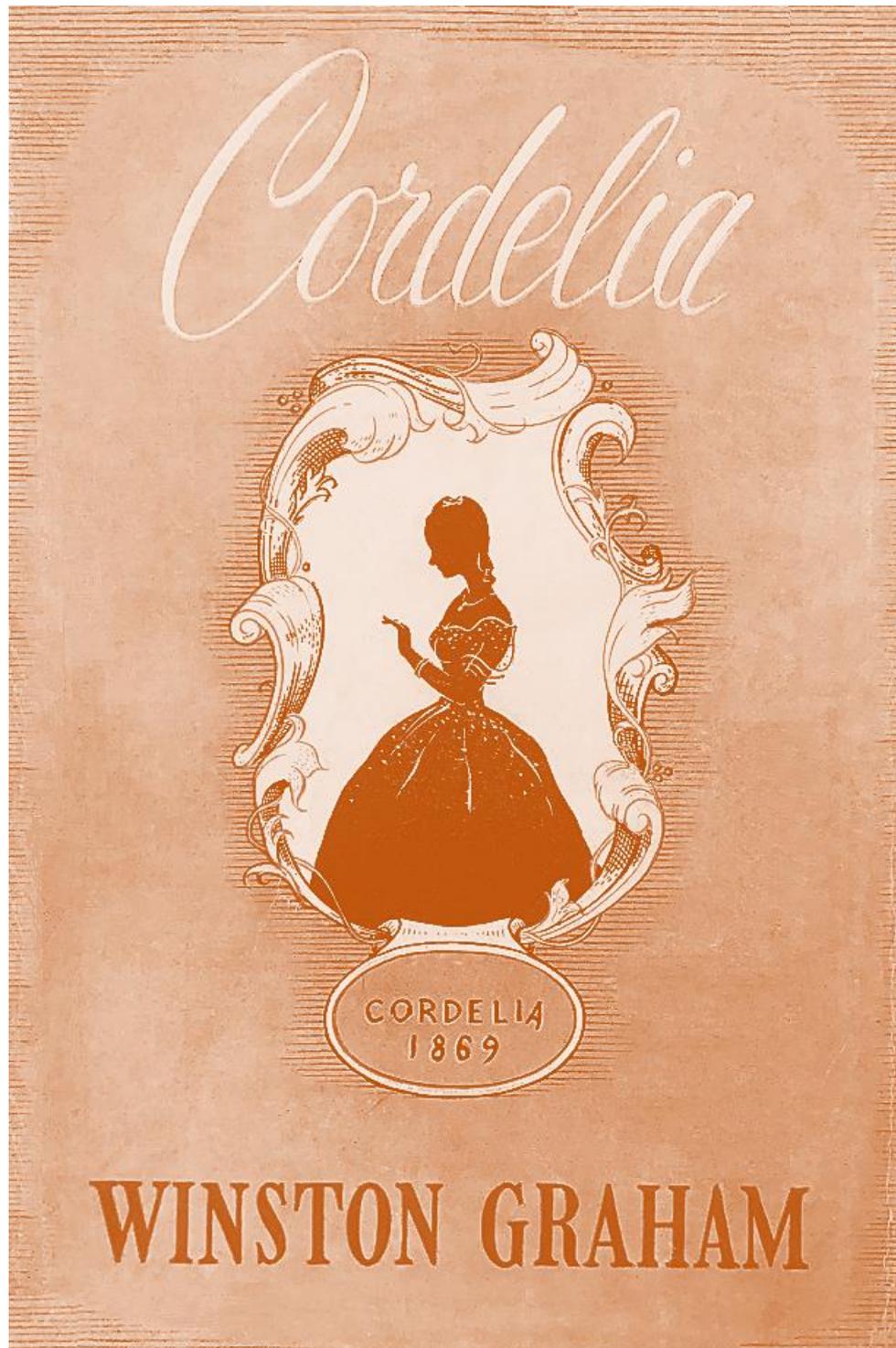


**WG's unlikely breakthrough novel : *Cordelia* (1949)**



From his early twenties to his late thirties, WG seems to have had something of an identity crisis: was he Winston Grime, or Winston Graham, and who were these two mutually antagonistic entities anyway? Winston Grime was a diligent son and brother, from 1939 a dutiful husband, from

1941 a coastguard, from 1942 a doting father; he was a man whose positive contribution to the social life of his local community – he was active in Toc H, the church, amateur dramatics, WEA classes and the tennis club – won him the respect of some and the friendship of others. But he had no job. WG had always wanted to be a writer – "right from the beginning," he told Roy Plomley<sup>1</sup> – and from 1929 set with resolution about the task of becoming one. But what does it mean, to "be a writer", for can't almost anyone sit down with pen and paper and write a book? Indeed, but far fewer can write a book that others would want to publish, or to read. So, having written his book, the first test was to find a publisher willing to produce and market it, which, after some trouble, he did. What is more, having published his first novel, they (Ward, Lock) were keen to take and market a second, third and fourth – in short, progress. But then come the thorny questions of critical reception and sales, two yardsticks by which the *degree* of one's progress along the writer's rocky road may be assessed. WG's work did attract some favourable critical comment – talk is cheap, of course – but sales were never more than modest. Sales may suggest the gradual cultivation of a devoted public – or not; more prosaically, the income they bring may prove enough to keep the wolf from the door; to sustain a life of narrow means if not privation – or not. In fact, WG continued for more than a decade to write a novel a year despite having calculated that to live on their meagre royalties would take *six* a year, an output quite beyond him (though others – John Creasey, Erle Stanley Gardner, Georges Simenon, Edgar Wallace – managed happily enough). So, although the writer, Winston Graham, struggled gamely on, he remained – if "success" is the criterion judged by – no more than the stubbornly and tantalisingly unrealisable *alter ego* of Winston Grime. Hindsight, of course, allows us to know how this story turns out; to know which persona falls and which prevails – but what factor or factors contributed most to the perhaps surprising outcome?

### **(1) *Ross Poldark and Demelza***

In the period 1934-1944, Ward, Lock published all twelve of the novels that WG sent them – it seems, as the end of the war approached, then, that they were content to regard him as one of their stable of trusted writers whose work they'd be happy to put out for as long as he cared to submit it – and yet, remarkably, not one of those dozen books satisfied their aspiring

writer's own rigorous artistic ambition. This is confirmed by the fact that, as soon as he did succeed in his own estimation, he chose to allow all of them to fall and remain out of print; to use his own preferred, more robust term, to *suppress* them because (he believed) sub-par.

