Life story Tape 1

This is a very scant record as I have to rely on old photographs, an old scrap book of mine and memory. Memory is very fickle jade. I remember many years ago old Joe Rademeyer who was one of the very early settlers here telling me a long story about the mummification of the rain making chiefs the Nguni people. That was about 1924. In about 1964 I got hold of him and he came and visited me at Zimbabwe ruins. I said look Joe would you like to elaborate on these notes, he looked at them and said all old men are bloody liars and I am no exception. This means that memory is a fickle jade, no not fickle but research is incorrect Z.A Blackmore places corrections in brackets).

My name is Samuel Dickson Sandes I was born at midnight on the 21st June 1899 on the island of Texada Vananda the place is Herridale Hooker, British Columbia Canada. For the record I am known as Samuel Dickson Sandes the third, my father was that name and my grandfather was that name. Two brothers William and Lancelot went to Ireland (this is incorrect they were father and son and William was possibly there before Cromwell) with Cromwell, they were two of his colonels in 1649 and the family have lived there ever since. The name was then spelt Sandy's and it is observed that we came from Cumberland and are allegedly descendants of Edwin Sandys Archbishop of York who was a Hebrew scholar and carried out work on the bible and prayer book. (This is not so we were not descended from his side of the family but were related)

Our ancestor William Sandys (incorrect he was Sandes) was given the lands of the house of O'Connor or portion of it in North Kerry in a place now known as Ballylongford and around that area at the mouth of the Shannon. I have been unable to find out when the name was changed from Sandy's to Sandes. (it was never changed from Sandy's to Sandes. The name originated from Simon de Sandis, changed to del Sandes; only later between 1400 and 1500 some family members used the spelling Sandys). Another branch of the family still exist in northern Ireland and they were also given land and they kept the name Sandys.

My grandfather apparently had eight children and being a clergyman of the Irish church he had to move about from one parish to another. Seven of his children were born in Ireland and only one Flora Sandes,'*the lovelly sergeant*' in Burges' book, was born in England in Marlesford where my grandfather was vicar.

Apparently my father was a hothead and did not like the discipline my grandfather used to keep the family in order and had a row with his father and just disappeared when he was about 18 or 19: I don't know the exact date and cleared off to Canada. Nobody knew where he was gone nobody could find him (In other papers S.D.S. states that his father was taken by his father to Fletchers engineering works where he was training to be an engineer. He had and affair with a married woman and had to disappear to Candada). He gradually found work in different places and eventually worked his way over to British Columbia. Here he rolled up at a mine as he wanted work and told the manager his name and was told by the man that he happened to be your mothers cousin and I don't know whether you and aware of the fact that everyone all over the world has been looking for

you and now that I have found you I am keeping you here. You are going to work under me until such times as you are able to look after yourself properly. Well he did; he was trained as a surveyor (other family records state that he was an engineer). And learnt all the arts of mining; in this particular mine. The mine managers name was James Baker who was well known in British Columbian History. It would appear that Baker sent him down to the Silkameen Valley with a friend John Fall Allison to open up a bit of the area for ranching and for mining. I t was here that he met my mother Rose Isabella Allison along with fourteen children that John Fall Allison had running around his ranch. John Fall Allison was born in New York and was the son of a doctor. Several books have been written about him and his wife and their exploits in the Similkameen Valley.

Rose was born on the 17th August 1784, she met my father in 1797. She died in Childbirth on the 3rd December 1904 aboard a ship going to a maternity home . My father was with her at the time of her death. At the time of my mothers death my father was employed as a surveyor on one of the steel mines one of the mines went by the name of Purnell I can't remember the name of the other one. The mines closed down and reopened in the first world war and second world war where steel was produced. We had a log cabin in a place called I was under the impression that it was called Vananda Vananda. The little village consisted of various small log cabins and board houses . there was a small Presbyterian church in which I was Christened and I still have the certificate in May 1900 there were one or two small stores where one could get things for Christmas stockings like airguns for small children

Side 2

Fritham House

Where would be under control. Eventually a little school was found in the new forest on Fritham Plane Known as Fritham House a very, very old place that had between 12 and 17 boys all in one big dormitory in the attic of the house It was run by Frank Chapman the brother of the father of the famous Henry Chapman who did a lot of work in Rhodesia in the early days. Now Frank Chapman had been a Cambridge Blue in the early days of cricket, he was an ordained priest as well and he was very fond of his drink. The school was designed, as far as I can make out now, purely to take on boys who were awkward in as much as they hadn't' got the English ways of life and the niceties of the English way of life at their fingertips. They had been in places like the Canary Isles where their fathers were diplomatic people, engineers mining in Nigeria, and boys from all over the world it was also designed to give them a certain amount of confidence in themselves for instance we would break off in the middle of a class and look at something that old Chapman wanted us all\to see and he would explain how things like gates worked and things like that. If there was reaping of corn in the adjoining field to the school he would stop the classes and we would go out and watch them not only reaping the wheat but also shooting the rabbits that came out of the corn.

