

THE ASHBOURNE FAMILY SAGA CHAPTER

XXVI

and

Saucy Sophia's Snippets plus trailer for next month

July/August, 2025.

It was early February 1889 about 6 o'clock of the evening when George returned from visiting Customers, attending to work in progress at the carriage works and a look in at the Bonny Moira Brewery in Drybrook to find two letters awaiting his return. There was nothing unusual about the receipt of mail except that one had been posted in Ireland and the other bore a blue postage stamp of Deutschland, both had been left for his attention whilst Annabell had, in her usual efficient and well organised manner, dealt with the remainder of the day's post.

Knowing the letter from Germany was from his brother Edward, he opened that from Ireland first. It contained a letter bearing the coronet of a viscount and was signed on behalf of "My lord Viscount Castlereagh." It carried a request for him to attend at the Hall in County Antrim to conduct an inspection, assessment of reliability and durability and recommendations for any improvements to the stock of vehicles. Board and lodging would be provided at the Hall, and a fee offered on completion, to my Lord's entire satisfaction, sufficient to make the assignment worth considering.

George now turned to the letter from his brother Edward. This was a lengthy epistle, but not about arrangements for the forthcoming wedding as George had expected but about an altogether different matter.

"Dear Brother,"

The letter began. "I expect the sad news of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph will have been widely reported in the English press and thus not particularly news to you save that I have just returned from a mission to the Austrian capital, an exciting journey through Galicia and a visit to the Skoda works at Pilsen in Bohemia. I cannot go into too much detail as much of what I have been involved in may well be a matter of Imperial Secrets, but I can let you and my dear family know that I was invited or perhaps required to join a diplomatic mission from Berlin to attend the funeral of the late Crown Prince. On the day we arrived I was sent on a mission into Galicia and had to return through the Tatra Mountains, a hair-raising and at times terrifying experience through high mountains in the depth of winter. Freezing cold, snow and ice everywhere, but thankfully we arrived at a small town with a railway station. My companions were all excellent through the mountains, though we lost one of them, shot dead poor fellow.

Vienna is marvellous, such sparkling people, and on return managed to enjoy a visit to one of their acclaimed cafes, the Café Central and in the evening to the Burgh Theatre where someone

pointed out the imperial box though the Kaiser Franz Josef was not there as the Court are in mourning for Rudolph and will be for some months. Sarah Skratt was on stage, and the same person said it is rumoured that she is greatly admired by the Kaiser who usually attends every evening when she is on stage. Another, an Austrian officer of a Jager Regiment, in a knowing way said it is thought that the Kaiserin Elizabeth, Sisi often referred to as Kaiserin Sisi effected the introduction to keep the Kaiser busy and so he would not object to the time she spent at her villa on the island of Corfu. May be just gossip, I do not know, but now you will be better informed than the good people of Herefordshire, not that any of them will be interested.

Plans for the wedding in May are progressing, and next time I write I will have more details

I almost forgot to mention the details. There was a planned diversion on the return journey to Berlin to visit the vast engineering works of the Skoda Company at Pilsen in western Bohemia. Absolutely enormous! Being military chaps, it was the guns they were mostly keen to show us. Giant artillery pieces must weigh over 100 tons, some for defence of fixed positions such as fortresses, whilst they have others mounted on special railway waggons. These works produced the very first guns designed to absorb the recoil when fired over ten years ago so could be fired again without having to re-site the gun. Terribly destructive and in future wars will lead to far greater casualties amongst the foot (infantry) soldiers.

They also make railways, locomotives, rolling stock and rails. They made the lock gates for the Suez Canal and are forging the pipes for the hydroelectric dam at the Niagara Falls. A truly magnificent engineering works. The colonels of artillery regiments of all the Great Powers prefer the guns from here even though it would be thought unpatriotic to say so.

Now I am getting carried away and should have enquired earlier, how is dear sister Annabell, Mata and Pata, your dear Emma and the two boys? I do hope you are all enjoying good health. Is Emma any better? I do hope you will be able to come; I am trying to alter the wedding to Berlin as it would be so much nearer for you all than East Prussia.

