

MEMOIRES

15 September

MICHAEL HUME SANDES

BORN 14th March, 1923

Shanghai British Protectorate

Because I have been lucky enough to reach the ripe old age of 60 it seems appropriate to write a memoir for my sons and their children.

Of all places; I was born in Shanghai; my father Charles Lancelot Sandes, of Scottish descent, was the Manager of the Mercantile Bank of India and was living in Hong Kong in the large Bank house high on the peak of Hong Kong. I had one brother Richard Charles Sandes, who was one year older and who was born in Hong Kong. This brother was a great friend and companion.

My mother Georgie Hume Sandes was born in B.C. Vancouver. The reason I was born in Shanghai, was because my mother feared an operation would be required and a very skilled French surgeon was available in Shanghai. There was an operation and the birth was successful but no more children were allowed. (caesarean)

For about 5 or 6 years we lived on the Peak in colonial style and my father became a Justice of the Peace and was a very successful Manager. He made a great deal of money for the Bank and was under selection for the top job in London, England. We lived in luxurious style, with 25 servants and a continuous round of parties, golf, tennis and polo etc. My father was a good polo player and very good at all sports but my mother was not but she made up for it with social activities.

My father unfortunately had

SANDES FAMILY ON FATHER'S

MOSTLY FROM STIRLING IN SCOTLAND.

Colonel Sandes

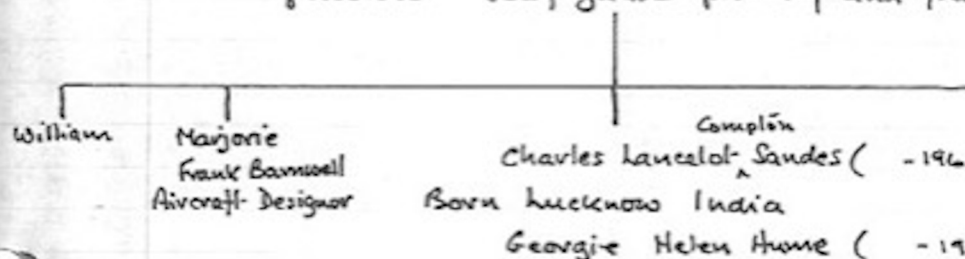
Note: Cannot remember his
wife's name

in charge of 11th Hussars Ho

Aide-de-camp

Edward VII

Rode with the King every day in Hyde P
personnel body guard probably and fri



Richard (Dickie) (1922-44)
Charles Sandes
Killed in RCAF WWII

Michael (Hickie)
Hume
Sandes
Marion Louis

CHRISTOPHER
CHARLES
SANDES

ANITA VANDYCK

RICHARD
HUME
SANDES

Paula
Martin

Geoffrey
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SANDES FAMILY ON FATHER'S SIDE

OSTLY FROM STIRLING IN SCOTLAND.

