



F. J. B. WATSON

Francis John Bagott Watson 1907–1992

‘I AM INCLINED to laugh a lot, I think.’ Francis Watson commented in answer to a question in an interview marking his eightieth birthday.¹ To another question in the same interview about what he liked best in the American way of life, his reply was equally unrehearsed: ‘The flattery accorded visiting scholars like myself.’

To anyone who is called upon to reflect on the life of Francis Watson it is his sense of humour and his spontaneity which constantly enliven assessments of his scholarly achievements, and intrude on attempts at evaluating his standing in the world of art history. Francis Watson did not take himself seriously and it almost goes against the grain to try to do what he steadfastly refused to do himself. He was a great ‘deflator’ and he found in his wife Jane (née Mary Rosalie Gray Strong), whom he married in 1941, a worthy partner in this exercise of self-mockery. They were an amazing couple, constantly at war. And yet Francis never seemed so happy as when he was being held up to ridicule in public by his wife or was being embarrassed by a remark which she would drop, in a remarkably high pitched and girlish tone of voice, in the middle of a conversation. Her timing was impeccable. But woe betide an outsider who ventured to add to Francis’s discomfiture with a contribution of his own. Jane, who was no respecter of persons, would turn on the offender with feline ferocity in defence of Francis, her husband and her hero.

Francis John Bagott Watson was born on 24 August 1907, the son

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¹ *Giornale dell’Arte*, November 1987, Interview with Mrs Diana Scarisbrick.

of Hugh Watson, headmaster of Dudley Grammar School, and of Ellen Marian Bagott. His father, as Francis Watson remembered him, was a muscular Christian who won an England cap at rugby football. While Francis shared his father's faith and remained a practising Christian throughout his life, the parental enthusiasm for the rugger field left him cold — 'an atrociously boring game'.² His mother had no interest in the visual arts, but she was very musical, and this interest was evidently transmitted to her son, who worked briefly as a music critic after leaving university.

There was nothing in Francis's education which suggested that he would be drawn to the visual arts. Educated first at Dudley Grammar School and subsequently at Shrewsbury School (1921–6), he went on to St. John's College, Cambridge (1926–9), graduating with a Second Class degree in Mathematics (Part 1) and English (Part 2). His interests were literary. Admittedly he took to visiting the Fitzwilliam Museum on Sunday afternoons to look at the paintings, but that was by the way. The influential and important figures in his undergraduate days remained English dons and philosophers rather than art historians: F. R. Leavis, for example, with whom he took tea every Friday, whose rigorous and unrelenting views on English literature and language may have influenced the development of Francis's own style. And it was in Leavis's house that he met Ludwig Wittgenstein. Among undergraduates who were his contemporaries was Anthony Blunt, also a mathematician, whose career as an art historian was to run in parallel in certain respects with his own. While Watson was Surveyor of The Queen's Works of Art, Blunt was Surveyor of The Queen's Pictures. While Watson was Director of the Wallace Collection in Manchester Square, Blunt was Director of the Courtauld Institute in neighbouring Portman Square, where the former had first started his career in the art world.

After coming down from Cambridge Watson worked in publishing in the European branch of the American firm Brentano's, who published such authors as Anita Loos and Ronald Firbank. Had it not been for the closure of Brentano's London office in 1933 he probably would never have embarked on a career in the art world. After Brentano's he was without a job for a year, earning a few pennies by writing articles. Then in 1934 at the suggestion of a friend he applied

² Jeremy Howard, 'Looking after the crockery...' Sir Francis Watson's last interview', *Apollo* (January 1993), p. 3.

successfully for the post of Bursar in the recently founded Courtauld Institute of Art, where he remained until 1938.