In February 1945, *The Forgotten Story* appeared and, to his surprise (since he had a poor opinion of this book too) it proved popular in the West Country particularly (which is where he lived and its late-Victorian-era plot was set). This was propitious since his next book was another set locally, albeit in an even more distant past. WG had started drafting *Ross Poldark* five years earlier, having first conceived of the Poldarks and their world "before the war". Some of the book's chapters he "wrote nine times"<sup>2</sup>, which suggests that, all along, he must have sensed the narrative's particular importance to his career. When it was published in December 1945, *Ross Poldark* may not immediately have been widely recognised as his first major work (its "terrific success in Cornwall" notwithstanding), but so it was. What's more, crucially, its author himself soon came to see and feel it; to realise that, after a gestation of sixteen wearisome years, through its singular medium his true self was born at last. Yes, his involvement with the Poldark novels was not only "deep, almost passionate" but revelatory too: as he continued *RP's* story in a second pulsating novel (*Demelza*, 1946), and despite previous moments of self-doubt in which he saw himself as no more than "just a craftsman with a story-telling ability", now, for the first time,

*I knew myself with conviction to be a novelist*

he wrote.<sup>3</sup> Thus the previously pre-eminent Winston Grime sustained a body blow from which, whilst not immediately fatal, he would not recover.

## **(2) Valerie Taylor and *Take My Life***

In the midst of this exciting time, as nascent Graham began to gain ascendancy over hapless Grime, enter, stage left, Valerie Taylor. A stage and screen actress with a formidable CV, London-born Valerie Taylor (1902-1988) is perhaps best remembered now for her six-year association with John Balderston's play *Berkeley Square*, in which she starred as Kate Pettigrew both in the West End and on Broadway and eventually, opposite

Leslie Howard's Peter Standish, on film (1933). She first rose to prominence in 1925 playing Nina to John Gielgud's Konstantin in Chekhov's *The Seagull* at London's Little Theatre. Other notable successes include her screen Nora in 1942 Graham Greene adaptation *Went the Day Well?*, her appearance a year later in Emyln Williams' stage adaptation of Turgenev's novel *A Month in the Country* at the St. James Theatre, London with Michael Redgrave in the cast and her residency at Stratford-on-Avon's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre during the spring of 1946 when she appeared as the Princess of France in *Love's Labour's Lost*, as Imogen in *Cymbeline* and as Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth* with (among others) Paul Scofield and Donald Sinden.



Leslie Howard and Valerie Taylor in *Berkeley Square*

In 1930 Taylor married fellow London-born actor Hugh Sinclair (1903-1962), a debonair leading man whose portrayal of the title character in *The Saint's Vacation* (1941) and *The Saint Meets the Tiger* (1943) was neither the first screen Simon Templar nor the last. After the birth of a son in New York in May 1935, the couple appeared together on Broadway in *Love of Women* in 1937, in *Dear Octopus* as it toured the UK in 1940, at the Opera

House, Manchester in *I'll See You Again* in 1944 and elsewhere, Perranporth included. WG recounts how, each pre-war late-thirties summer, a talented young actor named Peter Bull and a company of friends would take over Perranporth Village Hall for about ten weeks and put on a remarkable repertory of plays, professionally acted, directed and produced. These proved sufficiently popular to draw holidaymakers from all over the county, in part because Bull was a keen judge of talent and in part because, in addition to the regulars who accompanied him to Cornwall, occasional guest appearances would be made by such luminaries as Robert Morley, Hugh Sinclair and Valerie Taylor.



Taylor and Sinclair on their wedding day, 5 January 1930

But Sinclair and Taylor not only acted in Perranporth but also owned a bungalow there and WG reports that between intervals of work they and he would visit each other's houses and have supper together. He describes Taylor at this time as "a highly strung, highly articulate, highly intelligent, beautiful but rather overpowering young woman [she was 43, six years

older than him] ... full of ideas", one of which, one evening – a "brilliant opening for a film" – she pitched him. After thinking it over for a month, he discussed with her how it might be developed, at which "she immediately lit up and henceforward rang me up persistently, full of suggestions and wanting to know if I was making progress."



WG with Valerie Taylor circa 1946. Village gossip linked them romantically – even her husband suggested their collaboration might better have been titled *Take My Wife* – but at this time, claims WG, she was conducting an affair with another man, William Saunders, whom she eventually married.

So, though with much else on his plate – finishing *Ross Poldark*, starting *Demelza*, concerns about the health of his mother, his mother-in-law and his pregnant wife, his approaching demobilisation from the Coastguard Service, the winding up of his B&B business, not to mention the care of three-year-old Andrew – that's how WG came to find himself making his screenwriting debut. (Up to that point, he says, he'd only ever *seen* one script, which Taylor gave him to show how they were usually formatted.)

Though officially the script of *Take My Life* is co-credited to WG and Taylor, it sounds from what he says in *Memoirs* as though most if not all of the writing was done by him (certainly IMDb shows no other writing credit to her name). One wonders, too, whether her interest might have come in part from the thought that, if realised, the resultant film's meatiest role (that of Philippa Shelley, the female lead) might prove an ideal vehicle for her talents. Perhaps it never crossed her mind; what's more, though he wrote the script, it was she who touted it around the industry and she who, through contacts, hooked him up with Christopher Mann Ltd, "the most powerful [film] agents in London". They sold the property to the prestigious Rank Organisation, who passed it on to Cineguild, one of its subsidiaries, who not only put it into production, but also seduced WG away from finishing *Demelza* with the irresistible offer of a Hallam Street, London flat, a chauffeur-driven Rolls, a secretary and a rolling, open-ended £80-a-week irrespective of whatever results he, a screenwriting novice, may or may not achieve. Hard, surely, for anyone, much less this relative unknown, to resist.

Wind back, now, to the relatively tranquil days before Cyclone Valerie swept him away. We left him – Graham, the novelist – busy being born. What should he make now, then, added to the belated realisation of that long-cherished dream, of being fawned on by a film industry about to put his name up in lights on silver screens on both sides of the Atlantic whilst paying him handsomely for the privilege? "I knew nothing of the opulent vistas of the film world," he says – but that was then and this is now. Could this be anything other than success in spades; further cast-iron affirmation (if such be needed) that he was indeed Winston Graham at last?

Whatever his thinking, this much is true: after living the first thirty-nine years of his life and the first thirteen years of his professional life as

Winston Grime, in May 1947, WG changed his name formally, legally and irrevocably from Winston Grime to Winston Mawdsley Graham. In *Memoirs*, he not only didn't vouchsafe why he did so; he chose, rather, reticence, mentioning not one word about it. But surely it was because in the "physically and mentally both exhausting and exhilarating ... nerve-straining, exacting, stimulating" period of 1945/6 that writer Winston Graham was born – so what more natural, a year on, than his christening?

### **(3) Cordelia**

Though those film johnnies were keen to suck up WG and wring out of him whatever juice they could, in truth his hit screenplay was little more than serendipity and his presence in their midst never anything but a temporary, blind-alley diversion. Though he scripted three more of his novels for the screen, only one – *Night Without Stars* – was produced and that proved, following directorial rewrites, "a disaster". It shouldn't be a surprise, then, hard on *Take My Life's* left-field success, that the newborn author was keen to return to his forte, which was *not* the collaborative process, antipathetic to his nature, of screenwriting but, rather, the solo, high-wire, no-safety-net novelist's act. As, disillusioned, he jumped before being pushed out of Cineguild's door, he vowed to go back to Cornwall to write a book that nobody would even want to film, and did: 1949's *Cordelia*.