Colonel Sanders

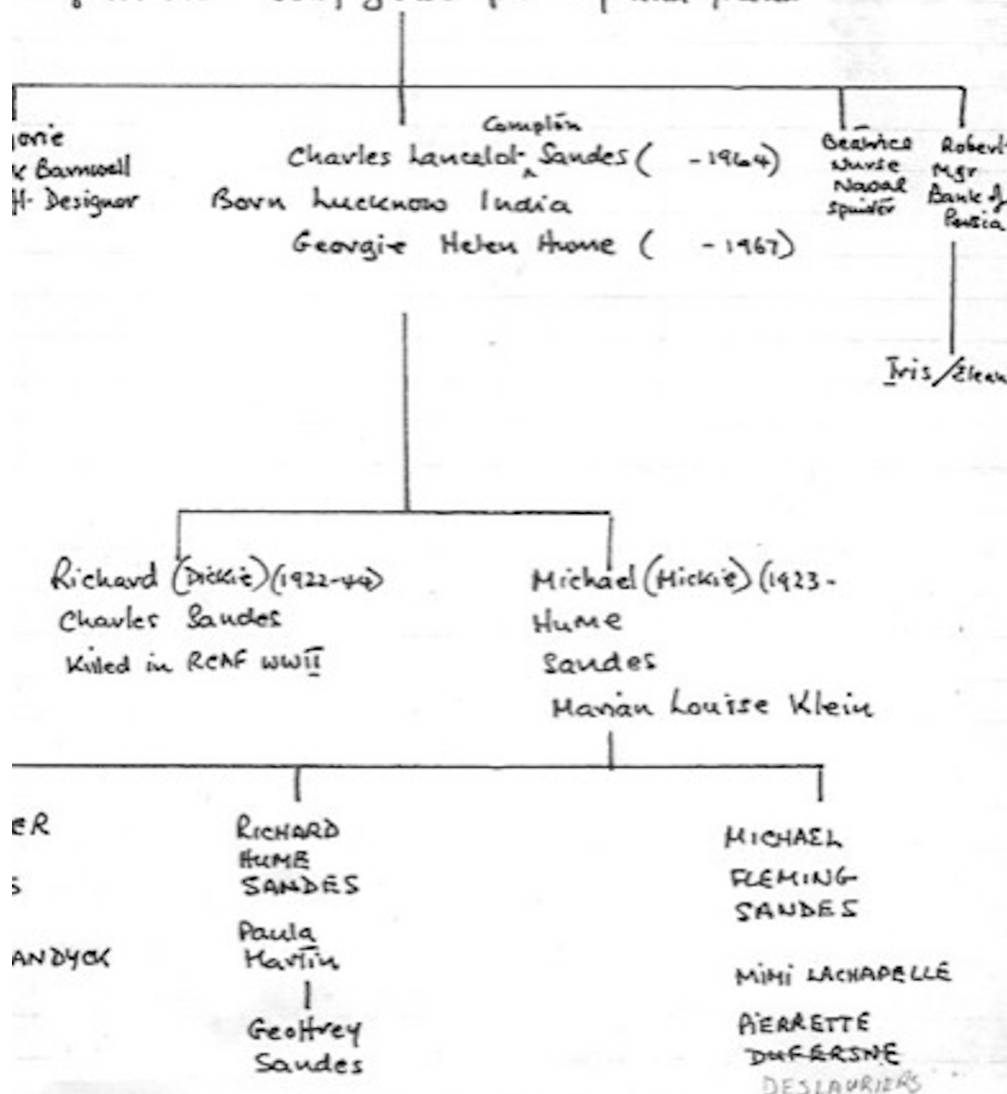
remember his
me

in charge of 11th Hussars Household Cavalry

Aide-de-camp to King

Edward VII

Rode with the King every day in Hyde Park as personnel body guard probably and friend



A bit of family history

My father, Charles Lancelot Compton Sandes; was born in Lucknow, India. This was the place where I believe the British were surrounded and captured by an Indian army and the men, wives and children were imprisoned in a small building. The incident was known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. His father was an officer in the British Indian army at the time and probably saw extensive service in India. The British had a very large army in India, that was quite active and involved in frequent skirmishes with rebellious Afghan Tribesmen and others bent on causing the British problems. Also, they had to control the Sikhs and Hindus that were often at each other's throats.

Unfortunately I know very little about my grandfather except that he was very fond of horses and was probably in the Cavalry regiment, because he ended ^{up} as Colonel in charge of the 11th Hussars, which was the King's household Cavalry regiment. This was a very important position in those days in the British army and of course he was responsible to some extent for giving protection to the King of England, King Edward VII. He eventually retired and lived in Scotland at a place called Stirling.

My father had two brothers and two sisters. Marjorie and Beatrice, the brothers were Robert and William. Robert became the manager of the Bank of Persia in Tehran, now known as Iran, but in those days Persia. He kind of paralleled my father's career in the Mercantile Bank of India. The other brother was a civil engineer who, I believe, worked mostly in India. He designed bridges and tunnels for the railway system in India. He married an Indian girl, which was of course at that time a mortal sin and was immediately ostracized by his father.

She was a very high born Indian, whose father was knighted by the British and given a title of Lord so and so. Therefore she had a title and was referred to as Lady so and so. They had five or so lovely children, but she never left India because of the problems with British non acceptance and snobbery and so on. I believe my father was most fond of this brother and had lent him a £100 at one time, which he never expected to get back. But this loan put a damper on their friendship for many years. We never really got acquainted with him, which was rather unfortunate because he was supposed to be a quite a decent guy.

My father was not too keen

on his brother Robert, who was a bit stuffy and formal and who married a second time a wife called Gladys. She was also rather stuffy and formal and a little bit unbalanced. But they had two daughters, marriage, Iris and Eleanor, who are quite nice and friendly and we visit them and so on. They were both brought up in private schools but suffered badly as their parents took very little interest in them.

Nevertheless they ^{are} doing alright in England. Beatrice never got married and was a very devoted Naval nurse, for most of her life. A love affair with a British Naval Commander never materialized and rather spoilt her life.

We enjoyed visiting her and pulling pranks on her, which quite shocked her. In her will, she left me some \$3600 for which I was most grateful.

Marjorie married very well, a Mr Barnwell, who was a design engineer for the Bristol Aircraft Company.

They had three sons but very sadly all the boys and her husband were killed in aircraft accidents. She also left a small amount in her will to me. I think about \$1200 or maybe less.

My father's mother married a General after her Colonel husband

died. His name was General Evans and we called him "Steppy". Because he became my father's Step father. He was a very charming jolly red faced Englishman and he was very kind to us and interested in what we were doing.

I think my Grandmother and Steppy were very happy together in their old age. He also was in the British Indian Army.