If the Sunday afternoon visits to the Fitzwilliam are excluded, the first stirrings of Francis Watson's interest in the arts date from this appointment. He attended lectures, not as a student but as a technician — he operated the lantern slide projector, and in the process he took to listening to what was being said and to absorbing what was being imparted. The lectures given by James Byam Shaw provided a particularly rich source of inspiration. At the same time in his capacity as Bursar he got to know personally many of the distinguished scholars who taught at the Courtauld. It was a fruitful period in Francis Watson's life. Contacts were made. Interests were pursued. Enthusiasms were nurtured. The scholar who was to loom largest in Francis Watson's gallery of influential figures was C. F. Bell, Keeper of Fine Art at the Ashmolean, a fierce and acerbic art historian of great breadth of learning who set himself and others standards of perfection which few could achieve, let alone maintain. He helped T. E. Lawrence with his writing and also Kenneth Clark at the beginning of his career — Clark's *Gothic Revival* (1928) was dedicated to Bell, as was Osbert Sitwell's *Winters of Content* (1932). He talked to Francis Watson about the history of art; he introduced him to influential figures in the art world, such as Bernard Berenson whom they visited at I Tatti; he encouraged him as a writer — sloppy writing was anathema to Bell. Watson recalled an amusing incident when Bell, incensed by the poor quality of the text of a catalogue he had been sent to read, was found kicking the tome like a football from one end of his library to the other. Watson repaid his debt to Bell, his 'spiritual father', by a devoted and unswerving friendship, a friendship which must have been sorely tried on occasions during the last years of Bell's life, when the nonagenarian became an increasingly moody and eccentric recluse. On his death, at the age of ninety-four, Francis Watson wrote in 1968 a vivid and affectionate tribute to his friend in volume XLI of the Walpole Society.

The opportunity which set Francis Watson on his career as an art historian occurred in 1938 as a result of a furore at the Courtauld Institute, when its Director, W. G. Constable, resigned and its Deputy Director, James Mann, was appointed Director of the Wallace Collection. Mann took Watson with him, as Assistant to the Director. Within ten days of his appointment he was, with Trenchard Cox, given the task of writing the catalogue of furniture. The collaboration was cut short by the war, Trenchard Cox being seconded to the Home Office

and Francis Watson to the Admiralty. Watson, who returned to the Wallace Collection after the war, was launched on a career which was to lead to the publication of his magisterial furniture catalogue in 1956 and which was to culminate in his appointment in 1963 as Director of the Wallace Collection and in the same year as Surveyor of The Queen's Works of Art.

Francis Watson's fame rightly rests on his work in the field of the decorative arts, notably eighteenth-century French furniture, but his early publications might suggest a different bias. In 1939–40 Watson published a catalogue of the work of the English expatriate artist, Thomas Patch, in volume XXVIII of the Walpole Society, which was followed in 1949 by a book on Canaletto (revised in 1954), in 1966 by one on Tiepolo and in 1967 by a monograph on Fragonard. Watson maintained a continuing interest in these artists, writing numerous reviews of books on Venetian and French paintings and contributing himself papers and articles ('Thomas Patch Some new light on his work', in *Apollo*, May 1967; 'A Self-Portrait by Canaletto', in *Burlington Magazine*, September 1956; the Fred Cook Memorial Lecture, 'The Guardi Family of Painters', delivered in 1966). In 1951 he organised an exhibition, *Eighteenth-Century Venice*, the first of its kind to be held outside Italy after the war. It was staged at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where he was a trustee for twenty-five years. In recognition of his contribution to the study of eighteenth-century Venetian art Watson was made a permanent member of the executive committee of the biennial Old Master Exhibitions staged in Venice between 1950 and the late 1960s, and in 1961 he was awarded the honour of *Ufficiale del Ordine al Merito della Repubblica Italiana*. He was also actively involved in the affairs of the Royal Academy, particularly during the presidency of his friend, Sir Gerald Kelly. He served on the committees of a number of their famous Winter Exhibitions, even when the themes of the exhibitions did not seem to be ones in which he had a particular experience, as he was to do later for exhibitions staged in the National Gallery of Art, Washington.

This roll-call of activities, publications and achievements is not one which would be readily associated with a furniture historian. But Watson was far from the conventional, blinkered, single-minded specialist. Unlike a French furniture historian of great eminence, who on a visit to Buckingham Palace hastened through the Picture Gallery 'because there was nothing to see', Watson was always as interested in what was above dado level as in what was below. This is well attested

by the range of books he was asked to review. In addition to those on European furniture and Venetian art the list includes medieval manuscripts, Elizabethan miniatures, English, French, Flemish and Dutch paintings, ceramics, textiles, gold and silver, architecture and sculpture, the history of collecting and the economics of taste.