Now we are entering the capital, so I'll sign off before the disembarking rush. Good by Old Chap.

Your wanderlust brother,

Edward

George sat back in his chair and thought. He thought of the adventures his younger brother must be having, and he hoped he would fare better with Alexandra than he had with Emma. Yes Emma, what was to be done with her? Her neglect of her children, home and matrimonial affection was only matched by her religious devotion. Was there an order of Nuns who would accept married ladies if they denounced their marriage vows? He thought not. At times he wondered if it would be better to get a doctor to certify madness so she could be consigned to an Asylum, a Lunatic Asylum. There are several including one at Barnwood just outside Gloucester, but what shame would such a move bring down on the family. He was still pondering the dilemma when the gong was sounded for dinner.

It was fortunate for George that Emma was his only concern, nay worry. All other family and business matters simply rolled along in splendid fashion including his latest project the "Bonny

Moira Brewery” in Drybrook where James Aleman was making progress with reviving the fortunes of the business under the watchful eye and overall management of George.

The months of early 1889 passed reasonably uneventfully. Annabell was more than happy with her progress at the Hereford School of Art and Science and by applying herself had made immense strides in her artistic technique. Probably the most important skill she acquired involved painting light, or how to reveal light in paintings. The Art Master had explained that to make a part of a picture appear to brilliantly shine out from its surroundings it is merely necessary to make the surroundings dark. The dramatic effect cannot be achieved by adding more white paint. Emile was delighted with Annabell’s success, and the enthusiasm had given her a new lease of life. Gone her dull lifeless existence, even at her age she had regained a sparkle and light-footedness William, her husband, had thought lost for ever, and no more laudanum. Meanwhile William was delighted with the pleasure the ‘School’ had provided for his daughter.

It was only Emma who was never happy; she was unhappy because she was not happy. A strict upbringing especially by her dominant and domineering mother excluded all possibility of any jollity, laughter and amusement. Any fun was regarded as inappropriate use and waste of the precious time the Lord God had, in His infinite wisdom, granted to them. Study of the Good Book had been the only activity that mattered, even allowed, other than matters pertaining to St. Mary’s Church, floral decoration for services, needlework repairing any damage to vestments, hassocks and the alter cloths. Sometimes, as she grew older she had been allowed to assist her father with preparation of the Sunday sermon when the library was searched for quotations from the sermons of past eminent churchmen. She was not happy because she had never known real happiness. A well-stocked larder and cellar and though her parents were prudent as befitted a gentleman of the cloth, they were ever mindful and reminded that they owed their good fortune to Viscount A..... who granted Emma’s father ‘a living’.

Emma’s mother brought her children up, of which there were three, to consider themselves above the majority of the flock, especially those in ‘trade’ whilst those who worked for ‘wages’ were quite beyond the pale. Neither Emma nor her brother and sister went to school, they might mix with children who they, Emma’s mother would consider undesirable, so the parents taught their children to read, write and master arithmetic, with a little history geography and Latin included for good measure.

The advent of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 did nothing to assist in broadening the children’s education as such schools included all children including the street urchins and ragged muffins from working class families and were thus offensive to their mother.. Thus Emma, starved of contact with others of her age grew up shy, reserved and rather disdainful of others. To George however, when he met Emma at a mid-summer church fete she seemed delightfully modest, well-bred and of more than pleasing appearance. She had a good carriage trim waist with bust and hips in proportion. But as for forthcoming conjugal affairs her ignorance was quite remarkable. Her mother, it seems, firmly believed, and instructed her children, that babies were all brought by storks. White storks brought good babies to respectable devout married couples, and black storks delivered babies to all others. It had been a profound shock to Emma when on her wedding night George had expected her to undress completely in his presence whilst he did the same, and then proceeded to caress her in a most intimate way which she found

quite shocking, the more so when he proceeded to the ultimate fulfilment of his desire for her.

