

Robert Sydney Hickey

Following in the steps of his great, great uncle, Thomas Hickey the painter, Robert Sydney (1854-1934) our grandfather, set sail for India at the age of twenty two. Robert was brought up at Taughmon, Multifarnham, Co. Westmeath, where his father Noah Sydney was the Rector. We know a great deal about Robert, much from his diary which spans half a century from 1876 to 1923. His mother was Elizabeth Buchanan D'Arcy (of Hyde Park) and she died when he was only seventeen.

Robert was the youngest of nine children, brothers Blaney, William, Edmund and Ambrose and sisters Elizabeth, Charlotte, Mary Isabella and Anna. We know from the diary that Blaney spent some time in India and Isabella met him out there on one occasion. Our father told us that Ambrose married a Catholic and had to emigrate to America in disgrace. Netta has an interesting painting (1912) of Blaney whilst in India on horseback surrounded by hunting dogs.

Robert Sydney in his diary tells us that he left Liverpool for Calcutta on Saturday November 18th 1876 on the three hundred and thirty three foot long S.S. Historian. He describes going through the Suez Canal, meeting pilgrim ships going to Mecca, flying fish landing on the deck and a rat getting into his coat pocket. He was met in Calcutta on Christmas Day by his brother Blaney. India seems to have agreed with him straight away, he records shooting, horse riding and working, he seems to have moved around quite a bit. He was 'in charge' from one indigo farm to another and he obviously had many contacts in India, family and friends which he mentions often.

The diary goes on in bursts, work, travel, sport, parties and generally a good life for a young European in India. In 1881 the entry reads 'Got the sad news of Pappa's death on March 6th, which happened on February 5th'. In November 1880 he 'got charge of Jagowleah factory at 200 shillings per month and 50 shillings horse allowance'.

On March 24th 1884, he left his factory in Calcutta on his way to England for six months leave – he reached London on May 6th, called to Cheltenham and reached Taughmon about May 20th and 'had some good sport fishing on the lake with the Lethbridges. Elizabeth, his sister was married to Reverend W. Lethbridge.

Robert married Julia Briscoe in Delgany Church on September 23rd, 1884 and went to Killarney where they stayed for a week. The newly-married couple set out for India on December 24th, arriving in Calcutta on February 3rd 1885. 'We were happy as any two could be everything went well till November 1886 when my precious Julia and, on the morning of 22nd baby was born at 3. o'clock and at 7 o'clock my darling Julia was taken from me....' part of the diary is torn out here ... 'as she did, and we may meet in that heavenly home, never to part again'.

Robert, Baby and nurse boarded P&O Steamer Marzapore on March 20th 1889, bound for England and eventually Taughmon. Robert and Julia's baby was a boy named William (our father's half brother), he was brought up in England and died in 1903, as a teenager.

An entry for October 4th 1889 shows Robert back in India again. In 1890 he is shooting quail and meeting alligators eighteen foot long on the river. On July 21st they begin 'cutting the indigo and filling four vats' and by January 1891 he is up to 300 shillings pay and 75 shillings horse allowance.

By December 12th 1892 he is back in Taughmon with 'good skating on the pond at Mornington'. October 13th sees him going back to India again this time travelling with Blaney. On December 9th 'Stewart and I had good sport all the cold weather & we got 77 partridge, 315 quail, 55 snipe, 5 bittern & 8 green pigeons', not a bad day's work! We learn later from many entries in the diary that Stewart is Sir. Harry Stewart, a good friend of Robert's in India.

In November 1895 he is off to England again and back to Taughmon where he rented some land from Murray for grazing.

In May 1897 Robert bought farmland at Moydrum near Kinnegad, Co. Westmeath, for £1,225 and in May 1898 he began building a house which was finished in September. Isabel Barron and Robert were married in 1903 and our father and his three older siblings were born and brought up at Moydrum.

Peter and Geraldine along with our father visited Moydrum twice in the 1970s/80s.

The owners were the same family who bought the house from Robert originally and our father recognized some of the larger pieces of furniture which had been in the house in his time.

Later entries record the death of Ambrose in Los Angeles in September 1923 and his burial in Forest Lawn Cemetery (where Michael Jackson is buried). In 1923 he records selling Moydrum for £3,600 and moving to Hyde Park, Killucan. They had rented Hyde Park, a gentleman's residence with land owned by the D'Arcy family, for generations (Noah Sydney the Clergyman had married one of the D'Arcys).

Robert lived on in Hyde Park until his death aged 80 in 1936. Our grandmother Isabel stayed on for a few years then gave up the house and went to live with her daughter Aymée and husband George Patterson at Glasnevin. Robert is buried in the family grave at Stonehall churchyard beside Taughmon.

The rectory at Taughmon was transformed into a high class Blue Book restaurant and guest house in the 1970s and we and our families went one Sunday for lunch. Mel Gibson stayed there while making the film *Braveheart*. An acquaintance from Multifarnham tells us that his father, remembered the old Miss. Hickeys 'living on' in the rectory, when he was a child. These could be any of Charlotte, Anna or Mary Isabella, all of them were unmarried and died between 1918 and 1924.

For a view of your Hickey ancestors from a slightly different perspective it is well worth reading Joe Wade's Folklore Collection covering the Hickeys of Toughmon which was kindly given to us by the Westmeath historian Michael Conlon.

Here are some extracts.

The last parson to do duty in Taughmon, is dead a long time. He had six sons and four



Above: Robert Sydney Hickey, 1854 - 1934, our grandfather.

Left: Moydrum, the house built in 1898 by our grandfather, R.S. Hickey after his return from India on land purchased from Mr. Reynolds for £1,225. Picture, c. 1970, shows our father, right, with the then owner and Silvia on left.

daughters. His wife was a real lady, she was a D'Arcy from Hyde Park, up Raharney way. Her father was a bishop. All the sons, but one, got jobs in India – whipping up the unfortunate natives there to do more and more in the Indigo plantations...

Parson Hickey lived a long time in Taughmon. He died about 1870... One of the Hickey boys married a Catholic girl, a maid that was serving in his own house, they went to Canada. They never came home. Another of them fell in for some of the D'Arcy land and lived and died in Hyde Park (Killucan). Three of them went to India...

