

another. I wondered if this was what lay in store. In truth it didn't look all that promising. We stood in line to have a book signed and Elizabeth was ebullient and tipsy and very funny. In that spidery hand, which I would recognize anywhere, she wrote the inscription:

For an intimate friend

Tim Winton

I look forward to your book

Elizabeth Jolley 14.11.79

Even at nineteen I recognised the joke. We were friendly, Elizabeth and I. In time she would dandle my children on her knee. We had friends in common, shared the same agent and corresponded fitfully. We phoned one another to confer on professional matters because in this we spoke the same language and trusted each other's judgement and discretion. Yet warm and comradely as our acquaintance was, we were never intimate friends. Her inscription is the sort of thing you scrawl at book launches after a couple of glasses of plonk in a roomful of luvvies, with a nod and a wink and a gentle dig. This, dear boy, she may as well have said, is what lies ahead. Gird yourself. Keep your game face on. Intimate friends, won't this give them a laugh in a few years' time!

Beyond her circle of intimates – and she made good and loyal friends – Elizabeth was too guarded, too performative in her way, to be easily knowable. To the rest of us her battiness was an essential part of the persona. She was always kind, always funny, but later in life the routine became harder to read. She'd pretend not to remember you for a moment then drill you with some cringe-worthy detail from decades previous. With Elizabeth confusion was expected, a wily comeback only moments away. You sensed a quip in the wings, even when it finally failed to arrive. In this, I think it's fair to say, she gave of herself what she could, as she could. Right up to the end, in person and on the page, Elizabeth Jolley kept us guessing.

BRIAN DIBBLE

MR BERRINGTON AND THE GEOMETRY OF LOVE IN ELIZABETH JOLLEY'S FAMILY HOME

As young girls in the Black Country near Birmingham, Elizabeth Jolley – then Monica Elizabeth Knight – and her sister Madelaine Winifred Knight, respectively born in 1923 and 1924, were schooled at home by their science-master father Charles Wilfrid Knight and their school-teacher Austrian-born mother Margarete Fehr, a failed regime that lasted until Monica became a boarder at the Quaker Sibford School near the Cotswolds in 1934 and Madelaine joined her there in 1938. During that time the girls moved in and out of the circles of adults with whom their parents socialised, overlapping circles centred variously on Wilfrid Knight's immediate family, or his extended one, or on his friends and colleagues who were teachers, Quakers and/or pacifists. Often not knowing the provenance of those people, the two girls mythologised them in terms of the snippets of information they had, often not understanding who they really were until they had grown-up, and sometimes not even then.

There were perhaps a dozen of them, a menagerie of consanguineous, honorary and ersatz relatives. For example, there was the woman they might come home to find sleeping in Monica's or Madelaine's bed, the same woman who might be escorted back to their home by a policeman after being discovered sunbaking nude in the park or for having stolen the route sign off the tram. They thought she was their mother's relative and called her "Anti Mote" because of Margarete Knight's pronunciation of her name, but she was one of their father's mother's unmarried half-sisters, either Annie Maud or Hannah Maud Thrippleton. Such characters appear in one form or another in Elizabeth Jolley's essays and fiction, as when she reflects that "Mothers may point at Auntie Daisy and say, 'see for yourself the peculiarities that are bound to be repeated' and often, in hushed and dropped voices, poor cousin Dorothy will be mentioned but no one will say exactly what Aunt Daisy did or what happened to Dorothy." Daisy was Wilfrid's sister and Dorothy his

father's brother's daughter.

Kenneth Berrington had a much greater effect on Elizabeth Jolley than the other mysterious characters who wandered in and out of her childhood. Sometime in the late 1920s or early 1930s he became a fixture in the Knight household, a presence that reoriented the family geometry, triangulating the parental relationship by the attention and admiration he devoted to Margarete Knight. Thereby Monica and her sister Madelaine came to see their parents in a new light, although at the time they did not fully understand what they saw. Some things seemed obvious to them, that Berrington came from a long-established family and had an impressive education and a distinguished war record, that he was a King's Counsel and had money, was cultured, had *savoir faire*. What stood out most was how he dealt with the family dynamics. A white-faced Wilfrid Knight would default to a placatory mode when the red-faced Margarete Knight erupted into one of her outbursts. By contrast, Berrington would sidestep her demands and challenges or avoid them by withdrawing. In particular, he refused to allow himself to be positioned between the parents and the children, something that would have further complicated and politicised the geometry of the family dynamic which already involved each parent trying to enlist one or both of the girls as an ally against the other parent. He always dealt with them directly, treating them as young adults; if he was a friend of the family, they felt that he was *their* special friend. A comparison of him with the father was not to the advantage of the father: Wilfrid Knight was more like a self-sacrificing saint but, to Monica and Madelaine, Kenneth Berrington was more like a knight in shining armour.

