

*The Autobiography
of
William Albert Adlam*



*Edited by Victoria A. Beck
February 2016*

Foreword

He was born an only child in 1887, but, later, he was a father to eleven of his own, raising them during tough times and in very modest circumstances. From his eleven children, came forth nearly forty more children and I am among the youngest of those. Since his birth, William Albert Adlam's ancestral tree has grown and, today, it must have well over one hundred leaves growing on its branches. Yet, few are left to convey the "Bert Adlam" tale and so, as time passes on, it risks fading from view (and importance) altogether – quietly and inconspicuously in the winds of the ages.

In my own mother's dresser drawer lived the purple-stained mimeographed pages of the brief, original autobiography her father crafted shortly before his death. Save for that, much of his memories and life's story would probably have gone completely untold or would have, by now, withered on the family vine. In my teenage years, I would occasionally stumble upon the folder containing that autobiography when I was rummaging around looking for something else. Once, I remember fanning the 22-page account of his life and thinking that the act of writing it had been a cool thing for my grandfather to do. Beyond that, especially at that time, it made little impact in my mind, let alone on my life. Besides, it was difficult to read, I recall; it contained run-on sentences, awkward grammar and recollections that I believed had little *real* meaning to me.

But, fast-forward forty-five more years and twelve house moves back and forth, across the country. Throughout the ongoing journey of my own life, that autobiography surfaced every single time I packed and unpacked and, as it did, it found its way into a new drawer or file. Each time it did, I vowed that I would take it out and read it through...*sometime*. Finally, a few weeks ago, just prior to my 57th birthday, I stuffed it into my purse on the way out of the door for a five-day mini-vacation. It seemed like the perfect poolside companion for my trip, although I never anticipated that it would end up consuming that vacation... as well as the week that followed it.

I will admit that, initially, getting through the rough and somewhat broken nature of the original manuscript was a little challenging. At the same time, however, I found it charming. It was filled with the author's sometimes disjointed and assorted-yet-authentic human experiences, which had been poured onto the pages, often with vivid descriptions and touching emotions. Naturally, because I was a child when my / our grandfather died, I knew him, but not with any real sense of intimacy. As I began to read his story on the plane ride, his "voice" emerged as my traveling companion, literally from within the text, and his personality oozed through the words on the pages.

That said, I also began to realize that there was a second story subtly buried within his first one. However, because of the style and the condition of the original text, *both* stories would likely not live to ever again see the light of day for all of the descendants of William Albert Adlam if it was left as it was. My cousins, and their children, and their children's children would not likely ever read the original text, much less take the time to decipher some of the original paragraphs - which were rife with misspellings, run-on sentences,

fragments of thoughts and, let's face it... NO PICTURES! In this more modern era of the Internet, there were photos to be found that could make his original story come alive... and there was a writer (me) with a laptop, who would be captive by a pool for five days. I was gradually falling in love with the idea of a 21st century version of a 19th century grandfather's life. And so, this expanded (yet edited) version of his original story came to life, in my villa overlooking the ocean, just as he started to come to life for me, through his words. Interestingly, as I researched each and every detail he recounted, I was stunned at just how accurate his recollections really were. He, of course, never had the benefit of checking his facts on a computer. But, other than a few names and spellings, his raw memories were essentially spot on. That is impressive, for sure.

The "story within the story" mentioned above, however, was my real motivation. Sure, it is fantastical to read about life in 19th century England. To finally piece together some of the photos of our family's past with his accounts of Britain's royalty seems magical. And to realize, in our present era of the hit television drama series *Downton Abbey*, that our grandfather visited the real Highclere Castle (where the show is filmed) is awe-inspiring. But I wanted to share a less obvious, parallel theme with my husband and children when I arrived home from my trip. That secondary tale is about a man who was fundamentally grateful to others for their impact and generosity in his life. That story within the original story reveals a man who struggled with some philosophical issues of his time, but sought to reconcile matters on sound principles. It is the story of hard work, an abiding faith, duty to one's country, respect for one's elders, love for one's family and hope for one's future. All of those secondary themes were pleasantly evident in his twenty-two pages. He considered himself very fortunate, even though he had little property, a modest education and his fair share of life challenges and heartaches. All of our modern lives can benefit from taking pause, taking note, or both.

I have tried to keep the new, edited version of *The Autobiography of William A. Adlam* as close to the original as possible. I've cleaned up the grammar, the spelling and a number of minor historical details. Whenever possible, I've researched the history he references and have included explanations in shadowed text boxes, alongside his story. Because this is just for our family, I have not gone to the painstaking effort to provide proper credits or footnotes in those text boxes; in some cases, I've copied and pasted right from the pages of Wikipedia... so please forgive those instances where I have "borrowed generously." I spent a considerable amount of time finding photos that matched his journey, in an effort to make an old story new, even more engaging, cogent and descriptive.

Finally, you will see that I've included an Appendix of his original autobiography, as well as his original "resume." If any of you have other documents you think would add value, please pass them on to me and I will add them appropriately. I am thankful for your input, help and feedback in what I consider to be a living project of a past era. Naturally, I dedicate this labor of love to William Albert Adlam, the Adlam family and to God, whose hand has guided us all, protected us all and led us all - each in so many ways, for over one hundred years. We are extraordinarily blessed.

Victoria Beck – February 2016

Introduction

This is a sort of biography of my life, especially of my boyhood. It is dedicated to the memory of my father, Henry James Adlam and to my mother, Mary Adlam. I am indebted to them for such a wonderful early life. From the young age of three, I spent my life and time on the beautiful estates of England and Scotland and had the good fortune to travel to Europe and the whole British Isles at other people's expenses. My father was a stable manager for the Earl of Clanwilliam (K.C.B. KCVO) at the height of the Victoria Era, stationed at Portsmouth

Navy Yard, England, headquarters of the British Navy and the Home Fleet for three years.

I will endeavor to give you some idea, as I go along, about the various activities and episodes as they took place. My father held this position over twenty years before the Admiral died. The Admiral had two sons in the army, two in the Navy and four daughters.

To whom it may interest in my family (and by request from some in my family), I am going to try and remember a few interesting events about my life with my parents and grandparents. I have the utmost respect and admiration for them and their background. I must say that my memory also

serves me well - as I can recall events as far back as when I was three years of age as clear as if they were yesterday. On my mother's side, was Mary Teague born in Ludlow Shropshire, England on the borders of Wales just one mile across the Welsh bridge.

According to Wikipedia, the designation, "K.C.B." stands for the Most Honourable Order of the Bath (formerly the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath) is a British order of chivalry founded by George I on 18 May 1725. The name derives from the elaborate medieval ceremony for creating a knight, which involved bathing (as a symbol of purification) as one of its elements. The knights so created were known as "Knights of the Bath". George I "erected the Knights of the Bath into a regular Military Order". He did not (as is commonly believed) revive the Order of the Bath, since it had never previously existed as an Order, in the sense of a body of knights who were governed by a set of statutes and whose numbers were replenished when vacancies occurred.

The Order consists of the Sovereign (currently Queen Elizabeth II), the Great Master (currently The Prince of Wales), and three Classes of members:

*Knight Grand Cross (GCB) or Dame Grand Cross (GCB)
Knight Commander (KCB) or Dame Commander (DCB)
Companion (CB)*

Members belong to either the Civil or the Military Division. Prior to 1815, the order had only a single class, Knight Companion (KB), which no longer exists. Recipients of the Order are now usually senior military officers or senior civil servants. Commonwealth citizens not subjects of the Queen and foreigners may be made Honorary Members.

The Order of the Bath is the fourth-most senior of the British Orders of Chivalry, after The Most Noble Order of the Garter, The Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, and The Most Illustrious Order of St Patrick.

"KCVO" is an abbreviation for Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.



(Wales was that intrepid country where the Roman soldiers came back a second time to conquer from 55 BC to AD 444, but finally gave up and went south.) My mother's Mother died of measles when my mother was only 14 months old and so my mother was taken to be raised by her aunt and uncle to a small town called Aston On-Clun (River Clun).

There, they had a nice blacksmith shop as did my mother's brothers in Ludlow, Shropshire. This was a highly respected trade in those days. They shod the horses for farmers and nobility alike. In addition, they built beautiful iron gates sometimes for large estates. These took five to ten years to make! They also put new iron rims on carriage wheels and farm

wagons before rubber ones came in (about 1898 or thereabouts). In their shop, they also repaired door locks and fences and other related items.

The Industrial Revolution was rapidly taking place and making England the leader of world trade. England also enjoyed a fast growing merchant marine, but the village blacksmith's days were numbered as the motorcar began to take hold. (I took part in the motorcar business from 1902 on.)

My mother had a good education for those times. She had splendid



handwriting and helped to keep the books in her uncle's blacksmith shops, despite having to walk seven miles to school everyday. Her aunt was very strict and so was her uncle. At 14 years of age, she was ushered off to work down in Surrey for the Brand family, a very

Longleat is an English stately home and the seat of the Marquesses of Bath. It is a leading and early example of the Elizabethan prodigy house. It is adjacent to the village of Horningsham and near the towns of Warminster and Westbury in Wiltshire and Frome in Somerset. It is noted for its Elizabethan country house, maze, landscaped parkland and safari park. The house is set in 1,000 acres (400 ha) of parkland landscaped by Capability Brown, with 4,000 acres (1,600 ha) of let farmland and 4,000 acres (1,600 ha) of woodland, which includes a Center Parcs holiday village.^[1] It was the first stately home to open to the public, and the Longleat estate includes the first safari park outside Africa.^{[2][3]}

The house was built by Sir John Thynne and was designed mainly by Robert Smythson, after the original priory was destroyed by fire in 1567. It took 12 years to complete and is widely regarded as one of the finest examples of Elizabethan architecture in Britain. Longleat is occupied by Alexander Thynn, 7th Marquess of Bath, a direct descendant of the builder; however, the peer passed the management of the business to his son Viscount Weymouth early in 2010.

old established household, where she started as third house maid. The Brand family employed several servants. This was an old 15th century home. They were some kind of merchants in their time.

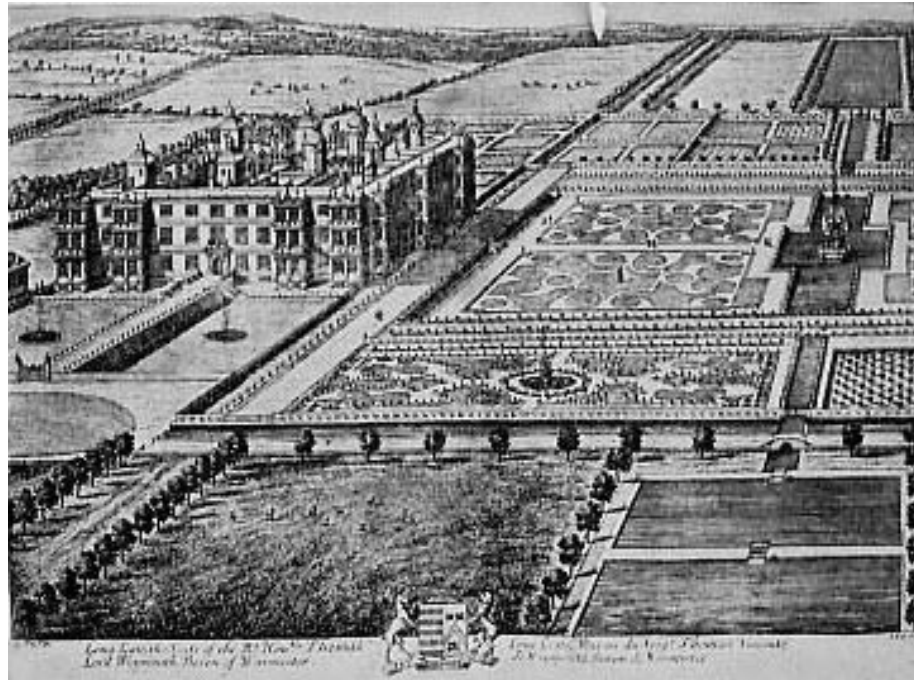
After that, she acquired a better job with Lord Bath of Longleat and became head housemaid.

The Baths of Longleat employed 40 servants, and it is there where she met my father, who was the second coachman under Mr. French. Mr. French was the toughest head coachman in all England. There were 20 men in the stable and 40 horses. Longleat had its own brewery and private Chapel. Clergymen lived right in the estate. Eight hundred deer roamed the park. For a span of seven miles around the estate, a large number of farmers paid rent to Lord Bath but, in later years, these farmers were allowed to purchase land from the

estate, which is now a show place. Lord Bath lived in the Lodge where the Butler lived when I visited there as a 10 year old lad.



Rendering of Longleat Castle



This is a photo of Longleat in the 18th century.



This is the view of Longleat today... with the friendly sheep in the foreground.

The Story of My Grandfather (on my Father's Side) and his Own Mother

It appears that my father's father was the head gamekeeper (known as a warden, in America) for 45 years and, as such, was given a nice little cottage in the village, just a quarter of a mile from the lodge gates. The address was 149 West Common, Horningsham, Warminster, Wiltshire.

Horningsham is a small village and civil parish in Wiltshire, England, between Warminster and Frome, Somerset. It forms part of the Longleat Estate and has a peculiar form lying somewhere between a classic dispersed settlement and a nucleated village.

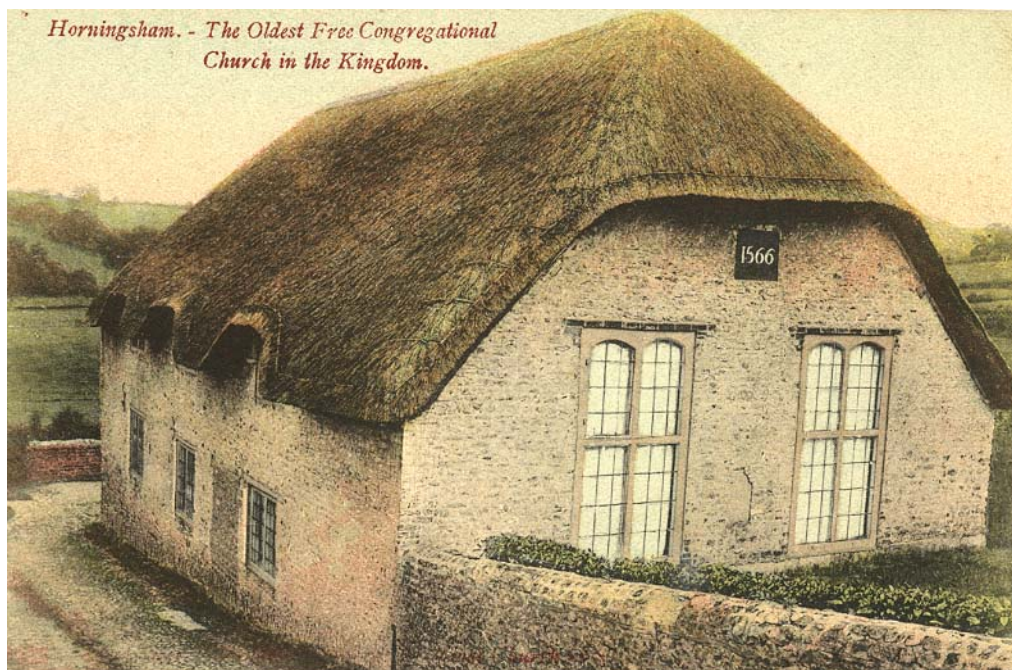
The village is within the Cranborne Chase and West Wiltshire Downs Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. It has the P's identified by Country Life (magazine) as essential to a successful village: a pub,^[2] a post office, a place of worship, a primary school and public transport (although limited)^[3] It also has a village hall.

At Baycliffe Farm, near the boundary with Maiden Bradley, is the site of an early Iron Age settlement. An entry in the Domesday Book describes the village as very small, being occupied by one cottager and four small holders.

The name 'Horningsham' means 'Horning's homestead' in Old English.^[4] The personal name probably comes from the uncomplimentary noun 'hornung' meaning 'bastard'. For more information, see List of generic forms in British place names.

Close to the parish boundary on the road to Frome are the remains of Woodhouse Castle. In the 17th century it was owned by the Cavalier Arundel family and consequently attacked during the English Civil War. The damage was so severe that it was impossible to return to the castle when peace was restored. The family moved into Horningsham and built themselves a fine manor house below the church.

The parish changed hands several times before the Thynnes purchased it for the second time in 1716. The Vernon[disambiguation needed] family, who held it during the 12th century, were the founders of the village church. The Stantors then held it for the next 200 years, selling to Sir John Thynne c. 1550. After the Civil War the manor was in the possession of the Arundels. Sir John Thynne (Longleat's builder) had already increased the size of the parish by buying more land. His descendant Thomas Thynne, 1st Marquess of Bath was very interested in forestry, and engaged Capability Brown to plant large plantations of beech and pine. Gradually forestry and farming were established as the two main sources of employment. The situation did not change until the late 20th century, when tourism took over.



It was a place one only dreams of, and I wandered through the grave yard of a six or seven hundred year-old church (possibly the one pictured above?) with very well worn grave stones marked “Adlam” and it was also a place where my grandfather received a pension of 10 shillings a week for life. It had a lovely garden about a mile up from the big house (Longleat House). He had lived and worked as head game keeper in the middle of Highwood Forest, which was populated with game of all kinds.

Longleat House was a fine house with kennels for the dogs, pointers, setters and retrievers. My father worked in the stables because his dad did not think enough of him to be a gamekeeper. My grandfather was built-like a bull; he had side-whiskers and was much like our Thomas in build. He was involved in some awfully vicious fights due to poaching by the miners, who were always looking for rabbits for their poor families. His final fight was with Jack Brimson. They were both found in a ditch at 6 A.M. by a farmer and claimed they both struck each other at about the same time. My grandfather went to the hospital in the town which was the nearest to Longleat for 6 weeks. Jack Brimson went to Cardiff jail for 5 years.

HM Prison Cardiff is a Category B men's prison, located in the Adamsdown area of Cardiff, Wales. The prison is operated by Her Majesty's Prison Service. By 1814, the existing Cardiff prison was deemed insufficient for coping with the both the scale of demand and quality of building to cope with the quickly expanding industrial town, and so proposals were made to build a new county jail for Glamorgan. Construction commenced in 1827, and the new stone building located south of Crockherbtown opened at the end of 1832, capable of housing 80 prisoners, including 20 debtors.

Photo of Cardiff Prison in the 1890s:



Jack Brimson came out of jail to see my grandfather, shook hands and said, "Tom Adlam, you're the only man that ever took me." They sat down together and had bread and cheese and beer and my grandfather gave him 2/6 fifty cents. But my grandfather had never been the same after their fight, some apparently said. His skull had been badly battered because Brimson had struck him over the head with his gun butt and my grandfather landed on his head with a ground ash stick. Tom Adlam was about 78 when he died.

Three or four years after he died, I spent 2 weeks with my grandmother. She was the most beautiful woman at 80 that I ever saw. She was his second wife. My father's (biological) mother had died sitting by the fireplace with my father in her arms when he was only 7 years old. At that age, my father had long red curls down to his shoulders (like Little Lord Fauntleroy) but his stepmother said that he was very mischievous and would sleep in the woods rather than go to school. Lord Bath got him into the Bluecoat school in Warminster (a very select school for boys) and he wore britches and buckle shoes like George Washington and a three-cornered hat. But he still hated school, as did most farmers' sons.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is the first children's novel written by English playwright and author Frances Hodgson Burnett. It was originally published as a serial in the St. Nicholas Magazine between November 1885 and October 1886, then as a book by Scribner's in 1886. Here is one depiction of his character:



My Father and my Mother Meet

My parents became acquainted when they were both working at Longleat House, one of England's most stately homes.