To finish with Taughmon, after Parson Hickey died, there was not much Sunday service. In Taughmon Church service was given monthly, to continue that, it was lay men that gave it. It was amusing to see the kind of hobos that gave the Service. So the Protestants went out of Taughmon, just as they came in, without a Clergyman to say a prayer for them.

Thomas and John Hickey

Thomas Hickey (1741 – 1824) the artist, your great ~ uncle is best known in Ireland for his paintings which hang in the National Gallery of Ireland, including:

‘Two Children’ - A painting of two young girls thought to be Thomas’s daughters, the youngest of which we always thought closely resembled Robin’s youngest daughter Aillinn.

‘An Action Between The Muses Of Tragedy And Comedy’ – This is signed by Thomas in 1781.

‘India’ ‘Indian bibi Jemdane’ - popularly known as ‘The Indian girl’

Others are ‘Man in a Red Coat’ and ‘Edmund Burke in conversation with his friend Charles James Fox’.

This picture was used by Conor Cruise O’Brien on the front cover of his biography of Edmund Burke.

‘Sir Armine Wodehouse’ signed T. Hickey 1773 and ‘Joseph Hickey’ attributed to Thomas Hickey.

Eoin has large framed reproductions of some of these, courtesy of the National Gallery of Ireland, which hung on the library corridor for several years at Finnstown House. He also has a well framed copy of ‘Captain Peter Rainier’ by Thomas Hickey, the original of which hangs in the National Maritime Museum in London. The Captain’s great grandson, Colin Rainier and his wife, from Tara Hill in Wexford, came in 1996 to the grand opening of the new bedroom wing at Finnstown Country House Hotel in Lucan, owned then by Eoin and Nora.

Thomas was trained at the Royal Dublin Society Schools where he won prizes in 1753 and 1756. He was a portrait painter; portraits at the time were considered essential decoration for aristocrats houses. Thomas took a ship to India in 1780 to seek richer fortunes and later in 1794 he accompanied Lord Macartney’s Embassy to China as official artist. Lord George Macartney led the first British Embassy, also called The Mission, from 1792 to 1794 in an effort to ease restrictions on trade between Great Britain and China. An insight into his family circumstances can be gleaned from notes of the East India Company in 1798 whereby it was ordered that Thomas Hickey was to proceed to India as a painter and had leave to take his two daughters with him.

The younger daughter, Frances, died in Madras in 1817. What happened the older daughter is not known. Thomas died in Madras in 1824 aged eighty three.

In 1797 Thomas was commissioned by Dr. Robert Emmett, State Physician for Ireland, to paint a portrait of the doctor’s son Robert and daughter Mary. The son went on to become the patriot Robert Emmett. There is a portrait of Robert Emmett by Thomas Hickey hanging in Kilmainham Jail in Dublin.

In 1769 Dublin Corporation commissioned Thomas Hickey to paint George, IV Viscount Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The work still hangs on one side of the fireplace in the drawing room in Dublin’s Mansion House.

Thomas Hickey was brought to life again in 2008, with the publication of the novel ‘Anila’s Journey’ by Mary Finn, a former RTE journalist. This is a beautiful story of Anila Taney, daughter of an Indian mother and an Irish father, left to fend for herself in an India of rogues. Her journey becomes intertwined with that of Thomas Hickey. The novel is inspired by ‘Bibi’, the ‘Indian Girl’ in the National Gallery.

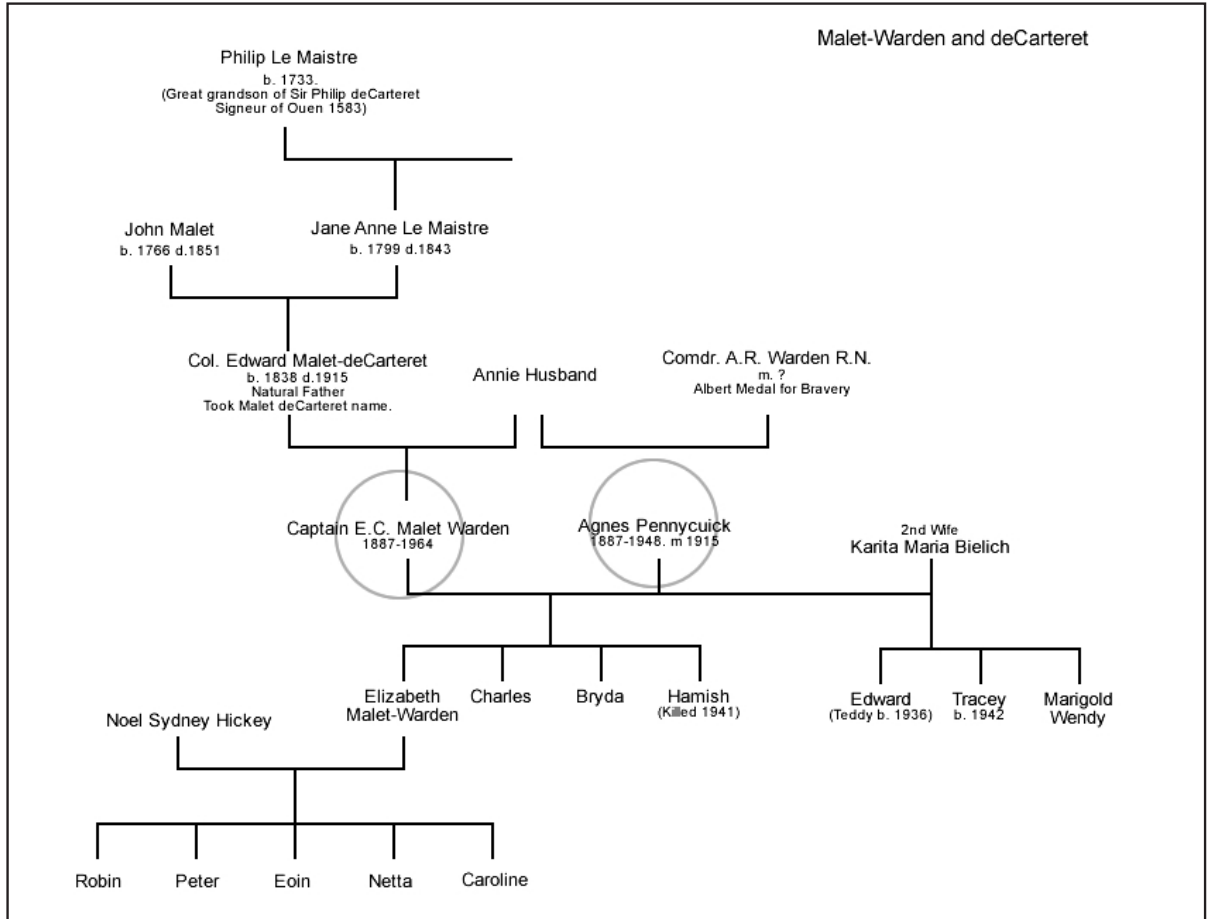
John Hickey (1756-1795) the sculptor, was not blessed with long life like his older brother Thomas. He died aged only thirty nine, ‘on account of his intemperate habits’ as written by George Breeze in ‘Thomas Hickey and Ireland’.

