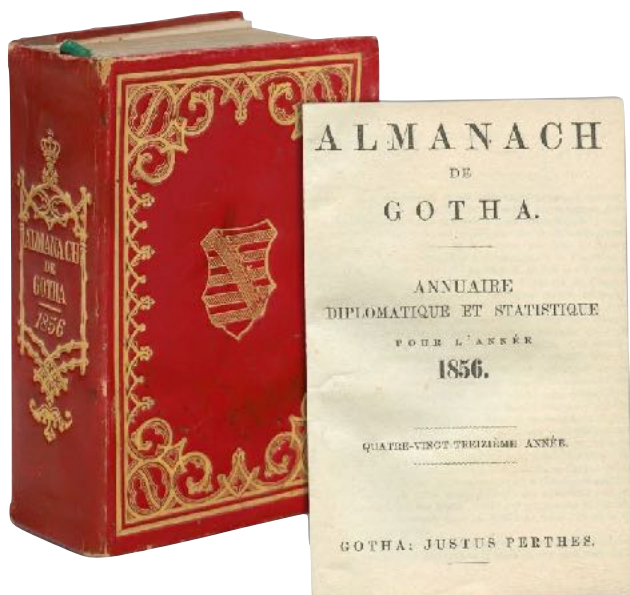




A personal selection of local, British Isles and world, history.
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KNOWING WHEN YOU'VE ARRIVED¹

Human nature is very interesting. I wonder what makes people wish to join the aristocracy, many of whose progenitors were somewhat shady. Having climbed the greasy pole, how do you validate your position? By it being recorded by the appropriate authority, which in the UK is principally the College of Arms, at least if you are armigerous (entitled to a coat of arms).

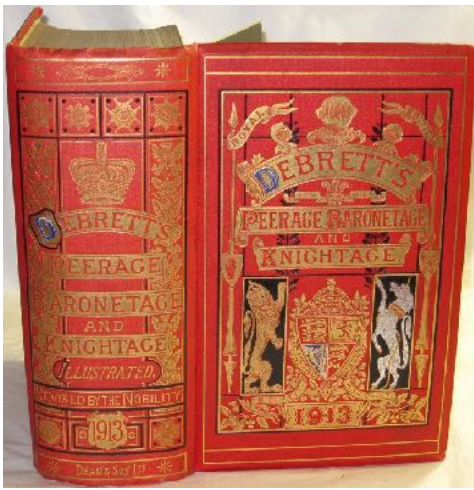
For real detail, especially family trees, and particularly if you are looking for an eligible partner for your children, then the historic directories will supply your needs.

The *Almanach de Gotha* is a directory of Europe's royalty and higher nobility, also including the major governmental, military and diplomatic corps. First published in 1763 by C. W. Ettinger in Gotha in Thuringia, Germany at the ducal court of Frederick III, Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, it came to be regarded as an authority in the classification of monarchies and their courts, reigning and former dynasties, princely and ducal families, and the genealogical, biographical and titulary details of Europe's highest level of aristocracy. It was published from 1785 annually by Justus Perthes Publishing House in Gotha, until 1944. The Soviets destroyed the *Almanach de Gotha's* archives in 1945.

In 1998, a London-based publisher, John Kennedy, acquired the rights for use of the title of *Almanach de Gotha* from Justus Perthes Verlag Gotha GmbH. The last edition produced by Justus Perthes was the 181st, produced in 1944. After a gap of 54 years the first of the new editions (the 182nd) was published in 1998 with English, the new diplomatic language, used as the *lingua franca* in the place of French or German.

Burke's Peerage Limited is a British genealogical publisher founded in 1826, when the Anglo-Irish genealogist John Burke began releasing books devoted to the ancestry and heraldry of the peerage, baronetage, knightage and landed gentry of Great Britain and Ireland. His first publication, a *Genealogical and*