That night, after her husband had fallen asleep Emma lay awake all night in a complete turmoil of emotions. What was the point in it all, the Bible did nothing to explain what had just taken place. Regarding the Virgin Mary it merely said she had not known a man. Now that she thought about the words they made little sense, she must have had male relatives and there was John the Baptist all of whom she must have known. It did occur to her that what had taken place may be something to do with babies, but no, they were delivered by the stork, or were they? If what her mother had told her was untrue what else was untrue? The sight of George undressed had also been a profound shock. They had never visited an art gallery and the only paintings at the Vicarage were of a religious nature, illustrations of Jesus preaching to the multitude and walking on water on the Sea of Galilee.

As she grew beyond adolescents she came to realise that her future did not lie in her parent's home, they could not keep her indefinitely, thus she must find an alternative, but what? She assumed the common girls became household servants; she could ask Cook but was too embarrassed to do so. Those in the big industrial cities of Birmingham or Cottonopolis (Manchester) could obtain employment in manufacturing or cotton mills, but such a prospect would be too dreadful to contemplate. No, she must find a husband, then she could be mistress of her own home, but he must be pleasant, well dressed and have a good income. When she met George he seemed to be the perfect prospective husband, but she was utterly unprepared for the realities of being a wife. She would also come to discover just how unprepared for managing the household and care of babies she was. Even Mrs. Beaton's book of household management did only a little to help. To George she gave up at the first hurdle and having once failed did not try again.

Emma had fallen back on the one safe area she understood, or thought she understood, her Christian faith.

Almost exactly one month later another letter was received in Western-under-Penyard announcing the date of the forthcoming wedding with invitations for Emily, William, Emma, Annabell and George. The wedding would be taking place in Berlin which Edward explained would be more convenient for them all than the castle in East Prussia. The letter also contained detailed recommended travel arrangements which George thought must have taken his brother some considerable time to compile. Edward's suggested route involved travelling by the "GWR" to London, a relatively short cab ride from Paddington to Liverpool Street, and thence by the "Great Eastern" to Harwich where a packet steamer could be obtained to Cuxhaven. There is, Edward stated, a regular railway service from the Nordzee coastal town to Berlin.

"Bradshaw's" was consulted and the precise times of trains and connections noted. George with his father's help decided that by taking an early morning train to Paddington, there would be enough time on arriving for luncheon at the 'Great Western Hotel' before continuing to Liverpool Street Railway Station for the Great Eastern Railway boat train express to Parkeston Quay, Harwich for the packet boat. The railway station platform was sited alongside the quay's mooring berths where the Railway Company's most modern paddle steamer, the P.S. Princess of Wales awaited the arrival of the express from London. She had been launched in 1878 and carried a maximum of 580 passengers, with berths of 111 first class passengers and 77 second class. The most luxurious ship in the "Great Eastern" fleet she carried twin funnels and three

masts.

All went according to plan, George wrote in reply to his brother to let him know their anticipated date of arrival at the North Sea port of Cuxhaven on the coast west of the estuary of the River Elbe. There would be four of them, George said, Mamma and Pata Emily and William, sister Annabell and himself. He had pondered for a few days on how to express his wife Emma's resolve not to come and finally decided to fall back on an unexplained illness. But Annabell was furious with her sister-in-law and let her know in no uncertain terms. How dare she treat her family in this offhanded way. They had put up with her sulks and excessive religious devotion for far too long. Emma had tried tears followed by temper and then "poor me, you are all against me" but whilst a man would have given in and sought to comfort her, the lady was not to be erred from her course, and eventually it was Emma who pleaded for forgiveness and asked to be allowed to join the family group. It was an unexpected victory for George's little sister, but more was to follow.

A further letter to Edward somehow notifying Emma's miraculous recovery, and Edward wrote back to express his delight and added a request that on arrival at Cuxhaven they despatch a telegram by the Kaiserliche Reichspost to the Prussian Central Telegraph Office in Berlin for immediate delivery to himself at the Kaiserliche Marine to let him know the time of arrival in Berlin and he would arrange for them to be met at the railway station.



The London terminus of the "Great Eastern", Liverpool Street Station.

Initially the family had packed two steamer trunks but after Emma had decided to come along as well three were required and George arranged for them to be collected the day before by the railway so as to be on the platform at Ross-on-Wye to be stowed in the guard's van of the London express where a first-class compartment had been reserved. There were station porters available at Paddington and Liverpool Street to take care of the luggage, but it was at Parkeston Quay that the real pantomime commenced.