In *Memoirs*, 1.6, WG wrote:

*Wandering through the local parish churchyard of Perranzabuloe [in the mid-1940s], I had seen a weather-beaten tombstone, on which one could only discern the name and the date: "Cordelia, 1869." The name was in large letters which stretched from one side of the stone to the other, and standing there in the misty afternoon light, I began to wonder what sort of person this woman had been, how old she was when she died, how she had come by this attractive but romantic name, what her life story was, if only she could have told it to me.*

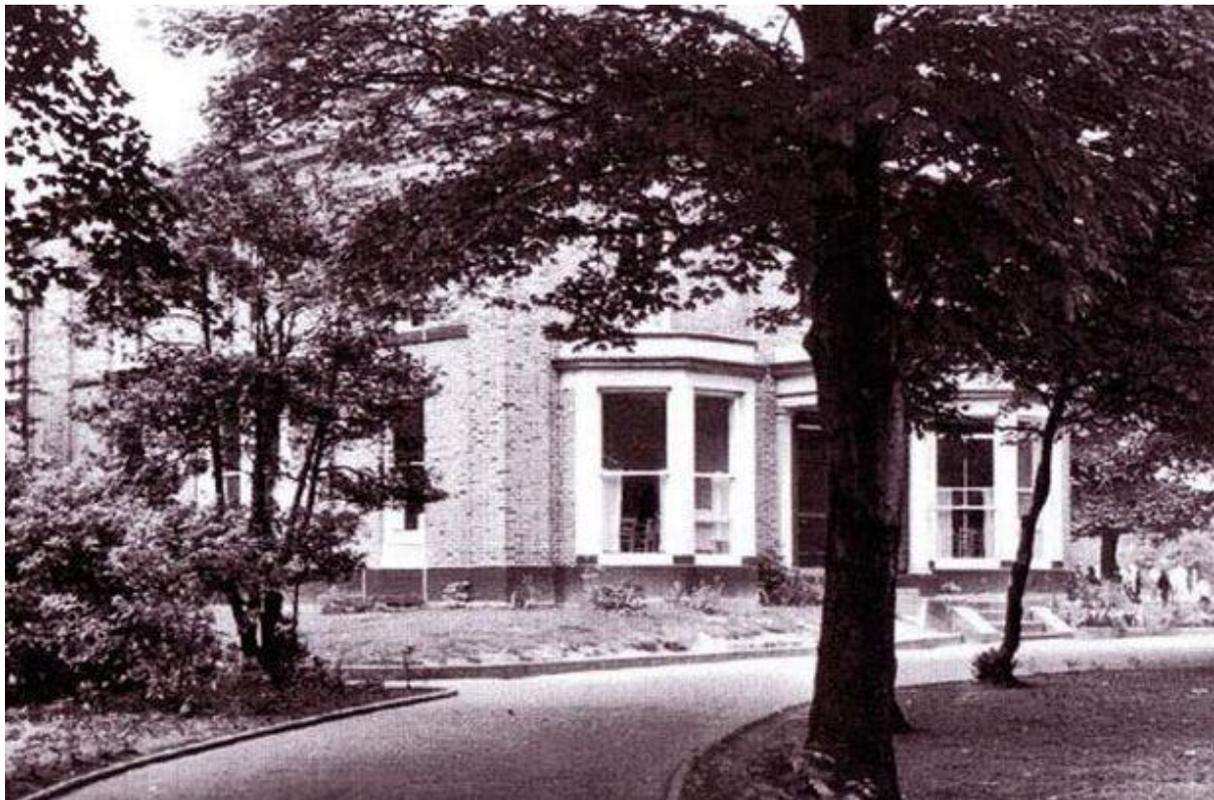
*During the last years of my mother's life, I listened as with a sense of something soon to be lost, to her reminiscences as*

a young girl in the Manchester of the 1880s and 90s. [Among the family members she recalled] was an uncle, a rich dyer, who built Acacia Hall in Burnage, and something of his life story is reflected in the life of Mr Ferguson in the novel I then wrote. Some of the characters and much of the background reflected things my mother told me, including the character of Mr Slaney-Smith, the atheist, who was based on Jack Slaney ... a great friend of my grandfather.



Standing alongside the short path between the lychgate and vestibule of Perranzabuloe Church, where both his parents are buried, the stone above is surely the one cited by WG in *Memoirs*. It commemorates the lives of Cordelia Hoskin (née Jenkin) who died, aged thirty-two, on 27 September 1838 and her daughters Elizabeth and Caroline. Other than by WG, "1869" is not mentioned – so why revise the date? Perhaps in part to obscure his source, but, more importantly, to better serve his story. After all, the tale he was telling was essentially that of his mother, Annie Mawdsley, who was born on 10 September 1868.

WG's information concerning "an uncle, a rich dyer, who built Acacia Hall" is also misleading, due to the odd coincidence that The Acacias (below) was built by a man *named* Dyer – in fact, Connecticut-born Joseph Chessborough Dyer (1780-1871). But the property was indeed acquired and occupied during Annie's adolescence by a family of dyers related to the Mawdsleys by marriage: Henry Hunt Crabtree (1816-1888; Annie's great uncle) and his son William Henry Crabtree (1846-1904) operated Henry Crabtree & Son's dyeworks at Ardwick and Openshaw. It is presumably the life of the patriarch, Henry Hunt, which informs the character of *Cordelia's* Frederick Ferguson.<sup>4</sup>



#### (4) Tom Attlee

By early 1948 WG had completed a first draft of his novel, which he then passed for scrutiny to his friend and mentor Tom [ATTLEE](#). In a letter dated 24 February Attlee writes that he found the book "absorbing" with "sound characterisation" and an atmosphere "authentically Victorian" – but would like more help in visualising Cordelia and "wasn't taken in by Crossley at any stage" although, as a reader, he believes, he should have been.

Though WG's two written responses to this (26 February; 2 March) are lost, they sound, to judge from Attlee's next letter of 9 March, to have been a mix of reasoned explanation and self-doubt. All that is required to bring Cordelia more sharply into focus, WG suggests, is "a word here and there, how she stretches herself, the glint in her eye", which Attlee concedes. WG worries that the book's humour is old-fashioned, some of its passages too long, its prologue inadequate and Ferguson's confession to Cordelia after Brook's death obvious and pedestrian. Should Brook initially be more loving towards Cordelia and less attention be given to Stephen's reflections? On all of these points Attlee offers reassurance.<sup>5</sup>

This exchange of letters took place fourteen months before *Cordelia's* eventual publication in May 1949 and, during that period, whether due to Attlee's input or not, the manuscript was "considerably cut", the defining characteristics of key figures – Cordelia, Stephen, Mr Ferguson – were modified and the ending reworked and rebalanced:

*The book now ends more on the Cordelia-Mr Ferguson note than on the Cordelia-Robert Birch note*<sup>6</sup>

– a comment which suggests WG had originally intended to conclude his tale with a conventional Cordelia/Dr Birch fade-out, but ultimately thought better of it.