John Hickey’s finest work was probably his red and white marble monument to David LaTouche of Delgany, Co. Wicklow, a five figure group comprising three heroic mourning figures, bound by swathes of drapery supporting a sarcophagus surmounted by a draped urn. Above a pediment support, there is a statue of the deceased in contemporary dress. This monument is inside the Church of Ireland in Delgany where this year Aiden and Anna baptised their youngest, Aaron, and where our grandfather Robert S. Hickey was first married to Julia Briscoe on September 23rd 1884.

John’s marble portrait busts include his champion Edmund Burke (1785).

The National Gallery of Ireland are happy to provide reproductions of Thomas Hickey’s work and several members of our family, like the nineteenth century aristocrats, have his portraits adorning their homes.

The Malet-Wardens and de Carterets



Some of our distinguished forebarers are the de Carteret's, Seigneurs de Saint Ouen, Jersey. According to the Scottish historian Charles F. Wemyss-Brown in a letter to our mother in 1952, the de Carteret's are an ancient Norman family who came to England in the seventeenth century and made their mark. John de Carteret, the first Earl of Granville was one of the most brilliant men of his age. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724 and a friend of Swift, Dean of St. Patricks. He was offered the Prime Ministership later, but refused it! And he was a great grandson of Sir. Richard Granville of Tennyson's 'Little Revenge'. One branch of the de Carterets settled in America and established the state of New Jersey.

The Malets, according to Charles's letter, are one of the few families said to have come over with William the Conqueror.

In 1779 the de Carteret family line continues through Jane Anne laMaistre who married John Malet. In 1859 their son Edward Charles Malet de Carteret Seigneur of St. Ouen we are told, was entitled to take the name Malet de Carteret.

You might well ask, where does all this fit in with our ancestors? Edward Charles Malet de Carteret was the natural father of our grandfather, Edward Cecil Malet Warden (b.1887). Edward Charles had an affair with Annie Husband and Edward Cecil was their son. It was arranged for Annie to marry Warden, an army officer and hence the name Malet Warden and also hence the name de Carteret as one of the names of our brother Peter. It is interesting to note that we have our mother's 1917 Christening silver sugar bowl inscribed 'Elizabeth Agnes Warden'

Annie Husband was an actress; her father was a banker of Fore Street, Davenport and her uncle we understand, was the father of Sir. Henry Royce, of Rolls Royce.

Our grandfather revisited Jersey after the war and met with his half nephew Guy de Carteret. Aunt Bryda visited there some time later. In our archive we have our grandfather's letters describing his visit. We include our grandfather's description in one of his letters of his visit to Guy in Jersey later.

The Irish Times on 26th June 1999, in its *Times Past* section reprinted a piece as follows:
Barrels of Gold.

While the premises at La Re traite, St. Ouen's Jersey. The property of the late Mrs. Ann Hubert, were being cleared following a sale. £20,000 was discovered secreted in various parts of the estate, the money which was mainly in gold and silver coins was removed in barrels.

Mrs. Hubert who died about two months ago, aged 92, was known to have a large income which she did not live up to. She was a direct linear descendent of the maternal side of Sir. George de Carteret, who was Governor of Jersey during the reign of King Charles the Second, and to whom letters recently found in a secret drawer were addressed in the hand writing of King Charles. During the last years of her life, Mrs. Hubert attended to her own monies and refused to make use of a bank. The money has been taken possession of by a competent authority, and the King Charles letters were officially handed over to the Jersey museum.

Edward Cecil Malet Warden, our grandfather, a naval man, was born in 1885 and died in 1964. He came to Skryne when we were young. He married twice, first, to our grandmother, Agnes Pennycuick and later to Karita Maria, daughter of Admiral Cezar Bielich, Peruvian Navy. Our grandfather was quite an artist and we have some of his watercolours which came from Skryne.

Edward and Agnes married in 1915. He seems to have been away at sea much of the time, however they had four children. Our mother Elizabeth was the eldest born in 1917, Charles was next and Bryda and Hamish were the younger ones. They must have split up in the thirties; we have letters between them and to our mother which would suggest that they were squabbling over money.

You can read much about our mother in other chapters. Charles her brother joined the army and was with the first troops to enter Berlin after the war. He married twice and his second wife Jo, after his death, moved back to Canada. Charles and Jo went to Canada after the war, then to Australia and finally settled in South Africa. They have two children, Ian and Nicola. Ian lives in South Africa with his second wife Bronwyn. His two children from his first marriage to Ingrid are Margaux, an accomplished gourmet chef and Michael, educated in South Africa and now an investment banker, both presently living in England. Ian and Bronwyn live in Umtentweeni near Durban. Ian is a successful business owner employing local people and not averse to going into the depths of the townships to bring them to work.



Above: Charles Malet-Warden, our uncle [with dog] at Skryne Castle in 1984. Right: Charles with wife Jo and children Ian and Nicola.