In a disarmingly frank and at times self-mocking exchange Watson commented to Jeremy Howard shortly before he died, '... I think I would have been a much dimmer figure in paintings. ... It's always an advantage to work in a field where you haven't many competitors'.³ The remark belies Watson's real achievement in his field. His Wallace Collection *Furniture Catalogue* broke new ground. It is a pioneering work which was hailed as a masterpiece by the man who revolutionised the study of French furniture, Pierre Verlet. High praise indeed from one not given to distributing encomiums like confetti. Watson's approach involved a very thorough examination of each piece — which is reflected in the detailed catalogue descriptions — and analysis and interpretation of the evidence relating to its manufacture and subsequent alterations and modifications (if any) revealed by this examination, the careful scrutiny of sale catalogues and archival records which threw light on its provenance, and an assessment of its art historical importance. Watson's approach is mathematical in its precision, rigorously objective in the interpretation of the evidence assembled and thoroughly balanced in the conclusions reached. He provides a comprehensive case history for each piece, now the accepted norm for any furniture catalogue, but then seen as something dramatically different from the unstructured and thoroughly discursive entries of previous catalogues.

By according the same critical attention to a piece of furniture in a catalogue as only a painting would previously have received, the status of the former was enhanced and the study of furniture was raised to a level equal or nearly equal to that of paintings. The acclaim which greeted the Wallace Collection catalogue and the greater prestige which its publication gave to the study of furniture were in no small way responsible for the foundation of the Furniture History Society in 1966 (with Francis Watson as its first chairman) and perhaps too for his appointment in 1969 as Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford, when he chose as the theme of his six lectures on the decorative arts, 'Craftmanship and Society in Eighteenth Century France'.

³ Howard, loc. cit., p. 5.

In a review of Martin Davies's *Rogier van der Weyden* (January 1973), Watson quotes Davies as saying: 'I do not care to squander words'. This comment could apply with equal justice to Watson's catalogue entries. Francis Watson was a past master of the art of cataloguing; he enjoyed the discipline which this genre demanded. His Wallace Collection catalogue was followed by others: the Wrightsman Collection catalogue (first two volumes on furniture published in 1966, followed four years later by volumes 3 and 4 on porcelain, gold boxes, panelling and more furniture, of which he was the principal contributor); the exhibition catalogue 'Chinese porcelain in European Mounts' (1980), followed six years later by an expanded version, 'Mounted Oriental Porcelain'; and, finally, the catalogue of the Widener Collection of French furniture in the National Gallery of Art, Washington (1992). Despite the occasional rasping comment — 'I am getting fed up with writing catalogues'; a complaint voiced at the age of seventy-eight — six years later he had sufficiently recovered his enthusiasm to write positively about his last contribution to the genre, just six months before he died: 'Curiously I'm enjoying a return to hard intellectual work after so long...'

A catalogue for all its professed objectivity is not impersonal. The author's perceptions of what is important are inevitably reflected in the weight given to particular aspects of the entries, be it in the descriptions, the provenance or the archival research, to cite three examples. In addition, in the case of Francis Watson's catalogues, and indeed of many of his other publications, they are distinguished by their style, which is 'neat, precise, pithy and totally informed',⁴ as well as by the breadth of knowledge which they reveal. His other interests add a new dimension to his commentaries on furniture, as in the article in which he establishes Japanese lacquers as the possible source for French marquetry patterns (1981) or in his earlier article on the taste for Japanese lacquer in France in the eighteenth century (February 1963). Here his interest in the East and his long-standing fascination for William Beckford, who acquired such masterpieces as the Van Diemen box and the so-called 'Mazarin' chest, are combined and he is able to demonstrate the importance of provenance through the close examination of eighteenth-century sale catalogues.

⁴ An expression borrowed from Francis Watson's review of Ellis Waterhouse, *Reynolds* (*Times Literary Supplement*, 14 December 1973, p. 1528) which can be applied with equal justice to Watson's own writings.

