

THE MEMOIRS OF BEROWALD INNES

INTRODUCTION

After his move back to Scotland, my father set out to chronicle his family history. He researched his family tree in great detail, principally to set out fully the complicated line of succession, from the grant of the Baronetcy by Charles I, in 1628, up to the present. At the same time he was keen to put right the many errors in the old, framed family trees. Also, he wanted to put on record his reminiscences of his family and his own life, rather than let them be forgotten.

All that he completed was hand written and filed in ring binders, which came to me after his death. The pieces which follow are just a selection and seem to be the most relevant and interesting. All the words are my father's, with a very few exceptions.

So that the whole family can share these memoirs, I have now typed them out. At the draft stage, I sought comments from Billy Innes, his brother and these have been invaluable. They have led to some improvements and to the correction of several names which I had not been able to read. I have deliberately not tried to edit the text. However, I took the liberty of moving a few complete passages from one story to the other, to make each of them more complete in itself and to achieve the best chronological sequence. In due course I will type out more of this chronicle and share it out.

The stories are written in a style which everyone will instantly recognise as typical of Berowald Innes. They provide a real insight into the life of one family in the early century. Read and enjoy them!

Peter Innes, January 2001

PART V - JAMES WILLIAM GUY INNES (JWGI) of RAEMOIR

<u>Born</u>	11 th September 1873 Raemoir
<u>Parents</u>	Alexander, 3 rd of Raemoir Helen Eythan King
<u>Married</u>	28 August 1906 Anna Orrock Stronach Sheila Foster Forbes, of Rothiemay Honeymoon at Aultnaharra, Sutherland – Trout fishing
<u>Family</u>	Son 1. Ronald Gordon Berowald, b. 24 July 1907, became 16th Baronet of Balvenie, 3 September 1978 Son 2. William Alexander Disney, b. 19 April 1910 (Billy) Son 3. Thomas Guy, AFC, Comm. RN, b. 1922, died in accident 21 March 1958, s.p. Daughter. Elizabeth Katherine Mary (Kathleen?), b. 1918
<u>Died</u>	1 October 1939 in Aberdeen, Scotland, buried in Cowie Churchyard

Guy Innes's mother, Helen Eythan King, died approximately one year after he was born, as a result of giving birth to his sister Katherine (Aunt Kath). His father remarried and had a son Sydney Armitage *{married Edith}{son called Berowald, 2nd son killed in war, both charming}*.

At that time, my father's Uncle Disney had no family (His son Alexander was not born till 15 years after he married) so they took my father to live with them — he almost felt that he was their son. It seems that his stepmother did not want him at Raemoir! He was more or less banished to live and be maintained by his Uncle Disney, to whom he was devoted. Uncle Disney had sent him to a Preparatory School outside London (Beckenham I think) and from there at the age of 11 he had gone to HMS Britannia, the training ship for executive officers in the Navy. He became a Midshipman in 1887. (His three logs left as a Midshipman are marked IV-6-I, 2 and 3.)

By 1900 my father was 27 years old. He was a dedicated but junior Naval Officer who had been brought up by his Uncle Disney Innes at Cowie with very little connection with Raemoir, the family home, and with his elder brother (Alexander Berowald), who had succeeded as a minor, at the age of 11, to Raemoir and Dunnottar. His nearest and very dearest relation of his own generation in the family was his sister Kathleen (Aunt Kath) who was the link between him and Raemoir.

By 1906, he had risen to Lieutenant-Commander. He had commanded destroyers and had held down the appointment of Flag Lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, Admiral Sir Compton Donville. This was a most prestigious appointment, involving considerable social effort, from entertaining the Kaiser in Corfu to running the social life of one of the biggest and most efficient fleets ever assembled.

He served in destroyers from 1901 to ? He was Flag Lieutenant to the Commanderin- Chief, Mediterranean Fleet 1904 to 1906 (?), flagship HMS Montague, Admiral Sir Compton Donville. Admiral Beatty was Flag Captain at one time, Admiral Sir Stanley Colville later. Most of the ships in which he served are recorded on a silver table napkin ring. [To be found, perhaps with Elizabeth]

During these years (1900 to 1906) he had had little life in Scotland. But when he did get north, he was based on Cowie and shot and fished all over the North from there. He was considered a first class shot and an excellent salmon and trout fisherman. He was a very small man, probably around 5ft 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins then, but obviously excellently turned out and an asset at any party.

