

AUSTRALIAN WAUGH FAMILY SOCIETY

Newsletter #12 2013

Editor: Neville Maloney

15 Colin St

Bangalow 2479

02 66872250

neville@cottonsoft.com.au

Dear Cousins,

This year's newsletter is 3 quite different items about the family.

- Sandy Waugh, known to many in the society, died in April this year. My thanks to Bryan Matthews for letting me and all of us know.
- Shelly Haley, is a Waugh from Canada, trying to find missing family links.
- A story about Peter Waugh. An article from The Guardian newspaper. For most of us, the Australian Waughs, we wonder about what happened to the family left behind in England. Well here is one story. Peter has been an "active" member of the society for "as long as I can remember" and he provides me with background information and corrects errors and various misconceptions we have developed in the antipodes.

From Bryan Matthews

This is to advise that Alexander John Neil (Sandy) WAUGH died in Melbourne on Friday 19 April 2013. Sandy was the twin of Merron Elsa WAUGH b. 29 Sep 1934 d. 19 Feb 2006. Sandy contracted polio when he was still at school but recovered and became successful banker with National Bank of Australia rising to be head of Corporate Lending. Unfortunately, he became afflicted with Post-Polio Syndrome in his later years & required the use of a stick and later a walker. He also contracted late onset diabetes. He was living with his wife Stephanie, nee McNamara, in Berwick on the outskirts of Melbourne. She had not been really well for many years and had a heart attack a few months ago. After that Sandy he was looking after her. He had a fall recently & broke 2 vertebra in his lower back. The scan for that showed that he had extensive cancer. He died about 2 weeks after that. I do not know if anybody else has told you He & Stephanie have 2 children - Damien & Justine both of whom are married & live in Melbourne.

Regards, Bryan Matthews (husband of Merron Elsa WAUGH)

Shelly Haley - Greetings from Canada's West Coast

An email from Shelly on 1/10/2013

My Gt. Uncle Thomas Haley emigrated to Australia from Cornwall, England. In 1913, he married Eva Alexandra Reeve Waugh (1884-1967) born to William Napier Reeve Waugh (1853-1945) and Marie (Molly) Caroline Schrader, in McLean, Grafton, NSW.

Thomas was born in 1868 in Brixham, Devon, England. His parents were Henry Thomas Haley (a mining engineer/officer in Cornwall's tin mines, and the Rio Tinto mines in Spain) and Jane Dingle Richards of Cornwall, England. (Her father was a mine captain)

I have one photo of Thomas and Eva taken in the 1940s in Sydney, and that is the last contact our family had with his. Did they have any children, and if so, would you please forward this email to all descendants? This family line has always been a mystery, and we would love to regain contact, and to find out about their experiences in Australia.

My Grandfather, Joseph Bertram Haley, (Medic, British Army) was Thomas' brother. Joseph had three sons, Robert (my father, a Sqn. Ldr in the R.A.F.), Philip (a diplomat, British Consul in Johannesburg and Chicago in the 60s), and Norman, (a businessman) all of whom died in the 1970s. He had one Daughter, Anita, now 95, living in central England.

Shelly would like to hear from anyone related to this line of the family. You can contact her by email at 5861designer@gmail.com



THOMAS 1867 (Husband of Eva Alexandra Reeve Waugh)	WILLIAM	FREDERICK RUSSELL
JOSEPH BERTRAM (My Gt. Grandfather)	JANE DINGLE RICHARDS	HENRY THOMAS HALEY

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/lifeandstyle/2011/nov/26/peter-waugh-alec-wagh-evelyn-waugh>

My life as a Waugh

Peter Waugh's father was Alec, Evelyn Waugh's elder brother. He tells Patrick Barkham about the father whose love he couldn't accept – and the uncle who scared him

- **Patrick Barkham**
 - **The Guardian**, Saturday 26 November 2011
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Waugh stories ... Peter Waugh at home. His father was Alec Waugh, his uncle Evelyn Waugh. Photograph: Martin Godwin for the Guardian

Peter Waugh did not meet his father until he was six. Like many of his generation, he had been packed off overseas because of the second world war. When he returned, it was to meet a total stranger at a railway station. "I can still see this person running along the platform, but it wasn't him," he says. He couldn't picture his father – there were no memories from which to recognise him.