Initial reviews were positive:

*Two or three months ago Mr Winston Graham, of Perranporth, whose Cornish novels – especially Ross Poldark and Demelza – have delighted readers, came to see me in*

*Bodmin so that I could show him what I could of the eighteenth century lay-out of the town. This careful regard for detail accurately presented is typical of his craftsmanship as a novelist. Time and again in reading his newest novel Cordelia I have noticed this precision ... Cordelia and all the characters about her – her own small tradesman's family no less than the rest – live superbly. (H. J. W., Cornish Guardian)*

*For his latest novel, Winston Graham ... presents a story of Manchester in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Graham's recent stories of Cornish historical romances ... will perhaps regret his temporary desertion to another locality ... However, it would be as dangerous for a lively writer like Mr. Graham to confine himself to writing only about Cornwall as it would be regrettable if he were to cease to do so altogether. In Cordelia he has chosen a setting ... which offers ample opportunities for the detailed portrait of atmosphere and behaviour at which he excels ... There are several rather contrived situations in the book which in any case is rather conventional in its material. But behind it all there is enlightenment and shrewdness and an adult attitude to life which is pleasing to encounter. (Denys Val Baker, Cornish Review)*

*Cordelia marks a further stage in the artistic progress of Winston Graham. Never before has he known and understood a character as he does this mid-Victorian woman and her pontifical father-in-law ... The moving story is set in the author's native Lancashire. He should now return to his adopted Cornwall to apply his developing art. (Western Morning News)*

*This would be a conventional story but for the quality of the treatment and the wealth of minor characters and the dramatic situations that come crowding in to propel the tale along in the manner of Alexander Dumas. The people too*

*have a vitality, with quirks of conduct and character to make them both dear and memorable to the reader. This period piece will add to the consideration that now begins to be given to Mr. Graham's work. (Country Life)*

*Excellent ... The family prayers, the flare of the gas, the solemn, elaborate meals ... This is a real world. Mr. Graham believes in it and can tell a very good story. (Times Literary Supplement)*

*Mid-Victorian days, when milady's bustle was stuffed with the Manchester Guardian and wax-moustached chairmen presided over the garish lights and noisy tables of the music hall, are strongly pictured in "Cordelia," an entrancing novel by Winston Graham. The scene is laid in middle-class Manchester of eighty years ago, the Manchester of hansom cab, horse bus and concerts at the Free Trade Hall, and the story tells of a girl's marriage on the rung above, and her struggle to adapt herself to life at "the big house" dominated by a martinet of a father-in-law. The characters are sturdily built, and the romance finely drawn. Indeed, the progress of this family and those who influence their lives almost has the Galsworthy stamp. (Hull Daily Mail)*

## **(5) Audrey Heath**

Where next, then, for WG? Having made significant inroads into the UK book market with *Ross Poldark* and *Demelza*, which both continued to sell steadily, and having scored an unexpected though welcomed success with *Take My Life* (the 1947 film, subsequently novelised), the next sage career move was the conquest of America – but on the back of the staid, Galsworthy-esque, quintessentially English *Cordelia*? Surely not. Step forward Audrey Heath.

Of the several key, career-defining decisions made by WG in the period 1945-50, one of the most important and far-reaching was his move from A. P. Watt Ltd, the literary agency he had been with for more than a decade, to Audrey Heath's A. M. Heath and Co.

Audrey Heath was born in King's Norton, Birmingham in 1888 and educated at King Edward VI High School, Edgbaston and Newnham College, Cambridge, where she completed her Classical Tripos with Honours (although women at this time were not awarded degrees).<sup>7</sup> After secretarial training, she then joined London literary agency Curtis Brown & Massie some time before the Great War. Although positions of professional responsibility were routinely denied to women during this era (at a time when they could not even vote), the exodus of men into military service from 1914 provided unprecedented opportunity for those left behind. At Curtis Brown, where no senior management remained, Audrey and co-worker Alice Spinks found themselves charged with keeping the agency afloat as best they could, which, gamely, they did. Having to negotiate contracts, deal with writers such as Jack London and Edgar Rice Burroughs and take work out to market provided the pair with invaluable experience as well as immense job satisfaction – so much so, indeed, that when the Armistice brought Brown and Massie back into the fold, the ladies were unwilling to resume their subservient supporting roles. Instead, in the autumn of 1919, they gave notice and struck out on their own, launching A. M. Heath (incorporated as A. M. Heath Ltd in 1921), with the name coming from both partners: **Alice May Spinks** and **Audrey Heath**.



Audrey Heath circa 1927

In 1926, Alice's third child was born and as juggling the demands of family and business life became ever more taxing, she gradually withdrew from an active role in the agency, leaving Audrey in full charge. The fortunes of A. M. Heath seesawed through the years ahead – all too soon there would be another long war to survive – but despite all adversity it endured and endures, now into its second century. Audrey Heath, the first woman in Britain to run her own literary agency, died on 29 December 1957.

Exactly how or why WG came to switch literary agents is not known. The probability is that, as with his change of publishers a short while after, he was looking for greater dynamism – a more proactive approach to the advancement of his career. Heath quickly proved her worth in negotiating *Cordelia's* contract with [WARD, LOCK](#): dated 6 October 1948 and the first to name her as WG's agent, it specified an advance of £250 (£150 on signature plus a further £100 on publication) compared with just £55 each for *Ross Poldark* and *Demelza*. She must also have been centrally involved in the decision to have Hodder & Stoughton agree to publish WG's future modern novels whilst leaving the historicals with Ward, Lock – although for this Hodder's then sales director John Attenborough also claims credit. In *From a Living Memory: Hodder and Stoughton Publishers 1868-1975* (Hodder, 1975) he wrote:

*In the immediate post-war years ... John Attenborough [exploited] a number of editorial openings ... On the fiction front, his faith in Richard Mason's The Wind Cannot Read (1947) brought him into new and friendly contact with [Mason's agent] Audrey Heath ... leading to Jerrard Tickell's Appointment with Venus (1951), Winston Graham's Night Without Stars (1950) and a series of novels from Edith Cadell [all being published by Hodder]. All those authors were important additions to the fiction list ...*

so possibly the two acted in cahoots. She it was, though, who sold WG's first five H&S novels for serialisation in *John Bull*, and she it was who persuaded Ken McCormick, senior editor of American publishing giant Doubleday, whilst in the UK on a scouting mission, to take *Cordelia* to read on the way home. He not only bought the book but also placed it with the Dollar Book Club (a Doubleday subsidiary); both Doubleday and Dollar

published the novel in January 1950, so introducing WG's name and work to a potentially huge American readership for the first time.



