II
EARLY LIFE: 1906–1924

I was born in London at Wilton Crescent on September the 28th, 1906 almost within earshot of Bow Bells,[105] the definition of a Cockney. The following notice appeared in the press the day after my birth.

> There was born yesterday an heir to the Irish House of Hare in the person of the son of Viscount and Viscountess Ennismore. Lord Ennismore, who married Lord Derwent's grand-daughter only a year or so ago, is the eldest son of the Earl of Listowel. In addition to his Irish estates, Lord Listowel is the fortunate possessor of a fine, if not large, London property. It is situated near the Albert Hall, and close to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. It comprises Kingston House and Ennismore Gardens. There are scores, if not hundreds of houses on the estate, and probably not one yields a ground rent of less than one hundred pounds per annum, while some of the larger mansions produce hundreds a year in ground rents. It is to this property that the Earl of Listowel's grandson, born yesterday, is the ultimate heir, as well, of course, as to the Irish estates.

I have spent the best part of my life in London or its suburbs. I cannot imagine a more pleasant or civilised city, though as a child I naturally preferred the country. My parents had a large house in Bryanston Square, No. 14, now converted into flats. They bought it soon after their marriage in 1904, and in those days it was on the unfashionable side of Hyde Park. My Listowel grandmother lived at Kingston House, the family home in Knightsbridge, and her somewhat acid comment, repeated by my mother, was that 'It would be so convenient for Paddington Station.'

It had four floors, a huge basement where the servants worked, a gentle front staircase for the family, and a very steep back staircase where servants climbed to their bedrooms on the top floor. It is curious to remember that right up to the outbreak of the Second World War there were ten domestic servants: three in the kitchen, three in the house, three male servants under the butler, and a ladies maid.

[105] The bells of St Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, City of London.

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Three women looked after me and, as time passed, my three brothers and two sisters: the nanny and a day nurse and night nurse. The third floor was occupied by the day and night nursery. My nanny must have been a perfect mother substitute, as I can think of her with nothing but pleasure, and she stayed long enough to give me the continuity of affection needed in early childhood. But her underlings were more ephemeral, and I remember vividly to this day having my ears boxed quite violently for some minor misdemeanour. In those days children saw little of their mother until they were old enough to come downstairs for their meals. But I remember being brought down to the drawing room after tea in a smart dress, where my mother or father would read to me from Hans Anderson's or Grimms' fairytales until bedtime.

My parents also had a house in Yorkshire, where they went after the London season ended in July. There we spent our school holidays: I went off to a preparatory boarding school at the age of eight. This was the Dower House on the estate of my grand-father Lord Derwent[106] at Hackness, near Scarborough. He had been a widower for many years, and was overjoyed to have his daughter and her young family within walking distance from the Hall. My grandfather's elder daughter, Sybil,[107] had married Toby Long,[108] the eldest son of Viscount Long of Wraxall.[109] She lost her husband in the first World War, and her only child in the second.

As both my grandfather's children were daughters, the Hackness property went with the title to his nephew, Peter Johnstone,[110] his nearest male heir.

Hackness was a paradise for children, especially for boys. I was able to indulge in all the country pursuits of my well-to-do contemporaries. I soon became an avid collector of wild flowers which I brought home and dried, a collector of butterflies and moths, and even, I am ashamed to say, a collector of birds' eggs. Also a collector of postage stamps, pasted into a book in the winter evenings. There was trout fishing in the becks that ran along the valleys, and larger fish in the Lake adjoining the Hall. Later still there was pheasant shooting in the Christmas holidays, the occasional grouse-shoot in September, and rabbits all the year round. In all these activities I

[106] Francis Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, 2nd Baron Derwent (1851–1929).

[107] Sibell Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone (1881–1958), later married Ralph Glyn, 1st Baron Glyn.

[108] Brigadier Walter 'Toby' Long (1879–1917).

[109] Sir Walter Long (1854–1924), later 1st Viscount Long of Wraxall, Conservative minister and secretary of state for the Colonies, 1916–1919.

[110] His name was George Harcourt Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, 3rd Baron Derwent (1899–1949).

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was helped and instructed by my father, whose life, after he retired from the army at an early age, was spent mainly on gardening and field sports.