But the **family** name is very recognisable. When people tentatively ask the boyish 73-year-old if he is ... the answer is yes. Peter is part of the Waugh dynasty. His father, Alec, was the elder brother of the author of *Brideshead Revisited* and *Scoop* and, in a different era, more feted than Evelyn for his writing.

A retired wine trader and photography teacher, Peter is not a writer; he is simply surrounded by them. It must be unnerving to find yourself popping up as a character in the diaries and fictions of an author. It is not merely Alec and Evelyn; there is Auberon, Evelyn's son, the journalist and acidic wit, and also Auberon's children, Sophia Watson, Daisy Waugh and Alexander Waugh.

It was Alexander who, seven years ago, wrote ***Fathers and Sons: The Autobiography of a Family***, a well-regarded history of five generations of Waugh men. The family's story started with another Alexander Waugh, a doctor and sadist known as "the Brute". His son, Arthur

Waugh, reacted to his upbringing by smothering his elder son, Alec, with love, and all but ignoring his younger son, Evelyn.

In *Fathers and Sons*, Alexander suggests that Arthur's spoiling of Alec completely excluded Evelyn, and left him angry and resentful, with a reputation for being a horrible father. Ironically, for one so steeped in love as a child, Peter's father – Alexander claims – was himself an absent father (and an inveterate philanderer).

Peter is very fond of Alexander, and does not quibble with his broad portrayal of the Waugh clan. But he has a realistic, unsentimental view of his own father, as well as his own memories and stories, which are every bit as rich in anecdote and extraordinary characters as any Waugh book.

The youngest of three children of Alec and his second wife, Joan Chirside, a wealthy Australian, Peter returned from Australia after the war with his mother, brother and sister and was pitched into forming a relationship with his father at an age when such things are usually well established.

Aside from their first meeting at the railway station, another early memory he has of Alec is of their first walk together on Hampstead Heath. When they returned to the Waugh family flat, which had a buzzer that read "Waugh", Peter could not read his own name. "When he was six, my father acted Hamlet. There's a picture of him, a little boy, with a little stick and a little hat, and I couldn't read my own name at the same age. It must've been a tremendous shock for him," he says.

Alec Waugh was a charming, rather swashbuckling man. Sam Leith has written of the Waugh's "patrilineal inability to pass an applecart without giving it a shove" and Alec was a bit of a rebel. He found fame with his thinly autobiographical novel, *The Loom of Youth*, which was published in 1917 while he was fighting in the trenches. It caused a sensation for its honest depictions of love among schoolboys. The headmaster of Sherborne, Alec's old school, was outraged and wrote to Alec in the trenches to say he had libelled the school. Alec was expelled from the Old Shirburnian Society, for former pupils.

The Loom of Youth was published at just the right moment, thinks Peter, "when the public school system was being questioned – after the first world war". Alec gave lecture tours. "He was a very famous chap. When you consider Evelyn living under the shadow of all of that and his father adoring Dad rather than him ..." says Peter.

Alec is sometimes credited with inventing the cocktail party, mixing adventurous alcoholic drinks at an adventurous hour when guests were only expecting tea. "The Americans really started it but Dad might have introduced it to England," smiles Peter.

The parties helped woo the ladies. Alec's first wife was beautiful but they had no children and at a party in London Alec met Joan. He was taken with her no-nonsense Australian attitude. "Mum used the word 'fuck' and Dad was shocked but impressed," says Peter.

By the time he was conceived in Marrakech, he thinks his parents' marriage was pretty loveless. Both had affairs and were separated for most of his boyhood. Peter remembers his mother grumbling about his father when he was 17. "I said, 'He is your husband after all.' She said, 'No he's not – we were divorced years ago.' They had never told me. It was so vague, 'Oh, didn't we tell you?'".