There was lots of freedom on a Saturday afternoons when we would go out looking for Roman encampments and we found them too. We had our own little museum there where we put all our finds in and labelled them as best we could and asked all sorts of absurd questions and usually got absurd answers too but there we had it. We would go off into the forests where there were streams where we would make little model boats, barges, lochs , and lakes and build ourselves huts. The forest was never interfered with and so long as we did not do much damage. We used to cut down trees and build huts of various sizes. I knew how to make an Indian tepee and others knew how to build huts from Africa and all that sort of business. Our trips to Roman encampments, in my mind, started off my interest in archaeology and that is how I eventually became curator of Zimbabwe Ruins.

Fritham actually only had one little store in it where we used to buy things like tinned tomato's. We went around the cottages with our pocket money and used to buy things like potatoes and odds and ends of things and used to go and cook them in the forest where our huts were. Chapman was dead against tinned tomato's he reckoned we would kill ourselves and were given hidings if we were caught with them.

There was a little golf course at Bramshaw where we were allowed to go and play. There was a cricket pitch there where the villagers used to have teams come from all over Hampshire and we used to go and watch. Sometimes the school would play other schools there at cricket. We had a very good cricket pitch at our own school as well.

Now Chapman's son Arthur, became the captain of the cricket team that went to Australia. I believe he made a bit of a mess of things and also over drink and was not kept on as captain of the cricket team but he was a wonderful left-hand bat and at the age of twelve would stand up to any full grown man's bowling. He and I were very good friends as small boys.

Sometimes Chapman would decide that we would not go to the main church which was a long way in the forest but we had a little chapel which was right alongside the school and the villagers used to come there and he used to preach the sermon and we used to sing. Mrs Chapman used to play the organ there. Generally we went down to the village church and long footpaths through the forest and wearing Eton suits, collars and all this sort of nonsense. It was alright going but coming back we nearly all went haywire. We used to climb the trees after birds nests, if we found pigeons nests with young wood pigeons we used to take them back to the school and were allowed to keep them so long as we fed them. If we did not feed them we used to get hidings. A young school master usually used to go with us to see that we did not get into any real danger. Another thing that Chapman was really keen on was teaching us all the names of all the trees, shrubs, flowers, everything. Those of course have all gone from my mind now but I was quite good at it in those days and the birds too. Occasionally hundreds of beagles would come and we would be allowed to go along with the beagles on foot as a rule and the hares chased out and very seldom killed but we used to all go running after them. Some people were mounted occasionally, occasionally a fox would be put up, but the huntsmen always kept of the deer and there were plenty of deer in the New Forest in those days and occasionally a wild pig. Some farmer had lost pig years ago and it had bred in the bush.

The locals all kept pigs in herds and they used to send them in, in the mornings to eat the acorns from the oak trees. Only certain people I believe had that privilege.

The new forest ponies which I suppose everyone has heard of were wonderful and we used to go and ride them, some of them were semi-tame some weren't. Non of us ever got hurt. We would take a bit of rope with us put it around their necks and jump on their backs.

Hay making, local hay making we all joined in that. We used to help and the big hay wagons used to come along and at lunch time the local farmers all used to give us cider and to see al lot of school boys semi-tipsy was something worth watching. Hampshire cider is just as good as the Jersey cider; very strong. There was usually a very careful watch to see that we did not have too much.

I suppose it was from 1907 to 1911 that I stayed at that school. Things went wrong ,I don't know what the cause was but I presume that the old man (old Chapman) got into debt. Relatives were all asked if they didn't mind if we all went to Oakham Junior School as Chapman was opening that up, he had been at Oakham as a boy himself and was going back there as head master of the junior school. So it was agreed and we all went in one body to Oakham. Of those boys one became an admiral, others became all sorts of different … and what not's that went to that little school. The only ones that I still correspond with occasionally are Henry and Robert Everet. They were the sons of the man that looked after Gordons and Runsey the late Lord Mountbatten's estate. We were sometimes invited to go there and we met all sorts of people from all over the world from the top to the bottom. It was a great treat if we knew we going any where near to the broadlands.

At the front of the school there was a big cut in the forest and it used to look down on South Hampton docks. We could see the ships funnels and the ships in Southampton docks, we had to have a telescope or something. It really was a wonderful place to live in. The Rufus stone where King William Rufus was killed with an arrow was only about two miles from the school in the forest and nearby that was a little inn or a building that was said to have been an inn. It was very dilapidated but still standing, this is where people used to come it was absolutely secluded even in those days there were not crowds and crowds of folk, but they used to come every now and again to see the stone which was covered with a large piece of iron plating and an inscription written on it. I have a photograph of it. I did go back there once when one of the cruisers I was in was in Southampton water. I took two of the midshipmen with bicycles and we rode up into the forest to see the Rufus stone; it hadn't changed very much.