Hackness is still among the most perfect beauty spots in Yorkshire, nestling in one of the wooded dales that run down from the southern edge of the Yorkshire moors. But it was far more beautiful then than it is now. The old woodlands had not then been cut, and the dales were still alive with butterflies and birds. The roads were not filled with traffic and the Forestry Commission had not planted its serried ranks of sombre conifers on the moorland boundaries. It is strange how one can imagine later on the beauty one missed as a child. I had the same experience after I left Eton.

My earliest memory was registered by a combination of excitement and greed. I stayed up late and was given a pink blancmange for lighting the village bonfire for the Coronation of George V in 1911. I vaguely remember being held up by someone, probably my father, to kindle the pile of wood. The villagers gave me a gold pen-knife, which I hope my grand-father paid for, as a memento of the occasion. I promptly cut my finger. My grand-father Derwent was the kindest of men, and a typical figure of the semi-feudal landlord age. He was liked and respected by his tenants, and performed his somewhat unexacting duties as a resident landlord. He was also patron of the Hackness living.

The vicar when we first went to Hackness was a cousin of my great grandfather, who was remembered with admiration because he still rode in the hunting field when he was over 80. My grandfather was a regular church-goer, and sat at the end of the family pew in Hackness church, every Sunday at Matins and Evensong. He always gabbled the lesson at a pace that made it incomprehensible. He took the collection with the other church wardens, two of his senior tenant farmers. He liked the villagers to touch their caps as he walked through the village from the Hall to the Grange where we lived, and did not altogether approve of the village schoolmaster who gave him a smile but no salute. He adored sport in all its forms, and I think the greatest pleasure in his old age was when he succeeded in winning a Box at Lords Cricket Ground for the annual Eton and Harrow cricket match.

The only time I saw my grandfather Derwent in the House of Lords was as a sponsor of his Yorkshire neighbour, Edward Wood,[111] when the latter was introduced as Lord Irwin on his

[111] Edward Wood (1881–1959), later 1st earl of Halifax, Conservative MP (later peer) and minister, and colonial administrator; viceroy of India, 1926–1931; and foreign secretary, 1938–1940.

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appointment as Viceroy of India in 1926. As an eldest son I sat on the steps of the Throne.[112]

He was an unselfish sportsman, giving himself the outside place in a line of guns at a pheasant shoot, or walking in line with the beaters on the hillside to pick off the high birds as they sped across the valley. Nevertheless he did care for birds. Almost every evening in the summer he walked down to the lake in front of the house with his binoculars, to watch and count the ducks and pick out any rare visitors. The lake was a sanctuary and any bird that alighted on its waters was safe from the sportsman. His old valet said he knew my grandfather must be dying when he no longer turned his head when woken in the morning to see the birds on the lawn from his bedroom window.

When I was older and trouble started with my father about my politics, although he disliked my views as much as my father, he never reproached me for holding them, and tried to help without appearing to interfere. After I was banished from the family home he offered me hospitality at the Hall for as long as I liked during my vacations. I refused his kind offer because I could not face the routine of his daily life. The succession of long and too abundant meals, and, what I most dreaded, the invariable rubbers of three handed bridge – when alone he played 'double dummy' with his lady housekeeper – which would have filled every evening between dinner and bedtime.

My father had been a professional soldier, serving in the Life Guards and later in an Irish Regiment, the Munster Fusiliers. He fought in the Boer War, when he was taken prisoner, and later released by the Boers. Although during my childhood he retired from the Army, he served behind the lines in the Mediterranean during the First World War. He loved the country, where he could spend as much time as he liked shooting, fishing, or gardening, and he hated life in London. I never saw him open a book, but he spent the long winter evenings, before television invaded the home, doing his tapestry in gros point or sticking in his postage stamps. He was an ideal companion for the outdoor pursuits of boyhood.

My mother's tastes were just the reverse. She adored London, where she found everything she liked: people, music, theatres, and was thoroughly bored by life in the country. Although she was highly gregarious, and liked nothing better than the large dinner and luncheon parties that preceded the mass entertainment of our less civilised cocktail era, she had a few intimate women friends, and quite a large number of amusing and intelligent acquaintances from the

[112] A privilege now granted to the eldest *child* of a peer.

