in Edinburgh, their fees paid for by their paternal grandfather. The Fultons set up home in a modern stone-fronted terraced house in the middle-class district of Kirklee, a two-minute walk from Glasgow's Botanic Gardens.

Henry, a handsome man, was a passionate, persistent and accomplished lover. His wife Hilda found him hard to refuse. Verity their fourth child was a late baby, born the year after their move north. Hilda Fulton died two days after Verity was born. A wet nurse had to be found quickly. Paddy Benson, a laboratory porter who worked for Henry setting up demonstrations, put forward his wife Morna. When Verity was weaned and ready to be returned to her father, Morna Benson, with an eye to the future, volunteered her older daughter Orla as a live-in nanny to care for the infant.

Aged sixteen, Orla Benson had been working for several years as a day servant for a family who lived in a large main door tenement apartment in Gilmorehill, a property in permanent rental by Glasgow University to provide accommodation for visiting academics.

Orla was a plain-looking girl with a large, strong frame inherited from her farming roots in the south of Ireland. Like her mother, Orla was a sensible girl with a loving, outgoing nature.

In accordance with her mother's plan, Orla soon found her way to Henry's lonely bed. Orla and Morna had hoped for a child to seal the entrapment and secure her place as a housekeeper. What she found instead was a gentle and loving man who treated her with respect. Orla did try energetically for a child, but whether Henry's seed had lost its potency or Orla was not productively compatible, was never discovered. Their love blossomed in secret and within a year Orla won an even greater prize than either she or her mother had hoped for.

Still childless, Orla Benson became Verity's step-mother in a private ceremony in the rectory of the local Episcopal church, with Orla's Roman Catholic priest in attendance, suitably rewarded for his inconvenience. In the hotbed of University gossip, Henry Fulton's new wife, a girl from a lowly family, raced from lip-to-ear. This flurry of pious outrage lasted only a few weeks, replaced by the even more deliciously shocking news of a history professor who had been banished over an on-going love affair he was having with one of his male students.

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Henry, who was not a religious man, continued with his nominal adherence to the Episcopal church. By agreement, Orla took Verity to her Chapel with the Benson family.

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In late October 1888, the twenty-two-year old Verity was already looking forward to the autumn of 1889. Following in the footsteps of Marion Gilchrist, (Scotland's first female doctor), Verity's ambition was to become a medical doctor and she had studied diligently for the entry examination and interview for the Queen Margaret College Medical School, which had been recently subsumed as part of Glasgow University. On the morning the letter arrived intimating that she had been accepted, Verity was alone in the Kirklee house. Desperate to share her good news with someone, she ran to find her best friend Madeline who lived in the adjoining terraced house.

Verity knocked at the rear door of Madeline's house. As was frequently the case, Verity found the door open, calling out to Madeline as she made her way along the corridor past the kitchen. She heard what she thought was Madeline reply and ran upstairs. What Verity saw did not make sense. Her friend's bedroom was in disarray.

She was grabbed by her hair from behind and thrown onto Madeline's bed. Verity screamed for help. The man punched her unconscious and raped her. When she climbed up through her pain to consciousness, she saw that the bedroom had been ransacked. Frightened her assailant might still be in the house she crept downstairs and limped home, weeping and ashamed.

When Orla returned from shopping, she found Verity face down on her bed, sobbing, nursing a huge swelling above her right eye and a split lip.

"Mother of God, Verity Fulton, what in the name of Holy Jesus have you been doing to yourself? Did you fall down the back stairs?"

The story unfolded. Verity had no notion of who her attacker might be, except that he reeked of tobacco and was unshaven. Orla, aware of the damage which rumour can do, counselled silence. To admit rape would ruin Verity's reputation and probably result in her acceptance to Queen Margaret's College being cancelled. By association it would also taint the Fulton name.

"Verity," said Orla, "get yourself up right now, girl and take a long soapy bath and clean yourself out inside. We'll get you to bed and tell your father you've taken a wee tumble on those back steps now. You know how slippery they are with the moss. We'll keep your good news about your course until you're your own self again."

"But Mum, what if I get pregnant?"

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"Away with you, Verity. Sure, haven't your father and I been going at it hammer and tongs for all these years and nothing to show for it? You'll be fine, just try to forget it happened."

Later that day the story of a spate of local burglaries emerged.

By early February 1889, Orla confirmed what Verity already knew but insisted that Henry must not be told: in his distress he would falter, share the news in confidence, and they would all be ruined.

Orla had heard of Miss Edwina Horspool and her clinic. Next day they made the journey across the River Clyde to The Grange.

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"Welcome ladies," said the stout young lady dressed in a white tunic, wearing a beaming smile on her large round face. "I'm Bella Thomson, I'm not a medical person. I run the office side of things. Are you in pain, my dear?"

"No," sobbed Verity. "But we need to see Miss Horspool as soon as she is free, please. It is very urgent."

"I'm sorry to advise that neither Miss Horspool nor Professor Blanche is available at present."

Orla replied: "No, not the man doctor, please. We want to see the lady doctor, Miss Horspool, please. And we'll wait to see her alone, please. It's very personal. Please can't we just wait ourselves 'til she comes?"

"May I have your names, please?"

"Please, not yet," said Orla. "But we can pay our way, it's not charity we're after getting from her. Look here now, I'm sure I've enough in my purse."

"Oh, don't worry. We don't charge for first consultations, just a donation, whatever you feel is appropriate. Are you sure you want to wait? I could easily make an appointment for another day, or perhaps even later today, maybe this evening. How about that idea?"

"No, please, if we can just wait on here for her. We won't make any noise on you, we'll be as quiet as wee church mice, swear to God."

"Right then. How about tea and biscuits?"

The time passed very slowly and in a calm silence. When the door at last swung open a tall mannish woman popped her head around it and smiled across to them.

"Bella," she called over her shoulder to the receptionist, "I think a fresh tray is called for. Would you like coffee this time, ladies?"

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"Yes, coffee for me," said Orla. "Verity? Now that would be nice, wouldn't it girl? "Verity nodded and Orla added, "Yes, coffee for the both of us, please and thank you."

"Coffee, Bella, and make that for three, please. Now, ladies, please excuse me while I write up my notes. Two ticks only."

The fresh tray arrived, Bella poured and removed the old tray. Edwina scribed furiously in shorthand, filling page after page in her large blue notebook. Finally, with a sigh, she looked up and smiled.

Only then did she concentrate on the two women huddled before her:

"Now, let me guess, your daughter is about thirteen weeks pregnant?"

At this Verity collapsed into a flood of tears.

"Dear, dear, still suffering from the jitters, are you? Never mind. This will pass, everything will sort itself out soon, trust me. Technically, it's called ante-natal hyper-anxiety or, more plainly, 'the jitters'," Edwina said jokily. "It's very common, caused by little chemical packages in your blood stream called hormones. Hormones are very powerful. They cause all sorts of peculiar side effects, but have no fear, the jitters, that's very common and more or less harmless."

"No, Doctor Horspool, it's not what you're after thinking," said Orla.

"Please, you must not call me 'Doctor', just plain 'Miss' Horspool. Or, if you prefer, Miss Edwina."

"Thank you so very much for seeing us Miss Horspool," said Verity, speaking for the first time. "I'm afraid I have a much more horrible problem than the jitters."

"Blood spots?"

"No doctor, all of that side is fine, as far as we can tell. No, no, it's much worse than that."

"Right then, you tell me all about this horrible problem and I'll scribble away. Don't worry, my shorthand is so odd that only I can read it, so don't worry on that count. It's just that my memory is so full that sometimes I get jumbled up and that would never do, would it?"

Orla made a false start:

"Well, now, Verity here, she seemed to know first, where it would lead. But I couldn't see myself how it could end up like this. So, I suppose I have to confess it was of my own doing for letting it get so far. Or we could have got it sorted before, even if it's a sin. Oh, Mother of God, it's all my fault. And I don't know where to start with it, or where it will end. Holy Mother of God. . . ."

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"Perhaps we might start at the beginning," interrupted Edwina. "Start at the beginning. Tell me all about your lives, your family, that sort of thing. May I have your names and addresses, held only by me and in the strictest confidence."

"My name is Orla Fulton. Verity's mother Hilda died when she was born. She's the sweetest natured girl in all of Glasgow. My father worked as a laboratory porter and . . .

Edwina waited, and gradually Orla arrived at the nub of the matter.

"And then I sent her up to take a hot bath while I burned her clothes. Her father, my Henry, well, he's a lovely man, but soft, like warm butter, and he could never face the scandal. But it's Verity I'm frightened for the most. She has a great brain on her and a great life ahead of her. She wants to be a Doctor, like you. So, what do you think, Miss Edwina, will you do it for us? Can you take her baby away? It's not too late, is it?"

"Yes, a horrible story. And, sadly, not the first of its like I've heard. At least the man is not known to you, or is he?"

"No," said Verity. "He wore a scarf over his face, I think. I caught only a glimpse of him and then my head exploded. The only thing I think I remember about him was that he smelled of whisky and tobacco, but even that might be imagined. In my nightmares, sometimes he's huge and other times he's small. It's mainly the knife I see."

"Well, ladies, what would you like me to do to help?"

"Miss Edwina," said Verity. "Mum's right. I can't keep the baby. Father would be devastated. It would cause too many questions. But it's too late now, isn't it, too late to take it away? Anyway, despite what Mum says, we don't want to kill the wee thing. It's not the baby's fault. What can we do?"

"No, dear, dear Verity, that child in your womb is innocent of all charges, as you are. We operate to a strict code here and never perform abortions on healthy mothers. But I do have a suggestion."

"Mother of God, so what is it?" asked Orla.

"Well, first Verity must have her baby and . . ."

"No!" Orla cried. "No, I'm sorry, Miss Edwina, but if you won't do it, we'll find someone else who will. Come on, Verity, we'd better get back home. I'll ask Granny Morna if she knows anyone."

"Wait, ladies. Hear me out, please. After the baby is born I can help you by placing the infant in a good home, with a caring mother who actually wants it."

"Adoption? But Miss Edwina, what about when Verity gets bigger, when she begins to show properly?"

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"Verity, your baby is due in early July?"

"Yes."

"And your course at Queen Margaret's College, the term starts in September?"

"Yes."

"Orla, you mentioned your family back home in County Clare. What if Verity was to pay them a visit soon?"

"Ach, but sure they're all scattered now, most gone to England, just like my own brothers and sisters. The farm at Ballynagard is gone to ruin. It's just a few old aunts and uncles now that are back home. And they don't read or write. We've lost touch, more or less. It would mean writing to the parish priest to find out who's still alive an' all. Anyways, Verity couldn't be going there to have her baby. An unmarried mother in Ireland? Ach, they'd lock her up in the asylum. No, that would never do."

"The trip to Ireland would be a white lie for your husband. I propose that Verity comes here, to work alongside my nurses, gain experience and then, when her baby comes, I will place it, as I said."

"Would you do that now, Verity?" asked Orla.

"Yes, Mum. But do you need to tell Granny Morna about me?"

"No, Verity, I'll think of another wee tale for her. Anyway, you know how mixed up she gets nowadays, now your Grampie is gone on up ahead. And Henry will be pleased that you have all those cousins back home to meet," Orla chortled, getting into her stride on the new plan. "What do you say to it, Verity girl? We'll get him to give us money for the fares and keep, eh?"

The details were discussed and agreed. A few weeks later when Henry was in Edinburgh at a Colloquium, Orla and Verity returned to The Grange with her 'holiday' things.

In early July a healthy boy was delivered. Edith nursed him for two weeks and then, with great sadness, gave him up and returned to Kirklee from her pretended sojourn in Ireland.

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In September 1889, Verity Lindsay Fulton began her studies at Queen Margaret's College, as originally planned. As everyone who knew her expected, she proved to be an excellent student. During her time at Glasgow University she met John Reid MacMillan, a tall, handsome student in the Faculty of Divinity. Despite the differences in their faith, John courted Verity calmly, gently and assiduously, as he did everything in his life.

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It was a long courtship and it was not until the summer of 1894 that they were married. The Reverend Reid MacMillan was appointed to a challenging Church of Scotland parish in Kilmarnock. The MacMillans set up a Surgery in the Manse from which Dr Verity Lindsay MacMillan served the local community, charging only the minimum for the medications she dispensed.

They tried for children for many years. Perhaps it was the trauma of her rape or the act of childbirth which had caused a problem, but no children came. In 1905 they applied to The Grange and were gifted a boy child, whom they christened John Fulton MacMillan. Two years later they adopted a second child, a girl, christened Lindsay Orla MacMillan. During the next ten years, further adopted children followed, adding two boys and a final girl, Dorothy.

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## Robert Clements

In January 1873, the widow Morag Clements contracted a heavy cold which developed into fatal pneumonia. Her son, Robert Clements, known locally as The Vet, (and further afield as The Aberfeldy Vet), was left to fend for himself. Aged forty-one, Clements was well established in a life of smoking, drinking and touching up barmaids when he was in his cups. Six feet three inches tall when upright, he weighed over nineteen stones. Clements was a brutish bully of a man, not averse to striking out when crossed.

No respectable family in the Aberfeldy district would have anything to do with him. If he had a redeeming attribute, it was that he had an uncanny knack for diagnosing and treating ailments in horses. Because of this he was well-favoured by the local gentry who referred to him as the 'Horse Doctor'. Among the remainder of the population he was tolerated, but not respected, nor liked.

Twenty miles away in Pitlochry, Michael and Mary Morrison were running a small carters' business with three wagons, eight draught horses and six riding-out horses with gigs for hire to tourists, available by the day or week. During twenty-three years of wedlock, the Morrises had worked hard at both their marriage and their business, climbing up the social ladder from much humbler beginnings as farm servants. Michael had met The Aberfeldy Vet several times at horse fairs and knew of him from his brother Kevin, a resident of Aberfeldy.

In search of a male heir, the Pitlochry Morrises had produced six children, five girls and then finally, after a gap of many years, an 'accidental' boy. At the time of Morag Clements' demise, only the two eldest girls were settled: Mary, to a pig farmer called Ian Sproul, and Theresa to the local undertaker, Malcolm Ferrier. The next in line for a husband was Rose. Aged nineteen, Rose was a small, slim, fair-haired girl with a round, pert face, a slightly too-large nose, good teeth and a ready laugh. Being quick-witted, with a venomous tongue when riled, Rose had developed a high opinion of herself. Regarding men, she was picky and had already turned down several reasonable offers, exasperating her parents and younger sisters.

It was well known in the community this clever Morrison girl had long harboured an ambition to become a teacher. Rose, full of herself, had repeatedly pestered the elderly local priest to be allowed to help him introduce advanced methods that she had read were common practice in far-away places such as Perth, Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Many of her neighbours voiced the opinion that Rose Morrison was over-ambitious and that this would lead to her downfall. When Rose overheard such gossip, she merely smiled, knowing that her detractors were jealous of her looks and her learning.



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Kevin Morrison, Michael's younger brother, operated a coal merchant's business in Aberfeldy. Kevin was married to a shrewish woman called Isobel. When Kevin wooed then married her, the wily Isobel had been, slim, winsome and seemed alluring. During the early months of their marriage Isobel had submitted reluctantly to her new husband's nightly advances. Normally a first child might be expected within a year of wedlock but now that Isobel had secured herself a suitable husband, she developed full-blown hypochondria, often taking to her bed for weeks on end, affecting a wheeze that soon became an accustomed habit. To fend off the risk of her imagined chronic bronchitis deteriorating into pneumonia, she kept her bedroom fire burning brightly, day and night, generating a near tropical atmosphere in her 'sick room'.

By this ploy Kevin Morrison was kept at bay and made to dance to her tune. It became obvious to all concerned that a child would not arrive.

Spurned, Kevin increasingly took to drink, becoming a frequent companion of The Vet and his cronies. Soon, Kevin was drinking and smoking his profits as fast as he was earning them. His once flourishing enterprise gradually diminished as his customers voted with their purses and chose his competitor. The original money for the establishment of Kevin's business had been borrowed from Michael and had only partially been repaid, causing tension between the two Morrison families.

When the delayed news of Mrs Clements' death eventually passed by word of mouth to Pitlochry, Rose's father immediately saddled up his best mare and rode through a February blizzard to corner his quarry in his favourite tavern. Fortunately for Michael Morrison, the reality of looking after a house and small gaggle of livestock was already proving an increasing irritation for The Vet, disrupting his accustomed lifestyle.

Ensnared in "The Spotted Sow" drink was taken. Kevin sang the praises of a niece he had never seen. Michael exaggerated the virtues of his daughter Rose. In the small hours of the winter night, a modest dowry was agreed, and a date for the marriage was set for a week hence.

On hearing the news that she was now betrothed, Rose fought back, refusing steadfastly to marry a man she did not know. Like her aunt Isobel, Rose had never been one for hard physical labour; she was more interested in books and the world of learning. In short, although she knew nothing of the fight for women's rights, Rose was a woman who wanted to live her life in the world of men as an equal.

The debate in the Pitlochry household raged for days, becoming increasingly acrimonious, with Rose's tongue stripping flesh as she snarled her wicked responses. Repeatedly she was told by her mother and sisters that she was lucky to have landed such a good husband. Several of her older and less attractive cousins put themselves forward as substitutes. What finally stilled Rose's rebellious tongue was the threat that unless she accepted Robert Clements, she would

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be sent to the Nuns in Glasgow, a fate which had recently been imposed on her cousin Agnes, a large plain woman aged twenty-one and still unmarried.

On the due date, the dowry and reluctant bride were delivered to the small Clements' farm stading five miles north of Aberfeldy. Secluded in a stand of trees at the head of a steep track, the property was difficult to find and many people did not know of its existence. The Pitlochry Morrisons brought their family priest to seal the transaction and with it Rose's future. Kevin Morrison attended as Robert Clements' supporter and second witness. Isobel, who disliked Mary and resented her good fortune as a wife of a thriving businessman, used her recurrent 'bronchitis' as her excuse. The perfunctory ceremony lasted less than ten minutes and Rose's fate was sealed.

There was no need to state that this marriage must now last until death did the parting. With the matter settled, the four men swallowed several large measures of whisky, shook hands and said their hearty, ersatz farewells. Michael Morrison drove his carriage into the gloom of a wet and windy afternoon, his wife and priest huddled together beside him, wrapped in a horse blanket. The trio were anxious to get home to Pitlochry before dark, ahead of the threatening storm. Kevin remained until The Vet became argumentative, bordering on violent, made his excuses to his niece, promising that he and her aunt would keep in touch, and rode off into the driving sleet, heading back to relate his tale to Isobel in Aberfeldy.

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## *Rose Clements nee Morrison*

Within hours of being left alone with Robert Clements, Rose received a taste of the treatment that would mark the early weeks of their marriage.

Sprawled in his chair with his muddy boots in the fire grate and a tankard of whisky and water to his side, Robert Clements eyed his new young bride and thought her a bit on the small side but pretty enough. Robert's mind turned to the consummation act about which he had both fantasised and worried in equal measure. Robert's secret was that although his mind was willing, even enthusiastic for sex, because of long years of alcohol abuse, he could no longer perform. Unknown to all except Mrs Alice Meldrum, the blousy widow-wife who ran *The Spotted Sow*, the Vet was impotent. Sadly, for Robert, this was a situation which had pertained since their first bedding when he was twenty-six and Alice, newly widowed and a sprightly thirty-eight, had begun a long term relationship with the then handsome young man whom she had once thought might be a suitable replacement husband.

Clements became aware of the girl standing before him, waiting for him to speak. He roused himself from his reverie.

"Right, Madam, get that bed warmer filled with churls and up to the bedroom. The fire will need riddled and re-set, and mind get it raorin', an' all, we dinna want tae be cavorting in the cauld mind,' he laughed harshly, causing a coughing fit. This brought up phlegm which he marshalled into a large gob and spat expertly into the kitchen fire. 'Aye but that yin can be a bugger tae get goin', sae mind an' use the bellows. Then let me see how ye fare cooking a chook an' tatties. Aye, an' mind an' mak sure ye pluck it ootside, and doonwind o' the yard. Ah hear tell ye had a maid fur that sort a wark at Pitlochry. Aye, a maid, nae less, but no here. No, Madam, no here. Aye, an' when ye huv the food on the go, get yersel oot tae the byre and see to the kye. They store stirks wull need mucked oot and fed and watt'red and Jessie all need milked, a missed her this morn whit wi all this nonsense. Aye, see to Blackie and mind an' no let him gie ye a nip. Tak that switch wi ye and show him who's the boss, right frae the off. Oh, an' get the hens in for the night. But dinnae worry, Madam, Ah'll be abeddin ye early, tae see what Ah've got in this bargain."

"Aye, right awa, Sir. An' Ah suppose ye'll be needin' a wet shave and yer baits lickin' clean while Ah'm about it, then?"

At once she saw that her attempt at humour had missed its mark. The Vet rose, steadied himself and lurched forward. The backhand blow struck her to the ground and she instinctively curled into a ball and shuffled over to shelter under the table. He hauled her back by her pigtails. The blows from the switch rained down on her until she cried out for mercy. He stood

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up, kicked her twice, then, winded from his drunken exertions, staggered back and found his chair.

She lay still and glanced up to see him downing the remains of his drink. He flung the empty tankard at her and filled his pipe. She rose, found a taper, lit it and passed it to him. Blood poured from her nose onto her new dress. She wiped her face clean on her apron, retrieved his tankard, moved to the dresser, refilled it, deliberately making it strong, three parts of raw spirit to one part of water.

In silence she went about her allotted tasks, keeping a wary eye on her Master, quick to provide a fresh taper and to top up his drink before he asked. After an hour of steady drinking, smoking and muttering under his breath, he drifted over into oblivion and began to snore.

She did not dare to rouse him to eat. When the clock chimed out nine, she crept upstairs with the warming pan. She found three bedrooms; one with a broken single bed, one filled with broken chairs, old clothes in bundles, and piles of yellowing newspapers. The largest bedroom was neat and clean, with a wider bed already made up with clean linen. Rose later deduced that this bedroom had been the domain of the late Mrs Clements, the bed remade by the nurse who had attended the old lady's last days. In this room a deep press held hundreds of books lined neatly on shelves. Rose picked out *"Man and Wife"* by Wilkie Collins, thinking it might offer guidance, scanned a few pages and decided it related an overly complicated tale, entirely irrelevant to her situation. She returned it and picked out *"A Pair of Blue Eyes"* by Thomas Hardy. Soon she was transported from her own world to that of Elfride Swancourt, a woman enjoying a life of ease while being pursued by two lovers.

Below, in the kitchen, she heard the clock chime out ten, then eleven, and then midnight. She had re-stoked the fire three times to keep the room warm. Against her will she fell asleep to be awoken by the first crow of the rooster. Clements had not made it upstairs to bed.

Rose dressed, crossed herself, raced downstairs, tripping in her haste and almost spilling her chamber pot. Clements was sprawled as she had left him, his fly buttons undone and the small wooden bucket beside his chair almost full of urine. She carried both pots to the dung heap, emptied them, rinsed them near the well, then returned the piss bucket to its allotted spot beside his chair.

She raked out the kitchen fire, relit it and prepared a breakfast from the remains of the previous night's uneaten meal. Clements slept on and so she went out to tend his animals. With the switch in hand she again taught Blackie who was boss, put him in his harness and backed him into the light gig that The Vet used to make his rounds. (In his younger days The Vet had been a competent horseman but was now too heavy and ungainly to maintain himself safely in a saddle.) The big horse looked at her balefully, snorted, and nodded his head as if to acknowledge that they were 'in it together'.

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On her return to the kitchen she found that her Master had eaten everything, including the portion she had set aside for herself. In silence she helped him into his riding cape and handed him his bag heavy with instruments.

His parting shot as he urinated in the dung heap was delivered with a hard stare.

"Well, Madam. Whit amuses ye? Dae Ah need tae gie ye anither hidin'? Get ye about yer chores. Aye, and mind ye, next time it all be the buckle end o' ma belt."

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Alone at last, she sank into the smaller chair that had been his mother's. Rose let go, crying bitter tears, wishing she had chosen instead to be sent to the Nuns in Glasgow. Her nose throbbed. She blew out the snot and blood into her apron and burst into tears again. A cat jumped up into her lap, purring and rubbing against her. A few minutes later an elderly collie pushed open the door from the yard, skulked across the room at a crouch and curled up in front of the fire grate.

Pulling herself together, Rose took stock. There was plenty of kindling and coal in the large outdoor cellar. The walk-in larder was well stocked with jars: jams, whole fruits in syrup, tomatoes and others of unlabelled compotes. There were two sides of smoked bacon wrapped in hessian, trusses of onions and carrots, a pile of swedes, kale, broccoli and sprouts, a large barrel of home-made salted butter and several large blocks of cheese wrapped in cloth. Beside a sack of potatoes stood a large tea chest filled to the brim with Indian leaf tea, and a small unopened presentation barrel labelled as 'pickled herrings'. A large chest contained six wide lead-lined drawers filled with fine and coarse flour, oats, lentils, barley and dried peas. There were several containers of milk soured beyond redemption.

In the far corner she spotted a stack of six wooden cases, each containing twelve bottles of raw spirit whisky. She took two bottles through to the kitchen dresser, filled the water jug, removed the empty bottles and placed them in the crate beside the other empties. She swilled out his tankard and wiped the room surfaces with a damp cloth. She re-stocked the fire and fetched her book, curled up and was soon lost again in the life and times of Elfride. She would think about what to make for the evening meal later.