William organised portorage to take the trunks from the guard's van to the steamer moored

alongside the railway station and all three were loaded aboard, when a seaman appeared and announced. "You can't leave 'em there mate!"

William was about to reply when George arrived and enquired "Why not, we have cabins booked for Cuxhaven?"

"That's different, but you never said, anyhow you still need a loadin' docket, goer one hav yer?"

"My dear chap." Began George "We do not have a loading docket and when we booked reserving space for our luggage there was no mention of loading dockets." The trunks remained on deck with the Ashbourne party.

The seaman, with a look which said I know what's what said. "I don't know nuffin 'bout bookings, but you need a docket. Withou' a docket we'll ave to off load your luggage!"

George, trying hard to retain his temper enquired where a docket could be obtained.

"Com'nees shipping office, but its closed now, all gorn 'ome see, 'ave to come back t'morro."

How long the auto cation might have continued is open to speculation except that the "Princess of Wales" was scheduled to embark within the next thirty minutes and Annabell could see their luggage being dumped onto the quay and them being left behind with all the consequential inconvenience. George could restrain his temper no longer, and Annabell who was close by thought he was about to do the little runt of a deckhand some serious injury pushed forward and smiling sweetly at the Company's servant pressed a half sovereign into his hand and asked charmingly if this would help?

"Well Miss, perhaps we could overlook the docket. Like 'yer brover said, yer booked . Jus' yer leave it t' me, I'll see yer righ'." And with that he called a passing steward to conduct the party to their cabins, whilst laying hold of another seaman they began stowing the trunks in the ship's hold. The aggressive seaman could be heard by anyone near enough which there was not, 'rules is rules, but if the reward is enough, there to be overlooked by accident.'

The whole day's proceedings gave William to think, and not for the first time, that his eldest son has an unfortunate tendency to overspend, but he also recognised George's talent for good management of the family business which had expanded greatly since he had allowed his son to take control.

On time the packet steamer sailed from Harwich with the majority of the passengers on deck to witness the last of England, some for a few days or weeks, but for others a permanent departure, either escaping a loveless marriage and/or indebtedness. Few would have been making the journey for a marriage celebration. One of the lady passengers of uncertain age, as Emily expressed her, was standing towards the stern on the port side as the 'Princess of Wales' steamed southwards leaving the estray of the River Stour between to starboard and the narrow spit of land sheltering the harbour from the worst of North Sea storms to port. On this spit of land stood Landguard Fort terminating at Landguard Point. As the steamer passed the Point a gentle breeze became a strong lively breeze and the unprotected passengers on the exposed deck

rapidly took care to hold onto hats and any other possessions likely to be swept away over the side. The lady, seemingly a second-class passenger and probably without a cabin grabbed her hat but ignore her skirts which being rather volumous of a design fashionable over ten years ago rose upwards exposing first her calves, then thighs whilst the ladies twittered and a nearby gentleman remonstrated that she was exposing rather more than she may wish. "That's alright my good man, my hat is new, everything else has been seen before and in better condition!" As Annabell would observe later, she was probably hoping to interest a single gentleman with a cabin for the night and made her living that way, or had, she looked so disreputable Annabell could not see how any man would give her a second glance.

The paddle steamer had swung away to port into the German Ocean (as the North Sea was often known as until the Great War) to meet the swell which caused the bows to rise to address each successive wave, then to dip down as the stern rose, but as the waves rolled in on the port bow the vessel also rolled causing the port paddles to lift, then as she righted herself the starboard paddles would perform the same feat. None of this was alarming, they were not large waves, and conditions far from stormy, but Emma found the experience quite alarming. Whilst the others slept comfortable in their berths, having retired for the night, Emma refused George's advice to lay still when the gentle motion would have encouraged slumber. By morning which in summertime is early she declared that she felt quite ill and never wished to travel by sea again declaring to her husband that he would have to find another way home and that she never should have come.