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world of art and letters. I remember meeting at her table James Agate[113] and Desmond McCarthy,[114] the theatre and literary critics, Alan [*sic*] Walton,[115] the painter, whose cottage with its rose garden that [*sic*] so delighted her old age when she took it over after he died, and, less frequently, Churchill's Private Secretary, the witty and effervescent Eddie Marsh.[116] Eddie was an enchanting companion, and I shall never forget his piping voice as we drove down St James's Street to his flat, squeezed into the front seat of my Austin Mini, with the running commentary on the 18th century facades as we passed.

My mother did not deliberately 'lionise' like that professional social figure Lady Colefax,[117] and her guests from the art world were always the people she really liked. She had one foot in the art world, and the other in what was then called 'society'. Here, again, she preferred quality to quantity. Among her closest friends were Mrs George Keppel.[118] She must have cared a lot about my mother, because she left her a beautiful diamond brooch with sapphire wings and ruby eyes which had been given her by her friend, Edward VII. Mrs Keppel has sometimes been thought of as little better than a courtesan, but those who knew her best thought otherwise. I would like to quote a few words from Magnus's standard biography of Edward VII,[119] spoken by Lord Harding [sic] of Penshurst,[120] at one time Head of the Foreign Office:

> Everybody knew of the friendship that existed between King Edward and Mrs George Keppel, which was intelligible in view of the lady's good looks, vivacity and cleverness. I would like here to pay a tribute to her wonderful discretion, and to the excellent influence she always exercised upon the King. She never utilised her knowledge to her own advantage, or to that of her friends; and I never heard her repeat an unkind word of anybody. There were one or

[113] James Agate (1877–1947), theatre critic who worked at times for the *Manchester Guardian*, *Sunday Times* and the BBC.

[114] Sir Charles Desmond McCarthy (1877–1952), literary critic who worked at times for the *New Statesman* and the *Sunday Times*.

[115] Allan Walton (1891–1948), designer and painter. The word 'that' after 'garden' is probably an undeleted error.

[116] Edward Marsh (1872–1953), later Sir Edward Marsh, civil servant and private secretary to many senior ministers in the early 20th century, most famously Churchill.

[117] Sibyl, Lady Colefax, née Halsey (1874–1950), interior decorator, and a famous society hostess.

[118] Alice Keppel, née Edmonstone (1868–1947), long-time mistress of Edward VII.

[119] Philip Magnus, *Edward VII* (London, 1964).

[120] Charles Hardinge (1858–1944), later 1st Baron Hardinge of Penshurst, senior civil servant and colonial administrator, served twice as permanent under-secretary at the Foreign Office; viceroy of India, 1910–1916.

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> two occasions when the King was in disagreement with the Foreign Office, and I was able, through her, to advise the King with a view to the policy of the government being accepted. She was very loyal to the King, and patriotic at the same time. It would have been difficult to find any other lady who would have filled the part of friend to King Edward with the same loyalty and discretion.

Margot Asquith,[121] in her retirement from politics after the death of her husband, also became a friend. I can speak from personal experience when I say that Margot's impact in old age on a very young man was still tremendous. She made me feel, as I am sure she made others feel, that I was the one person in whom she was deeply interested, and I have no doubt she really may have been at that particular moment. I was convinced that she would invite me immediately to her house, and that I would be expected to play bridge with her – she was an execrable player – for stakes far higher than I could afford. My relief can be imagined when my mother smiled, and told me that I was not the first to be captivated by her charm and that I was not in danger of an invitation to her house in the country.

Another woman friend was the beautiful Lady Leconfield,[122] the chatelaine of Petworth House in Sussex, who had everything in life except children. For this reason my mother asked her to stay with our large family at Hackness. It transpired that she had never stayed in such a small house (it is now a country hotel), but that she liked the children.

So my mother was invited for a weekend at Petworth, and told to bring me with her. Luckily for me, as I was the only child in this large and portentous gathering, our hostess was fond of music, and had included among her smart guests the delightful and world-famous musicians Adila Fachiri and her sister Jelly D'Aranyi.[123] Jelly took a fancy to me, I think because she was genuinely fond of children, and her warmth quite broke through the frozen shyness with which I had been overcome. I was too young to appreciate or remember either the grand company, or the finest private collection of landscapes by Turner in the country. But I still remember Jelly.