In June 1940, while training to be an orthopaedic nurse at St Nicholas and St Martin's Hospital in Pyrford, Monica Knight met Leonard Jolley, a patient with rheumatoid arthritis who was engaged to a Joyce Hancock; and she met him again in early 1943 when she started training at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Birmingham where he was a librarian at the nearby Selly Oak Colleges Library, by then married to Hancock. The three of them commenced a relationship in which the ten-year-old Jolleys seemed to take a mentoring interest in her, a relationship that led to both Joyce and Monica becoming pregnant in the same year. As a result, Monica had to leave the Queen Elizabeth, becoming first a live-in domestic in and around Birmingham and then a live-in matron (with her daughter) at Pinewood, a progressive school in Hertfordshire, experiences recounted in her Vera trilogy (*My Father's Moon*, *Cabin Fever*, and *The Georges' Wife*). Leonard Jolley left his wife in July 1950 when he went to Edinburgh to become librarian of the Royal College of Physicians, Monica joining him there in September 1950,

marrying him in December 1952, later informally changing her name from Monica to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Jolley's two experiences of unconventional romantic/domestic arrangements complicated her relationship with her parents both when she lived at home as a child and when she was involved with Leonard and Joyce Jolley in her early twenties. The experiences of triangulation also gave her a special insight into the nature of love and relationships, as her Vera trilogy makes clear. Jolley's further reflection on people and their needs eventually lead to the wisdom displayed in her analyses of mother-figures, as in *The Orchard Thieves* (1995), and of mother- and father-figures, as in *An Innocent Gentleman* (2001) which features a married couple and a Berrington look-alike, a student of the wife, Mr Hawthorne (called Mr H), a wealthy Kings Counsel with a distinguished war record who takes the wife to see Beethoven's *Fidelio* in London...

Kenneth Berrington remained respectful and kindly toward Elizabeth Jolley until his death. Although he well might not have approved of Leonard Jolley, for his own reasons or under the influence of Margarete Knight's animus against him, Berrington knew something about loving a difficult person in difficult circumstances. He wrote to Elizabeth Jolley on Sunday evening, 14 December 1952, a week after seeing her while she was in Birmingham (in order at last to marry Leonard Jolley, a fact unbeknownst to Berrington and to her parents but not to Madelaine who was a witness). It was snowing, and he was anticipating the "purgatory" of getting out of a warm bed in the morning when his bus would take him before dawn past 91 Hagley Road where she had last lived with her daughter and worked as a domestic. He wrote, "I have just been reading a letter from you on this subject and I hardly realised that you stayed there so long: nearly four years!" He also wrote of Madelaine who was out of work, worrying that "It is now practically impossible for a woman to get part time." He concluded, "I hope you will all have an enjoyable Christmas + New Year. Love from Kenneth C Berrington." Like Jolley's fiction, Berrington's letter focuses on cherishing and loving, whatever the complexities of one's relationships with the other.

KENNETH CLUNES BERRINGTON

Suddenly I saw Mr Berrington crossing the street. He was still the same, his large head covered with short grey hair, his spectacles small on his large immobile face. Over one arm he had his folded rain coat and he was carrying his brief case and umbrella. He walked slowly, as an old man walks, weaving in and out of traffic as if unaware of it and unconcerned.

He seemed untroubled by the noise and the dried horse dung blowing in his face. If he was troubled he did not show it. He resembled a badger. A *Wind in the Willows* badger.²

To what mortal ear could I tell all, if I had a mind? or who could understand all? Who can tell another's short-comings, lost opportunities, weigh the passions which overpower, the defects which incapacitate reason?³

And then there was Mr B.