After a light lunch, she had never been a big eater, she found herself standing again in the larder, studying the cornucopia of food. Perhaps The Vet is happy to be paid in kind for his services, she thought. Whatever might happen in her new life, she should not expect to starve. The sight of this bonanza, which seemed now to be under her control, helped her to brighten up and she scolded herself for her lippy tongue, and not for the first time. She must try to get on The Vet's good side, and hope for the best. According to conventional wisdom a baby or two would surely bring him round and so she must suffer his bedding and hope for some joy of it. Slimmer, fitter and better shaven, The Vet might count as almost handsome, she thought.

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Whistling, she threw herself wholeheartedly into her new life. Her quick mind began to race ahead. There was an old gig at her father's place he might let her have. Perhaps The Vet would get her a pony.

That first day Rose worked steadily, cleaning and cooking, checking drawers and cupboards, learning about her new home. The pain in her nose subsided and when she looked in the mirror, she saw it turning from blue to yellow. Although it was now crooked at least she could breathe freely.

By six o'clock she was ready to receive her Master with a hearty meal. There were roaring fires going in the kitchen and in the bedroom, the animals were settled for the night and she was neat and tidy in a clean skirt and blouse.

The Vet's new wife waited in vain. At midnight, she went up to the bedroom and re-set the fire which had gone out. Rose had always been devout, after a fashion, and now she lit a candle, changed into her nightdress and sat up on the high bed to read her Bible. No matter how she started out in her prayers of thanksgiving and supplication, appropriate words would not come. She found herself angry at God the Father, Jesus the Son and especially the Holy Mother for allowing this to happen to her. She was too tired to continue with her novel and despite herself she fell asleep.

Robert Clements spent that night at *The Spotted Sow*, drinking with his cronies, with Alice in attendance. As the night progressed he told them the tale of his "wee skinny wifey, wi' hur shrill tongue".

Later, when he wakened alone in a dark drinking booth beside a dead fire, he crept upstairs hoping to slip into Alice's bedroom only to find the door locked against him.

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Rose passed the next day at the steading in a state of heightened expectation. When he did not return for a second night she was disappointed. However, on the following night, The Vet arrived around nine o'clock, staggered into the kitchen, muttering drunkenly. Rose had assumed that he was not coming and he caught sight of her standing at the bottom of the stairs in her nightdress with a candle in hand. He leered at her and she forced herself to smile back then set off up the stairs, perched on the edge of the bed and waited, listening as he stumbled around the in kitchen below.

The bitter stench of his pipe drifted up. Moving quietly, she closed the bedroom door against it.

Rose waited, praying that the pain of copulation would be bearable. When the clock chimed ten, she re-stoked the fire and climbed up under the covers and tried to concentrate on Elfride and her problems. Below she heard The Vet clattering around, scraping a chair across the stone flags, cursing at the dog, whom Rose had decided to call Bonnie. At every sound

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from him she tensed, expecting to hear his summons or his footsteps on the stairs. She knew from tittle-tattle that the first penetration would be excruciating and she was tense, fearful, and wished it over and done with.

No call came from below and gradually she relaxed and drifted off into a light sleep. Then she was at once awake and heard the heavy thud as he climbed the stairs towards her. The door swung open and crashed against the wall. Peeping over the bedclothes, Rose watched through half-closed eyelids as he stumbled forwards carrying a candle. His stink filled the room.

His fly buttons were undone and his stained undergarments visible. He placed the candle on the mantle over the fire grate and began to undress. While pulling off his trousers he lost his footing, tripped, hurtled across the room. There was a loud crack as his head hit the steel frame of the bed and he remained face down on the wooden floor. Silence followed and extended for what seemed like hours. Thinking he might be dead, she gave thanks for her salvation and began to make plans. She would leave him until she was certain he was truly dead and only then hitch Blackie to the gig and drive to her uncle in Aberfeldy.

Many hours later, it seemed - although it may have been only minutes - Clements' first long inhalation was followed by what might have been a sigh. Gradually his breathing settled to a regular rhythm and he began to snore. Slowly, quietly, taking great care not to disturb him, she crept out of bed, took a blanket from a drawer and crept downstairs.

The kitchen reeked with the mixture of smoke from his pipe, the pungent smell of whisky spilled when the tankard had been toppled onto the flags, and the stench of his urine overflowing from the bucket.

She found an old work coat that had been the late Mrs Clements', shuffled into it and carried his piss bucket carefully to the dung heap. As she emptied it she heard Blackie snort and stamp his hooves. The poor horse was standing forlornly in the pouring rain between the shafts of the gig. She returned with a freshly lit candle in the storm lantern. There was no need for a switch this time, the big horse was exhausted and welcomed her attention. She freed him from his harness, led him to his stall, fed him, filled his water trough from the well and rubbed him dry.

Back in the warmth of the kitchen she washed her feet and hands, curled up in her chair and slept until the rooster called his welcome to the approaching dawn. At once she went about her business of tidying, preparing her Master's breakfast and releasing the stirks and chickens. For these tasks she wore afresh apron over the old coat. Below it she was still in her nightdress; she did not care to venture upstairs to dress.

Near to ten o'clock of the morning, The Vet thumped slowly downstairs and looked at her through red, bleary eyes. At first he seemed puzzled by her presence. The realisation that it was Rose he was seeing and not his mother slowly penetrated his befuddled brain.

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"Aye, so ye've found yer feet, Madam. As it should be, as it should be."

"Yes, sir. You have a right fine place here that wull mak a grand place to bring up bairns."

"Aye, so it wull. Aye. So, now Ah'll have ye get Blackie ready for the off. Ah'll be awa up tae Perth tae the fox hunt fur His Lordship. Jist in case o' hurts tae any o' his beasts. Ah'll be awa' for twa nights, mayhap, three."

"Sir, wid ye like a wet shave afore ye go? Ah'm quite used tae dain ma faither, ye ken."

"Aye, Madam but efter ma breakfast."

"Right, Sir, as you please. Noo, Ah hope ye'll no think Ah'm being ower forward tae mak a request o' ye oan such a short acquaintance, but Ah was thinking that Ah wid ask ma faither for an auld gig he's nae use fur, and that mayhaps ye might speer me oot a pony fur it, if ye find wan on yer travels. Ah huv six shillings saved thit could go tae the cost o' it. Will ye need mare purrage, Mr Clements?"

"Aye, Ah suppose Ah might, Mrs Clements. Where's yer siller?"

Placing the cotton bag filled with assorted coins on the table beside him she said, "Here ye are, Sir. This is everything Ah huv, so Ah hope it-all git me a nice ain wi a sweet nature."

The Vet eyed the bag for a second then stuffed it in his coat pocket before reaching for his tankard and draining it in one long, greedy gulp. He tapped it twice on the table as the signal for her to refill it.

"An Ah'll get Blackie intae his gig fur ye, wull Ah, Sir?"

"Aye, Madam, ye will that, an' right away at it too. But furst Ah'll hae anither plate o' yer bacon and eggs and a twa slices o' yer breed while Ah'm in the mood fur it."

Later, after his shave and with two more tankards of strong whisky and water inside him, The Vet was ready for the road. Rose helped him into his riding cape and carried his large bag of instruments and potions to the gig and slung it up onto the step beside him. Without a farewell, Clements cracked his whip and set Blackie off at a quick trot.

When he returned a week later, The Vet did not bring Rose her hoped for pony. She had the good sense not to press the matter and, as the days rolled into weeks, when she recalled their conversation, she realised that he had not actually promised a timescale, or even that he would comply with her request.

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The pattern of their lives was now set. It seemed that Clements had no interest in bedding with her and so when six o'clock of an evening passed, she no longer waited for him. When she had eaten, she set his plate of food beside the fire grate, covered it with a pot lid, stoked



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the fire, then went to bed and sat up with her candle and chosen novel. Rose had learned that if he did return to the farm, he preferred to drink himself to sleep in his chair beside the kitchen fire rather than climb upstairs to her.

After a wait of a further month, Rose plucked up the courage to ask about her pony.

She dropped her question casually, as The Vet was about to leave for the day, just after she had helped him into his cape. She was bending to pick up his bag and, thinking he seemed to be in better humour she asked, sweetly, she thought:

"Mr Clements, Ah wundert if ye might huv spied oot a nice pony fur me yet?"

'Ye cheeky bisom!'

The unexpected blow sent her hurling across the room towards the door to the yard.

"Ye'll never git a pony and trap, dae ye hear? Ya stuck up wee wench, full o' fancy ideas above yer station. Ah'll huv better hud Alice Meldrum, who kens fine the needs o' a man like me!"

As he raised the switch Rose grabbed the door handle and wrenched it open. The blow from the switch caught the back of her neck and her cheek, drawing blood. She flew out through the door and skittered around the end of the barn and up over the field into the small wood to hide from him. From behind a tree she watched him urinate in the dung heap as he always did before leaving. Hauling himself up into the gig, he drove away.

In that moment, Rose decided she would rather kill herself than let him bed her. That night when she went upstairs, she took a sharp knife with her, unsure whether she would use it on Clements or on herself, if he came calling in the night.

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During her first year as Mrs Rose Clements she learned not to worry that he might come to her bed. On the nights that he chose to return to his small farmstead, The Vet followed the pattern of the bachelor life he had become habituated to.

Rose adjusted to his ways and by six o'clock his meal was ready, left warming beside the fire grate and she was upstairs in bed with her knife under her pillow, waiting. If he returned she roused herself, staying alert until he was asleep, then crept with the knife in her hand, emptied the piss bucket, and checked on Blackie.

In September the coal stock ran low.

"Sir, we huv nae mare then a few weeks left o' coal."

"Is that so, Madam? Aye, but ye'll hae tae eek it oot, Ah fear. Unless yer faither can find a few bawbees to help yer Uncle Morrison. Ye see, yer Uncle's no' in good favour wi' the folks at Pitlochry who send him his coal doon oan the train. He's in arrears, Ah hear tell."

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"Well, Sir, Ah'll write ma faither a note, will Ah?"

"Aye, do that Madam. If it pleases me, Ah'll mak sure he get's it. An' mind tell him about a' the fires yer burnin' day and night. Yer as heavy on the coals as ma mither wiz. But Ah'll no hae cauld hoose. Ah'll hae nae mare newmonnia in this hoose."

The next day Rose composed a letter to her father, explaining her situation. Her first attempt rambled over several pages and when she read it back, she tore it to pieces and threw the scraps on the kitchen fire. Her pride would not allow her to whine, knowing well that if she did so, her sisters would make a joke of it. Further similar attempts were rejected before she decided on a version which she hoped would pass the scrutiny of Clements:

*Dear Father,*

*I am writing to tell you that I find myself busy and content in my new life. I have many books to read and a comfortable house with a well-stocked larder.*

*Mr Clements is out most days, making good business.*

*My purpose in writing is to advise that Mr Clements says that Uncle Kevin seems to be in temporary difficulties with his coal supplier. Mr Clements advises that the entire Aberfeldy area is bereft of coal and that moves are afoot to encourage another coal merchant to move in to his territory. We ourselves are reduced to a few weeks only of coal, with winter now upon us.*

*Mr Clements asks that I suggest that you intervene on Uncle Kevin's behalf with the Coal Master in Pitlochry.*

*I hope this finds you, mother, and my sisters and their families in good fettle.*

*Your loving and dutiful daughter,*

*Rose Clements (Mrs)*

*PS If you would care to visit at any time, please write and I will ask Mr Clements if this would be suitable. He has made it very plain to me that he does not encourage unannounced visitors.*

*PPS I would visit you in Pitlochry but Mr Clements has forbidden me to leave the premises as he desires me to reside here constantly, to serve his needs.*

*God be with you all.*

Rose was unsure how her husband would react. She watched as he scanned it very quickly, nodded, then stuffed it in his pocket.

Later Rose wondered if her husband could read. She checked the house carefully and found nothing in his hand. She realised in that moment that she had never seen him read anything.

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Rose Clements had discovered another secret about her husband. Although he was clever enough, he had never learned to read because the letters jumbled on the page before his eyes, a condition inherited from his father.

A week later Kevin Morrison delivered a full wagon of coal.

"Uncle Kevin, hoo ur ye and Auntie? Why huv yees no' been tae visit me?"

"Whit dae ye mean bi meddlin' in ma affairs, ye iterferin' bisom? Dinnae Clements tell ye that its himself owes me fur two years o' coal thit he's never paid? Ah, sure an' he and that Alice Meldrum says thit he's paid me when Ah was at *The Spotted Sow*, but naw he dinnae, fur he cannae show a receipt, which he says he's loast. Aye, an' he's no alane in haudin' back on me. An' noo that ye've brought yer faither intae, it's a' roon the toon. Yer Auntie an' me ur the laughin' stock. We ken fine their sniggerin' awa ahint our backs. Efter this jist keep yer nosy snout oot o' ma affairs, Rose Clements. An' don't ever come onywhere near us, dae ye hear me? Noo, git oot o' ma sight, ur Ah'll tak ma belt tae ye. Aye, don't think we a' dinnae ken hoo Clements huz tae beat ye tae keep ye in harness, ye lazy bitch thit ye ur, readin' yer fancy books a' day and night whin ye shed be cleanin' and mendin'."

At the back end of the year the store stirks were sold to a butcher. Rose learned from the stockmen who herded them away that the beasts had been Morag Clements' idea. The fields lay fallow.

One day two men arrived to cut them to hay. Desperate for conversation and news, Rose carried a tray laden with bread and cheese and griddle scones and butter and jam and a large pot of tea. The men ignored her cries and she left the tray by the gate. Later she saw the crows and gulls fight over the food which the men had ignored. She cornered them when they arrived next day and asked why. The told her that The Vet had warned them to stay away from her, warning that she was not in her right mind, and that she had tried to poison him. She wracked her brains for an origin for this story but nothing came to mind.

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The months rolled past and no one called to visit Mrs Rose Clements. One day she set off early and walked to the farm she could see in the distance, scrambling over gates and stone walls and across muddy fields. When she arrived, mud splattered and dishevelled, she was sent away as if she was a tinker, with the farm dogs snapping at her heels. As she trudged home, Rose felt as if she was diseased, like the lepers in the Bible.

Beauty, as she had decided to call the cat, had kittens. The Vet drowned all but one of them. Bonnie the collie died and was not replaced. Blackie broke his leg and had to be put down. A docile white gelding called Snowy replaced him. Daisy the milking cow was serviced by a bull led by a gnarled, unwashed old man who stank of tobacco. He too refused her offer of food

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and refused to be drawn into conversation. Like the reapers, no doubt he had been warned off, she thought. When the calf was weaned it The Vet at once killed it out for veal.

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The weeks rolled into months, the months into years.

Rose read her way through every book on the shelves and down through piles of yellowed newspapers from years gone by. When she had read every word, she started over again with *Elfriede*. It was as if she was already a Nun, cloistered. Apart from her one-sided conversations with Beauty and Daisy she lived her life mostly in silence, preparing for Clements return each night, quietly happy when his usual hour (around six o'clock) passed and she might hope for an undisturbed evening and restful night by herself. She assumed that he was at *The Spotted Sow* with his friends and Alice Meldrum, a woman Rose imagined must be deranged if she could allow Robert Clements into her bed.

Once or twice a year Seamus Leary, an Irish tinker man, would roll his hand cart up the long steep lane to the farm, display his wares, and offer to mend pots and sharpen knives. Rose had no money but like Clements, Leary was happy to barter. Unlike the locals, Seamus had not been warned off and happily spent a few hours in her kitchen scoffing whatever she proffered in exchange for his services. While Rose was desperate for his news and conversation, what she wanted most was something new to read, be it books or newspapers. To make her trade, Rose traded jars of pickled fruits and a little of The Vet's whisky.

She was lucky to get away with this petty thieving for nearly eight years before Clements heard of her wicked activities and beat her senseless, deliberately stamping on her left hand, breaking two fingers. It took almost a year for the pain to subside during which she suffered greatly and aged markedly, becoming gaunt and haggard.

Rose had learned her lesson, withdrew into her shell and endured, looking for solace in her Bible, praying with her rosary, and asking repeatedly for delivery from her trials and tribulations.

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In the tenth year of Rose's isolation, a pretty child called Peggy found her way to the Clements' steading riding bare-backed on a rickety pony, as Rose had done at her age. The pony was called Tommo, a docile, elderly gelding. Peggy, who was slow-witted and untutored, told Rose that she thought she was eight or nine years old. Peggy did not know the name of her home farm or her surname, saying only that it was near 'the big house' where the Viscount lived. It slowly emerged that the girl had been excluded from school because she could not pay attention, and so had failed to grasp the elements of reading and writing.

Peggy became Rose's secret project. She fed the child, bathed and deloused her, washed her clothes. Rose gave to Peggy what every child wants: she gave the child her undivided attention

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and unconditional love. Rose read to Peggy, mainly from the Bible, sounding out the words, becoming the teacher she had once hoped to become in her long-ago adolescence.

Over the next five years Peggy and Tommo became regular visitors. During harvest time and at other times when sheep had to be collected for neutering, shearing and dipping, Peggy would be absent for a week or so at a time, but she always returned. Rose had a constant fear that The Vet would discover their friendship and put an end to it, but he never did.

Rose now lived for Peggy's next visit, fashioning clothes for the girl from the remains of Mrs Clements wardrobe. Over time Peggy filled out, blossoming at puberty into beauty, with dark hair and sparkling blue eyes. On her final visit, filled with excitement, Peggy told Rose that His Young Lordship had spoken to her. He had picked her out and, after the harvest, Peggy would start at the big house where she was to be his chamber maid and wear a fancy uniform. Rose's heart was gripped with foreboding. Knowing that she was helpless to prevent this, Rose decided to rejoice with the girl and pray for a better outcome.

With Peggy gone, Rose was alone again but the memory of these happy years persisted. On many days Rose would stand in her yard staring for hours in the direction that Peggy and Tommo used to come from. Perhaps it was because of Peggy that Rose first began to mourn for the child she now feared she would never have.

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In this way Rose Clements nee Morrison, like many other women in her situation, continued in her poorly-made marriage for almost two decades. Rose knew she should be grateful that, apart from an occasional beating and drunken tirade, she was well placed compared to many others of her station. She was warm, well fed and was not required to struggle under the yoke of constant pregnancy and unwanted sexual harassment.

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## Agnes Rose Manning

In January 1893, The Aberfeldy Vet fell from his gig and broke his neck. The accident happened in full view of the regulars leaving *The Spotted Sow* after a raucous Burns Supper. Some said The Vet had been taking laudanum for stomach pains, (he had a ready supply he used to subdue animals needing surgery). Others said that it was alcohol and still others said he had been weakened by a chronic bronchial condition. Perhaps all three were true. The death certificate said merely, 'death by misadventure'.

Only during the aftermath of his death did Rose learn that although he had been considered by many to be 'a good horse man', Robert Clements had been poor with cattle and sheep. With the coming of the train and mobile steam engines for ploughing, harvesting and threshing, the days of horses were seen to be numbered. No one wanted Robert Clements veterinary business as a going concern.

From the rowpe sale of the small farm steading and its outdated equipment, Mrs Rose Clements salvaged enough to purchase a five-year lease on a rooming house on the outskirts of Perth. This establishment was near the main road leading to Stirling and had four good-sized guest rooms, central heating from a coal-fired boiler, and a communal bathroom with running hot water. Most of her clients were commercial travellers, particularly in the quieter winter season.

At thirty-nine, despite her bent nose and knobbly arthritic hands, the widow Clements was still moderately attractive and hopeful she might find a suitable man to start afresh. In keeping with her new life and the mood of the times, she now called herself Mrs 'Victoria' Clements.

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During her second year, Mr Albert Manning became a regular guest, often staying for several weeks at a time. Manning claimed to be the owner of a small but growing wholesale drapery business. In fact, Albert was a travelling representative for a large mill in Harrogate and was more than willing to travel around promoting his firm, pleased to escape his nagging wife and growing brood of noisy, demanding children.

Albert enjoyed being on the road, spinning his tales and looking for opportunities to slip under the bedcovers of willing landladies or lonely lady guests. Although he lived in Harrogate, he claimed to be from Manchester, where he had been born and raised. During his stay with Mrs Clements, his refrain was that he was planning to move to Perth as soon as his market share increased sufficiently to allow him to establish himself locally. This fiction was a variation of

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the story he promulgated at other places where he stayed on his rounds. Fresh faced, Albert claimed to be thirty-three but looked younger. He was polite to Victoria and to other guests, he did not smoke or drink, he bathed regularly and was fragrant.

To Mrs Victoria Clements, still a virgin and now forty years old, Albert Manning was not unlike the men from the books she had read during her lonely evenings trapped on the farm near Aberfeldy. The notion of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and their fabled love for each other fired Victoria's mind, making her daydream, making her bold. When she was sure that no one else was watching, his landlady smiled secretly and Albert smiled back, pointedly looking at her breasts, pouting his lips to form a cherub kiss, making her heart race.

To Mrs Victoria Clements, Mr Albert Manning seemed debonair, almost exotic. He was slim, and slightly taller than her. His main features were his prominent nose, sparkling blue eyes, tightly curled red hair, a thin moustache and a small, pointed, goatee beard. Albert was quite different from the bloated oaf who dominated Rose Morrison's life for two decades. Manning's personality was bright and cheerful, and he prattled happily about the wonders of steam power and its application to weaving and the rapid mechanisation of textile mills. He spoke of trains of railroad carriages pulled by steam engines with the power equivalent to hundreds of horses.

But the topic which 'her Albert' - as she now thought him - spoke of with greatest passion was of concert halls and singers, a world Victoria had never experienced. Albert was a good singer, with a fine tenor voice and delighted in singing to her and her other guests, teaching them the words of popular ditties from recent shows he had seen.

It took Manning only two visits to win her. When he embraced her warmly on his return for his third sojourn at her rooming house, she ventured a soft peck on his cheek. He took this as the sign that she was willing. As was her custom, she led him upstairs to show him to his room. Smiling broadly, Albert closed and locked the door. As they kissed passionately he hitched her skirts, slipped his hands under and upwards to discover that she had omitted to wear any undergarments.

He stayed for four weeks, murmuring promise after promise. Business was good in Perth and the surrounding towns and villages, he asserted. Soon he would make his bold move to establish himself in the area on a permanent basis.

When it became obvious she was pregnant, Albert no longer called.

Victoria soldiered on alone, ever hoping that Albert would arrive in a wagon laden with samples and make an honest woman of her.

In her last few weeks before her baby was due, when intermittent bleeding and severe abdominal pains took hold, she closed her rooming house and travelled on the recently

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improved railway from Perth to Glasgow. Here, after two days of trudging around various chapels, eventually Rose Morrison found her cousin.

Agnes was now called Sister Agatha, Matron of a small charity hospital staffed by the Sisters of Perpetual Succour. This refuge was an oasis of love and hope in the poorest part of the East End of Glasgow, supported by donations from many sources, including The Horspool Trust.

Rose had expected to be reprimanded but in contrast was attended graciously by everyone she met. It was very clear to Sister Agatha from her first examination that her new charge was likely to suffer complications. Although the unborn child was well-formed, active and apparently healthy, it was positioned badly in the womb. Agatha sent a message to Miss Edwina Horspool, who offered her advice free to the Sisters in such circumstances.

Two weeks later, in the early hours of Tuesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> of February 1895, Rose's waters broke. The Sisters were having a busy night with two other unmarried mothers giving birth in the small three-bedded delivery room. Thirteen hours later Rose's child turned and became breeched. The Sisters resorted to a Caesarean section and the infant was delivered intact and healthy. It was immediately baptised as Agnes Rose Manning, at her mother's request.

Rose had lost a great deal of blood and septicaemia set in. Rose Clements nee Morrison died eight days later.

After a period of prayer and meditation, Sister Agatha decided on a plan for her niece. Normally such a child would be passed to the local adoption society but with so many other bastard children to be placed, Agnes Rose would be unlikely to find a good home and might end up in an orphanage. She sent another urgent note by messenger to Miss Horspool, who came at once to discuss the matter.

A few nights later, after arrangements had been made with the adopters, Miss Edwina Horspool arrived at the maternity home, expertly driving her Landau pulled by two lively black stallions, accompanied by Sister Margaret-Mary Harrison, now a full-time employee of The Grange.

The body of Mrs Rose Clements nee Morrison, was returned to Pitlochry by train, arranged by her brother-in-law Malcom Ferrier, through his funeral undertaker contacts. She was buried beside her grandparents and soon forgotten by the rest of her family.

Sister Agatha did not reveal the manner of her death or of the existence of an adopted child, a condition agreed with The Horspool Trust for Foundlings.



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## The Birkley Women

When Edwina Horspool left The Sisters of Perpetual Succour in February 1895, the infant Agnes Rose Manning was destined for a house in Pollokshields, a well-heeled suburb of Victorian Glasgow where the very richest of its citizens lived in varying degrees of luxury.

The adopters were Helena Birkley, a spinster, and her widowed mother Catherine. The Birkley Women, as they were known locally, lived in genteel poverty, eking out the last of Catherine's late husband's inheritance, supplemented by a meagre annuity provided by Catherine's brother-in-law, under the terms of her late father-in-law's Will. By taking responsibility for the infant child, The Birkley Women would receive ongoing support from The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. However welcome such additional money might be, the two women were not motivated by pecuniary advantage but by practical Christian love and a desire to nurture a child who might otherwise be cast into poverty.

