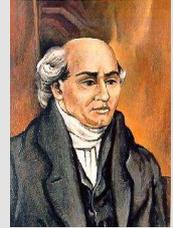


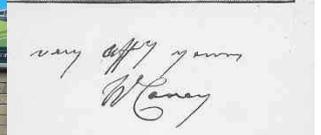
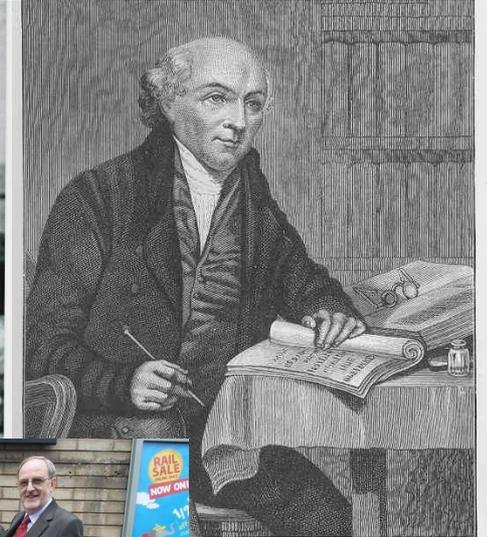
Carey Family NEWSLETTER



Issue seventeen

2011

CAREY FAMILY ASSOCIATION



Attempt great things for God

Committee members

David Allen

Kay Carey
12 West Grange Court
Lovedays Mead
Folly Lane
Stroud, Glos GL5 1XB
01453 767877
kcarey@waitrose.com

Mike Comber
23 Badgers Close
Horsham, W Sussex RH12 5RU
01403 250897
maccom@btinternet.com

Sally Edwards

Barry Eliades

Shally Hunt
Morhouse
Ninfield
E Sussex TN33 9EA
01242 893528
cthrnhnt@aol.com

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Family trees:

If you would like a copy of your branch of the Carey tree then please contact me; for UK members trees cost £6.50 including postage, for overseas members the cost is £8.00.

Apply in writing or email please.

Contributions to newsletter:

I really need more contributions from members for next year please. If it interests you then it will interest us, short or long, with photos or without. Get them to me by June 2012. Please! Mike Comber

My thanks to daughter, Lis, for proof reading the newsletter.

Photos on front page:

Some Carey photos you may not have seen before -

From left to right, starting at the top: Carey's cottage at Moulton; The Carey Grammar School Orchestra; A bust of William Carey at the entrance of the Carey Library, Serampore; Rev S P Carey and Alice in India; William Carey at 50; Plaque in window at Moulton Baptist Church; The unveiling of the plaque on Northampton Railway Station to commemorate Carey's 250th anniversary of his birth; Maundy Money: Large coins - £5 coin of Prince Philip and 50p coin with Olympic 2012 design.

Expect great things from God

Editor

Mike Comber



Welcome to the newsletter for 2011. First, I should like to thank all those who have contributed to this edition. As I have said in the past, without these contributions there would not be a newsletter! There are still a large

number of members who have not yet written anything for us. I still live in hope.

I was interested in Barry's suggestion to put the newsletter on the internet; however there must be many people who do not have computers and would then be unable to see or read the newsletter. I have always myself preferred things in print that one can pick up at any time to read or look at. The same goes for the family trees that members ask for; they still need to be in print and not on the web. However, those are my points of view only!

By the way – did you know that William Carey was baptised at the end of Platform 1 Northampton Station on October 5th 1783! Sounds rather Harry Potterish! Of course, the station wasn't there then; but that is the spot where it did happen. There are many events planned for August 17th to celebrate 250 years since Carey's birth, both in the UK and India. A plaque will be unveiled on Northampton Station on 17th August at 2pm.

Next year will be my last newsletter, so the committee will be looking for someone to take over. You will need a computer and a word processing program plus preferably a publisher program. These will have to be compatible with Microsoft Word, as this is the program used most frequently. I will be happy to give any assistance needed; but the new editor will probably want to do things in their own way.

If you are interested in taking over as editor please let me know and we can have an email chat about it before you make the final decision!

Whatever happens we still need more contributions, so get those fingers and pens working!

Please look at the section later in the newsletter about the reunion we are holding next year in May. We could do with some more members attending.

Minutes of Committee Meeting 2011

Present

Kay Carey, Mike Comber, Jeremy Taylor, Barry Eliades, Sally Edwards, Shally Hunt

Apologies

David Allen

Kay chaired the meeting.

Shally was welcomed to the Committee.

Condolences were offered to Jeremy on the death of his wife.

Minutes of meeting April 2010

These were accepted as read

Membership and Treasurer's report

We currently have 42 individual members on our books (34 in the UK and 8 overseas), one down on a year ago.

We have gained two members during the past year (Andrew Comber and Michael Stannard) and lost three. Stuart Carey and Sophia Freegard have resigned and Alan York is too ill to continue his membership. Barbara Nestor has not paid her subscription and my efforts to contact her have failed so far. Subscriptions are also outstanding in respect of three overseas members, namely: Charlotte Craig (France), Lydia Martin (Australia) and Claire Moore (South Africa).

We have two institutional members – the Carey Baptist Grammar School, of Kew, Victoria, Australia, and the William Carey College, of Mississippi, USA.

We currently have a bank balance of £522 compared with £578 a year ago. The cost of the Newsletter last year was £107.60 compared with £87.26 for the previous issue.

Last year we made a payment of £350 to Serampore College and said that it should go towards the cost of salaries in the Theology Department. We need to consider what we should do this year, bearing in mind that one of our Association's stated aims is "donating funds to Serampore College out of any surplus from our subscriptions after running costs". My recommendation is a donation of £300 for

the same purpose as last year.

Matters arising

A suggestion was made and agreed that a donation pot should be available at the reunion in Oxford in 2012 to support costs.

A decision was taken that Serampore College be added as an institutional member.

Newsletter and Tree

Mike announced he is going to retire from writing and editing the Newsletter; the first one was in 1994. 2012 will be his final year.

Barry offered to assist with the Newsletter which is on the website (www.careyassociation.org)

The Tree is on the Mississippi site in PDF format; Mike suggests there are over 3000 names. Mike reported he has had living people removed from the site on the Mississippi website as requested by some family members.

Website update

Discussion with Barry suggested that as the internet is becoming more widespread the Newsletter could be in an electronic format. There could be a blog where the family members could add to it.