My mother's greatest woman friend was the Edwardian hostess, Mrs Arthur James.[124] She was much older than my mother, who

[121] Margot Asquith, née Tennant, (1864–1945), later countess of Oxford and Asquith, influential and literary wife of Liberal prime minister H.H. Asquith.

[122] Beatrice Wyndham, Lady Leconfield, née Rawson (1892–1956).

[123] Adila Fachiri (1886–1962) and Jelly D'Aranyi (1893–1966), Hungarian-born sisters and violinists.

[124] Mary Venetia James, née Cavendish-Bentinck (1861–1948).

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told me that she might have married Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr Gladstone's Private Secretary, who was desperately in love with her, but was forbidden by her mother because he had no money. When my mother first met her, I believe with my father on a big game shooting expedition on the Nile, she was already married to the American millionaire Mr Arthur James. They had no children, and her relationship with my mother resembled that of mother and child. As children we used to stay at Coton, Mrs James' large unheated country house near Rugby, where she had enormous week-end parties which she entertained with shooting and amateur theatricals.

In my first term at Eton, where even the new boys had separate rooms, I was given a little room in an attic at the top of the house. I shall never forget my alarm and astonishment when one evening this formidable old Lady appeared at my door, breathless after climbing so many stairs. She proceeded at once to cross question me about everything I was doing, so as to report in full to my mother when she got back to London. She had a kind heart but a somewhat overbearing manner, and during our winters in London she would set off regularly once a week with my mother to a Girls Club in the East End of the city. Like some very rich people, she had a mania for small economies, such as saving on a tip to a porter or taxi driver, and travelling cheaply (at that time third class) on the railway. The latter habit resulted in an incident which I remember to this day with acute embarrassment. I had settled into a corner seat of a third class non-smoker at Euston Station. There was only one seat left in the carriage when a familiar figure, no less than Mrs Arthur James, marched in. She spotted me immediately, cowering in my corner, and in stentorian tones made the following announcement to me, and apparently to the assembled company: – 'I thought Earls travelled First.' But there was a generation gap between my mother and Mrs James, and my mother's artistic interests and social concerns were not shared by her friend Venetia.

My mother had a genuine social conscience which was shown in her work for women; though she carefully avoided the minefield of party politics. Two subjects were taboo at meal time: religion and politics. She was a pioneer of the Women's Institute Movement, which did so much to enrich the lives of village women in the countryside. Her Village Institute at Hackness was the first in Yorkshire, and she was mentioned in the official history of the Women's Institute Movement among those who were already serving on the National Executive in the 1920s. She was particularly keen about bringing the arts into village life by the encouragement of active participation. Song, mime, and dance were already part of the village

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tradition, but expert advice was needed for their development. My mother became Chairman of the First Music and Drama Sub-Committee of the National Federation of Women's Institutes in 1926, and, through her initiative immediately after the last war, a combined Festival of the Arts took place in London in 1946, and was attended by the Queen Mother.[125] She was always hopelessly incompetent as a public speaker, but she had so much tact and charm that she was usually able to get her way in committees.

My grandfather Listowel was over 70 when I was born. He lived to the age of 91, becoming the second oldest member of the House of Lords, being beaten by one of his colleagues by only 11 months. He had served in the Crimean War and was severely wounded at the Battle of the Alma. That appears to have been the end of his active career in the army. I rarely saw him, but when I did he would press a golden half sovereign into my hand as a holiday tip. In the winter the family sometimes spent Christmas with him at Convamore, an enormous barrack-like house near Cork on a wonderful site above the Blackwater River and looking away to the Kerry hills. In the days before air travel the journey from London to Ireland was by no means a picnic. My parents always travelled without the children. We, my brother Richard[126] and I, were in the charge of our French governess, who was far too sea-sick on the small boat that carried us from Holyhead to Rosslare to pay the slightest attention to her charges.

My only memories of Convamore are such as any small boy would have anywhere. Baked potatoes from the bottom of a bonfire in the garden, and a vast Christmas tree dressed by my grandmother, who was extremely annoyed when we dashed for the presents underneath it, instead of admiring her work in dressing it. This was not unnatural, as having a staff of at least 20 indoor servants and nothing to do in the house, she had spent hours tying little baubles to the branches of the tree. I also remember the golden pheasants which fluttered about like farm-yard fowls in the great park. There was general jubilation when my grandfather celebrated his 80th birthday by half a day's woodcock shooting at Convamore.