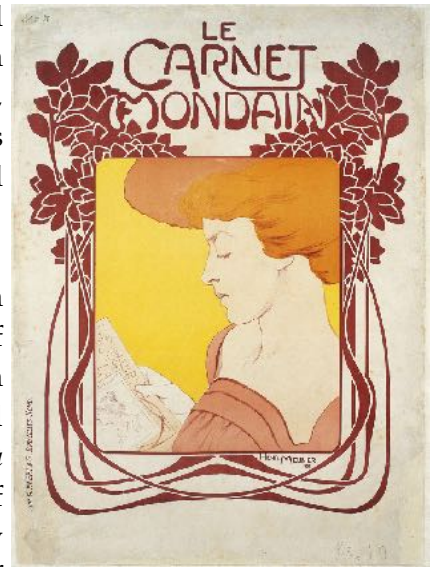




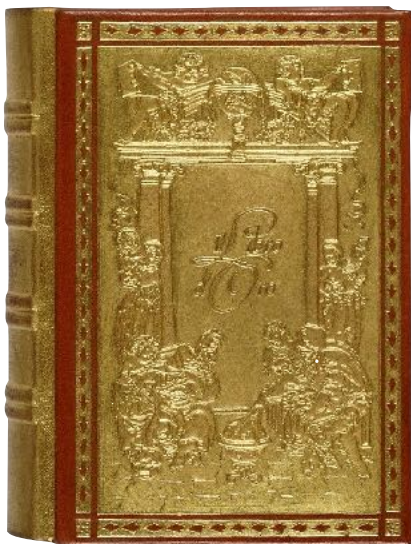
Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom, was updated sporadically until 1847, when the company began publishing new editions every year as *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage* (often shortened to *Burke's Peerage*).

Debrett's is a British professional coaching company, publisher and authority on etiquette and behaviour, founded in 1769 with the publication of the first edition of *The New Peerage*. The company takes its name from its founder, John Debrett.

The *Carnet Mondain* (Social Notebook) of Belgium is a directory featuring high society (nobility and upper bourgeoisie), Belgian or foreign, established in Belgium, as well as members of Belgian families established abroad. Its tagline is "the Familial and Social Belgium". It also publishes the coats of arms of these families.



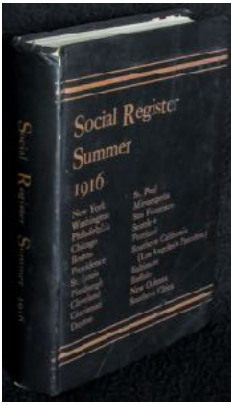
The *Libro d'Oro* (The Golden Book), originally published between 1315 and 1797, is the formal directory of nobles in the Republic of Venice (including the Ionian Islands). It has been resurrected as the *Libro d'Oro della Nobiltà Italiana* (The Golden Book of Italian Nobility), a privately published directory of the nobility of Italy. The book lists some of Italy's noble families and their cadet branches.



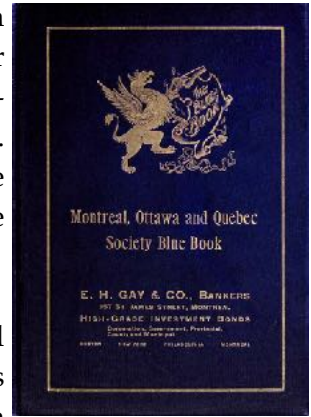
Giovan Battista di Crollanza (19 May 1819 – 8 March 1892) was an Italian writer. From 1841 he published works on many topics and in several genres, among them histories, plays and poetry. From the 1870s he wrote only on heraldry. His *Giornale araldico-genealogico-diplomatico*, a monthly periodical of heraldry, started publication in 1873, and ceased only in 1905. His *Annuario della nobiltà italiana* (yearbook of the Italian nobility), a genealogical almanach of Italian noble families and the first of its kind in the new Kingdom of Italy, started publication in 1879; as with the *Giornale*, his sons, first Goffredo, later Aldo, took over publication after his death.

His last and major work was the *Dizionario storico-blasonico delle famiglie nobili e notabili italiane estinte e fiorenti*, a heraldic-historical dictionary of the Italian nobility. It was published in Pisa in three volumes between 1886 and 1890.





Even the New World tries to copy its European ancestors. The *Social Register* is a semi-annual publication in the United States that indexes the members of American high society. First published in the 1880s by newspaper columnist Louis Keller, it was later acquired by Malcolm Forbes. Since 2014, it has been owned by Christopher Wolf. It was historically a directory of "old money", well-connected families from the Northeastern United States. In recent years, membership has diversified both in the geography and ethnicity of those it lists. Seemingly, the idea has even spread to Canada.



You would expect the Indian sub-continent to list its old families: A *Kulavruttanta* (Marathi: family report), is a genealogical almanac and biographical dictionary, a format of genealogical record keeping predominantly found in the Indian state of Maharashtra.

Now, surely Australia's sentiments are entirely opposed to the above? Not quite, they do have aristocracy of a sort imported from the Old Country. What I can only describe as a *mug-shot* (right) is of Alexander Charles David Drogo Montagu, the thirteenth Duke of Manchester. He was jailed in the US for attempted burglary according to the Express. They also report that his father and uncle served time. By the way he had been jailed twice in Oz for fraud and also deported from Canada. With a family like this, what chance did he have - his grandfather was found in bed with four women, one of whom was Tallulah Bankhead!!!! It just goes to show that deporting criminals to Australia just didn't work.