Not all members agreed but this will be considered over the next 2-3 years.

Barry demonstrated Family Tree Maker and consideration was taken that this might be used in future which would allow a wider family access. He will add something to this year's Newsletter advising of this project. He also proposed the idea of putting the Newsletter on Kindle.

Reunion 2012

This will be at Regent's Park College, Oxford on May 12, 2012 from 2-5pm; Emma Walsh is happy to show more items from the archives. Edward and Rosemary Williams will be invited and Barry will show the use of the Family Tree Maker and internet facilities.

AOB

Jeremy offered his resignation from the Committee. Kay thanked him for his time as a member.

Shally was welcomed and invited to become a member; she agreed.

She spoke of her interest in the family and her recent visit to Serampore, where she met Sally's son and his fiancée, also visiting.

Shally is in the process of writing a biography on her ancestor, Felix; he is William's eldest son.

Family members are going to be asked if they are

willing to join the Committee.

Barry suggested seeking out representatives from other countries to link with us via the internet (Skype).

Thanks were offered to Mike and Pam for their hospitality.

The William Carey Lectern

By Emma Hammond (aged 12) Jabez line

In Westminster Abbey there is a lectern in memory of my great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather (William Carey). William Carey was a missionary in India (someone who tells people about Jesus) over 200 years ago. He was also a translator of the Bible having translated it into over 40 languages.

William Carey gave a sermon in Nottingham with the Baptist Ministers' Association on the 30th May 1792 (there is a plaque on Maid Marian Way, in Nottingham to commemorate this), where he said his famous words: Expect Great Things from God, Attempt Great Things for God.



Emma standing in front of the Nottingham plaque

On 11 October 1949, the Baptist Missionary Society (BMS) gave a carved English walnut lectern to Westminster Abbey in memory of William Carey. It commemorated the 150th anniversary of the BMS.

It was presented at a special Dedication Service in Westminster Abbey by his great grandson the Reverend Dr. Samuel Pearce Carey on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society on 17 October 1949.

Many Carey members were present including my grandmother, Ann Savage and many hundreds of Baptists attended from around the country.



Craftsmen in Bedford carved the lectern from English walnut. The craftsmen who worked on it were Arthur H Burton, Richard Bass, Leslie W Gilbert and Alfred Hardiman and it took a year to make. Professor Richardson designed it.

The lectern stands near the High Altar in Westminster Abbey and is about six feet high with a revolving top with two book rests so that two Bibles can be used.

The book rests are inscribed in gold with William Carey's famous words "Expect Great Things from God" and "Attempt Great Things for God" as well as: The gift of the Baptist Missionary Society in honour of William Carey 1761-1838 Missionary in India and Translator of the Bible.

The symbols of the four Evangelists also appear on the pillar and these are Matthew, a winged bull, Mark, a winged lion, Luke an angel kneeling and John, an eagle.

There are two silver lanterns. Under the book rest are the heads of four cherubim.

James Middleton read from this lectern during recent Royal Wedding of Prince William and Catherine Middleton.

Prisoner of Hope

Shally Hunt

Four years ago I discovered that I was related to William Carey. While talking about families, my 93-year-old father mentioned that we had an ancestor in the Dictionary of Biography who had been the first Baptist missionary to India. After a little research, I found that I was descended from the Felix line. This was the start of a long and exciting three year journey, which has taken me to the Angus Library in Regent's Park College, the Baptist library in Bristol, The British Library in London, and the Carey College Library in Serampore. I have also enjoyed the Carey Trail in Northamptonshire.

My sister-in-law told me she had been at school with an Ann Carey, who was now Ann Savage. Thanks to Ann, I was soon a paid up member of the CFA, with a family tree and an invitation to the 2008 CFA reunion at Oxford. This inspired me to start writing a book on Felix, Dr Carey's eldest son, the 'black sheep' of the family.

In 1793, at the age of eight, Felix arrived in India with his family. He spent the next seven years moving around Bengal with a mentally sick mother, and a father who was too busy working and evangelising to spend much time with his four sons. Felix ran wild with his brothers, learning the language fluently, but until the family moved to the security of Serampore, had little education or discipline. After this William Ward became his role model and mentor, and in 1800, at the age of fifteen, Felix was baptised with the Mission's first convert Krishna Pal. He married an English girl of fifteen when he was eighteen, became a missionary, and was sent to Burma.

Felix and another missionary called James Chater, started a mission station in Rangoon, overcoming many obstacles, including learning the very difficult language and attempting to proselytise to disinterested Europeans and the Buddhist Burmese. Felix mastered the language, used his medical skills to good effect and was a pioneer of smallpox vaccine in Burma. His skills soon reached the ears of the Burmese Court, where he was appointed Royal doctor, with status and a good salary. He found evangelising difficult, and concentrated on his translations and his medical training to earn money. The wives of both Felix and Chater left Rangoon after a few months, unable to tolerate the squalid

living conditions. Felix's first wife died in childbirth in Calcutta, but he soon remarried a Eurasian woman who gave him two children.

Political unrest in Burma meant Felix was suspected of spying, and he was forced to seek refuge in an East India Company ship until the crises had passed. The ferocious Burmese King wanted Felix to live in Amarapura, the capital, and he decided to set up a mission there. However, the boat taking him and his family capsized in a storm on the Irrawaddy River; unable to save his wife and children, he managed to swim ashore. The King gave him financial compensation and asked him to go to Bengal as an ambassador. At this point Felix resigned from the ministry and, suffering delusions of grandeur, arrived in Calcutta in the guise of a Burmese nobleman. He was being used by the Burmese Government as a 'cat's-paw' on a specious mission, but seemed unaware of this, and for a few months, lived the life of luxury, ran into debt, and caused his father much grief.

Back in Rangoon, Felix remarried, this time to a fifteen year old girl of French extraction, before returning to Calcutta on a further errand for the Burmese Government. This time all went well, but strangely he never went back to Burma, and spent the next three years wandering around the north eastern states of India, attempting to procure employment with the various Rajah's and getting deeper into debt. In 1818, he met up with William Ward, and, like the prodigal son, returned to Serampore where he was employed in the printing office. His life had come full circle.