Nicola married a French man Gilbert Natta and they live in Paris. They have three children, your second cousins once removed. Camille, is married to an American, John Clafin and they both are in the film business and live in Los Angeles. Eoin and Nora went to their super wedding in Versailles Palace in 2007. Nicola and Gilbert's two sons Laurent and Noel are young, single and living in France. Gilbert's very extended family come from the South of France near Toulon and they have developed a beautiful second home there where Eoin, Nora, Netta and Terry visited them last summer.

Our mother's younger sister Bryda (b. 1923, d. 1998) married James Woodruff. James was a senior overseas executive with Shell Oil. The family spent years in far away places such as Japan, the Philippines and Sudan. Their three children were born abroad. James and Bryda finally settled in a wonderful house and

garden near Bath. James unfortunately died quite young in the eighties and Bryda lived on there until her death. Their three children are Charles, George (George went to Eton) and Henry. All are married and living in England. Charles and George came over when our mother died and were quite taken a-back by the size and expressions of grief of an Irish country funeral. Bryda also had a son before marriage, Charles Sterling – who had been adopted but made contact with our mother and subsequently Bryda’s children in the 1980s. Charles is married and living in England.



Bryda with white terrier and, right, Bryda and Charles



Hamish was our mother’s youngest sibling and consequently probably the most special. Hamish joined the air force during the war and died while just a teenager; we write about Hamish later.

Edward Cecil Malet Warden - Elizabeth’s father

Edward was born in 1885 to Annie Husband and Edward Charles Malet de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen. His mother Annie was an actress and pianist who came to Jersey from Birmingham. She had an affair with Edward Charles Malet de Carteret, a married man. After becoming pregnant she was married off to one Arthur Warden in order to avoid a social scandal. He was a Lt. in the Royal Indian Marine.

We have a detailed record of Edward’s service in the Royal Navy. As well as a handwritten list (written by Elizabeth) of his career and the ships served on. We were able to download his Navy records. These records are fascinating as they give us a great insight in to his character. He entered the Royal Naval Engineering College in Keyham, Plymouth in 1901 at the age of sixteen. It mentions each ship he served on and his promotion to Engineer Lt. Commander in



Bryda and Hamish (1926) and, left, Bryda in 1945.

Feb 1916. Edward served right through WW1 and retired as Engineer Captain in November 1935. The Navy records show that he was called back in August 1939 at the beginning of WW2 and served for the duration of the war in Milton Haven on maintenance and repair duties.

During his distinguished career he served in the British 'Home Fleet', Atlantic Fleet, the Mediterranean, and The China Station. The Navy Records are photocopies of handwritten notes, by his superiors, right through his career under titles such as: -Station-Ship- Seniority-Rank-Date-Remarks. We read them with the help of a magnifying glass. The following are some of the remarks we could decipher:

"July 1905, Served 4 years as an Eng. Student at Training College, Devonport. Passed creditably for Eng. Sub. Lt. in Prof. Subjects and knowledge of Engine room duties. Creditable in Practical workmanship."

"Dec. 1913, Diesel Engines. Great zeal and ability and sound judgement. A good organiser. Good physique. Recommend for advancement."

"Sept 1932 Engineer Commander of ship - this officers advice on practical matters has been sound, reasonable and clear. Dept. is well ordered and maintained. He has good administrative ability. Leadership and influence good. Has personality which shows quickness of thought which is reproduced in his speech. Cheerful and happy. Tactful. Good physique. Excellent social qualities. Recommend for promotion. Vice Adml Backhouse."

These records also show that Edward married Agnes Pennycuik in July 1915; he changed his name by deed poll to E.C. Malet Warden (from E.C. Warden) on 27th April 1917; his judicial separation from Agnes was granted on 21st May



Clockwise from top: Crew, H.M.S. Opportune, E.C. Malet-Warden (officer left of centre); Edward, Agnes and baby Elizabeth; H.M.S. Opportune; E.C. Malet-Warden on boare ship (nearest the rail).

1930.

We, as children, only met Edward briefly in the summer of 1953. He came to visit Skryne with his second wife Karita. Our youngest sister Rosemary was born in March of that year. Edward and Karita offered to take Rosemary back to England with them for the summer. This was probably because our mother would have been under great pressure, having six children under the age of nine. Sadly for everyone concerned Rosemary died, of a cot death, soon after, whilst still in their care. Edward and Karita had three children, Edward Francis (Teddy), Tracy and Wendy. Tracy and Wendy came and stayed in Skryne on a few occasions during our childhood.

Our mother has passed on to Niall a beautiful silver teapot, inscribed "From the ward room officers H.M.S. 'Minotaur' 3rd July 1915" which must have been presented to Edward who would have been then aged 30..

We have letters written from Edward to our mother covering the period from 1938 until 1960. He was separated from Agnes during most of our mother's childhood and did not see much of her and her siblings. It seems that our mother started writing to him when she was in Dublin in her early twenties. These letters give a far better insight into Edward than any synopsis we might write. Therefore, the following extracts of letters from Edward to our mother have been included:

Letter dated 09/06/1939 –

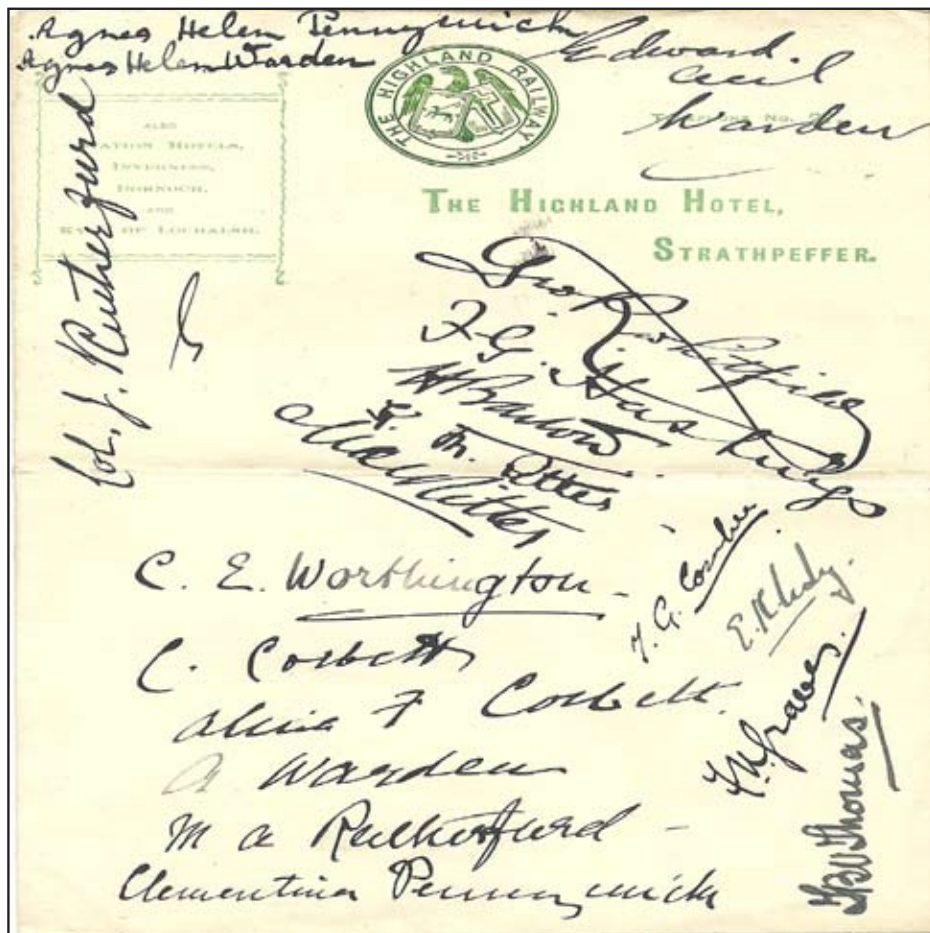
"Have you been to England since last writing or have you made Ireland your home for good - To be honest I've not any sympathy with Ireland's moans and desires – as you say there are some queer fish there – but I wish they'd stay in Ireland and not come breaking up England with their bombs."

Letter dated 13/08/1940 –

"I think you should join the Women's Royal Naval Service. It is a good matrimonial agency."

Letter dated 22/01/1941 –

"Wishing good luck in 1941 and in the great adventure which you are going to enter. Only one piece of advice can I give you – don't let your boy [fiancé] suffer anything from your mother. I have no idea what her reaction may be to your





Annie Husband, actress, niece or cousin of Sir Henry Royce and mother to Edward Cecil Malet-Warden, our grandfather



Annie Husband



marriage – but make up your own mind to stand no interference from her – with that I give you my blessing.”

Letter dated 30/05/1941 –

“Thanks for piece of wedding cake – I believe the censor had a nibble on it. It is nice of you to want a sketch of mine but unfortunately they are all inaccessible till after this wretched war is over. I remember Roche’s at Glengarrif. [Elizabeth had been to Glengarrif on her honeymoon] I used to go up there for a drink away back in 1906 when I was in H.M.S. Donegal at Bantry Bay – I also did a trip - in one day from Queenstown to Killarney and drove like fury in a side car all round the beauty spots and just caught the train home. I also know where your flat is as I used to spend any leave in Dublin in 1903 – 04 and stay in a house in Harcourt Street and again in Northumberland Avenue, Queenstown. [Possibly- Kingstown now Dun Laoghaire?] I also went up to Lough Ree near Athlone with a friend – shooting and fishing. It is a great pity the two countries should be so much at loggerheads about old grievances and Ireland’s present “neutrality” is bound to leave a nasty taste behind for some time after the war specially as all the other countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations are giving their blood and treasure to help the old country and surely the Irish are not a different breed of people – they at least are “British” not Latins or Germanics – and if Germany defeat the British Empire, are they going to take Ireland to their bosom – I doubt it very much – Ireland will sink with the Empire, I wonder will the censor delete this?”

Letter dated 28/08/1941 –

“I am afraid I have unhappy news to send you in so far that John Hamish is reported missing from an operation over enemy country on the night 16/17 August.”

Letter dated 29/11/1942 –

“There is left a small amount of his [Hamish] wages which I have received . I personally want to dispose of them as soon as possible and again propose Bryda -----most in need should have them – but if you think it fairer would divide them equally between yourself – Charles and Bryda – that perhaps is the best. I would suggest if you see your mother you make no mention of it – she is still getting from me I believe Charles and Bryda’s allowances and I do not think it deserving of sharing in Hamish’s poor wages.

I hope you are not too badly off for food and firing [fuel] in Dublin. Things I bet are difficult. They aren’t too easy in England.”

Letter dated 28/12/1943 –

“So you’re going to make me a grandfather after all. I’m very glad altho’ it stamps me as no chicken. I send you a reprint of my father’s obit notice – you will find all the historical facts of the de Carteret family in “The battle of the Strong” by Gilbert Parker and also in “The Channel Islands” by Wimbush and Carney – as you see he came into the de Carteret name thro’ his mother – Elizabethville in New Jersey is called after an ancestor of his and also de Carteret Street in London. De Carteret was a minister of the Crown in George III’s reign and there is a monument in Westminster Abbey to some branch of the family.

“The Malets came from Normandy originally probably with William the Conqueror and the principal branch of the Malets are those of St Lo – Sir Edward St Lo Malet was ambassador in Russia, etc in the 1890s but I know little of that side of it and may be in error. My mother married Arthur Warden – a Lt in the Royal Indian Marine and I after marrying your mother combined the two names.”

“On my mother’s side it is not so interesting – her father was a successful business man in Birmingham ---- [unable to read part of the letter] --- Husband by name who was of Cornish extraction and whose bank was in Fore Street Devonport, Plymouth.. Her mother was a Royce and we believe her uncle or cousin was the father of Sir Henry Royce of Rolls Royce fame. You should read his life.”



Agnes, 1935

Letter dated 29/05/1952 –

“Have only just returned from an enforced visit to Jersey – to the bedside of a dying uncle.