Now that was the place where I first met Lord Baden Powel the chief Boy Scout. We had in those days poles, and a few of us had little hats and pretended we were cub scouts, we were really nothing and were not recognised by anybody but we tried to follow out the scout rules and we were actually at Rufus Stone, about five or six of us, I suppose when Lord Baden Powel arrived he had a young man with him and he gave us a long talk about Africa and various other things and we sat down on rocks round about the place. I also,

very much later, saw Baden Powel at Crystal Palace opening something. I also at a very much later date had opportunity to speak to Baden Powel as a young detective stationed at Inyanga when I was at Umtali in the C.I.D. Many, many years later when I was curator at Zimbabwe and who should roll up was that young man who was with Lord Baden Powel at Rufus stone he was a very old man Lord LLewellin and he did remember having been there and seeing boys from the colonies outside the school grounds near a mound and I was told that this mound was a barrow an ancient burial ground of some ancient race that came to Britain. I asked him if that barrow was ever excavated at a later date as the people in the village told me that it was not a place for anybody to go and dig or do anything one wanted to do there. It was regarded by them as being rather a ghostly place.

Also in that area as far as I can remember was a dew pond, from what I was told was used for collecting water. We used to paddle in these ponds but soon stopped it because we found that when we came out we were full of leaches. There were also sand pits that had been dug for road works and things like that. Now we used to find grass snakes and adders and we had to be very, very careful. Now we used to take adders and fossils and things like that to put in our museum.

It is a great pity that I cannot remember the names of the boys with me except for one or two. Nearly all went with me to Oakham and I have a photograph of most of the boys in the school.

I was laid up at Frithin School once because I fell off my bicycle and the peddle made a great big graze in my leg and later I went down with what I imagine was diphtheria. I do remember that I was nursed day and night with all sorts of people coming and going, with steam kettles and all sorts of other appliances … my … I remember that . After a long period in bed I was bundled up and sent home to my grandfather .
After we had settled down on our first term practically every boy was allowed his bicycle. Supervision was given to students that our bicycles and brakes were in order and woe betide if you didn't keep them clean. They were kept in very large, safe stables at the back of Fritham House and it was here also that the museum was housed and horses and traps. I am not very sure about this but I think we had a sort of a lorry which took two or three horses to pull it . It was used for carting manure; and then there was something like a small bus. Now we used to sometimes took little trips to something like Lyndhurst. Now Lyndhurst was very old fashioned and as far as I could see had been there for hundreds of years. The main shops were very dark with very small windows and every one would get a chance to go to Lyndhurst once a month. I really would like to go and see all those parts again.

There was great excitement when we were told by Chapman to go out onto the lawns in the evenings to look for Halley's comet. I seem to remember that we would not see it again unless we lived for about 70 years or longer; we've all got to remember this. Sure enough one evening Halley's Comet appeared in all it's glory. I can't remember how long it lasted but I am hoping that I will live to see it's next appearance which is not very far off I understand. I had to go off and consult my numerous records and according to my notes it must have been the 7th May 1910. that should give you some idea of when I

was at school. I was then about 11 years of age so it looks as though about 75 years that is 1985 it will appear again so I may have some luck in seeing it.

Mr Frank Brookes and his wife Mary Brookes who used to run a little school here the Andrew Louw School brought me back some wonderful photographs of the modern Fritham House. Of course there is no school there now and it just looks like an enormous mansion, several changes have been made to the buildings and the cleaning up of the place since my day.

We had a horrible system whereby we were not allowed to use the indoor lavatories, we had outside pit lavatories during the daytime and the evenings and with the owls hooting after supper at night time it was not at all pleasant; we were scarred little boys I can tell you.

Well I think that ends off my first little real school that I went to and the next one will be all about Oakham.

I have a lovely little book here on the new Forest it has beautiful pictures giving a good idea of what the country is like.

A very important item I forgot to mention is that our classroom wasn't in the house at all it was out in the grounds and it consisted of like long army huts put together into one enormous room where we all sat for our lessons, it was made out of corrugated iron and in the summer it could be very hot. It had wooden benches and the usual school paraphernalia was inside this place if one mad a mistake of declining the word mensa in Latin one found a huge stick came behind one's ear and one was knocked off the bench and onto another boy. They made no bones about using force to make one learn. One think that did interest me was the amount of rhododendrons that grew all around this classroom and when they were all in flower they were the most wonderful site possible.

Of course there was no electric light in the school we had all oil lamps and we were very well fed and very well looked after. Chapman was a very endearing man when he started to teach us all the old Scotch, Irish, English folk songs which most of us still remember; I still remember many of them now. I was then known as Dicky Sandes. **Go back to this tape and tapes 2 to finish this**

TAPE 3 SIDE 1

Anyway, I can never remember any occasion on which I was really starving. There was always enough to eat- you could always fill up with biscuits or something else. On cold nights, with snow on the decks, or anything like that, we really did appreciate the hot cocoa and the ships biscuits… before we turned into our hammocks.