Sometime in these years he met and fell in love with my mother, who had been remarkably christened [Anna Orrock Stronach Sheila Foster Forbes](#), third child of Colonel John Foster Forbes of Rothiemay and his wife Mary Livesey Wardle. My father and mother were married in the Episcopal Church in Huntly on 26 August 1906. They had bought a De Dion Bouton 2-seater open coupe and drove all the way to Aultnaharra for a fishing honeymoon. How they got on is not on record but my mother was as bad a fisherwoman as my father was good.

Before WWI, [JWGI](#) suffered appendicitis. The operation was carried out at Guy's Hospital in London by Sir Arbuthnot Lane. It seems likely that the Doctor did some trial experiment and this was a failure. Throughout the rest of his life he was in and out of nursing homes and hospitals. He never again served afloat, being assigned to shore postings during the war.

He retired with the rank of Captain in 1919. He had taken a large part in the Zeebrugge operation for which he was awarded the CBE. He was also responsible for the organisation of the Channel convoy system for supplying the army in France from 1916 to 1918. He was awarded the Legion d'Honneur (Chevalier) for his work with convoys and escorts.

In 1918 the family moved to Raemoir, which he had inherited on the death of his brother, Alexander Berowald, in France in 1915. He found himself the owner of Raemoir (4000+ acres) and Dunnottar (3800 acres) but his brother's will left him no money to run the estates with and no furniture etc. for the house. In fact it was a barren heritage. His brother's widow had a cottage near Banchory where she stored a lot of Raemoir furniture. It remained there to rot in a derelict cottage until she died much later. *{Aunt Daisy – very delicate, manipulated by her brothers}*

Dunnottar, which was bought in about 1870 as a speculation in a period of agricultural prosperity, proved to be the opposite in 1919 and was heavily mortgaged. It was sold in 1920 to Lord Cowdray (Pearson) who had made an immense amount of money in the war, speculating in oil. In spite of this, the financial situation was parlous and especially as there had been considerable lack of maintenance of farms and equipment during the war years and there were justifiable demand by the tenants etc. for such luxuries as proper water, modern drainage and various farm improvements covered cattle courts and the like.

All the time, JWGI was sick man but an extremely tough one. But, brought up as a sailor he really had little idea of estate management, but as a serving officer he had considerable sympathy for those who owed responsibility to him.

By 1921 it became only too clear that Raemoir would have to be sold and eventually it, too, was bought by Cowdray, one of whose objects was to own the whole of the Hill of Fare, on the North side of Raemoir. This he never did.

It is perhaps worth recording that JWGI had considerable skill with gun and rod and was in continuous demand at top class shoots and fishing which abounded on Deeside. In 1921 he bought the two Dickson guns (since sold) to replace a pair of Greener guns he never liked.

As soon as Raemoir was sold the search started for a new home. For some time we lived in the Tor-na-Coile Hotel in Banchory, which could not have been cheap. I think, however, that, having lost Raemoir, he was determined to leave Deeside and all its memories — which proved to be a mistake.

Moy House and gardens were bought in 1921-22 and far too much money was put into modernising this house. But it had terrific prospects both for him and for my mother. The sporting possibilities especially in the wildfowling business were terrific and a lease was taken of the land round about, which included the Culbin Sands, the Old Bar of Moray and the Island in the Findhorn estuary. In fact it was a shooters and specially a wildfowlers paradise. There are some books by St John well worth reading among the books here [at the Loom House]. For my mother, the 4 acres of walled garden was a continual joy. But there were two snags. The salmon fishing on that part of the Findhorn was poor and there was a continued urge to go back to the Dee to fish. Secondly, my father's ill health grew more and more serious and necessitated long stays in clinics and several operations. He eventually decided that Moy lay too low and was too relaxing and by 1927 he had decided to go back to the country he knew. The cost of labour was another reason to leave. We had three gardeners, a game keeper/handy man and a chauffeur as well as a number of servants in the house.