John Attenborough (1908-1994)



Ken McCORMICK in 1963

## (6) Ken McCormick

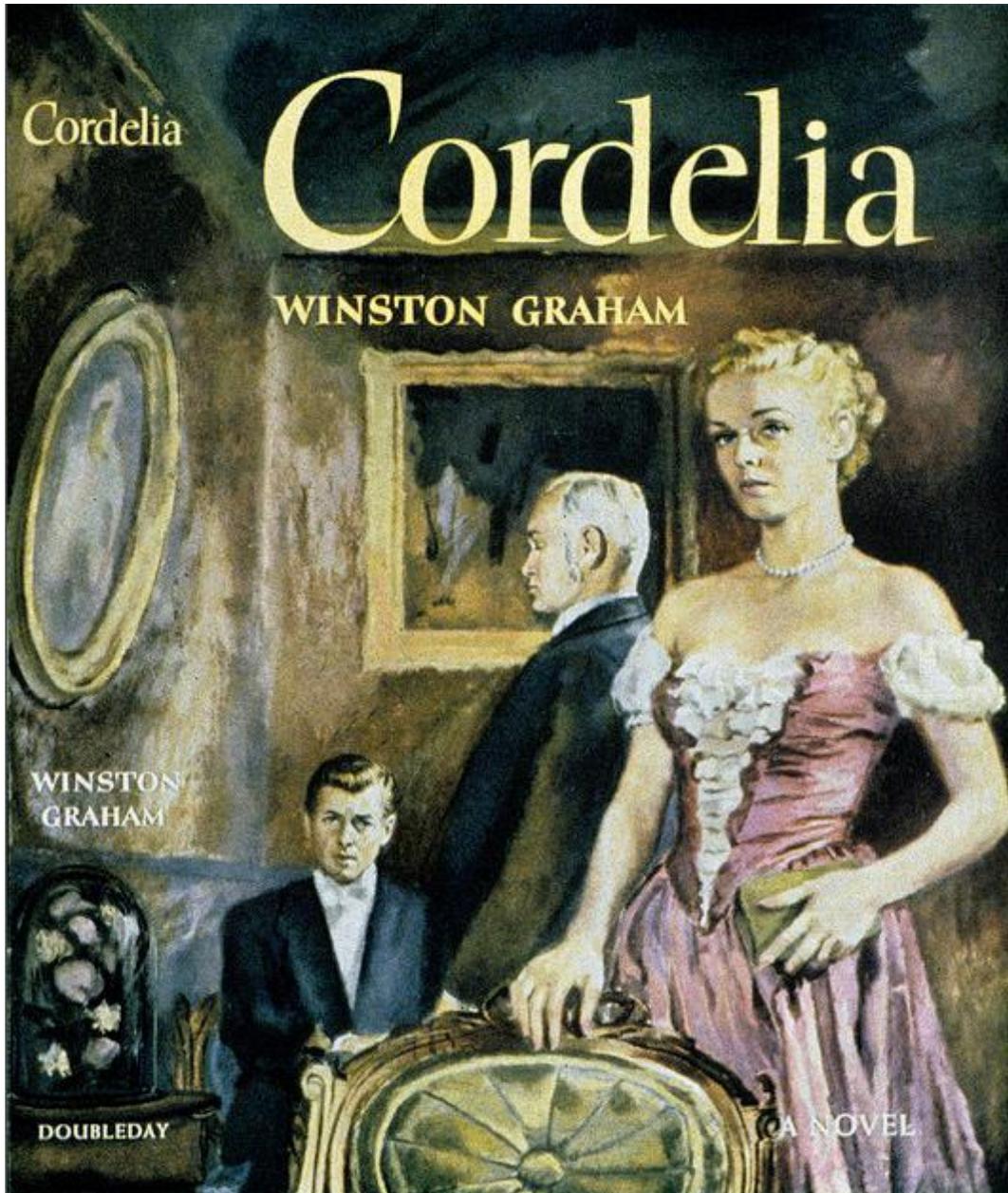
The reception given to the book by American reviewers was slightly more circumspect than in Britain, but warm enough still:

*Cordelia ... is a nice, comfortable English novel, and the reader who is tired of being torn to shreds by the psychological style generally in vogue today, will be thankful there isn't a neurotic in it. (Toldeo Blade)*

*The only point of the story is to show that time can possibly cure a good many hurts and that it takes strength of character to choose the most difficult way out of a problem. (Dunkirk [New York] Evening Observer)*

*A substantial and rather soberly romantic story of the 1860s in England ... For women only ... this is a rather decorous and sometimes dull novel of a period passion. (Kirkus)*

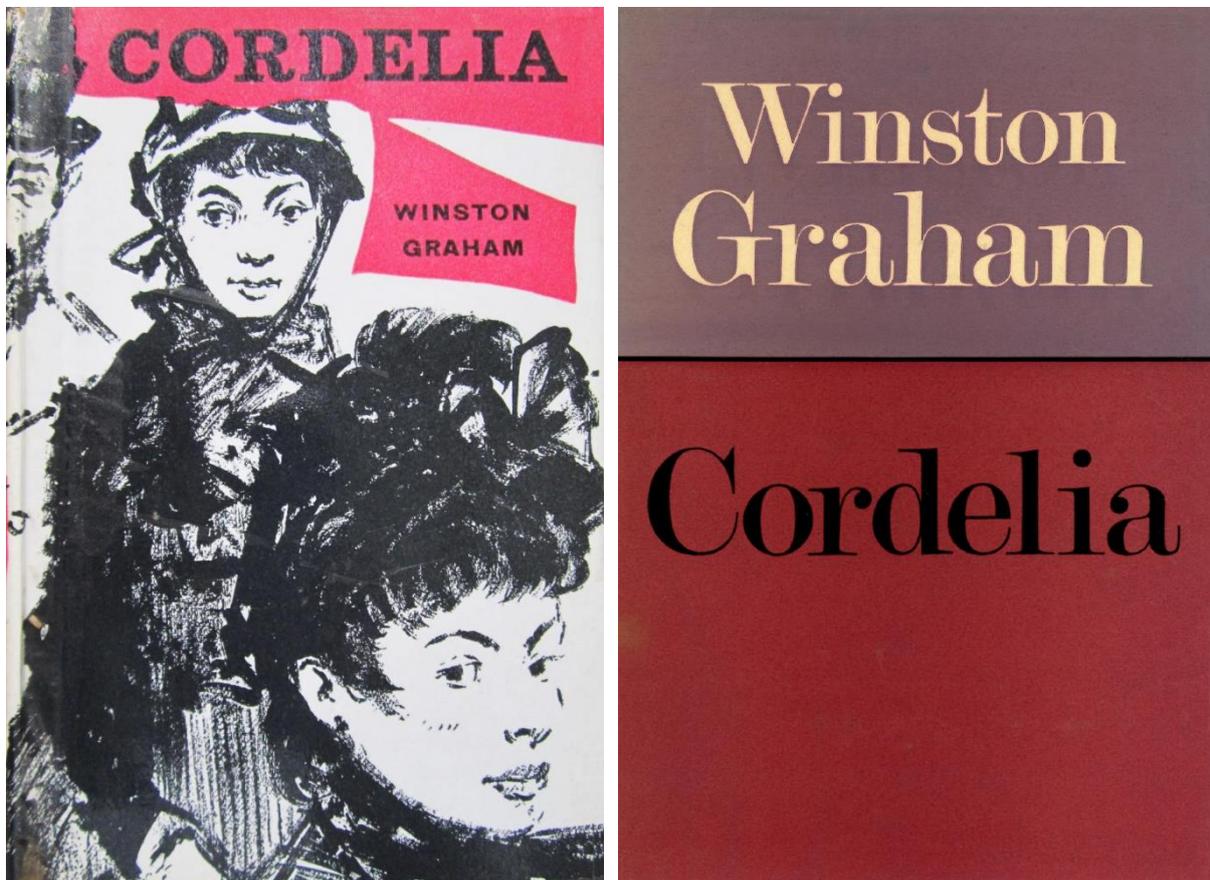
*Mr. Graham has written Cordelia in the great storytelling traditions of Victoria's England. The novel has wit, suspense, and good characterizations. (San Francisco Chronicle)*