Madelaine Knight, Elizabeth Jolley's sister, once asked Mr Berrington why he continued to visit Margarete Knight, their mother, when she could be so unpleasant to him. He said, "because I do not need to, I can leave when I want, and I don't have to come again." Jolley wrote, "Looking back on the way she treated him towards the end I realise that it is only when people have been very close, intimate is perhaps the word, that they can hurt each other as my mother repeatedly hurt Mr Berrington." She continued, "he was for a very long time *The Friend of the Family*. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he was my mother's Friend."⁴

Kenneth Clunes Berrington had an inflated reputation that was not of his own making. Just as Walter Fehr, Margarete Knight's father, was not a judge or a general, as she liked to represent him, Kenneth Berrington was not a King's Counsel, although his names might be represented as Berrington, KC. Margarete Knight conferred that status on him of her own authority – Gottfried Leiser, a German POW who visited the Knights while he was held in Birmingham, recalled her explaining the term "KC" to him by telling him the differences between and among a solicitor, barrister and King's Counsel.⁵ Both Madelaine Knight and Elizabeth Jolley believed the story too, Jolley depicting him that way in her essay "Mr Berrington" (33).⁶

Berrington was both more ordinary and more extraordinary than he presented. He had an excellent education and an impressive career. When he left Pembroke College, Cambridge, he was admitted as a barrister to Lincoln's Inn when he was twenty-four. He volunteered for the army in September 1915, serving overseas and receiving three medals, being demobbed in June 1919. During World War II he sat on an Appeals Tribunal for conscientious objectors, then practiced law on the Oxford Circuit until 1948 when, at sixty-four, he became Chair of the Appeals Tribunal of the Dudley District of the Ministry of National Insurance.

He met Margarete Knight when he became a student in her Thursday-night adult-education German class at the Aston Technical College in the

early to mid 1930s. They got on well enough for her to offer him private tuition at the Knight home at 63 Wells Road, Wolverhampton. Soon he began to visit for lessons on Thursday afternoons and, later, for the Sunday midday meal. He and Wilfrid Knight would discuss the weather and the sermons at his St Paul's Anglican Church and Knight's Beckminster Methodist Church. Then Berrington and Margarete Knight would repair to the living room for their German lesson, or perhaps to his home at 32 Copthorne Road, two kilometres away. He soon came to be known to the family as "Mr B."

Six years older than Wilfrid and twelve years older than Margarete Knight, Berrington was a calm, unassuming man, fastidious and reserved in his manners, taste and dress, and politically a member of the Conservative Party. No doubt he and Wilfrid Knight had serious conversations that tested their philosophical and ethical positions, and certainly he suffered political diatribes from Margarete Knight who challenged his pro-British point of view from her own European one. Likewise, twenty-one-year-old Monica Knight argued with him from her own disingenuous position which she described as that of "a solid British Patriot." She wrote, "I shocked him considerably by suggesting that Germany should be allowed to invade Britain and become one big State – imagine the United States of Europe, if we so called 'win' we shall repeat history and be no better off, but if we could do something this time, what different results might be there in 50 or 60 years time. I can hardly wait for the years to go by to see."⁷

Reserved or shy as well as prudish, he could not bring himself to ask his housekeeper, Mrs Bartlett, to buy toilet paper for him, and so he asked Margarete Knight to do so. He also slept with his bedroom door closed and locked, as Wilfrid Knight and the police discovered the morning they found him dead in bed of a cerebral haemorrhage at sixty-nine, after he failed to visit the previous Sunday.

Berrington's obituary said, "his interests included music, history and astronomy, and he was a fluent linguist."⁸ He was a wide reader too, with grounding in the classics. He enjoyed Jane Austen, telling Jolley that he wanted to sit in the church pew where Austen sat, but he disliked Shaw and his plays. His study with Margarete Knight introduced him to German literature, since she used writers like Goethe for texts to translate in her German-language classes. In addition to being cultured and urbane, he was generous with his time, attention and money, playing tennis with Madelaine at his Wolverhampton Lawn Tennis Club in August of 1939 when her sister was away in Germany, and then paying her fees when she started boarding school the following year.