In 1886, they were married. My dad had had enough of French, the head coachman, so he went to take care of a stable owned by a Colonel Corcoran of the Coldstream Guards. Corcoran was very well known in London and carried several decorations from the Zulu-War and the Ashanti Camp.

Coldstream is the oldest regiment in the Regular Army in continuous active service, originating in Coldstream, Scotland, in 1650 when General George Monck founded the regiment. It is one of two regiments of the Household Division that can trace its lineage to the New Model Army, the other being the Blues and Royals (Royal Horse Guards and 1st Dragoons). The origin of The Coldstream Guards lies in the English Civil War when Oliver Cromwell gave Colonel George Monck permission to form his own regiment as part of the New Model Army.

The Corps of Drums, in addition to their ceremonial role, which has been primarily the musical accompaniment of Changing of the Guard for Windsor Castle, has the role of machine gun platoon. All Guardsmen for public duties wear the 'Home Service' Dress tunic in summer or greatcoat in winter and bearskin with a red plume. The Coldstream Guards regimental band plays at Changing of The Guard, state visits and many other events.

Unlike the other four regiments of foot guards, which recruit from each of the four home nations, the Coldstream Guards has a specific recruiting area, which encompasses the counties that Monck's Regiment passed through on its march from Coldstream to London. The traditional recruiting area of the Coldstream Guards is the South West and North East of England.

When I tried to research Colonel Cochrane, I discovered that his name had been spelled incorrectly in the original autobiography. I finally located information about him and was able to also locate this excerpt from a book with biographical information on him:

Col. **W. F. D. Cochrane** was educated at Kensington School and Sandhurst, passing in 1866 into the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, of the 1st Batt. of which he was adjutant for many years. From 1879 to 1882 he was A.A.G. and C.S.O. of the Cape Colonial Forces, during which time the colony was engaged in a series of wars, commencing with the Morosi affair and ending with the East Griqualand, Fembuland, and Basuto rebellions. He served through the Zulu war at first as Staff Officer to Col. Durnford, and was one of the few survivors from Isandhlwana. He then obtained the command of the Natal Native Horse, and was present at Kambula, Z'lobane Mountain, and Ulundi (medals for Zulu, Basuto, and Transkei wars), his services being brought to the notice of the Colonial and Imperial Govts. In 1882 he received a brevet majority, and took part in the Egyptian War of that year. (Medal.)

From 1883 to 1887 he filled the appointment of D.A.A.G., China and the Straits Settlements; was D.A.Q.M.G., Headquarters Staff, Ireland, in 1887-8; and from 1890 to 1892 he acted as Asst. Mil. Secy. to Sir W. Gordon Cameron, K.C.B., then commanding in S.A., which appointment he resigned on being selected to command a brigade in the Egyptian Army, in which he served from 1893 to 1898. At the time of the Dongola advance he was in command of the Line of Communication (Sudan Medal), and was afterwards appointed first Governor of the Nubia Province. From 1900 he was C.S.O. for the Belfast Dist. until his retirement from the Army in 1903. Col. **Cochrane** married in 1893, Carola, dau. of the late T. H. Möller, of Hamburg.

COL. **W. F. D. COCHRANE**, of St. James's Palace.

I was born on the beautiful morning of May 6, 1887 at 6:00 in the Aristocratic location of two Roberts Mews Eaton Square, Belgravia London.

Belgravia is a district in the west of central London in the City of Westminster and the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea. It is noted for its very expensive residential properties and is one of the wealthiest districts in the world. Much of it, known as the Grosvenor Estate, is still owned by a family property company, the Duke of Westminster's Grosvenor Group. The area takes its name from one of the Duke's subsidiary titles, Viscount Belgrave. Owing to the Leasehold Reform Act 1967, the estate has been forced to sell many freeholds to its erstwhile tenants. The district lies mostly to the south-west of Buckingham Palace, and is bounded notionally by Knightsbridge (road) to the north, Grosvenor Place and Buckingham Palace Road to the east, Pimlico Road to the south,^[3] and Sloane Street to the west.

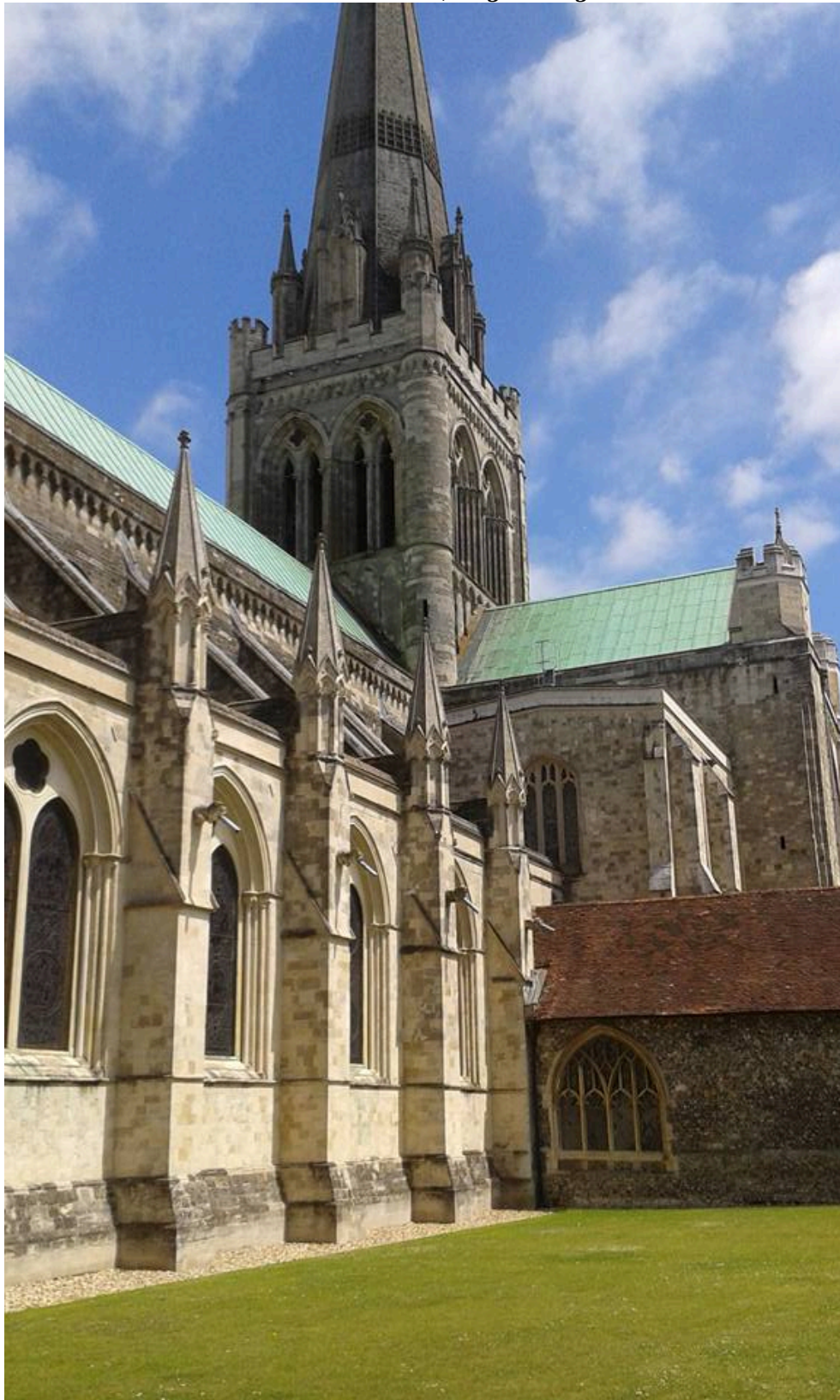




Belgravia in the late 1800s

It was a beautiful city in those days - a world in and of itself with its finger on one fifth of the earth and a Queen in the 50th year of her reign. Truly, I was born a very lucky chap and would, in my life, travel all over at other people's expense, which I will endeavor to relate in this autobiography as it unfolds. I was christened at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge and was confirmed at St. Peter's Eaton Square.

Saint Paul's Church, Knightsbridge:





St. Peter's Eaton Square:



All of the grand weddings were held at these locations and, of course, at St. George's Hanover Square, as well. My aunt (my mother's sister) and uncle from Droitwich Worcestershire (Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wood) named me William Albert. Edward had been in the employ with the Great Western Railroad for 45 years. He was a foreman platelayer between Droitwich and Worcestershire. He and my aunt had raised my cousin Arthur Teague and, later, a girl.

I located Arthur Teague (who was raised by my mother's sister but who had no family). I knew nothing of the girl, as Arthur had gone off to the First World War and served in France, Palestine, and Russia (with distinction) for four and one-half years. Because of this, I did not locate him until approximately 1927. The Great Western Railroad (for whom my uncle worked) went to a lot of trouble to locate him for me and informed me, after

their many months of research that, by that time, he was teaching school very successfully and was a much respected citizen in Esher Surrey, just outside of London. Arthur was also head of the Legion.

As background to my own story, I will provide some historical context and also mention that the Adlams served as landlords and squires of Longleat for many years. Back in those days, people living in the surrounding vicinities went to War. When the Lord of the Manor was called by the King or Queen to fight for their country (be it Agincourt or under Marlborough or Willington after the defeat of the Spanish Armada) they did. The English were top dog and policemen of the seas and pirates for Good Queen Bess. Rise Admiral Drake, I pronounce you Sir Frances Drake on the Deck of "The Golden Hind" first ship of the fleet. Every crewman was a no good scavenger and drunk, but every crewman was a fighting man. The same applied to Lord Nelson, who said (on his death bed) that, "England expects everyman this day will do his duty", right before he died in Captain Hardy's arms on the deck of the H.M.S. Victory, where I played as a boy at Portsmouth. With one arm and one eye, Hardy defeated the French and Spanish combined fleets.

The H.M.S. Victory:



My Grand Fortune Begins at Age Three

I shall now give you a story of my good fortune, which was due mostly to my father's position. My father left Colonel Cochrane and, due to his association with Lord Bath (who was a cousin to Lord Clanwilliam Admiral of the Fleet, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. KOSEP), another opportunity presented itself. Lord Clanwilliam's coachman had died suddenly and the position was open, so my dad just walked in and took over in this role. No sooner did this

happen, however, than he (Lord Clanwilliam) was ordered to take command of the fleet from Portsmouth Dock Yard.

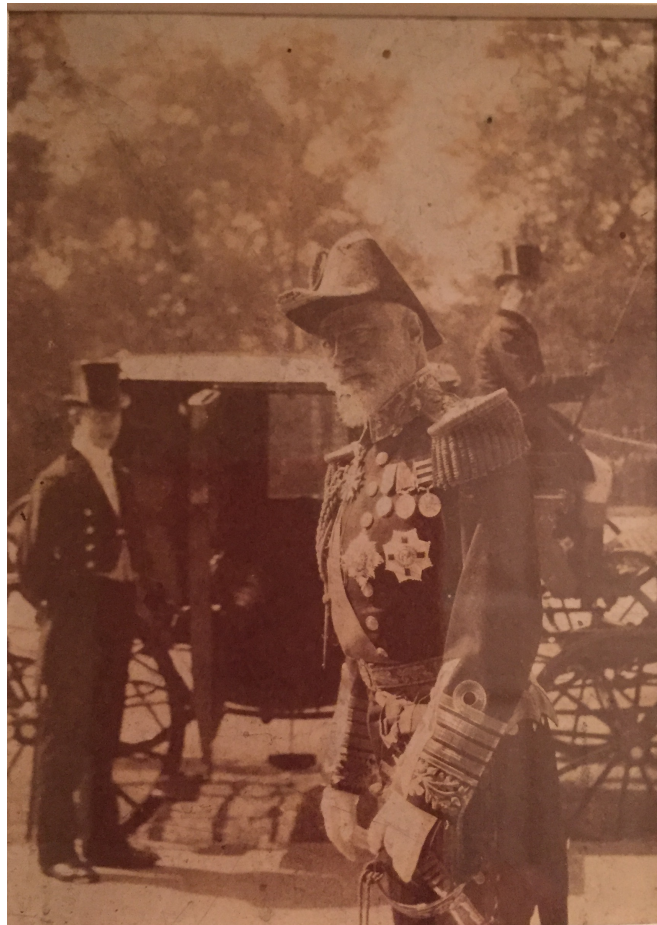
Richard James Meade, Fourth Earl of Clanwilliam



Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Clanwilliam.



Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam in 1896



William Albert Adlam's father as Coachman for Lord Clanwilliam (pictured in the foreground)

Admiral of the Fleet THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Richard James Meade, Fourth Earl of Clanwilliam, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., Royal Navy (3 October, 1832 – 4 August, 1907) was an officer of the Royal Navy.

For services in Canton, Gilford was promoted to the rank of Commander on 26 February, 1858.

On 3 November 1875, his son Herbert Meade, who would serve the Royal Navy in the Great War and eventually become an Admiral, was born.

Gilford was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral on 31 December, 1876.

On the occasion of the Queen's birthday he was appointed an Ordinary Member of the Military Division of the Third Class, or Companion, of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath (C.B.) on 2 June, 1877.¹

On 7 October, 1879, Gilford succeeded to the earldom, becoming the Earl of Clanwilliam. On 6 September, 1880, he was appointed in command of the Detached Squadron for Particular Service, flying his flag in the Inconstant. He was promoted to the rank of Admiral on 22 June, 1886, vice Cochrane.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's golden jubilee, he was appointed an Ordinary Member of the Second Class, or Knight Commander, in the Military Division of the Order of the Bath (K.C.B.) on 21 June, 1887.

Lord George Hamilton recounts an amusing incident from when a French squadron visited Portsmouth, and its officers were entertained by the Queen at Osborne: "He was very dark and swarthy, and he had a strain of foreign blood in him, his grandmother having been a Russian. He also spoke French very well. One of the Queen's equerries, in his zeal to welcome all foreigners, seeing this dark, distinguished-looking Admiral standing alone, went up to him and had an animated conversation in French with him. Finally he said to him, "I hope you are enjoying your stay at Portsmouth," whereupon Lord Clanwilliam turned round and said, "Who the devil do you take me for? Don't you know that I am the Queen's Commander-in-Chief?" The Queen was immensely amused on learning how her injunctions to her suite to make themselves pleasant to the foreign officers had been carried out. Clanwilliam was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet on 20 February, 1895. On the occasion of the Queen's birthday he was appointed an Ordinary Member of the First Class, or Knight Grand Cross, in the Military Division of the Order of the Bath (G.C.B.) on 25 May. In accordance with the provisions of the Order in Council of 22 February, 1870, he was placed on the Retired List on 3 October, 1902.

This is an historic view of the Portsmouth Naval Yard:



No.7 Dock - built 1849, filled 1989; No. 10 Dock - built 1858

I was three years old at that time. We had splendid stables and well-furnished living quarters, with all new furniture and cooking utensils. All of our accommodations were supplied by the government. Our stables had about 12 horses. We also had a donkey that had come from Egypt; as a foal, his mother had been killed during the siege of Alexander. Lord Clanwilliam had taken him during the wars against the Sudan. (This was where General Gordon was killed at government house in Khartoum. * [To read more about this: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Siege_of_Khartoum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Siege_of_Khartoum) *) For a time, we lived in the Navy Yard and were surrounded by a 30 foot wall. I remember that the Japanese fleet paid a visit and had a fine fleet. Once, the English fleet was ordered to be ready in 24 hours for war with the French, but it fell through over a section of the Sudan called Fashoda. But the French backed down. I recall the excitement when the fleet got ready to sail.)

The Fashoda Incident or Crisis was the climax of imperial territorial disputes between Britain and France in Eastern Africa, occurring in 1898. A French expedition to Fashoda on the White Nile river sought to gain control of the Upper Nile river basin and thereby exclude Britain from the Sudan. The two armies met on friendly terms but back in Europe it became a war scare. The British held firm as both nations stood on the verge of war with heated rhetoric on both sides. Under heavy pressure the French withdrew, securing Anglo-Egyptian control over the area. The status quo was recognized by an agreement between the two states acknowledging British control over Egypt, while France became the dominant power in Morocco. France had failed in its main goals. P.M.H. Bell says:

***"Between the two governments there was a brief battle of wills, with the British insisting on immediate and unconditional French withdrawal from Fashoda. The French had to accept these terms, amounting to a public humiliation....Fashoda was long remembered in France as an example of British brutality and injustice."*^[1]**

It was a diplomatic victory for the British as the French realized that in the long run they needed the friendship of Britain in case of a war between France and Germany.^{[2][3]} It was the last crisis between the two that involved a threat of war (until 1940) and opened the way for closer relations in the Entente cordiale of 1904. It gave rise to the 'Fashoda syndrome' in French foreign policy, or seeking to assert French influence in areas which might be becoming susceptible to British influence.^[4]

I used to ride Aribé the donkey but was kicked off and dragged by it several times. We had a lovely nursery cart for him and a set of patent leather harnesses, which were very good looking. We also had two dogs, one of which used to sleep with me. The dogs used to bite the donkey's heels and make him kick. He also used to walk into our kitchen and would watch my mother cooking, only to walk out when and if she gave him a carrot. Sometimes he would go down to the docks. There were always ships coming in from India and various parts of the Empire, with new troops going away. All of the sailors used to feed the donkey sugar and other things.

We saw many wonderful sights there. The dances and parties that were given at government homes were fabulous. I recall a large staff of servants and Naval men attached to the homes there. One time, aboard the Admiral's Yacht, I remember seeing twelve picked men, all six feet tall (in their bare feet), inside the main entrance to the government house.

After three years, the Admiral's term ended and we returned to London to the Admiral's home, at 32 Belgrave Square. It had big stables in the mews at the rear of it. A mews is a street. You could not drive through it, however. It had a wall at one end that was about 30 feet high. It had a door through which the coachman and their families could go through. Each stable had a key. I understand that, today, they have made the stables and coach houses into fine apartments and are occupied by very upscale people and movie stars.

(This is an historic photo of Belgrave Square. If you do an Internet Search, it is quite exclusive, with units there fetching \$30 Million today. It looks much the same, only refurbished.)



We had finished our term at Portsmouth and, next, we proceeded to go down to Guildford in Surrey.



We then went down into Surrey to that beautiful town of Guildford for 3 or 4 months. Each day the young ladies who were the Clanwilliam daughters, would take the donkey and nursery cart and drive into Guildford - which was very picturesque - for the mail. I was about five-years-old at the time and they would ask my mother, "Can we take Bertie along?" I was the gentleman for the day. We always carried a number of carrots, just in case Aribé decided to stand still and not move. Upon seeing the carrots, Aribé would

soon change his mind. I once remember tying a carrot on the end of a stick and dangling it in front of his nose. He soon caught on to that and would stand still. Then we would try sugar for a change.