*Agreeably Victorian in mood ... leisurely, detailed, but keenly observant. (New York Herald Tribune)*

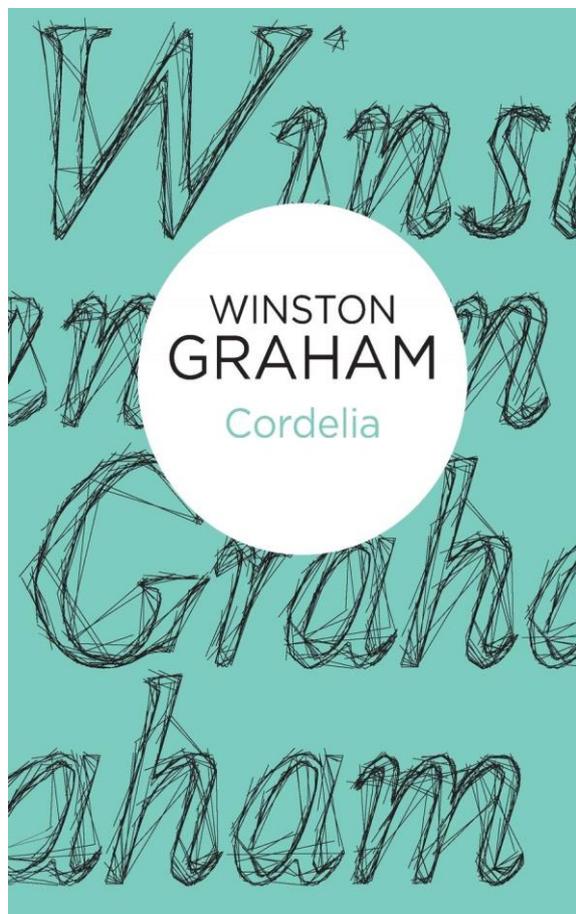
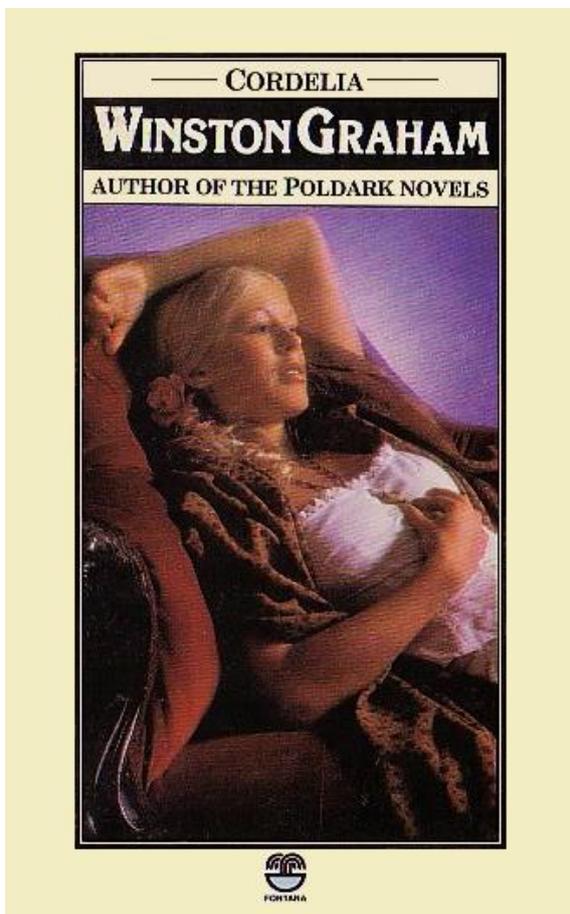
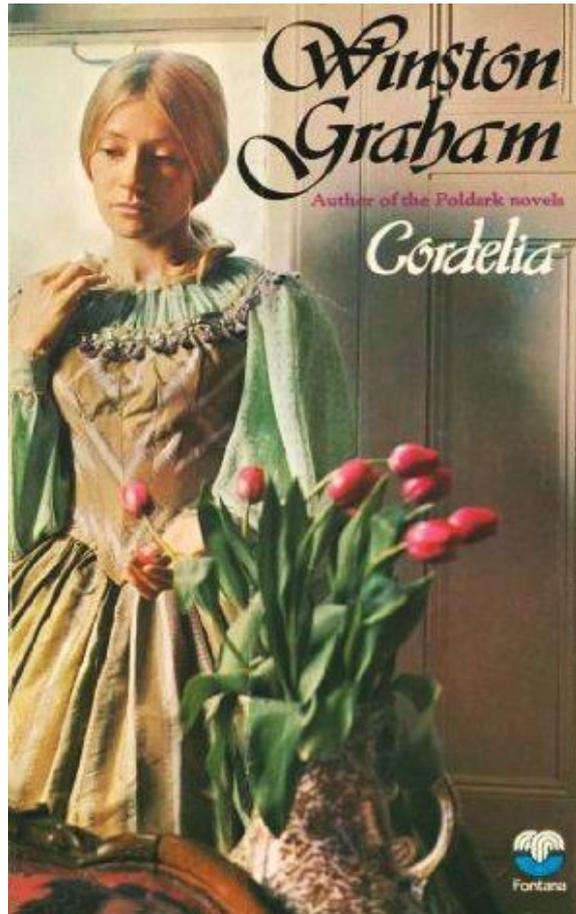
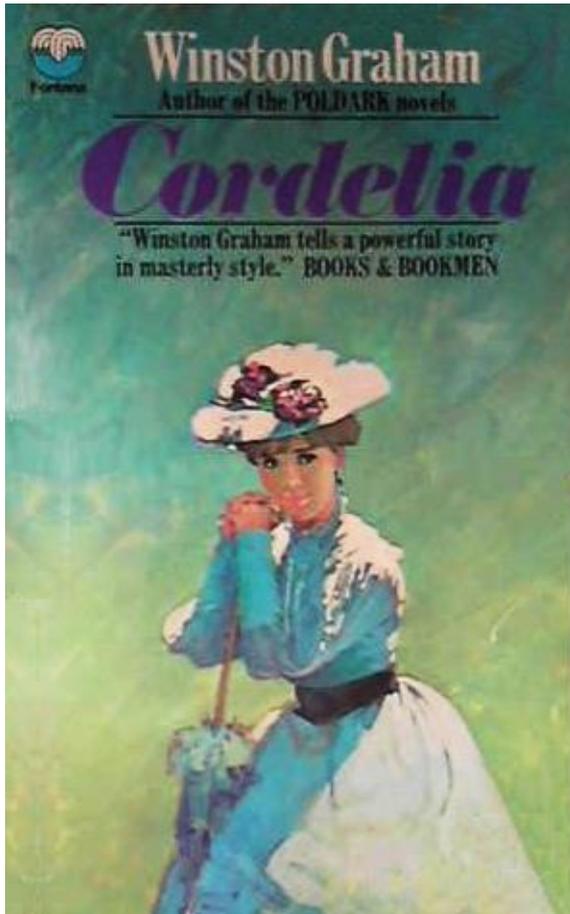
*Graham does not treat [Cordelia's adultery] as a moral problem, but his reasoning, though not deep, does show some appreciation of right and wrong. A novel that makes brightly interesting reading. (Catholic World)*