Berrington became Margarete Knight's touchstone for what constituted

genteel behaviour, a worshipful attitude that Jolley mocks in "Mr Berrington" when Knight instructed her to hold her silverware like Berrington and also to speak like him: "'Barth,' she said, 'and parth, you must say are, barth and parth, not bath and path'" (35).⁹ Don't make me laff,' I said." In fact, Jolley says, "Mr Berrington was remarkably generous," and that "his generosity enabled my mother to re-establish her own good taste which she had suppressed in order to fit in with the dreary surroundings in which she found herself. She had her own dressmaker, and Mr Berrington gave the impression, without actually saying anything, that he liked to see her in good-quality clothes." She goes on, "I don't know if my father minded. I never heard him make a critical remark. He often paid my mother compliments, perhaps putting into words the things Mr Berrington did not say."¹⁰

Berrington gave Jolley two of the fine, leather-bound, gilt-edged books his father gave him in order to teach him, she speculated, how to be a gentleman. The 1906 edition of the *Pocket Thackeray* he read at twenty-four is well thumbed, with two passages marked in addition to the ones quoted above and below: "'Tis a hard task for a woman in life, that mask the world bids them wear. But there is no greater crime than for a woman who is ill-used and unhappy to show that she is so" (124); and "Half a fellow's pangs at losing a woman result from vanity more than affection" (152). Thackeray, it should be noted, was a lawyer who maintained a platonic relationship with a married woman whose husband forced them to abandon it.

Berrington also read and underlined passages in the copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* [Maidens and Boys] and *Other Papers* his father gave him "with love" for Christmas in 1903. One can only wonder what lesson the oft-married Richard Berrington hoped nineteen-year-old Kenneth would learn from Stevenson's attempts to advance emotional literacy. Berrington displayed passive resistance to parental hopes and class expectations. Although he complied with his father's wish that he become a barrister when he would have preferred to be a stock broker, in other ways he did little more than only just comply. He graduated with an ordinary BA instead of the Honours degree he easily could have had, and was satisfied with his LLB when he could have had an MA as well just by paying a small fee. There were principles involved: he asked, Why should a person with a basic degree be able to present himself as having an advanced degree simply because he can afford to buy it rather than earn it? Later, he would also decline a military commission, telling Jolley's sister that he objected to the class assumptions on which it was based, namely that mentally and morally he was assumed to be leadership material merely because he held a university degree. He chose to be a private when no one from Pembroke College would

have entered the Army below the rank of second lieutenant.

Although he did not become a bohemian, nonetheless Berrington's conduct with Margarete Knight sometimes presented as scandalous, particularly when they went abroad together. In the summer of 1936 he took twelve-year-old Madelaine and her mother on a trip to Austria, and in July 1938 he took Monica and the mother to Germany. When asked in an interview, "Was there was any form of social approbation directed at your mother as a result of her affair..." Elizabeth Jolley interrupted to say, "Oh yes, I think so. I think she had to weather neighbours' remarks and so on."¹¹ But that was speculative, for it seems that the idea of Margarete Knight's being unfaithful was unthinkable to others. Any evidence to the contrary was simply disregarded or constructed benignly outside of the home.

Madelaine Knight's guess, then and later, was that the special friendship was not a sexual one. She said her mother was always flirtatious, "but not in a sexy way ... she wanted to get their admiration, and she had this attractive personality and lovely blue eyes too ..." She said, "sex was too close for her – I think she just wanted someone like Mr Berrington to admire her enormously." Of Berrington she said, "only a cad would have had an affair with Mother, and Mr Berrington was not a cad!"

Whatever Madelaine Knight thought, Berrington's presence was a source of tension in the Knight household, in the 1930s, if not during the 1940s as well. For example, according to Jolley, when Margarete Knight was at Berrington's home in Copthorne Road for German lessons, "My father prowled, white-faced, up and down the hall."¹² Thus, at some stage, Wilfrid Knight banned Berrington, perhaps because of the damage he thought the appearances might do to the reputation of one or more of them, perhaps because he was ashamed to think his wife no longer regarded him as her preferred companion, or, less likely, because he thought that Margarete Knight and Kenneth Berrington were potential or actual lovers. Whatever he thought, Margarete Knight was so miserable in Berrington's absence that she was able to prevail upon her husband to allow Berrington to resume his visits.¹³

Jolley problematises the question obliquely, via look-alike characters in one of her later novels, *An Innocent Gentleman* (2001), where the situation echoes the one in the Knight household. In that novel, with the permission of the husband Mr Henry Bell, Mr Hawthorne, a barrister – called "Mr H" – meets Mrs Muriel Bell who travels from Birmingham to London and, with permission or not, shares a hotel room with her there when they attend Beethoven's suggestively named opera *Fidelio*. And in "Mr Berrington" Jolley encourages further speculation on the nature of the triangle, as he and

Margarete Knight do the dishes in the kitchen, Berrington singing “*Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann*.” It is a line from *Die Zauberflöte* where Papageno the *Mann* is looking for a woman (*Weib*) to be his wife. Jolley wonders if Berrington was making “half-hidden declarations” (36).