The first move was to Kirkville, a let house belonging to the Cowdrays. In 1931 he moved and rented Clinterty House on the edge of the Brimmond Hill North-west of Aberdeen, from Hay of Seaton. In 1935 after a brief lease of Durriss Cottage, he bought Maryculter House on the Dee, 7 miles east of Aberdeen. With this house was a short beat on the Dee but it really had no decent salmon holding bowl and we caught very few fish there.

During the summer of 1939 his health was seriously deteriorating and he was more or less kept alive by his doctor and very best friend, but no relation, Dr John Innes of Aberdeen. He was in good form when Billy, his second son was married in Hertfordshire to Alison Burnett-Stewart in June 1939.

As the war came closer he saw less and less of his sons, as Billy was posted to Singapore and Berowald, though stationed in Glasgow, found it increasingly difficult to come home. Before the war arrangements were made for the Nason family (2nd Seaforths) to be evacuated to Maryculter. War broke out on 3rd September 1939, the

Nasons arrived, but at the end of the month JWGI became very ill, was admitted to Kepplestone Nursing Home in Aberdeen and died after an operation on 1st October.

I was at that time serving as Security Officer at the Medical base at Dieppe, an appointment for which I was never intended and I did not hear of his death for a fortnight. I was given a few days leave, but had really insufficient time to do any family business of value. Thomas was at Harrow and was not brought north. Betty my wife and baby son were there, as was Elizabeth. As an indication of how tough a man my father was, he had been through endless operations, the last one was merely a repeat of many before, i.e. to try to sort out his stomach so that it worked and left him in as little pain as possible. During my visit I saw Dr John Innes, who told me that when they cleaned him up his whole interior was gangrenous and there was absolutely nothing they could do but sew him up and leave him to die. He had been working the Dee for salmon less than a week before.

His death was to all of us the end of an era and none of his family was to partake of the same life again. My mother decided that she could not afford to keep Maryculter going. It was sold and she took a house in Queens Road, Aberdeen. Later she bought a small house in Ballater but never occupied it.

At the end of 1940 my mother married George, 2nd Marquess of Aberdeen, with whom she had been friendly as a girl, but it proved to be a major mistake and though she had the honour and glory of being the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, he led her a wretched mean existence. She died in 1949.

I think it would be fair to say that everyone loved Mum — I mean everyone except her second husband.

A MEMOIR OF FAMILY LIFE IN THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF THE 20TH CENTURY AS REMEMBERED BY RGBI

Rothiemay and the deplorable uncles

I know very little beyond what came to be found in the 1810 Family Bible and from the several photograph albums enumerated at the end of the family tree. It is true that there are hundreds of books, ranging from the Forsyte Saga upwards and downwards where we can discover how the Victorians lived, but I think it would be a help to future generations if I were to attempt tell about the world I was born into and lived in until the outbreak of World War II.

My grandfather, John Foster Forbes was a Colonel in the Indian Army, as was his father. He returned with his wife on retirement from India. His eldest son, Alastair, had died in India in infancy. His second son, Ian, (Uncle Ian to me) came home with him. My mother was born in London within the sound of Bow Bells — and was proud of it. When exactly he moved to Scotland I am not sure, but his first house was Dunlugas, near Turriff on the Deveron. Later, in 1892, he bought Rothiemay House, *{an uncle died & left him money}* seven miles from Huntly, with about 3500 acres of farm and woodland, and possibly a mile of good fishing water on the Deveron. He must by one means or another have accumulated a fair amount of money as an Indian Army officer. He at once set out to add to Rothiemay in the fashionable Scottish Baronial style and called it a "Castle", which it had never been. I can still remember the last addition being built, which must have been just before World War I.

Until 1919 Rothiemay was to become our home in Scotland and I do not remember going to Raemoir, but I do remember going to Cowie.