After 3 or 4 months we returned to London for the winter season. We had a series of dinner parties and dances, which kept our stables quite busy. (*Here is a fascinating link, complete with

photos of Victoria's stables and carriages of the time:
<http://www.digitalhistoryproject.com/2012/03/stable-of-queen-victoria-royal-mews.html>)

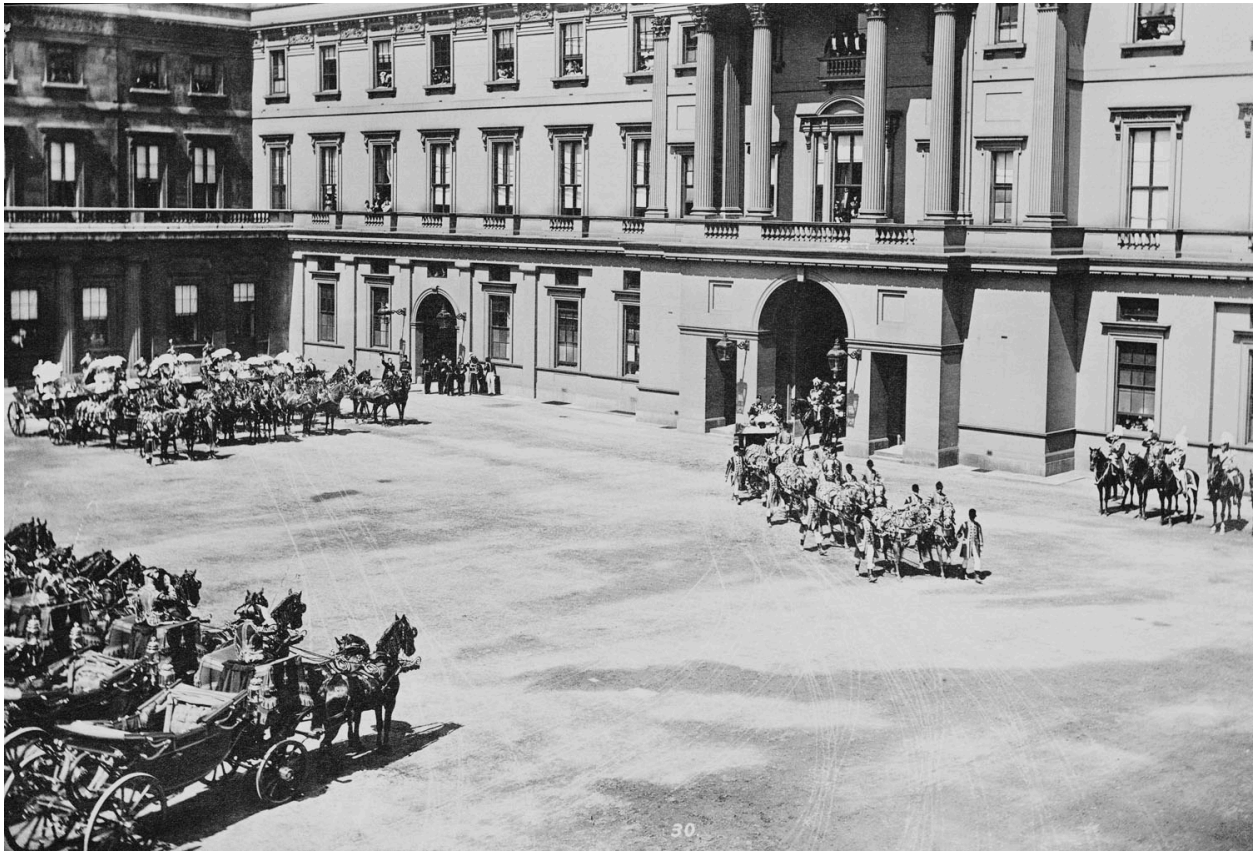
There were what was known as the "Levees at Buckingham" which is when Queen

Victoria entertained all her Admirals and Generals and their wives at a fabulous dinner dance at Buckingham Palace.

During Victoria's reign, the Court Drawing Rooms were held in Buckingham Palace at four stated periods every year—two before Easter and two after. Levées, hosted by the Prince of Wales for the presentation of gentlemen, were held at intervals during the like season in St. James's Palace. Though of lessening distinction as the Victorian period wore on, the delicious prospect of being presented to the Queen or Prince of Wales continued to be a beacon to ambitious social climbers.

When the date of a drawing room was announced, letters poured into the Lord Chamberlain, suggesting names of ladies for presentation. Everyone who had kissed the Queen's hand was able to nominate another for presentation. But it wasn't guaranteed that any name submitted was accepted. The list underwent careful scrutiny by both the Lord Chamberlain and the Queen, Her Majesty only receiving those who "wore the white flower of a blameless life."





My mother and I always went and we stood at the main gates to see my father go in with the Admiral and his wife. The Admiral was very resplendent in his full uniform and all his decorations. What a long line of beautiful carriages and horses! Many stable coachmen and state footmen would stand perfectly straight at the rear of the coach. We always remembered Lord Bath's coach; it was canary color with gold lines and gray horses. Mr. French, was Lord Bath's head coachman. At the end of the spring, all the rich people left London and went to the country or to Scotland to go salmon fishing or deer shooting.

We Go to Scotland for the Summer

Lo and behold, my father came to my mother and said, "The Queen has given (or loaned) Abergeldie Castle to Lord Clanwilliam for the summer."

(Read the history and current status of Abergeldie here:

<https://www.pressandjournal.co.uk/fp/news/aberdeenshire/796446/long-noble-sometimes-terrifying-history-abergeldie-castle/>)



Abergeldie Castle





It was a beautiful place, 10 miles from the Queen's place at Balmoral Castle. One of the reasons that she offered it to him was that she liked to hear Lord Clanwilliam tell sea stories that happened during his service in the Royal Navy. He had been Admiral of the China squadron, the West Indies, and Mediterranean squadron and of the home fleet located in the English Channel. France was our enemy then, of course.

The Queen was staying nearby at Balmoral Castle:



So, we went off to Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire Scotland for the summer... twice. My mother and I climbed several mountains. I remember one called *The Lions Face* took us from 6 A.M. to 1 P.M. to reach the top. We carried sandwiches, of course, and drank spring water. (By the way, the present Queen Elizabeth was raised - in later years - at Abergeldie Castle, with old Queen Mary's supervision.)

(This is a photo of the mountain called The Lion's Face. It took quite awhile to find it. Look at the beautiful heather in the foreground! This is what he talks about in the following paragraphs!)



"Why is this called The Lion's Face?", I wondered. It derived its name from being viewed from a distance across the River Dee. Since then, trees and scrub have grown obscuring the view of what resembled a 'Lion's Face'! The Lion's Face is a near vertical calcareous outcrop, with clefts and under-hangs. It is an outstanding area for lichens, which grow in shaded and sheltered habitats on the rock. The outcrop supports a viable population of the elm gyalecta lichen (*Gyalecta ulmi*), which is rare and declining internationally.



The second summer, we went again to Abergeldie. The Queen Victoria, again, was our benefactor. We used to leave London at about 10 A.M. in the morning and travel all day and night with four men and ten horses, two dogs and Jim (the cat). We disembarked at a station called Ballater, which was about a 10-mile drive to the house and about 18 miles from the Queen's place at Balmoral Castle. This was the end of the railroad line, right in the mountains of Aberdeenshire.





Above: Queen Victoria at Ballater Station





It is impossible to describe the beauty of this part of Scotland. It was out of the heat of the London summer. This time, I had a thrilling experience. One of the daughters, Lady Beatrice was a distinguished Victorian Lady (possibly a violinist? He uses a word here that doesn't relate to anything). Another daughter, Lady Kathryn played the harp.



Sitting back: Lord Clanwilliam and his four daughters relax at Abergeldie Castle near Crathie, Aberdeenshire, in 1901



The Meade and Clanwilliam families pictured at the turn of the century.



Lady Beatrice is on the left. Lady Adelaide is on the right. There is no genealogical record of a Lady Kathryn, so it might be that he meant "Lady Adelaide or Lady Elizabeth".



The Meade and Clanwilliam Families.



Lady Clanwilliam and Elizabeth Meade pictured getting on a tram in Wiesbaden, Germany , in 1891

One day, the Queen sent a messenger on horseback. I can see that messenger now coming into our stable yard, with his dispatch box on his back. He asked that the two young ladies come to Crathie Church, on the grounds of Balmoral and play for her. I was asked to blow the Church organ, which was quite an honor. I looked over the balcony from the rear gallery of the little private chapel and saw Queen Victoria just below. She was enjoying the music very much. Lady Beatrice had studied in Germany under a famous tutor of those times called Herr Wolff.



The space under the three windows is the balcony in Crathie Church. The pew that is covered in the cloth is where the Queen sits, even today. The space in the center of that pew is the Queen's seat.

I had lots of luck fishing for beautiful trout and was considered by the “gillies” (which is “Scotch” - or Scottish - for game wardens), a very talented and lucky fisherman. Our kitchen was only 100 feet from the river Dee, which was packed with salmon and trout. I could not go to school there, however, because the school was too far and summer time school closed up for three months. I did do some homework, though, mostly in History and, my favorite subject, Geography.

The end of the summer soon came and so we returned to London. I went back to school at Holy Trinity, Brompton, South Kensington. I was always the Captain of the Cricket team. I was Vice Captain at soccer and played center halfback or right wing forward. First, I was captain of the Second Cricket team. Later, I was Captain of the First Cricket team. There is no game that teaches fairness and good sportsmanship like Cricket,

in which the umpire's word is law - right or wrong. The Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field of Eaton, so to speak.

Upon returning to the black London for the winter, we were informed that, in the upcoming month of April, the Queen had given Lord Clanwilliam a beautiful house in the mountains around Braemar. We had to drive 18 miles from Ballater station to this wonderful shooting lodge called Birkhall Lodge.



We were there three months deer stalking, during which time my mother and I climbed several mountains. Sometimes, this would take us from dawn until dusk. We would search for white heather. You see, it is supposed to be very lucky if you find a sprig of white heather among the hundreds of acres of beautiful pink heather, which is the same color as lilac. The heather is about two feet high all over the highlands, mountains and valleys, and has a heavy stalk.

The Queen Comes to Tea in a Snowstorm

The house in the mountains of Braemar was actually in a secluded part of the Balmoral estate. We had a wonderful stable and apartments at the rear of the main house. One snowy evening about 5 P.M., all of the servants, my father, the stablemen, the gamekeepers and the gardeners all assembled outside of the front door of the house and Queen Victoria came to tea with Lord Clanwilliam in a Victoria carriage with two white horses. I stood as close to her as three feet, when she turned and said, "Good evening, Coachman" to my dad, while walking from the carriage to the front door. She was very democratic while in Scotland. All the pomp and circumstance of Buckingham Palace passed away and she became just plain Victoria.



Queen Victoria outside Balmoral Estate.



Soon, that wonderful summer came to an end, like the others. We went back to London for the winter season, for which London excelled. With it, came people from all over the world - especially from the U.S.A. - hoping that a rented town house would give daughters a chance to be presented at court (this is no more however). The livered footman and state coaches with all the trappings once more came into play. My mother and I would always watch from the outside of some famous homes in order to see my

father pull up with the Admiral of the Fleet going to what ever big affair was taking place. Sometimes, we would go to Westminster Abbey to catch sight of the nobility entering the last resting place of so many famous men in poet's corner. Chaucer, Spenser, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Hardy, Kipling, Darwin, Newton, and Lister are all buried there. The giants of the science kings and statesmen are buried there. This year (as I write this), Westminster Abbey will celebrate its 900th birthday. The theme will be "One People". I was raised within a ten-minute's walk of this home of our illustrious dead, which will live long in the future. I understand this "famous lady" (the Abbey) has recently had her face done up so that the stained glass windows have never glowed more warmly.



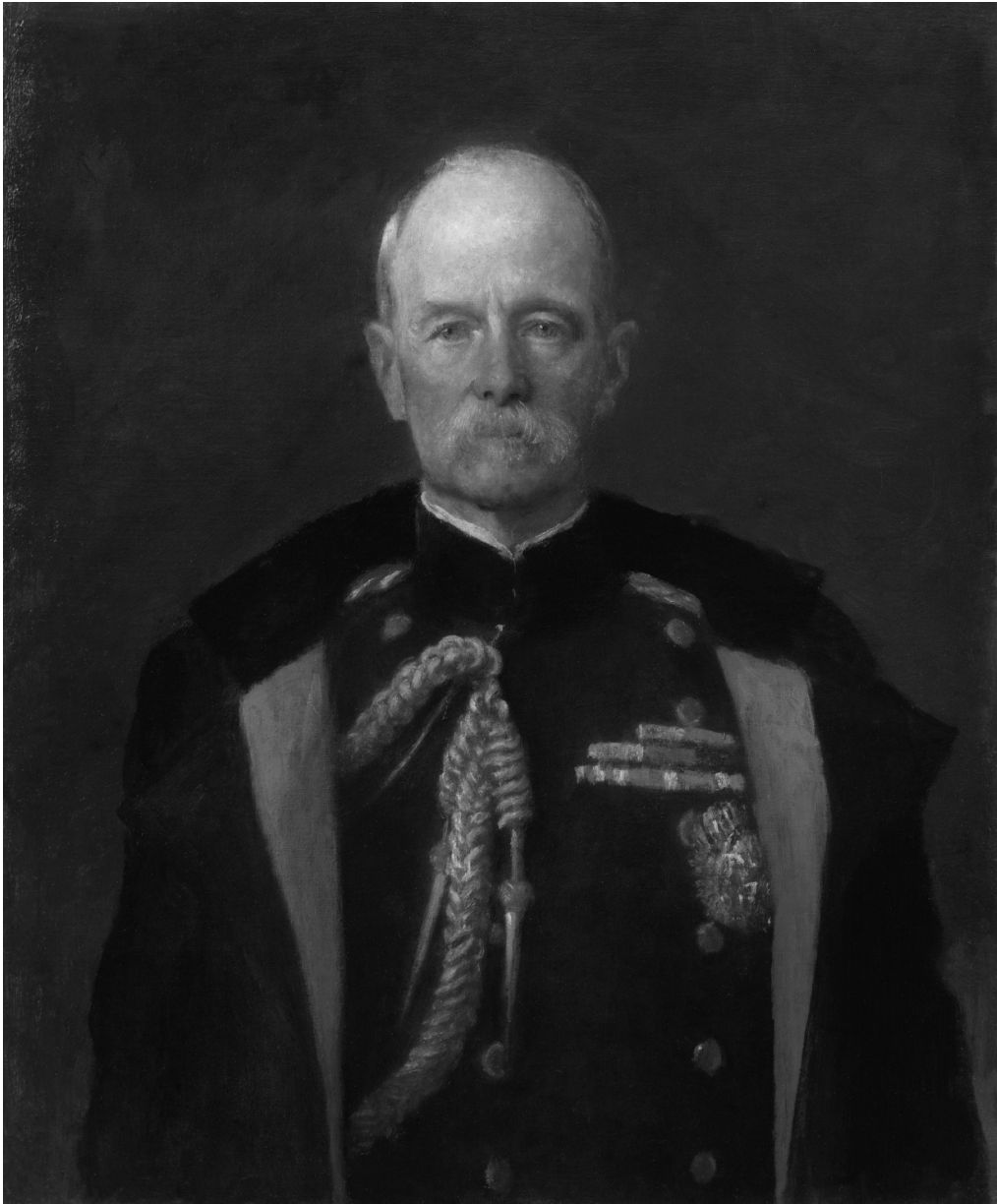
Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey



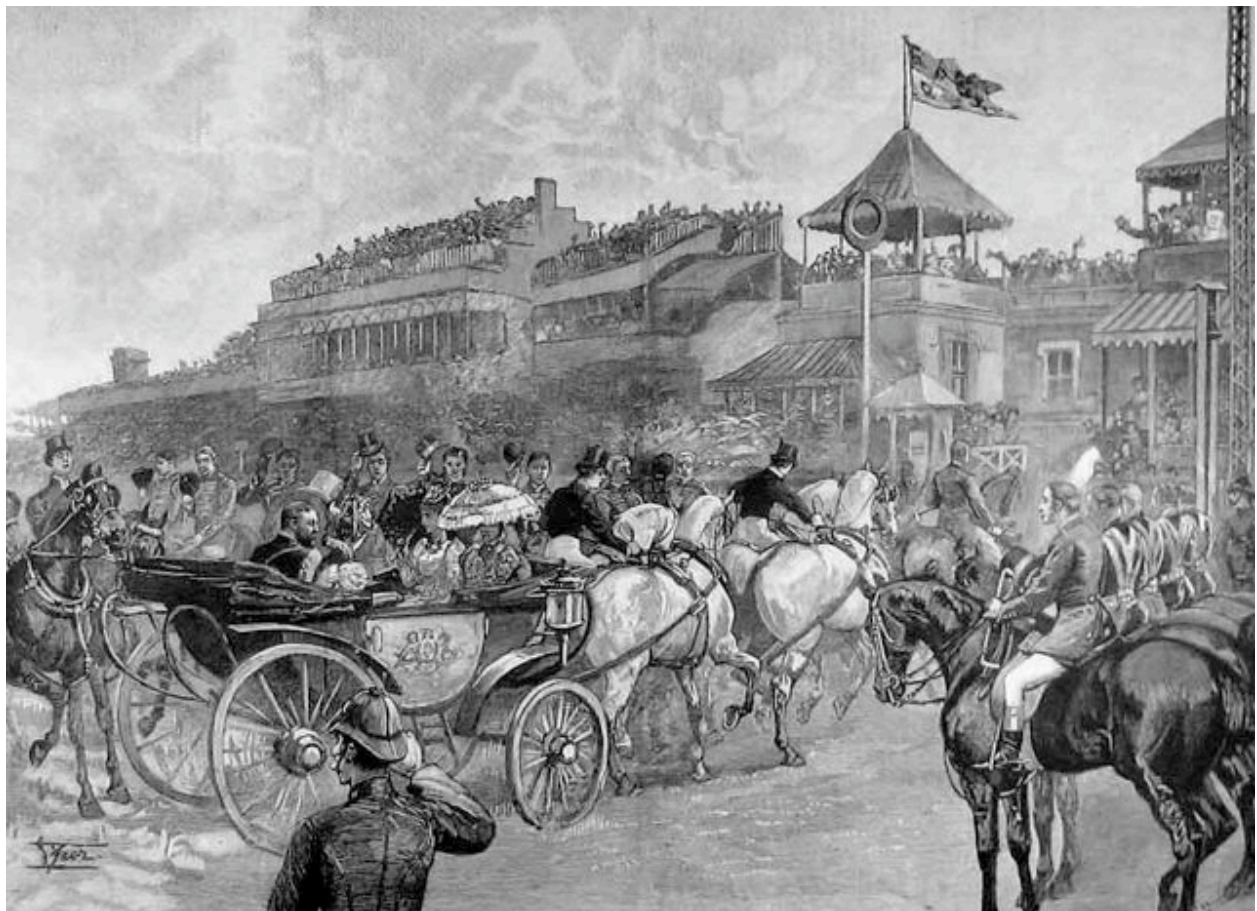
Westminster Abbey

After this time on the Balmoral Estate, we had one short vacation to another beautiful estate, which Lord Clanwilliam rented for 6 weeks. It was the home of Lord Roberts, Field Marshal of the British Army at Virginia

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Roberts,_1st_Earl_Roberts)



At Ascot (pictured below in two photos), we attempted the races quite a lot. My mother and I backed a winner 20-to-1 but I lost the ticket. She hit me with her umbrella (and broke it), but the bookie said, "I remember this young lad. Pay his 20 shillings."