TEATIME AT PEGGY'S

The Oral History Society's newsletter carries a blog by Clare Jenkins on *A glimpse of Anglo-India*. Clare and her trusty tape recorder visited Jhansi, a large railway town in central India where she regularly visited Peggy Cantem (pic on page 4), the eighty year old president of the local Anglo-Indian Association.

Under the British, Anglo-Indians held favoured positions in India, working on the railways and in the Post & Telecommunications departments. After 1947, many left for other countries, including the UK. Their numbers in India have declined so significantly – to around 150,000 – they are now designated a Minority Caste.

We were intrigued by everything that felt *similar but different* about the Anglo-Indian lifestyle. At Peggy's, for instance, we would sit at a table covered by a 1960s floral tablecloth while her cook Sheela Chauhan made wonderful curries at the two-ring gas hob. Tea-towels showing English country scenes were pinned on the walls beside calendars from the nearby Shrine of St Jude. Western and Indian statuettes gazed at each other across rickety shelves. In another Anglo-Indian home, the living-room had Pre-Raphaelite prints on the walls, Capodimonte figurines on the shelves, and a TV cloth cover depicting Buckingham Palace. In a third house, plaster flying ducks



flew towards a stuffed tiger's head on the wall. *A little of English, a little of Indian*, as Peggy said. *I am very patriotic*, she told us. *I cherish the Royal Family. The Queen was born on the same day as me. I used to collect all souvenirs of Britain – plates, little cups, a whole set of the different counties in England – Kent, Derbyshire... It's something we should keep in touch with.*

Other memories of *the good old days*, as she invariably called them, involved May Queen balls (Anglo-

Indian women were famed for their beauty),

Monsoon Toad Balls (to find 'the most hideous-looking man'), pet mongooses and meals of Mulligatawny soup, toad-in-the-hole and 'railway lamb curry'. At the old Railway Institute in Jhansi, people used to gather for card games, parties, sports and, crucially, dances. We used to have fabulous dances, she told us. *Rumba, samba, a little waltzing, a little foxtrotting, and a 'twilight waltz', with the lights turned off!*

She also painted a wonderful verbal picture of groups of young people driving into the jungle at the nearby deserted medieval town of Orchha, laden with a wind-up gramophone and dance records. *We would pack up our own eats – pilau, some sandwiches, a bottle of squash or lime juice. We'd have moonlight picnics by the riverside, and dancing sessions. We had all the latest hit records. Victor Silvester and Benny Goodman – all the jazz musicians we had. Joe Loss – we liked Chattanooga Choo Choo – and country and western, Jimmie Rodgers and all those good old-timers.*

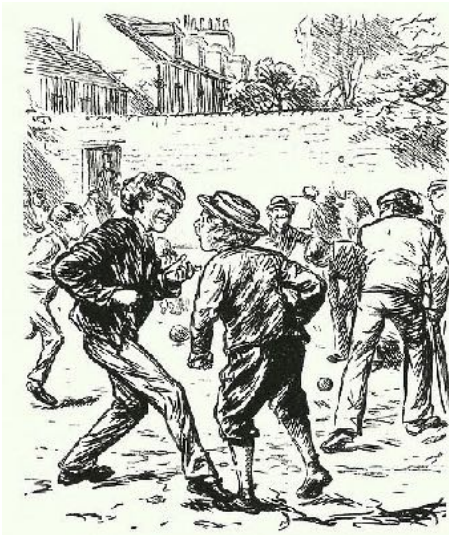
During the pandemic, Steve [travel-writer husband] and I realised that, what with his stack of journals and my hours of recordings, we had enough material for a book. The result is *Teatime at Peggy's: A Glimpse of Anglo-India*: <https://www.bradtguides.com/product/teatime-at-peggys/>, also as a paperback at £9.99.



We were often told by Peggy and her friends that the community was dying out. In Jhansi – said to be the inspiration for John Masters's classic 1950s novel *Bhowani Junction* – it's now down to just 30 families. And as Peggy, Roy Abbott, Peggy's maid May, her friends Dev and Antoinette have all since died, their memories could have died with them. Photos by Stephen McClarence, right: the British Empire runs on tea.