When I was born my father was commanding a destroyer based in Portsmouth and they lived at Hazleden, Denmead Road, Havant. Every summer, I and a nanny (Nana) and Mum went off to Rothiemay. The drill was much the same: train to London and a cab to Aunt Kath (Kathleen) Innes who had a flat in 4 Greycoat Mansions, behind the Army and Navy Stores and opposite an enormous Fire Station (which is still there). In the evening a fleet of cabs took us to Euston with masses of baggage to sit in a 3rd class carriage all the way to Aberdeen where we had breakfast, either in the station restaurant or (later) in the Palace Hotel. We did not take the fast train, 8.05 out of Aberdeen because it did not stop at Rothiemay, but the 10.10 which stopped everywhere. At Rothiemay we were met by Corser(?) The head coachman in what we called the "bone-shaker", a heavy and slow wagon pulled by two horses. The baggage, and there was lots of it, followed with a lesser minion in charge in a "dogcart". Mostly it was the custom for the "bone-shaker" to meet Uncles and stray bachelors. Rothiemay Castle was 2¹/₂ miles from the station.

Whilst on the subject of transport, Mrs Forbes, my grandmother, when I knew her, always travelled in a Daimler car of great antiquity (1910 model). Duguid was the chauffeur and I do not think that anyone else used it or drove it except my Uncle Humph (Roualeyn) who, when Duguid was ill on one occasion, drove Grannie to Banff. He, as was his wont, proclaimed that he knew all about cars, failed to change it out of bottom gear, all 16 miles there and back, and did it great damage.

By 1914 Rothiemay, a very handsome building, must have contained 15 to 20 bedrooms other than staff rooms. The "public rooms" consisted of an enormous inner hall, a smoking room — used as the sitting room during the day by all the family — on the ground floor, dining room and adjoining drawing room — and across a gallery over the hall, my grandmother had a boudoir. Afternoon tea was served in the hall — a wide passage really. Opposite the dining room was a billiard room. Both men and women assembled there before dinner. At weekends they assembled in the drawing room. In high season the male members of the party retired to the billiard room after dinner, whilst the females went to the drawing room. Except for a few younger — and "faster" females, the billiard room then remained all male, certainly until my grandfather died in 1915.

My grandfather was a good billiards player but his sons were certainly not. As a result one of the footmen, under John Paul, the butler, was selected for his skill at billiards, rather than his ability to wait at table or to valet.

The "ball of fire" in the house was Margaret Fraser, the head housemaid. She had heavy feet and was very active, starting work at 4.30am and ending it about 10.30pm. Her first visit to the guests was to bring early morning tea. One day she brought round a set of dentures, which she offered to the guests at the house in turn, telling them that they had been found on the billiard table! In most such houses the head housemaid was called by her surname but Margaret had — long before — been an under housemaid. The head cooks were always called 'Mrs X'.

For the full summer there would be a butler/footman, head housemaid, underhousemaid, cook, kitchen maid and laundry maid. Grannie had her own "lady's maid" (McDonald I think her name was — "Downy" to us). At peak periods, when the house was full, there might also be scullery maid, nursery maid and a "tweenie".

The children of the family, and those of visiting friends, lived in a large nursery area on about the 3rd floor. The day nursery was a large rectangular room where our nannies and governesses existed and quarrelled mightily. We shared a night nursery with our Nana, but where the other children slept, I cannot recollect.

The Forbes family consisted of eight children of whom Uncle Ian was the eldest. (See list on last page.) He served in India, after the South African War, with a Battalion of Gordon Highlanders in a Brigade, which included a cavalry regiment. He married a Lady Helen Craven who was very top drawer and an RC. She converted Uncle Ian, who became very devout. Aunt Helen seldom visited Rothiemay and made life difficult for Uncle Ian by writing a scurrilous book about the officers of his regiment, and he was forced to transfer to another Regiment. She titled her book "It's a way they have in the Army" and put at the beginning "All characters are fictitious". Billy (RGBI's brother) tried to read it once. In the book the leading character was the wife of a cavalry officer of rather higher class than the others, or so she thought. Although she said it was fictitious, many wives could see themselves in it — in not too complimentary ways!

In those days Ian had two children, Victoria and George. Both were older than us, and none too friendly. Later in life he had three more children, Kitty, now Traquhair, Isobel, now a nun, and Charlie, a monk (also Rose?).