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The blonde sandstone villa on Nithsdale Road stood impressively in its spacious grounds. It had been commissioned by George Frederick Birkley, (generally referred to as 'G-F' or sometimes as 'Geoff', by friends and foes alike).

Geoff had made his money by buying into the Yorkshire and Ayrshire coalfields with an inheritance from a bachelor uncle who had died in India. This uncle, Edwin Henry Birkley, had amassed a considerable fortune by growing tea and by hosting visiting celebrities keen to shoot tigers on the huge swathe of land which he controlled.

In the absence of a male heir, Uncle Edwin left his wealth to his nephew, a boy he had seen only in grainy photographs (daguerreotypes) sent by the mother, Edwin's sister Beatrice. Beatrice had been close to her older brother. These photographs of her son were enclosed with her twice-yearly long-winded letters praising her son and his achievements, these glowing epistles timed to mark her son Edwin's birthday and at Christmas, with the implied expectation of a monetary contribution to her son's education from her brother.

In short, Geoff's wealth had come to him without personal effort or sacrifice and perhaps it was this lingering feeling of unworthiness which made him think of himself as shrewd and frugal, routinely hinting that his money had derived from clever ideas which he must never reveal to others who might otherwise benefit from his cunning without the effort of their own struggle. A familiar refrain, repeated to all unable to avoid his repetitious parsimonious pronouncements was: "*to succeed in business a man must work his assets vigorously*".

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A prime example of such an 'asset' was the Birkley home which, suffering from lack of maintenance, developed a leaky roof and eventually became a repository of several insidious colonies of dry and wet rot. During the three decades which preceded its owner's demise, the villa in Nithsdale Road had been gently crumbling, year on year.

Despite his miserliness, G.F. Birkley Esquire believed in giving his sons 'a good education', sending them to the prestigious Fettes College in Edinburgh.

George Albert, the elder son and heir, remained in Edinburgh and studied Law, seldom returning to his native Glasgow, a place which in time seemed to him remote and possibly uncouth.

After Fettes, Frederick James returned to the family home in Pollokshields to attend Glasgow University where he studied Divinity.

Following God's call and in the face of fierce opposition from his parents, the Reverend F. J. Birkley accepted a position in a Methodist Church in the Gorbals area of Glasgow. It was here that he met Catherine Thomson, the woman who was to become his wife, bringing her into the cauldron of bickering that characterised the marriage of G-F and his equally opinionated wife Cynthia.

For the newly-weds, their early months co-habiting with G-F and Cynthia Birkley created many tensions. Part of the problem was that Catherine was from a lowly family, and was, repugnantly to them, a Roman Catholic.

Prior to coming to Scotland Geoff Birkley and his family had been Anglicans, and so had gravitated to the local Episcopal fellowship in Pollokshields. Here they established themselves as leading members by making a large, highly publicised donation towards the fund to build a new and grander church, a project which had been in prospect for many years.

Although sparsely educated, Catherine was a practical woman: equally strong-willed. She refused to respond to their taunts and after a few months, her in-laws tired of baiting her. Instead they refused to speak to her, ignoring her attempts at pleasant conversation. This approach suited Catherine, who kept mainly to the upper part of the house. These two floors had suffered from the greatest decay and so were seldom visited by her tormentors. Catherine, who was used to poor living conditions, made the best of the hand she had been dealt. At least she and Frederick had a bathroom to themselves, a luxury for a girl from a lowly Gorbals' tenement. When indoors, she remained almost entirely upstairs by which strategy she minimised interactions with her parents-in-law.

From the outset of her relationship with Frederick she had wisely avoided attendance at his Church services and, after much discussion, Frederick was persuaded to the view that her presence would be disruptive, detracting from God's work.

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Catherine reasoned this was partly because she was known to come from a Roman Catholic family, a family still resident in the Gorbals. The second issue was that since Catherine had achieved an elevated status as 'the Minister's wife', this must, she reasoned accurately, create resentment amongst the large group of do-gooding 'upper' working class ladies who threw their energies into the practical work of 'their church'. Catherine also knew from local gossip that not everyone in the Reverend Frederick J. Birkley's working-class church fully supported their posh and somewhat intellectual young minister.

This impasse left her with the problem of where she should worship, where she must best serve God. In Pollokshields there was no Roman Catholic church for Catherine to attend. In answer to her prayers, God directed Catherine to enter the 'Lions' Den' of the Birkleys' Episcopal fellowship. When she told her in-laws of her intention they were appalled, and told her sharply to find another church, advice which she ignored.

While the elder Birkleys rode to the meetings in the grandeur of their brougham, Catherine happily walked. Inside, G-F and Cynthia sat among their like-minded friends, pointedly ignoring her. Despite this open rebuff, Catherine was made welcome by most of her fellow worshippers, those who understood the true nature of her pompous and self-righteous in-laws. The steering committee quickly identified their new adherent as a woman with a true and practical faith. Catherine was soon co-opted as a key member of the inner circle which would, in time, establish St Ninian's Episcopal Church in Pollokshields.

Within a year of her marriage, Catherine provided the elderly couple with the disappointment of a girl child, to be called Helena after G-F's mother.

A few months later, as he pruned his roses, the infant's grandfather died, the victim of a loose slate flung at him from the roof of his villa by a gust of wind. A direct hit, the missile split his skull beyond redemption.

Cynthia, with no one to quarrel with, took to her bed, doped herself with laudanum, turned her face to the wall, and soon departed to join her domineering husband in their own version of a Heaven in which everyone argued their corner in perpetuity.

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The major part of the Birkley wealth then passed to George Albert Birkley and with it, the title deeds of the Nithsdale Road villa.

In accordance with G-F's wishes, a lump sum of £3,000 plus a small annuity was bestowed on Frederick, this annuity to transfer to his granddaughter Helena in the event of Frederick's death. Catherine was not mentioned in the Will. The infant Helena and her parents were, technically, homeless.

By this stage George Albert Birkley, now a Queen's Council and an influential member of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, was already a rich man in his own right when compared to

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his brother, notwithstanding the great additional wealth which now cascaded down on him from his father.

By the grace and favour of his older brother, it was agreed that Frederick and his family could remain in the family home, provided they took responsibility for its upkeep. The lump sum from his father was used to make basic repairs to their home but the constant need to hunt down and remove dry and wet rot infestations meant that the house was again declining sharply.

Relations between the Birkley brothers had always been strained. Contact had been limited to the one-sided issue of Christmas cards, always sent by Catherine and enclosing a synoptic epistle of the Glasgow Birkleys' life and times during the year which had passed since the last card, and offering George Albert their best wishes for the coming year. Disinterested, George skimmed the information then consigned the card and letter to the bin. His adherence to the Church of Scotland was political, rather than faith-based.

George was a snob and the knowledge that his brother had made a successful marriage with the daughter of a lowly seamstress who worked in a Gorbals sweatshop own by a Jewish garment manufacturer was information he wished to forget and certainly not share with his well-to-do friends.

From Frederick's side of the discord there was also an obstacle of some intrigue, revealed only to Catherine by her husband as: "difficulties between George and another boy during our teenage years at Fettes". When Catherine fished for detail, the normally mild mannered Frederick had decreed hotly: "No, Catherine, this is a subject which must never be discussed."

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Now alone in a large cold house which they could not afford to heat or decorate, Frederick and Catherine lived quietly and thriftily without servants, horses or carriages and made ends meet by their frugality. Aged five, Helena was enrolled into the Glasgow Corporation schooling system where she flourished, permanently occupying the top place in every class.

The years rolled by. The small family clung to each other and survived, Frederick making off on foot each day for the Gorbals or riding his push-bike and Catherine and Helena becoming deeply involved with the Pollokshields Episcopalians in the struggle to fund and build a proper church for their congregation.

Almost two decades later, while making pastoral visits to his flock living in the worst of the notoriously overcrowded and sub-standard tenements of the Gorbals, the Rev F. J. Birkley contracted scarlet fever. The clergyman declined over a six-week period to die on the day of Helena's twenty-first birthday.

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As might be expected, George Albert Birkley Q.C. had no wish to return to live in Glasgow. Initially he had intended to sell the Nithsdale Road house. This, however would have left his sister-in-law and niece without a proper home. George then hit upon an alternative plan - he would split the house and put part of it into rental. In what he thought of as an act of great magnanimity, he would allow Catherine and Helena to continue in the family home now that his brother Freddy was no more. Conveniently the pair could act as guardians of his property and report to him should any of his tenants caused difficulties.

Recommended to George by a close friend, A J Black, Architect, FRIBA, was regarded as one of Edinburgh's most prominent exponents in the re-modelling of such houses. Black made the trip to Glasgow to inspect the subject of his new commission. What he saw appalled him. He reported back to his employer that his family home was a wreck, a disgrace, a hovel. George realised that if he did not empower Black to do as he recommended, regardless of cost, then he, G A Birkley Q.C., would be dammed by innuendo or, worse, he might be shunned by Edinburgh society as "that poor man from the hovel in Glasgow".

What ensued over the next year was greatly to the advantage of The Birkley Women. After years of struggling in a cold, damp and crumbling ruin they would now be provided with a modern and comfortable home, A J Black assured them, vehemently.

As was the vogue, the Birkley villa was to be provided with a new separated side entrance added to the north façade, this entrance serving two upper flats, each accessed by independent doors and stairways.

For years the front entrance portico had been too dangerous to use, forcing the Rev. F.J Birkley's family and their visitors to enter and leave by the kitchen, or the almost equally dangerous conservatory on the south façade. The portico and entrance was the first item to be restored.

Systematically, the entire property was stripped to its bones and the various rots uncovered and eliminated. Re-roof, re-slatted with new flashings, gutters and rainwater drains, it was made water-tight. The ground floor was re-modelled, to provide three bedrooms, a large bathroom, a kitchen with a scullery/laundry, a dining room, a small library/study, a day-sitting room which accessed the rebuilt and much grander conservatory and, finally, a large parlour adjacent the square entrance hall and a new entry vestibule with cloakroom and visitor's W.C. with wash-hand-basin.

On advice from his Architect, and to improve the property's attractiveness to the sort of business professionals George hoped would take up these upper flats, a central heating installation was provided, served by a modern semi-automatic coal-fired boiler. This arrangement would heat the entire premises without the need for coal-fires and the attendant labour and dirt. The boiler was housed in an outbuilding re-modelled from the redundant stables. To keep it functioning satisfactorily, the contraption required to be de-

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ashed and its gravity-feed hopper stoked daily, often twice during winter. For this purpose, a boiler attendant was employed to service the system, calling on a visiting basis, cycling from his home in nearby Govanhill. From the outset, the boiler and its 'servant', a man called Jimmy Bremner, proved equally cantankerous. However, when the system worked, the house was normally overheated.

Where required, joists and walls were repaired, or replaced, and the entire house was re-floored. Redundant fireplaces were removed and new wood panelling installed throughout. Hidden piping was provided to facilitate gas for lighting and cooking, an innovation then taking hold throughout Glasgow. Finally, the house was re-plastered then redecorated inside and out. In short, the house was restored above and beyond its original standard.

The Birkley Women gave thanks to God for their deliverance and wrote a long and effusive letter of thanks to their benefactor, inviting him to visit and see what a good result had been achieved by A J Black and his builders. G.A. Birkley Q.C. skimmed the letter and consigned it to the bin, resolving to get his clerk to send a curt reply of acknowledgement, declining the invitation of grounds of pressure of work. In fact, the matter slipped his mind and The Birkley Women let the matter rest, reverting to their usual Christmas card and 'annual report' letters now written by Helena due to Catherine's failing eyesight.

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Through their long association with the Episcopal movement in Scotland, The Birkley Women were active members of the Glasgow Outreach Missionary Society (short-handed 'The Society' by its members). The Society was an organisation which The Horspool Trust had been persuaded to support by Edwina's aunts, Mary and Elizabeth Horspool. It was through their shared interest in the work of The Society that Edwina Horspool and Helena Birkley had become firm friends.

When the nursling arrived at Nithsdale Road, Helena was a spritely fifty-year-old who had recently retired from her post as an Infant Mistress to care for Catherine, whose heart was poor. Further, she was now almost blind.

Within weeks of her arrival Agnes Rose was renamed Annette Birkley, christened in private by the Birkley's minister, the Reverend Doctor Malcolm Martennes-Macklin, Rector of the St Ninian's Scottish Episcopal Church, who entered the baptised infant in the church records as Annette Birkley, 'niece' to Helena Birkley, born 10 February 1995.

This was the church which Helena's grandfather had been instrumental in bringing about through his generous donation.

Together, mother and daughter concocted an elaborate heritage for their adopted child. In this tale, G-F Birkley's much younger brother had been educated at Eton and Oxford before travelling as a missionary to central Africa, destined never to return, lost without trace to

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malaria in its tropical jungles. In this initial version, the Reverend Kenneth James Birkley and his equally fictitious wife Annette, had left their infant to be cared for by Helena.

Martennes-Macklin, like many in St Ninian's congregation, was also deeply involved with The Society and various other good works supported by The Horspool Trust, including The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. As time would witness, the Reverend Doctor was a man who could be relied upon to harbour their secret adoption and so did not challenge their confection.

It was, of course, a story which might not stand up to the closer scrutiny of an older Annette, but during her childhood years she had happily accepted it, praying every night for her lost mother and father, now in Heaven.

Helena was well used to dealing with small children and, given her mother's lowly background, Helena had always been a proponent of nurture over nature. The challenge of rearing 'the perfect child' appealed to her.

Disciplined with love, Annette proved to be a docile, obedient and clever child, doted on by both adults, but spoiled only on rare occasions, by design, to create a longing for encouragement and to reinforce good behaviour or performance.

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## Annette Birkley

When it was time for Annette to attend school in August 1900, Helena used her influence to have her placed at Shawlands Primary, a thriving school in the well-to-do district of Shawlands near to Pollokshields. Throughout her early years, coached intensively by her aunt, Annette was permanently top of her class. Frequently weeks went by in which she passed every test with full marks. Every error was subjected to forensic scrutiny by Helena and coaching efforts re-doubled.

From age seven Annette was put to work reading carefully selected 'educational novels and pamphlets' to entertain her Grandma Catherine, now virtually blind and increasingly deaf. In return, Catherine taught the child to cook and bake. Soon Annette was providing set-piece meals for their small family, freeing her Aunt Helena to continue with her various good works.

Aged eight, by agreement with Mr Sharp, the Head Teacher at Shawlands Primary, she was moved up a class, skipping primary five. From the third week, Annette was again top of the class, displacing the incumbent Dorothy (Dotty) Schaeffer, whose father owned a fruit and vegetable shop where Dotty worked at weekends, showing off her excellence at mental arithmetic. Together Annette and Dotty vied for first place every week with Annette almost always winning out. Despite this rivalry, Annette and Dotty formed a close friendship which would last through the years ahead.

One strand of Helena's endeavours involved Greenview Hall, an open Brethren Assembly which ran a Band of Hope on Friday evenings and a mid-afternoon Sunday School for children in the Pollokshaws area. Annette was incorporated into this undertaking, first in her pram, then as a toddler and later as a helper behind the scenes in the rudimentary kitchen providing a mixture of home-made and bought-in purvey. It was this food that was the main attraction for many of the working-class children.

These short evangelical meetings comprised, variously, slide shows depicting the Parables, usually with a handsome white skinned, long-haired and darkly bearded Jesus wearing a long white gown and sandals without socks. Other slides showed thin and scantily-clad, dark-skinned children and their parents smiling at the camera, all with perfect, shining white teeth. At every turn the Band of Hope children were exhorted to send these needy people farthings and half-pennies to help with their Salvation. Most, if they had any, kept their coins for sticky sweets, chewed on with less than perfect or missing teeth.

Each rousing meeting followed this set pattern, starting and ending with hymns with bright and cheerful choruses accompanied by a loudly thumped piano and the discordant clash of tambourines. The songs were interspersed with bible readings and exhortations to avoid the



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evils of drinking alcohol and smoking tobacco, reinforced with overlong and heartfelt prayers in complicated language that the sniggering and rowdy children did not comprehend.

By contrast, Sunday mornings at the Reverend Doctor Martennes-Macklin's St Ninian's Church were much more sombre affairs. Here the morning Sunday School was an extension of normal school with rote learning of key verses and round-robin quizzes and Bible look-up challenges devised by Mrs Letitia Sharp the Sunday School Superintendent, wife of Annette's Head Teacher.

Although Helena Birkley was a central figure in the Glasgow Missionary Outreach Society, because of the white lies that had been told to Annette about her fictitious parents, the girl was not made aware of The Birkley Women's involvement in The Society. Consequently, the child Annette did not have direct contact with Miss Edwina Horspool, although she did hear her name mentioned and learned of the importance of The Horspool Trust as a vague but remote force for good.

In any case, The Society was only one of many such organisations with which Helena had filled her previous life. With the arrival of Annette, Helena had withdrawn from most of the others, usually by reducing her involvement to become a corresponding prayer partner, creating a weekly deluge of letters from all over the UK and Overseas, mainly Africa. Annette was encouraged to make a stamp collection, a habit to which she became, for a while, quite addicted.

A condition imposed by Uncle George Birkley was that Catherine and Helena must take full responsibility for the garden and grounds. He, however, had agreed to pay for the upkeep of the house and, to minimise the risk of upsetting his paying tenants, he also agreed to the coal for its heating and for the stoking and maintenance of the boiler. As soon as she was trainable, Annette was set to work weeding and later given her own plot to grow flowers and vegetables. In the conservatory, she was encouraged to grow tomatoes and courgettes. By the age of ten she was a proficient horticulturist providing fresh salad and root vegetables in season and in abundance.

It was this hobby which led her into the path of Patrick Brannigan, an encounter which would set the pattern of her life.

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## Patrick Brannigan

For the heavy work in the garden Helena employed *Gerald (Gerry) Brannigan*, a man who eked out a living for his large family through a variety of employments. *Gerry*, he broadcast proudly, was originally from County Donegal, from a farming background and used to horses. An inhabitant of Pollokshaws, *Gerry's* main employer was Mr Fraser, an undertaker, for whom *Gerry* tended two shiny black horses and dug graves. Dressed in smarter funeral clothes provided by Fraser for the occasion, *Gerry* also hefted coffins and led these horses behind Mr Fraser who walked in front wearing a top hat and tails, leading the cortege to the appropriate burial ground. In season *Gerry* also helped in a local orchard come plant nursery which grew raspberries and strawberries as a sideline. In the summer season *Gerry* had several regular clients for who he did gardening work during weekends and evenings, partly to escape his wife and large tribe of children.

Every Saturday, from early February to late November, rain or shine, *Gerry Brannigan* made his way to the Birkley's garden. He usually came alone but on occasion he brought one or other of the younger children, but only if the child had earned the reward for good behaviour during the previous week. On certain visits, for a small extra charge, *Gerry* would wheel a barrowful of horse manure which he mixed into compost to feed the flowers and vegetables.

Apart from Mr Sharp and Mr Hector McCulloch at Greenview Hall, *Gerry Brannigan* was the only male (father) figure in *Annette's* life. *Gerry* was a man who knew how to speak to children, always seeming to treat *Annette* as an equal, listening carefully to what she said and trying his best to answer honestly, never attempting to conceal his ignorance with bluster.

To the amusement of all three adults, *Annette* quickly 'adopted' *Gerry*. Trailing after him like an energetic puppy, *Annette* questioned him, 'helped' him with his work, chattering unselfconsciously, dispensing her increasing horticultural knowledge as he leaned on his spade and filled his pipe. *Gerry* brought raspberry canes and helped *Annette* establish a productive patch. Likewise, with rhubarb crowns and later, he provided strawberry runners to be cultivated on straw in raised beds, under glass, deploying her in a daily war against slugs, snails and other pestilent invaders.

From time to time his daughter *Moyna*, two years younger than *Annette*, tagged along, knowing she was sure to be offered a scone with jam and a glass of milk. Although they had very different natures and interests, *Moyna* and *Annette* became close friends.

*Patrick*, the eldest *Brannigan* child, was the apple of his parents' eyes. When *Gerry* started to sing his son's praises, he was hard to stop. In this way *Annette* learned of this paragon long before she met him. *Patrick*, according to *Gerry*, was a very clever boy, probably a genius,

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always with his head in a book, always visiting the library, or up at the chapel helping the priest, Father Matthew. Patrick was always top of his class at school but had no interest in football or other games. He had various hobbies including chess and collecting birds' eggs.

Gerry confided to all he met that he and Breege (Bridget, his wife) were saving for their Patrick, to make him into a priest, depositing every spare penny with Father Matthew for safe-keeping.

The icon that was Patrick Aloysius Brannigan first appeared as his father's helper when, most reluctantly, Gerry confided to Edwina that Father Matthew had been suddenly transferred to a seminary in England and had taken Patrick's 'priest money' with him. The new priest, Father Francesco, had said there was no record of these savings in the parish accounts and had warned Gerry not to make false accusations or stir trouble. Gerry was now re-doubling his efforts to earn money and had taken on some extra gardens nearby. Patrick was now under training to help his father with his additional workload.

While the Brannigans had been saving and plotting with Father Matthew, Patrick was serving in an office in Glasgow as a shipping clerk. At sixteen and already almost six feet tall, he towered above his father. He had tousled dark curly hair, a fresh pink 'Irish' complexion. His upper lip showing the first signs of a dark moustache, his shy smile revealed perfect white teeth. There was no doubt that the young man was handsome, verging on beautiful. Patrick Brannigan was indeed a fine specimen of manhood. If the boy was aware of this, he concealed it well, keeping his eyes down when observed by The Birkley Women, concealing his true nature.

Helena, appalled at the perfidy of the vanished priest, immediately pledged a donation of £5 to help start the new fund, recommending that Gerry should use it to open a savings account with a bank. When she turned away to discuss the matter further in private with Gerry, Patrick glanced up at Annette with his soft brown eyes. She was transfixed by their uncanny, slightly disturbing stillness: they gave her the impression he could see into her soul. Annette blushed. He allowed her a tiny, knowing smile. Annette's stomach churned: she was smitten.

To match his near perfect appearance, Patrick proved to be well-spoken with good grammar and a pleasant Irish lilt. He was polite, always careful to ask with a 'please', and say, 'many thanks' when offered a scone and glass of milk. Within a few weeks it was mostly Patrick who called at the Birkley's Nithsdale Road house rather than Gerry. Like the father had been, the son was also competent and diligent, accepted direction without demur and quickly merged into the background. By this approach he was soon accepted by Helena, who did not see the looks that passed between him and her thirteen-year-old niece.

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## Summer Love

When Patrick entered her life, Annette was progressing well in her second year at Shawlands Senior Secondary school. At thirteen she was emerging from the first flush of puberty into womanhood, physically mature for her age with small round breasts and a fresh complexion. Her face was quite pretty, she thought, although her nose was slightly too long and beaked (a feature she had inherited from her mother).

When the first spots of blood had appeared on her knickers nine months earlier, her discussion with Aunt Helena had been stilted, uncharacteristically sparse on information. What Annette would not learn until many years later was that Helena had never menstruated, suffering a condition called *amenorrhoea*. Only Catherine Birkley and Edwina Horspool were party to this secret. As in most things of a practical nature, it was Grandma Catherine who came to Annette's rescue with re-assurances and sanitary napkins.

At school Annette was very aware of, but did not allow herself to participate in, the lewd discussions that now formed the undercurrent to whispered playground huddles. Mostly these exchanges centred on the merits of the better-looking boys and the competition posed by older girls in third and fourth year. Annette pretended not to listen, but with Patrick now filling her fantasy life and dreams, she was keen to learn. Of particular interest to these girls was the male anatomy. Clandestine, dog-eared sketches were circulated, hand-me-downs from previous generations. These showed explicit, oversized versions of the male member and testicles, prompting shrieks of nervous laughter. Equally lewd and conflicting views were offered on every aspect of the female breasts and lower areas, with advice on how to 'do it to yourself' and so enjoy 'the rush' without getting pregnant.

Annette was the youngest among her group and her best friend Dotty Schaeffer now deserted her temporarily to attach herself to an older girl called Isabella (Isa) Bradley. Isa was a girl from the year above who outside school, said she smoked and wore lipstick. She claimed to have been kissed by three different boys and had even allowed one boy, (whispered by some to be the predatory Tom French), to touch her breasts and, once only, down below. Within her small group of acolytes Isa was therefore considered an expert to be consulted on all matters relating to kissing boys, wandering hands, mutual touching, and the risks of having a baby.

After a great deal of indecision, Annette summoned the courage to ask Isa if she could borrow the sheaf of illicit drawings. On the journey home to Nithsdale Road Annette was filled with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. It was a Tuesday and every Tuesday Aunt Helena went out to a 'special' meeting, (in fact it was The Society's steering committee). After tea, Annette

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made her excuses and withdrew to her bedroom, claiming homework to be completed for the next morning.

She locked her bedroom door, removed the drawings from her satchel and lay on her bed to study them. Blood pounded in her head and flushed hormones through her body. She closed her eyes and imagined Patrick standing beside her. Her hand wandered inside her blouse, rubbing her breasts one at a time. On impulse she leapt up, closed the curtains, undressed and slipped naked under the bedclothes and, in the dimness she made a further study of the drawings while again rubbing and squeezing her breasts and tugging at her nipples, as had been advised in the playground. She closed her eyes and imagined Patrick standing by her bedside, naked with a huge penis. Her hands moved down below and she began to rub. Inexpertly and by sheer luck she touched her clitoris, the promised rush came quickly and she experienced her first orgasm.

