

Little Zeal. South Brent. Devon
16-Dec-1944

My dear Joan,

The miniature of the small boy and girl (badly painted) is I believe of my grandmother Eleanor Wallace and one of her brothers, George or Robert. I never saw her, but I know that she and her sister Annette some considered most beautiful and charming so that many men wished to marry one or other. Eleanor was first favourite, but in the words of a dear old general I met once, she would look at nobody but old Joe Hudleston (*Josiah Hudleston – the classical guitar virtuoso – D.H.*). They met chiefly in Madras, but also at Capetown where people went when Madras got too hot and the voyage home took too long (No Suez Canal then)

Eleanor died when her 5th baby was born, a little girl called Charlotte. The other children 2 boys, Josiah (*later Colonel Josiah Hudleston – Norah's father – D.H.*) and Edward; two girls Susan and Nora were educated and looked after by Aunt Annette, their Aunt.

Josiah Andrew married soon after his wife died; a rather common woman who bullied him badly and they went to live in Dublin where J.A. died in 1865 a very beautiful old man with a sweet gentle expression.

My Father loathed his stepmother to such an extent that he could not speak of her. He had a half brother by her called William Victor who went native; had a tea plantation near Madras.

Father's stepmother simply stole all the things that father (*Colonel Josiah Hudleston – D.H.*) should have had except his christening ring and a gold watch, which I hope you have.

The head of Josiah Andrew was painted when he was seventeen. It belonged to Aunt Annette and was sent to us at her death while we were in Newton Abbot. I borrowed the original from Winifred to make a copy, and I had my copy photographed. It is a faithful copy and most people thought Frank had a look of him, and my eyebrows are said to be his. It is odd that Sylvia has the same shaped eyebrows.

Josiah Andrew was fond of music with ----- & more but could not take the trouble of getting it published, but merely expected his younger brother Robert Burland Hudleston to do it all; he being strong minded and capable did all the business of the family. I never saw him.

My old Grandfather used to love all the riff raff of Dublin- if they could twang a ---- as they played together -----. I was offered a supposed guitar of his once, but there was no guarantee of any sort and I was short of money so I did not get it. The little boy in the miniature may have been Robert Wallace. When I was about 9 I was introduced to a very beautiful old man at Tunworth. Lovely blue eyes and white hair; rather long; a white stock and ruffle on his shirt; darkish blue coat with brass

buttons and 'yellowish trousers. He held a broad rimmed hat all the time he spoke to my Aunt and me and would not put it on.

Aunt Annie made him a low curtsy. Aunt Annie told me to remember him always as I should never see any one like that again. He was then stayed with the Keates. John was the son of the famous Eton Head master and he had married Clara Hudleston.

I have written a full account of my early life in India and Tunworth, which Sylvia still has, and no doubt will pass it on to you, if you would care for it. It is mostly about my childhood and my darling Tattie. We could neither of us read or write, so we made picture letters and posted them in a hollow walnut tree and were surprised when we found them. Frank- or Tattie, and I were never apart and I am afraid we took no notice at all of our young sister whom we called Whiney Pig but if anything we rather disliked her. No doubt that caused her to leave out Sylvia when she was handing out 25 pounds all round.

Sylvia is now a very good cook; as good as many chefs – She has paid me two visits so far this year and was most capable and delightful being very smart and nice to look at as well as a good cook - gave me the (soup?) of sardines.

I am very glad you got the legacy you had hoped for. Take my advice and keep some for yourself. I don't see why Mothers should not spend some on herself!

Ask me anything more that you wish to know about the family. It is quite clear now that we came from France. Nigel de Hudleston is the first we are certain about, so we are no doubt Saxon and not Danish as we thought at one time. Would sooner be Saxon wouldn't you?

Your children's frocks sound most delightful. I have a pink scotch roses 'bowl?' name unknown that I christened Little Miss Muffet. It is a darling little thing



about that size.

Goodbye my dear. Love to you all, and may the New Year bring us our longed for Peace with Victory.

Arthur Machen is rather breaking up I am afraid. He is very old. What shall Dorothea do? She has been devoted to him for such long years. I hope she will not have to wait for long as I have had to do ever since 1916.

Aunt Nora

Little J. d. South Brent Devon
16. Dec. 44

My dear Joan. The miniature of the small boy
& girl (hand painted) is a picture of my
grandmother Eleanor Wallace & one of her brothers
George & Robert. I never saw her but I know
that she & her sister Annette was considered
most beautiful & charming so that when we
visited to meet me or other Eleanor was
with friends. But in the words of a dear
old friend that I met once she would look
at no body but old Joe Hadley. They
met ship in madras, but also at Cape
Town where people went then madras got
too hot. & the voyage home took too long.
(no ships came there)
Eleanor died when her son baby was born as
little girl called Charlotte. The other children
2 boys Josiah & Edward. two girls Susan & Nora
were educated & looked after by Aunt Annette, their
Aunt.

Josiah Andrew married soon after his wife
died, a rather common woman who called
him lady - & they went to live in Dalry
where J. A. died in 1865. a very beautiful
old man & with a sweet gentle expression.
My father treated his step mother to such an extent
that he could not speak of her he had a 1/2 brother
son by her called William Victor. who went
to sea, had a tea plantation in madras
Father's step mother simply stole all the things
that father should have had. except his christening
ring & a gold watch which I hope you have
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he was seventeen. it belonged to Aunt Annette

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was at Newton about. I borrowed the
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brimmed hat all the time he spoke to my
Aunt & me. & could not put it on -
Aunt Anne made him a hat coat & cap.

² Aunt Annie told me to remember him
always so I should never see any one like
that again. He was then stayed with the Keatts
John was the son of the famous Ethel Head
masks & he had married Clara Studerham.
I have written a full account of my early
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picture letters & posted them in a hollow
Sabal tree. & we were surprised when we
found them. Frank - or Tattie, & I were never
apart. & I am afraid we took no notice at
all of our young sister. How we call her
Lavinia Pig, but it is nothing rather the best.
The liked her -
No ~~that~~ doubt that caused her to leave out
Sylvia of all her good children. How she was
handing out £25 - all round.
Sylvia is not a very good cook, no more
as many chefs - she has paid me two
visits so far this year, & can cook & capable
& delightful - very very smart & nice to
look at no odd as a good cook - some one
the days of sardines.
I am very glad you get the legacy you had
hoped for. Take my advice & keep some

In yourself, I don't see why mother
should not spend some on herself!
ask her any thing more that you
wish to know about the family,
it is quite dear now that he came
from France. Nigel de Hadelston is
the wit so one certain about he
landed in 1100. so we are no doubt
Saxon. I don't know as thought
to some time to study so called
I don't know how far in with at you?
The four children's books I send a most
delightful. I have a pink Scotch rose
here, name unknown that I like best
- little Miss Muffet. it is a darling little
thing.  about that size.
Good bye my dear love to you all, &
may the New Year bring us our longed
for Peace with Victoria?
Another machine is rather broken up
I am afraid, he is very old. What will
Doro then do? She has been devoted to him
for such long years I hope she will not
have to part for long as I have had
to do - but since 1916. - Aunt Nora