On the banks, quite close to the Worcester, there was a big paper manufacturing place. When the wind blew the wrong way we got quite bad noxious smells from the pulping of this paper stuff. Alongside this factory were our playing fields, where in the summer we played cricket and in the winter rugby or soccer but mostly rugby. There were always large haystacks – the place was mown frequently, and the local farmer used to have his cattle there. We had a rifle range as well. The shooting was nearly all done with .22 rifles. On one occasion I won the Rifle Associations bronze medal, which I still have.

Kingbriss … Abbey was a large establishment right opposite the Worcester. Afterwards, many years later, it became part of the Worcester. Now I understand that Wapping Street used to run through what is now Greenhithe? in the days of the Romans, and some Saturday afternoons we were allowed to wander around the countryside, with strict instructions not to get into any trouble. On one occasion we found an old English pit. These pits were dug by the local inhabitants to hide their cattle grain and things from the Romans so the Romans couldn't get it. This was right alongside what used to be known as Wapping Street from London to Dover. We decided to examine this place the next time we came ashore. We took a lot of rope with us. I volunteered to go down to the bottom of the pit to see what was at the bottom of it. I was lowered down – what a job they had to get me out ! After great discussion, they got me halfway up and whether to let me down or complete the job was another matter. There were several of them on the surface; I think four or five of them. There was plenty of evidence of Roman pottery around that area.

We had a whole armoury of .303 rifles on board, very old, probably Boer War ones. On the outbreak of war we were all dished out with leggings, and we had to do route marches for miles around the little village. Two instructors went with us.

In the summer the so-called swimming bath was rigged. It was an enormous cage made out of wood, about the size of a swimming bath. It used to float upright and was anchored to the bottom of the Thames. I suppose it was a very unhealthy type of swimming bath because all the sewage of London seemed to go through it on the down tide and it was usual to try and get us into the swimming bath in the in-flowing tide. Sometimes that wasn't possible!

Greenhithe? Was the place where a tremendous lot of sailing ships used to come in. In the very early days we loaded bricks, cement and all sorts of things. We spent som of our Saturday afternoons going aboard these sailing ships and I must say we were treated with great hospitality by the crew and captain of the ship, if he was there.

I think only one boy was expelled from the ship during my period on her. I don't remember hearing what he was expelled for, but I know that he was put in a boat and rowed himself ashore. I rather fancy that the police took him away at the landing stage.

The captain and Lady Wilson Barker? live quite close to the Worcester lived aft in their own quarters. Every now and again one of the one of the cadet captains would be invited

to have tea with Lady Wilson Barker. They had pantries overlooking the stern. They also had several cats. It so happened that there was some painting to be done on the stern of the ship – really a small job – and one of the men forgot to take away the platform that was lowered over the side. This platform, we discovered, was right opposite the barred portholes of the pantry. One Sunday afternoon (when this discovery was made) two of the cadets went down and had a good look into the pantry. They saw a big fat rooster on a plate, but it was just out of reach. One of them went to his chest and found a large fish hook tied to a broom handle. In short, he got the thing inside and hooked the chicken. The plate fell down onto the deck below and made an awful clatter. That didn't deter him; he pulled the chicken through the bars and cut it into pieces with his pocket-knife and handed them over to his mate until the chicken was practically finished. He threw the bones back onto the pantry floor. Later that evening there was an awful commotion. Somebody said that one of the skipper's cats had got in and finished the chicken. But it was not so the bones were well and truly gnawed by humans! Of course, the chaps on board knew who had done it, but nothing was ever said about it, even the captain did not make any remarks.

The eight/ten cadet captains had their own cabin, just near the dinning-room, which was absolutely for them and nobody else was allowed to go in there. They had to keep it clean. This is where they tried all cases of insubordination and dished out the necessary punishments with little bits of rope ends over a large table that was in the cabin. It was of great surprise to me, after my second or third term, when I was dished out with a little gold anchor which I had to put on my sleeve and was told that I was a leading hand. The last two terms, I was a First Class Cadet Captain and finished up in charge of the After Guard Starboard. There were six divisions as far as I can remember which included fo'csle, middle, after guard, side of ship port and starboard. Every morning one of the senior cadets or cadet captains was made officer of the watch. Duties included: reading the barometers, hoisting the ensign at the stern, recording the temperatures, entering up the log-book for the whole of his watch, lowering the flag at night time, receiving all visitors at the gangway and reporting to the captain (before the boat got alongside) that there was somebody coming. Also learning to do some of the duties that the officer of the watch would do.

The captains gig had it's own cadet captain in charge of it and of course was the cleanest, scrubbed , best- looked-after boat on the ship. Two or three large barges used to be sailed on occasions; we used to practise boat racing with them. Before I joined the ship and after I left there used to be a boat race between the Worcester and the Conway, but they were discontinued when the war broke out.

From the deck of the Worcester, I remember seeing a Zepplin being shot down by airmen. It came down in flames over Essex.