When he was nine, Peter was introduced to Evelyn. It is a vivid memory. His uncle sat behind an enormous desk in his library. "Bring him in," Evelyn called, and Peter was ushered into the

room by Evelyn's wife, Laura. "Turn him round." Peter was spun round. "Take him away," Evelyn barked.

"Can you imagine an uncle saying that to you?" says Peter. "Talk about intimidation."

The terrified boy fell in love with his Aunt Laura. "I thought [Evelyn Waugh](#) was an ogre and I was going to rescue her," he says. "I did see him being very funny, but Evelyn was cruel. My sister once asked about the pre-Raphaelites and he said, 'Do you know anything about painting?' and she was only a young girl and didn't, and he said, 'Well, I won't bother then.'" Peter agrees with Alexander that Evelyn being "a shit" sprang from his resentment towards Alec for being so favoured by Arthur. The relationship between Peter's father and grandfather was "almost incestuous". On one occasion, Arthur put out a banner to celebrate Alec's homecoming. "Welcome to the heir of Underhill," it said. There was no mention of Evelyn. Alec spent the last night before he was sent to the trenches not carousing but with his father.

Why did Arthur lavish such favours on Alec at the expense of Evelyn? Peter says Arthur wanted a daughter. Evelyn's birth was also a difficult one. There was tension between Evelyn and Alec from a remarkably young age. Peter tells a story of Evelyn being wheeled in a pram by a nurse. A visitor arrived and asked about siblings. The nurse replied: "He has a brother, whom he hates."

Alexander Waugh is pretty scathing about Alec's paternal instincts in *Fathers and Sons*. "Once he picked Peter up and hurled him out of a window, but that was an aberration and he felt guilty about that for the rest of his life," he writes. Peter's version is more forgiving. "I was probably talking to the dog and being bloody irritating," he says. He was placed – not thrown – out of the window and Peter banged his head on the window frame "and Dad felt guilty about that". Alec also felt guilty, says Peter, because he went to the cinema on the day he was born.

Peter does not remember much physical affection in childhood from his father. At boarding school (Peter followed his brother to Sherborne), he would relish letters containing his mother's news about their home, dog and garden. His father's letters, however, offered "no common experience". And yet his grandfather, Arthur, had written almost daily to Alec as a boy.

When Peter reads the family stories of the almost flirtatious tenderness that Arthur lavished upon Alec, does he wonder why his father didn't devote such love to him? "I was his favourite, so I got the best on offer," he says gently. He saw his father for one out of every three holidays. Alec lived mostly abroad – in France, Tangier and, later, in America with his third wife, Virginia, and only stayed in Britain for 90 days for tax reasons.

Peter feels a little misrepresented at times, by everyone from Auberon to his own father. "In the intended third volume of his autobiography, he wrote of me how young women would visit and stay all summer in the hope of something more permanent to leave disappointed as the autumn leaves began to fall," says Peter. "That was complete bollocks. And when I confronted him about it he said, 'But it reads so well.' He was always the novelist, even when it came to autobiography." Then Auberon's memoirs recorded how Peter served as a waiter in the army and so was "deft with the spoons", a characteristic Wavian dig. In fact, Peter was delegated to serve as a waiter for just one night of his six months as an ordinary soldier before he became an officer. Auberon wrote the spoons line "just like his uncle Alec because it read so well," says Peter.

Despite reading these tales, Peter Waugh is surprisingly positive about belonging to a family of writers. He is proud of the Waugh name. When he meets people, "In the back of my mind, I'm expecting people to say 'Oh, are you related to ...?' It's a bit vain, I know," he chuckles. He is a realistic judge of his father's work. He was called, rather disparagingly, a popular novelist,

"which of course he was and successful too – *Island in the Sun*, written relatively late in his life was a controversial bestseller, which made him a fortune, and his travel writing is very good," he says of his father. But when he read one of Alec's novels written at the same time as Evelyn's *A Handful of Dust* he admits he found his dad's prose shamefully bad in comparison with the sheer brilliance of his uncle.