Whilst in Jersey I made myself known to my half nephew Guy Malet de Carteret and spent a most absorbing Sunday afternoon in the ancestral Manor House of St. Ouens a lovely medieval fortified manor house – He has several letters from Charles II to Sir George de Carteret who looked after him when he was in exile in 1644 – 1649. I returned to him a gold snuff box which had belonged to Sir George – incidentally his [George’s] son became the Earl of Granville and another son founded New Jersey in N. America – there was a fine portrait of your grandfather in his robes as the senior jurat of the Jersey states-

His wife and he [Guy] were very charming and altho’ of course I did not directly say who I was or how I knew so much of his grandfather he must have made a pretty shrewd guess.”

We also have a letter dated 15/10/1920 written to Mrs Pennycuick, Edward’s mother in law. We make little comment but it is a very interesting piece full of frustration. Possibly the most interesting aspect of this letter is that Edward and Agnes later went on to have two more children.

*H.M.S. Vanity
c/o G.P.O.*

Dear Mrs Pennycuick,

I have received your letter and although I would much rather explain my case to a man will attempt to do so to you, I intensely dislike injustice and know that a great one is being done me.

Your daughter has received an allotment of £30 -0-0 a month since July last year and I have paid £10-0-0 a month for the house in Glasgow making £40-0-0 a month that she has had to her credit besides this I pay £45-12-6 a year to the Scottish Widows Fund for an Educational Assurance for the children and also when I am on leave living with her I have paid varying sums per week from £2-0-0 or so a week for my extra food, besides fares for Agnes and the children when I have gone on a holiday with them and other little details, my pay after Income Tax is deducted is roughly £650-0-0 a year of which £480 – goes to Agnes and the House - £45 goes to the children’s Insurance - £30 goes to oddments on their behalf – making a total of £555-0-0 a year taking this from £650-0-0 leaves me about £100 a year for myself to live and clothe myself, of course I could not exist on that and I am helped by my mother who gives me presents of underclothing, etc, at present I would like to point out 4 domisiles are being kept going, an empty house in Glasgow, the children at Alton, Agnes in London and myself at sea in a ship which no one could say is an economical way of living.

You accuse me of expensive living, drinking and card playing, in fact the life of a rake and I most emphatically deny this and wish this matter clearly investigated. I last year at Portsmouth entertained Mr and Mrs Fred Terry and my cousin to lunch on board H.M.S. Saladin the expense of the luncheon £1-10-0 came out of my prize money, this is the sole occasion on which I have entertained actors or actresses and I still consider that it is legitimate to so - to entertain very occasionally ones relations and their friends, we dined Commander Rawlings a few weeks ago on the occasion of his leaving this ship. I suppose on the score of wasteful expense I should have not taken part in his farewell which was more expensive than my luncheon party.

Admirals and Captains of ships got a specified sum for entertaining but humble Engr. Lt. Comdrs do not. On the score of drinking and card playing I have not patience to argue about, but would refer you to Comdr. H.C. Rawlings, Glayns House, Yealmpton, Devon who will give

you a quite unbiased opinion of my mode of living, he is the most honourable gentleman I have every had the pleasure of serving with and I know would be honest to you even to my detriment – if it were truth . I have literally done nothing the last year. I can count on my hand the theatres I have been to, I have not played golf because of the expense. My chief pastime has been motorcycling, the machine was paid for by my mother and the petrol I got for nothing when in the Baltic and I must have already saved a good bit on railway fares, you and Agnes seem to think that I lead a life of continuous gaiety, far from it, I have as good a time as my means permit, and that isn't very hilarious on £100-0-0 a year, a small detail occurs to me, Agnes when she went South took Hector with her and paid 12/6 a week for his keep, this was not with my consent. I would have much preferred to have him with me and if he had not been taken away would have fetched him from Newton Stewart. I have already sent her £1-10-0 for his fare and keep and asked that he should be sent up to Port Edgar but that wasn't done. Agnes is now 32 years old, most people of that age have learnt to live within their incomes, I have not got £19 to let her have, if she had been ill and gone under a doctors instruction to a nursing home I should have sold the last of my shares and gladly paid her expenses and shall still do so for her or the children should such an unfortunate event occur as a serious illness, beyond what I let her have she has about £70 a year of her own so I dare say is better off than yourself or my mother probably combined.