Up to Scotland Again at the Admiral's Own Expense, to Perthshire

This particular year, the Queen did not provide a Scottish castle for Lord Clanwilliam, so we were transformed for 8 months to Perthshire, a place called Spittalfield House near Dunkeld. It was not far from the famous home of the Duke of Athol at Blairgowrie (pictured below).



This turned out to be another wonderful experience. I went to school there and had a hell of a time being **English**. I had to fight nearly every boy of my size in the country Village school. I took some licking and gave some in return, but I was soon to become a popular football player and it was a damn good school (like all Scottish schools, even those in the small towns). The salmon fishing there (in the river Tay) was fabulous. Sometimes, the fish were as big as 45 pounders. But it was also a dangerous river to fish. It ran deep and fast all through Perthshire.



Perthshire had beautiful scenery but was not so mountainous. I was a fortunate fellow being the only child. This was our final trip to Scotland, but it was not a gift from the Queen this time. I went up to Perthshire several times again in my life, as a young chauffer. This I will relate later.

We Leave Perthshire for Home Again

We were soon back to dear old London, after 8 months in Perthshire. I was very glad, as I was sick of being told about Robert the Bruce and Macbeth and about how they (the Scottish) licked us English. But Banockbus, I said yes, but you finally said if you can't beat 'em join 'em. I love 'em; they're a grand race of men and women, a hardy and thrifty race.

Off Again to Fox Hunt All Winter in Wiltshire

The following year, we rented a gorgeous home owned by the Bishop of Southwark London. Close to my father's home in Wiltshire, it was the Stockton house near Codford St.



The Stockton House





(More photos of the magnificent interiors of Stockton House can be found here: <http://www.oldhousedreams.com/2012/07/05/1590-1603-c-1650-wiltshire-estate-stockton-warminster-wiltshire/> The home is exquisite and the historical information is so interesting!)

For 9 months, we lived there - in the middle of the long fox-hunting season. The West Wiltshire's hounds were one of the best packs in England's flat country. There were low edges and low fences, and we had about 20 horses. There was always a house full of people for the hunting season. My father broke his collarbone twice that year. The frost was heavy on the ground.

I went to a new school that had just opened in Warminster, a fine town with Roman heritage. They had just built a new school called The Warminster Tech. The school was fairly expensive and I rode my bike 7 miles to and from school, each day, except in winter. Then, I would lock my bike at Stockton Stadium and, from there, went to and from during the bad winter months.

We had some picturesque hunting scenes there, just as you see in paintings. A breakfast at 6 A.M. on the huge lawn for 50 or 75 people, with 10% of them in scarlet looks awfully pretty, especially with the dogs (the fox hounds) waiting to get started. There is a long ride home if they happen to catch a fox - sometimes 30 miles from home - just as it's getting toward dusk. They walk home slowly, to prevent the horses from getting cold after sweating from their 10-mile chase. After getting in at 9 P.M., the work in the stables and the brush rooms begins and continues until 1 or 2 A.M. All hair needs to be washed with soap and water and a bran mash with scotch whiskey is made for the horses, which are put to bed with warm clothing. The horses are checked throughout the night in order to detect a cold coming. They are exercised at 6 A.M. in the morning to prevent stiffness.

We had a wonderful winter and spring. There, I once had the pleasure of being invited to play cricket for the second eleven of Wiltshire's County cricket team, but soon we got bowled out. They were paid professionals, after all. It was a fill-in form at Warminster Tech where I was captain of the school team. Those county bowlers were murder, just like the U.S. pitchers.



When I attended Warminster Tech, I met two boys by the name of Duffasey. Their father had a big farm on Lord Bath's Estate. They rode nice horses to school each day and put the horses up at the Bath Arms Hotel while they were in school. Their dad went to school with my father. I suppose they were lucky (if they were not killed in the First World War) because they would be in the Wiltshire Yeomanry, Mounted Infantry. I recall that our head master's name was Mr. Dent.

The Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry (RWY) was a Yeomanry regiment of the Kingdom of Great Britain and the United Kingdom established in 1794. It was disbanded as an independent Territorial Army unit in 1967, a time when the strength of the Territorial Army was greatly reduced. The regiment lives on in B (RWY) Squadron and Y (RWY) Squadron of the Royal Wessex Yeomanry.

The regiment took part in the Second Boer War as part of the Imperial Yeomanry. In the First World War it fought on the Western Front, but saw relatively little action as horsed cavalry. After conversion to infantry it fought in the trenches, notably during 3rd Ypres in 1917 and during the German Spring Offensive in 1918. In the Second World War, the regiment fought in the Middle East, seeing action in Syria against Vichy French forces, as well as operations in Iraq and Iran. It then joined 9th Armoured Brigade, seeing action in North Africa and Italy. With this formation it took part in the Second Battle of El Alamein, spearheading the break-out of the 2nd New Zealand Division during Operation Supercharge on 2 November 1942.

The Imperial Yeomanry Insignia



Soon thereafter, we went back to London for the season again. This time, we went for two or three seasons to Henley-on-Thames (this is a town and civil parish on the River Thames in Oxfordshire, England).



I was allowed to leave school to become an apprentice in the town of Reading, just seven miles from Henley. I worked for Major Motors. We made and sold bicycles and we were agents for one French car and two British ones: The French Darracq and then the English Daimler.

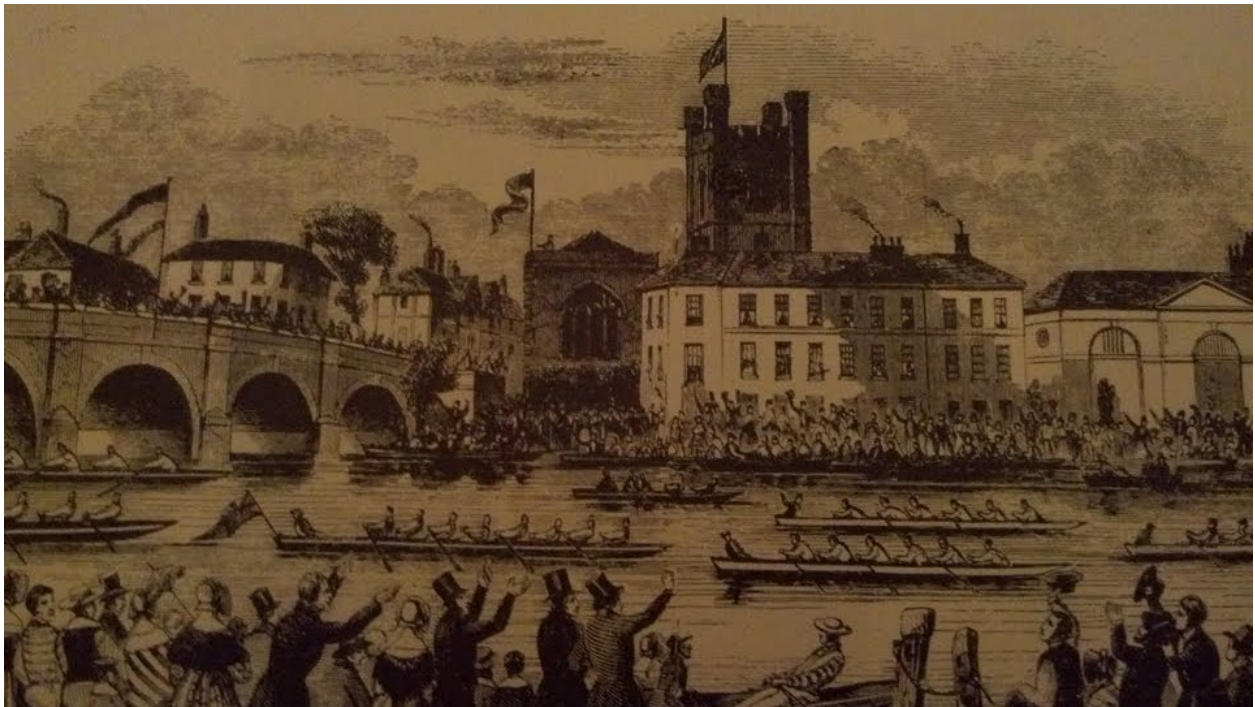
Darracq S.A. was a French motor vehicle manufacturing company founded in 1896 by Alexandre Darracq after selling his Gladiator Bicycle company. By 1905 it established branches in the UK, Spain and Italy and then expanded into both cars and aviation engines. In 1920 the British arm became the majority shareholder in Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq ('STD Motors') which was sold to the Rootes group in 1935 such that Darracq ceased to be a distinct marque, instead becoming a badge-engineered Sunbeam.



The Daimler Company Limited, until 1910 The Daimler Motor Company Limited, was an independent British motor vehicle manufacturer founded in London by H. J. Lawson in 1896, which set up its manufacturing base in Coventry. The company bought the right to the use of the Daimler name simultaneously from Gottlieb Daimler and Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft of Cannstatt, Germany. After early financial difficulty and a reorganization of the company in 1904, the Daimler Motor Company was purchased by Birmingham Small Arms Company (BSA) in 1910, which also made cars under its own name before World War II. In 1933, BSA bought the Lanchester Motor Company and made it a subsidiary of Daimler. The company was awarded a Royal Warrant to provide cars to the British Monarch in 1902; it lost this privilege in the 1950s after being supplanted by Rolls-Royce. The company occasionally used alternative technology; the Knight engine which it partially developed in the early twentieth century and used from 1909 to 1935, worm gear final drive used from 1909 until after World War II, and the Wilson preselector gearbox used from 1930 to the mid-1950s.



We had several good mechanics, mostly from the Navy and bicycle factories of Coventry and Birmingham. We had a lot of millionaires living around Reading, especially along the Thames. The Beauty was simply spectacular and when all the nations were assembled for the Regatta; it became international.





My experience at Reading was my treasured guidance. I learned to drive very young and I also learned the fundamentals of the motorcar business. My salary was 50 cents for a week but, in accordance with the times, my tips were outstanding. I went out as a helper to several rich homes. There, we stayed overnight to repair some wealthy owner's cars and some of the most fascinating houses.

One such home was Highclere Castle, which went back to the Norman Conquest. (**Note** Highclere Castle is the setting for the spectacular hit show, Downton Abbey! Now, when you watch the show, you can envision William Albert Adlam coming to stay overnight at the Dowager's residence to fix the cars....☺)







Highclere Castle's Early years

The history of ancestors living at Highclere can be traced back both through the landscape and early written records. An Iron Age Hill Fort dominates the southern landscape at Highclere, whilst an early Anglo-Saxon charter dated 749AD records the existence of buildings around the present site of the Castle. Later records reveal a medieval palace built during the twelfth and thirteenth century which was later succeeded by a much admired red brick Tudor house.

Georgian and Victorian Times.

Major rebuilding works were carried out in the late 18th and early 19th centuries by the Carnarvon family and the old red brick and freestone house was converted to a classical Georgian mansion within a pastoral setting. The major transformation, however, was just about to happen.



Henry, 3rd Earl
1800-1849

In 1838, the 3rd Earl of Carnarvon brought in Sir Charles Barry to transform his home into a grand mansion which would impress the world.

It was a time of energy and change. The young Queen Victoria had just come to the throne, and the whole decade witnessed innovation in politics and cultural life.

The new "Highclere Castle" dominated its surroundings in a most dramatic way. No wonder Benjamin Disraeli's first words on seeing Highclere were "How scenical! How scenical!"

The structural work on the interior of the Castle was finally completed in 1878. Once built, the Castle became a centre of political life during the late Victorian era.

The 20th Century at Highclere and the Discovery of Tutankhamen:



In many ways Highclere Castle epitomized the confidence and glamour of the Edwardian period in the first few years of the twentieth century. Visitor books record the house parties full of politicians, technological innovators, [Egyptologists](#), aviators and soldiers.

During the First World War, [Almina, the 5th Countess of Carnarvon](#), transformed the Castle into a hospital, and patients began to arrive from Flanders in September 1914. She became an adept nurse and a skilled healer and hundreds of letters from patients and their families bear testament to her untiring work and spirit of generosity.

The Castle returned to a private home and in 1922 the 5th Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter discovered the tomb of [Tutankhamun](#), the first global world media event.

Following the death of the 5th Earl, his son, who then became the 6th Earl, returned to Highclere where he lived until 1986. During the Second World War, the Castle briefly became a home for evacuee children from north London.

The current (8th) Earl and Countess of Carnarvon live partly in the Castle and partly nearby but remain closely involved in the Castle's day to day life and future.

I cannot remember the number of servants there, but I remember that they had three chauffeurs, about 10 or 12 cars, and about 25 horses. During this last year at Henley, my father had some personal dislike for the oldest son of Lord Clanwilliam (who was becoming very feeble) and, after a series of arguments and after 24 years of service, my father decided to leave in which he learned later through the London papers after Lord Clanwilliam's death, that he missed out of 500 pounds, which was only to be inherited if we were in his employment at the time of his death. However, the oldest son of Lord Clanwilliam later wrote and offered to get me into the Talbert Automobile Factory at Bayswater Road. I replied, "I don't need your help. You treated my father very shabby after those years of faithful service."

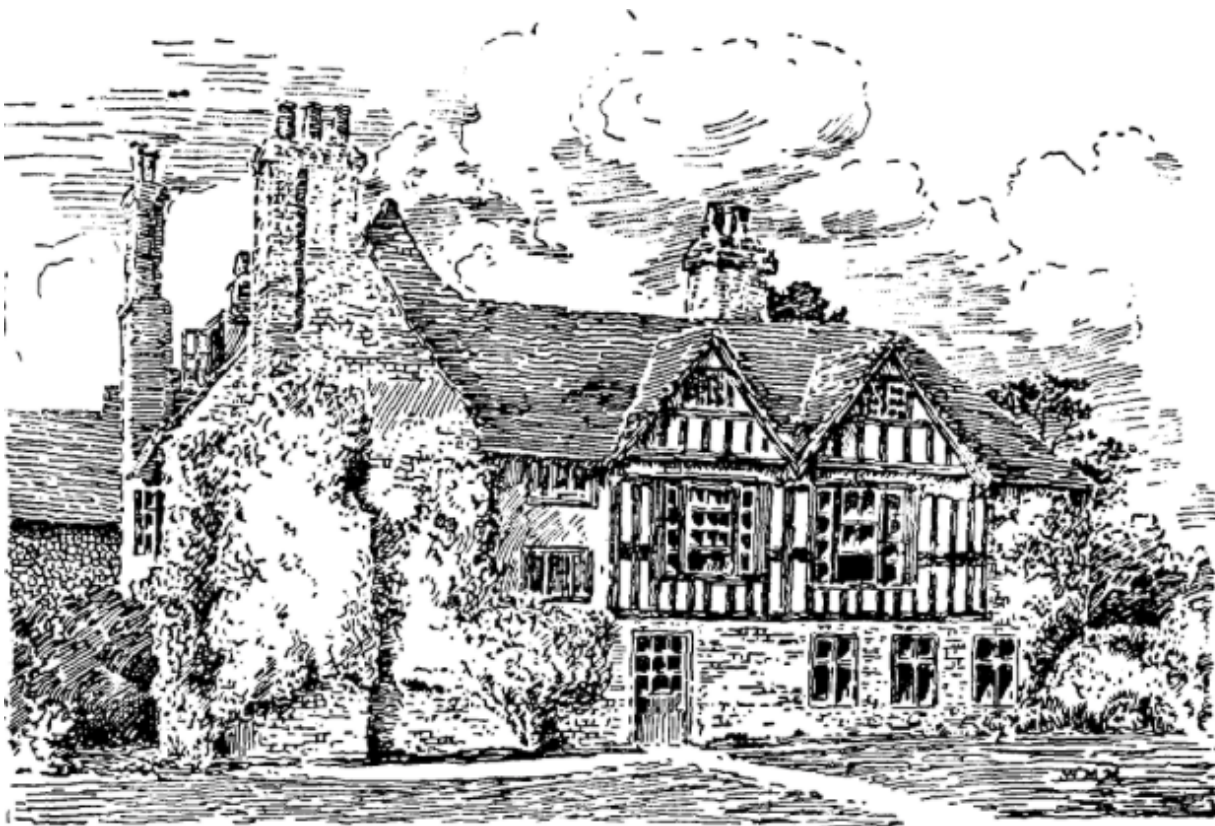
So, we moved up to London and started to look around. This is where luck came my way again. We took a small apartment around Victoria Station, a very convenient area for all concerned. Lo and behold, one day less than a week after our arrival in London, I was passing Daly's Theatre in Leicester Square when I heard a voice calling, is that you young Adlam?



Here, I saw a chauffeur standing by a Darracq Sedan and we had a talk. He said, "Are you living in London now?" I said, "Yes." He had often brought his car to us in Reading. He drove for a prominent London lawyer, John Hunter Blair. Well, he said, "I am going away for 6 weeks in the Army Reserve. How about you do my job? I'm sure my boss will place you when I come back."

So he did place me in a position. I went from there down to Southampton with a very well known London Lawyer, Henry Rawstorne. His house was formerly built for King Steven in about 1135 to 1154 (who only reigned a short time). It was called Fareham Court. I used to shudder when I went into the house to think the Kings and Princes hunted wild boar there. The boar and rabbits were big and fat. I stayed there nine months before I desired to be back in London, which we used to call the Little Village of 9 million people.

I was able to find this description in some archives: There is a small house in West Street, now used as a lending library, where Thackeray is supposed to have written several of his novels. A little out of the town on the Wickham road is Roche Court, now occupied by Mr. H. F. Rawstorne, who acquired it through his wife—a member of the Gardiner family whose ancestors have possessed the estate since 1661. It is of some antiquity, the original house being said to have been built by Peter des Roches. The oldest part now existing is a block standing east and west, with thick walls of flint masonry, but, unfortunately, no architectural features of very ancient date. It is doubtless medieval, but its original windows, &c., have long been replaced by later work. At its east end is a large chimney breast, and against it on the north-east is built a wing standing north and south, of timber construction, with two pretty half-timbered gables on the east side.



Roche Court, Fareham

So I went to the Daimler Motor Company where I had established a reputation by this time. Good chauffeurs were hard to get and the money was good (and the food was never as good, even today). I had a good appearance and had training on approach and tradition from my people's training. I walked into the showroom on Shaftsbury Avenue and Mr. Morgan, the Sales Manager said, "I have the very job for you at Hyde Park Hotel with Erick Campbell. He has lot of money and is spending it like mad." I asked what it paid. He called

for an appointment and, in a couple of hours, I was driving down to Brompton, a beautiful place by the sea.