During the next four years Felix worked hard, translating many important text books and, in 1821, (his young wife in Rangoon having died), married for the fourth time, this time to an English girl called Amelia Pope. Years of high living and alcohol took their toll, and, having survived disease, shipwreck, and deportation, he died in 1822 at the age of 37, leaving a heavily pregnant wife, and two daughters, Lucy and Dorothea. His tombstone in the cemetery at Serampore bears the simple words: Sacred to the memory of Felix Carey, Eldest son of the Revd W. Carey D.D who departed this life the 10th November 1822 aged 36 years and 20 days – A prisoner of hope released.

Felix's strange behaviour has been attributed to poor health, mental instability and vanity. He lived



under his father's shadow all his life, tried to live up to expectations but failed. However, he spoke fluent Hindustani and Burmese, had a sound knowledge of Sanskrit and Pali, and practiced his medical skills to good effect. He also stayed at his post in Burma, until the Judsons arrived from America, while no fewer than

four other missionaries left, (one having died). He has been described as a weak character, and certainly he was seduced by the opulence of the Burmese Court, perhaps understandable for a man who had only known poverty and self-sacrifice. His delusions of grandeur could well be attributed to bipolar syndrome, unknown two hundred years ago.

Whatever the reason, he lived a tumultuous life, and writing about him has been a fascinating and rewarding experience. I hope it will soon be in book form; if anyone is interested please contact me.

Maundy Ceremony 2011

Carey Graziano

Many of you will be familiar with the traditions of The Royal Maundy and some of you may have watched on television the Royal Maundy service in Westminster Abbey on Maundy Thursday this year. I cannot begin to describe the overwhelming beauty of it all: the traditional music, anthems sung by the joint choirs of Westminster Abbey and Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James' Palace, the trumpet fanfares, the familiar hymns, the prayers and traditional readings, one by His Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the National Anthem, the processions, the Yeomen carrying the great Alms dishes, the red and white purses containing the symbolic allowance for food and clothing and the Maundy coins, the Maundy children, the nosegays and above all the Queen herself, dressed in pale green or turquoise, smiling, saying an occasional word or two

and thanking us for our birthday wishes — all this in that perfect setting of breath-taking gothic architecture. I think we all felt very proud of our English heritage.

What had I done to be given this honour and privilege and what of all those others who had done as much or infinitely more and yet had not been nominated? Those were, of course, my first thoughts, mingled with, I confess, pride and a glowing sense of excitement and anticipation. I heard about it first last November, but was not allowed to tell anyone until the official letter arrived in February resplendent with a red Buckingham Palace postmark! Then the great joy was that all my family and friends were so delighted and enthusiastic — especially my twenty four year old grandson who immediately proclaimed himself as my companion (I was allowed one companion and two, later increased to four, guests). There was the question as to what to wear. Hats, we were told, were optional as the Queen did not want us to spend unnecessary money and wanted us to be warm and comfortable. That was another problem especially for those of us from the warm south: what was the weather going to be like? I had memories of freezing cold in Oxford in May two years previously. As it was my purple felt hat was totally unsuitable for the warm sunny day it turned out to be and I forgot my specially bought for the occasion gloves in the hotel!

The ceremony began at 11am and by nine o'clock we had all congregated at Church House just across Dean's Yard from the Abbey and the national headquarters of the Church of England. There were security checks and then guests and those who only had admission tickets were told to make their way to the Abbey while we recipients were given numbers and we sat in numbered seats in a large conference hall looking round to see whom we recognized. Tea and coffee and biscuits were available. We were given a few preliminary instructions: to bow or curtsy, to say "thank you, your Majesty" or "thank you, Ma'am" and we could wish her many happy returns: Maundy Thursday this year coincided with her 85th birthday. The wandsmen or sidesmen were introduced and we were called in batches to proceed to the Abbey. We were seated in the front row with our companion immediately behind us and our guests

close by. Those with admission tickets only were seated in the side aisles, but during the two distributions the Queen walked down the central aisle and then back along the side aisles so everyone had a good sight of her. I must say a word here of thanks and praise for the staff of the Royal Almonry Office and of Diocesan Office — so friendly and patient with queries and requests for extra tickets. We had been a bit doubtful as to whether children would be allowed, but they were. In the event, Maddalena, aged two, slept all the time even through the trumpet fanfare and Guido, aged six and a half, was congratulated afterwards by one of the wandsmen for his exemplary behaviour.



Carey looking with pride at her Maundy money

The Dean of Westminster had invited us, recipient and one guest, to lunch at Church House. This turned out to be a very friendly occasion. In the large circular Hall where the General Synod meets, there were at least twenty round tables seating ten and the meal was simple, but delicious: main course followed by a



sweet and coffee: There was the opportunity to move about greeting and thanking peopleit was a perfect conclusion and a time of "winding down" before joining the others who had picnicked in St James' Park!

A letter

Margaret Williams

The other week I came home with something very special: an original letter written by William Carey to Dorothy. I've known of its existence for a few years and I wrote to the owner, Revd James Bell, asking if he would be willing to sell it to me for our museum at Moulton. He replied that he had been thinking he should give it to us! When an incomplete Jane Austen MS came on the market and raised a staggering price I began to wonder if I could have afforded to buy the letter anyway! I'm still amazed at his generosity.

The letter was folded and addressed simply to Mrs Carey, Piddington, Nr Northampton and sent from the Isle of Wight, sealed with sealing wax. It's the letter William wrote when he thought he would have to go to India without Dorothy but with 9 year old Felix for company. The plan was to return in three years and hopefully take the whole family back to India then. In the letter he tells Dorothy how delighted he is that she has safely given birth to a son and he asks her to let him know his 'dear little child's name'. (It was Jabez.) He tells her,

'If I had all the world, I would freely give it all to have you and my dear children with me...but I could not turn back without guilt on my soul.' He tells her what Felix has been doing. He was writing to her too but William is not sure she'll be able to read it. 'He is a good boy,' he says' and gives me so much pleasure.' He asks her to tell the children he loves them dearly and prays for them constantly. He begs her to write to him as often as possible and assures her of his most affectionate love.

A wonderful glimpse into their domestic lives and into the enormous tension for them all of Carey doing what he sincerely held to be the will of God. We know Dorothy's eventual decision to go with him was very difficult for her and proved very costly, but we do know William tenderly cared for her for the rest of her life, ably helped from 1800 onwards by the Christian community at Serampore, and especially by Hannah Marshman.

A trip to Serampore

From Jeff Edwards (Jabez line) and Amanda Lane -Brown



We visited India in 2010 and went to Serampore which was fantastic.