His masterly study of the Choiseul box, given as a lecture in 1963 and subsequently published, is a *tour de force* which could only have been written by someone with his range of specialised knowledge. It required an intimate acquaintanceship with paintings and eighteenth-century sale catalogues, an understanding of architectural history and interior design, an awareness of the political significance of the duc de Choiseul and of his importance as patron of the arts and — perforce — a knowledge of snuff boxes. In the Wrightsman catalogue Watson expanded the section on provenance to include economic factors. He provided, where known, details of the cost of the items at the time of manufacture and of the prices they fetched when they passed through dealers' hands or through sale rooms, even in recent times. In his view art history and economic history ought not to be divorced from each other. The price of a loaf of bread in eighteenth-century Paris has its place in an account of the manufacture of a Riesener chest of drawers in the 1770s. This is one reason for the encouragement and help Watson gave Gerald Reitlinger whose publication, *The Economics of Taste* (vol. I, 1961; vol. II, 1963), though admittedly flawed, broke new ground. It also explains his pleasure at meeting at the Institute of Advanced Studies in Princeton Dr Michael Stürmer, a German economist working on the economics of the luxury arts, whose approach he described as 'new and revealing'.

If the study of sale catalogues and the extensive reading of contemporary literature were two of the principal weapons in Francis Watson's armoury, research in the archives was largely carried out at one remove. Though he was fully aware of the importance of such research in the field of the decorative arts, he tended to rely on the discoveries made by other scholars, notably Pierre Verlet, who had worked extensively in the Paris archives.

Connoisseurship was what Francis Watson prized above all. His advice to the young was not to study for a doctorate in the history of art, which he considered a very dubious benefit and which in some cases he regarded as positively harmful, since it encouraged students to look at photographs rather than to use their eyes and look at objects in museums and sale rooms. The best training, in his view, was to be gained in the auction house and the best way of fixing works of art in the mind and getting to understand them was to try to draw them.

Just as C. F. Bell launched many an art historian on his or her career, so too Francis Watson was ever willing to offer advice, encouragement and positive help to those embarking on a career in the world

of art, if he considered they had the right approach: an inquisitive and open mind, tenacity of purpose and a sense of history. Watson was a stimulating and popular teacher who treated his students as equals. He enjoyed the exchange of ideas and was delighted if his views (sometimes unconventional) provoked discussion.

Francis Watson, who had no formal art historical training, acquired his knowledge of furniture by having to catalogue it. He had developed his eye for art by practising what he preached, by frequenting the museums, and by making purchases for modest sums. He collected. His tastes were eclectic. He was first drawn to Old Master drawings and then to eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century English and French sculpture, which at the time was remarkably cheap. His wife shared this enthusiasm and encouraged him, as Cheng Huan was to do later, in his taste for oriental works of art. Francis Watson adopted Cheng Huan, now a very successful Hong Kong lawyer, following his wife's death, and the top floor of their home in Wiltshire, which Cheng had bought for him, was transformed into a Buddhist shrine. Watson enjoyed the cut and thrust of the market place and was delighted when he had secured a bargain. Sir Brinsley Ford in his obituary of Watson in *The Independent* recalled one such moment. He had boasted to Watson that he had bought a wonderful etching, *The Genius of Castiglione*, for 10 guineas, which provoked the retort: 'Really, Brinsley, how extravagant you are. I bought the same print in much better condition than yours for 10 shillings'.

Francis Watson was fascinated by collectors and the world they inhabited. It was therefore a source of particular satisfaction when he was engaged by the Wrightsmans to catalogue their growing collection and to advise on some of their purchases. In those years, 1963–74, his position as Director at the Wallace Collection did not debar him from taking on such extramural activities, which occupied much of his time.

'Museums exist to give pleasure.' This was a belief firmly held by Francis Watson. And if they failed to accomplish that it were better that they closed. Giving pleasure was, in his view, even more important than writing catalogues.⁵ This notwithstanding, Francis's great legacy to the Wallace Collection remains his furniture catalogue; his impact as Director on the museum itself remained slight. He evidently felt that innovation was not needed. Indeed he made a virtue of this laissez-

⁵ John Walker, *Self-Portrait with Donors. Confessions of an Art Collector* (Boston & Toronto, 1974), p. 275.

faire approach. In the interview with the *Giornale dell' Arte* he stressed that he wished to preserve the atmosphere of a private house, and so was opposed to change. This was at a time when the phrases which now echo down the corridors of British museums — performance-related pay; income-generating activities; sales potential — were unheard of. Watson did however initiate the plans for air-conditioning which were subsequently carried out by his successors. In his capacity as Deputy Surveyor and then Surveyor of The Queen's Works of Art Watson's main concern was directed towards the conservation of the Royal Collection. At the time when Sir James Mann was Surveyor and he was his Deputy they established specialist workshops in Marlborough House for the restoration of furniture and in the Tower of London for the restoration of arms and armour (later transferred to Marlborough House).