THE HYDE PARK HOTEL

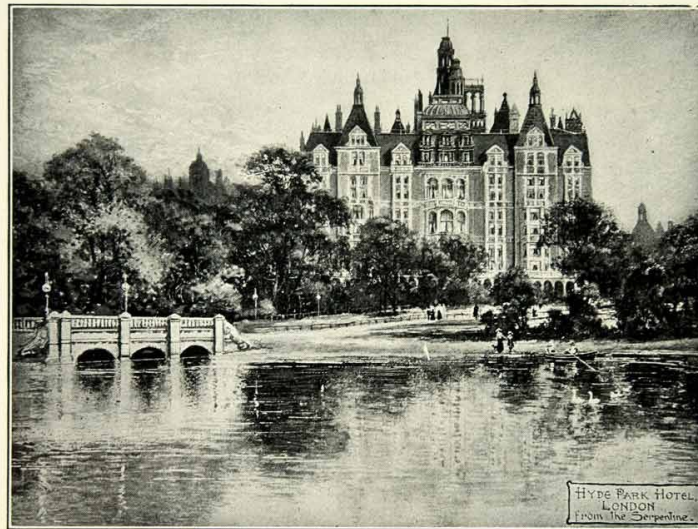
ALBERT GATE, LONDON, S. W.

H. THOMAS, *General Manager*

Has an
uninterrupted
view over
Hyde Park.



Self-contained
Suites of
Unequalled
Luxury each
with its own
Bathroom.



The Finest
Position
in London.



“An Ideal
Family
Hotel”
in the Heart
of Fashionable
London.

The Hyde Park Hotel as seen from the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park

In Conjunction with the RITZ HOTELS, U. S. A.

The Hotel, although only five minutes from Piccadilly Circus, is within fifteen minutes to an hour of
fifty fine Golf Courses

Tariffs and every information can be obtained at The Spur Travel Bureau, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York



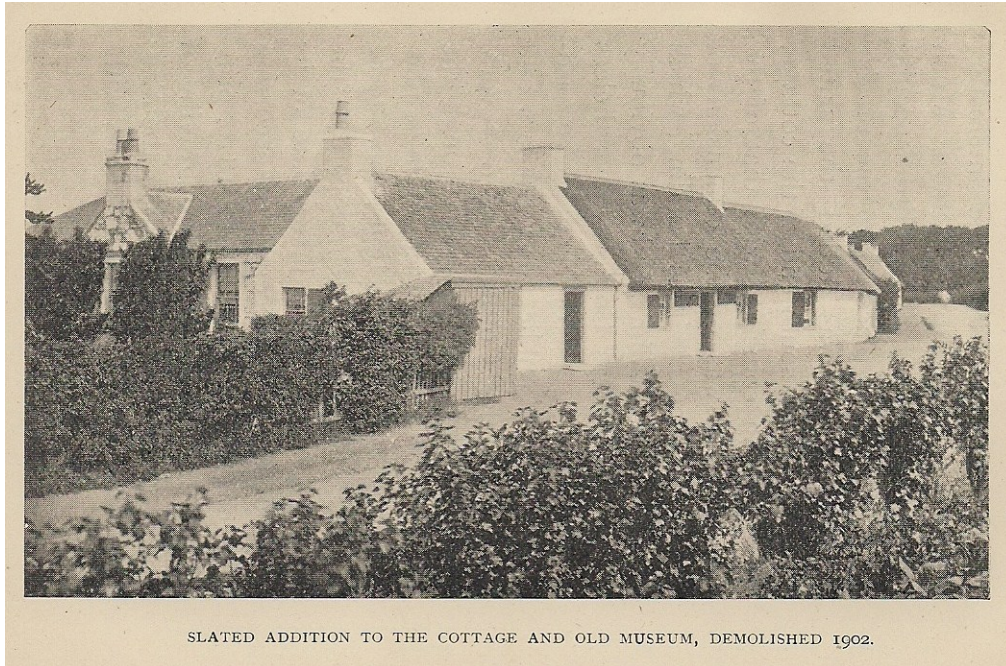
I stayed with him 14 months and traveled all over Europe and England. Finally, the banks put the brakes on his spending (some 75,000 dollars per year when his income was only 50,000). He came from a very rich Scottish family and was a Cambridge graduate. We had two cars, both racing types, with 50-gallon gas tanks: a 100 horse power German Benz and a 60 horse power Daimler. Petrol was about 40 cents per gallon (only 11 cents in the United States when I first came here). We both cried when we parted ways and I sold the cars for him. He took a trip for a while (I don't know where) but the day before I left for New York, I went to see him and he gave me a check for 50 pounds (\$250 then) and his girl was with him. He was thinking of getting married. He said to her, "Darling, we have done one good deed". Then, he gave me the check on the Union Bank of Scotland. So as far as Erick Campbell is concerned, he was a swell guy. If he liked a girl in a London show, such as Violet (a brides maid in "The Chinese Honeymoon"), he would take the whole darn show to dinner. What a guy! What a spendthrift!

I went home to South Kensington for a day or two to spend with my parents for whose little flat I paid for two years. Daimler Motor Company soon sent me a telegram that said, "Good job for six weeks with John Hignett, a Liverpool tobacco magnate, wages no

object.” That night, I caught the two minutes to 12:00 train to Glasgow and went on to on the Ayre for six weeks grouse shooting. I earned 4 pounds per week, which was big money in those days. After six weeks, I returned to London and was only home two or three days when I received another telegram, which said, “Please return for further six weeks. Your services were very satisfactory.” I called on Daimler and left on the two minutes to 12:00 train. I boarded the Flying Scotsman to Glasgow (*The Flying Scotsman is an express passenger train service that has been running between Edinburgh and London—the capitals of Scotland and England respectively—since 1862*).



Then, I went on to Ayre, the home of Bobby Burns (he's referring to Robert Burns, the poet). The estate laid up in the hills was called, Alton Albany Ayrshire Scotland.



During this trip, I drove four wealthy men and Hignett around Loch Lomond to the Mull of Kentyre for a week of fabulous grouse shooting. It was a wonderful drive. We had to drive across the river a couple of times, and I had the chance to see the beauty of Loch Lomond. They are truly "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond", as the saying goes.



We stayed one night around The Loch at a place called the Argyle's Arms. It was a very pretty place. After receiving a pocket full of tips, I returned to London where I had an interview with Mrs. Hignett, while Mr. Hignett went to New York, where he was in the American tobacco syndicate there. His factory was in Liverpool. They sold a popular cigarette called Golden Butterfly.





She begged me to stay with them but I did not want to live in Liverpool, so I went to Daimler again. They were looking for a man suitable for the Royal Men's Garage, to drive Old Queen Mary (then the Duchess of York). I turned this down flat but accepted Chauffeur to the Master of the House, a sort of honorary position given by the King to Lord Granard who married Beatrice Mills of New York (both are pictured, here). She was loaded with money, and she bought and old house in London and rebuilt it to suit her ideas.



The following spring, I went to County Longford, Ireland. Granard's father owned a beautiful place called Castle Forbes on which they spent another 150,000 dollars (30,000 pounds) to recondition it to her liking where we had an 18 hole golf course right on the estate and a motor boat on the Shannon River.

A 19th century castle of random ashlar, built about 1830, replacing an earlier house destroyed by fire. It has two stories over a high basement, with two adjoining fronts dominated by a lofty, round corner tower. The house has heavy battlements and machicolations; lancet windows separated by stone mullions; and a few Early English tracery windows. There is a service wing and a gateway to the yard in the French style, with a high roof and conical-roofed turret and bartizan added about 1870 to designs by J.J. McCarthy. Illustration published in The Irish Builder, November 15 1880.



We were there nine months and then returned to London for a very gay season and then went back to Ireland for nine more months. When I was in London, I often drove the Lord Granard and Beatrice Mills into Buckingham Palace to dine with the Royal Family. I also had a special pass on the windshield of the French Shannons car which made the London police jump when I came to a cross street, because it enabled me to proceed right on through.



This is a photo of a Shannons Classic Automobile.

That was during the reign of Edward VII. He was a gay spark. Believe me, Churchill was also in the gang that went shooting at a place called Kylemore Castle Connamara (below), Ireland, owned by the Duke of Manchester who married Helen Zimmerman, a New York tin plate millionaire's daughter.



I saw more wild ducks killed by eight men in one day than was ever known! Their guns knocked down 2,250 ducks (not counting rabbits and pheasants, woodcock and quail, etc.). We were there a week and then back to Castle Forbes for the remainder of the winter.

At the end of the winter or early spring, we returned to London where I made the acquaintance of a very fine chap named, Horace Munsell. He was a formidable looking chap - 6 feet 2 inches, and all bone and muscle. Horace had just returned from South Africa after having served several years in the S.A.C. South African Constabulary, all through the Boer War. He had just obtained a good job, driving for a Mr. Albert Stanley (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert_Stanley,_1st_Baron_Ashfield) who was brought to

England by James Speyer. (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Speyer) Both were New York bankers who were stock owners of the London Subways. Stanley later became famous and acquired British citizenship with the title of Lord Stanley (actually, Lord Ashfield – see Wiki link, above). Both men are pictured below, here.





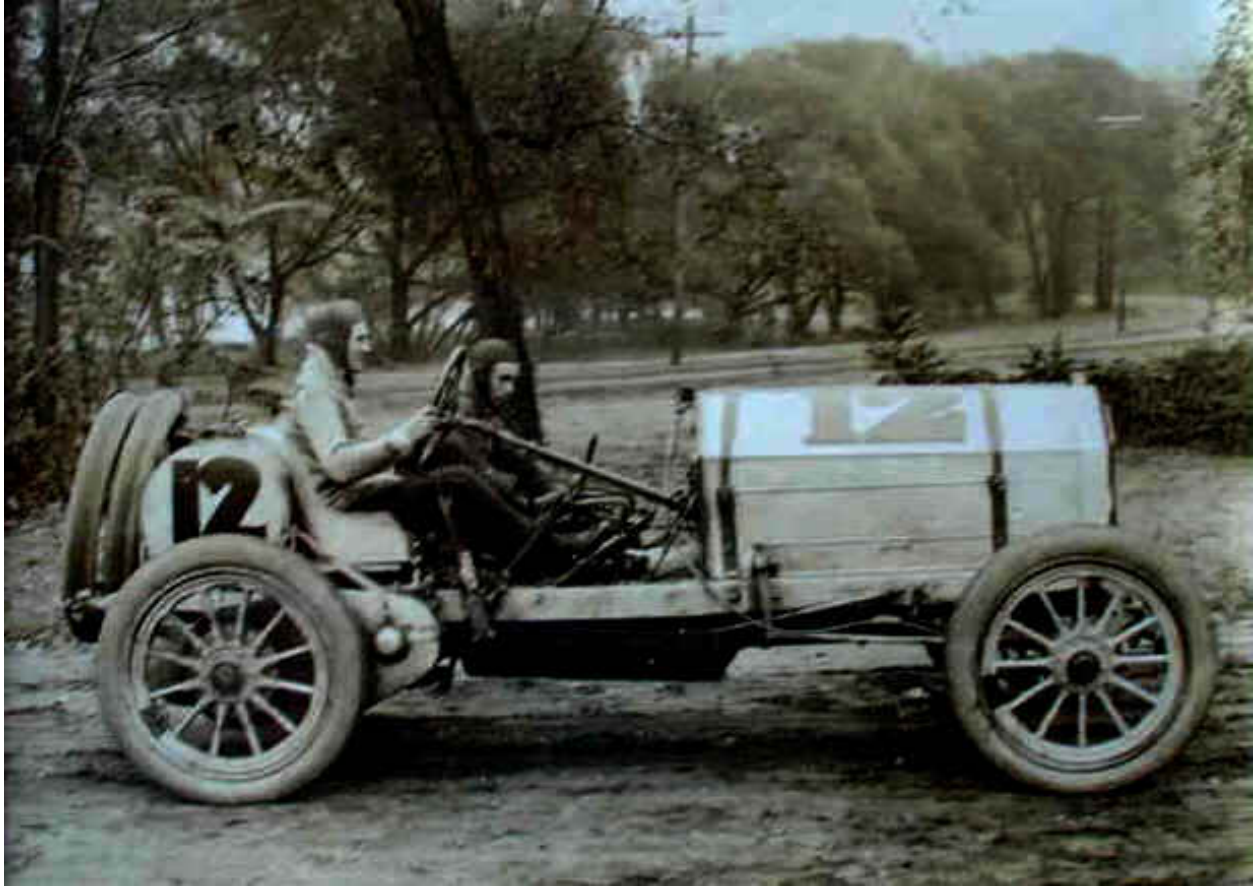
One day, he asked Horace Munsell if he knew of a good chauffeur, capable of handling a fleet of cars in New York. We had had 10 cars and an Electric Bingham, two washers and a second chauffeur so, in November of 1911, I landed in New York where bad luck overtook my good fortunes.

I lost my young wife and child whom I had married just a few months before leaving. This was a bad shock to me and it took me two years to get myself together. I was due to go back to London for six months (after having been with them for 18 months). I had gotten used to New York and all the rich homes around the Hudson end - Southampton, Narragansett, Long Island, Bailey's Beach, etc. My father persuaded me to come to Philadelphia, where I would get a little less money but where I would have fewer headaches.

So I did go to Philadelphia and tried business for a while, but failed. I still was in a fog, so to speak, and I was not there long before I ran into a Daimler Executive from the Coventry factory in England. He placed me in the Strams Knight Company and with a Mrs. Jonathan Wainwright in Overbrook. She was a rather wealthy widow of the Wainwrights, a family who had built the St. Lawrence Bridge (the first of which fell down, costing them a million dollars). I went up to New York State for six months, across the river from Prescott Ontario, to a place called Ogdensburg. It was wonderful there, because Philly was scorching hot. I slept under two blankets in New York and the family treated me "A-1".

The Wainwrights went to Florida for two months without me and, before they returned, I obtained a better job for six weeks at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, driving for Senator Darden of North Carolina. He brought the famous Chadwick #12, that Len Zengle (pictured below, in his car) won the Fairmount Park race in 1912. So, Darden and I had a lot of fun driving what was then considered a top racing car. (The car had been built in Pottstown, Pennsylvania.)





Darden was a gay old spark bachelor with a host of girl friends. We always stayed at the Vanderbilt Hotel when we were in New York, and I did all of the phone calling for him to all of his girl friends. He was 60-years-old but he looked 50, and dressed very smart in London tweeds, patent leather shoes (that had cloth capes on them) and pearl buttons. He wore a grey derby hat and a carnation was always in his coat. He always called me Billie and bragged about his English ancestors. He was a real southern gentleman. One day, he sold the car and returned to North Carolina. He had paid me well and gave me a handsome tip and a Norfolk suit. From there, I went home.

This is a Norfolk suit:



Getting a job in those days was nothing for me. I answered an ad in the Public Ledger and soon had an interview with Mr. Samuel Fleisher of SB and BW Fleisher who had a large mill on the Parkway (which would be about where the Washington monument is now.) I think I remember that it was at around 24th and Hamilton streets (S.B. Fleischer Mills, c.1916 , 25th, 26th, Reed, and Dickinson Streets, Philadelphia PA 19146.). Half of Fairmount worked there in those days. Many were mill hands from the British Isles. When Mr. Sam Fleisher was 21, he had spent a year working in a mill in Lancashire, England, in order to get first hand information about the yarn business. We often had long talks about his experience while over there.

My parents had come to Philadelphia three years before I did. My father took a position to come to Philadelphia managing a stable for Paterson and Cowan, the whiskey people, located at 2019 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia. Before I proceed to tell you more of my own experiences, I will first relate something of what happened to my parents. My father had the good fortune to secure a job with Mr. Cowan of Paterson and Cowan the No. 6 whiskey people (which was a very good selling whiskey at that time). Mr. Cowan bought ten show horses at Milton's (the well-known horse dealers in London), with the idea of winning some cups and ribbons at the Devon Horse Show. They did end up winning but, after about four years, the novelty wore off and they decided to give up show horses. Instead, they bought two expensive cars and hired a well-known chauffeur. After that, my dad was again fortunate and became stable manager for the Philadelphia Polo Team, which consisted of such men as Mr. Strawbridge and three of the T Stokes Brothers, the bankers where my father had charge of about eighteen Polo Ponies. My mother got tired of staying at home, so she went to cook for Dr. DeCosta, who was the doctor for the Police and Fire Department on Walnut Street around 19th. Dr. DeCosta had a very attractive house, which is now an apartment, like so many others. My mother had a stroke and died in 1921. My dad died in 1925. The polo team gave me a check for his burial, out of appreciation for his faithful service. My father was very good with horses and seldom needed a Veterinarian. I kept in close touch with Mr. Lober Stokes, Captain of the team until he died two years ago. We were the best of friends. He would always refer to my father as "James", with great respect. He also got my oldest daughter a job in Strawbridge and Clothier's store for her first job. (I also had eleven children in all. Four served in the Second World War and one served in the Korean war, who was killed there. The others were more fortunate.)



The Fleisher Family had two chauffeurs. I was in charge of 6 or 7 cars and had a good job for 2 ½ years. In the meantime, I met a young woman from Girardville, PA., who was a waitress. She used to serve me with my breakfast each morning in a restaurant next to the garage, at 22nd and Spring Garden Street. I lived in a room on 21st Street, right across from where I am now residing, which is strange to say after 50 years. Her name was Kathryn T. Williams. We became very good friends. She was a very attractive girl and we struck up an unusual friendship, eventually deciding to get married. The Fleisher Family gave me \$200 so I could acquire a nice apartment in Atlantic City for the summer, which I did.

Kathryn and I got married and had a nice time down there, until October, when we returned to Philadelphia and took two rooms and a bath at 744 North 24th Street, a house the butler for the Fleishers had just bought. He had been with them for some time. His name was James O'Toole and he, as a young man, had worked about four houses away from Lord Clanwilliam in Belgrave Square, London, for a Lord Carew who had a large estate in Ireland (below). (See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Castleboro_House and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Carew,_3rd_Baron_Carew for interesting information on Carew.)



Carew's Estate in Ireland - Once beautiful, Now in Ruins

In the following February my first child, Mary, was born in St. Agnes' Hospital. She was attended by Dr. Fleming. He was the Fleisher family's doctor and was very kind to me. I did a lot of things for him on his old 1914 Tom Coupe. My wife was raised Roman Catholic and, at times, we differed on religion but, on the whole, we did not let that divide us like some people would have. She became rather fond of the Episcopal Church service and always went with me and joined in with good spirit, but at times I think she would have preferred me to have become Catholic. We had good luck during our marriage, with one exception. Our son, George Herbert, was killed in the Korean War, which was a terrible blow to my wife. I doubt whether she ever recovered from it.

3 Phila. Soldiers Killed In Action in Korea War, Six From Area Wounded

Three Philadelphia soldiers were reported killed in action in Korea in the Defense Department's 667th casualty list, released yesterday. The department also listed a Philadelphian and five other servicemen from this area as wounded.

Pennsylvania casualties totaled six killed and 17 wounded, while the New Jersey toll was four wounded and two missing. A Maryland man was killed and six others from that State were wounded.

Pfc. George H. Adlam, 23, of 712 N. 23d st., was killed in action Sept. 22 while serving with the 45th Di-



PFC. ADLAM

vision, according to notification received by his wife, Ruth.

Adlam enlisted in the Army in February, 1951, and arrived in Korea last Aug. 14. A graduate of Benjamin Franklin High School, he was produce manager of a chain store at 20th st. and Fairmount ave. before entering the service.

Also surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Adlam, of 710 N. 22d st. His father is well known in the automobile service field here.

his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Matthew J. Hale, were notified. He previously was wounded in June. He enlisted in the Marine Corps about two years ago while attending Burlington High School and has been in Korea since February.