In contrast to his father's colourful love life, Peter has never married, nor has he lived with anyone. "The years have gone by and it never happened," he says. He remembers one Sunday lunch when his father was at home, playing pater familias. "Mother was carving and he said to me, 'Sex enhances a relationship', so as a boy of 12 I thought, it's about a relationship first and then sex enhances it. Years later, I quoted it back at him and he said, 'I never felt that.'"

When he met his third wife, Virginia, Alec said he saw the back of her head and that was enough – there was "initially none of this relationship stuff" says Peter. It sounds like he feels misled by his father. "Because of what my father said I think I turned my back on this stuff. Sex, I thought, was of secondary importance, which of course it isn't."

Peter speaks so brightly of his father but on the page it can seem more melancholy. Did he ever bond with his dad? "I don't think I did. He was an old man when I was born and he was getting on for 50 when we first met. He wasn't the young dad playing footer and running around."

Alec professed great fondness for Peter in his autobiography. "He does flatter me an awful lot – he said I was his *copain* [best friend] and he would discuss his work with me, which wasn't really true," says Peter. When he visited his father in America, before he died in 1981, "I can remember an American saying to me, 'You must tell your father you love him, he's waiting for you to say that.' When I last visited him in Tampa, Virginia said, 'He gets so emotional when you are here.' I must have been an awful shit because I didn't recognise that love."

Peter does, however, appreciate his dad's company and generosity in later years. "We'd have very good times together. I did have more holidays with him than my brother and sister," he says. "We did have lots of extremely nice lunches together. I went to places with him where I would never go again." Alec would take him to all his London clubs – the Athenaeum, Pratt's, Beefsteak. "We did have cosy chats. He did see me as his *copain*. Whether I wanted more, I don't know. That was the father I got," he says. "Did I weep when he died? I was sad, of course, but don't know that I did. I was over 40 after all."

A reunion!

A few members have asked about another reunion, the last was in 1996 and the driving force was Ron Main. If you have ideas, suggestions, plans, time..... let me know and we will see if a coordinator(s) can get it going.

And congratulations of course again to "Aunty" Elsie 101 and still going strong.

I am still hunting down old photos any of our grandparents John Maloney & Mary Waugh. Any of that generation. Today they are easy to scan and copy so if anyone is cleaning up and you find some let me know.

Pictures on the next page are Mary (grandmother for all my real cousins) and her mother and her mother's mother

Mary Waugh 1882-1948 (Wife of John Maloney)

Eliza Dargue 1856-1927 (Wife of Alexander William Waugh)

Sarah Ann Shaw 1831-1902 (Wife of Joseph Dargue)



Mary Jeanette Waugh 1882 - 1948

Mary Maloney (nee Waugh)



Eliza Dargue

Born in Liverpool England. She arrived in Aust. when she was 1 in Feb 1857 on the ship EMMA. She had 2 daughters named Sarah both died young. One was a twin of Mary the other drowned in a pool when she was 12-18 months old. She is buried in the South Grafton Cemetery.



Sarah Ann Shaw 1831-1902
Grandmother of Mary Waugh 1882-1948

Sarah Ann Shaw

She came to Australia in Feb. 1857 on the ship EMMA. Her daughters Eliza & Elizabeth were 1 & 3 years old when they arrived in Aust. Jessie thought that she had more children after arriving in Aust ! Maybe 2 girls and a boy. I have since found a "John H. Dargue" who died in 1905

All the best for the coming festive season
Neville Maloney
Dec 2013

Some more pictures of Eliza Dargue



Eliza Dargue - She married Alex Waugh. This photo taken on 21st Birthday in 1877



Elza Dargue at Eungella 1925

Some more pictures of Mary Waugh





Mary Waugh and her grandson Bruce Maloney 1944