In search of a little restorative brandy George entered the refreshment saloon where there was a bar he was met by a sporty looking chap dressed in decidedly flashy cloths, bottle green trousers, a canary yellow waistcoat and light brown tartan jacket. On the table beside the man lay a brown bowler hat. He was surrounded by a mixed group of men all drinking various alcoholic beverages and listening to yellow waistcoat's stories, of which there was a seemingly never-ending stream. One of their number called over to George to join them, and as George approached yellow waistcoat began another yarn. Looking directly at his companion across the table he began with. "You know my misses don't yer Fred, never stops talking. Not bad she were when we wed, nice pair of peaches she 'ad 'an all."

More like bleedin' melons now!" Piped up Bill.

Ignoring the interruption yellow waistcoat continued his story. "I were down at ther 'Bull & Butcher' tha' evening and I'd 'add a skin full I can tell yer. Now my misses get real angry if I come 'ome late and wake 'er, so I comes in real quiet like, crept up stairs having first undressed and carried my clothes under one arm. Well, my good friends, when I got into our bedroom there she was lying in bed totally naked on 'er back."

"Gord blimey!" Exclaimed Big Jock, a hefty Scotsman, at least seven feet tall judged George with a barrel of a chest. "That must 'ave been a right sight, what wiv 'em melons an all!"

Yellow Waistcoat held up his left hand, the right was holding his glass. "That's not all lads, she's got the Butcher on top of her, and 'im naked too. Blimey says I what you making the Butcher 'appy for, it's the Landlord we owes money to."

They all laughed heartily, and someone called for another round of drinks. George, having

obtained a small glass of brandy started to make his way back to the cabin when he heard another start a story about a visit to Dublin when two men were sent to measure the height of a flagpole too high for them. George lingered to hear the rest. “They were still standing there scratching their heads when Mrs. O’Connelly comes along. ‘What you two about?’ she demands. Got to report the hight of this ‘ere pole says Paddy. ‘That’s easy’ says Mrs O’Connelly as she removes the holding pin and lowers the pole to the ground. ‘Now yous can do it’ and toddles off. Well, ai’nt that jus’ like a woman says Paddy, we want the height and she gives us the length.”

George smiled to himself at the joke and the humour of the Irish. The ship would soon be passing the island of Heligoland a British possession since the wars with France over eighty years ago. Arriving at Cuxhaven George and William made sure the ladies were comfortable in a café before searching for the telegraph office. They had already established the time of arrival in Berlin of the next fast train and the name of the station, Friedrichstrasse.

The journey to the capital was fast, efficient and comfortable and they arrived on time. To meet them Edward had despatched a petty officer with two naval ratings to carry their luggage and there was a four-wheeler cab waiting.



Prussian State Railways Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof by the River Spree in Berlin.

Edward had secured comfortable lodging for the five of them in Charlottenburg on the western outskirts of the city convenient for the wedding reception venue, and a tram ride to the main shopping districts and the city centre.

When asked Edward had said he thought the wedding could be celebrated at the Herz-Jesu-Kirche in Charlottenburg, a Roman Catholic Church which had only been completed two years earlier in 1888 when the Prince Bishop of Breslau, Georg Koop had elevated the church from a missionary church to an independent parish. Architecturally the building had been designed and built in a neogothic style, an attractive building and conveniently close to Graf von Mittleberg’s house in the Grunwald which he had kindly made available for the wedding reception. However, Alexandra had fallen in love with the Franzosischer Dom in the Gendarmenmarkt, a baroque church designed by Carl von Gentard in the eighteenth century, located in the Mitte district of Berlin, east of the River Spree. It may have been that although called the French

Cathedral it had been built for the Huguenots fleeing persecution in France in the sixteenth century, and with her anti French sentiment it had particular appeal. No one wished to oppose her choice, least of all Edward, it being the bride's prerogative to choose the location of her marriage.



The Französischer Dom (French Cathedral) in Berlin.

It was a wedding to remember, and a happy and convivial occasion for all, even Emma seemed to have forgotten her usual misery and wholeheartedly took part. It was as well that Alexandera's family had settled for the Lutheran Church rather than the Roman Catholic Church at Charlottenburg, Emma had a pathological dislike of the Roman church, and for Edward's career prospects it was far wiser to keep to the Prussian Lutheran version of the Protestant faith.