She gives the question an added fillip, saying, “When they sat together over a text, even if it was only a grammar, it could be said *Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse*, but it was many years before I realised this” (34). The passage she quotes is suggestive for a number of reasons, something flagged by the fact that she has not chosen a German passage that Berrington and her mother might have studied but a quite specific Italian one from Dante’s *Inferno*, Canto V, line 137. Francesca explains:

We were reading one day, for pleasure, of
Lancelot, how Love beset him; we were alone and
without any suspicion.

During many breaths that reading drove our eyes
together and turned our faces pale; but one point
alone was the one that overpowered us.

When we read that the yearned-for smile was
kissed by so great a lover, he, who will never be
separated from me,

kissed my mouth all trembling. Galeotto was the
book and he who wrote it: that day we read no
further.

(Durling, lines 127–38)

The passage is about Virgil and Dante in the Fifth Circle of Hell coming upon Paolo and Francesca. The couple explain that they were condemned to be there because they had been reading the love story of Lancelot and Guinevere when, in effect, the meaning became the matter: that is, they enacted the love-making they had just been reading about. The reference to Lancelot’s friend Galeotto is especially provocative, for as Galehaut in *Lancelot du Lac* he arranged the meeting with Guinevere, his name subsequently coming to signify a panderer.

Thus Jolley encourages the reader to speculate if the relationship between Kenneth Berrington and Margarete Knight were more like that of Lancelot and Guinevere, innocent lovers, or more like that of Paolo and Francesca, guilty adulterers. One Jolley critic said that “Mr Berrington” is an essay devoted to “Margarete’s adulterous relationship, grudgingly tolerated by her husband,” but the question can be plausibly argued either way.¹⁴ On

the one hand, Wilfrid Knight and Kenneth Berrington were religious men, and Berrington and Margarete Knight were solid bourgeois citizens, she with a strong dislike of being touched. On the other hand, how else to explain Berrington’s buying Margarete Knight clothing, taking her and her children on long trips to the continent, and paying Madelaine’s school fees. And how to explain the £63,000 he bequeathed to Margarete Knight when he died?

Those questions cannot be answered factually with the available information. In the meantime, the core question might instructively be approached another way. Remembering the opening line of Tolstoy’s *Anna Karenina* – “All happy families resemble one another but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way”¹⁵ – one could say that in a normal family Kenneth Berrington and Margarete Knight probably would have been lovers in the traditional sense of the word. But the Knights were not a normal family. They were an unhappy family in Tolstoy’s terms, dysfunctional in their own way, one that makes it easily imaginable that Kenneth Berrington and Margarete Knight were not sleeping together.

Berrington might have been more like Wilfrid Knight than otherwise imagined, especially if his motive for refusing a military commission during World War I was to avoid having to order men to their deaths or to order men to kill others. The unit he joined, the Royal Army Service Corps, was noted for attracting men who were pacifists although not conscientious objectors, the latter serving in medical rather than supply units.¹⁶ (In this connection, it is interesting that Jolley’s description of Mr Hawthorne in *An Innocent Gentleman* [51] says he held a commission in the Army, presumably Jolley’s repeating an assumption of her mother’s, or else another of Margarete Knight’s military promotions.) By the time they knew each other, Knight and Berrington might have been complementary characters, the conscientious objector emphasising virtue and love for God and the pacifist justice and respect for the state.

Given the family configuration and dynamics, it is possible that Berrington’s intentions toward Margarete Knight were honourable, that his generosity to her in life and in his final bequest was simply motivated, in accord with another Thackeray passage he marked: “But you see her prosperity has brought her virtues into evidence, which people did not perceive when she was poor” (79).

Berrington’s bookmark lies between two pages of Stevenson’s title essay “*Virginitus Puerisque*”, at lines reminiscent of Jolley’s *Innocent Gentleman*: “Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age” (4) and “... marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish,

and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being" (5). Stevenson also wrote, "Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits." The sentence continues – underlined in pencil by Berrington and notated in the margin as "more important" – "but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill" (119).