George, after serving in the Grenadier Guards, became a priest, later a master at Amplethorpe and did well, I'm told, as a Chaplain to the Irish Guards in World War 2. {E. says 'something very much better' & got the VC – books were written about him}

Victoria never married but had a son and now calls herself Mrs Forbes. She hunts with the Duke of Beaufort and makes some money, tailoring ladies' hunting garments in Wiltshire. {E. says 'awfully nice' – just died}

I think that my Aunt Helen, aristocratic by birth, considered such lowly commoners as us unsuitable company for her daughter Victoria, who I can't remember at all. George was considerably older than us and not usually very cooperative. He also let the side down badly by refusing ever to roll the tennis court, even before the annual garden party. Now I don't really blame him. It had no grass on it, only moss. The roller was terribly hard work to pull and most reluctant to do its duty.

My mother was next down the line and then followed Uncle Bill. He married a Strutt (Aunt Daisy) and Uncle Bill managed to get rid of most of the money she brought in. He was a sailor (RN) and they had two boys, Bill and Pat. {E. says 'very disturbed young men' Guy knows one of them (his age)?}

Next came Uncle Ron. His big adventure was to marry [Rosita Forbes](#), the so-called explorer. In fact she had never explored anything until driven to later as result of having written a book about her non-existent explorations! She once arrived at Rothiemay with a most fabulous necklace of pearls. After dinner one night, it is said, Uncle Bill bit one and it turned out to be hollow. The remaining male members of the house party bit the rest. This did not last long. [Uncle Ron is believed to have fathered one daughter, Pamela](#), {Pam was brought up by Aunt Sylvia Leslie's brother} but there was a certain element of doubt as to who was the mother. {son Bobby - a complete rotter}

Next came Uncle Humph (or Roualeyn). He was a bachelor, RN, until after the war. {was very fond of Diane, Humph's daughter & kind of adopted her & left her his money} Then came Aunt Sybil, who married a very worthy sailor about 1905 and bore two children who died. As a result Aunt Sybil never again got up for breakfast, but wandered daily back and forth between the house and the revolving summerhouse in the garden smoking endless cigarettes, making out that she was very frail. She was my Godmother.

The last member of the family who concerned us was Uncle Jock, a schoolmaster at Haileybury before he joined the army. When war came, he got a commission in the Seaforth Highlanders and survived the war. After the war he was at several different schools and did a bit of private tuition — always moving on. My father did not like him — but never said what he thought he did at schools, but was suspicious.

There was also Uncle Gordon, who was in the Indian Army. I do not remember ever having seen him though there is a photograph of him with myself as a baby. He committed suicide in India (Drink? Girls? Debt?)

It would be no exaggeration to say that the whole Forbes family of my mother's generation, except for my mother, were a wild and dissolute lot. Uncle Ian may have been an exception to some extent. As I mentioned above, he was forced out of the Gordon Highlanders as a result of the book his wife wrote about his brother officers.

He transferred to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, but, I think, as a territorial or militia, and I doubt if his war service got him into any danger. However, he returned to Rothiemay, as Laird, Grandfather having died in 1915, with a DSO, which he did not earn, and the rank of Lt Col or Col, which he never held. He was pretty pompous and stupid and was an "Imperial". *{officer of the old school}*

Uncle Bill, a sailor, was a cheerful hearty and much drinking fellow, and I thought very likeable chap when I was young. I saw a lot of him at Rothiemay and when I was at Sandhurst I spent my weekends with him and Aunt Daisy in their house in Welwyn. *{They were always broke, although she had money when they married}*

On weekdays he disappeared into "the City" where he tried out his hand at stockbroking with conspicuous lack of success. He drove a Hillman Super 6 (as did my father) in the 1920s and was reputed to carry a heap of stones beside him, which he threw at other road users whom he did not like. He seldom went South without going to Aberdeen station which he left simultaneously with the 10.00 am train to Euston. The job was to get across the level crossing at Blackford in Perthshire before the train — and I think that he quite often did. *{E. says typical of Forbes who all liked little games. Life was one long game.}*

My last memory of him was during the war when I returned on leave from Sicily on my way to the Staff College. We all lunched together at the Caledonian Hotel where he had previously primed himself with pink gin. After lunch, sitting half asleep in the foyer of the hotel, he spotted a personable young female coming down the stairs and he staggered to his feet, approached her with arms held out, said: "lovely to see you my dear young friend", and fell flat on his face, from which position he was removed to his room by the hotel staff. A fine example of a Commander RN. I never saw him again.