Later, standing naked in front of her wardrobe mirror she studied her reflection, wondering if Patrick would find her attractive enough to want to kiss her.

With her eyes closed, she pouted her lips and squeezed her breasts forwards as an offering to him, but when she opened her eyes to look, he at once disappeared.

Frustrated, she collapsed onto her bed, close her eyes, conjured him back, lifted her knees and opened her legs wide and searched deeper inside her vagina. This time when she rubbed a surge rose more slowly and consumed her with jittering pleasure.

A frail voice from her previous innocent life intervened:

"Annette, dear, are you asleep?"

In a panic, she hid the drawings under her pillow, hurriedly pulled on her nightdress, kicked her discarded clothes under her bed and slipped between the bedclothes.

The doorknob rattled. Annette had never locked her bedroom door before. Perhaps questions would be asked. She must unlock it before she fell asleep.

After a short delay, slow shuffling steps receded and she was alone again with her guilt but already planning to sin again.

After a long wait, and when Grandma Catherine did not return, she resumed her self-pleasuring but was soon overcome with guilt. She turned onto her side, repented and denied herself. Next morning, she awoke early and tried again. This time her performance was better but still produced more guilt than pleasure. At every creak of every floorboard she imagined her Aunt Helena barging in to expose her wantonness.

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However, now that the floodgates had been breached, Annette was consumed by a desire to find out more. As spring rolled towards summer, she insinuated herself into the crowd around Isa and Dolly and drank in every word. When they teased her with leading questions she blushed but no longer veered away as she had done in the past.

Tuesday evenings with her Aunt Helena out was the safest time to lock her door, draw the curtains, try to suppress her guilt and call forth her image a Patrick who came to her bedside and undressed to reveal his enormity. Gradually, she learned to subdue her guilt but was unable to repeat the dizzying jitteriness that had overcome her on that first night weeks earlier. The gasping rush of heat that Isa claimed was achievable, with practice, now eluded her and she convinced herself that she could never achieve a 'full rush' until she experienced proper sex with a man. That, after all, was what the Bible implied.

Saturday was now the pivot of Annette's week. She feigned a sore ankle and asked to be withdrawn from the hockey team; she must be always on hand to dispense Patrick tea and scones, while he took his lunch break sitting in the garden shed, located out of sight behind the stand of rhododendron trees. Often she thought of trying to engage him in conversation but found the words would not come.

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The turning point for Annette Birkley was a Tuesday evening in early July, at the start of the school holidays. Helena was out at a meeting. Annette made her usual excuse and was heading for an early night to visit her pile of lewd drawings when Catherine called her back and gave her a large sealed brown envelope inscribed with the words:

"Annette, dear, keep this well-hidden. This is just between us, our little secret."

Unsure if her hoard had been discovered and blushing crimson red, Annette fled to her room, locked the door and checked that the drawings were where she had hidden them. Insofar as she could tell, they had not been moved. The envelope contained a twenty-page, yellowing educational pamphlet in foolscap format, entitled "Essential Education for Christian Women". A quick scan revealed that it was clearly intended for an older woman, perhaps one newly married or about to be. Inside the front cover an inscription in an unknown hand stated:

*"To my precious daughter-in-law - Good Luck!"*

In the prim and prudish language of a bygone era this document set out the basic facts of procreation, including detailed depictions of internal and external male and female organs, each part numerically referenced and its function described in the stilted text. It showed the penis and the vagina in both flaccid and aroused states, advising that the male glans was the equivalent of the female clitoris, which, together with the female nipples should be considered to be 'centres of pleasure'. Brief instructions were provided about how couples should proceed to create a state of sufficient arousal to facilitate copulation. A further

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diagram showed the passage of the competing seeds and, separately, the winner's arrival at the egg. The final diagram showed a happy mother rocking her new-born in its cradle.

There was also a short section, without diagrams, which discussed mutual masturbation, and anal and oral sex which might be offered by both parties, should it be desired to avoid procreation while fulfilling the need for release.

During that first evening with the booklet Annette read and re-read it. Now that she understood the importance of her clitoris, she at last induced her first non-accidental orgasm. As before, when her hormones subsided, she was overcome with guilt. Ashamed, she knelt and prayed for forgiveness, but even as she did so, she knew she would be drawn to this sin again.

As she lay back and tried to fall asleep she saw repeating cameos of a naked Patrick Brannigan who floated across to stand waiting by her bedside. When she opened her eyes, he disappeared only to return when she closed them again. With her eyes shut she pretended it was his hands which caressed her. In this scenario, he did not speak but his eyes were filled with desire: she heard herself whisper: "Patrick, do you love me?" At this her phantom lifted the bedclothes and lowered himself onto her. With a groan of longing she used her hand to induce waves of shuddering joy which rippled through her entire body, making her head spin.

That first night she continued, resting briefly between each re-run of her imaginary film and with each orgasm her skill improved. By midnight, with Patrick's help, Annette was expert.

Now at last she understood what Isa and Dotty had claimed was true.

This set the pattern for the nights that followed.

# Legacy

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## A Rainy Afternoon

During school holidays, Annette did not have to tell a lie to avoid Saturday hockey. She made various excuses to Dolly and Isa, refusing their invitation to join them in their outings to Queen's Park and the cafes near Shawlands Cross in search of opportunities to catch sight of older boys, and perhaps even converse with them. Annette's favourite excuse, another almost white lie, was that she wanted to devote herself to piano and cello practice, stating that she was planning soon to join an orchestra. Instead she spent most of her Saturdays staring out from her bedroom window, hoping for glimpses of Patrick as he moved back and forth. Whenever he looked across, she waved. Sometimes he waved back, making her heart race. She used her mirror to practice alluring smiles and sultry looks which she 'performed' when she delivered the tea tray to the garden hut. Usually but not always, he smiled back. She held these images of his smiles in her head and, safely back in her room, she tried to interpret them.

Like me, she told herself, Patrick is shy, eventually convincing herself that he was as keen on her as she was on him.

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The summer passed into autumn and the school year started again.

Her nightly fantasies lying side by side with her phantom Patrick became more intense, more bizarre and, gradually, somehow more real, more achievable. By late September, with only a few more Saturdays left to snare him, Annette decided to act boldly. She would write him a note and pass it to him with the morning tray with his scones and milk. Then, when she delivered his lunchtime tea tray, she would discover his answer. She practiced many versions before she settled on the wording.

*My dear, dear Patrick,*

*you must know by now that I love you. I have loved you from the first minute I saw you, on that wonderful Saturday in March, so, so long ago.*

*I can just tell from your shy smiles that you want to hold me and kiss me as much as I want to be with you.*

*Please come to my bedroom window any night after nine o'clock and knock QUIETLY.*

*Then we can be together at last.*

*All my fondest love,*



# Legacy

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Annette.

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On the second last Saturday in October Annette had her note ready and delivered it with the mid-morning tray as planned.

Just before lunchtime the downpour started. She saw Patrick retreat to the shed and raced to the kitchen to prepare his tray. Helena was out at a meeting, not due back until early evening and Catherine was in the sitting room, dozing. Annette combed out her pigtails and squirted a little of her grandmother's lilac water under her armpits, undid the top two buttons of her blouse and checked herself in the hall mirror. She carried his lunch tray to the shed under an umbrella.

"Hello, Patrick. Do you like ginger snaps?"

He stepped towards her, took hold of her shoulders and kissed her. He smelled of spearmint toothpaste. His arms enfolded her and she felt his erection press hard against her. When he tugged her blouse free from her skirt band, she let out a sharp little squeal.

"Shush, now kitten. I would never harm you, you know that. His hands slipped up inside her blouse and released the clasp of her brassiere then moved to squeeze her nipples in unison, very gently."

They kissed again, a long lingering kiss which made her feel dizzy.

"Patrick, I love you. I've loved you from that first day."

"I know. Me too, kitten."

He unbuttoned her blouse and eased her back to lean on the wall.

They kissed again, this time more passionately, his hands caressing her breasts and nipples.

"Oh, Patrick, oh, oh, that's wonderful. . ."

His head moved down.

"There kitten, up on this box. Good, let me suck them."

His mouth arrived and his tongue licked. The itch between her legs was unbearable and she undid her skirt and let it fall. At once his hand slid inside her knickers and began to stroke her. All too soon she exploded and shuddered against him.

"Now kitten, my turn."

He loosened his trousers and she felt them slide down against her shins. She could feel his erection pressing against her thighs, probing for entry.

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"Oh Patrick, no, please no. I don't want to get pregnant."

"No, kitten, we don't want that, do we?"

He cupped her head in his hands and kissed her fiercely, probing deep with his tongue while wrapping his left hand into her hair. He tugged and when she did not obey, he pulled her head down, guiding with his right hand.

"That's it, kitten. My turn now. Fair is fair."

"No, no, please, Patrick, I don't. . ."

He was too strong for her; he pulled her onto her knees and used two fingers to prise open her mouth.

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On the following Saturday, it was Gerry who came, alone. Annette was not at home. She was out with Dolly and Isa and so got the story second-hand from Aunt Helena.

Gerry had been bubbling with his news, surprised his son had not told them. A few weeks earlier Father Matthew had written to Father Francesco at St Mary's, advising that he had secured a place for Patrick at the Seminary where he was teaching. Father Matthew's letter had enclosed a pass book to a savings account in the local bank, an establishment only a few hundred yards from St Mary's. This savings account contained Patrick's nest egg in full.

On the previous Sunday, the day after his encounter with Annette in the garden hut, there had been a special Mass to celebrate and dedicate Patrick Aloysius Brannigan. This had been led by Monsignor Criety, a man with a patch over one eye. The following day Patrick, now fully kitted out in his novice's vestments, had left with the Monsignor on the train for England.

# Legacy

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## Inferno

During the second week of November 1908, a few weeks after Annette's encounter with Patrick, the weather changed. Winter arrived with a biting cold wind which the newspapers said was from Siberia. The temperature plummeted below freezing and the wind increased.

On Wednesday morning around ten o'clock the boiler at the Birkley house on Nithsdale Road failed. The upstairs tenants were out at business. Helena was out at a meeting and Annette was at school.

By lunchtime the house was chilled. Catherine (now eighty-eight and nearly blind) rooted around and found a vintage paraffin heater that had not been used for years. She dragged it from the kitchen cupboard to the parlour, unaware that she was spilling fuel as she did so. After a struggle, she managed to get it lit. Huddled near to it, wearing her overcoat and wrapped in a heavy shawl, she drifted off to sleep.

The perished seals on the heater's fuel tank gave way entirely. Paraffin leaked, ignited and licked across the carpet, setting alight the spilled paraffin trail and filling the room with fumes.

The flames followed the trail back along the hall to the kitchen. Years of overheating meant the entire house was tinder dry. The fire spread slowly, hampered by a lack of oxygen.

When Helena returned at three o'clock and opened the front door, the fresh charge of oxygen-rich air caused a massive explosion, blasting her into unconsciousness and setting her clothes alight, turning her into a human torch. She was dead within minutes. It was later determined that Catherine had died of asphyxiation.

The wind now blew through the front door and the fire took hold fully, but remained undetected until Annette returned from school.

The girl ran to seek help from a neighbour, who sent her to the Chemist shop in nearby Albert Road to ask them to dial for help. Throughout Glasgow the Fire Brigade had been inundated by calls to a spate of chimney fires in tenement properties. When they eventually arrived, the entire house was a burnt-out shell.

Annette Birkley was now a homeless orphan.

A neighbour took the girl into her home and sent a message to St Ninian's Church.

Within a few hours of hearing of the accident, Edwina Horspool sought out Annette and took her under her wing for a second time, taking her to The Grange.

# Legacy

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## Guardian

When Annette first arrived at The Grange she was in shock, disorientated. Edwina applied common sense and immediately put her new charge to work, starting her in the kitchen as a helper. Two weeks later Annette was sufficiently recovered to re-start her education, the walk to Shawlands Secondary taking about twenty minutes, much the same as from Nithsdale Road.

Edwina wisely shielded the girl from the unpleasantness of the Coroner's Inquest and the attendant welter of letters of condolence which were directed at Annette who, at first, seemed to be the only relative to survive The Birkley Women. Naturally the other tenants were upset at their loss and keen to receive early compensation.

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When the news of the tragedy reached George Albert Birkley QC at Channing House, his Edinburgh nursing home, he greeted it with disbelief. George was now ninety-two and prone to lapses of memory. His initial anxiety was soon reduced when he was advised that the house was fully covered by a generous insurance policy. This had been taken out in his name by his solicitor, Martin Dennison, acting under a Power of Attorney which he persuaded Birkley to sign when he had entered the home a decade earlier.

Throughout his long life of relative ease and pleasure, George Albert Birkley had remained a confirmed bachelor and acknowledged no legal offspring to inherit his wealth. Despite great pressure from Dennison, George had refused to make a Will. The news that his brother's son had sired a girl child was a mystery to him. He ordered Dennison to have this girl brought to him for interview.

Annette arrived at Channing House in the company of Miss Edwina Horspool. This meeting was attended by Dennison who appraised the clever, well-spoken and smartly dressed young woman as being of the right type, a person who, when she reached maturity, would be reasonable to deal with, a girl who would cause him no trouble. Meanwhile, he would continue to serve the ailing QC and protect his client's wealth. Fees would continue to be charged, the boat would not be rocked.

Over a period of a few months, papers were exchanged with Miss Horspool who agreed to act as Annette Birkley's legal guardian. Annette (now fourteen) would immediately receive an annual allowance and, in due time inherit fully George Albert Birkley's considerable estate, to be held in trust until she reached twenty-five. The final papers were signed by Edwina Horspool on Friday 25<sup>th</sup> June 1909.

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Martin Dennison breathed a sigh of relief. The solicitor had been haunted with the spectre that George Albert might suddenly decide to give his wealth to Mrs Eliza Bottomley, the daughter of his long-dead housekeeper of many years standing. Bottomley, a blousy woman now on her third marriage (her current husband was a Pawnbroker) had produced a scattering of children abandoned to various agencies throughout the city. Sensing her 'Uncle George's' imminent demise, Eliza had in recent times become a regular visitor to the genteel nursing home, causing great unpleasantness by her rough language and coarse manners. Alarmingly, Eliza had told the matron that she was in fact the bastard child of her 'Uncle' George and that her mother had shared his bed for many years.

For Dennison the arrival of a well-spoken, well-educated young woman associated with an upper-class woman was a Godsend. Naturally there were difficulties as all the necessary supporting paperwork had been destroyed in the blaze, but Miss Horspool had helped with suitable affidavits duly notarised by the Birkley family's minister and various others who had known The Birkley Women, including a fulsome testimonial from Miss Horspool herself.

In addition, the grapevine had informed Dennison that the Horspool woman had a vast fortune of her own. Dennison saw this as a guarantee that Annette Birkley would prove a profitable and amenable client. With Horspool money in the wings, there might also be opportunities for additional future business with Miss Edwina in her own right.

# Legacy

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## Henty Mansell

On Saturday 18th February 1912, shortly after her seventeenth birthday, Annette and Miss Edwina Horspool sat on opposite sides of the large leather-topped desk. To the side lay a silver tray with a large coffee pot, the pot now empty. The discussion on Annette's future had been in progress for over an hour. Aged sixty-two, Edwina Horspool still retained her sharp mind but, like her mother before her, her body was racked with arthritis and her hands were gnarled into painful claws. Unlike her mother Hannah, Edwina did not seek relief from painkillers and mostly suffered her ailment with stoicism.

"Dearest Annette, please will you re-consider. Surely you must see that I cannot condone what you propose. It would be a waste of your potential. You must continue with your education. You must try for university. You have already shown that you have the brain for it. One day you will be a woman of considerable wealth, able to do exactly as you wish. You are attractive, as I never was and you may wish to marry and raise a family of your own. What I did was of a past era. You are no longer constrained, as I was. Surely you understand this?"

"Thank you Miss Edwina, but no, please allow me to serve as your deputy. I feel certain it's what God is calling me to do. The turmoil continues, with men fighting all over the world, coming home only for brief visits, or worse, not coming home at all. As you know from our mail we are being inundated with cries for help from their women, especially those widowed and due to give birth."

"Dear Annette, sadly, what you say is true but please, you must be a little selfish and think first of your career. I've asked Avril Henning to find me someone reliable. God will provide, we will cope somehow."

"No, please, Miss Edwina - I've already typed my letter to the school and yesterday I discussed matters with Mr Bowhill the Headmaster. Like you he tried to dissuade me but eventually he agreed that I may continue as an external pupil, studying here during my spare time. When he feels I am ready, he has promised he will enter me for the appropriate examinations. I pressed him on this and said I feel I am ready to sit these at the next diet. Eventually he conceded and said he thought I would pass easily, even if these exams were next week. So, when they come around in May and June, I will be entered."

"Are you sure? I feel you are capable of so much more."

"Please, Miss Edwina, I know I can do a good job for you. All I need is your countersignature, as my Guardian. Please, it's what I want more than anything. I've prayed about this for months and believe it's God's plan for me."

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"Well, so be it Annette Birkley. You seem to have thought of everything. I hope neither of us live to regret your stubbornness. Let me have your epistle and unscrew this fountain pen for me, dear."

Annette removed the signed document, blotted it, placed it in the pre-addressed envelope and slid it into the large black handbag nestled beside her feet. Since the tragedy at Nithsdale Road she had been living at The Grange with Edwina Horspool and had participated fully in all aspects of the work of The Horspool Trust for Foundlings and the auxiliary activities of the overarching Horspool Trust.

"Thank you, Miss Edwina. Thank you very much indeed."

"Mmm. Well, Annette, what do we have in the post this morning?"

"There is the usual round of applications for assistance and several requests for donations. With your agreement, I propose to draft replies for your approval and signature. However, there is one letter which I thought we should discuss today. Does the name Rabbi Aaron Mansell mean anything to you? He has written from Solihull, in Birmingham. He claims to be your relative."

Edwina studied the letter then closed her eyes to bring back the half-forgotten memories of the dark and gloomy Mansell house in Garnet Hill. When her parents had moved to The Grange, Edwina had been so wrapped up in her new world that she had seldom given her Mansell relatives a thought. She smiled at the thought of her Aunts Sarah and Elizabeth, and their endless busybody interference in the affairs of The Society.

"Well, Annette, this is a dim echo from the past. My mother's parents were from Birmingham, but I never met any Mansell relatives, insofar as I recall. My father knew them, of course, he was very close to them in business. Sadly, we did not keep in touch, not even to correspond. Of course, since they were Jewish we could not even exchange the usual seasonal greetings. As you have heard, before her accident my mother became rather peculiarly enthralled with the Roman Catholic church. No, I have no recollection that she ever spoke of the Birmingham Mansells. Although I will require to check through father's old papers, on the face of it, this claim seems genuine. I don't expect that a Rabbi would tell lies, do you? What do you think we should do about this unwanted child the Rabbi does not know what to do with? She seems beautiful, that always helps, but perhaps she is now too old to place with adoptive parents? Do you agree?"

"Yes, she does look beautiful and, not that Jewish looking. It looks like a party dress. Did you notice the reverse?"

"Ah, this was taken in the Summer of 1901. The child looks about five years old. Why send an out-of-date photograph, unless. . ."

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"Yes, Miss Edwina, that makes her fifteen, maybe sixteen, so hardly a child, more a young woman."

"Of course. Now I understand. Perhaps she is no longer wanted because she is unmarried and pregnant? That would qualify as adultery in a Jewish household. In Biblical times, such a miscreant might have been stoned to death. The sire however could deny his involvement and go unpunished. Indeed, should the woman name him, he would have redress against her family for defamation. It is still very much a man's world, is it not?"

"Yes, Miss Edwina, that's my guess too. Why else would they want to send her to us?"

"Perhaps you should go and bring her to us yourself, Annette. Let this be a test of your new resolve. Go at once. If this girl Henty Mansell is alone, rejected, and pregnant, she will be in dire need of a friend. Perhaps she is living in destitution, perhaps already cast out. Hopefully she is not too advanced in her term to travel. Will you accept this challenge?"

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On arrival in Birmingham Annette found herself in a bustling, noisy, grubby and smoke-stained city which immediately reminded her of Glasgow. She was dressed as a middle-class young woman of wealth. A small Paisley-patterned travelling bag dangled at her side and her large black leather handbag looped over her other arm. Her hope was that she looked older than her years, and she had applied make-up sparingly to help the effect. In this role she wanted to be taken seriously, otherwise she might fail.

Perhaps Annette's mind-set was rather over-dramatic. She carried an emergency cache of fifty gold sovereigns, these sewn into the lining of her hand bag which also contained a large purse which had once been Edwina's. This held six Bank of England five-pound notes and a smattering of silver coins. She also carried a crisp new cheque-book containing twenty blanks, issued by the Shawland's branch of the British Linen Bank. The account was in the name of Miss Annette Birkley and had been issued on the express authority of Miss Horspool who had deposited an amount of £150 to establish it. This money was to be used by Annette at her discretion, and for emergencies.

Among her various papers were letters of introduction from Miss Horspool - outlining what Edwina knew of the family history of her Mansell grandparents - and extracts from Edward Mansell's diaries. Annette had typed a first draft from her shorthand notes following a long rambling conversation with Miss Edwina. The final version was much clearer and explained an offer of guardianship from Miss Edwina Horspool for Miss Henty Mansell, should this become necessary.

From the crowded station Annette took a horse-drawn cab to Solihull, to the address on the letter. This well-heeled suburb felt like the south-side of Glasgow, with wide streets and neat pavements fronting small gardens enclosed by wrought iron fences. However, these buildings



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were not stone but constructed with red brick and with steep red-tiled roofs. The Mansell address was a large terraced house. The door brasses glinted bright in the afternoon sunshine and the door looked as if it had been recently painted. An elderly maid answered the door, dressed in a long black dress with a white dust-cap. Her face was forbidding and when she spoke it was in a firm baritone timbre, revealing her roots as Irish overlaid with Birmingham lilt.

"Can I help you, madam?"

"Good afternoon. My name is Annette Birkley, from Glasgow. I represent The Horspool Trust. I come as an emissary, sent by Miss Edwina Horspool. I would . . ."

"Sorry, no hawkers, no salesmen, no begging charities. This is the home of a respectable Jewish family and they give only to their own. Try next door. Good afternoon."

"No, please wait. I've called to speak to Henty. Is she in trouble? Is the Rabbi Aaron Mansell at home?"

"Mother of God, get in here quick-like. We don't want the neighbours earwigging."

The dark interior of the entrance hall smelled of lavender furniture polish. There was also the hint of another smell, which after a few minutes came to Annette; it was fish, smoked fish, being cooked elsewhere in the house.

"Sorry, madam, what did you say your name was. I've a bad habit of missing words, my hearing is going."

"Annette Birkley, from Glasgow. From The Horspool Trust. Rabbi Mansell wrote to Miss Edwina Horspool asking that we take care of Henty."

"Is this some sort of girlish prank you're up too? How old are you Miss Brikland? Are you one of Henty's pen-friend's? Is that it?"

"It's Birkley, not Brikland. May I speak to Rabbi Mansell, please."

"No, you may not! The dear man has been dead for over six months. It's just me and Henty now. Mrs Mansell died these twelve years ago."

"May I see Henty, please? Maybe she can explain what her situation is?"

"How do I know I can trust you Miss Brikland. After all you are no older than Henty herself."

"I'm sorry, I should have asked your name?"

"Mrs Mabel Forrester. I've been here since before Henty was born."

Annette offered her hand:

"Annette Birkley, I'm pleased to meet you."

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Reluctantly Mrs Forrester shook hands and mumbled a reply which Annette could not understand.

"Please, Mrs Forrester, may I speak to Henty. It's very important."

"Sit here, Miss Brikland, I'll see if she is available."

Annette waited nearly an hour, sitting in the gloom, listening carefully but hearing only the tick-tock and quarter and hour chimes of the enormous grandfather clock which dominated the narrow space. She examined the coat-stand and saw several ornate walking sticks. A tall black homburg hung from a hook beside a man's woollen coat, long and black, the collar edged with black fur. After a spell Annette became aware of a huge grey cat sitting on the half-landing staring down at her.

"Hello, what's your name."

The cat yawned and turned away to disappear around the bend in the stairs.

The clock chimed half-past four. Mrs Forrester re-appeared, carrying the cat:

"Miss Henty will see you now Miss Brikland. Where did you say you're from?"

"From Glasgow."

"Ah, Galway. I thought I could hear an Irish brogue in you. My grandparents were from County Mayo. She's on the top floor, the first door at the top of the stairs. It's unlocked, just go in. But not too long, she's not strong."

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The room was large and filled with dresses on stands, some almost completed, others in the early stages of fabrication. A freshly-stoked fire crackled and the room was warm, stuffy and smelled slightly of urine. The blinds and curtains were drawn against the darkness outside and the room was illuminated by two wall-mounted gas mantles. The girl was rake-thin but very obviously pregnant. Her appearance was haggard, her eyes were sunken with dark rings and her lips were drawn into a thin, forced smile. If Annette had not known the girl's age, she might have taken her for forty, or older.