When I joined the BSA Police in 1920 there were seven ex-Worc's as troopers or constables in the BSA Police. The earliest record I have of Ex-Worc's being in Rhodesia was skipper Hoste. He was an officer in the pioneer Column, brought into Rhodesia by Major Johnstone. Walls (the father of General Walls) was also a cadet under me on the

Worc. Who later served in the BSA Police with five or six others. Wallls who died recently was running the Map Garage in Fort Victoria. There were many ex Worc's in Rhodesia.

For shipboard purposes we wore a jumper – a loose jumper made out of serge and the trousers were a similar type of material, held up by a Worcester belt with a badge on it containing an anchor. Round our necks we had a blue lanyard on which we carried a jack-knife. Our shoes were plain – no toecaps on them at all, and which I still wear the same type of shoes today and have done for most of my life when not in police uniform.

Most of us had our nicknames – I was known as Jumbo, on account of my pronounced, large protruding ears and my very heavy large ungainly walk. My particular pal was J.C.W. Last, who was afterwards Commodore of the P.& O. Line, he rejoiced in the name of Tubby Last. We still address one another in our letters as jumbo and Tubby.
He explained to me that he was no longer tubby but a miserable little man of no size at all. He was the only man that ever knocked me out in the games room. The game we hade to play was blindfold boxing and two or three of us got into the ring with blindfolds on and we hit out at anybody and he succeeded in completely knocking me out. The games room was where the boiler and engine had been. We did have electric light on the ship that was run off an old engine which I am sure was probably over 100 years old. We had batteries, very large batteries and every cadet was responsible for seeing that they were kept topped up and kept going properly.

I have in my possession a very fine book written by Capt. Steele V.C, who was one of the last army officers on the Worcester. I have been perusing through it for more information. One of the things I disliked intensely was on important days we had to do what they call 'man the yards'. The ship had to be 'dressed' and I hated going up on to the rigging, let alone onto the yards, and having only the support of foot-ropes for my feet and a very flimsy life-line just above the yards to prevent me falling over. To this day I hate heights, I'm always frightened of falling. As far as I can recollect, I only had to 'man the yards' on two occasions and that was enough for me. I think it was about 1914 when we had one of these occasions – a special occasion and prize-giving – and on e of the old paddle-steamers, passenger boats, came alongside and took all the boys and parents who had to go up to London up to London Bridge and we had band playing and all the rest of it.

Of course the Thames Training College, as such no longer exists and the old Worc., the one that I was on, sank in a storm while being towed to some breakers yard up the coast somewhere. I think this was after the 1938 war.

Although I rose to the rank of First Class Cadet Captain, I'm afraid my scholastic efforts were pretty poor. I was First Class in Seamanship. I learned a little about engineering on the ship too, a lot about meteorology, the study of stars and navigation and above all, I learned what discipline meant. I never really had been disciplined until I went there. Being disciplined stood me in good stead when I joined the B.S.A. Police.

One old Worcesterinairian who joined the police just after I did was a real maverick. His name was Ron Chancellor. He was always up to mischief , always in trouble, he was a fo'csle and should have been more responsible. I was surprised when he suddenly left the Worcester and became a midshipman, RNVR or Royal Navy Division, I forget which. I was fated to meet him at Whale Island where he became the sub-lieutenant, RNAS – he was a wealthy man doing his own thing most of the time. (I'll relate the rest later in the B.S.A.P) In the B.S.A.P. he was a recruit known as 'Jazz' Chancellor because he brought out a complete jazz band, instruments, all the make up and the lot , from England.

I'd like to go back to purely family matters. I think it was about 1912 in which my aunt Fanny (Frances) Elizabeth had gone to Shanghai or Hong Kong or somewhere and married Benjamin Johnston, known to me latter as Uncle Ben. (He had come home to England where he had a trail at Thornton Heath). They then went over to Ireland where they met the relatives of her husband. Uncle Ben's father was the manager of the Bank of Ireland in Listowel in Kerry. He had several daughters, sisters of my Uncle Ben. One of these daughters married Dr. Cox who was a malerial expert in Shanghai and was well known in those days for wiping out malaria in China. Another daughter married a Mr Armstrong who had just come from the north of Ireland down to Listowel. Another one was Lucy Crosbie she'd married Dr. Crosbie of Ardfert Kerry. Lucy Crosbie had one daughter Alice. Uncle Ben's youngest daughter was Stella, who afterwards became Stella Beamish. Her husband worked in a bank in India. It was on this trip to Ireland that Uncle Ben and Aunt Fanny decided to take me with them, as it was thought that I should see how people living in Ireland lived as well as Taunton Heath and Croydon. We duly arrived in Listowel and I was given a room in a lodging house because the family was too big to accommodate us all. I was generally looked on in askance as I hadn't got anything but Eton suits and very old shorts. Uncle Ben took me along to a little Irish tailor who fitted me out with a little jacket, little pants to go with it, knee britches, suitable boots to go hunting in,. Then my uncle took me home and gave me a long lecture and said that he was going to take me out hunting as soon as I'd got my suit. The day arrived when the suit came and before leaving the house I was sternly instructed by my uncle on what I should and should not do. " Now if you make any mistakes, I will give the gun to the gamekeeper and you will go home without it. You fully understand, don't you? Don't fire unless your told to do so." We set out to a place outside Listowel which was known as Ballinrodie? – the most glorious place with a castle. The castle of course, was broken down, the walls were still standing and the game keeper pointed out to me the great big bruises in the rock where Cromwell's cannon balls hit the walls and that Cromwell ruined the castle. The river Feal ran through this lovely parkland estate. There were rabbits all over the place , rabbit warrens, foxes, badgers, cock pheasants, all sorts of game, thousands of starlings nesting in the trees at night time. One morning we started off, it was very cold , snow on the ground in places and we came to a fence. My uncle got through the fence he unloaded his gun etc. I got through the fence and forgot to unload my gun. Down came his hand , the gun was taken from me, and hand to the gamekeeper and I had to go home without anything, without seeing or doing anything. I went away sobbing my heart out. Terrible thing to happen not to remember those sorts of things. That night my uncle came back with a fair amount of game and rabbits. He sat me down