Francis Watson was not the austere, distant, dedicated scholar who conversed only with his peers and kept lesser mortals at arm's length. He loved company, he delighted in gossip and he was an excellent raconteur. The warmth of his personality and his *joie de vivre* are particularly in evidence in his letters which are vivid, sparkling and humorous. Watson emerges at times as an amused observer. He likens a museum in the United States, where he was a visiting scholar, to an Angela Brazil girls' school: 'Everything is an excuse for a party . . . this week we send off the engineer who has been sacked for neglecting the heating system . . . Nevertheless he will depart in a glow of wine, sandwiches and cookies topped with flattering speeches . . .' He warns a correspondent about the imminent arrival of a colleague who suffers from a severe case of logorrhoea. But above all his letters constitute wonderful travelogues. He was drawn to the exotic and the unusual. After his wife's death in 1969, he went on increasingly adventurous trips often organised by his adopted son. Life seemed a continuous adventure. At the age of seventy-five he was in Central Asia visiting remote cave temples 4,000 miles west of Peking: ' . . . I crossed the Gobi desert twice . . . one of the most enthralling experiences of a life-time of travel'. Later that year he was in Hong Kong and Macao where he was particularly taken with snake soup and 'sea slug ovaries wrapped in soya scum'. He met the last surviving eunuchs of the Palace of Tai Pei. New Year 1980 was spent in the Sandwich Islands, 'a bad imitation of a Conrad novel', Christmas 1982 in Egypt 'guided by the last man to have worked with Howard Carter'. Visits to Tibet, Istanbul and India were planned. In 1984 Francis Watson was touring a government-

supported orphanage in Sri Lanka for baby elephants. Two years earlier he spent Christmas in Savannah, Georgia, eating 150 oysters roasted over a wood fire as part of the first course of an al fresco dinner on a plantation.

Food played an important part in Francis Watson's life. He freely admitted to being greedy, a trait which he shared with his friend Margaret Jourdain, the distinguished English furniture historian whose dying words to her friend, the famous novelist Ivy Compton-Burnett, Watson delighted in quoting: 'Ivy, stop hogging the marrons glacés'. Watson enjoyed cooking. It was from his wife, who had been trained in Paris and was a graduate of the Cordon Bleu school, that he acquired this skill, and it was by reading Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût* that he both taught himself French and learnt about the philosophy of the epicure. When staying at the Getty he attended cookery classes for the docents and then gave lectures on the subject. Among his later writings was a privately circulated list of recipes entitled, 'Easy Dinners for Bachelors with Sir Francis Watson, Saturday May 21 1983', which included helpful tips as to where on the Santa Monica Boulevard golden syrup could be had, molasses being no substitute, for *Pêches à l'Anglaise* in the manner of Francis Watson.

While a collection of recipes may seem a fitting coda for a writer such as Francis Watson who maintained right up to the end his zest for life and delight in the good things of this earth, he left unfinished other more weighty works of scholarship. Having completed the catalogue of the Widener Collection of furniture just two and a half months before he died, he was looking forward to embarking on a book on the important collection of French eighteenth-century ornamental drawings in the Cooper Hewitt Museum, New York, a subject which was close to his heart. Already in 1960 he was emphasising the key role played by ornamental designs in the changing style of furniture and of the decorative arts.⁶

When assessing Watson's contribution to the history of art, what needs to be stressed at the outset is the breadth of his vision and the catholicity of his taste. He was never entrapped by over-specialisation into making narrow-focused, ill-judged pronouncements. An excellent illustration of this is his defence of the French eighteenth-century

⁶ The Arts Council of Great Britain Exhibition: *French Eighteenth Century Furniture Design. Drawings from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs Paris* (London, 1960), introduction by F. J. B. Watson.

bronze in the Foreword to a catalogue published in 1968, at a time when specialists in this field were comparing them unfavourably with Italian Renaissance bronzes, condemning them as mechanical and describing them as 'a muddy reflection of the conceptions of Giovanni Bologna . . .'.⁷ Watson went into the attack, demonstrating that they were highly prized in the eighteenth century, and rightly so, that they had artistic merit and were vital components of any fashionable Parisian interior. To illustrate his argument he drew on contemporary sale catalogues, guide books, memoirs and novels. And in conclusion he urged the student to exploit the rich vein of notarial archives, at the time still largely untouched. It was a masterly defence and a well deserved rebuke.