Shally and Richard

We were put up in the Carey House, and on the first night discovered that Shally and Richard Hunt were also staying there. It was a lovely surprise and they really were great fun to spend time with!

Dr Lal was in Copenhagen, arriving the day before we left.



In Carey House



Amanda, Jeff and Rev Mithra and his wife

Dr Pratap Chandra Gine, the Vice Principal, and another Reverend took care of us, and were very kind. Shally shared with us a huge amount of history, which was fascinating, and we spent some time in the library trying to assist her looking for information for her book on Felix.

We also had some interesting expeditions into Serampore town and got to see all the colour of the Diwali (Hindu) festival that was on at the time. All in all, it was a wonderful time.

Uncle Andrew's diary

Wednesday December 27th

Another delightful day, cloudless sky, waveless sea, very light wind. Got up soon after 6am to look at two vessels off the lee bow. Had a good bathe before breakfast. Read through 'Things New and Old' by Lois Spilling. The crew were all engaged on making rope today. The Captain, I am glad to say, deeply regrets having given way to drink on Xmas Day and will, I believe, prevent the sale of spirits on New Year's Day. I presume nearly all my friends are writing to me this week. I fear it will be impossible to send any communications till we get there. I have several letters ready however in the hope of a chance. Had a nap for half an hour on deck this afternoon. Went to bed at 11pm.

Thursday December 28th

Got up at 7am and immediately after breakfast I turned out all my rugs and bedding which since the warm weather I have had under the mattress, for last night I was bitten in 5 places by cockroaches or rats or some other fine thing. At all events I was blistered in several places but I could see no trace of anything

of the sort. I put all my bedding in my box and turned my mattress out on deck for airing. I hope this will prevent a revisit from my friends I have just found out what it must have been, mosquitoes, as we have had a good many about today. After dinner I read a good part of Bailey's lectures which I am more struck with than ever. I washed my sheet, shirt, towel, socks and a few handkerchiefs today. We were abreast of St Helena today only 300 miles to the west nearer the coast of S America. Tomorrow we shall sight, I expect, the island of Trinidad. The breeze which had been falling light all the forenoon, freshened at 2 pm and a good 9 knot breeze has been blowing ever since. Went to bed at 10:30pm. I feel unusually bright and cheerful today.

Friday December 29th

Very heavy rain fell all last night which has cooled the air considerably. Finished Bayley's lectures this morning and commenced 'Under the Shadow of the great rock' by Kennedy. Wind very changeable. We were 20 degrees south of the line at noon, only averaging 4 knots however. I laid in a swinging hammock under the bridge from 2pm to 5pm, reading. We are gradually getting out of the tropics. The evenings are closing in at 8pm instead of 9pm. The steward was put in irons today for helping himself to the ships spirits and getting drunk, there with he is to be confined for 24 hours. We are fast overtaking the vessel that has been in company 10 days. About 8pm this evening Messrs Ainsley, Randall, Peck and Walton were playing cards and quarrelled over them. Peck was rather saucy to Ainsley, when Ainsley struck him a very cowardly blow and knocked him down. Randall interfered and was going to fight with Ainsley when the Captain stopped them. I wish we were out of this, nothing else but jangling, it is miserable. Went to bed 10:30.

Saturday December 30th

Good fresh breeze all day, several reconciliations of offending parties in last nights squabble. We are still gradually gaining on the ship. We were near enough to signal to her today and to our surprise she turns out to be the Vellore. Those that saw me off will remember that she left SW India 10 minutes before we did on 25th Nov. She is bound for Melbourne. I finished 'Rest Under the Shadow of the great rock' today. We passed abreast of Trinidad in the night past, and at noon today we were in Lat 22 degrees south. Had a bathe at sundown and spent the evening in

looking over some letters.

Sunday December 31st

Last day of the Old Year and 6th Sunday on board the Bevan. We were all woken up this morning by the letting off of guns and rockets at 4am we turned out at a quarter past four hearing great excitement on deck and found that our friend with whom we have been racing, the Vellore, was the subject of consternation. On getting her distress signal our Captain immediately backed the yards to stop our ship, and very soon a boat was seen coming off to us. Of course we all waited anxiously to know what was the matter. The boat contained 8 persons, the first mate 3 passengers, 3 midshipmen and 1 seaman. When they came on board, while the first mate was in conversation with our Captain, we were gathering all the news we could from the others. We learned ultimately that in using the water condenser 2 days ago the pipe and cock of the donkey engine burst and the fore compartment if their ship was 10 ft 6ins deep in water and they had come to borrow our pumps for strange to say though carrying 5 times as many passengers as we do they had no pumps. We lent them our Hold force pump and connecting hose. They left us again at 7am but they had not got back 10 minutes before we received a signal to say the pump was no use. We replied saying we would take our after pump up and have it ready in half hour, at the expiration of which time their boat was again sent off to us. The Captain of the Vellore sent a message to our Captain asking him to stand by his ship till all was right, or if the leakage could not be prevented, till they got to the Cape, where they would put in. Of course our Captain consented not to leave them till all was well. Their second boat left us at 10am with our other pump and we soon got a signal from them to say it did splendidly. As we had promised not to leave her till out of danger, and the weight of water preventing her progress, we were obliged to shorten sail considerably to prevent going away from her. This caused a lot of extra work to our men but they worked very cheerfully on the whole feeling that they would be glad of help if it was our case. We were talking to each other all day with flags. At noon they told us there was 3 foot of water out of her and at 5pm only 3ft left in her. This is the last communication for tonight. It sounds well and there will be every probability of fitting up the

pipe when all the water is out, so we shall most likely part in a day or two. Of course this has delayed us considerably but it was an act of charity and served well to relieve the monotony of the voyage. We lost on the whole perhaps for the day about 45 miles. I read a lot of miscellaneous poetry in the morning and bring very sleepy through getting up so early, went to bed in the afternoon but could not sleep. Had are hours lie down however. I got up at 3.30pm and had a confab with the sailors till tea-time. After tea I wrote a letter till 8pm. We then mustered on deck and talked over the events of 1882 and ad at 2 minutes to 12 midnight till 2 minutes past I sang the old year out and new one in. The Vellore hearing it followed our example after we had done, and then of course there was a general shake of hand and a Happy New Year on every tongue we strained ourselves shouting to the Vellore our wishes but they evidently could not hear us went to bed at 12.30am.