Uncle Ronnie was a dissolute chap but undoubtedly had a good war record with a DSO whilst commanding a Highland Light Infantry battalion in France. After the war, having got shot of [Aunt Rosita Forbes](#), the explorer, he carried on his exploration in a big way, nearer home — often with disastrous results.

The real trouble with all these brothers was that my grandfather stipulated that Rothiemay was to remain the home of the family for ever and they all took advantage of this and settled for life in various parts of the house.

Uncle Humph was certainly one of most skilled parasites. He did no work, made no effort to earn any money and spent his life shooting - and he was a rotten shot - and fishing when it was not too cold. He became notorious for picking off birds over the heads of neighbouring guns — usually pricking them rather than killing and was not above borrowing cartridges, provided they fitted his gun. He married a Georgina Walker (Aunt Georgie) from Dumfries who survived him. I don't know what finally

finished him off but I imagine it happened when I was abroad and out of touch. *{E. quite liked him, he used to take her out of school together with his daughter Diane}*

Uncle Jocky, the next down the line, was a cheerful kettle of fish. He became a master at Haileybury before WWI, joined the Seaforth Highlanders with a commission and survived the war. In fact he became a great friend of Shaw Mackenzie (?) of my regiment. After the war he became the main disciple of the Rothiemay House for the Forbes (?) cult and led an idle life for several years till he fell in with a couple of old women, believed to be wealthy. He married one and stripped them both of cash and became a vegetarian — and possibly a ??? for all things far worse. *{A bit unstable}*

As was pretty natural, we, the next generation took it out of these uncles as much as we could and two particular incidents remain in my memory. The first concerned the greenhouses of Rothiemay. One contained a large cape gooseberry bush, which bore the most delicious fruit and my uncles used to wander up and eat them off the bush daily before lunch. However, they seldom got many, because we had done the same after breakfast.

The second incident was more fun. Both Uncle Humph and a fairly new Aunt Georgie and Uncle Ian with a new Aunt Molly decide to stay with us at Clinterty shortly after I married Betty. The former incurred the intense displeasure of my father by carving the sirloin of beef the wrong way round. Next morning, as was the custom, before breakfast, they had both brought their cars to the front door to be "warmed up" and the baggage installed. When safely seated at breakfast kippers were carefully concealed in the most inaccessible but warm parts of their motor cars and in due course they made ready to depart.

Outside there was a distinct odour of kipper and my mother wondered why that was, as kippers had certainly not been on the menu. Uncle Humph and Aunt Georgina stood up to it, till after crossing the Dee in Aberdeen the odour was so bad that a detailed search was made and the kipper found, well and truly cooked and disintegrated. They went on, cursing the day we were born. Uncle Ian and Aunt Molly were returning to Rothiemay after their honeymoon, a starchy RC affair carried out in the Lowlands. In Huntly Aunt Molly was so irate that, good RC as she was, she said that unless the source of the smell was removed at once she would divorce Uncle Ian.

One of the longest of the visitors was her sister-in-law, Aunt Agnes Forbes who was pretty well loathed by all of us. She was apt to have fits or something and once had one in the waiting room at Forres Station. My father who had driven the car in and had had Aunt Agnes in a big way was alleged to have said: "I may bust my boiler, but if I have to carry her I'll get her on that damned train". Later when she returned to Rothiemay she had another of these fits at the Rothiemay School treat. Grannie, always in control of the situation, stood up to attention and said: "Aggie, Aggie, my dear, you can't die here". One day, at Moy, the telephone rang. By then we were plugged into a party line, shared by a dozen or more houses and farms, and Mum answered the thing. The news was that Aunt Aggie had finally perished. Mum hung onto the telephone, which was fixed high on the wall and wept and wept and wept. I always wondered what all the other subscribers on the line thought of it all. I'm sad to say, the event had the opposite effect on my father and his offspring. One less hardy annual.