Pfc. Robert J. Schenk, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Schenk, of 28 Evergreen ave., Neptune City, N. J., was wounded by shrapnel Sept. 19. He has served in the Army about a year and was stationed in Germany before being sent to Korea last July. He attended Asbury Park High School. A brother, Walter, Jr., 22, also is serving in Korea. Marine 2d Lt. Henry J. Huntzinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell L. Huntzinger, of 18 N. 4th st., Hamburg, was reported wounded.

Other casualties were:

PENNSYLVANIA—KILLED

Pfc. John Arch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arch, of Crafton.
Pfc. James A. Round, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Round, Jr., of Kittanning.

MARINE CORPS

Pfc. Regis E. Krug, son of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Krug, of St. Mary's.

WOUNDED

Cpl. Vlorell N. Bolog, son of Sam Bolog, of Sharon.
Pvt. Nick Choma, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Choma, of Morgan.
Pvt. John H. Diven, husband of Mrs. Helena Y. Diven, of East Waterford.
Efc. Richard G. Dyke, husband of Mrs. Barbara A. Dyke, of Milledburg.
Cpl. James F. Fausey, son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Fausey, of Bloomsburg.
Pvt. Charles S. Finkle, husband of Mrs. Stella M. Finkle, of Patton.
Pvt. Walter W. Flickinger, husband of Mrs. Susie L. Flickinger, of RD 2, New Florence.
Sgt. James A. Hahn, son of Mr. and Mrs.

She often cried for him. After her stroke in 1962, she became more remorseful at times - especially at breakfast, while looking out at the rear window. I think she saw her own end in sight. I was more hopeful. I thought she would live until our fiftieth year of our marriage. Sometimes I become very emotional and think its impossible to go on without her. I try to be a man (as I had to be to raise eleven children).



Kathryn T. Williams

(This is a letter from Thomas Adlam to his sister, Violet, after the death of their mother, Kathryn.)

July 8, 1964

JULY 8, 1964

Dear Violet:

I hope this letter finds you and the family in the best of health and back to normal as much as can be expected. I returned to the hospital and resumed my duties as usual. Occassionally I would be seiged with sentimentalizm and then I would take a hold of myself and carry-on. I must say it is without a doubt the worst tragedy that has ever happened to me. Mother personified love which goes beyond or transcends even religion; for love is God and with it there was no taking sides and it was herein that did lie her creed. Her absolute devotion to all of us was nothing short of miraculous. I thank God for giving me a Mother like her and for letting us have her for so long a time. Let us all remember her in our daily prayefs always and let her be an inspiration to all of us to live a good life to the end of our time. I'm sure she would want us to stay together as a family regardless of our distance apart etc.

I want to thank you and Bill for the most needed snack after the funeral. It helped to give everyone a much needed lift to say the least. I heard many nice compliments you can be sure. Everybody cooperated so wonderfully I was proud of our family.

When you decide how much we should contribute toward incidental expenses drop me a note and I will do my part. Also

I suggest a plan whereby we all chip in and set up a fund for the purchase of a grave stone to be bought in the next 3 to 6 months. Don't forget to include everyone inasmuch as they should all have a part in the plan and deed.

Best of luck to Bill and You and the Family.

With affection, As ever

Thomas

For a big family, we both did a good job. We had the respect of most of our neighbors. I worked hard and took some awfully tough criticism, at times, from men over me at Chevrolet (when I worked there). I lived to see some of those men kicked out of the company and I still hung on. Now, I sit in my room at times and go through old films and I think of our Christmas Dinners, for which my wife was outstanding. We always had plenty, with the exception of the Great Depression years. It had been during the Depression, that I acquired the job with Robinson Chevrolet and Rental Company. I felt pretty low but, after two years, pulled out and could face *anyone*. Despite this, we did not move to the so-called “wonderful suburbs” (from which many are moving back again).

(This is a small piece of a large, panoramic photo of a 1927 Chevrolet Outing. I cannot reproduce the original photo in this format, but it gives a sense of the event and of the times...)





I tried to stay at home with my wife, irrespective of what some of my family thought at the time. I wanted to take care of my wife, as she had wished (she would never be alone without me, she had hoped). Over the years, I was accused by some in my family of being too domineering. In my opinion, however, lack of discipline at home is the curse of the USA. The father should be the manager of his own home, as it was in Victorian Days. I was an only child but, by God, my Dad was as strict with me as he was in the stables with his own men. When our children went out, they were able to attend on their own feet, although I must say that one or two did not take care of themselves like they could have. And I will say that, during hard times in the Depression, they had a gift of helping themselves and the teachers in school were always glad to see another Adlam. In fact, there was a very close relationship between our house and William Penn High School. Such things were very different back then. As for Sunday school, faith and attendance was our children's chief achievement. It was also a great pleasure to take our children to other people's homes. They made you feel proud. Our constant discipline was evident. Lack of discipline is what is wrong today. Being domineering was better than being milk toast.

No one can ever say I ever lost a job through drinking. Managing several large service stations (as I have) and maintaining a good reputation with most all the dealers is no easy task. The only relief I got after hours came in the form of a few drinks, which I admit. But all the while, my job, my God and my family were always on my mind. Despite

all of the hard work, I had good health. I would marry Kathryn all over again and I know she would agree and do the same thing. We had such good luck, after all was said and done, in our home on 710 North 22nd Street.



(Pontiac meeting, with William Albert Adlam in left hand front corner of the photo.)



I would like to make one final mention, with my deepest appreciation, for the love and care given to our children and me by my wife, Kathryn. Never once did she forget us and it always appeared - at the last rung of the ladder - that something turned up good for me. Just as I acquired the job at Drexel Institute (when I needed it to support my wife's condition) she had two bad strokes and passed away.

I would also like to make some acknowledgement of myself during the First World War period and to make a summary of my position as it stood. I want to mention what I did to remedy the unfortunate situation due to our mixed religion as it comports with my Anglo Saxon spirit of democracy.

An Englishman always tries to have a code of honor for his beloved country. First, he has an obligation to be a gentleman and second, he must do his duty to King and country in a time of war. I most assuredly have faults (even vices and times of foolishness or extravagance) but, under the circumstances at that time, I had difficult choices to make. The Roman Catholic Church would have seized the opportunity to separate us if I had volunteered for service in the British Army, which was in my heart at this early period in 1915. There was some doubt that it would last long, so most of my friends (who were all chauffeurs) were leaving in 1915 and 1916 and, by the end of 1916, all had left for England. I was in an awful dilemma, with one child and another coming along.

Allow me to give you a perspective of the time. People were very anti-ally and the whole west was completely isolationist. They could not see the possibility of the Germans involving Mexico. There was an interception of a coded message, discovered by the British war office and passed on to Washington. The German submarine campaigns were sinking neutral ships on the high seas. This was also the time of the sinking of the Lusitania; with it, came the loss of several American millionaires and that changed the whole picture. Congress was getting mad and men's minds began to change. Most of our rich people were with the allies from the beginning.

I was called in the draft but was told to wait for three months, due to the fact that I was father to two children. There were thousands of single men to be called first. In the meantime, the British opened a recruiting office at 16th and Chestnut Street (over where Bonds is now operating) and, so, down I went to see the British officer in charge - Colonel Steel. He told me, "The moment you receive your draft notice, come to me. You can join the Cambodian motor transport. We need men for the Royal Army transport very badly. We have lost a lot in the front lines, going up with the convoys." I also learned that my wife would receive much more maintenance income than the British or American soldiers. The pay was \$68.00 per month, plus some of my pay (\$1.00 per day). Due to my automotive expertise of 14 years, I was to receive a non-com rating after I passed an automotive exam. Colonel Steel told me that I could become a sergeant major in six months. As things began to change, I was called to 20th and Buttonwood Street and told to visit in another six months. They had reached a high volume of single men and the Germans were starting to soften up. Had my wife been British, I would have acted entirely differently, but up-state (where Kathryn was from) they were very anti-British. Her sisters thought England had caused the war and that the Germans were alright. Irish Catholic influence had convicted them fully 100% why they should not fight for England, etc., so I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. I could envision my wife and children parted from me, upon my return plus a hell of a lot of trouble all around (which of course existed in the Second World War, as well, to a certain extent). I stayed awake many a night asking myself questions and trying to find an answer. For me, those answers had to be, at the very least, intellectually justifiable. It was also a spiritual struggle for a true Englishman.



(He cites these two poems – presumably a few of his favorites, and quite related to his thoughts, above.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

*When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you king for a day,
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what that man has to say.
For it isn't your father or mother or wife
Who judgment upon you must pass;
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass.
Some people may think you a straight-shootin' chum
And call you a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end.
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of life
And get pats on your back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.*

Peter "Dale" Wimbrow Sr.

(And then, he quotes a portion (shaded) of Daniel Defoe's "The True Born Englishman." I have included a larger excerpt. "This immensely popular satiric poem required over twenty separate editions or impressions in Defoe's lifetime. It was written in response to John Tutchin's The Foreigners, a poem that criticized William III in particular and foreigners (especially the Dutch) in general. In The True-Born Englishman, Defoe chides the English for their hatred of foreigners, pointing out that England was created by centuries of foreign invaders. He then itemizes the faults of the English character, including stupidity, drunkenness and ingratitude with scathing wit.)

The True Born Englishman
by Daniel Dafoe

*The Romans first with Julius Caesar came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and, by computation,
Auxiliaries or slaves of every nation.
With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore,
And conquering William brought the Normans o'er.
All these their barbarous offspring left behind,
The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;
Blended with Britons, who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh ha' blessed the character.
From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natured thing, an Englishman.*

*Thus from a mixture of all kinds began,
That het'rogeneous thing, an Englishman:
In eager rapes, and furious lust begot,
Betwixt a painted Britain and a Scot.
Whose gend'ring off-spring quickly learn'd to bow,
And yoke their heifers to the Roman plough:
From whence a mongrel half-bred race there came,
With neither name, nor nation, speech nor fame.
In whose hot veins new mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.
While their rank daughters, to their parents just,
Receiv'd all nations with promiscuous lust.*

*The Scot, Pict, Britain, Roman, Dane, submit,
And with the English-Saxon all unite:
And these the mixture have so close pursu'd,
The very name and memory's subdu'd:
No Roman now, no Britain does remain;
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain:
The silent nations undistinguish'd fall,
And Englishman's the common name for all.
Fate jumbled them together, God knows how;
What e'er they were they're true-born English now.
The wonder which remains is at our pride,
To value that which all wise men deride.
For Englishmen to boast of generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation.
A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.
A banter made to be a test of fools,
Which those that use it justly ridicules.
A metaphor invented to express
A man a-kin to all the universe.*

The Sublime Beauty of the Thames Valley

The Thames from the Henley Bridge was beautiful. I often sat on my bicycle and looked down it for a straight mile. The trait of English character is nowhere more clearly portrayed than in the summer life at Henley, where we lived for 4 years. English people do not demand excitement but, rather, will settle for contentment without agitation in their day. You would see young women and men alone in a punt, a flat bottom boat upholstered in red velvet, with pillows at each end, floating down the river with the current. The English are not afraid of solitude; in fact, sometimes I think they court it.



The trip from Oxford to London, (by boat) ran day and night. Colleges were always on the move. You could get a splendid view from Henley Bridge, down the straight mile from Regatta Island. There were also some gorgeous houseboats built along the banks and furnished fabulously.

The Thames flows calmly on through to London. Ancient villages and stately lawns run down to the rivers edge. You pass through Streatley and The Swan Inn at Goring, where the roast beef surpasses all others.



You pass through many locks, and the lockkeeper's home was a maze of flowers. There was a vine-covered tavern at Sonning, where people paused to eat or have tea. The roses grew to the top of the chimneys. The person who loved flowers would pause often, as the steamer stopped at all the various points of the peaceful charm of the Thames. Henley, in the summer, is absolutely matchless anywhere in the world. This is as I remember it as a 16-year-old lad. American oarsmen are just as impressed with it, as they have remarked to me that it is not like the Hudson or the Rhine. There are around thirty-five villages strung between Oxford and London. The lover of country that I have known can obtain his heart's desire here. England's individuality is different from the rest of Europe, as I remember it. The Vanderbilts, the Wanamakers and the immensely nice Mrs. Potter Palmer of New York lived there in my time, as did dozens of others whom I can't even recall.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT entered into

this *thirteenth* day of *February* in the Year
one thousand nine hundred and nine BETWEEN the Right Honourable the Earl of Granard, of
37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in the City of Westminster, in the County of London,
hereinafter called the EMPLOYER, of the one part, AND William Albert Adlam, of 1, Upper
Brook Street, in the City of Westminster, in the County of London, hereinafter called the
EMPLOYEE, of the other part.

THE EMPLOYER HEREBY AGREES, for his part, to employ the said EMPLOYEE
with BOARD and LODGING in

as a CHAUFFEUR, paying him as WAGES £2 (Two pounds) per week, with BOARD and LODGING in
the house of the said EMPLOYER, and LIVERIES as follow :-

Annually -

Midsummer.

- 1 blue suit, consisting of a coat, vest and trousers.
- 1 blue cap.
- 1 pair brown gloves.
- 2 white cap covers.

Christmas.

- 1 blue suit, consisting of a coat, vest and trousers.
- 1 blue cap.
- 2 pairs brown gloves.

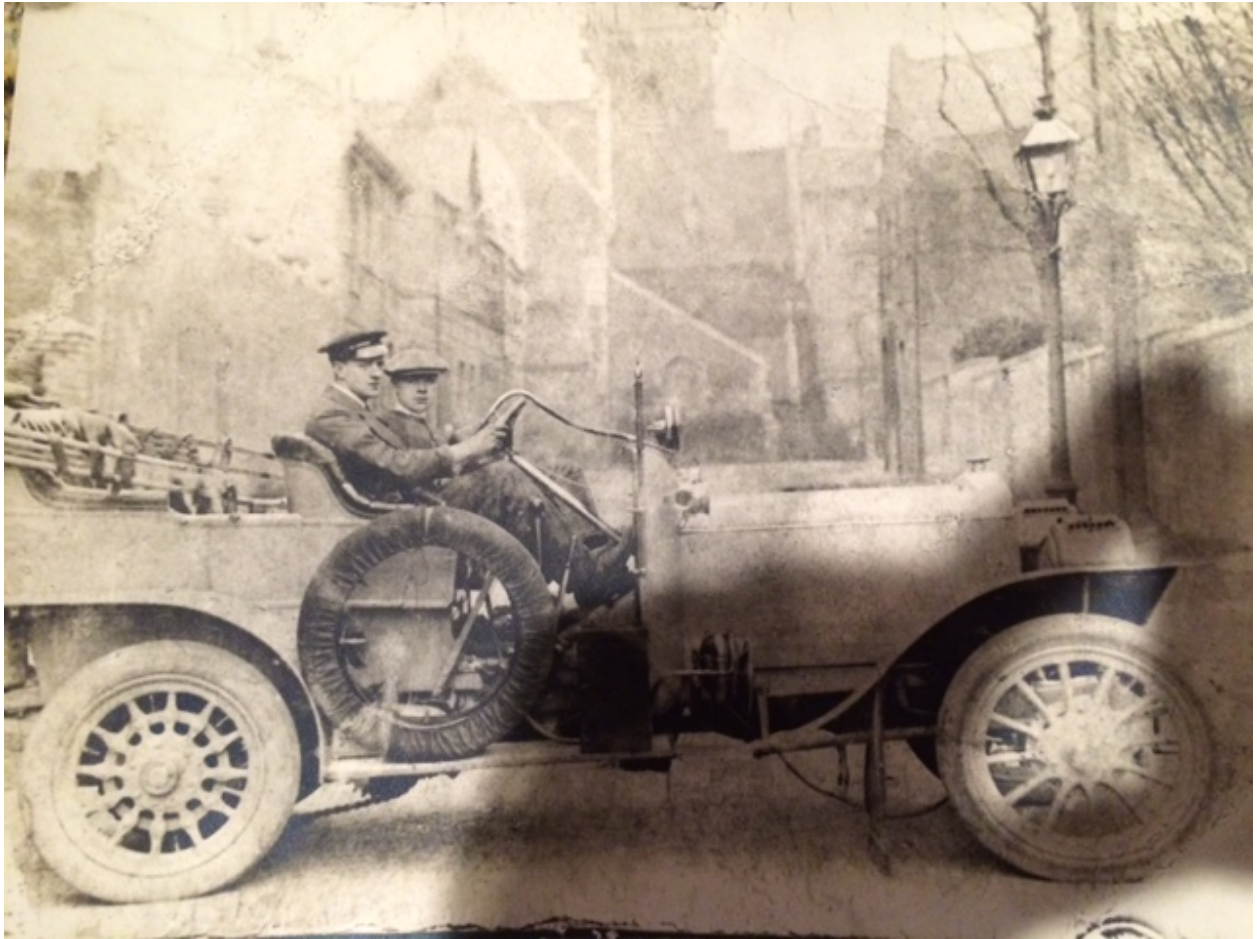
Biennially -

- 1 blue overcoat.

When required :-

- 1 waterproof coat.
- 1 waterproof cap cover.
- 1 blue engineer's suits.

***Bilton Daimler Racing and Touring Body Combination William A. Adlam Driving – Brighton, England
1907***





William Albert Adlam 1914 - This is the 1913 Packard he drove for S.B. Fleisher at 22nd and Spring Garden Streets

Appendix I – Original Version of Autobiography

Introduction

This is a sort of biography of my life especially of my boyhood and to the memory of my father, Henry James Adlam and Mary Adlam, my mother, to whom I am indebted for such a wonderful early life from the age of three spent on the beautiful estates of England Scotland and had the good fortune to travel to Europe and the whole British Isles at other people's expenses. My father, stable manager for the Earl of Clanwilliam KCB KCV0 at the height of the Victoria Era stationed at Portsmouth Navy Yard, England headquarters of the British Navy and the Home Fleet for three years. I will, endeavor to give you some idea as I go along on the various activities and episodes as they took place. My father having held this position over twenty years before the Admiral died, he also had two sons in the army, two in the Navy and four daughters.

To whom it may interest in my family and by request on part of my family, I am going to try and remember a few interesting events of my life and those of my parents and grandparents in whose background I have the utmost respect and admiration. I must say my memory also serves me well as I can recall events as far back as three years of age as clear as yesterday. On my mother's side was Mary Teague born in Ludlow Shropshire, England on the borders of Wales just one mile across the Welsh bridge and you were in Wales in that intrepid country where the Roman soldiers came back a second time to conquer from 55 BC to AD444., but finally gave up and went south. My mother's Mother died of measles when my mother was only 14 months old and she was taken to be raised by an aunt and uncle to a small town called Astonon-Clun (River Clun). There they had a nice blacksmith shop as did her brothers in Ludlow Shropshire. This was a highly respected trade in those days, they shod the horses for farmers and Nobility alike built beautiful Iron Gates sometimes for large estates which took five to ten years to make, put new iron rims on carriages wheels and farm wagons before rubber ones came in about 1898 or thereabouts, repaired door lock and fences, etc.