William Harry Brenton Carey

by Ann Savage and Jeannette Ellison
(Jabez Line)

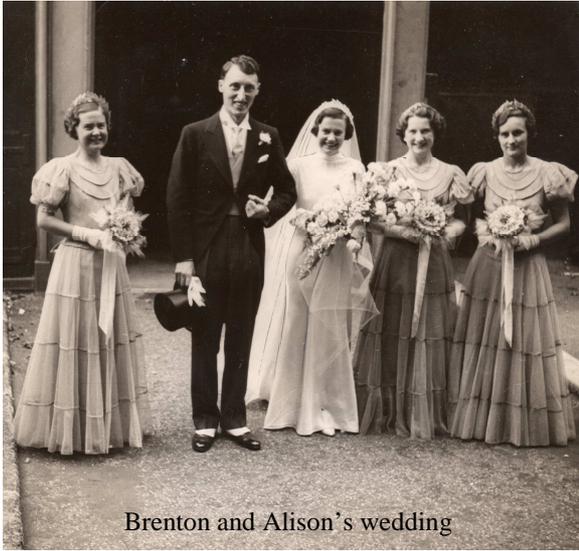
William Harry Brenton Carey, known as Brenton, the elder son of William Henry Carey OBE and Daisy (née Swift) was born on 15th February 1907 at 93 Dora Road, Wimbledon Park. His brother, Basil Swift Carey, was born four years later. They were great–great–great grandsons of William Carey DD and both were educated at King’ s College School, Wimbledon and became Chartered Accountants.

Brenton and Basil used to attend large family gatherings with their grandparents Dr William and Rebecca (née Kauntze) Carey at their home, “Serampore”, Chalkwell Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea. At Christmas, the cousins put on a family review and Brenton, the quiet one, played the piano with music they had made up for the show. In 1923, they all celebrated William and Rebecca’s Golden Wedding. Brenton



Basil and Brenton

graduated with a degree in Economics from the London School of Economics in 1929, having studied there in the evenings and he qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1931. He joined the firm of Dunn & Co in London, taking over the business in the late 1930s. He had a long association with the LSE including being a governor for 23 years and president of the Old Students' Football Club.



Brenton and Alison's wedding

On 4th September 1937 Brenton married Alison Ruth Lovel at St Anne's Church, Soho. Alison was a Cambridge graduate who had taught classics in Leicester and Kensington and, like Brenton, had grown up in Dora Road. After they were married they lived in Epsom Downs and they had two daughters, Ann born in 1938 and Jeannette born in 1942.

In 1939, Brenton volunteered to join the RAF for the duration of the Second World War and was promoted to Squadron Leader. He worked as an accountant at various airfields and the family followed him to Reading and to Porthcawl. He left a manager in charge of his business, returning to it at the end of the War.



Brenton in the RAF

The family returned to Surrey and later moved to Sussex where Brenton became a churchwarden of Rotherfield Church. He enjoyed gardening and playing the piano and he supported hospital and school charities as a freemason. In Surrey, Alison gave talks on horticulture to Women's Institutes, ran a Brownie Pack and was involved with flower arranging competitions.

As Chairman of the East Sussex Travellers' Association, Brenton managed to delay Dr Beeching from closing the Cuckoo line which ran through Mayfield, near his home, "Serampore". Unfortunately, Dr Beeching finally closed the line in 1965, in spite of a petition of over 5000 signatures which Brenton delivered to two East Sussex MPs. Brenton bought the last train ticket sold at Mayfield Station, which we still have in the family— a first class ticket to Heathfield for 1s 9d (9p)!

Brenton was very interested in the Carey family history and in the family tree, researching into this with his brother, Basil. He had always wanted to visit Serampore College and was delighted that he and Alison were able to go for the 150 years' celebrations there in December 1968. They stayed for eleven days in the house where William Carey had lived in 1818. Everyone was extremely kind to them, nothing was too much trouble. They thought that the college was a magnificent building with lawns sweeping down to the banks of the River Hooghly (the western branch of the Ganges) and they enjoyed taking part in college life.

The celebrations started on 1st December with prayers in the Chapel and a reception for the staff. During the next few days Brenton gave an address to the 1700 students and a speech at the Town Hall. The Governor of West Bengal came to the celebrations. There were many interesting people to meet including Dr Chatterjee, who wrote books on the Carey family, and the girls at the children's Mission School. He was asked for numerous autographs! Also there were tennis matches to watch. The Carey Library was splendid then and Brenton was particularly interested in the unique old Asiatic manuscripts. A Carey film in Bengali was being shown to packed houses in the cinemas in Calcutta (now Kolkata) and throughout West Bengal. There was no television in India then. Brenton and Alison also visited both the Carey Baptist Church (formerly the Lal Bazar Chapel) and the Botanic

Gardens in Calcutta and went to many interesting places.

Brenton took Alison to Delhi, his father's and grandfather's birthplace and to Nainital in the foothills of the Himalayas where his father went to boarding school. They travelled by steam train, took a taxi on a road with hairpin bends and they rode on a rickshaw above the beautiful lake at Nainital. They also saw the Taj Mahal at Agra and from Jaipur arrived at the Deserted City of Amber by elephant. In Bombay (Mumbai) Brenton addressed the LSE Society of India.

In 1892, William and Rebecca's family called at Colombo in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) on their way back to England by steamship. In the middle of their trip to India, Brenton and Alison flew to Colombo and saw the pond at the Zoo into which young Ernest Carey had fallen and was subsequently rescued. They reported that it was full of crocodiles! Table tennis was very popular with the students at Serampore and in 1970 Brenton and Basil gave a cup in memory of their father, William Henry Carey OBE, for inter-class table tennis competitions. Tennis had lost its popularity by now owing to the non-availability of tennis balls and the high cost of maintaining the courts.

After a long illness during which Brenton gave her devoted and tireless care, Alison died on 10th October 1972, aged 62. Brenton then sold his business and moved to Bovey Tracey, Devon, near his daughter, Ann. He became Treasurer of Bovey Tracey Parish Church, helped at the local Information Centre and continued to look after the few clients that he kept.