"Are you Miss Horspool? You look too young."

"No, as I explained to Mrs Forrester, I am Annette Birkley. I'm from The Horspool Trust, in Glasgow. Miss Horspool is infirm and cannot travel. She sends her best wishes."

"Ah, well, Miss Birkley, will you sit here, beside me, please. I should explain that Mabel is almost completely deaf. She gets along by lip-reading, poor dear. Did you notice her eyes? She is almost blind too. My fear is that she will stumble on the stairs and break her neck. I have

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implored her son to take her. He lives in the country, in a cottage. John James is willing, but Mabel will not agree, because of my situation."

"Yes, I understand. My Grandma Catherine, was the same. Sadly, we did not realise how frail she was until she set the house on fire, by accident. That's when I moved to be with Miss Horspool."

Henty Mansell grimaced and drew a sharp breath:

"Water, please. Over there, by the cutting table."

"Miss Mansell, may I call you Henty?"

"Yes, Henty, of course. Annette, such a nice name. How old are you Annette?"

"Seventeen, and you?"

"Nearly sixteen, although some days I feel as if I've lived forever."

"Henty, when is your baby due?"

The tears came and fell in silence. Annette moved to comfort her, put her arm around her.

"Oh God, Annette, it will all end in disaster. I never thought it could happen but it has. How could it happen? What am I to do? It's too late, isn't it? He said I should get rid of it. And then he went away again. I kept hoping that if I starved myself it would abort itself. I read that can happen. Can it? It is too late now to have it killed, isn't it? And now, when it comes, it will be damaged, won't it?"

"There, there, Henty. Have another sip. I'm sure when you've explained everything we can make things right. Babies are strong. You'll see. Now, here, take this handkerchief and blow your nose and tell me everything, from the beginning."

"No, you would hate me, despise me if I told you what I've done."

"No Henty, I promise that whatever you tell me will go no further. That is one of our guiding principles at The Horspool Trust, complete and utter confidentiality."

"Annette, do you promise before God that you will tell no one?"

"I promise before Almighty God that what you tell me will remain your secret."

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"The picture I sent you. It was taken on my fifth birthday, in this room. It was taken by my uncle, Oliver Mansell. He was my father's half-brother. He was a surgeon, an orthopaedic surgeon, and three months ago he was killed in Tripoli, where he was serving with the Italian Army, fighting the Turks. Did you know that we Mansells are from Italy, originally? His wife and family live directly across from us, on the other side of the street. Aunt Sarah has three

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children, all girls. Annabelle, her eldest was a year younger than me. Thank God that Uncle Oliver is dead. If he came back through that door now I might kill him with my scissors. I've imagined doing it many times. Then of course, I would kill myself, for that would be only fair, after all, it was my fault, wasn't it?"

"Why was it your fault?"

"For being so pretty. I know that I'm not pretty now, but I used to be, not so long ago. You'll see what I mean. Go to that dresser, yes, the top drawer, yes, that's it, bring the box over to this side table. Here is the key. I keep it around my neck, for fear that someone might see my shame."

The box was deep and held hundreds of photographs, all of girls. The quality of the prints was of a high standard. All depicted smiling, healthy children, all girls, all naked, posed in naively erotic gestures. The children were mostly around six or seven years old. Two girls were chronicled from their early years into their mid-teens: most of this batch of photographs were of Henty.

Henty Mansell had been correct to assert that she had once been beautiful. In every photograph, she was smiling, happy. Judging from her demeanour there seemed to have been no coercion, Annette thought. From around the age of ten, the bold and defiant look in her eyes and the set of the small smile on her lips, proclaimed that Henty now understood the power of her beauty, and was challenging the camera to catch it.

This trait was absent from the photographs of the second, less pretty girl, whose eyes looked dull, tired, haunted.

"It started when Mummy died. He showed me pictures of other girls, naked, smiling. I recognised my cousin, Annabelle. She was four at the time. He had photographs of me, when I was a baby. There were photographs of other babies too but I burned those because it made me think of my own baby, inside me. Uncle Oliver gave me sweets, which Mummy and Daddy did not allow. He told me that it was our secret. He told me it was alright to take my clothes off for him, that I was the prettiest child he had ever seen. He touched me and kissed me and I touched him and made him strong and big, made him happy, made him squirt on me."

Annette remained silent, knowing the girl needed to confess fully.

"Can I admit that I enjoyed it? He was a handsome man and very good to me and always gentle, thoughtful and kind. I don't think Annabelle knew about me, but I knew about her. She was my rival. He was very subtle about that, showing me her pictures, telling me that although she was very good at making him big and strong, I was better, that I had better hands."

"And, of course, he was Papa's personal physician. Papa had a bad heart, he suffered from it all his life. Papa and Oliver were good friends and he called on us every day. Sometimes they

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played chess. Then afterwards when Papa had gone to bed, Uncle Oliver would come up to me. Papa could not manage the stairs, so we were safe up here, alone, with the door always locked."

Henty looked across at the window.

"All through those years I looked at other girls and knew that I was better than them because Uncle Oliver told me I was the prettiest girl in the world. He was all I ever wanted. When I was older, when I became a woman, he pleased me. It was the most marvellous, erotic and wonderful thing that has happened to me. Even now, after all that has happened, it still stirs me. In those years, I use to watch from my bedroom window and when I saw him cross the street, coming to me, I drew the curtains and began undressing. It was total infatuation. Everything that happened was perfect until he went away to that awful War."

"I begged him not to go. We *all* begged him not to go. Because of our roots, the family back in Rome, his cousins in the army, he eventually decided he must. Had he not gone we might have gone on forever. I loved him. I loved him more than I loved myself. I would have done anything for him."

Tears began to fall, dripping from her chin, unchecked.

"In the fighting, what Uncle Oliver saw, what he experienced, it changed him, brutalised him. When he came home on leave he was violent. Before he went he had always been gentle and he had always withdrawn before ejaculation, spraying me with his hot seed, to show me how much he loved me. Can I say it was wonderful? That I loved him even more for his self-denial? I had everything and yet I was safe."

She peered at Annette, and scoffed:

"**See!** I told you that you would be disgusted. But during those last times, Uncle Oliver was insistent, thrusting into me, hurting me, impregnating me. He became a monster. I hated him and now I hate his child. And, most of all I hate myself. Every day I think I'll use my sharpest scissors to slit my wrists. Or I'll throw myself out of a window as Annabelle did last month. I don't know for sure, but I think that she too may have been impregnated."

She leaned forward and clasped Annette's hands, placing them on her distended tummy.

"Annette, can you take it away, please? Can you take Uncle Oliver's bastard in here away and set me free of him?"

"No, Henty, there will be no need for that. Here is what I suggest. When is baby due?"

"It must be soon, I think. I'm not certain."

"Henty, have you seen a doctor?"

"No, of course not! I haven't left this room since Papa died. I've put it about that I have had a breakdown, that I am in mourning for Papa. I made Mabel turn away visitors. I didn't have

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many friends anyway, only pen-friends. Before, all I wanted was Uncle Oliver. Now I eat here in my little workshop. My bedroom is through that side door, where I have my commode. I read about The Horspool Trust for Foundlings in a magazine article years ago and Papa said that we were related to Edwina Horspool through her mother. That's why I wrote. I thought it best to write as him, just in case, I wasn't sure. . . ."

"Henty, may I suggest a first step? Will you agree that we must burn these photographs?"

"Yes. I haven't opened that box since the news came of Uncle Oliver's death. No, that's a lie. Another lie. I know it will disgust you, but I lock myself in here and line up all those photographs of myself and Annabelle to check that I was indeed more beautiful. Then, when I closed my eyes, I could bring him to me and, well. . . ."

"Henty, you may find it hard to believe this, but I do understand what you have been through. I too once loved a beautiful young man and I convinced myself for a while that he loved me. Like your Uncle Oliver, he was an abuser, molesting children. We must destroy these photographs at once. Do you know where the negatives are?"

"Yes, they are in the false bottom. See, press that little catch. There they are. He told me he couldn't trust his children not to enter his dark room, so he always kept the prints and negatives here, safe with me, because he loved me best. He did love me best. He really did."

Annette bundled the prints and negatives into the box, closed and locked the lid and placed the box directly onto the glowing embers. Within a few minutes the box was burning fiercely and was soon gone entirely.

"Now, Henty Mansell, shall we go down and find out what is for dinner. I smelled fish. Do you feel hungry?"

"But what about the baby?"

"The baby must wait until after we've eaten."

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Eight weeks later, a few days before her sixteenth birthday, Henty's healthy baby was delivered without undue trauma. The baby was a beautiful boy, with his mother's fine features and curly, ginger-blond hair.

Two weeks later the papers were signed and he was adopted by a Jewish spinster, Miss Leah Neumann, an authoress, who lived in Edinburgh with her elderly parents.

The house in Solihull was sold and Mabel was retired with an annuity to live with John James and his family. The cat was re-homed with Oliver Mansell's widow and her two daughters.

Henty remained at The Grange under the care of her 'Aunt Edwina' during which time she gradually came to terms with her past. During this period, serving behind the scenes, helping

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Edwina and Annette with the day-to-day demands of the small maternity hospital, Henty Mansell learned that she was not alone in a world where women and children were often abused by men in their own families.

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## Michael MacElhose

Friday, 5<sup>th</sup> June, 1915. Parkside Road, Shawlands.

'Well, Michael MacElhose, you do look very smart in your new uniform. How was school today? It's primary two now, isn't it? Is that Miss Adams?'

"No, she got married during the summer holidays. She's called Mrs Vernon now and she made me stand out in front of the class to do my three and four times tables. And she said that I was a splendid example. And Colin Nesbit punched me in the stomach at playtime because he got his tables wrong and he said I was a stinking Catholic cat. And I didn't cry because that would just make him happy. So, I did what Father Brannigan said to do, and pretended I was Jesus when the Roman soldier stabbed him. It wasn't as sore as that but it was quite sore. And Jimmy McTaggart ran and got our monitor Eric Blacker from primary seven and everyone told him what had happened. He smacked Colin's legs with a ruler and he cried like a big baby. And Eric let me play in goal for his team in the big playground and I saved a really hard shot and everyone said I was a great goalie."

"Well, you've had a busy day, Michael. And did they sing happy birthday to you?"

"No, because it's not my birthday until tomorrow, which is Saturday, so you don't get your dumps until Monday. That's what Eric said."

"Well, well, well, so that's how it works at Shawlands Primary these days. Now, Michael, close your eyes and make a birthday wish?"

'I wish. . .'

"No, no, no, Michael MacElhose. No, you must never tell anyone what you've wished for or the birthday fairy cannot come. Isn't that right Irene?"

"Yes, Nettie. Now Mickey, make your wish into yourself and then count slowly to twenty then go and look in the front room and see what the birthday fairy has brought you."

Smiling, they followed the boy from the kitchen.

"MUM! It's a new bike! And its red, just like Jimmy McTaggart's! And it's got a bell and a saddlebag. And it's got spanners and a repair kit inside. And it's got a red reflector on the back mudguard. And it's a Raleigh, just like Jimmy's. Can I take it out for a ride?"

"Yes, but go up and change your clothes first, please. And wear your oldest sandals. And check to see if Gran needs anything while you're up there."



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The boy ran upstairs and Nettie and Irene returned to the front room to continue their chat. Two minutes later they heard him rumble down the stairs. He stuck his face around the door:

"Granny's fast asleep - as usual!"

Seconds later the front door slammed.

"Well, Irene, he seems to be in good fettle."

"Honestly Nettie, when you suggested I might adopt a child I thought at once of a girl. But now, I wouldn't change him for the world. Of course he can be naughty and stubborn, but mostly he's a delight. And his bed-wetting is almost gone. Have you heard anything of the mother? Does she not worry about him?"

"Irene, you know how it works, you agreed to it when you signed the papers. We never reveal identities, in either direction. You are perfectly safe. Michael is yours forever, just as it should be. If he knew he was adopted, he would fret. Trust me, this is the best way. Does he ever ask about his father?"

"No, not now. He seems to have accepted that he was a ship's captain who was drowned trying to rescue one of his crew who had been washed overboard. It's a version of what happened to my brother William, but Billy was a seaman, not a captain. I thought it best to make my fictitious husband a hero, of sorts. I called him Alan. Did I tell you I once had a little brother Alan? He died when he was six months old, of measles."

"Well, it certainly sounds plausible. Does Michael have any recollection of what he has been through? I always worry when they become available at three years old. There is always the possibility that some things might be remembered."

"Nettie, as you know I'm not good at telling lies, in case I get mixed up. I wrote it all out in a story for him, even invented the names of everyone involved. I called the ship "Shining Glory". Do you agree that was a good idea?"

"Well, perhaps. Making his father a hero is good but I think you should have kept the details vague. I think it would be best if that written version got lost, somehow, and that you too might suffer a memory loss, a vagueness. I just hope your story doesn't come back to haunt us. Michael is obviously a very clever child. Perhaps we should be thinking of university for him. An accountant, perhaps."

"Do you think so? Did I say that he told me he wants to become a priest, like Father Brannigan?"

"Patrick Aloysius Brannigan! No, no, no, Irene. That's why we decided on Shawlands Primary. Why does the Bishop not listen? The sooner I get Brannigan out of here the better for all of us. The man should be de-frocked, everyone knows that. Make sure you keep Michael close to

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you when you go there. Hopefully that priest notion will pass, and quickly. Now, Irene, how are you coping otherwise? How is Sybil?"

"Poor Mum is wasting away. She sleeps mostly and has stopped eating. It's a struggle to get her to drink anything."

"Poor dear. What does Dr Abrahams say?"

"He has given me a supply of painkillers for her, but only for a week. He said I should look to making arrangements."

"How are you placed financially?"

"Fine, just fine thanks. As you know, Dad left us well enough off. But university? Is that not very expensive?"

"If you need anything, you know what to do, don't you?"

"Yes, I've got the details hidden in a copy of Old Mortality - even Michael will never read that!"

"Right Irene, I'll just pop up and see Sybil, say a wee prayer. I won't come to the funeral, if you don't mind. Best I stay low, under cover, so to speak. It makes my work easier."

An hour later Annette Birkley set off from the compact terraced house in Parkhill Road striding out quickly, as she always did. As she walked she hummed Crimond, hearing the words of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm in her head. The re-homing of Michael MacElhose had been a success, she judged. Irene MacElhose was a sensible woman. Not all of Annette's foundlings had proved to be as easy to care for.

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A year later the problem of Patrick Aloysius Brannigan was resolved when he was knocked down. It had been a foggy night. He died at the scene. An elderly lady who saw the accident claimed that the car had no lights and that it had reversed backwards and then forwards over the man several times before driving off. The car was never traced.

Inconveniently for the RC Church hierarchy, the priest was dressed as a woman, wearing make-up. The incident happened near Glasgow's Blythswood Square, an area notorious as a meeting place for such men and women.

At the time of the accident Annette Birkley was in hospital having a double mastectomy.

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## Succession

The Grange, Christmas Eve, 1919.

"Henty dear, will you ask Annette to come by after her Carol Service at St Ninian's."

"Please Aunty, take a little laudanum. Professor Blanche said it would help."

"Dear Rafa, although he can hardly walk, he forces himself to climb all these stairs to see me. We must modernise, Henty. We must have one of those elevator contraptions installed. In this day and age it really is too much to expect pregnant women to climb these stairs,"

"Aunty, just a sip, please."

"It tastes so sweet, have you mixed honey with it?"

"Yes. Honey, and cloves too. Now, drink it all down and I promise the pain will go. That's it, over onto your side and close your eyes for me."

"Mmm. Remember, Henty dear, tell Annette that I must speak to her about the new beds we were discussing. . ."

"That's it Aunty, close your eyes and have a sleep. I'll just dim the mantles for a while. I'm still here if you need me."

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In the early spring of 1920, a few days before her seventy-first birthday, Edwina Horspool slipped away peacefully. Her final months had been a slow decline to bone cancer. Her pain had been relieved under the direction of Dr Benjamin Abrahams, Rafa's cousin's son, whom Rafa had trained to inherit his clinic in Woodside Place and take over his role at The Grange.

The work of The Horspool Trust for Foundlings continued without interruption. Edwina passed control of all her remaining wealth and discharged her good works to the direction of Miss Annette Birkley. Had Henty Mansell been more stable, perhaps more reliable, she too might have featured in Edwina's plans.

What had become evident to all was that Dr Benjamin and Miss Annette made a good pairing. Some whispered that soon they might marry but their friendship, although strong and cordial, was not romantic in nature. Benjamin met a suitable girl from a nearby synagogue, a girl of whom his widowed mother approved. He married Hannah Grannet and set up home in Woodside Place, with his Uncle Rafa and his companion Alberto cloistered in the upper floor apartments.

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Rafa survived Edwina by only two years, leaving the sprightly Alberto Marchetti isolated, increasingly forgetful and fearful. With a poor summer giving way to a dull, wet autumn, Alberto decided to escape Glasgow's damp and smog-filled winters, returning to his roots in Lucca to live out his remaining years with an unmarried niece who ran a small travel agency and was pleased to have his expertise in English on tap.

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In late February 1920, a few weeks after Edwina's passing, Annette now aged twenty-five, received a letter from Miller & Miller and Partners, a firm of solicitors based in Dunfermline.

The letter had been signed; "pp M Dennison, Esquire". It advised that her inheritance from the Estate of the late George Albert Birkley QC, would be £78,000, an amount far short of the sum which had been mentioned during her meeting with Mr Martin Dennison eleven years earlier. Annette wrote to Mr Dennison to ask about this discrepancy. The curt reply advised that Mr Dennison had been killed during the War and that his business affairs had been subsumed into the practice of Miller & Miller & Partners, as a service to his family and his clients.

The letter also advised that:

"It is perhaps unfortunate that the investments made on your Uncle's behalf by Mr Dennison have faltered."

The letter was signed by a Mr David Traynor Miller, who offered to meet with Miss Birkley at his offices where he would be willing:

"... to explain in close detail the circumstances of the transfer of documentation to Miller & Miller and Partners, in order to re-assure Miss Birkley that, although this apparent diminution was a most unfortunate situation, there had been no impropriety in the manner in which her affairs had been handled by Miller & Miller and Partners, who had fallen heir to this situation during a time of economic and social turmoil caused by the Great War."

After a period of prayer and contemplation during which she analysed this lengthy paragraph many times, Annette decided:

- She would accept this settlement with good grace, aware that any legal battle - especially against a lawyer with a reputation to defend - would be fraught, time consuming and likely to be highly expensive.
- She would donate the inheritance in its entirety to The Horspool Trust.
- With this injection of cash, she would upgrade The Grange to include electric lighting and power, provide a modern kitchen and install a central heating system with an oil-fired boiler. An electric elevator and a separate electric food hoist would also be provided.

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- As a priority, she would find a modest home for herself nearby, probably Shawlands, to be owned and sustained by The Horspool Trust. Her notion was to purchase an entire tenement close and over time, as existing tenants moved on, create homes for others who served alongside her, thus freeing them from the worry of finding suitable accommodation at the ends of their working lives.
- Now that Henty was through the worst of her trauma it was time for her too to move ahead. Henty was not short of funds. Annette would help her to find a suitable place to live and help her to locate suitable premises for the ladies' dressmaking business she had talked about for years. Henty had sufficient inherited cash to do it, if this is what she wanted.
- By this means the accommodation previously occupied by Edwina, Henty and herself would be freed and redeveloped to provide additional wards with private bathrooms.

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Annette now had full authority to dispense The Horspool Trust funds at her discretion and decided on a further plan which would persist down through the years under her control. This idea had been growing in her mind for many years, the seed planted by what had occurred the day after she had returned from Birmingham with Henty.

Annette had been sent out by Miss Horspool to retrieve a child from the Sisters of Perpetual Succour. The child, Alexander (Lex) Preston, had been brought to The Sisters by his grandmother, rescued from her alcoholic son and his wife who had neglected and abused the child during his first two years. The father was in prison for aggravated theft and the mother had recently moved away, possibly to Liverpool, abandoning her toddler. The grandmother was already caring for older children from this failed marriage and feared for Lex's life when her son-in-law was released from prison in a few weeks' time.

When he arrived at The Grange, Lex had been starved, emaciated. He had been beaten and was suffering from bronchitis. Annette had taken personal responsibility for him: after many fevered and sleepless nights and earnest prayers, she nursed him back to full health.

As Lex approached his third birthday, and only after being sharply commanded to do so by Miss Edwina, Annette relinquished 'her' Lex to Irene MacElhose and her widowed mother Sybil. Irene had lost her fiancé in the Great War and Edwina had promised her the boy once he was well again.

Irene and her mother at once renamed their adopted son 'Michael', after Irene's father, the man who had served Edward Horspool at Mansell & Co. It was clear to Annette that the MacElhose family was living on a financial knife-edge, like her Aunt Helena and her Grandma Catherine had been in years gone by. Despite this, they were proudly reluctant to accept the support which the Trust offered.

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As she prayed each day for Michael and his new family, Annette thought of the many other children who might also be at risk. The seed had been planted.

After a struggle, Annette had learned to decipher Edwina's strange shorthand. She searched back through her mentor's records. Only a small proportion of the foundlings had been placed with wealthy families. The majority had gone to women in genteel poverty, women not unlike her Aunt Helena and Grandma Catherine and Irene and Sybil MacElhose.

Such children were clearly at risk, should the adopter die before the child could fend for itself. At any time, such a family might meet with tragedy, as Annette had herself. Not all those could be rescued into comfortable wealth as she had been by Miss Horspool.

Her first thought was that she should open discussions with the committee at the Orphan Home at Bridge of Weir founded by William Quarrier. However, The Horspool Trust adoptees were spread far and wide, embedded with relatives or friends who might be willing to help, if the child had sufficient wealth to pay its way. Moreover, some children had moved to England with their adopted parents, creating a possible further difficulty. In addition, the child or its supporters may resist the dislocation of moving north to Quarrier's.

Perhaps there was another way. Annette prayed for guidance and the answer came.

She would earmark a sum of around £50,000 to set up legacy accounts for the children she had judged to be most at risk, or most likely to need help to reach their full potential.

For each child at risk and not yet twenty-one, Annette opened a savings account in her own name at a bank local to that child's location. Depending on the age of the child, she made a deposit, never less than £500. If she had placed the child herself, knew how it was progressing, perhaps spotting it had the potential to go up to university or into further education, such as nursing or commercial college, she increased the amount to £1,000.

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Michael MacElhose was Annette's first foundling placement, and her commitment to him was profound.

Her faith was well-founded. Michael proved to be a clever child and kind-hearted.

As the years rolled forward Annette allowed herself to follow his progress and knew of his struggle to overcome the difficulties caused by his illness.

At each crisis and opportunity in Michael MacElhose's life, Annette had prayed for him.

Michael was the child Annette Birkley had denied herself in accordance with God's call to serve The Horspool Trust, following the pattern set by Edwina Horspool.

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## Edith Govan

In 1880, Glasgow was a bustling industrial city, often called "The Second City of the Empire", vying with Birmingham which also claimed this accolade.

Alongside larger enterprises such as shipbuilding, mining for coal and iron ore, steelworks and locomotive manufacture, the city was a hive of smaller and medium-sized companies thriving and growing, filling every business niche.

Edith Govan was twenty-one, tall with a large wide body, prominent breasts and thick, sturdy legs which she kept well hidden under long dresses. Her awkward looks were redeemed by her pretty face, ready laugh and good sense of humour.

What Edith saw in Thomas Newbury was a brash, big-boned, young man with a bull head, a ruddy complexion and brimming with self-confidence. He claimed to be twenty-four but looked older.

What Thomas saw was a well-dressed, well-spoken, ambitious young woman. He agreed to give her a three-month trial with an increase of one shilling and sixpence on her current weekly wage to prise her out of her secure and well-paid job.

To a casual observer they might have been brother and sister. Or man and wife, a notion which lodged in Edith's mind within minutes of meeting Thomas. Edith Govan had smiled what she hoped was her winning smile. Unfortunately for Edith, Thomas Newbury, despite his rather coarse appearance and poor grammar, was a womaniser with no thought of taking a wife to cramp his style. Newbury was vague about his origins, claiming at times to be from Cambuslang and at other times from Airdrie. Thomas had no desire to reveal his poor roots as a fish porter's son from Troon.

Edith, an only child, had been one of the top pupils in her class at Hamilton Crescent school, near to where she lived in Merkland Street. Since leaving commercial college Edith had worked for several organisations; most recently an insurance company where she had been one of forty-three copy typists under the spiteful and inappropriately named Miss Letitia Love. Released from the tyranny of her previous existence, Edith decided to make herself indispensable to Thomas Newberry and at once started plotting her future.

On her first day, she re-titled herself from typist to personal secretary.

At that time, Thomas ran a seat-of-the-pants business employing a team of around a dozen men operating from a small and chaotic storage warehouse in South Street, near the busy shipyards. These men hawked domestic consumables such as pot-scourers, lavatory brushes,

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dusters, pots, pans, soap powder and the like, directly to housewives on a door-to-door basis. Edith quickly detected that these men were pilfering, selling items for personal gain. By re-organising the system for stock control, she exposed this subterfuge and within a few months Thomas was persuaded to fire them all and start again with a new team.