by the fire and lectured me all over again and he said “Now don’t forget! Tomorrow we’re going out again and we must not make any mistakes this time , otherwise you’ll never get the gun again at all.” Now this was a hand-made gun by Keegan in Dublin, a beautiful little gun and until very recently I still had it in my possession and then I sold it to a cattle inspector in Chipinga and have regretted it ever since. The next day we went out and I managed to get one rabbit. I was very pleased with myself and I never again got out of step with my uncle or the gamekeeper.

I was taught to use a fly rod. That was much more difficult than shooting I was always used to handling a pole with a piece of string on it and a bit of wood or something as a float and a hook on it with a bit of bait or something like that. So I learned to catch trout in the Feal.

About that time Mr Armstrong, his wife and children came back to live in Listowel. He noted that the dairy there wasn’t working , nothing was --- everything gone to pieces… (this part of the recording very faint and indecipherable). He went around the dairy again and had a look and saw a few people bringing in a little bit of indifferent milk, cream and stuff in, but wasn’t making anything out of it. It was badly managed. He bought it and turned it into a little company and got a few farmers interested in …..???... saw a few chaps and one or two cows… then he had a fair amount of milk coming in… I don’t know I’ve got this stuff, what am I going to do with it? I know says he I’ll try and make toffee with it and turn the creamery into a toffee factory. He called it North Kerry Toffee. He sent some consignments up to Dublin and sold toffee in all the big towns in Ireland It became extremely popular and consignments started going to England. Then Mackintosh’s Toffee Company woke up said we can’t have that and came down to Listowel and made him an produce offer , a terrific offer . They bought him out and he moved up to Blackrock Dublin. He had done so much good for all the local farmers, they all got help from him and afterwards they were still able to sell their produce to the Creamery. It was known as the Creamery.

On that occasion I met all, pretty well the whole of the family. The Cox’s had come from China, Lucy came over for the day from Ardfert, little Alice was the same age as I was and we took an immediate liking to one another. All this happened during the time that I was waiting to go to the Worcester. In the summer of 1915 I went over to Ireland again and went down to Ardfert where I spent my holidays with the Crosbies. I was then wearing Worcester uniform. During this time nearly the whole of Ben Johnston’s family went to Ballybunion where we took cottages. An old cousin of mine Phil Newberry, who was recently married (her husband was in the army) came over. My cousin Phyllis Baker came over came, Stella was there (she hadn’t yet married Dick Beamish). I used to go, more often than not, shooting rabbits in the sand dunes in Ballybunion. Then I got in with some poachers, salmon poachers, who put nets across the Feale at night time. Alice was with me and we only got away in time. The police arrived but there was no sign of anything when they got there. My father-in-law to be was the justice of peace for that area so you can imagine what a state we were in. There was salmon caught that night too. We never saw any of them –daren’t take them home or anything like that. Our favourite picnic spot was Doon Bay. In the evenings we used to go to Ballybunion Castle or the

walls that remain of it and sit around there watching the sun go down . I remember one brilliant evening – red sky all over the place and everyone was delighted. I got it into my head that there was going to be a hell of a thunderstorm. I told everybody this, they all laughed at me. END OF SIDE 1 TAPE 3.

PAGE MISSING

A roman Catholic priest came along and objected very strongly; he had all his pupils with him, and a learning clergyman. He said 'That was not allowed in Ireland and we would have to stop it.' We had to move to Doon Bay to hold any of our picnics or to have the chance of getting undressed to go for a swim or anything like that. It was only then that I ;learned then how strict the Roman Catholic religion could be. By this time Alice and I were getting to the stage when we wanted to hold hands all the time and hated anybody to be near us. It was obviously high time that I returned to the Worcester.

We then started writing and she kept all our letters (until 1926) that I had written from all over Africa whilst I was at sea.

It must have been the end of 1916 or the beginning of 1917, our ship had to go into dry dock for considerable repairs I think it was the Oratava or Changuinola. I had three weeks leave and went over to Ireland and stayed with Dr Crosbie and his family. At this time I discovered that Alice had two half brothers by a previous marriage. One was Lt.-Comander a surgeon in the navy, the other was an army doctor in the north of Ireland.