By 1975, Brenton was delighted to have four grandchildren, Catherine and Helen in Devon and David and Patricia in Cheshire. He was so pleased to be teaching the eldest, Catherine, to play the piano. However, sadly on the 20th September of that year he died, aged 68, and this was a shock to all. He will always be remembered as a loving husband, father and grandfather and it was said by the Vicar at his funeral that he "was a person who had old world courteousness and indeed gentleness".

News from Friends of Serampore

There are two important news items this year:

First, Dr Lalchungnunga is retiring in October. He expects his successor to be decided by the end

of September. There were four applicants; the successful one will have a lot to live up to, following in the footsteps of Lalchungnunga. He is not going to be idle as he and Hliri hope to take up pastoral ministry in the summer of 2012.

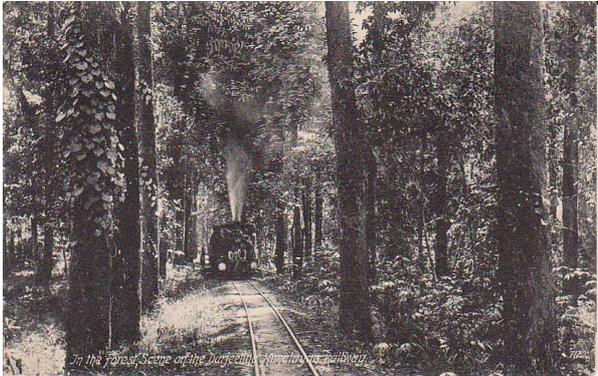
The second is the 250th birth anniversary of William Carey. The Baptist Times recently had a centre spread devoted to Carey. You can find a copy at www.friendsofserampore.org.uk.

Shelagh Stannard's diary

It is early in 1941. I had been with the Company a year, the war had been on for two years and then Len got his calling up papers. Every able bodied man between the ages of 15 and 60 years had to do his bit for King and country. So we decided to get married as soon as possible. We were married on the 17th May 1941 at 4.30 p.m. at St. Thomas Church, Middleton Row, Calcutta. I made my wedding dress myself of white satin with a train and long sleeves; the veil was very fine net as I could not get tulle because of war shortages, my bouquet was a bunch of white madonna lillies bought in the market that morning. I also made the dresses for my mother and sister. Being the month of May the weather was boiling hot; when I put on my dress I was so hot that I lost my temper and took a pair of scissors and cut the long sleeves off to make short ones - much cooler! The reception was in a flat over the Stores and all the senior staff and their spouses were guests, as well as all my sister's colleagues from the Advertising agency. It was a very cheery evening. My father being away in Iran I was given away by a friend of Len's called Alan Muir and my sister was my bridesmaid. The best man was a married friend of Len's called John Ottignon. His wife was an Australian and a wonderful harpist.

After the reception we drove to Sealdah Station to catch the overnight train to Darjeeling where we were to spend a fortnights honeymoon at a small boarding house called Eden Chine. After the nights journey we arrived in the very early morning at the foothills of the Himalayas - a place called Siliguri. When you look out of the train windows you see these mighty mountains with the snowy ranges behind them. Here we had to leave the broad gauge train and, after breakfast in the

station restaurant, transfer to a tiny narrow gauge mountain railway for the day long journey up to Darjeeling; just as I used to do in my school days. First we passed through the Terai forest full of wild



animals then snaking slowly around the mountains going higher and higher and with the air getting cooler all the time. In wet or frosty weather the wheels of the engine are apt to slip on the rails and go spinning around losing grip, so a man has to sit on the front of the engine with a large box of sand sprinkling it on the rails as they go along! One side of the train almost brushes the hillside so much so that one can snatch a wild flower or fern in passing, and on the other side there is a drop down to the foothills with lovely waterfalls pouring down the gorges, starting rivers which would end up in the plains.



In one particular place the train goes around in almost a complete circle as it gains height; when I used to go to school in Darjeeling I'd go with a school party, boys and girls; (much crying at Seal-dah Station as parents waved us goodbye!) the more daring of the boys used to leap out when the train crawled around this section, called The Loop, run across the intervening space and jump aboard again as it came by!

This journey could also be done by hire car but the

standard of driving was such that one saw very little of the lovely scenery; spending most of the time hanging on for dear life in imminent danger of crashing over the hillside!



Darjeeling is a

beautiful place in the Himalayas 6000 ft. above sea level and a very popular place for holidays. We had a marvelous time, wining, dining and dancing. Tennis too and a lot of walking in the forests - gorgeous smell of pine trees- call of the cuckoo - pony trekking and birds of paradise flitting through the trees festooned with orchids. We carved our names on a very large Deodar tree; we often wonder if it is still there today. One day we climbed up to Tiger Hill, stayed the night in a Hotel so that we could get up at dawn to see the sun rise on Mount Everest many miles away. It was fascinating to see the dull white peak slowly turn pink as the sun touched it. From Darjeeling itself the twin peaks of Kanchenjunga and many other mountains covered with perpetual snow are in full view from the town. They look close enough to touch.

After our honeymoon we went back to Calcutta and started to get ready to leave for Bangalore in South India where Len was to join a contingent of recruits, all British businessmen, to do three months training in the mechanics of war; his army number was 579. He lived in an Army camp and I stayed in a hotel called Bunny's Hotel where there were several other Army wives, so we were company for each other. Our husbands got weekend leave so we used to go out dining and dancing till the small hours. Len had quite a hard time here with map reading, orienteering, drilling, and running miles in all weathers, not to mention falling into ditches in the dark! This was to get the chaps fit after all their years of armchair bashing! One of Len's friends from the Army & Navy Stores was put in charge of a camp for Italian prisoners of war on the outskirts of the town. His name was Harry Peacock but his superior officer insisted on calling him Pocock

which used to make him see red!

After three months here we packed up again to move to the north of India to Abbottabad, 4000ft. above sea level, but we broke our four day journey at Calcutta and stayed in a boarding house for a few days, seeing our friends and my mother and sister. We spent three months further training in Abbottabad; this time it was learning to drive heavy Army vehicles. I used to see these long lines of trucks nose to tail passing my hotel on their way to a training area. Len and his fellow cadets had many a hairy episode with the truck driving. Being a hilly area several actually went over cliffs and had to be ignominiously winched out! I stayed at the Abbott Hotel, a very dull place and I can't remember anything interesting about it!