This breadth of vision was not confined to the visual arts. Just as he saw merit in associating art history with economic history, so too he linked the fine arts with literature. In a review of Anita Brookner's *Greuze*, he does not merely quote Diderot, Nivelles de la Chaussée and the abbé du Bos, but he draws parallels with the late nineteenth- and twentieth-century novelists, Ouida, Ethel M. Dell and Warwick Deeping. He finds in Anita Brookner a kindred spirit and praises her for adding to our knowledge of the relationship in eighteenth-century France between literature and painting, concluding that her book is 'of far greater interest than the average art-historical study of an individual artist'.⁸

His books and articles on the French decorative arts, in particular on furniture, did much to stimulate interest in the English-speaking worlds in this subject. Watson was a populariser in the best sense of the term. He wrote well and fluently, he held the attention of his readers, just as he did of his listeners. He was in constant demand, both as a writer and as a lecturer, spending more and more time after his retirement working in the United States where he found a ready and enthusiastic audience — Watson considered American students much more responsive than their English counterparts — and a congenial and stimulating environment for his researches. It was to the Getty that Francis returned most frequently — spending three months each year for five years as Guest Scholar — the home of one of

⁷ M. Knoedler & Co. New York. *The French Bronze 1500 to 1800* (New York, 1968); foreword by F. J. B. Watson, 'A Plea for the Study of French Bronzes'.

⁸ Wallace Collection Archives, mss of a review by F. J. B. Watson of Anita Brookner, *Greuze. The rise and fall of an eighteenth century phenomenon* (London, 1972).

the finest collections of French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, largely assembled by Watson's close friend, Gillian Wilson. He was also Ben Sonnenberg Professor of Decorative Arts (1979), Regent Fellow, Smithsonian (1982–4) and 'pater familias' at the Cooper Hewitt (1984 and 1986).

Francis Watson was a prolific writer, perhaps too prolific at times. It is a measure of his success that he should have been in such demand. But his success may have also accounted for a certain falling off in quality or originality. Some of his work became repetitive. Was it that he could not say no? Was it that he needed the money? Perhaps a bit of both. Probably the most striking example of this was associated with the opening of Waddesdon Manor to the public. There can have been few art periodicals in 1959 which did not feature articles on Waddesdon by Francis Watson: *Connoisseur* (one); *Apollo* (two); *Connaissance des Arts* (one); *Times Literary Supplement* (one); *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (two); *Antiques* (one) which appeared in 1960.

At the other end of the scale of publications — the serious book as opposed to the article which has to be produced rapidly in order to meet a critical deadline — Watson's success was considerable. His catalogues, and in particular that devoted to the Wallace Collection will be his most lasting memorial. They have served as a model and inspiration to all subsequent catalogues. It was characteristic of his humorous self-disparagement that he should have attributed much of his success to his Siamese cat, Miss Wu 'who by consistently sitting either on my lap, my manuscript, or my books whilst I was at work taught me much about the importance of concentration'.⁹ And if his readers have reason, therefore, to be grateful to his cat, how much more should we be thankful that he did not have the chance to relive his life and turn his back on art history in favour of physics, as he would have done if we are to believe the startling confession which he made to Jeremy Howard.¹⁰ The world of the decorative arts would have been deprived of a colourful and inspiring figure and of a remarkable life's work.

GEOFFREY DE BELLAIGUE
Fellow of the Academy

⁹ The Wrightsman Collection. F. J. B. Watson, vols I–II, *Furniture, Gilt Bronze and Mounted Porcelain, Carpets* (New York, 1966), vol. I, p. xv.

¹⁰ Howard, loc. cit., p. 5.

Note. In the preparation of this Memoir I gratefully acknowledge the help I have received from friends and colleagues of Francis Watson, notably Sir Brinsley Ford, Sir Oliver Millar, Miss Frances Buckland and Miss Rosalind Savill.