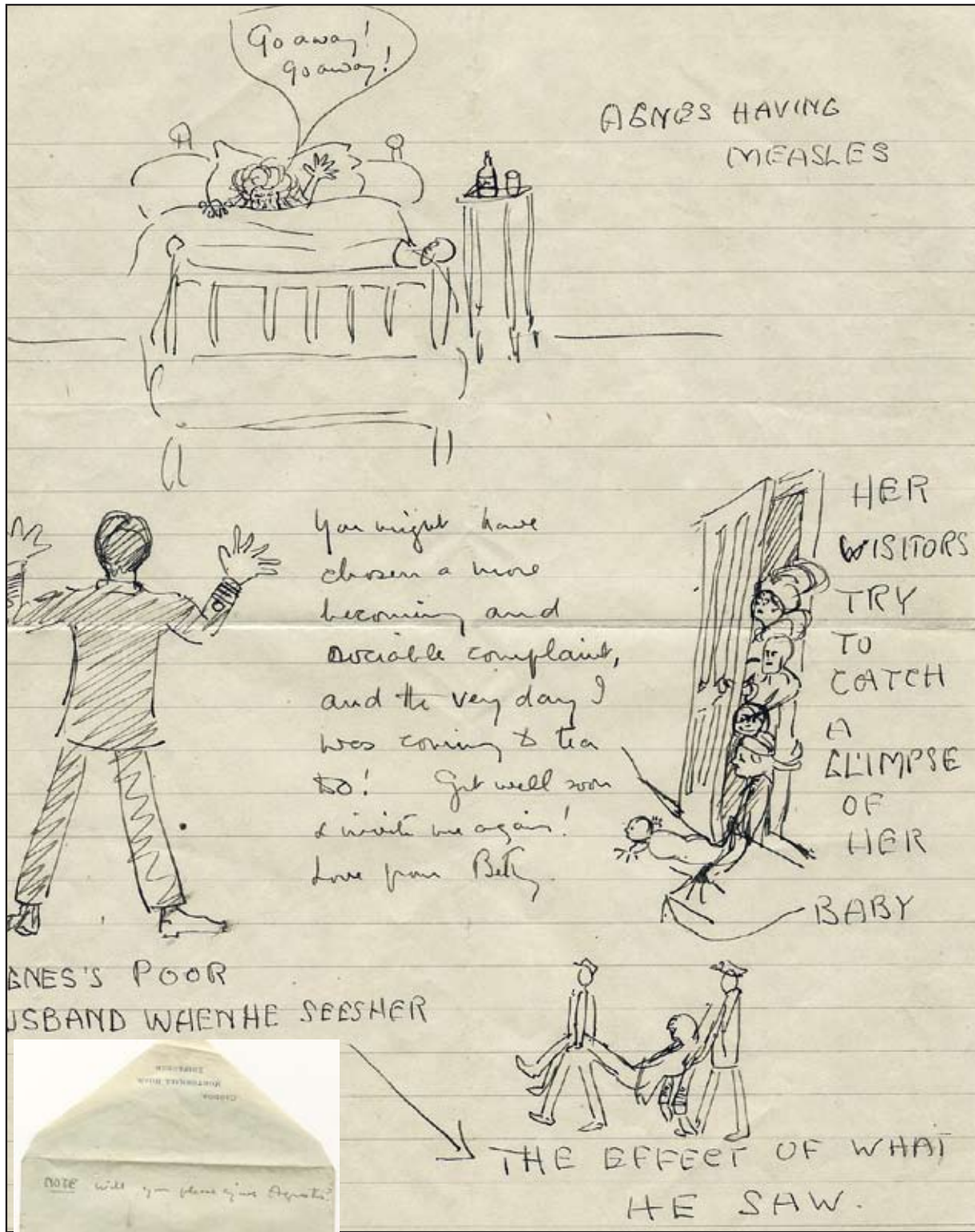
I didn't expect that marriage was all clover but I never believed from my experience or books that it could be such a miserable experience. For over 5 years we have led a life of constant anxiety, worry and disappointment - of quarrels with lodging, housekeepers, servants and shopkeepers – in fact I look back upon it all as a hideous nightmare.

It is most painful to write what I have but as I said I know I am being unjustly accused of evil doing and although I dare say you will not credit me with any noble or good points or ideas I know what I have done to try and lead a life of a married man, I particularly wish you to communicate with Comdr Rawlings or Mrs Rawlings both the most upright ideal man and woman I have every known and abide by what they may say of me, at present I hope to be promoted within a year and so must attend closely to my behaviour both professional and social.

Regretting the need of this letter and of your letter to me and welcoming any investigation you may care to make and with hopes that you are well.

*Yours sincerely,
Eddie Malet Warden*

Of Edward's seven children, Elizabeth, Charles, Hamish, Bryda, Teddy, Tracy and Wendy, three are still living. Teddy lives in Australia and both Robin and Shane made contact with him and his family whilst they were in Australia. Tracy and Wendy both live in England.



Sketch by E.C. Malet-Warden sent to his sick wife Agnes together with envelope

Hamish Malet-Warden

The Uncle we knew but never met.

Hamish was the son of Agnes and Edward Malet-Warden and the youngest brother of our mother, Elizabeth Hickey. From photographs we see that he was a blond curly haired young boy who often came to Ireland with his mother and siblings as a child. Andrew still has the stuffed toy rabbit called Wilfred, which belonged to Hamish.

His last school was in Newton-Stewart in Scotland and in a report from there it says he was a boy possessed of exceptional qualities. It also says that, owing to family circumstances, he had been to fourteen different schools before

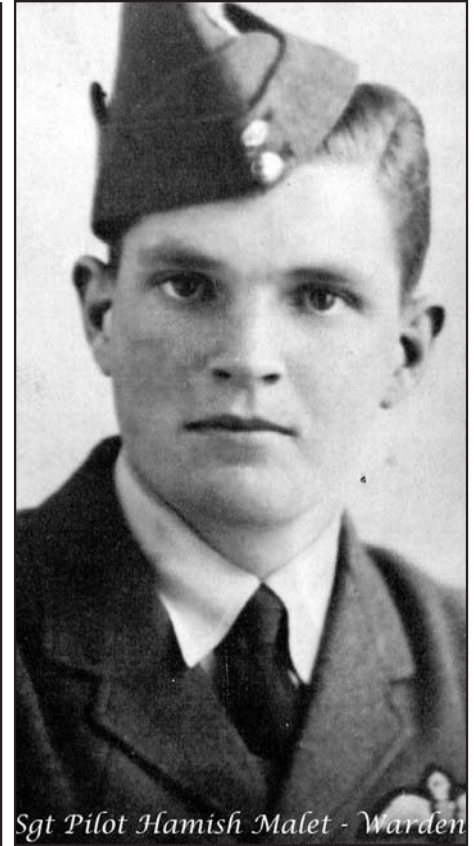
he arrived there which indicates some of the instability of the family. One of these schools was Mountjoy School in Dublin, now merged with Mount Temple School. He went there in 1935 – 1936. Being very ill with scarlet fever in 1940, whilst at school, he never completed his final exams. He was awarded the Leaving Certificate of Scotland despite not sitting the exam, on the recommendation of the head of the school.

Later in 1940 after a full recovery, he joined the RAF and became a Sergeant Pilot in 1941. In a letter dated Jan 25th 1941 his mother, who was now living in Ireland and obviously against the war, wishes him a Happy and safe New Year. She bizarrely goes on to say: “If you think it right to be murdered and commit murders for a lot of Jews and Freemasons, I did not bring you up to be food for guns, and I would be very grateful if you would tell me if you do receive this letter.” Furthermore, in another bizarre quote she writes the following piece of verse that he had recited at school some years earlier;

*“Sing a song of Europe highly civilized,
Four and twenty nations thoroughly hypnotised,
When the battles opened the bullets began to ring.
Wasn't that a silly thing to do for any king.
The kings were in the background issuing commands,
The queens were in the parlours by etiquette's demands,
The bankers in the counting-house busy multiplying,
And all the rest were at the front doing all the dying.”*



Hamish 1933 and as a Sgt. Pilot.