I saw my Listowel grandmother even less frequently. It was a daunting ceremony for a small boy when my mother took me to tea with her at Kingston House. We rang the bell at the Porter's Lodge, and, when he had opened the gate and let us in, we were met, at the front door, by a footman with gold buttons – adorned

[125] Queen Mary.

[126] Richard Hare (1907–1966), diplomat and later Professor of Russian Literature at the University of London.

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with my grandmother's coroneted monogram, and he ushered us upstairs to the drawing room. There was no electric light or central heating. I found the passages dark and the rooms large and cold. There was nothing at the back save a croquet lawn bordering a large and gloomy shrubbery.

I had to be on my best behaviour to make polite conversation to the old Lady. On one such occasion, the first since I had begun to wear spectacles, my mother told me to take them off before we went upstairs as my grandmother would have been annoyed if she had known that her grandchild had any physical defect. The fact that none of us ever received a Christmas or a Birthday present from her suggests that she found children rather a nuisance. I suspect that my father must have suffered throughout his life from lack of maternal affection. He was fond of his father, but he never referred to his mother, even in the family, except as 'Her Ladyship'. Her portraits show a blonde blue-eyed beauty with a peach bloom complexion, and the first child might well have been an unwelcome interruption in the dizzy mid-Victorian round of balls, house parties, and long days in the hunting field that followed my grand-father's return from the Crimea. But she was full of gratitude to my grandfather for staying up every night to bring her home from the ballroom.

Another memory is that of the old couple calling in their motorcar at our house in Bryanston Square every spring before the annual Chelsea Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society, to save my grandfather from having to buy a second ticket. He left a fortune of £750,000 when he died in 1924. My grandmother went on living at Kingston House until her death in 1937.

The golden years before I went to my first boarding school were only marred by illness. My father was doing a last spell of duty with his regiment at the Curragh Camp in Ireland when I was struck down by acute stomach pain. A surgeon was summoned from Dublin. He cut me open and sewed me up again without removing the appendix! About a year later, just after the outbreak of the First World War, I had another but more severe attack. This time we were in London, and a great Australian surgeon, Sir Douglas Shields,[127] was working at a London Hospital for the Australian Forces. He saved my life by an immediate operation. My grateful parents celebrated my convalescence with an orgy of expensive delicacies, and

[127] *Sir Douglas Shields, Australian surgeon, who saved my life by appendicitis operation.* [Served as a surgeon-in-chief to the Australian Voluntary Hospital and had a private practice in London].

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drives round the London Parks in the latest motor vehicle, an electric car.

At the age of eight and a half I was packed off to my preparatory school, Lockers Park near Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire. In the last week of term we used to sing the following ditty in the dormitory:

> This time next week where shall I be,
> Out of the clutches of R.C.C.[128]
> No more Latin, no more Greek,
> No more swish to make me squeak.

I mention this because it is interesting to note the study of the classics, and the use of corporal punishment, at private schools which small boys entered at the age of 7 or 8. I can remember a homesick and miserable first term, but I settled down after that, and was well enough instructed after 4 years to get a place in the Upper Fourth, the second highest Form, for a new boy at Eton. It seems that I must have been above the average entry for that Form because at the end of my first term I was given a 'double' remove, that is, I skipped the Form immediately above it, and landed in a higher Form where all the other boys had been doing Greek for one term. I was allowed extra tuition in Greek to help my frantic efforts to catch up. My Tutor was Mr J H L Lambart, an erudite classicist, later Lower Master, whose splendid collection of gramophone records enhanced my taste for classical music.

At Eton the windows soon began to open for me on worlds undreamt of in the narrow family and prep school circles. It is often said that, at any rate in those days, the public schools worshipped sport and despised or even bullied anyone with intellectual pretensions. This was certainly not true of Eton, apart from certain of the Houses where Housemasters allowed it. Elsewhere there was good natured tolerance of the 'sap', a slang word for somebody with intellectual interests. But of course, the very fact that this word had a derogatory flavour, and that the prestige of a member of the cricket eleven or the Field (school football team) was much greater than that of a Sixth Former, showed that the emphasis of school life and the criterion of success, among the boys at any rate, was brawn rather than brain. I was fortunate to be in a House where no-one ever discouraged me from 'doing my own thing', but it may not have been a disadvantage that I was good enough at games to play cricket and football for my House. My