In December 1941 Len's training came to an end so we set off for Calcutta to spend two weeks over Christmas at the Great Eastern Hotel; a lovely place, very large and grand with a cabaret every night during dinner and where we had often been dancing in our courting days; and where, of course, I'd worked for a while for Yardley's beautician Miss Gowans. Outside the hotel there were always flower sellers with masses of red roses, and Len always bought me a huge bunch of these whenever we came out, hence our love of red roses to this day. One odd thing that used to happen in Calcutta at one particular time of the year, I think it was the winter, strange shellfish like creatures about ten inches long used to fly in from the river and make for the lights; they would hit the buildings and fall down on the pavement with a sickening crack, some killing themselves, and the others scuttling away. I still don't know what they were; all I know is that they used to fill me with horror!

After Christmas Len got his first posting to Lucknow in central India. We were given quarters in a long low terrace block, 'with his office next door, in Hodson's Lines in the Army Cantonment outside the town. The countryside was very fiat and in summer very hot. This is the place where my grandmother, Annie Wood, nee Goodall, my father's mother, used to live in a terrace for pensioners called Lawrence Terrace, and where we used to return with father when he threw up a job and finances were difficult! I am very sorry now that I never went and looked for the place, al-



though I heard later that by that time she had gone to live with her sister Kitty Tancred in Australia.

It was here in Lucknow that I learned to ride a bike. One of the office clerks was ordered to hold me up while I pedalled and I'm glad to say it took me only a day to master the art. I remember my mother trying to learn in Peshawar; she finally manage, it but it took many weeks and a lot of falls and grazed knees. I made many trips to town for shopping and eventually ordered a handsome Phillips cycle from England with lots of bolt-on goodies! Being wartime, British cycles were very hard to get in India, if not impossible. Alas it was stolen a few years later in Calcutta as well as the one Len bought for himself.

We left Lucknow after three months and moved to the Royal Hotel, Bareilly, which is not far from Lucknow. I spent a week or two in hospital here with Bacilliary Dysentery, and then we returned to Lucknow for a month.

In June 1942 we had a wonderful fortnights holiday in Naini Tel; a lovely place in the Himalayas built around a lake, 6400 ft. above sea level. The lake is a mile long and has a sulphur spring at one end. The local Yacht Club used the lake during the summer. We boated on the lake and rode horses up to the hill tops through the forest looking down on the lake; we also went walking in the scented pine woods inhabited by very large grey Langour monkeys with black faces. It was quite daunting to come round a bend in a leafy lane and see one of these large creatures just sitting in the middle of the path staring at us! Our hotel was called the Royal (so many of the hotels are called 'Royal' it's hard to keep track of them all!) After a week at the Royal we moved to the Manor Hotel for a week extra. After this holiday we went back to Lucknow till the end of June. From there we moved to a boarding house for a week run by a Mrs Basen then moved again to another one run

by a Mrs Wiseman for about ten days. After that we were allocated a lovely little house, Bungalow 75, in Jhelum beside the river Jumna. We were there for three months and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves being on our own after a succession of indifferent hotels and boarding houses. We started making a garden but no sooner had the plants started to grow and look promising than a herd of domestic buffaloes got in one night and demolished the lot; what was not eaten was trampled on I heard the munching during the night and rushed out in my night clothes; too late to save the plants so I shut the gate and stood guard on it till daylight when our servants arrived from their homes. I ordered them to drive the animals to the local pound. By this time the owner/herdsman had arrived to collect the buffaloes only to find them gone, he pleaded with me on his knees to let him off, but I was so angry that I turned a deaf ear and he had to pay a fine to get them out of the Pound; by this time my mother and sister had moved from Calcutta to Cawnpore. My sister's firm at that time was the Indian Oxygen Co. who had shifted to Cawnpore as there was a fear that the Japanese, who had entered the war by bombing the Americans at Pearl Harbour, were intending to bomb Calcutta given half a chance. After leaving Jhelum we stayed with my mother and sister and then moved to a house in Allahabad, No.6 Napier Road, a very large place, fully furnished and with no less than six servants already in residence left by the previous occupants! There was the cook, and a young lad as pantry boy to do the washing up and probably being trained by the cook; then there was the bearer; he laid the table and served the food, dusted and made the beds, laid out the Sahibs clothes and got the baths ready just as a Valet would. The dirty work, like sweeping floors, cleaning bathrooms and toilets was done by the sweeper. The cook, bearer and pantry boy would not dream of doing anything like that as they are of too high a caste; only a low caste like the sweeper can do the dirty work; but even then the sweeper is not low enough in the caste system to touch a dead body; for that a person of an even lower caste is required. It may be different now, but in my young days if a high caste woman's little baby died in her arms she would immediately discard it as unclean and not touch it again. The laying out and the burial would be done by the very

low caste. To get back to the house in Allahabad - outside the house there was a gardener and his assistant to help with the heavy work. The laundry was done by a washerman called a dhоти; he comes to the house once a week to take the dirty clothes and bring back the clean ones. The salary bill for these chaps was astronomical and way above a Captain's pay, but we didn't do anything about it for the time being - just enjoyed it! When we first arrived the cook asked me what to make for dinner, so I said "Oh anything you like cook, I'm too tired to think", and he certainly went to town to impress us. Soup first then fish with a delicious sauce on it, followed by, believe it or not, roast guinea fowl dressed in all its feathers, with all the usual vegetables beautifully served up. The dessert was a gorgeous basket made of sugar filled with fresh fruit and icecream, all this was followed by cheese, sweets and liqueurs! As it happened I didn't have to pluck up courage and reluctantly sack most of the servants for reasons of economy because fate decided for us. After only a week of this high living Len got a letter from the War Office telling him to report for active service on the Burma border, a place called Tiddim. The Japanese had overrun Singapore and were trying to invade India. Before he left we went up to the Hills again to Mussoorie and stayed at the Palmerston Hotel for a few days. We found the beds were too short for us so we had a large one made specially, about 7ft. x 7ft! Maybe it's still there! Once more we had to pack up; Len went off to his Unit and I went back to stay with my mother and sister in Cawnpore. I stayed there for almost 18 months; from November 1942 to June 1944.