Alice was a first-class horsewoman, she could do any thing with ponies or traps and riding. She played a wonderful game of golf . She and I would go off in a pony trap to Tralee to do the shopping and on one occasion decided to go and see some distant cousins of mine the Collis-Sandes. Two elderly ladies who were single and had ownership of Oak Park, an enormous place as it was virtually a park. While there I met a Major Sandys, who got hold of me and started telling me that he was a relation of mine. But I said: "How could that be? We don't spell our name the same way." He said "You'd better start studying your family history." That made me think quite a lot. I latter discovered that we were spelt Sandys at some time or other. (This is not correct some of the family went from Sandes to Sandys.) He was the father of the present Duncan Sandys of the English Parliament. I understand that when the old ladies died the place was sold and was taken over by the Roman Catholic Church outside Tralee.

We then decided to go and see my old family residence or what remained of it . We drove to Ballylongford where the house Sallow Glen, still stands today or did until recently. An enormous mansion with 30 bedrooms . I couldn't see over it as it was under lock and key in the hands of some agent, apparently. It was called Sallow Glen because there was a little stream there in the glen, and there are willows, from which the name Sallow comes from, sallow being the top part of bark from the willow.

It soon became time for me to rejoin my ship, so one evening Alice and I walked down to the ruins of Ardfert Abbey. There we sat and decided that we would one day get married. We what you might call plighted our troth there. Her mother obviously knew what we were feeling that way and was very sympathetic. Her grandmother and grandfather were all for it. Nothing was said to her father, but he expected an awful lot.

Unfortunately I wasn't at Ardfert at the time when Sir Roger Casement, was landed (by a German ship), The period I'm now talking about was just after Casement landed at Bannah Strand which is quite close to Ardfert near Ballyheigh. I have photographs of the boat in which Casement landed, Photographs of the policeman who arrested him and my father-in- law was actually the Justice of the Peace who signed the warrant and handed it to the police to take Casement to Tralee to be locked up. There had been an attempt by Casement - a German ship came in to land arms in Tralee- in Tralee Harvour. As a result of this a motor launch armed with three pounder guns and all sorts of other equipment . It was stationed at Fenit CHECK TAPE 3 SIDE 2 uder the command of a Lt.-Cmdr., who I became very friendly with while I was on this particular leave. The Sinn Feiners had blown up Ballyheigh Castle which had belonged to Alice's uncle … Crosbie, just before I arrived, so I never actually saw Ballyheigh Castle. Alice told me that in the hall of this place – in the floor of the dinning room, was a secet passage running from the dinning room right down to the sea, to a cave on the coast where smugglers used to bring all their stuff. It appears that the Crosbies were first-class smugglers in their day and ship wreckers as well, putting false lights on the coast and all sorts of things.

When I went back I think it was to the Changuinola in the Princess Dock in Glasgow. I did not see Alice again until 1924. Never a week went past, except when I was in the Gona-Re-Zhow and places like that, that she didn't get a letter every week from me, and I got one from her. Though on that trip to Ireland I did a very foolish thing. I wore my uniform the whole time. It wasn't taken very much notice of in Tralee but the people in Ardfert dint like me wearing uniform. So one night we went to the bioscope in Tralee and I was wearing my uniform. We had only just sat down when and R.I.C. Inspector came up to me and said : "Look will you please come outside, I want to talk to you." When I went outside he said: "Your inviting yourself to be murdered at any moment. You had better get out of here. Go back to the doctor and stay at Ardfert until you leave." It was very sticky in those days. On One occasion when the doctor was away Mrs Crosbie got worried – he had gone to Dublin or somewhere. She got hold of all the firearms in the house, quite a few and put them inside the doorways, there was a little shelf there.

One night when she and Alice were sitting in front of the fire, some Sinn Feiners, or IRA men or whatever they called themselves came in and demanded all of the firearms. She just said "Idon't know where the doctor keeps them." They looked right through the house, but did not seem to look at the door as they walked out or they would have seen all these arms piled up on top of the door. On that occasion Dr Crosbie put his brougham?? On one side and Alice persuaded him to buy a flivver, a model T Ford, and she used to drive him everywhere he wanted to go, except when there was heavy snow on the ground or it was a bit dangerous. Then the old coachman Sennet used to take him. Yes it must have been on this 1916 visit that I stayed with old Ben Johnston in the Bank of Ireland in