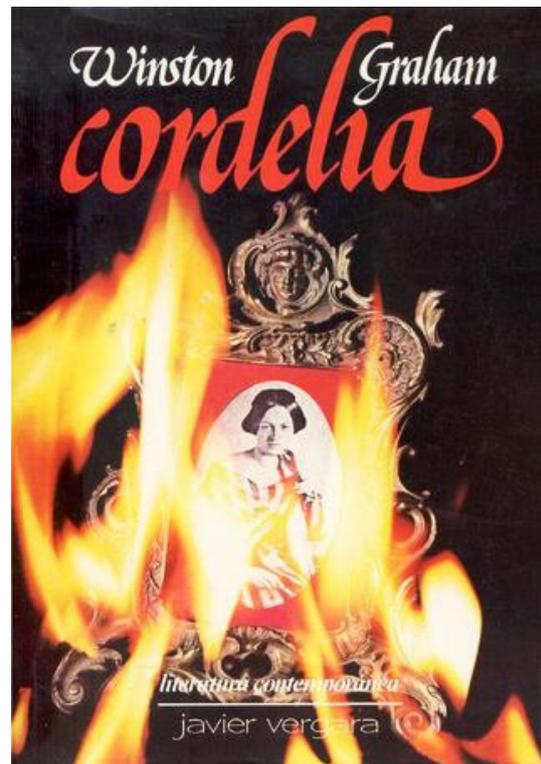
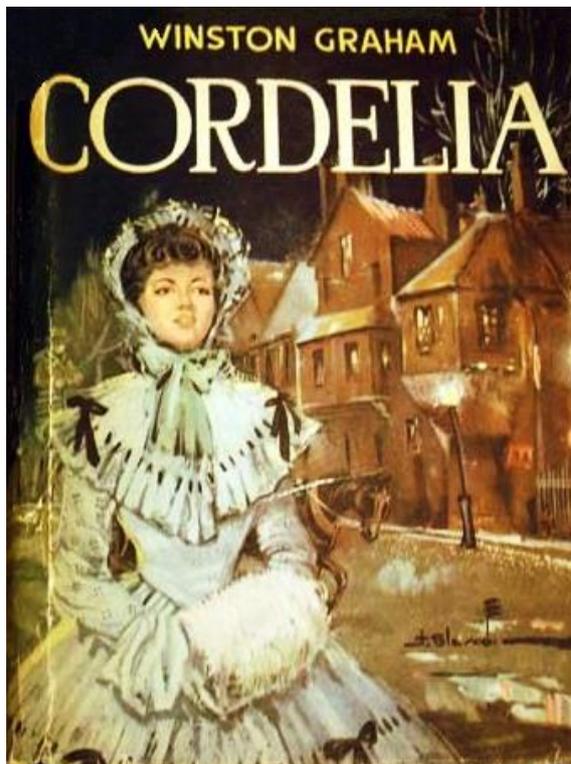
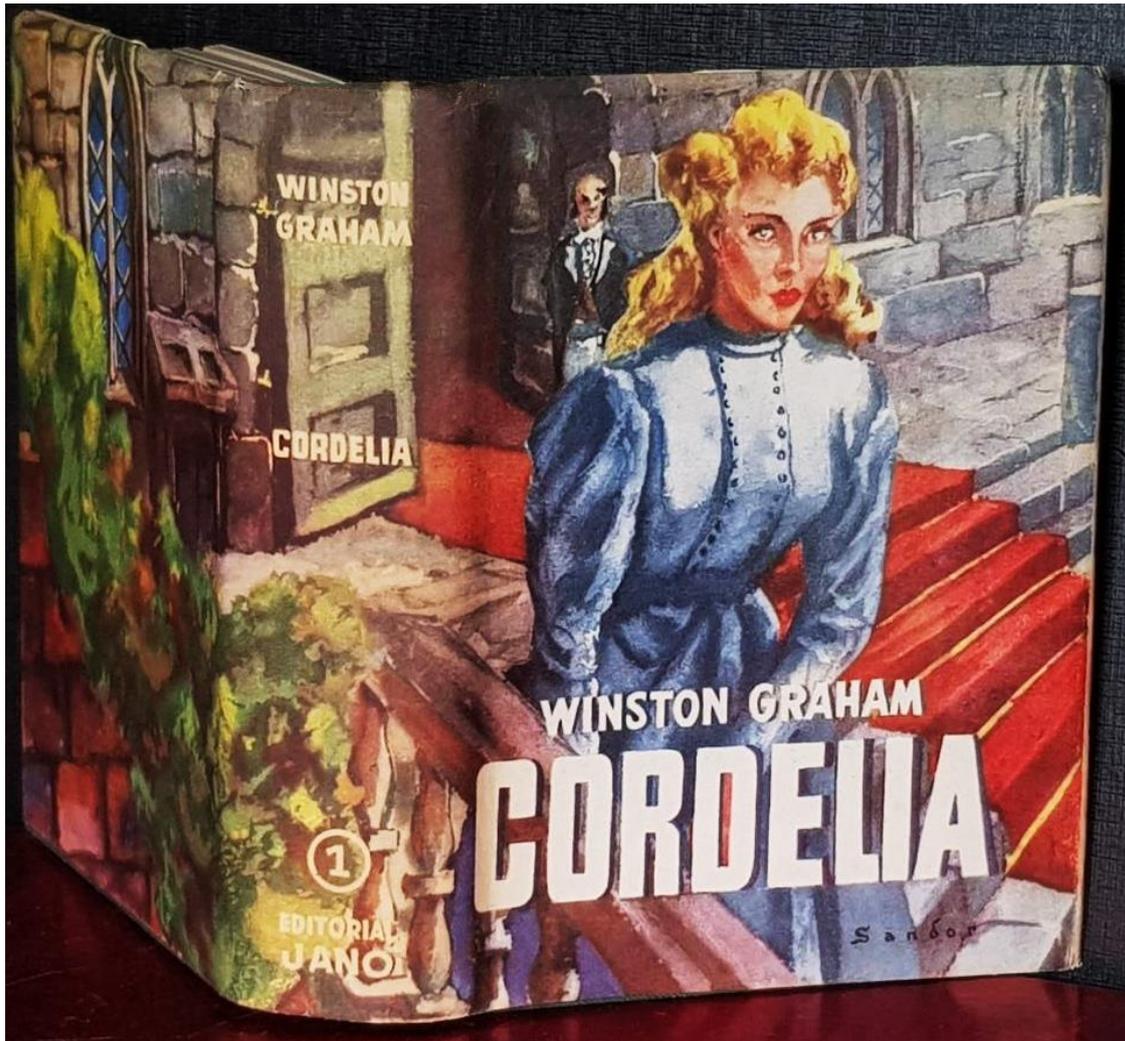
But readers, it seems – and especially book club members – lapped it up. Indeed, in this book club heyday, McCormick's canny placement of *Cordelia* with Dollar was transformative. Within a year they had printed half a million copies and sold more, so ensuring that Doubleday would be back for more of the author's work (Poldarks and other) in the sure knowledge that readers would be there to buy it. When Doubleday published *The Wreck of the Grey Cat* (i.e. *The Forgotten Story* renamed) on 3 July 1958 it was their eleventh Graham title in eight and a half years, of which five went to book club also. No wonder, thanks to McCormick, that WG was able to say in later life: "From 1950 until 1970, three-quarters of my affluence came from across the Atlantic."<sup>8</sup>