In June 1944 Len was evacuated from the Burma War front with other casualties by Dakota ambulance aircraft, after having damaged a knee very badly. His Unit was in retreat from the Japanese at the time of the injury and there was nothing the medics could do but put his entire leg in plaster from ankle to groin. By the time he arrived in the General Hospital, Poona, he was in a mess. His knee was quite stiff and had to be re-broken so that it could be set properly. This injury was to trouble him for the rest of his life. When I heard that he had arrived in Poona I dashed off to stay with my sister in Dehu Road and used to take the train every afternoon to visit him in hospital. The jour-

ney took about an hour. I did this for about a month, then in July '44 when he was well enough to be allowed out of hospital during the day, I looked around for somewhere to stay in Poona itself. I found a room in a boarding house called "Chez Arab" in Wellesley Road. The proprietress was a black woman who seemed to sleep all day. I thought this very strange. My bath water used to be brought, bucket by bucket to my tin bath every afternoon, but I always had to go outside and shout to the servant in charge of the water heater called a Salamander (the heater not the servant!). Eventually one day I was so angry about this daily palaver to get a bath that I rushed into the bedroom of this woman, who was asleep as usual, and tipped her out of her bed! After that I gave her a good ticking off and things changed for the better. Several weeks later, however, I met another army wife who asked me where I was staying; I said "Chez Arab". The look on her face was a picture; she said "but my dear - that's a brothel - didn't you know"! No, I didn't know but all was now clear to me; the all-day sleeping and the music I could hear all night and the odd unattached women in the dining room - I couldn't wait to get out of it. Len used to come to stay at the weekends but for the rest of the week I was alone and I began to feel uneasy.

I looked around and found a small room in yet another Royal Hotel! Room 7 where we stayed for about a month. By this time Len was well enough to get another posting; this time to Poona, but before taking it up we decided to have a break in the Hills, so we left for Bombay on the 21st September '44 and stayed at Greens Hotel for a week. Sat in the famous Harbour Bar for our drinks within sight of the Gateway of India; an imposing stone archway and landing stage through which many famous visitors entered India. From there we went to Cawnpore for a week to see my mother then on to the Charleville Hotel in Mussoorie. This time though, Len was not able to do all the walking that he'd been able to do on previous holidays because of his damaged knee. He was walking with a couple of sticks. From Mussoorie we trained back to Poona and took up residence in No.6 Cross Road, a lovely little house with a large garden surrounded by Poinsettia bushes 6ft high. We set about planting flowers right away; masses of zinnias for which I used to hump gallons and gallons of water every day oth-

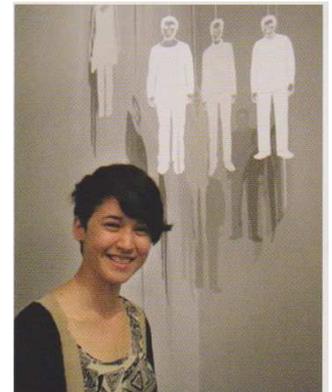
erwise they'd have died in the heat. Thinking about it now, I wonder why I didn't have a hose pipe? Surely they must have been invented then? I know that there was no plastic around - such a thing as a plastic bag was unheard of.

While we were in this house we had a surprise visit from Len's elder brother Victor who was in the merchant Navy. Because it was wartime his whereabouts had to be secret, hence the surprise. Later in the year Len was offered a quick flying visit home to England by the Army to see his family. He flew by Dakota aircraft and was away for a month. During his absence my mother came to stay with me to keep me company and I did some WVS work handing out library books in the local Military Hospital full of wounded servicemen - some very sad cases and many of them so young.

News from Carey Baptist Grammar School

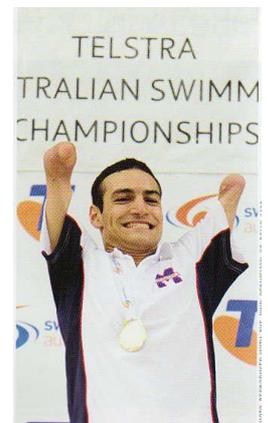
Marisai Lai (2010)

Was one of 53 students chosen from over 1800 applicants to be part of the NGV (National Gallery of Victoria) Ian Potter Centre. Her theme: Family, was depicted by a diversity of work and media explorations, from paper stencils to rotoscope animation. Marisai is now studying Drawing at the Victorian College of the Arts.



Ahmed Kelly (Year 12)

Ahmed made National news when he shattered his own men's SB3 100m Breaststroke World Record at the 2011 Australian Swimming Championships in Sydney. Look out for him in the 2012 Paralympic Games in London!





Lachlan Kelly (Year 5)
Lachlan is currently playing Gustave in the Melbourne production of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Love Never Dies*. This is his first professional show and is enjoying his time on the big stage.

Well done to these three and the many other successful students, or ex-students, at the Carey School.

Comings and going

Margaret Hiddel, sister to Ruth Wrigley and Mike Comber.

Died, after a struggle with cancer, in her own home in Capel, West Australia, with her family around her on June 24th 2011.

Reunion 2012

Our reunion will be on May 12 at Regent's Park College, starting at 1.30 and finishing about 5.00.

The librarian Emma will not be able to act as host as it is her Wedding Anniversary and she and her husband had planned a special weekend; however she has (I hope!) arranged for the assistant librarian, Sheila, to act as hostess.

The planned programme is:

1.30 Assemble and introductions

First hour:

Archives, that will be different to last time.

Second hour:

Edward and Rosemary Williams – Serampore.

Refreshments

Third hour:

Members items and interests, including Barry's section on the internet.

Timing can only be approximate

The programme is planned so that members who have far to travel are able to leave early without missing too much.

Members who have said that they hope to attend are:

David Allen

Kay Carey

Peter Carey

Mike Comber

Charlotte Craig

Sally Edwards

Jane Marriott

Alan O'Hara

Barry Eliades

Jeannette Ellison

Carey Graziano

Paul & Helen Hammond

Shally Hunt

Susan Hunt

Rosalind & John Mead

Ann & John Savage

So numbers are down compared with 2009. If any other members would like to join us, please let me know as soon as possible. Remember, apart from travelling, there are no costs; though there will be a collecting tin of some sort towards Association costs. Also, of course, if you are now unable to join us please let me know.

For Sale

I have the following books for sale:

William Carey

By Sunil Chatterjee four copies £3 each

Family Letters of Dr William Carey

By Sunil Chatterjee one copy £5

Rev John Mack

By Sunil Chatterjee two copies £5 each

William Carey Missionary and Botanist

By Keith Farrer

Seven copiers £10 each

All prices include postage in the UK for overseas orders £2 extra.

Apply to Mike Comber

If not sold beforehand these will be available at the reunion.