DO THE BOYS HALL

At a time where the government has turned the spotlight on private schools, it is as well to remember that as well as an excellent education, there is a darker side. Dominic Sandbrook in *The Times* writes: It tells you something, for example, that as a lonely 10-year-old at a French military academy, Napoleon took refuge in stories of Rome's heroes, *dreaming of victories of his own*. There's no better clue to the character of his great adversary, Horatio Nelson, than his nocturnal excursion from Paston School in Norfolk to steal pears from



LATEST FROM THE PLAYGROUND.
First Schoolboy. "YOU'RE THE NEW BOY, AN' I YOU! LOOK HERE, DO YOU COLLECT STAMPS?"
Second Little overboarded. "YE-S."
Third Schoolboy. "THERE! THERE'S ONE FOR YOU!"
[Cameo from the headmaster in his first year, with a bit of it!]

the headmaster's garden. He didn't like pears, he said. He only took them because *every other boy was afraid*. William Pitt the Elder recalled Eton prefects marching new boys into the countryside and giving them a 10-yard head start before shooting at them with pistols. (William Pitt the Younger was educated at home.)

Other leaders were formed by how miserable school made them. Robert Cecil, later Lord Salisbury, was a star in the classroom at Eton, but tearfully reported that he was *bullied from morning to night*. Every day four bigger boys would *kick and shin* him, while another liked to spit in his face at breakfast. His biographer Andrew Roberts remarked that the experience left the future prime minister with a *profoundly bleak view of human nature and therefore of democracy*. Stanley Baldwin said that after his years at Harrow, nothing would

ever persuade him to enjoy *the company of schoolmasters*. More recent leaders are rather dull by comparison. Churchill insisted on keeping a bulldog, in flagrant contravention of Harrow's rules. Rishi Sunak smuggled a tiny TV into Winchester to watch Euro 96. Keir Starmer says, with characteristic vividness, that his old classics master taught him *much more than Latin*. As in so much of life: in British politics, *if you want to understand the man, you should start with the boy*.

PIPE DREAM

Historic England's Midlands website gives the following news item: A rare *stink pipe* in Shifnal, Shropshire has been listed at Grade II by the Department for Culture, Media and Sport on the advice of Historic England, giving it greater protection and recognition.

The Shifnal 'stink' pipe is rare in that it retains its full height. 'Stink pipes' were sewer ventilation pipes that functioned by allowing gases from below ground sewers to vent out and dissipate high above the level at which they would be smelled or breathed in. They were modelled on the pipes widely used for London's new sewers, which were installed in response to what was known as the *Great Stink* when, during the hot summer of 1858, the capital's unpleasant sewage smell rose to an unbearable level. It is thought that the Shifnal pipe was installed following the 1875 Public Health Act, when the town's sewers were substantially upgraded.

The base of the 'stink' pipe is beautifully decorated, displaying civic pride. Nationally, the pipes became obsolete due to advances in domestic and public sewage processing in the 20th century, so very few remain. Where they can be found, ventilation pipes are often cut in half. The survival of the pipe in Shifnal to its full height is remarkable. Aside from the rarity of its survival, the Shifnal pipe, located behind the Jaspers Arms pub, displays a degree of artistic interest, showing it had been designed for public pride and as more than a purely functional structure.



1. Culled from Wikipedia. 1856 Almanach courtesy of <https://historic.ro/almanach-de-gotha-1856>. Burke's Peerage courtesy of www.burkespeerage.com. Debrett's courtesy of Biblio.com. Carnet Mondaine courtesy of Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya. Libro d'Oro courtesy of Associazione Nazionale Case d'Aste. Annuario della nobiltà italiana courtesy of Ebay. Social Register courtesy of Abe Books. Society Blue Book courtesy of Genealogy Beyond the BMD. Kulavrutanta courtesy of goodreads.com. Alexander Montagu courtesy of Daily Express.

EDITORIAL

A number of you have written to me recently asking if I wanted a contribution to the cost of **Jot & Tittle**. The cost of producing I calculate as £700 a year which includes a share of the Apple iMac 27" on which everything depends. The current model is 2017 and is beginning to feel its age so I shall shortly have to part-exchange it for a more up-to-date version.

I do not want to charge for **J&T**, especially as quite a few of you forward it to colleagues. I have therefore been endeavouring to expand the distribution in part so as to appeal to a sponsor. We now have readers in Scotland, Ireland and even Australia and New Zealand. I hope to have increased the readership by this time next year sufficiently to be able to secure our finances.

In the meantime, If you would like to make a contribution, as so many of you have in the past, I would be most grateful.

You can pay by bank transfer to the J&T account at Lloyds Bank Salisbury 30-99-50 a/c 66393860 or by cheque made out to Jot & Tittle at Griffin Cottage, 10 St Edmunds Church Street, Salisbury SP1 1EF.

Thank you for your understanding.

Mark Brandon

Pic 1. Working in the Cathedral archives.

Pic 2. Part of the ever-expanding J&T library.