Then the Industrial Revolution was rapidly taking place and making England leader of world trade and her fast growing merchant-marine, also but the village blacksmith's days were numbered as the motor-car took hold. I took part in this from 1902 on. My mother had a good education for those times, had a splendid hand writing and helped to keep the books in her uncle's blacksmiths shops in spite of having to walk seven miles to school everyday. Her aunt was very strict so was her uncle at 14, she was ushered off to work down in Surrey for the Brand family, a very old established household, where she started as third house maid. They employed several servants. This was an old 15th century home. They were some kind of merchants in their time from there and she acquired a better job with Lord Bath and Longleat and became head housemaid. They employed 40 servants, where she met my father, who was the second coachman under Mr. French, the

toughest head coachman in all England. They had 20 men in the stable and 40 horses, had their own brewery and private Chapel and Clergymen living in the estate, 800 deer roamed the Park, 7 miles around the estate of a large number of farmers paid rent to Lord Bath but in later years were allowed to purchase them from the estate which of course is now a show place and Lord Bath lives in the Lodge where the Butler lived when I visited there as a 10 year old lad.

The Story of My Grandfather on my Father's side and his own Mother

It appears that my father's father was head game keeper (Warden in America) for 45 years and was given a nice little cottage in the Village $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the lodge gates; the address was 149 West Common Horningsham Warminster Wiltshire. A place you only dream of, I wandered through the Grave Yard of a 6 or 7 hundred year old church nearly well worn grave stones where marked Adlams my grandfather received a pension of 10 shillings a week for life had a lovely garden and mile came up from the big house Longleat House for him. He had lived when head game keeper in the middle of Highwood Forest infested with the game of all kinds. It was a fine house with kennels for the dogs, pointers, setters and retrievers. My father went into the stables because his dad did not think him enough for a game keeper. My grandfather was built-like a bull with side whiskers much like our Thomas in Build, he was involved in some awful vicious fight due to poaching by the miners looking for rabbits for the poor families. His final fight was with Jack Brimston they were found in a ditch at 6 A.M. by a farmer; they claim they both struck each other at about the same time. My Grandfather went to the Hospital in the town in Froam the nearest to Longleat for 6 weeks and Jack Brimston went to Casdiff Jail for 5 years. He came out to see my Grandfather, shook hands and said Tom Adlam you're the only man that ever took me. They sat down and had bread and cheese and beer and my grandfather gave him 2/6 fifty cents. But my grandfather was never the same after that, so they say his skull was so battered Brimston hit him over the head with his gun butt as my grandfather landed on his head with a ground ash stick. He was about 78 when he died. But 3 or 4 years later I went down and spent 2 weeks with my Grandmother. She was the most beautiful woman at 80 I ever saw. She was his second wife. My father's mother died sitting by the fireplace with my father in her arms when he was 7 years old and had long red curls down to his shoulders like Little Lord Fontenay but like all step-mothers she told me, he was a very mischievous and would sleep in the woods rather than go to school. Although Lord Bath got him into the Blunham school in Warminster, a very select school for boys; he wore breeches and buckle shoes like George Washington with a three-cornered hat but still hated school, they were mostly farmers' sons.

My Father and Mother meet

My parents became acquainted through working at Longleat House, one of England's most stately homes, and in 1886 married. My dad had enough of French, the head coachman, so he went to take care of a stable owned by a Col. Corcoran of the Coldstream Guards. He was very well known in London carried several decorations from the Zulu-War and the Ashanti Camp. So one beautiful May morning at 6 P.M. May 6th, 1887 in the

Aristocratic location of two Robers Mews Eaton square, Belgravia London, a beautiful city in those days a world in itself with its finger on one fifth of the earth and a Queen in ther 50th. Year of her reign was born a very lucky chap due to travel all over at other people's expense which I will endeavor to relate as we go along. I was christened at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbride and confirmed at St. Peter's Eaton Square, all the Grand Weddings were held here and of course, St. George's Hanover Square also. My aunt and uncle from Droitwich Wocestershire named me William Albert. Their name was Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wood 45 years with the Great Western Railroad, he was a forman platelayer between Droitwich and Worcester, they raised my cousin Arthur and later a girl.

I locate Arthur Teague raised by my Mother's sister who had no family

I knew nothing of the girl as Arthur went off to the first world War and served in France, Palistine, and Russia with distension, 4 ½ years and I did not locate him till about 1927. The Greatwestern Railroad for whom my uncle worked went to alot of trouble to locate him and informed me after many months of research, by that time, he was teaching school very successfully and is now a much respected citizen in Eshersurrey just out side of London and he is head of the Legion. Before I start my own story, I might mention that the Adlams served as Landlords and squires of Lingleat for many years back in those days people living in the vicinity went to War. When the Lord of the Manor was called by the King or Queen to fight for their country be it Agincount or under Marlbobough or Willington after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. We were top dog and policmen of the seas and Pirates for Good Queen Bess. Rise Admiral Drake, I pronounce you Sir Frances Drake on the Deck of "The Golden hind" first ship of the fleet. Every crewman was a no good scavenger and drunk but a fighting man. The same applicid to Lord Nelson, who said on his death bed England expects everyman this day will do his duty and died in cap Hardy's arms on the deck of the Victory where I played as a boy at Portsmouth. With one arm and one eye, he defeated the French and Spanish combined fleets.

My Grand Fortune begins at 3

I shall now give you a story of my good fortune due mostly to my father's position. My father left Col. Corchran and due to Lord Bath, who was a cousin to Lord Clanwilliam Admiral of the Fleet, KCB KCVO KOSEP. It appears his coachman had died suddenly and the position was open, so my dad just walked in and took over but not sooner did this happen than he, Lord Clanwilliam was order to take command of the fleet from Portsmouth Dock Yard (Navy Yard in U.S.) I was 3. We had a splendid stables and living quarters, all new furniture and cooking utensils supplied by the Government. Several rooms well furnished in addition to about 12 horses. We had a donkey which came from Egypt, as a foal his mother was killed during the seize of Alexander whichwas taken by Lord Clanwilliam during wars against the Sudan where General Gorden was killed at Government house Karhtowne and of course, we lived in the Navy Yard surrounded by a 30 foot wall during our time the Japan fleet paid a visit they had a fine fleet. Once our fleet was ordered to be ready in 24 hours for War with French but it fell through over a section of the Sudan called Fashoda.

But the French backed down, I recall the excitement when the fleet got ready to sail. I used to ride aribey the donkey but was kicked off and dregged several times. We had a lovely Nursery cart for him and set off patent leather harness which was a very good looking, we had two dogs one used to sleep with me. They used to bite the donkey's heels and make him kick. He also used to walk into our kitchen and watch my mother cooking only walking out when she gave him a carrot. Sometimes he would go down to the docks. There was always ships coming in from India and parts of Empire with troops and new ones going away and all the sailors used to feed him sugar etc. We saw many wonderful sights. There the dances and parties that were given at Government homes was fabulous in addition to a large staff of servants and Naval men attached to his home. The Admiral's Yacht, there were 12 picked men all six feet in bare feet inside the main entrance to Governmnet house. After 3 years the Admiral's term ended and we returned to London to their home, 32 Belgrave Square with big stables in the mews at the rear, a mews is a street. You could not drive through it had a wall at one end about 30 feet high; it had a door thorough which the coachman and their familys could go through each stable had a key. I understand that today, they have made the stables and coachhouses into fine apartments and are occupied by a very gay set from the theathers and movies stars, so I understand.

We finish our term at Portsmouth and go down to Guildfort in surrey

We then went down into Surrey to that beautiful town of Guildford for 3 or 4 months. Each day the young ladies, the Clanwilliam daughters, would take the donkey and nursery cart which was very picturesque and drive into Guildford for the mail. I was about 5 and they would ask my mother can we take Bestie along. I was the gentlemen for a day, we always carried a number of carrots in case Aribey decided to stand still and not move however, he soon changed his mind. I once remember tying a carrot on the end of a stick in front of his nose, but he soon got up to that and stood still then we tried sugar that was a change. We return for the London season (Winter). So after 3 or 4 months we returned to London for the season,s series of diinner parties and dances which kept our stables busy. Then there was what was known as the Levies at Buckanhan Plaace in which Queen Victoria entertained all her Admirals and Generals and their wives at a fabulous dinner dance at Buckingham Palace. My mother and I always went and stood at the main gates to see my father go in with the Admiral and his wife. He was very respendent in his full uniform and all his decorations. What a long line of beautiful carriages and horses many used stable coaches and state footman standing erect at the rear of the state coach. We always remembered Lord Bath, it was Canary color with gold lines and gray horses and Mr. French, the head coachman. Then was the end of the spring wen all the rich people left London and went to the country or Scotland fishing or shooting (deer shooting), salmon fishing).

We go to Scotland for the summer

Loo and behold, my father came to my mother and said the Queen has given or loaned Abergeldie Castle to Lord Clanwilliam for the summer, it was a beautiful place, 10 miles from the Queens place at Blamoral Castle on of the reasons was she like to hear Lord Clanwilliam tell sea stories that happened during his service in the Royal Navy. He had

been Admiral of the China squadron, the West Indies, and Mediterranean squadron and the home Fleet located in the English Channel. France was our enemy then of course.

Off to Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire Scotland for the summer. Twice

See we went off to Abergeldie. My mother and I climbed several mountains. I remember one called the Lions face took us from 6 am to 1 pm to reach the top. We carried sandwiches, of course, and drank spring water. By the way, the present Queen Elizabeth was raised in later years at Abergeldie with old Queen Mary supervision.

The second summer, we went again to Abergeldie. The Queen Victoria again was our benefactor. We used to leave London at about 10 a.m. in the morning and travel all day and night with 4 men and 10 horses, 2 dogs and Jim the cat. We disembarked at a station called Ballster 10 miles; drive to the house and about 18 miles from the Queen place at Balmoral Castle. This was the end of the Railroad line right in the mountains of Aberdeenshire, you would be impossible to describe the beauty of this part of Scotland and out of the heat of the London summer. This time I had a thrilling experience. One of the daughters, Lady Beatrice was a distinguished Violoncelle Lady. Kathryn played the harp, so one day the queen sent a messenger on horse back. I can see him now coming into our stable yard with his dispatch box on his back asking that the two young ladies come to Crathie Church in the grounds of Balmoral and play for her. So I was asked to play the Church organ, quite an honor. I looked over the balcony from the rear gallery of the little private chapel and saw Queen Victoria just below. She was enjoying the music very much. Lady Beatrice had studied in Germany under a famous tutor of those times called Herr Wolff. I had lots of luck finishing for beautiful trout and considered by the Gillies scotch for Game wardens, a very talented and lucky fisherman. Our kitchen was on 100 feet from the river Dee packed with salmon and trout. I could not go to school there it was too far and summer time school closed up for 3 months. But did some homework mostly history and my favorite geography. The end of the summer came and we returned to London back to school at Holy Trinity Brompton south Kensington. Always Captain of the Cricketer team and Vice Captain at soccer played center half back or right wing forward. To begin with I was captain of the second cricket team. Then later Captain of the first team. There is no game that teaches fairness and good sportsmanship like cricket the umpires word is law right or wrong. The battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field of Eaton so to speak.

So we return to the black London for the winter only to be informed in April that the Queen had given Lord Clanwilliam a beautiful house in the mountains around Barmah, so we had to drive from Ballater station to this wonderful shooting Lodge. 18 miles drive to Barmah Lodge. We were there 3 months deer stalking- My mother and I climbed several mountains. Took us from dusk to dawn and searching for white heather all the time it's supposed to be very lucky if you find a sprig of white heather among the hundreds of acres of beautiful pink heather the same color as lilac. Really about 2 feet high all over the highlands, mountains and valleys with a heavy stalk.

The Queen comes to tea in a snowstorm

It really lies in a secluded part of the Balmoral estate. We had a wonderful stable and apartments at the rear of the main house. One snowy evening about 5p.m. all the servants, my father, and the stablemen and gamekeepers and gardeners all assembled outside of the front door of the house and queen Victoria came to tea with Lord Clanwilliam in a Victoria carriage with 2 white horses. I stood as close to her as 3 feet when she turned and said good evening Coachman to my dad, while walking from the carriage to the front door. She was very democratic while in Scotland. All the pomp and circumstance of Buckinhen palace passed away and she became just plain Victoria. So that wonderful summer came to an end like others and back to London for all the winter season for which London excelled and with it came people from all over the world especially from the U.S.A. hoping that a rented town house would give daughters a chance to be presented at court (this is no more however) the livered footman and state coaches with all the trappings once more came in to play. My mother and I always watch outside some famous homes to see my father pull up with the Admiral of the Fleet going to whatever big affair was taking place. Sometimes we would go to Westminster Abbey to catch sight of the Nobility entering the last resting place of so many famous men in poets' corner, such as Chaucer, Spencer, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Hardy, and Kipling, Darwin, Newton, and Lister, The giants of the science kings and statesmen. This year it will celebrate its 900th birthday. The theme will be One People. I was raised with in 10 minutes walk of this home of our Illustrious Dead which will live long in the future. I understand this famous lady had had her face done up so the stained glass windows have never glowed more warmly.

We then had one short vacation after this to a beautiful estate which Lord Clanwilliam rented for 6 weeks. It was the home of Lord Roberts Field, Marshall of the British Army at Virginia water near Ascot Race Course, so we attempted the races quite a lot my mother and me backed a winner 20 to 1 but I lost the ticket. She hit me with her umbrella and broke it, but the bookie said I remember this young lad, "pay his", 20 shillings.

Up to Scotland again at the Admiral own expense to Perthshire

The year the queen did not provide a Scottish castle for Lord Clanwilliam, so we were transferred for 8 months to Perthshire, a place called Spittal field house near Dunkeld not far from the famous home of the Duke of Athol at Blairgowrie. So that was another wonderful experience I had. I went to school there and had a hell of a time being English. I had to fight nearby every boy of my size in the country Village school. I took some licking and gave some in return, but I was soon to become a popular football player and it was a damn good school like all Scottish schools even in the small towns. The salmon fishing there in the river Tay was fabulous sometimes they were as big as 45 lbsers. But a dangerous river to fish. It ran deep and fast all through Perthshire. Beautiful Sceanry but not so mountainous. I was a fortunate fellow being the only one. This was our final trip to Scotland, but not a gift from the Queen this trip. But I went up later several times as a young chauffeur, this is will relate later.

We leave Perthshire for home again

Back to dear old London, after 8 months I was glad I was sick of being told about Robert the Bruce and McBeth and how they licked us English. But Banockbus, I said yes, but you finally said if you can't beat em join em. But I love em, their a grand race of men and women, hardy and thrifty race.

Off again to fox hunt all winter in Wiltshire

The following year we rented a gorgeous home owned by the Bishop of Southwark London. Close to my father's home in Wiltshire, it was Stockton house near Codford St. Mary Wiltshire for 9 months we lived there in the middle of the long fox hunting season of the south and West Wiltshire's hounds, one of the best packs in England flat country. Low edges and low fences, we had about 20 horses. There always a house full of people for the hunting season. My father broke his collarbone twice that year. The frost was heavy in the ground. I went to a new school just opened in Warminster, a fine town with Roman heritage. They had just build a new school called The Warminster Teck. Fairly expensive, I rode my bike 7 miles to and from school each day except in winter then I Lock my bike at stockton stadium and went to and from during the bad winter months. We had some picturesque hunting scenes there just as you see in the paintings. A huge breakfast 6 p.m. in the hugh lawn 50 or 75 people, 10% in scarlet looks awful pretty especially the dogs (fox hounds) Waiting to get started and then the long ride home if they happen to catch a fox 30 miles from home just as its getting dusk. They walk home slow to prevent the horses from getting cold after sweating after a 10 mile chase and after get in at 9 p.m. then the work in the stables and the brush rooms starts till 1 or 2 a.m. All hair to be washed with soap and water and Branmash with scotch whiskey for the horses and put to bed with warm clothing and check through the night to detect a cold coming, exercise at 6 a.m. in the morning to prevent stiffness. We had a wonderful winter and spring. There I had the pleasure of once being invited to play cricket for second 11 eleven of the Wiltshires Country cricket team but soon we got bowled out. They were paid professional however, it was a fill in form Warminster Tech where I was captain of the school team but those county Bowelers were murder like the U.S. pitchers.

In going to Warminster Tech, I met two boys by the name of Duffasey, their father had a big farm on Lord Bath's Estate. They rode nice horses to school each day and put them up at the Bath Arms Hotel while in school their dad went to school with my father. I suppose they were lucky if not killed in the First World War because they would be in the Wiltshire Yomenany, Mounted Infantry. I recall our head master's name was Mr. Dent. Back to London for the season again. We then went down to Henley-on-Thames. This time we went for 2 or 3 seasons to Henley-on-Thames. I was then allowed to leave school and become an apprentice at Reading seven miles from Henley where I worked for Major Motors. We made and sold bicycles and we were agents for one French car and two British. The French Darraque and then English Daimler, we had several good mechanics, mostly from the Navy and Bicycle factories of Coventry and Birmingham. We had a lot of Millionaires living around Reading, especially along the Thames. The Beauty was simply spectacular and when all the nations were assembled for the Regatta it became international. My experience at Reading was my treasured guidance. I learned to drive very young and the fundamentals of the motor car business and my salary was 50 cents for a

week but in accordance with the times my tips were outstanding. I went as helper to several rich homes where we stayed over night to repair some wealthy owner's cars and some of the most fascinating houses. One, Highclear Castle which went back to the Norman Conquest. I cannot remember the number of servants, but they had three chauffeurs and 10 or 12 cars, and about 25 horses. During this last year at Henley, my father had some personal dislike for the oldest son of Lord Clanwilliam who was becoming very feeble and after a series of arguments and after 24 years of service, my father decided to leave in which he learned later through the London papers after Lord Clanwilliam's death, we were done out of 500 pounds, only to be inherited if we were in his employment at the time of his death. However, the oldest son wrote and offered to get me into the Talbert Automobile Factory at Bayswater Road section but I replied I don't need your help. You treated my father very shabby after those years of faithful service so we moved up to London and started to look around. Where luck came my way again, we took a small apartment around Victoria Station, a very convenient area for all concerned. Lo and behold, one day less than a week after our arrival in London, I was passing Daily's Theatre in Leicester Square when I heard a voice calling, is that you young Adlam? Here, I saw a chauffeur standing by a Daimler Sedan and we had a talk. He said "Are you living in London now?" I said, "Yes." He often brought his car to us in Reading, he drove for a prominent London lawyer, John Hunter Blair, well, he said, "I am going away for 6 weeks in the Army Reserve. How about my job. I'm sure my boss will place you when I come back," So he did and I went from there down to Southampton with a very well-known London Lawyer in Henry Rawston. His house was formally built for King Stephen in about 1135 to 1154. He only reigned a short time. It was called Fareham Court. I used to shudder when I went into the house to think the Kings and Princes hunted wild boar there. The boar and rabbits were big and fat. I stayed there nine months then the desire to be back in London, we used to call in the Little Village, 9 million people. So I went to the Seimler Motor Company where I had established a reputation by this time. Good chauffeurs were hard to get and the money was good and the food was never as good even today and I had a good appearance and training and approach and tradition from my people's training. I walked into the showroom on Shaftsbury Avenue and Mr. Morgan, sales manager, said I have the very job for you at Hidepart Hotel with Erick Campbell. He has a lot of money and is spending it like mad. I said what's it pay. He called for an appointment and in a couple of hours I was driving down to Brownmouth a beautiful place by the sea. I stayed with him 14 months and traveled all over Europe and England. Finally, the Banks put the brakes on his spending some 75,000 dollars per year when his income was 50,000. He came from a very rich Scottish family and was a Cambridge graduate. We had two cars, both racing type, 50 gallon gas tanks and 100 H.P. Benz German and a 60 H.P. Daimler. Petrol was about 40 cents per gallon, 11 cents in the United States when I came here. However we both cried when we parted and I sold the cars for him and he took a trip, I don't know where for a while but the day before I left for New York I went to see him and he gave me a check for 50 pounds - \$250 and his girl was with him. He was thinking of getting married. He said, "Darling, we have done one good deed and gave me the check on the Union Bank of Scotland. So for Erick Campbell, a swell guy if he like a girl in a London show, such as Violet, a brides maid in "The Chinese Honeymoon," he would take the whole darn show to dinner. What a guys, what a spendthrift. I went home to South Kensington for a day or two to spend with my parents for whose little flat I paid for two years. When Daimler Co. sent me a telegram. Good job for six weeks with John

Hignett, a Liverpool tobacco magnate, wages no object. That night I caught the two minutes to 12 train to Glasgow and then on the Ayre for six weeks grouse shooting, 4 pounds a weeks and all found. Big money in those days. After six weeks, I returned to London and was only home two or three days when I received another telegram. Please return for further six weeks. Your services were very satisfactory. I called on Daimler and left on the 2 mintes to 12 train. The flying Scotsman for Glasgow then on to Ayre, the home of Bobby Burns. The estate laid up in the hills was called, Alton Albany Ayrshire Scotland. During this trip I drove four wealthy men and in Hignett around Loch Lomand to the Mull of Kentyre for a week of fabulous grouse shooting. It was a wonderful drive. We had to drive across the river a couple of times, however, and I had to change to see the bauty of Loch Lomand, they are truly The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomand. We stayed one night around The Loch at a place called the Argyle's Arms. It was a very pretty place. After receiving a pocket full of tips, I returned to London where I had an interview with Mrs. Hignett, while he had gone to New York where he was in the American tobacco syndicate. His factory was in Liverpool. They sold a popular cigarette called Golden Butterfly. She begged me to stay with them but I did not want to live in Liverpool so I went to Daimler again. They were looking for a man suitable for the Royal Men's of Garage, to drive Old Queen Mary, then the Duchess of York. I turned this down flat but accepted chauffeur to the Master of the Horse, a sort of Honorary position given by the King to Lord Granard who married Beatrice Mills of New York, loaded with money, she bought and old house in London and rebuilt it to suit her ideas.