My father didn't talk too much about his family, I think he was brought up very strictly and his parents only had a small army pension to survive on. All the boys left home at age 17 and were expected to carve their own lives out as quickly as possible. He helped Beatrice quite a bit as she was a spinster and my mother helped Iris and Eleanor quite a bit as they were like a couple of little orphans. My middle name is Hume and is derived from my mother's Irish past. But Sanders is a Scottish name from Stirling, Scotland. There is some Irish in the family from my Grandmother, thus Hume is an Irish name and Sanders a Scottish name. I am not very certain of our Irish background.

My Father

Contracted malaria, probably during service in the Malay Peninsula; Singapore, Colombo or Kuala Lumpur. He had to end his career at once and the doctors advised retirement to California. A promising career was ended, as he was young enough and had an excellent chance of becoming the Chief, Manager in London.

He refused to go to America, took early retirement and joined Jardine Matheson in the brokerage division as a partner. The firm lost money heavily depression-time 1928-30. My father left Hong Kong 1930 a disappointed man.

The family arrived in Victoria, B.C. and we were there for only a year. But I did get to know my mother's parents and relations. I became much attached to my Grandfather, who kept a bag of nickels in his pocket and he would give them to anyone who would pick weeds from the lawn. I soon had the whole bag. He had bad asthma and couldn't do any work, he burned opium under his bed but we got on famously. My Grandmother was a bundle of energy and charm, drove a car over the age of 80 and lived to be over a 100. She was a remarkable woman always with a pleasant smile on her face; we had lots of fun with her, rather like mother.

My Canadian relations were Irish and they were fun loving with some wild traits. Grandmother, Mary Hume, (Machonicie) was born in Fredericton, N.B. and my Grandfather, Horace Hume, was born in Ireland. He arrived in Canada before the railroad was built. He got a job in charge of a gang of Chinese coolies and they built the railroad across Canada. They stopped off at one place in B.C. and he named it Golden, it is there today. He was a big gambler and one day he won a hotel, while playing cards. He remained in Golden for a while probably during the gold Rush and made quite a lot of money from the prospectors and so on, who were on their way to stake out claims. It is not too clear what he did in Golden maybe just ran the hotel.

during This time I went to a small private school named St Michaels in Victoria, B.C. I recall my brother Dickie getting bus money to get to school, but he kept the money and we had to walk instead, while he went to various stores buying candy with the money saved. In 1931 we all departed for England as Canada was in a very bad way with the Depression in full swing.

Dickie and Mickie, suddenly found themselves in one of the most exclusive private schools in England. St Edmunds, Hindhead, Surrey, England. Only a hundred pupils and incredibly enough it had its own golf course, swimming pool and tennis courts. We had to wear special clothes and badges and caps and so on. It must have been one of the most expensive boys school in England; the education was fantastic and included Latin & Greek, but the life was quite spartan cold shower every morning winter or summer. Lessons from 8-3 sports and more lessons from 6-8 and everyone a boarder. I became captain of the soccer and cricket teams and excelled in learning and in particular singing. We had our own chapel and every day we went to church.

I had a rather exceptional singing voice, because of the mouth shape and could reach high 'C' quite easily. My mother and Auntie Dorroughy arranged a special recording to be made in London. I sang "on wings of song" by Mendelssohn, which brought tears in people's eyes but unfortunately only eight copies were made. Recording facilities were very crude in those days and the records were not made of very durable material. All of them were finally broken, which was a shame, because the voice doesn't last too long. I was then slated to go to a famous school in London, Westminster or Christchurch on a scholarship based on my voice, but this didn't happen.

This school had a very profound affect on my learning ability and some other broad affects as well.

I was captain of the cricket team and soccer team and could swim well and play tennis and golf. At the tender age of twelve, I could read and understand Latin and Greek and could fire a rifle and do so many things. Our headmaster was much involved with wonderful discoveries going on in Egypt, the ancient tombs of Egyptian Kings etc. We had many visits from famous people explorers who gave lectures and so on.

The dairies, benthys and vols voyers would bundle up every weekend and the boys would be driven off in their chauffeured limousines. The majority of boys from this school went to Eton or Harrow. Our parents were abroad and Dickie and I had to go to places called Holiday Homes.

These were not so nice places and usually run by older retired school teachers, who went out to make a bit of a killing from the unfortunate boys whose parents were abroad. We got into a good deal of mischief in these places and I am sure they were glad when the holidays were over and they could send us back to school.

My father had a brother who worked in India as a civil engineer and he married an Indian girl and they had five children. Of course the family disowned him for that, in spite of the fact that his father had a title and was Sir somebody or other. I left the small private school as a bit of a snob, I suppose, but I had been beaten with the cane and we were taught to be sporting, to have manners and to show courtesy to our less fortunate brothers. At the age of 13 I was sent to a large public school, Bedford.