Berrington did not die forlorn, but neither did he follow the unheroic path of marriage. He kept in love with Margarete Knight for twenty years, a business of importance to him, as he obliquely averred by his singing of *Mann und Weib*. His presence in the Knight household lasted until his death because it satisfied each person's need and so was cohesive rather than divisive. That could only occur in the first place if everyone – Berrington, parents, and children – was more or less preconditioned for such an arrangement and thereby prepared to respond positively to his being among them.

His being among the Knights had a powerful effect on Jolley and her sister Madelaine. When he died, Madelaine was devastated. She had been looking forward to Berrington's visiting her in Winchester where she was working – he had even bought a new suit for the event. Elizabeth Jolley continued to think about him as she was writing in Australia, as shown by her essay "Mr Berrington" which she called fiction although it is more factual than any story or novel she wrote.

Years after Berrington died, Sara Ruffles, the daughter of new owners of 32 Copthorne Road, reported seeing Berrington's ghost enter his bedroom. A few years later, her father found his dental plate in the garden, perhaps having fallen out, he imagined, when Berrington had a giddy spell and went to recover in his bedroom before dying. They were astonished by the fact that it was swaged from pure gold.

Notes

- 1 Elizabeth Jolley, "The Changing Family – Who Cares", *Central Mischief: Elizabeth Jolley on Writing, Her Past and Herself* (Ringwood, Vic.: Penguin, 1992): 82.
- 2 Elizabeth Jolley, on the last time she saw Kenneth Berrington. See Jolley, "Mr Berrington", *Central Mischief*, 34.
- 3 William Makepeace Thackeray, Alfred H Hyatt, ed. *The Pocket Thackeray* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1906): 65.
- 4 "Mr Berrington", 32, italics and capitals in original.
- 5 Leiser-Dibble interview 22 June 1997.
- 6 He is not listed as a King's Counsel in Sainty's authoritative *List* which is based

on original patent rolls in the Public Record office, nor did he maintain an office in London which KCs were required to do. Elizabeth Jolley's description of Mr Hawthorne in *An Innocent Gentleman* (Ringwood, Vic: Viking, 2001) repeats many of her descriptors of Berrington – the KC, membership of boards, playing tennis, and so on (43 and 51).

- 7 Elizabeth Jolley's diary entry for 23 October 1944, the underlining hers. Her father relayed the United States of Europe idea as being that of a Stuart Morris, Chair of the Peace Pledge Union, whom he heard speak at the YMCA on 8 November 1939 (Letter from Wilfrid Knight to Elizabeth Jolley, 11 November 1939).
- 8 Obituary, *Wokerhampton Express and Star*, 11 July 1953.
- 9 The mother's "barth"/"parth" corrections are repeated by Muriel Bell to her daughter in *An Innocent Gentleman*, 29.
- 10 Jolley, "Mr Berrington", 36.
- 11 See Interview with Stuart Reid, *Dr Elizabeth Jolley: Early Life in England, Migration to Australia 1959, Development as a Writer since 1960s, Publications to 1989, Tutoring and Lecturing in Creative Writing* (Perth: Library Board of Western Australia/J S Battye Library of Western Australia Oral History Unit, 1989): 18.
- 12 Jolley, "Mr Berrington", 36.
- 13 Personal communication Madelaine Blackmore to Brian Dibble, 12 December 1997.
- 14 See Adi Wimmer, "Don't Forget Electra!" *Australian Book Review* 234 (September 2001): 55.
- 15 "All happy families..." References to Tolstoy's dictum appear in Jolley, "The Changing Family – Who Cares", *Central Mischief*, 82.
- 16 Berrington would not have enlisted as a private to avoid being killed, for the fact that lieutenants had a higher mortality rate only became known later. In World War I declining a commission was not uncommon: H H Munro ("Saki") famously refused one, claiming it would be inappropriate for him to lead men into battle without having any experience of it. Note that Berrington's three war medals were very ordinary: the 1914–15 Star was for those who joined before the end of 1915 (i.e., were not taken by conscription, which started in 1916), the British War Medal for those who served overseas, and the Allied Victory Medal for all who served in World War I.