The service in the Französischer Dom was just as Alexandra imagined and Edward's best man, one of his friend from their meetings at Frau Gruber's Speisesaal, Heinrich Bauer, the son of a chemicals and pharmacy manufacturer of Wurttemberg avoided dropping the ring. Other wedding guests included Hans Hoffmann, Alexandra's uncle and his family, her other aunts and uncles, her father's steward from the schloss at Lansdorf in East Prussia, Anton Fuchs, the comedian, Casper Janssen, Otto Pfisterer who had gained admission to the infant submarine research department and Eugen Baader the artist. Yolanda who was now engaged to Eugen at first declined the invitation. She was still in love with Edward, or believed herself to be, he had been so noble and kind taking her to the Opera that evening in June last year when she had invited him back to her lodgings, something she had never done before, nor did again. Had she spoilt her chances? Did he think her too forward, a woman of the night? But no, he was already in love with Alexandra Yolanda reminded herself. At first she had declined the invitation being unsure of her emotions and she did not wish to disgrace herself nor cause a scene, but Eugen had persuaded her that potentially she would cause far more embarrassment by not attending, it would be seen as an insult thus she agreed to accept. The bride looked radiant in a beautiful white full skirted dress, conforming to the fashion set by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, whilst

Edward cut a fine figure in his dress uniform, a captain of the Kiasserlichtmarin (Imperial Navy), while Alexandra's father led his daughter to the alter to a rendition of Felix Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The wedding ceremony completed in the grounds of the Dom they all had to stand very still for the photographer. Fortunately, the weather was kind to them, a warm still day, bright enough for the photographer not to require flashlight, a tricky operation especially out in the open.

A fleet of carriages had been organised to ferry the assembled guests to Graf von Mittleberg's grand house in the Grunwald, a journey past the Imperial Palace on an island in the River Spree, past the opera house, under the Brandenburg Gate, across the Tiergarten and along the Kurfurstendamm Strasse to Charlottenburg and the Grunwald. Whilst the majority of the guests were familiar with the route it was most interesting for the Bridegroom's English relations, and Edward had thoughtfully arranged for all five of them to be spread across two carriages with an English-speaking guest to explain what they were passing and answer any questions: in short a running commentary.

The reception was a lavish affair, with plentiful supply of drinks and food. There were speeches, one in which the best man described how he had first met Edward at Frau Gruber's Speisesaal rear Friedrichstrasse bahnhof and how he had nearly been lured away from the Lady Alexandra, by another but respect for the good lady's reputation forbade mention of her name to which there were peals of laughter. The bride's father gave a speech in which he spoke of how he had brought a young merchant seaman home from Memel little expecting or realising that this young man would win the hand of his daughter in marriage. He commented that coming from Prussian Lithuania they were fortunate not to have been resident in the Russian part of the country otherwise he would have given his son-in-law the stick he had used to coerce his daughter. There was much merriment at this observation, a reference to a Russian practice from the reign of Czar Peter the Great.



A toast to the Happy Couple.

Then it was time for the happy couple to depart for an undisclosed destination and a single carriage drew up outside the house to whisk Alexandra and Edward away to a railway station, which also remained a secret although they all came out to express their good wishes and 'helpful' advice.

Unbeknown to all, save Alexandra's parents who were party to the plan, the pair first drove to Alexandra's uncle's house nearby where they changed into less conspicuous clothes suitable for travelling, and had any of the guests been able to transport themselves to the train leaving the Potsdamer Bahnhof at 1625 hours en route for Koln (Cologne) on the Rhine they would have seen a very happy couple indeed.



The Potsdamer Bahnhof.

Edward had chosen the Rhine for their honeymoon, mainly because it was a part of the Fatherland which neither of them had visited before, and for the excellent reputation of the regions culinary and acholic delights, together with the picturesque wonders of the Rhine Gorge complete with fairy tale castles set in the river or perched of rocks overlooking the valley with a commanding view of the great river.