Listowel. There'd been a wedding or some social event and old Ben Johnstone had Stella and Co. at a big party at the bank. After about 12 o'clock or thereabouts I decided to go to bed. There were so many people in the place and the music was being played by experts. I think it was one o'clock in the morning that I woke up, a bright moonlight night ….?....down below in the street in the square, which had a Roman Catholic Church on one corner , and a Protestant Church in the middle of the square, two voices came up to me singing the 'Wearing of the Green'. Then they would stop and have an argument: You've got it wrong entirely! That's not the wording of it. Now we start again. Right are you ready? C'mon, start off again." They got louder and louder and more voluminous and all of a sudden people started opening up all the windows- you could hear all the windows in the square going up – "Be quiet you spalpeens! We want to go to sleep!" It was only in the morning that I was told that it was the Protestant arch-deacon and the Roman Catholic priest arm-in-arm. I saw them in the moonlight, very drunk, but I didn't recognise who they were or know who they were. I think that's how things can go on in Ireland. On another occasion, I saw an inspector of police put handcuffs on one of his own men and told him to get into his side-car as he was going into Tralee on a charge. This burley constable took one wrench on these handcuffs, broke the chain between them and said "Now take me in." He was never taken in, the handcuffs were taken off hinand he was put to bed and that was the end of that.

You can probably imagine those country lanes and so-called roads in Kerry. They're really wicked, especially round the Ring of Kerry, even down to Killarney and all around there. I went out on several occasions with the road surveyor, a Mr. Goodwin, a highly cultured gentleman. He told me all the folk-lore of each place as we came to it. He knew everything and spoke Gaelic perfectly well. He'd stop to see his road-workers and talk to them, find out how their families were getting on and all that sort of thing.

I think it must have been in 1914, during the Worcester holidays that Moffat came over to Hayling Park and told Aunt Sophie that the old man (Rev. Samuel Dickson Sandes) had died the previous night, apparently in his sleep. Arrangements were made to bury my poor old grandfather. He was put in a grave in Mitcham Common, quite close to a place where they grew lavender and there was a factory there that processed it. I, Moffat and the Baker family all went to the funeral. My uncle Bill my youngest uncle, came from Bedford where he lived, a very independent gentleman. He inspanned me to help him dispose of and get rid of a lot of rubbish in the house at St Pauls Road. There were several cases of silver, crested silver, family heirlooms and all sorts of things. They were all put in the bank at Thornton Heath, near Thornton Heath railway station. The ultimate destiny of this stuff I have never heard. But I did hear that the bank had been bombed during the war and all the silver and stuff disappeared. Whether that is correct or not I don't know. There was a very large chest of drawers in the old man's bedroom and in this were all sorts of treasures of his. These were carefully taken out by Uncle Bill and he came across a box of seals of my great-grandfather. The Bishop of Cashel and there were seals with things carved on them, large very old seals, which had the coat of arms on it. I think that was the coat of arms of the Sandes family. At one time I thought that it was the seal of the Bishop of Cashel. I am still not certain today. I did send imprints to Ireland to try to find out, but received no reply. There were two fob seals, one in gold and the other

in silver. They had blood stones on one side was a griffin and on the other side the initials SDS which are my initials and my father's and grandfathers initials. (there was another seal with the coat of arms of Stephen Creagh Sandes) I still have these seals and the seal of Samuel Dickson who was the father-in-law of the bishop and came from somewhere near Limerick (Croon) I gave my son Richard on his 21st birthday, the silver fob seal and told him to pass it onto his son on his 21st birthday. These seals are to go to Richard when I die.

My grandfather and grandmother must have been very musical, because there were cartloads of music taken out into the garden , formed into a heap and burned on the instructions of my uncle. Probably most of that music would have been invaluable today. A lot of it was taken to Hayling Park where it was subsequently examined and burnt as well.

The house at 26 St Pauls Road was only rented and apparently the lease expired when the old man died.

From then on my headquarters became Hayling Park at 3 Hayling Park Road. All my affairs were dealt with by Aunt Sophie. She certainly was a great artist and a great gardener. This was evident of the miniatures she left behind of my grandfather and grandmother which were exhibited in the Royal Art Gallery in London and which I still possess in my little house in FortVictoria. I very distinctly remember that Sophie had managed to buy a plot at Cambersands near Rye. What it amounted to was a bleak bit of sand dunes, next door to where a lot of attempts had been mad to fly planes in the very early days. Author named Robertson had a brick house there and all we had was an enormous wooden shed that we had erected. We used this stand purely as a holiday place. On August the 4th 1914, practically the whole Baker family except the doctor were camped at this spot and saw the Home Fleet forming up off Rye and moving out into the Channel. We then heard that war had been declared. It was at about this time that my cousin Steve Baker qualified as a doctor, joining the navy as a Surgeon-Lt. He was sent down to Haslar hospital where he spent most of the war doing bacterial work.

My last term on the Worcester was in December 1915. I was told by Capt. Wilson Barker that I had to go home and wait until I received a letter from the Admiralty appointing me as a midshipman which he had recommended. And then I would go to Whale Island Gunnery school, he didn't quite know where. I went back to Aunt Sophie at Hayling Park and started looking for something to do. I found a little engineering shop, I think it was called Billy and Creed, which afterwards, I believe became quite a big business. I asked if I could have a job and said that I had learned to use a lathe …???...
For young people like you, you'd better come along. I explained that I was waiting for an appointment as a midshipman. He said that does not mattter