Edith suggested to Thomas that he might consider employing women to do the door-to-door selling. After a long debate, he gave this a trial. Soon his whole team were women, mainly widows or older spinsters in need of steady employment and keen to do well. Edith suggested they call themselves "Mrs Mops". A month later she devised a progressive sales bonus system, persuaded Thomas to adopt it and then managed it for him with good humour and fairness. Turnover and profits improved steadily. She asked for an increase in her wages and he agreed without demur.

Now in her second year under Thomas, and entirely on her own authority, Edith arranged for a one-month free trial installation of a Gestetner stencil copying machine and began to create advertising materials to be given out by her Mrs Mops. Thomas was impressed and at her suggestion he became an agent for the sales and distribution of Gestetner copying machines.

It was soon obvious that the Gestetner business was much more profitable than selling small value items door-to-door. At Edith's suggestion and with her help, Newberry advertised his Mrs Mops business in the trade press. She found him a buyer from Manchester. This allowed Thomas and Edith to concentrate on the new duplicating machine business.

Thomas now started to make real money.

Building on her success, Edith pushed for electric lighting and power sockets to be installed. Then, a year later, for a telephone. After much debate over the expense, she convinced him that having a telephone would allow them to trade beyond the immediate Glasgow area.

When this was installed she next suggested that he should purchase a gig and pony and stable it with her next door neighbour's son, a blacksmith. Thomas agreed.

She nagged for a modern electric type-writer and he conceded. She asked for a further increase to her wages and again Thomas agreed.

In March 1887, aged twenty-seven, Edith made her bold move. She was not looking to make a perfect romantic marriage. It was the excitement of commerce which gripped her.

She announced to Thomas that she had been recruited by the new owners of Mrs Mops who wished her to take charge and develop the business on a UK-wide basis. She would require to relocate to Manchester.

She smiled again her winning smile.

This time Thomas responded, wooed her roughly, but without making an offer of marriage.



# Legacy

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She decided she knew him well enough to take the gamble and allowed him his way.

Very soon her daughter (whom she would call Elizabeth, after her recently deceased mother) was on her way and Edith made it plain to all involved in their business and to their customers, that Thomas was the father. Faced with this situation, Thomas married Edith, thereby reducing his outgoings on her wages while securing her for the future of their business.

Edith did not enjoy either pregnancy or childbirth, nor did she enjoy his aggressive version of love-making. She fended him off and turned a blind eye to his late home-comings and impromptu business trips. Thomas resumed his bachelor life-style, leaving Edith to rear her daughter in accordance with her own plan.

With the infant Elizabeth in her pram or play cot in her office, Edith Newberry continued to push her husband forward. She suggested that colour printing was the future and sent him off on a fact-finding tour to London. He returned enthused, and she helped him prepare the forms for the bank. Based on his track record since she had joined him, the bank provided the loan. Thomas and Edith then made the leap and rented a larger modern factory building across the river in the Kinning Park district where the "Newbury Colour Printing" business was established.

After a year of further success, the Newbury family moved from a modest rented flat in White Street to a four-bedroomed flat in Cranworth Street, near the University, which they purchased outright. They were on the way up, socially and financially. They had this property modernised, re-plumbed, electric lighting and power sockets installed and later, a telephone. Elizabeth's name was put down for Park School for Girls, and the holding deposit paid.

*Newbury Colour Printing* continued to grow. Over six hectic years Thomas made his small fortune by printing higher-quality colour magazines, booklets and advertising materials. Again they expanded, this time into purpose-built premises which he equipped with the latest automated electrically-driven higher-speed printing presses from Germany. After five further years of consolidation, Thomas and Edith decided they had taken this business as far as they could.

As with the *Mrs Mops* business, Edith again sought a buyer. They were wooed by many suitors and at each turn elevated the asking price. After a final haggle, they sold to a London-based publishing firm keen to expand into the booming market for adult and children's comics and the growing number of ladies' magazines which had been generated by the demand for short and diverting fiction to be read on train journeys.

In 1902, released from the constraints of formal business Thomas threw himself into a less profitable but more enjoyable business of chartering a small fleet of yachts. Edith pushed for her share of the bonanza, persuading Thomas to relocate his family to the small villa in Kirklee, while keeping the flat in Cranworth Street for letting out, generating a good income from Glasgow University who were keen to find modernised properties for visiting academics.

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Sailing provided Thomas with many opportunities to hobnob with those much richer than himself. At sea as their charter skipper he now thought of himself as one of them and like them, Newberry wanted to be able to claim a trans-Atlantic crossing.

In March 1906, with a band of other hopefuls, Newberry unwisely set off into the teeth of a spring gale, heading down through the Irish Sea with the Canary Islands their intended first port of call. The vessel ran aground in heavy seas off the Isle of Man.

Thomas Newberry, approaching his fiftieth birthday, was grossly overweight and said to be very drunk when the yacht struck the rocks. Only two of his party survived.

With her husband gone, and his business affairs needing attention, the wary Edith consulted Mrs Dorothy Fraser (nee Fulton), an old friend through her church connections. Dorothy, who had trained to become a teacher, was now a minister's wife, married to the Reverend Archibald Fraser. Dorothy was quick to recommend Mr Finlay Martennes-Macklin of Martennes-Macklin, MacLean and Mitchell, Solicitors and Notaries Public, an upright man who was the leader of the kirk session in St Ninian's Episcopal Church in Pollokshields where his father had been the Rector.

Finlay Martennes-Macklin acted quickly, diligently garnering and realising the various investments into which Thomas Newberry had scattered portions of his wealth, consolidating the capital and recommending an annuity.

Within eighteen months Edith (now forty-nine) and Elizabeth (now twenty) were settled, secure financially, insofar as the future could be foreseen at that uncertain time of global wars and insurrections affecting almost every corner of the British Empire.

# Legacy

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## Elizabeth Newberry

From a child Elizabeth Newberry had been large, plump and mannish, inheriting her father's broad face and large nose. Self-conscious about her appearance, the teenage Elizabeth had been desperate to escape her expensive schooling and thereafter seldom left the family home. Sweet natured like her mother, her main attributes were her deft fingers and a clear, sweet soprano voice. From a child, Elizabeth had been pressed by her father, who had imagined a career for her as a concert pianist or opera singer. Enrolled against her wishes, the teenage Elizabeth had studied for three unhappy months at the Royal Academy of Music in London, returning home in tears to face her father's displeasure.

Following Thomas's demise, and after an appropriate period of mourning, Edith encouraged her daughter to set up as a private teacher offering lessons in "pianoforte and voice" to the children of the aspiring middle classes of Glasgow's West End, operating from their home in Kirklee. This turned out to be a wise choice. Elizabeth discovered she had a talent for teaching, and as the weeks turned into years she grew in confidence. Her life changed for the better when she acquired a spaniel (whom she called Macbeth). This animal was gifted by the mother of a grateful pupil who had been accepted by the Royal Academy under Elizabeth's tutelage.

Elizabeth and Macbeth took to walking vigorously and gradually Elizabeth slimmed down. Edith began to hope even yet for a marriage and grandchildren. Despite Edith's relentless cajoling, and still unwilling to accept that any man would be interested in a woman with her plain face and frumpish body, Elizabeth stubbornly refused to accompany her mother to fashionable shops or visit tearooms where she might meet mothers with suitable sons in need of a middle-class wife.

Crucially, Elizabeth also refused to join her mother and her friend Dorothy in their church choir where she might meet a nice young man, or even a nice older man. Edith nagged. Elizabeth ignored. After time the nagging stopped. The best years for such an opportune marriage rolled away into dim memory. Elizabeth Newbury's music teaching enterprise flourished and she settled to her life as a spinster, recognised locally as the reclusive stout woman with the barking dog, a pair best avoided.

When it became clear to Edith that Elizabeth would never marry, Dorothy suggested that perhaps Elizabeth might adopt a child, passing a card from The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. Elizabeth, at first reluctant, consulted Macbeth while on their walks. Soon the idea took root and she warmed to it, becoming very enthusiastic. At Dorothy's suggestion, mother and

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daughter discussed the matter with Mr Finlay Martennes-Macklin who confirmed that The Horspool Trust for Foundlings was a well-regarded organisation.

Edith wrote to the Trust. A week later they received a reply, followed by a visit from Miss Annette Birkley who explained the procedures involved, the costs and the commitment required.

The Newberrys again consulted Finlay Martennes-Macklin and were re-assured that the child provided would be guaranteed as healthy and from good stock but that thereafter, as with any such adoption, all risks during upbringing would rest on the adoptive parent. Only *in extremis*, would the Trust consider an intervention. This was exactly what Edith hoped to hear. Her fear was that having raised a child as their own, it might later be reclaimed by its birth parents.

Together with Mr Martennes-Macklin, the Newberrys studied the forms provided by the Trust and after further long discussions with Miss Birkley, they made their decision, signed and agreed to pay the 'adoption expenses' in the sum of £500. A few weeks later it was confirmed that a child was 'in prospect' and that, if it was healthy, it would become theirs.

The Newberry cheque was sent to the bank. When it cleared Miss Birkley made several further visits to Kirklee to offer advice and training, checking for uncertainties. Satisfied that Elizabeth and Edith were competent and committed to the adoption, she advised that they should be prepared to receive a child during the next two weeks.

As had been agreed with Miss Birkley, in preparation for the arrival of the child, Elizabeth suspended her lessons, feigning ill health. The child would need her full attention.

Male and female names were chosen and sent by letter to Miss Birkley, to satisfy the final paperwork, allowing the child to be registered legally as Elizabeth's.

Since it could not be divined whether the newborn would be a boy or girl, Edith and Elizabeth set off to Paisley where they hoped not to be recognised, intent on purchasing the nicest baby clothes they could find in both blue and pink.

# Legacy

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## Marianne

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> / Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> December, 1921.

The infant's mother was a teenager who had succumbed to the advances of a local young man while at a finishing school in Switzerland. Her parents had been pleased to agree to the adoption with its pledge of anonymity and to pay the 'adoption expenses', (an amount currently set at £500).

At the final meeting, the young mother and both grandparents signed the final forms consigning the infant to the care of The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. These forms were immediately notarised by Dr Benjamin Abrahams (attending physician) and Finlay Martennes-Macklin, who donated his services to the Trust for such purposes.

After this ceremony, hands were shaken, ersatz good wishes were exchanged and the grateful parents drove their errant daughter away, heading for Helensburgh. The teenager was now free to begin her life anew, a little older and hopefully very much wiser.

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Just after midnight Annette slipped out of her tenement close and headed back to Newlands. Heavy, slow-moving clouds occluded the new moon, threatening snow. Only the main streets were illuminated with gaslights: she kept to the darker side streets, hoping to avoid observation.

Like Edwina Horspool, Annette did not wear make-up. Her view was that people must take her as God intended, unadorned. She had always known she was not a beauty, an attribute in others which, from her painful encounter with the handsome Patrick Brannigan, she had learned to distrust. Below her long green gabardine overcoat, she wore a simple black skirt, a cream blouse and a dark-grey tweed jacket. Her tightly curled red hair was concealed by a green felt hat with a narrow downward sloping brim, shielding her face. Her large holdall contained her nurse's uniform, complete with its cape and winged hat. She hoped this outfit would give the stamp of officialdom, should they be flagged down by a curious policeman.

Following the upgrading of The Grange, Annette Birkley now lived in a one room and kitchen flat in Skirving Street. This street was located near to Shawlands Cross, an area with a high proportion of good quality tenement properties: most, like Annette's, with compact bathrooms and hot water heated by back boilers located behind the coal fire in the kitchen.

Earlier, during her walk to the flat after the donating family had signed and left, Annette had called at the Post Office and sent a telegram to an address at the other side of the city.

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Normally she would have waited until the cheque had cleared, but over the last months she had come to know this family well and was confident that the girl's father would not renege on the agreement. As an active Member of Parliament with unfulfilled ambitions, he had too much to lose, and mother and daughter were clearly relieved to be rid of their unwanted burden. The girl had confided to Annette that her father had secured her a place to read Law and Politics at Oxford University, starting next September.

With her quick, energetic stride, Annette arrived at The Grange fifteen minutes later. At the entrance to the long unlit lane she slowed. The surface underfoot was uneven and she used a torch to guide herself up the steep slope. At the top of the rise stood The Grange, built by Charles Horspool in 1848. For several decades this mansion had stood in splendid isolation until the late nineteenth century when his grand-daughter, Miss Edwina Horspool, had sold the major part of the estate to allow the Newlands area to expand, creating further blonde and red sandstone houses for the middle and upper classes.

This service lane leading to the rear of The Grange, was flanked on both sides by smaller red sandstone terraced villas, homes occupied by the well-heeled middle-class community of professionals and business owners which inhabited Newlands. The rear windows of these houses were dark and unwelcoming, shuttered against the winter night. In contrast the rear façade of The Grange showed dim lights behind mesh curtains.

The Grange had been her home until Annette had carried through the necessary modifications to convert it into a modern private nursing home equipped with the latest innovations and staffed by professional nurses, many of whom had, like Annette, been trained by Edwina.

Annette used her torch to guide the key into the lock of the side door to the garage which had once been a stables block. Inside, she unlocked the rear doors of the dark green van which was discretely labelled "Private Ambulance" in small red letters. Over the next fifteen minutes she checked that the contents were as had been agreed with the elderly Miss Margaret-Mary Harrison, the Superintendent Nurse now in charge of The Grange, a position that she had taken over from her mother, now deceased.

The child would be handed over with everything required to give it a good start with its adoptive mother. These items included: a large pram; a cot; three suitcases filled with a layette of baby clothes; nappies; waterproof pants; feeding bottles and bottles of sterilising fluid; tins of dried milk; a large jar of petroleum jelly; cotton wool; bottles of baby oil; a bottle of gripe water and two soothers. Every item was new and of the best quality available.

Thirty minutes later, Annette now in her full nurse's regalia, her winged cap secured with strategically placed Kirby grips, emerged from the rear servants' door of The Grange. With her was Miss Harrison who carried the swaddled infant, a girl, now two weeks old and in robust good health.

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Annette drove across the sleeping city to Kirklee in the West End of Glasgow, heading to the villa occupied by a spinster called Elizabeth Newbury and her mother Edith. As she always did, Annette had researched this family well and they fitted the mould which she preferred for most of her adoptees, in accordance with the template she had inherited from Miss Edwina Horspool.

Shortly after one-thirty of the morning, the private ambulance from The Grange drove into the driveway of the Newbury house. Immediately the front door opened and light spilled onto the gravel. Miss McLean made her way directly indoors and Elizabeth helped Miss Birkley transfer the contents of the ambulance.

Marianne Newbury had been safely delivered to her new home.

An hour later the ambulance returned to The Grange where Annette parked it again in the garage.

Before Nettie and Margaret-Mary parted, and sitting side by side in the vehicle, Annette led with a short prayer:

"Dear Lord Jesus Christ, please bless this child and guide her path throughout her life. Bless also her new mother Elizabeth and her grand-mother Edith, and all who have worked to support them. Please bless also Marianne's natural mother, keep her safe and heal her hurt.

Once again Lord Jesus, we give thanks for Your bounty, enabling us to do Your will.

Amen."

This prayer and versions of it had been used several hundred times since Edwina Horspool had recruited Annette Birkley to her service as a teenager in need of rescue from her tragic situation.

While Annette had reservations about the new mother Elizabeth, the key was the supporting grandmother, Edith Newberry, nee Govan and, crucially, the support which would be provided by Dorothy Fraser, nee Fulton, a woman that Annette had known for many years, serving together as leaders of The Glasgow Outreach Missionary Society (The Society).

During the week ahead Miss Annette Birkley would visit the Byres Road branch of the British Linen Bank. Here she would open an account in her own name, and make a one-off deposit of £1,000, money earmarked for Marianne Newberry's future, against the unlikely prospect that it might be required.

# Legacy

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## David Miller Morrison

Shawlands, Glasgow. Saturday, 23<sup>rd</sup> February, 1946, late evening.

The slipper moon was shining brightly. Despite her tiredness, Annette Birkley forced herself to walk quickly, as she always did. She was returning from a choir rehearsal at St Ninian's Episcopal Church, Pollokshields. The choir was still thriving, but her gentlemen were mainly older. With only two male tenors, Miss Birkley had persuaded three deeper ladies to sing tenor parts to create a better balance. These ladies had been grumbling for months. What Miss Birkley needed were some younger men, they advised. Annette had advertised in *The Glasgow Herald* inviting any gentleman interested to apply in person by attending any Saturday or Wednesday evening at 7.00pm or by writing to her home address to arrange an audition. Three weeks of advertising and intense prayer had produced no response.

Turning into Skirving Street Annette saw a fresh-faced young man standing at the entrance to her close. He wore a heavy woollen coat, grey with a black collar, and a grey, soft felt hat. Her immediate thought was that this man had seen her advertisement and had misunderstood it. He will have his music in his briefcase, she thought. As she approached she called ahead:

"Oh, good evening. I do have a piano but it's too late now, most of my neighbours are elderly."

"Pardon? I'm waiting for Miss Birkley. I'm not loitering, if that's what you think. A lady said I should wait, that Miss Birkley should arrive soon."

"Well, success! I am she upon whom you wait! This lady adviser, was she tall, slim and blonde, wearing pink-rimmed glasses?"

"Yes. She was very forthright, rather, er, brash. She asked why I wanted to speak to you, wondered if she could help instead. I explained it was a personal matter, which seemed to amuse her. She said she was just popping up to tuck in her mother for the night and that I should give her ten minutes and then I could pop up, chap the door marked "A Bradley", and she would tuck me in too, if I wished. She kept leering at me. I thought she might even kiss me. It was a relief when she eventually went upstairs."

"That's Isa French for you. By lunchtime tomorrow I'll be added to the daily round of gossip, living in sin, with young men waiting for me on my doorstep. Well, are you here about the choir?"



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"No, sorry. I've often wished I could sing. I did try at school, but they wouldn't have me. I should explain. My name is David Morrison. I have been trying to track you down for months. If you're able to speak now, well, that would be excellent. This is my card."

"Oh, dear. My eyes are not up to reading in this light. Come in, please. We'll just have to risk Isa and her gossip. . . Yes, that's it, through you go, on the left. . . Would you like a cup of tea? Are you sure you don't sing? You have a lovely sweet tenor voice. Perhaps they missed an opportunity. Which school was that?"

"Dunfermline High, have you heard of it?"

"Mmm, let me think. Well, welcome to my humble abode. Have a seat and I'll rake out the churls and get the fire going again, get some heat back into the place. Do you mind if I put on the wireless? It seems so quiet without it. When you live alone, the wireless is like a best friend, don't you agree? There, I'll keep it down to a whisper. Mozart, *A little night music*. Aha, the *Romanze*, how nice. Tea, did I ask?"

"Yes, tea, thanks. Please, let me get the fire. We have central heating now, but it's not the same, is it? Nothing beats a coal fire."

"I'd gladly give it up for central heating, save my knees. Right then, I'll get the kettle on. Now, Mr Morrison, isn't Dunfermline High School one of the oldest schools in Scotland? From the days when Dunfermline was our Capital?"

"Yes, the High was founded in 1468, but its roots are even older, when it was part of the Abbey."

"There, I told you - you're bound to make a chorister. I'm sure you could soon learn to sing, Mr Morrison. Perhaps, if you're free on Wednesday, you could come and join us at St Ninian's. We're practising for Easter. Do you read music? What happened to your hand, was it the War?"

"No, it was a cricket injury. Meant I missed out, spent it in a War Department office here in Glasgow, writing letters to the bereaved. Heart-breaking. But yes, I can read music enough to play a few tunes on my accordion. Mum hates it, says it's a waste of all the money she spent on piano lessons. But with this old claw, well, you win some and you lose some."

"Yes, I can see her point of view. Look, are you free tomorrow afternoon? Could you bring your accordion to Greenview Hall in Pollokshaws, for our Sunday School? The children would love that. Now, there we are, a quick stir and we'll let it infuse. . . Now, let me see that card, find out who you are. . . "David Miller Morrison, Associate Partner, Miller & Miller and Partners". Now that rings a bell, Miller & Miller and Partners. Let me check my memory banks. How do you take your tea?"

"Splash of milk and two sugars, please."

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"Ginger snaps? Go on, remove the temptation, take both. . . Now, Mr Morrison, are you sure? Go on, just to be sociable. . . See, you do like them, don't you?"

"Now, Mr Morrison, you must call me Annette, being called Miss Birkley at every turn makes me feel a million years old. Shall I call you David?"

'If you like, but most people call me Morrie, from Morrison.'

"Dear me, why would they do that? David is such a lovely. . . Aha, David Traynor Miller of Miller & Miller and Partners! Is he your father? He wrote to me years ago, let me think, 1920? Yes, February 1920. How could I forget that! Is he well?"

"No, Dad's dead now. Dad was Alan Miller Morrison. No, that was my Uncle David who wrote to you. Everyone called him "DT", even his wife, my mother's sister. Rather a dark horse was D-T Miller, I'm afraid. That's partly why I'm here, to try to see if we can reach an equitable settlement. But then there is the other part, the totally unexpected part."

"Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll call you David. Did you know that David in the Bible was a wonderful singer? So, I'll call you David and you call me Annette? More tea? There. . . and a splash and two, there. . . Now, David, what is all this legal mumbo jumbo about? What did you say? "to see if we can reach an equitable settlement"? Have I incurred a liability, a debt that I don't realise I have?"

"No, far from it, entirely the opposite. It's a bit complicated. Mum set out some notes, with key dates. It's a sort of potted history. But first we should talk about Uncle D-T and his misdemeanour. I felt it best not to write that part down. I hope you have a forgiving nature, Miss Birkley, and that you're not easily shocked. Since I discovered or rather *uncovered* the subterfuge, almost by accident, I've been in personal turmoil. Mum knows as well, of course, but not Aunt Celia, we thought it best not to add to her worries. To confound it, I find you here living in this small house, scraping by, and back there in Dalgetty Bay, my Aunt Celia, Uncle D-T's widow, has been living in the lap of luxury, although sadly, not for long. A matter of months at most, they say, but only then will . . .  
***Oh, Miss Birkley - are you all right? Can I do anything?"***

"No, it's nothing, tummy gip, it'll pass. . . There we are, that's the worst of it over. Now, do I sense a long and sad tale of woe in the offing, David. If so let's stop for a little break, shall we? My internals have been acting up a bit over these last months, a bit 'unreliable', shall we say. Forgive me - *Please, kind sir, allow me to withdraw to powder my nose.* And David, would you make a fresh pot of tea, and have another go at that fire, see if you can get it to catch. Use the bellows. Bain of my life, that fire. Now, we'll pop the wireless off, shall we? No need for music now we seem to be getting along fine."

Ten minutes later Annette returned, wearing green slacks, a yellow blouse, furry pink slippers and smelling profusely of gardenia:

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"Now, David, do you need to visit the bathroom, before we make a start?"

"Yes, thanks. Two ticks."

In the bathroom David wrinkled his nose. Even the pine disinfectant she had applied liberally could not mask the stench. He edged the window top and bottom to help air the room, stood over the WC , relieved himself, flushed then washed his hands and returned to the kitchen.

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## Revelations

At last the fire had caught and was roaring brightly, filling the room with heat.

David took off his coat, and then his jacket, revealing his wine-coloured waistcoat.

"Right, are we both settled? Now, David, I propose we pray. Are you a praying man?"

"Well, not for a few years, no, not really. Look, I'm not sure. I used to be a Catholic, because of Dad. Mum is Church of Scotland, always has been. She's very keen, on lots of committees, missions, visiting the sick, that sort of thing. Always at me is my Mum. When I went up to the High, well, em, I suppose I stopped going to church I'm afraid. . ."

"But you still believe, David, I hope?"

"Look Miss Birkley, I suppose I'm still a Catholic but I've not been to Confession for years, so I'm not sure if. . ."

"But David, Catholics pray all the time. I know lots of Catholics and we pray together very happily. So, why not give it a try? You said earlier you hoped I had a forgiving nature. Let me remind you that God has a very forgiving nature. That's why he sent His Son to die for us at Calvary. You do remember that, David, I hope?"

"Yes, Miss Birkley, you're right, perhaps we *should* pray. Yes. Let's pray, please, yes."

"David, come over here, to *this* chair. Give me your hands. Is it painful, this left one?"

"Only sometimes. Arthritis, when it's cold. I wear thick gloves. . ."

"Yes, yes, a good idea. Now, David, why don't you close your eyes? I find it helps. Now, I always think of us talking to a kind and wise older Man sitting close to us. Got Him in your mind's eye?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Dear Loving Heavenly Father, draw near to us tonight, we pray. We claim again Your promise, that if we earnestly ask You to forgive our sins, You will wash them away with Jesus's blood."

"**Amen.**"

"Amen."

"Father, send your Holy Spirit to guide our thoughts, to cleanse our hearts, keep us safe from The Devil and his temptations and send Your Peace to calm our fears."

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"Amen."

"Amen."

"Father, Your Holy Word tells us You love us so much that You have counted every hair on our heads. Help us to trust in Your Love and always seek to do the right thing, to make the right choices, and by doing so to glorify You in all we think, and say, and do. All these things we ask in Jesus' precious Name."

"Amen."

"Amen."

"Now, David Miller Morrison, tell me everything, from the beginning. I promise before God that nothing you tell me will go beyond this room. And remember, God already knows the truth, better than we do. So, David, don't hold anything back. If you're sure of something then declare it as the truth as you know it, no matter how badly it reflects on you, or your family. If you don't know for sure, just tell me what you think. Don't leave anything out. I'll fix whatever is wrong, if I can. That's a promise too, David. In Jesus's Name."