The following spring, I went to county Longford, Ireland. His father owned a beautiful placed called Castle Forbes on which they spent another 150,000 dollars (30,000 pounds) to recondition it to her liking where we had an 18 hold golf course right on the estate and a motor boat on the Shannon River. We were there nine months and then returned to London for a very gay season and then back to Ireland for nine more months, When in London I often drove them into Buckingham Palace to dine with the Royal Family. I also had a special pass on the windshield of the French Shannon car which mae the London Police jump when I came to a cross street and went right on through. That was the reign of Edward VII. He was a guy spark. Believe me Churchill was also in the gang that went shooting at a place called Bylemore Castle Connamara, Ireland, owned by the Duke of Manchester who married Helen Zimmerman, New York tin plate millionaire's daughter. Saw more wild ducks killed in one day than was ever known by 8 (men). Guns: knocked down 2,250 ducks, not counting rabbits and pheasants, woodcock and quail, etc., we were there a week and then back to Castle Forbes for the remainder of the winter. At the end of the winter or early spring, we returned to London where I made the acquaintance of a very fine chap named, Horace Munsell, a formidable looking chap, 6 feet 2 inches, all bone and muscle.

Just returned from South Africa he had served several years in the S.A.C. South African Constabulary all through the Boar War. He had just obtained a good job driving a Mr. Arthur Stanley who was brought to England by James Spier New York bankers who were stock owners of the London Subways he later became famous and acquired British Citizenship with the title of Lord Stanley. One day he asked Horace Mansell if he knew of a good chauffeur capable of handling a fleet of cars in New York. We had 10 cars and an Electric Bingham two washers and a second chauffeur so in November of 1911 I landed in

New York where bad luck overtook my good fortunes and I lost my young wife and child whom I married a few months before leaving this was a bad shock to me and took me two years to get myself together. I was due to London for six months after having been with them for 18 months and getting used to New York and all the rich homes around the Hudson end Southampton, Narragansett, Long Island, Bailey's Beach, etc. My father persuaded me to come to Philadelphia and get a little less money but less headaches and so I did and tried business for awhile and failed. I still was in a fog so to speak but I was not here long before I ran into a Daimler Executive from the Coventry factory in England. He placed me in the strams Knight Company and with a Mrs. Jonathan Wainright in Overbrook a rather wealthy widow of the Wainrights that build the St. Lawrence bridge the first which fell down and they lost a million dollars. They build another his name was Jack Wainright. I went up to New York State for six months across the river from Prescott Ontario a place called Ogdensburg, it was wonderful Philly was scortching. Florida for two months without me but before they returned I obtained a better job for six weeks at the Bellevue-Stratford driving for Senator Darden of North Carolina. He brought the famous Chadwick #12, that Len Zengle won the Fairmount Park race in 1912, so he and I had a lot of fun driving what was then considered a top racing car build at Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He was a gay old spark bachelor with a hose of his girl friends. We always stayed at the Vanderbilt in New York while I did all the phone calling for him to all his girl friends. He was 60 but looked 50 and dressed very smart in London tweeds, patent leather shoes with cloth cape and pearl button and grey derby hat carnation always in his coat. He always called me Billie and bragged about his English ancestors. He was a real southern gentleman. One day he sold the car and returned to North Carolina payed me well and gave me a handsome tip and a Norfolk suite and went home getting a job in those days was nothing for me. I answered an ad in the Public Ledger had an interview with Mr. Samuel Fleisher of SB and BW Fleisher who had allarge mill on the Parkway which would be about where the Washington monument is now. I think I remember it was the 24th. And Hamilton streets. Half of Fairmount worked there in those days. Miss hands from the British isles when Mr. Sam was 21 he had taken a year working in a millin Lancashire, England in order to get first hand information about the yarn business. We often had long talks about his experience while over there.

My Parents come to Philadelphia three years before me.

My father takes a position to come to Philadelphia three years before me and managed a Stable a Stable for Paterson and Coans, the Whiskey people, located at 2019 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia. Before I proceed to tell you more of my own experiences, I will relate something of what happened to my parents in the first instance. My father had the good fortune to secure a job with Mr Cowan of Peterson and Cowen the No. 6 whiskey people which was a very good silling whiskey at that time and he bought ten show horses at Miltons, the well-known horse dealers in London with the idea of winning some cups and ribbons at the Down Horse Showe which they did but after about four years the novelty wore off and they decided to give up show horses and bought two expensive cars and hired a well-known chauffer so my dad was again fortunate and became stable manager for the Philadelphia Polo Team which consisted of such men as Mr. Strawbridge and Clothier in Wannamakers and three of the T Stokes Brothers, the bankers where he had charge of

about eighteen Polo Ponies. My mother got tired of staying at home so went to cooke for Dr. DeCosta, the doctor for the Police and Fire Department on Walnut Streen around 19th., a very attractive house now like many other is an apartment. My mother took a stroke and died in 1921. My Dad in 1925. The polo team game me a check for his burious out of appreciation for his faithful service. He was very good with horses and seldom needed a Veterinarian. I kept in close touch with Mr. Lober Strokes, Captain of the team until he died two years ago. We were the best of friends. He would always refer to my father as James with great respect. He also got my oldest daughter a job in Strawbridge and Clothiers store for her first job. I also had eleven children in all. Four served in the Secon World War and Korean war. He was killed, the others werer more fortunate.

The Fleisher Family had two chauffers. I was in charge of 6 or 7 cars and had a good job for 2 ½ years. In the meantime, I met a young woman from Girrardville, Ps., a waitress. She used to serve me with my breakfast each morning in a restaurant next to the garage, at 22nd. And Spring Garden street; I lived in a room on 21st street across from where I am now residing, strange to say after 50 years. Her name was Kathryn T. Williams. We became very good friends. A very attractive girl and we struck up an unusual friendship and eventually decided to get married. The Fleisher Family decided to give me \$200 to acquire a nice apartment in Atlantic City for the summer which I did and we got married and had a nice time down there till October when we returned to Philadelphia and took two rooms and a bath at 744 North 24th street, a house the Butler had just bought, whom had been with them for some time. His name was James O'Toole and Had worked when a young man about four houses away from Lorn Clanwilliam in Belgrave Square, London , for a Lord Carow, who had a large estate in Ireland. In the following February my first child, Mary, was born in St. Agnes' Hospital. She was attended by Dr. Fleming. He was the Fleisher Family doctor and was very kind to me and I did a lot of things for him on his old 1914 Tom Coupe. My wife raised Roman Catholid and at times we differed on religion but on the whole did not let that divide us like some people. She became rather fond of the Episcopal Church service and always went with me and joined in with good spirit but times I think should have preferred me to have become a Catholic but we had good luck with one exception. My son, George Herbert was killed in the Korean War which was a terrible blow to my wife. I doubt if she ever recovered from it. She often cried for him and after her stroke in 1962 became more remorse at times especially at breakfast while looking out at the rear window. I think she saw her end in sight. I was more hopeful. I thought shoe would live til our Fiftieth year of marriage. Sometimes I become very emotional and think its impossible to go on without her. I try to be a man as I had to be to raise eleven children but for a big family we did a good job (both of us) and had the respect of most of our neighbors. I worked hard and took some awful touch criticism at times from men over me in room at times and go through old films and think of our Christmas Dinners for which my wife was outstanding. We always had plenty with the exception of the depression years when I acquired the job with Robinson Chevrolet and Rental Company. I was pretty low but after two years pulled out and could face anyone even though we did not move to the so-called "wonderful suburbs" from which many are moving back again.

I tried to stay around irrespective of what some of my family think to take care of my wife as she wished (she would never be alone without me, she hoped). I was accused by some of

my family of being too domineering, lack of discipline at home in the curse of the USA. Dad should be the manager of his own home like Victorian Days. I was an only child but by God my Dad was strict as he was in the stables with his own men when our children went out they were able to attend on their own feet although one or two did not take care of their self like they could have. And I will say this that during hard times in the depression they had a gift of helping themselves and the teachers in school were always glad to see another Adlam. In fact there were a very close relationship between our house and William Penn High School which was very different then and as for Sunday School faith and attendance was their chief achievement., it was a great pleasure to take them to other people's homes. They made you feel proud. Constant discipline showed up, that's what is wrong today. Domineering was better than milk toast.

However, no one can say I ever lost a job through drinking, but to manager several large service stations like I have and maintain a good reputation with most all the dealers is no easy job. The only relief I got after hours was a few drinks which I admit but my job was my God and my family was always on my mind. But with all of the work I had good health and would marry Kathryn I known she would agree and do the same thing and at 710 North 22nd street where we had such good luck after all said and done.

I would like to make one final recording with my deepest appreciation for the love and care given to our children and myself by my wife, Kathryn, never once did she forget us and it always appeared at the last run of the ladder something turned up good for me. Just as I acquired the job at Drexel Institute when I needed it for my wife's condition she had two bad strokes and passed away.

I would like to make some acknowledgement of myself during the first world war period and make a summary of my position as it stood and what I did to remedy the unfortunate situation due to mixed religion mixed with my anglosaxon spirit of democracy.

An Englishman always tries to have a code of honor for his beloved country. First to be a gentleman and second to do duty to King and country in time of war. I may assuredly have faults even vices and times of foolish or stravegant but under the circumstances at that time I had to choose between Roman Catholicism a position of whose family would have seized the opportunity to separate us if I had volunteered for service in the British Army which was in heart at this early periods 1915 but there was some doubt that it would last so long most of my friends all chaffeurs were leaving in 1915 and 1916 and by the end of 1916 all had left for England. I was in an awful dilemma, one child and another coming along. People were very anti ally and the whole west was completely insolationist they could not see possibilities of the germans involving mexico had they won the war the fact that was later found to be in operation through the interception of a code message discovered by the British war office and passed on to Washington then also the German submarine campaigns and the sinking of neutral ships on the high seas and came the sinking of the Lusitania and with it the loss of several American millionaires that changed the whole picture Congress was getting mad and mens minds began to change of course most of our rich people were with the allies from the beginning. I was called in the draft and told to wait for three months due to my two children and there were thousands of

single men to be called first in the meantime the british opened a recruiting office 16th and chestnut over where Bonds is now operating and so down I went to see the British officer in charge of Colonel Steel he said the moment you receive your draft come to me you can join the Cambodian motor transport we need men for the Royal Army transport. Very badly we have lost a lot in the front lines going up with the convoys also my wife would receive much more maintenance than the British or American it was \$68.00 per month plus some of my pay \$1.00 per day on account of my auto motive expertise was to receive a non-com rating as I passed a automotive exam which was some 14 years Colonel Steel said you will become a sergeant major in six months. I'm sure you have a very fine background in the meantime, things began to change and I was called to 20th and Buttonwood and told to visit another six months they had reached a high volume of single men and the Germans were starting to soften up had my wife been a Britisher I would have acted entirely different but up state they were very anti-British her sisters England caused the war and the Germans were alright Irish Catholic influence had got them 100% why should they fight for England, etc.. so I was between the devil and the deep blue sea and could see my wife and children parted from me upon my return plus a hell of a lot of trouble all around which of course was existant in the second world war was to a certain extent. I stayed awake many a night asking my self questions and trying to find an answer had to be at least intellectually justifiable it was even a spiritual struggle for a true Englishman.

The Man In The Glass

When you get what you want in the struggle for life and the world makes you King for a day just go to the mirror and look at yourself and see what that man has to say, for it isn't the father or mother or wife what judgement upon you must pass the fellow whose verdict counts most in your life in the one starring back in the glass. You may fool the whole world down the pathway of life and get pats on the back as you pass but your final reward will be heartaches and tears if you cheated the man in the glass

The Clays

Thus from a mixture of all kinds began
That heterogeneous thing an Englishman
In eger rapes and furious lust begot
Between a painted Briton and a Scot
Whose engendered offspring quickly learned to bow
And yoke their helpers to the Roman plow
From whence a mongrel half bred race there came
With neigher name nor nation speech nor fame
In whose hot veins new mixtures quickly ran
Infused between a Saxon and Dane

Daniel Defoe – The True Born Englishman

The Sublime Beauty of the Thames Valley

The Thames from Henley bridge as I often sat on my bicycle and looked down the straight mile. The

The trait of English character is nowhere clearly portrayed than in the summer life at Henley where we lived for 4 years. English people do not demand excitement but will settle for contentment without agitation in my day. You would see young women and men alone in a punt, a flat bottom boat upholstered in red velvet and pillows at each end floating down the river with the current. They are not afraid of solitude sometimes I think they court it, the trip from Oxford to London, by boat runs day and night colleges are always on the move. You can get a splendid view from Henley Bridge down the straight mile from Regatta Island. There are some gorgeous houseboats built on the banks and furnished fabulously. It flows calmly on through to London. Ancient villages and stately Lawnes run down to the rivers edge. You pass through Streatley and The Swan Inn at Goring where the Roast beef surpasses all others. You pass through many locks the lockkeepers home is a maze of flowers. There is a vine covered tavern at Sonning where you will pause to eat or have tea. Where the roses grow to the top of the chimneys the person who loves flowers will pause often as the steamer stops at all the various points the peaceful charm of the Thames around Henley in the summer is absolutely matchless anywhere in the world. This as I remember it as a 16 year old lad, American oarsmen are just as impressed with it as they have remarked to me it is not like the Hudson or the Rhine. There are some 35 Villages strung along between Oxford and London. The lover of country as I have known it can obtain his hearts desire. Englands' individually is different from the rest of Europe as I remember it. The Vanderbilts, The Wanamakers and immensely rich. Mrs. Potter Palmer of New York lived there in my time and dozens of others I can't even recall.

Appendix II - Resume

"FINAL INTERPRETATION OF EMPLOYMENT OF 62 YEARS OF AUTOMOTIVE AND 4 YEARS WITH DREXEL TECHNICAL BASIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT."

Three years with Major Motors Reading, Berkshire, England. Dealers in bicycles foreign and British cars. (apprentice)

First job as a chauffer six weeks temporary job during absence of owners. Chauffer in the Berkshire Regiment reserves. (Chauffer 1905 -- one year chauffer) Hererey Rawson, K. C., Fareham Court Hampshire one of the former homes of King Steven Reign 1135, 1905 Daimler Car.

Fourteen months with Erich Campbell chauffer England and European travel over spent him in income two racing cars and some Steeple Chase horses \$50,000 for per year. Spent \$75,000 per year.

Four months in Ayershire, Scotland, John Hignett manufacturers of popular cigarettes in Liverpool called (Golden Butterfly) At Alton, Albany, Ayershire Scotland. Grouse shooting on the moors.

Two and half years in Royal Garage and County Longford Ireland. With Lord Granard master of the Horse to Buckingham Palace honorary position given him by Edward VII. He was also Colonel of the coldstream Guards. Went althrough the Boer War in South Africa. 3 years.

Chauffer for James Spier of Spier and Company Bankers 24 Pine Street New York and Buckingham Gate Mansion, London, England. Villa in France and Scotland 12 cars had 2 chaffers in New York and 2 washers in London and New York also home at Scarsborough-on-Hudson about 75 servants in all.

Started garage business in Rittenhouse Street in Philadelphia. One year failed due to lazy partner, etc.

Chauffer for Mrs. Jonathan Wainwright, Overbrook, Philadelphia and Ogdenberg, New York. Chauffer (3 cars Stearns Knight)

Three months with Senator Darden, North Carolina and Bellevue, Stratford. Chadwick No. 12 Len Zengel war won the Fairmont Park race in 1912. Chaffer for S. B. Fleiser 2230 Green Street Street.

Gave up chauffering entered automotive service business, while awaiting call to service First World War. Shop forman used car department and appraiser for three years. Willy Overland Factory Branch One year was promoted to assistant plant manager to Bill buir 42 and Chestnut. Two years 90 employees entire city block.

One and half years Oakland Motor Company now Pontiac. Superintendent of shop Factory Branch. 31 Dalphin.

Eleven Years Anders and Jervis Chevrolet Service Manager. Broad and Master. Largest dealers in Philadelphia. Thirty employees, 1924, 20 salesman.

Two and half years assistant director service to Jack Moss Chrysler Fadry Branch, 401 North Broad Street about 100 employees.

One year Jacobs Brothers Chevrolet Germantown and Wayne Avenue. Violet was with me there it was no good. They were closed down by factory after we left.

Twelve years Robinson Chevrolet and Rental Company. 48 and Chestnut Street. Later sold to McKeen due to death of Mr. Robinson service manager/ 50 employees.

Twelve months with foreign cars J. Moore 17th and Ridege Avenue.

Five years selling batteries for service equipment, who drank themselves out of business after having a fine business at one home with fourteen employed in the shop new down to one man the brother of the former owner H. Coleman, however under the circumstances he treated me fairly good.

I am now a custodian at night 2PM to 10 at Drexel Tect. and very thankful to be able to work at my age in Basic Science Buiding.

THE END

* In 1902 I ran at Stanford Bridge London won $\frac{1}{4}$ mile & was anchorman in one mile for West London Church schools, won 2 silver ashtrays.