One more anecdote, which I don't think reflects badly on me. One autumn day, during harvest, I the eldest, then 7, and several of my young cousins raided the garden and filled a bag full of unripe apples. We then visited the dairy and "borrowed" a can of cream. We were lead into the adventure by the gardener's daughter, who was at least 12 years old. The whole party then repaired to a stook of oats, tunnelled in and prepared to dispose of the loot. Suddenly the stook disintegrated and Burns (?), the head gardener, ignoring the leading presence of his daughter in the midst of the orgy, seized me by the hair and lugged me off back to our grandparents and accused me of seducing his daughter. At that age I was not aware of this form of sport! It was very awkward but obviously a quite ridiculous situation. However, I had the dissatisfaction of a sore bottom, some of my hair torn out at the roots and, later on, an extremely bad tummy ache! Burns and I remained archenemies for ever afterwards — but even with so many of us disposed around about the place, it was impossible for us to harvest more than a small proportion of the plums, grapes and most especially the cape gooseberries which were under his care.

During the war Uncle Ian found that the finances would not allow him to keep Rothiemay. It was sold three times, first to Lord Saltoun — for a member of his family who was killed on active service. So it was sold again to a member of the Nall Cain family, who sold it to Ward, a timber merchant from County Durham, who not only stripped it of everything and cut all the really lovely timber off the place, but pulled down Rothiemay Castle (or House) which had dated back partly to the 11th or 12th century, thus committing one of the most disreputable acts of vandalism ever seen in Scotland. Uncle Ian and Aunt Molly eventually moved to Wiltshire where I suppose they died.

The garden and some of the grounds were eventually bought back by Uncle Ian's second daughter, Kitty, who had qualified as a doctor and married one called Traquhair. They have built an expensive but somewhat deplorable house on the site of the old castle. *{They had a lot of adopted children. E says they were very nice.}*

In my way I had a great love for Rothiemay. Grannie was a sweetie — but perhaps a bit gone on religion and lots of clerics would visit the place. (My father once said he would never have lunch with her again in her London flat after finding that his fellow guest - a black bishop — was washing his neck in the gents' loo in the basement.)

But Grannie was a dear old thing, though apt to say odd things and to write her letters in totally illegible handwriting to save paper. Rothiemay was visited by hordes of friends, relatives and general hangers on during summer — all known as "hardy annuals" and as a result Grannie managed an enormous staff and a large storeroom full of all sorts of goodies, which, I am sorry to say, were heavily looted by her grandchildren when her back was turned. When the war ended, we only visited Rothiemay occasionally, but always for the duck shoot which lasted for several days ending up by a big stand, usually in the snow whilst a thicket of 7 acres was driven out for roe, hares etc. that lurked therein. Thereafter the most we saw of it was on an odd visit when on the way somewhere, usually between Raemoir, Moy and Deeside, where most of my family and friends lived. Contact there still was with the wretched and dissolute uncles and one aunt, but usually it was for lunch or perhaps a night on the way somewhere. Grannie died in 1928.

The family of John Foster Forbes

Married Mary Livesey Wardle

Children

Ian	m. 1 st Lady Helen Craven	<i>{'fat, rich & dull'. War horrid to grannie on the rare occasions she came to Rothiemay & made her feel inferior}</i>
	2 nd Mary Shaw Stewart (Aunt Molly)	<i>{E. says charming(??) – she adored her. Couldn't have children}</i>
William	m. M.H. Strutt (Aunt Daisy)	
Ronald	m. 1 st Rosita Torr (Aunt Sita)	<i>{Wore extraordinary jewellery – a rather startling person}</i>
	2 nd Sylvia Leslie (Aunt Sylvia)	
Roualeyn (Uncle Humph)	m. Georgina Walker (Aunt Georgie)	
Gordon	Died 1912	
John (Uncle Jock)	m. (late in life) C Hollins (RGI and WADI never met her)	
Sheila	m. Guy Innes	
Sybil	m. 1 st Capt Leslie Fisher, RN	<i>{Fell in love with Aunt Georgina – closely kept family secret}</i>
	2 nd Capt Cherry, RN	<i>{Married? Or just lived with? They lived together in S. of France (leaving Leslie?) but went back to nurse Leslie in final illness}</i>