[128] *Mr Craig the French Master.*

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Housemaster, Mr C.H.K. Marten,[129] was an enthusiastic historian who inspired others with his own enthusiasm. This included the success of his own House on the cricket field. I remember how, on the evening before my School Certificate exam, when I should have been revising, he insisted that I must join the rest of his team for a cricket practice before a House match the following day. He was a historian who loved history, and brought the past to life for his students. He published an elementary textbook on English history, which did less than justice to his flair for teaching it. He also went regularly to Windsor Castle to teach history in private lessons to the two little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret.

Looking back, I think like many other Housemasters, he gave too much authority to older boys, and interfered too little with the way they ran the House. I am sure this was the usual practice in my time, when it was considered inherent in the long established doctrine of training for leadership. But of course it is unwise to give older boys power over younger boys, because they cannot have an adult sense of responsibility. The practice of 'fagging' for the senior boys, some of whom were allowed to administer corporal punishment whenever they thought fit, was wide open to abuse, and most of all when there was little supervision. I was lucky to avoid a beating because the seniors in my House were exceptionally humane and responsible, but the juniors in other Houses were less lucky. I'm glad to say when I graduated to the 'Library',[130] I never had to beat another boy. I remembered being amused when told by a prefect to warm up a lavatory seat in the outside lavatory! Even in the modern Houses the lavatory would be outside the main building, where the small boys would sit summer and winter in a row of cubicles, with each door open.

One advantage of Eton was that it gave a certain scope for individuality, and at least did not seek to impose the rigid pattern of uniformity obtaining in some of our public schools. If you were interested in a subject outside the school curriculum there was almost always someone who could discuss it intelligently, whether a 'beak' (as the Masters were called), or a visitor. As it was I was allowed to spend an hour every week with a young beak who studied philosophy, and introduced me to Hume[131] and the English Empiricists. For those like myself who were keen about politics there was the

[129] C.H.K. Marten (1872–1948), later Sir Henry Marten, history master and later provost of Eton; tutored Princess Elizabeth in constitutional history.

[130] House prefect.

[131] David Hume (1711–1776), 18th-century Scottish enlightenment philosopher.

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Political Society. It always surprised me how willing distinguished members of both Houses of Parliament were to visit us.

There were leading figures from all the Parties, including the Labour Party, and I remember being impressed by Buck de la Warr[132] and Maggie Bondfield,[133] the first Socialists I had ever met, and I think members of the 1924 Labour Government. There was no school debating society until towards the end of my time at Eton. But I have a vivid recollection of a heated debate on the future of the House of Lords. I led for those who were in favour of abolition, while Quintin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham,[134] an outstanding Scholar from College, spoke with eloquence about the virtues of the hereditary principle in providing a second chamber to act as a safeguard of our constitution.

I suppose at this time I was a radical reformer, and I already regarded the Labour Party as the standard bearer of radical social change. My views were certainly heretical, though they were shared by the Headmaster's wife, Mrs Alington.[135] I was already vaguely, but only vaguely, aware of the gulf that separated the two nations of rich and poor as Disraeli[136] described them. Within a stone's throw of my home in Bryanston Square was a typical London slum called Lisson Grove, where you could see ragged children playing in the street without shoes or socks. At home I had never been able to talk politics, because party politics and religion were the two subjects about which discussion was strictly forbidden. Eton opened a chink of window for me on the wider society to which I belonged, and what I saw I found strangely disturbing.

[132] Herbrand Sackville, 9th Earl De La Warr (1900–1976), peer who held office under Labour, Coalition and Conservative administrations; president of the board of education, 1938–1940.

[133] Margaret Bondfield (1873–1953), Labour MP who served as minister of labour, 1929–1931.

[134] Quintin Hogg (1907–2001), later 2nd Viscount Hailsham and Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone, Conservative politician; served as lord chancellor, 1970–1974 and 1979–1987.

[135] Hester Alington, née Lyttelton, m. Cyril Alington, headmaster of Eton, 1916–1933.

[136] Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881), later earl of Beaconsfield, Conservative prime minister, 1868, 1874–1880; in his novel *Sybil, or the Two Nations* (1845) referred to 'Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws.'

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