"Amen."

"Amen."

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It tumbled out.

As drummed into her by Miss Horspool, Annette took notes writing 'blind' in her rapid version of shorthand, bullet pointing each new item while simultaneously listening closely to the intonation and inflections in his voice, watching his eyes, observing how he held himself. Within a few minutes she concluded that David Morrison Miller was telling her the whole truth, as best he understood it:

- In 1884, the firm of Miller & Miller and Partners had been established in Dunfermline by David Anderson Miller, (known as "DA").
- By the late nineteenth century it had grown to a medium-sized and profitable practice sufficient for D-A to be able to send his only child to be schooled at the prestigious Fettes College in Edinburgh.
- On his father's death, David Traynor Miller (now called D-T after the style of his father) fulfilled his father's ambition and inherited the firm.
- D-T had married Celia Fullarton, deemed to be the prettier of the Fullarton twins, Celia and Miriam.
- Uncle D-T and Aunt Celia were avid golfers and tennis players.

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- They did not have any children. (Years later, after her husband's death, Celia had confided in her twin that she and D-T had never cohabited as man and wife and that they always slept in separate bedrooms.)
- Michael Morrison, a successful haulier who was originally from Pitlochry, had moved his centre of operations to Dunfermline when he bought out a competitor.
- When his enlarged business was turning a steady profit, Michael had married the other twin, Miriam Fullarton.
- David Miller Morrison was born in 1917 and had been named after his uncle and often called D-M by his aunt and uncle who had both doted on him as if he was their own child.
- David had been told from a teenager that in due time the Miller & Miller practice would become his, and later, on his aunt and uncle's death, that he would inherit their estate.
- Miriam had resisted the repeated offers by her brother-in-law to fund his nephew's education at Fettes: she did not want to have her son sent away.
- Michael Morrison died two days after the Dunkirk evacuation, aged fifty-nine.
- The haulier business was sold to a rival.
- David was now newly graduated as a lawyer. Because of his hand injury he had been deemed unfit to serve but had been sent by the War Office to Glasgow.
- Miriam moved to Glasgow to be near her son, setting up home in Clarkston with Mrs Phoebe Wilson, a widowed cousin.
- Released by the War Office in July 1945, David had returned to Dunfermline, to become an Associate Partner under his Uncle D-T.
- Aunt Celia had been diagnosed with cancer of the womb. Miriam had moved through to Dalgetty Bay to nurse her twin through her remaining months.
- D-T Miller had always been a heavy drinker and smoker. During the War years he had gradually tipped over into alcoholism and his business was suffering. Many long-standing clients had moved their business away in favour of larger, more professional firms.
- In November 1945, D-T Miller suffered a stroke, declined over a six-week period, then died.
- David and his mother discussed matters with Aunt Celia and together they decided to wind up Miller & Miller and Partners.
- While winding up the affairs of the business, David found the Joint Will which Uncle D-T had prepared for himself and Aunt Celia.
- Everything was set out clearly and notarised: David would inherit on Aunt Celia's death.
- The Estate was extensive:

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- Aunt Celia's house was modern, very large, sited near the beach, with extensive grounds suitable for development.
- There were three cars including a Rolls Royce.
- The combined bank balances for D-T and Celia plus their liquid savings totalled accessible cash circa £150,000, approximately the figure which David had anticipated.
- What the nephew had not expected was the home safe hidden in D-T Miller's bedroom.
- Although they had not asked Celia about it, David and Miriam believed D-T had concealed this from his wife.
- In any case Celia was not fully lucid: she was being treated with heavy doses of morphine.
- This safe was stuffed with stocks and shares with a value of more than £1,000,000, by David's inexpert estimate.
- Most of these stock purchases were recent, held in solid British companies of the kind likely to do well in the immediate Post-War period.
- At first, as David examined his bonanza, all seemed to be in order.
- Then, tucked away amongst other papers in the safe was a ledger in his Uncle D-T's distinctive neat hand. This revealed the source of the original money used to make the founding investments, dating back prior to the 1914-18 War.
- It was well-known to Miriam that Martin Dennison and D-T had been close friends during their teenage years at Fettes College, going on together to study law at Edinburgh University, graduating in the same cohort.
- Unlike D-T, Martin had never married. The two men had often holidayed together, playing golf as a twosome in amateur competitions all over Britain.
- David had been previously unaware of the underlying nature of the friendship between the two men, but it came to light when he discussed the ledger with his mother.
- Only then had Miriam explained to her son: Martin and D-T had been lovers; they were never overt, always discreet, well aware that such affairs were illegal, risking ruin or even imprisonment.
- Celia had probably known but had not challenged the situation.
- The matter had not been raised within the circle of friends who knew about it. To do so would have ruined many lives, possibly giving rise to prosecutions and prison sentences.

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- After graduating, Dennison had remained in Edinburgh, operating as a sole practitioner. His clients were men of his own sort to whom he provided conveyancing advice, prepared Wills, Trust documents, and assisted with property and other investments.
- This had led to Dennison's connection with George Albert Birkley QC, his wealthiest client by far. During Birkley's years in Channing House, Dennison had held Power of Attorney.
- The ledger revealed that D-T Miller and Dennison had worked together to embezzle money from the Birkley Estate from April 1905.
- This subterfuge had continued after George Birkley's death when the Estate had been held in Trust for Miss Annette Birkley.
- The amounts removed and the frequency of the thefts had increased in boldness during the immediate period prior to the Great War when investments in the 'war effort' had offered high returns.
- Martin Dennison had been an officer in the Territorial Army, and at first, as the Great War progressed, he had remained in post in Edinburgh as a recruitment and training officer.
- Dennison was part of the final batch conscripted to serve in the 1914-18 conflict. He died a month later in France, his body blown to pieces, along with many others under his command.

The young man cleared his throat and looked away to stare into the fire:

"In short, Miss Birkley, according to the ledger, my Uncle D-T Miller and Martin Dennison robbed the Birkley Estate an amount in excess of £500,000. This figure of course does not reflect what that stolen money earned thereafter, arising from my Uncle D-T's clever investments."

He glanced up and saw that Annette had her eyes closed and her hands clasped in a steeple position. Praying, he thought.

"Now, Miss Birkley, this part is supposition, but I think you will agree that it fits the facts. With George Birkley in Channing House and no relatives to inherit, they thought they were home, safe and dry. George Birkley would expire, presumably leaving nominal bequests to his favourite charities and annuities for Helena and Catherine Birkley in Glasgow. However, after the tragedy at Nithsdale Road, after the fire, when you presented yourself as his potential heir, they had to think fast. Although they had some doubts about you, they decided to accept you, mainly because you were backed by Miss Horspool, a formidable woman in her day, by all accounts. Given her wealth and the backing she might expect to receive from the Edinburgh establishment, where George Albert Birkley QC was still well



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known and respected, they decided that Miss Horspool was not someone they wished to pick a fight with."

"David, why would they have doubts about me? Surely from what you have shown I was then and remain now, the legitimate heir to the monies embezzled from my late Uncle's Estate?"

"That Miss Birkley, is the unexpected part of the story. For some time now my mother has been setting down what is known about our family. She started with her own family and then moved on to my father's family, the Morrisons of Pitlochry. Here is what she found, if you would care to read it."

Annette studied the sheets of paper, checking and counting in her head.

"How does this affect matters. There are no Birkleys listed here."

"My mother believes that you are Agnes Rose Manning, the daughter of Rose Clements nee Morrison. It seems that my father's sister Rose was an awkward girl, argumentative, picky, refusing offers of marriage, blocking her younger sisters. Eventually her parents lost patience and married her off to Robert Clements, known as The Aberfeldy Vet or sometimes as The Horse Doctor. It seems that my grandparents were pleased to get shot of her and she of them. When Robert Clements died in 1893, Rose sold up and disappeared. The farm steading where they lived was isolated, awkward to get to. Mum had me drive her there, to check if anyone might remember Rose. The steading is a ruin now."

"Mum thought we had 'lost' her missing aunt from the family tree but then she found Sister Agatha living in a home for retired nuns. She was eighty-eight last December. She is very frail but still as bright as a button. She's my father's cousin, Agnes Morrison, another strand of the Morrisons of Pitlochry. Aunt Agnes was sent "to the nuns in Glasgow", just after her twenty-first birthday, because she was unmarried and blocking her younger sisters. Aunt Agnes became Sister Agatha and was allocated to the Sisters of Perpetual Succour, an open convent which operated a hospital come maternity home in the poorest area of Glasgow."

"It still does, I know it well."

"Sister Agatha was able to tell Mum what had happened to Rose, whom we believe to be your mother. In the final few weeks of her pregnancy Rose turned up at the convent seeking help. The birth was difficult. Mum has the details; she would not explain them to me. The child was born in robust good health. Rose insisted that she be baptised as Agnes Rose Manning. We believe that child was you, Miss Birkley. Shortly after your birth, your mother Rose died of complications. Till the last she had hoped that Albert Manning would return from Manchester and marry her, as he had promised. Sister Agatha said that her 'niece', as she called the child, was given to The Horspool Trust for Foundlings."

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"David, I have spent my entire life working for The Horspool Trust, I know how it works. Miss Horspool would have never, ever revealed to whom that orphan child was given."

'Sister Agatha learned by accident. She overheard Miss Horspool say to her lady companion, a nurse, that they would go "directly to The Birkley Women in Pollokshields". Aunt Agatha immediately gave thanks that you were going to a good home, in the richest part of Glasgow."

"Well, David, how do you connect the orphan Agnes Rose Manning with me. I was born on the 10<sup>th</sup> February 1901, not 3<sup>rd</sup> February."

"Yes, that's what your Baptismal Record at St Ninian's says, the document that Miss Horspool submitted to Martin Dennison, with various supporting affidavits. My Uncle DT inherited them with Dennison's papers. I have them here, should you wish to study them. It seems that Dennison was suspicious and checked back in George Birkley's papers and could find no record of a second brother called Kenneth George Birkley, the man who had, it was claimed, fathered a child called 'Annette Birkley'. However, as I said earlier, because of Miss Horspool, my Uncle D-T and Martin Dennison decided to ride their luck and accept your claim as legitimate."

"David, Miss Horspool said that all of the Birkley family papers were destroyed in the fire."

"Yes, probably true. In any case, when Mum saw you advertising in The Glasgow Herald, she thought it best that I come to see you. She is convinced that you must be her niece, my cousin, Agnes Rose Manning, or Clements, or Morrison, if you prefer."

"Mmm. Well, 'cousin David', if that is who you are, I think we will stick to Annette Birkley, if you don't mind. Time for another prayer, I think? Let's hold hands again:

"Loving Heavenly Father, Your ways are mysterious and just. You take what we do, even when we err and go astray and You make it good. We give thanks for David and for his mother Miriam and his father. We give thanks for Rose Morrison and for all the Pitlochry Morrisons. We give thanks for Sister Agatha and for Helena and Catherine Birkley and for Edwina Horspool who did their best for that innocent orphan child Agnes Rose Manning. We also give thanks for Albert Manning and for D-T Miller and for Martin Dennison and ask that You judge them with Mercy. We give thanks for all the Birkley men and the wealth that You bestowed upon them as You did for the Horspools and Mansells. Heavenly Father we ask that You draw near to Celia Miller and hold her close in her time of suffering. Dear Father God, only You know the whole truth of what David has said tonight. Please guide our thoughts and lead us to Your Plan, that we might do Your Bidding. Praised be the Name of the Lord Jesus."

"Amen."

'Amen'.

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"David, would you mind doing me a great service? Would you please go to the telephone box at Shawlands Cross and call this number? It's the home of Dr Benjamin Abrahams. He is a friend of mine. Ask him to come, as soon as he can, please. He will understand why I ask."

"Right away. But if he can't come I'll get my fiancé to come. I believe you already know her. Marianne is a member of your choir. And you know her mother as well, Mrs Elizabeth Newberry."

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## A Grand Plan

Wednesday, 17<sup>th</sup> April 1946, near Byres Road, Glasgow, immediately following the memorial service for Annette Birkley.

Michael waited alone, standing behind a Rolls Royce parked some distance away from the church entrance. He watched the others leaving, chatting and laughing. He was an outsider, he felt. Moyna Murray and her group were gathered around the minister, bombarding him with questions. Michael saw the man he thought might be a relative of Miss Birkley offer his arm to the woman who had led the singing. When he saw the smile which passed between them, he was stabbed by a pang of irrational jealousy. The couple waved to the minister and moved towards Michael.

They spotted him, the woman giving him a wave. It was as if they were expecting him to be waiting for them.

"Hello, I'm David Morrison and this is my fiancé, Marianne Newberry. You're Michael MacElhose?"

'Yes, that's me.'

Hands were shaken. Michael asked David:

"It's good to have a chance to meet you. Are you a relative of Miss Birkley?"

"Yes, same red hair, grey-blue eyes and overlarge proboscis. It's a family trait, I'm afraid."

"Yes, I see that now but even from behind, in the church, it was evident. It's the way you stand, with your chin up and your shoulders back, like a soldier."

"Mr MacElhose, may I take it you have the papers that my cousin Annette left in your safekeeping?"

"Yes. I've been asked to attend the offices of Henning & Henning, at two o'clock."

"Good, we'll see you there. Are you going to the bun fight at the City Bakeries?"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not. No disrespect intended but, well. . ."

"Good, neither are we. We're just about to go to Marianne's house for a light lunch. It's not far, and I have the car here. Would you care to join us, please? There are some things we would like to explain before we meet Robin Henning later. It would be most helpful if you could come with us now."

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"Well, if you put it like that, I suppose I can hardly refuse."

"Mr MacElhose," said Marianne, "may we call you Michael?"

"Yes, please do. May I ask how you know me?"

David replied:

"My cousin Annette briefed us. She explained you have always been part of her 'grand plan'. When her health failed, she went into decline very quickly and unfortunately she could not speak to you directly. Best if we explain over lunch, then you'll be on a more equal footing with the others when we get to Robin's office."

On arrival at the Newberry house, Michael was introduced to Mrs Elizabeth Newberry, who then withdrew to her bedroom, claiming a headache. While Marianne set out the cutlery and warmed the food, David Morrison outlined the relationship between himself and Miss Birkley, explaining how they had found each other. Michael learned that Miss Birkley had been an orphan adopted by Helena Birkley, a close friend of Miss Edwina Horspool of The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. This was an organisation Michael knew little about, except that his mother sent regular donations. Only now did he learn that Miss Birkley had been its driving force.

The three younger people dined alone. David raised concern over recent news from Texas. Michael had heard there had been a massive explosion. Marianne advised that more than five hundred people had been killed. David said it had been caused when a ship had exploded during the unloading of a cargo of ammonium nitrate. He had studied International Law and the incident had raised legal implications affecting the US Government who were to be sued by the families of the bereaved.

Unexpectedly, David asked if Michael would be willing to join with them in a prayer for the victims. Taken aback, Michael nodded his agreement, wondering if he would be expected to contribute. He had not prayed for years, maybe as many as twenty-five or more since being struck by polio.

David Miller spoke:

'Dear Loving Heavenly Father, when we hear of such tragedies we are tempted to think that You have forgotten us, that Evil has conquered Good. And yet when we take time to ponder on such events we learn that the error has been human, often caused by laziness or greed. Help us to understand that in all things You take what we do, even when we err or turn away from You, and bring Good from Evil. We offer our thanks in Jesus Precious Name.

**'Amen.'**

'Amen,' said Marianne.

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'Amen,' added Michael, after a short delay.

Michael was advised to expect several others at the reading of the Will. No details were offered. Marianne and David's bubbling conversation ricocheted from one random topic to another, making Michael confused, uncomfortable. He gained the impression that the pair were excited, sharing secret smiles when they thought he was not looking. This must be what it's like to be deeply in love, he thought. However, he soon realised that it was more than that. By watching them in the large mirror which dominated the wall above the mantle clock, he caught them glancing at it, repeatedly checking the time, as if treading water, impatient to leave for the meeting.

Miss Birkley's "grand plan" which David had alluded to was not explained.

Michael had been reluctant to ask. They'll tell me when they're good and ready, he thought.

"Right, then, shall we make our way to Robin's office?" said David.

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David, Marianne and Michael arrived at Henning & Henning's offices in Newton Place, near Charing Cross. They were in good time and were the first to take their seats around the large conference table. Their places were marked by cards and Michael was surprised to find that he was seated at the centre of the near side of the table, flanked by David and Marianne. He could not see the entrance door without turning, and this made him nervous. There was a second door immediately behind him. He hoped it was locked, otherwise anyone entering might collide with the back of his chair. Michael dipped into his briefcase and removed the discharge and transfer forms and the sealed package of Miss Birkley's papers and placed them on the table.

The next to arrive was the Reverend Dr J Fulton MacMillan.

"Ah, Michael MacElhose, at last we meet, a privilege sir, a privilege. Marianne, you were wonderful today, as usual. David, good to see you, how is your mother?"

"Bearing up, thanks. Her back is out again. Too much golf and tennis as a younger woman, she says. It's from her hips, apparently. She sends her best wishes."

"Let's pray we get her fit for the wedding next month; I'm sure she would hate to be in a wheelchair."

Fulton MacMillan took his place, which was directly across the table from Michael.

The next to arrive was Dr Benjamin Abrahams who shook hands all round then took his place to the right of Fulton MacMillan. Michael studied the man, who looked to be about fifty. He wore a yarmulke perched on his unruly thatch of jet-black hair. It must be dyed, surely, thought Michael. He skin was olive, his nose wide and large, and his lips thick under

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a wiry, bushy salt and pepper moustache. His body was pear-shaped, thin shoulders sloping steeply to a rotund mid-rift. His hands were slim and his nails manicured. He has a surgeon's hands, Michael thought, thinking back to his months in hospital when polio had struck and the many operations followed in attempts to fashion a foot from the withered stump the disease had caused.

Robin Henning entered at speed with a sheaf of papers which he threw onto the desk. He shook hands all round and sat to the left of Fulton MacMillan. He was a small tubby brisk man with a red and shiny farmer's face and bright green eyes under a balding monk's head of wispy ginger-brown hair. He might be forty, probably younger, thought Michael. He wore a three-piece business suit with a fob watch and golden chain. Quips were exchanged causing overloud laughter. These people all know each other, thought Michael. I'm definitely the outsider, the poor relation.

Robin Henning spoke:

"Good, we are all here, and *timeously*. Miss Annette would have approved, and Miss Edwina probably. I never met her; apparently she was very fierce, Mum said. Marianne, will you note-take as required? We don't want any outsiders today."

"My pleasure, Robin dear, but I don't have any shorthand, so make sure you flag up anything important."

'Of course. Fulton will now lead us in a *short* prayer. Note the emphasis on *short*, Fulton, dear chap. Thanks.'

"Heavenly Father, we give thanks for Your bounty. Bless us each according to our needs and move our hearts to serve You."

"**Amen.**"

'Amen,' chimed David and Marianne.

"Well, Fulton, that must be a record! Good for you."

"You did ask for short, Robin, I could add a little more, if you wish."

This exchange brought a rumble of suppressed laughter.

Robin spoke:

"Well, Michael, I suppose you will be feeling a bit like Daniel in the Lion's den. Please relax, we do not intend to eat you, far from it. I see you have the documents. Shall we exchange the necessary paperwork, get that out of the way, before we read the Will?"

Five minutes later Michael had his signed documents and Robin Henning had the client copies of the transfer forms for Annette Birkley's bank balance and the sealed package.

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Michael attempted to make his escape:

"Thank you, Mr Henning, I'll leave you all to your meeting. It was nice to meet you."

"Oh no, Michael, please stay. It is imperative you remain, please. Miss Birkley was very clear on that point," said Henning.

"Well, if you put it like that I suppose I don't have a choice. Am I staying in an official capacity, representing the Bank?"

"No, no, Michael, you are required in your personal capacity. Now, let's hear what Miss Birkley has to say to us. David, I understand that she asked that you read it, alongside her Codicil. I am as interested to hear what it says as any of us. It was my late mother, Mrs Avril Henning, who drafted Miss Birkley's Will and Mum was tight-lipped about what it contains."

David Morrison cleared his throat and studied the first page. Michael glanced sideways and saw the small and clear, upright hand that he recognised from many years of birthday and Christmas cards sent by Miss Birkley to Parkside Road. He was used to speed-reading documents of this nature and while David made his delivery, Michael scanned ahead, trying to make sense of what he saw:

*This is the last Will and Testament of Annette Birkley.*

*In the event that my true identity is revealed before this is read, I will take the necessary steps to make a new Will or issue a Codicil amending what is written below.*

*I confirm that until the moment when you hear my Testament, no one else has been made aware that I am not, and cannot be, the rightful heir to the monies which I received in 1921 from the Estate of George Edward Birkley Q C.*

*In my defence, I must state that it is only recently that I discovered by deciphering Edwina's strange short-hand, that I was adopted by Helena Birkley when I was seven days old.*

*These monies from the Birkley Estate I immediately donated to The Kerspool Trust and then diverted a small part to purchase the tenement close of eight houses in Skirving Street, Shawlands, where I have lived a simple life. This property was purchased in the name of the Trust. Most of the tenants are, or have been, employees or volunteers who have served the Trust for many years, living at Skirving Street on a reduced or nil rent,*



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depending on their personal circumstances. These facts have been certified by Avril Kenning in the Codicil attached.

I have prayed about this situation and I am convinced that this is what God intended. George Birkley had no legitimate heirs and I believe that he knew this when he interviewed me as a teenage girl. He chose me as his heir because he wanted to believe that I was a Birkley. I doubt there could be at this late stage any repercussions which might sully the name of The Korpool Trust or Miss Edwina Korpool herself. Edwina was a wonderful woman.

To this end I am writing this in the presence of Avril Kenning but she is not fully party to what I am writing. It is not that I do not trust Avril, just that I do not wish to involve her in my subterfuge. I ask that this information is not divulged or discussed further beyond this reading and that immediately thereafter, this document be destroyed. Thank you.

Now that you have my confession, I request that all present today proceed in accordance with my wishes. Each of you know me, albeit in various different ways, and so I trust you to act as I would have done. I thank God that He has sent me such good friends and helpers. At every turn, at every moment of need, God has provided for me as a Father for His child, helping me in my work at The Grange and with The Korpool Trust for Foundlings.

As I write this it has become clear to me that unless there is a fresh injection of capital within the next few years, both organisations must be closed. If this is God's Will, so be it. If this must happen, I request that the proceeds from the sale of the assets under the control of the Trust be donated to Quarrier's Homes of Scotland, an organisation which offers complementary support to the work of The Korpool Trust.

However, I have prayed about this impending situation every day for these last years and I remain convinced that God will intervene to sustain His work through the Trust, after I have gone to be with Him and my many friends in Heaven.

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I believe in my heart that God has answered my prayers by reminding me of the parable of the talents. Although it has always been a strict rule at Foundling's never to reveal to the child that it had been adopted, I believe that it is now time for that rule to be overturned.

Enclosed with this Will are my transcriptions from Edwina Horspool's records and my own later records. This data will provide you with the opportunity to prayerfully consider the option of recruiting these individuals to your cause. Clearly this work must be done with great tact and sensitivity. But I assure you I know my people, I have followed them each and every one throughout their lives. I have prayed for them constantly down through the years and God has answered my prayers. These men and women are like yourselves gathered here today. They are people of good character. Each, after their own fashion has been successful. Many are well placed to help financially and spiritually.

To continue this work after I have gone, I charge the following persons to form a management group and decide, prayerfully, how best to chart the way ahead.

Robin Henning, Henning & Henning, Solicitors, Glasgow.

Dr Benjamin Abrahams, Woodside Place, Glasgow.

Dr Miriam Newberry, Kirklee, Glasgow.

Reverend Dr John Fulton MacMillan, Church of Scotland.

Mr Michael MacElhose, Chartered Accountant, Pollokshaws.

God Bless you all.

Annette Birkley.

Robin Henning spoke, quietly:

"Thank you, David, now Miss Birkley's most recent Codicil, please."

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*I, Annette Birkley, request that David Morrison Miller, my cousin, be added to the list of names noted in my Will.*

*I prayed for a tenor and God sent me a wonderful accordion player bringing with him God's hidden bounty. Over these last trying weeks David Morrison Miller and his wonderful mother, my long-lost Aunt Miriam, have been a comfort and a delight.*

*My thanks also to Benjamin for his assiduous ministrations.*

*Blessed be the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ!*

*Annette Birkley.*

Henning spoke:

"Well Morrie, now we have it made patent at last, would you like to add your part, please?"

"Thanks, Robin. At last I have a chance to get this off my chest. As has been stated, George Albert Birkley QC, for his own reasons, chose Annette Birkley as his heir. The fact that she was adopted is, in my view, irrelevant. A person can choose whomever he wishes to inherit his wealth. In any event, all parties directly involved are now dead. However, what has transpired is that a significant part of the Birkley Estate was plundered. My uncle D-T Miller, was part of that deception. In this he acted in collusion with George Birkley's solicitor, a man called Martin Dennison. Dennison and my uncle were schooled together and went to Edinburgh University. Both studied Law. Later, they wilfully filched money from the Birkley Estate. They did this both before and after George Birkley's death. This deception diminished Miss Annette Birkley's inheritance, disbursed when she came to the age of maturity which had been set by my uncle at age twenty-five. The amount paid to Miss Birkley in February 1926 was circa £78,000. My estimate of what the sum should have been at that time was nearer £600,000."