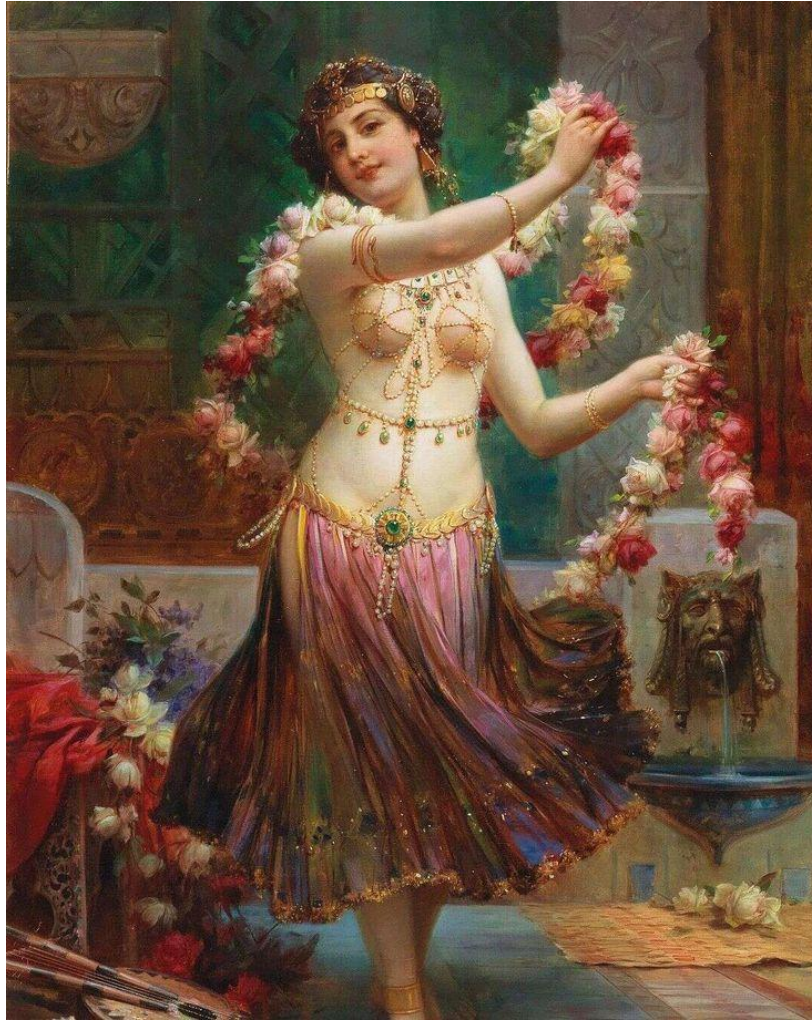
At Lorely, the location of the Rhine Maidens renowned for luring passings boatmen to their death on the rocks strewn across the river and where the current was particularly strong, whilst further upstream the ancient town of Bingen am Rhein on the west bank the location of the notorious whirlpool of Binger Loch. This is the home of Saint Hildegard von Bingen known as the Sibyl of the Rhine, a Benedictine Abbess born in 1098 who died at the age of eighty-One years. Although many miles from the coast the town was admitted to the Hanseatic League in 1254.



Edward and Alexandra en route for Koln.

Needless to say, Alexandra and Edward enjoyed a truly memorable honeymoon exploring the delights of the Rhineland mainly upstream of Koln, whilst also exploring the physical beauty and mysteries of each other in bed at the hotel overlooking the great river.

Saucy Sophia's Snippets



The Oriental Dancer by Hans Zatska.

Hans Zatska was a Viennese artist born on the 8th March, 1859, an academic and fantasy painter of numerous works of art sometimes using a pseudonym to disguise the volume of his output to avoid breaching contractual obligations. He died in 1945 or possibly 1949, the doubt arising from the chaotic conditions in the aftermath of the 1939 – 1945 War.

Trailer for September

After the marriage celebrations in Berlin the English branch of the Ashbourne family return to Herefordshire, but it is not long before Emma and George depart on another voyage with tragic consequences.

Dorian M. Osborne

1st July, 2025.