Clockwise from main: Bryda & Hamish 1935; Elizabeth and Hamish making hay; and Hamish in 1935

Hamish corresponded regularly with our mother when she came to Ireland in the thirties and we have some of those letters in our archive.

In his letters, some of which have been censored by cutting out sentences with a blade he mentions Lord Haw Haw's broadcasts from Germany. "Haw Haw claims to have damaged important armament works in Derby but unless he calls working class homes and fields armament works, he is a liar"

He completed his pilot training and seems to have been thrown headlong into the war. He flew on 16 missions over Germany from May to August 1941. He was reported missing in August 1941 on one of these missions and it was some months before the exact details were known. During this time they hoped he had been taken prisoner. It was not until some time late in 1942 that they were officially told of his death.

Our mother has written the following on a piece of cardboard:

J. H. Malet Warden, Sergeant Pilot 989146 RAF, shot down on 17th August 1941 at 02.41. The Whitley bomber he was flying was returning from a raid on Cologne. It was shot down by a German fighter plane piloted by Lt. Frank. It caught fire and descended in flames over Roermond in Limburg, Holland. The town's folk thought it was going to crash on to the town but it turned right and crossed the river and hit the railway bridge at Baggenuam. It exploded and all five on board were killed instantly. Two unexploded bombs were in the aircraft. Five Whitleys were shot down that night.

We understand that she obtained this information from the British Ministry of Defence.

Our mother went to visit his grave in 1990 on a British Legion organised trip. He is buried in Jonkersbosch War Cemetery, Nijmegen, Netherlands. Plot 12, Row B. Grave no 1 – 3.

Hamish was regarded with great affection by our mother and we were all aware, as children, of this much loved Uncle who died too young.



TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LASTING MEMORY
OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN
THE 1939-1945 WAR
THEIR NAMES LIVETH FOR EVERMORE

FLYING OFFICER DOUGLAS MACMILLAN DREW, R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND
SHOT DOWN OVER DUSSELDORF, 23RD APRIL 1944 AGED 35 YEARS

HUGH DAVID PARKER, DRIVER R.E.
DIED 5TH OCTOBER 1945 AGED 35 YEARS

CAPTAIN PATRICK KENNETH MONTGOMERY STEWART K.O.S.B.
DIED 5TH JUNE 1940 OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT DUNKIRK AGED 27 YEARS

HAMISH MALET-WARDEN R.A.F.
SHOT DOWN OVER COLOGNE 1940 AGED 18 YEARS

War Memorial Plaque in memory of Hamish at Challoch Episcopalian Church, Scotland, and (below) the Pennycuik gravestone just outside Newtown Stewart, Scotland, with Hamish's name added.



Elizabeth Hickey - The Middle Years

Our parents married in 1941. The announcement in the ‘Court & Personal’ notices on the Irish Times on 1st February 1941 read;

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place quietly, between Noel Sydney Falkiner, youngest son of the late R.S. Hickey, Hyde Park, Killucan and Mrs. Hickey, 65 The Rise, Glasnevin and Elizabeth Agnes Malet Warden, 18 St. Stephen’s Green, Dublin, elder daughter of Engineer-Captain E.C. Malet Warden, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Warden.

The twins and Eoin were born in Dublin and the family lived at 18 St. Stephen’s green until moving to Co. Meath in 1948. A tape recording Christina and Eoin made with our mother shortly before she died gives us a wonderful description of the family’s move to Skryne Castle. From their top floor flat on St. Stephen’s Green to a large three story castle with six acres of grounds must, by any standards, have been a gigantic step.

She describes, that because they were now a family of five, they were looking for something bigger and outside the city, in the ‘home counties’! They had spent time over the Christmas holiday driving around counties Wicklow, Kildare and Meath. One weekend in January 1948 they discovered Skryne Castle. The landlord’s agent, Mr. Counihan, arranged with the farm manager Mr. Iceton (Billy’s father) to show them over the house. She tells how when they arrived Mr. Iceton didn’t have a key so they went around to the farm yard and came in through a shed known as the woodhouse, through the coal shed and into the courtyard at the back and eventually gained access via the greenhouse.

The castle was completely empty except for some rubbish, and the shutters were all closed. Throughout our mother’s description however she keeps justifying the property. ‘It was dry, the kitchen and bathroom floors were tiled, not requiring linoleum. There was a large, three cornered cupboard in the kitchen, there were built in shelves and wardrobes in the bedrooms “and I must say your father was very good”.

He presumably was very much brought along. She goes on to say: “Every room had a fireplace, there was lots of firewood, a tennis court, the shops were near and the bus was only a mile and a quarter away and your father was very good.”

They rented the castle and our mother very wisely added a clause to the lease which allowed them to keep PGs (paying guests).

The big move came in late January. They spent several weekends up and down to Skryne and eventually slept over with the children on one Saturday night.

On the return to Dublin on the Sunday evening the maid at the flat had left a message to say that they were to contact the local police station for an urgent message. This turned out to be that our mother’s mother, Agnes, had ‘fallen or was pushed’ out the window of her first floor flat in Ladd Lane off Baggott St. and had lain on the lane all night. Agnes said while still conscious that the flat had been burgled and she was attacked, but our mother said there was no sign of a break in. She was in hospital and it turned out she had gangrene. The doctors said it was necessary to remove her legs. Agnes had refused this and they requested our mother to give permission. ‘I couldn’t’ our mother said. ‘If I went against her wishes, she would have haunted me for the rest of my days.’ Agnes died a few days later on 1st February 1948 aged just 61.

Then came the funeral – it couldn’t have been easy. Our mother describes how Aunt Bryda and herself had to take the remains to Scotland by boat and train via Larne and Stranrath where they then had to arrange the funeral in her local church. Our mother was expecting Netta at the time. She describes how there was just Bryda, herself and the taxi man (who had known her mother at school) at the funeral. The only flowers were those sent, with a message of sympathy, from Elizabeth’s work colleagues in Knight and Petch in Dublin.

Some months later, our mother went over to Rochester in Kent, to vacate her mother’s home. Trunk