Henning spoke:

"I take it that the major part of the money has been frittered away by your uncle? You told us last week that he died an alcoholic."

"No, Robin, Uncle DT did not fritter it away, he invested it. That was his forte, his strong suit. He was well-known as a shrewd investor. The Miller & Miller and Partners business was grown on the back of his expertise. If he stole from his other clients, then I am not aware of it. That issue, I'm afraid, must be considered as water under the bridge. However, in the case of the Birkley Estate Uncle D-T kept a ledger, presumably to demonstrate to his collaborator Martin Dennison how clever he had been."

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Morrie Miller sorted his papers, cleared his throat and then continued:

"My uncle's Estate comprises two elements. The first is his personal investments and savings, his house and his moveable chattels. These have a value of around £500,000, net after tax."

"**Aha**," said Henning, intervening sharply. "A very substantial amount! Do you intend to make a payment from it to the Trust, as reparation?"

"Yes, Robin, that is exactly what I intend. I have here a cheque made out to The Horspool Trust in the amount of £400,000, a gift from Marianne and myself, my mother and Mrs Elizabeth Newberry."

Morrie Miller again shuffled his papers before continuing:

"There is, however, the second part of my uncle's Estate. This comprises a Portfolio of stocks and shares. The D-T Miller Portfolio is founded upon the monies embezzled by my uncle and Dennison. I believe that his ledger shows that D-T Miller kept this wealth ring-fenced from his personal wealth. I believe that investing the embezzled monies and making it grow became an obsession with him, giving him a greater purpose in his life. Throughout his life my uncle was a very wealthy man, even before the embezzlement mania took hold of him. I've had the D-T Miller Portfolio professionally valued and as of last Friday it has a cash equivalent value of £1,112,578."

"Are you trying to tell us that you intend to make this D-T Miller Portfolio over to the Trust, in its entirety?"

"Yes, Robin, I shall. When I proposed this to Miss Birkley, she was at first reluctant, but eventually we persuaded her. Finally, as you heard from her Codicil, she came to believe that what my uncle did was all part of God's Plan."

"This ledger, can we view it? How do we know that it is complete, that it truly reflects the extent of the embezzlement?"

"Robin, why would you doubt me, cast me as devious, when I am prepared to donate £400,000 from what seems to be my legitimate due in addition to revealing and donating the D-T Miller Portfolio in full? Surely, if I am that sort of man, I would do neither?"

"Perhaps, David Miller Morrison, because of your apparent generosity you seek to avoid a legal action against you? Perhaps you have been infected with the same avarice as your uncle. How can we verify what you are saying?"

"I take it then, Robin, that you do not accept my word as a gentleman and as a friend?"

Henning changed tack, becoming conciliatory:

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"Morrie, Marianne, do not misunderstand me. My duty, my first duty, is to my Client, The Horspool Trust and its dependent bodies. Much as I think you and Marianne are the nicest, most generous people in the world, I must, surely, challenge what you are saying. It is my duty."

Fulton MacMillan spoke:

"Dear me, we are in a pickle. However, I think we may be able to shed some independent light on our circumstances and end this heated debate."

"How can we possibly do that, Fulton?", snapped Henning.

"Robin, may I suggest that you call a recess during which we leave David and Michael to spend time with the DT Miller ledger and see if Michael can make an independent judgement on it. He is a qualified accountant, after all. How long shall we say? Would an hour do it?"

"Yes, that's a plan. Well done, Fulton. I'm sorry about the rather harsh words, Morrie, Marianne, but you do understand my position, don't you?"

"Shall we pray?" said Fulton MacMillan rising to stand before them with his eyes closed and his hands clasped:

"Heavenly Father, thank You for Your bounty. Help us to learn anew that it is You Who control the world of men, that it is You Who set the stars in the sky, that it is You Who move our hearts and minds, that is You Who. . . . . . . . . . .and so, as we come to this important juncture in our deliberations, we submit our hearts and minds to Your leading."

**"Amen."**

"Amen," said David, Marianne and Michael in quiet unison.

"Thanks, Fulton," said Henning, rising and moving to the door. "I'll check if my father's room is free. Just a moment."

Michael was stunned by the revelations and the apparent animosity between David Morrison and Robin Henning. There must be more to this than I can see on the surface, he thought. Perhaps it's about Marianne. Perhaps David has stolen her from Robin as Colin Nesbit did with my Jean?

Henning returned:

"Right, David, Michael, come, please. My secretary will show you the way and get you tea or coffee. Shall we expect you back here at, say, four-thirty, with a progress report?"

"Excuse me Mr Henning, is there a toilet I could use, please?"

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"Yes, Michael, just round here. Tea or coffee?"

"Coffee would be nice, thanks."

"Ah, Jean, there you are. Will you please take Mr Morrison down to Mr Ernest's room and come back for Mr MacElhose. And it's coffee for two, there's a dear."

Michael's heart was pounding. Jean Corbet ( nee McTaggart) looked even better than he remembered, imagined, hardly a minute older, still slim, fresh-faced, her hair a shade darker, perhaps. She smiled her coy smile and his heart had flipped.

He used the toilet, washed his hands, checked himself in the mirror, opened the door.

"Hello, Mikey, do you remember me?" she whispered. "I was hoping to get a word when I saw your name in the correspondence. I'll make sure I'm on Reception when your meeting finishes. You look very smart, very posh. I hear you're a Bank Manager and a Chartered Accountant! No surprise really, you were always top of your class, before. . .'

They were at the door labelled:

Ernest Henning, Senior Partner.

Jean raised her voice:

"This way please, Mr MacElhose. I'll send Mary with a tray with coffee and biscuits right away. Anything else you need, lift the telephone and dial "7" and I'll pick up."

"Michael," said David Morrison when the door closed. "I'm so very sorry that you have been dragged into this little feud of ours. Robin is the nicest chap, he is, really. But, like the rest of us, he is presently imperfect."

"Yes, he seems a bit on edge. What's it about?"

"I'll give you the gist. We were friends at University, Glasgow, study friends, helping each other. You may have noticed that we have the same east coast intonation? Robin is a Fette's boy. He's from Edinburgh originally. When he was eight, his mother died and her cousin Avril adopted him and changed his name from Neumann to Henning, less Jewish. Like the Hennings, Robin is a secular Jew, not in the slightest religious. Robin was always top of our cohort, the brightest of our bunch. Still is. Then along came the War and off he went. Me, no, not with this hand. Bit like yourself, spared by the grace of God, as Mum says."

Michael, looked at David Miller's claw hand displayed openly and wiggled his left foot in its special shoe, thinking of his mother's similar admonition.

"Robin wanted to be a pilot, Spitfires and that sort of thing, but they sent him to the submarines. Within a year he had his own sub. They sent him to the Med, down to Malta. His sub was depth-charged. They were under for two days, pounded night and day. They

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came up for air, surrendered. Robin was sent to Germany and spent the rest of the War in a POW camp. Thankfully they did not discover that he is Jewish. When he came home he was sent to Gartnavel Royal, for psychiatric treatment, landed up on Marianne's ward. Who wouldn't fall for her? But she was already taken, by me. And, of course, I had not suffered as he did."

'And now, out of the blue as it were, I have fallen heir to stolen money. As you can see, I am trying to do the right thing, to give most of it back while keeping a reasonable amount for myself and Marianne and our families. I think you can join the dots. Robin's a great lad, he'll get over it. He'll find someone to love and then, Kazam! he'll move on. It's not his first outburst at me and it won't be his last. You'll get used to it. He lives on his nerves, as they say. Before Annette put me in the management group two months ago, Robin had Marianne all to himself at these meetings, so to speak. Strutting his stuff, she said. Poor chap."

"And now you come along, Michael, out of the blue again. He is wary of you. He has been told by Miss Birkley, literally on her deathbed, that he must respect your judgement. He's used to getting his own way, is Robin. Once you get to know him though, you'll see, it will all work out."

"I hope you're right, David. Let's have a look at this ledger, shall we?"

"No, I propose to leave you to it. I'll sit quietly over at the small table, read my Bible. I've got some tests coming up. Did I tell you I'm going back to University? Divinity. You take old Ernest's desk and get stuck in. I don't want to influence you. See what you make of it."

It was nearer five o'clock when Michael had completed his task and the meeting could restart. The group were re-assembled in the conference room.

Henning spoke:

"Well, Michael, what is your best judgement?"

"The D-T Miller ledger represents an account of withdrawals from the George Birkley bank account and the corresponding investments made into what grew to become the D-T Miller Portfolio. To the best of my judgement the record in the ledger is detailed and accurate. During the last two years before his death, it shows that D-T Miller was selling off War related investments, using the monies to purchase a spread of future looking investments. My judgement is that it is a valid document and can be relied upon to verify that the monies which were extracted from the Birkley Estate are represented in full by the stocks and shares listed in the D-T Miller Portfolio which David has offered to the Trust in its entirety."

Henning spoke, this time in a controlled voice:

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"Mr MacElhose, what about the remainder of the D-T Miller estate, are you sure that part is legitimate? It may be tainted in the same way, surely."

"Mr Henning, that is a question which I cannot answer. I do not have the information to make such a judgement. I repeat, in plain language, the D-T Miller ledger details a long-term, systematic process of embezzlement by which D-T Miller recorded funds drawn down from the Birkley Estate which were then used to purchase stocks and shares in the name of D-T Miller. Dates for every transaction are given. In due course these stocks and shares were traded, and further investments made. Tax was paid when due, in the name of D-T Miller. The process was repeated many times, always recorded. My judgement is that D-T Miller was acting with Martin Dennison and that together they were looking to a future when they might be free to enjoy the fruits of their labours. In my view D-T Miller had a sharp mind and a very good nose for an investment. I am an amateur investor myself and hold some of these companies, albeit in very much smaller amounts."

After a long silence, Robin Henning spoke:

"Thank you Michael. Well, we seem to have verified what has been asserted by Morrie. I am glad that this has proved so straightforward. Yes. It is a great relief. So, may I summarise? David Morrison Miller as inheritor of the D-T Miller Estate will transfer the D-T Miller Portfolio to the Horspool Trust as reparation for the embezzlement. Further, in addition, by an act of great personal generosity, he will also donate £400,000 in cash to the Trust. Thank you Morrie and thank you, Marianne. Thank you on behalf of the Trust, and on behalf of us all here present.'

Fulton MacMillan rose as before, clasping his hands and closing his eyes:

"Dear Heavenly Father, we give thanks for Your magnificent bounty and for the wisdom You have imparted to our minds and hearts this afternoon."

**'Amen.'**

'Amen,' chimed David, Marianne and Michael.

Henning spoke:

"Now, shall we move to consider how best to run the Trust on a day to day basis?"

MacMillan was again on his feet, but this time it was not to pray:

"Dear Friends, I have a letter which I was asked to keep safe and sealed against this moment. Miss Birkley gave it to me several months ago when her illness returned. May I read it to you?"



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*Dear Friends in Christ,*

*I am soon to be with my Redeemer and I am looking forward to it with all my heart and soul. When you read this, you will have heard from my Will and Testament that the Trust is presently under pressure financially.*

*You will need a leader. I commend to you Michael MacElhose, Chartered Accountant. Michael is a quiet man, but determined. He has faced adversity and has not flinched. He is a man of compassion and I believe that he is God's choice to take the Trust forward.*

*I hope that you will find my plan a good one.*

*God will move with you if you act in Faith.*

*Yours in Christ,*

*Annette Birkley.*

Marianne spoke:

"I have only known Michael for a few hours but I've heard about him from a distance, over many years. Although I learned only recently that he would be here today, it was no surprise. Let me explain. My mother did not stick to the old rule which she agreed to when she adopted me. Well, she did at first, but later, when Gran died, she told me I was adopted. Naturally I was very curious about who my parents were. She told me about Miss Birkley and her good work and so I went to see her. This would be maybe six years ago, perhaps more. Miss Birkley told me at once that no records were ever kept of the birth parents, that this was the basis on which they offered their child, complete anonymity. However, Nettie and I became friends. She seemed to know all about my life, it was as if she was my secret aunt. She got me involved at St Ninian's in the Choir and in the Sunday School. It was through her I made my commitment to Jesus Christ."

Marrienne, turned to look at David and they smiled.

"One day, I think it was early 1941, she asked me to visit her at The Grange. We had a long chat. She needed someone who understood what it was like to be adopted to talk things over with. She was trying to solve the problem of funding the Trust in the longer term. She told me that for each child she had personally placed, she had opened a bank account in her own name. In her mind this sum deposited was an insurance policy, created to provide for that child's future needs, should the adoptive parent fall on hard times."

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"I said 'parent' deliberately, because, she explained, in each case such as in mine, the child was offered to a spinster or widow, with the adopter usually living with her mother or parents. She told me that this mirrored her own childhood. We now know from David's Mum's recent detective work that was how she became Annette Birkley."

"So, to return to the bank accounts. Nettie said she had a list of those accounts which have remained unused. A few months ago, she gave me a copy. This is it. I believe that the account which Michael transferred to the Trust today may have been intended for him, had he needed it. I anticipate that this list will correlate to the list of names she referred to in her Will, the people that she believes we should contact and attempt to bring into our fold as supporters. During that discussion, she told me that she had identified her successor. She did not name him as Michael MacElhose but she told me she had groomed him from a child, put him through university and that he was currently working in a bank. She said that he was a special person, gifted. I believe that she was telling me about Michael. I think she was right to choose him. I think Michael would be best placed to harvest this further money for the Trust and to put it to work."

Fulton MacMillan rose to pray:

"Dear Heavenly Father, we give thanks again for Your bounty. Thank you for the friendship between our sisters Annette and Marianne and Elizabeth. Thank for all the other friendships which surrounded Annette and supported her through her long fight against cancer down through these many years. Where many would have submitted, Annette did not. It seems that she was waiting for the right moment, the moment when You were ready to act. Like Edwina Horspool before her, Annette Birkley was a wonderful human being."

"Amen."

"Amen," chimed the Christian trio.

Benjamin Abrahams spoke:

"I learned only recently from my mother, during her last weeks, that I too was adopted. She would give no details. I think it is clear from my appearance that my birth parent's, or at least one of them, was Jewish. As some of you know my Uncle Rafa, Professor Blanche, who was a committed supporter of Miss Edwina Horspool from the outset, was deeply involved with The Grange and with The Trust for Foundlings. It seems most likely to me that I too am from the Trust, a fact that mother would neither confirm or deny. Uncle Rafa made no mention of it, merely encouraged me, supported my widowed mother financially, paid for my education and so on. It seemed natural to fill his role at The Grange. At one time Nettie and I were like brother and sister, perhaps we might have been more. She tried many times to "win me for Christ". Perhaps if she had succeeded, we might have married. Then along came my wonderful Hester and well, that was that."

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Benjamin turned slightly to be face on to Michael:

'Michael, if you take on this role for the Trust, I will give you my fullest support. May I point out, however, that if you refuse, there seems to be no one else available. Marianne is fully engaged in her work at Gartnavel, David tells us he wants to study to become a man of the cloth and join ranks with Fulton but within the Scottish Episcopal Church. Robin is soon to become Senior Partner here at Henning & Henning when his father retires next year. I think we can all see that Nettie was right to call you forth to lead us. You seem to me to be an excellent choice.'

David Morrison Miller spoke:

'I wish to confirm that I have no wish to be considered for a role which involves the day to day running of the Trust. I have no special skills to offer and in Robin, we already have one of the best legal minds in Glasgow serving us.'

Robin Henning spoke:

'Well, Michael MacElhose, it seems we are unanimous. What do you say?'

Before Michael could answer, Fulton MacMillan rose again:

"Dear Heavenly Father, we marvel again at the way You guide us, opening our hearts that we might speak and act in accordance with Your Holy Will. Grant Michael MacElhose the wisdom and strength to lead us and guide us over the years ahead."

"We see before us now a new vision unfolding for The Grange and The Horspool Trust for Foundlings. We read in the newspapers and hear on the radio that we are soon to have a National Health Service, with all the benefits that might bring. There seems little doubt that the Trust will have many new challenges to face and that it must adapt to these new circumstances."

"We see more clearly that now the hour for change is upon us, You have sent Michael to lead us through it."

"We see more clearly that You have been planning this replenishment of the Trust's funds for many decades, and we ask that You now grant to us the energy and wisdom to take You at Your Word and follow the Holy Spirit."

"This we ask in Jesus precious Name."

"Amen."

"Amen."

Henning spoke:

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"Well, Michael, will you do it? Will you take charge at The Grange and the day to day operations of The Horspool Trust and its many subsidiary charities, including The Foundlings Trust?"

"Well if you put it like that, I suppose I can hardly refuse."

"Good man. Right, a final prayer, Fulton. Brief as you like."

Fulton rose and smiling, closed his eyes:

"Heavenly Father, thank you for Michael MacElhose."

"Hold him safe in the palm of Your hand and bless him in all he does."

"This we ask in Jesus precious Name."

**"Amen."**

"Amen."

Robin Henning spoke, his voice warm, jovial:

"Right dear friends, that's it, enough for today. Look at the time! Nearly six o'clock. Michael, stay for a minute or too, will you? Now, before you all flee, shall we meet same time, same place, next month, eh, that's Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> May, to receive a progress report from Michael? . . ."

He took in the nodding heads, saw diary entries being made.

"That's a "Yes" all round? Good. Good. Perfect. Right, off you go. Safe journeys."

The others filed out. Robin Henning closed the Conference Room door and stood directly opposite Michael, his hands leaning forward onto the table, rocking on his toes. He seemed ill at ease, Michael thought.

"Now, Michael, let me put you in the picture. The Grange is getting by. Mrs French and Mrs Schaeffer have all the day-to-day business under control. I suppose they are very nice ladies in their own way. However, I feel sure you'll need to find someone to help them, keep them right. Someone with people skills, someone who understands business, keeps proper records, that sort of thing. Those two women tend to go off at tangents, squabbling about where and what to order when supplies need replenished, always calling me up to settle their disputes. I've put my secretary Jean in the front line, like a defensive shield, *pro tempore*. Now, Michael, when do you think you might be able to make a start?"

"I expect the Bank will want their full three months' notice. That's what's in my appointment letter. However, Miss Fergusson my Deputy Manager is very capable and I think I might be able to persuade Roger Hagerty my Regional Manager to release me sooner, given the circumstances."

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"Roger is my golfing partner at Pollok Golf Club. I'll have a word. We should be able to get you free sooner but perhaps you could make a start in the evenings? Is that possible?"

"Yes, of course. I may need to find someone to help with Mum, but, yes, I'm sure I could do that, starting right away."

"Good, good, Michael, that is excellent news. Oh, I suppose we should have discussed your salary and conditions. Miss Birkley drew down only what she required, which was almost nothing. She seemed to live on fresh air, tea and ginger snaps. But as your Bible says, a labourer is worthy of his hire."

'Mmm, I think that was Chaucer, actually. Although I seem to recall that Timothy 5:18 says *"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, the labourer is worthy of his reward."*

"Yes, if you say so. So, what if we set your salary at say, £1,000 to start with, and review it after a year?"

"That seems very generous indeed."

"Well, not that generous, not really, that's what we pay our Associate Partners. Oh, now, transport. Miss Birkley had the use of a car maintained by the Trust. It is a rather elderly Austin 10. Perhaps it may need to be replaced. Clearly now that the Trust is to receive and injection of funds we should consider how best to deploy them to improve efficiency."

"I have a very serviceable motor bike. Let's hold on car purchases meanwhile."

"Ah, yes, yes. Of course, we must be prudent. Yes. Good. Good. Perfect. Well, we have made great progress today. I'll confess we were all very worried, nerves a jangling, that sort of thing. Yes, we have made very great progress indeed. To tell you the truth I was dreading today. God, look at the time. Grog time, would you join me in a libation, ease the worries of the day? Perhaps a whisky and soda, to celebrate?"

"Thanks, but no, Mr Henning, I made a promise to my mother. No alcohol. Ever."

"Good. Good. Perfect. Well, if you don't mind, I'll go it alone. Now, Michael, please call me Robin. Do you play golf?"

"No, Robin, walking any great distance is a bit of a struggle."

"Yes, yes, of course. Silly me. Well, is there anything else you would like to ask?"

"Just the one thing. How much of the decision making will be by committee? Are these monthly meetings always so fraught?"

"No, no. I must apologise about this afternoon. I get worked up sometimes. War thing. Sorry. To answer your question, we have no model, no hard and fast rules. Generally, Miss

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Birkley ran the show by herself. When she felt she needed to discuss things with us, she rang me and I got my secretary Jean to contact everyone. To tell the truth we seldom met as a management committee, at least not in the past. My proposal to meet next month was just a way of making sure we made ourselves available, should you wish to ask us questions. I was hoping, I think we all are, that you would simply step into Miss Birkley's role and do the same, you know, take charge. Is that acceptable to you?"

"Yes. That would be very acceptable. On that basis, I am pleased to accept the position."

"Good. Good. Perfect. Right then Michael MacElhose, sir, off you go and get on with it. Ring me anytime, if you need help or advice."

"Do you have a title for the position?"

"Mmm, no, what do you suggest?"

"How about 'General Manager'?"

"Yes, that sounds about right. "Mr Michael MacElhose, CA, General Manager." Yes, that has a good ring to it."

"Thank you, Robin. Mum will be pleased. It has, as you say, a good ring to it."

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## Bonnie Jean

It was six-thirty when Michael eventually descended to leave Henning & Henning's offices. Jean was standing by the front door, wearing a blue coat, her dark brown hair shining, freshly brushed. He glanced at her left hand but she was wearing gloves. She caught his look and smiled her shy smile.

"So, Mikey, you're not married?"

"No, Jean, but you are, I suppose."

She waved her bared left hand in front of his face and stepped closer. He could smell her minty breath and her perfume, sweet and fruity. There was a smudge of dark red lipstick on her front right tooth.

"Ah, Colin Nesbit. Well, as you know, we planned to get married in Canada. We agreed not to try for children until he was established. Colin had this great job lined up in a huge factory. It made pumps for ships and power stations and so being a fitter and turner from Weirs of Cathcart, Colin was welcomed with open arms. Ironic, that, open arms. What Colin had failed to tell me was that the man who owned the factory was the father of Colin's long-term and very secret pen-pal, an oddly named and rather overweight girl called Athena. It turns out that when Colin was supposed to be working overtime he was bedding Athena. Three months after we arrived in Toronto Athena was pregnant and Colin married her."

"Really?"

"Well, Mikey, I can hear you think: "what happened next?" Well, I decided to move to the USA with Hilary, a girl I had met at work. Hilary was from Santa Barbara, in California. Dolores, her mother, was the manager of a secretarial agency and she gave me a job. Santa Barbara is a rather nice place to live, warm and sunny all year around. Dolores was also a lay preacher. She led me to Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I became very involved with her little church, teaching the children and as a stand-in lay preacher in our church and others nearby."

"One day I looked up and the War was over. There was a letter from my mother, asking me to come home. I knew that Dad had died in the Clydebank Blitz and she had warned me to stay away in Santa Barbara. Mum was about to get re-married, wanted me to be at the wedding. I moved in with them to his big house in Hyndland. Her new husband was, well, how shall I put it? Let's just say he was "over-affectionate", and leave it there, shall we?"

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"Really?"

"My Uncle Jimmy had also died while I was away so I moved to live with my Aunt Dorothy in Govanhill, the territorial home of the Bremners. There's dozens of them there and so I have no shortage of nieces and nephews. I joined the local Congregational Church and now I'm their Sunday School Superintendent. And yes, I did think about you Mikey, but well, I soon learned that you are already spoken for. It seems I've left it too late to come home. Is that true, Mikey?"

"Spoken for? Me?"

"Wilma, my cousin. Seems she stays over at your house a lot, so. . ."

"Wilma Fergusson? Wilma's your cousin?"

"Yes, Wilma's my cousin, did she not tell you? She warned me off big time."

"Ah, so Moyna was right after all."

"Moyna? Who's Moyna?"

"Mrs Moyna Murray, one of my customers at the Bank."

"Does she stay over at your house too?"

"Stop it Jean McTaggart, you were always teasing me. So, you are unmarried, unattached?"

"That depends."

'Depends on what?'

"You, Mikey. Are you unmarried, unattached?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well then, so am I."

"Jean, are you free this evening? Would you like to come home, meet Mum? She still talks about you. I must warn you, she's becoming a bit wandered."

"Will you expect me to stay over, help you tuck her in, like Wilma does?"

"Only if you want to."

"Well, Mikey, since you put it like that, I can hardly refuse."

"You minx, you were listening at the door, were you?"

"Yes, I was in the walk-in cupboard which opens both ways, into the Conference Room and into the corridor. I think it used to be a Butler's Pantry when the office was a family residence."



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"You heard everything?"

"Yes. Good for you, Mikey. I liked Miss Annette. She was a very special person, just like you. There's just one thing though, Mikey?"

"What's that?"

"Sorry, but I don't think I'm adopted."

"We'll make allowances. Come on. We'll get fish suppers and take them in, surprise Mum. Just like the olden days, BC."

"Ah yes, 'Before Colin'. Mikey, I keep thinking, maybe Athena rolled over on him in the night and smothered him!"