UK: The Bodley Head, 1963 and 1969

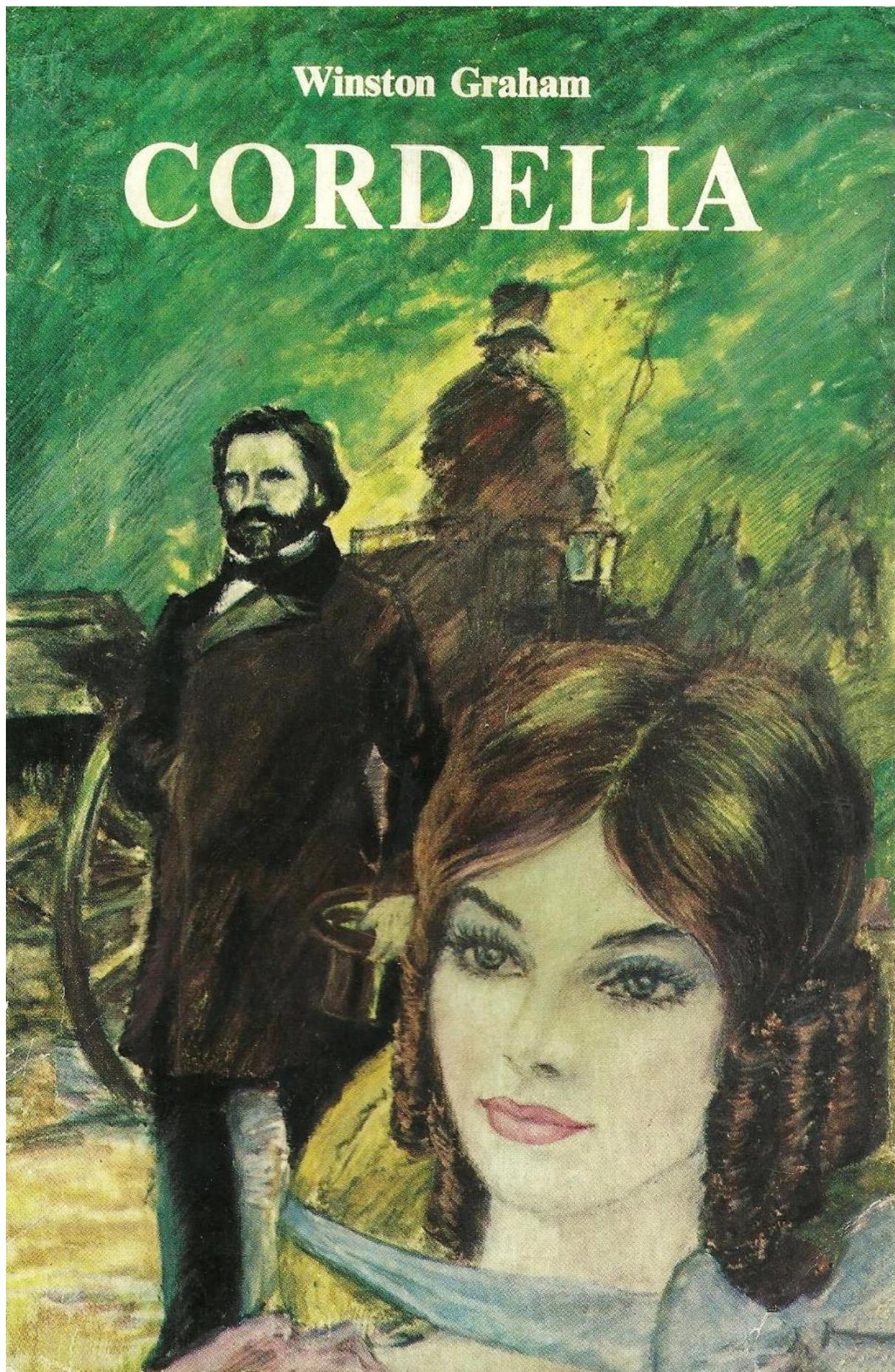
Page 19: MORE UK REPRINTS: Fontana 1969 / 1972 / 1977; Bello (print-on-demand) 2013. *CORDELIA IN TRANSLATION*:<sup>9</sup> Page 20: Spanish (Europe): Jano (1<sup>st</sup>) 1953 / 1953; (South America): Javier Vergara, 1981. Page 21: Swedish: Lindqvists, 1968. Page 22: German (abridged as *Jennifer*): Naumann & Göbel, 1980 / Lübbe, 1982; Russian: Art Design, 1994; Italian (as *La Volontà Non è Il Destino* or *Will is not Destiny*): Del Duca, 1970

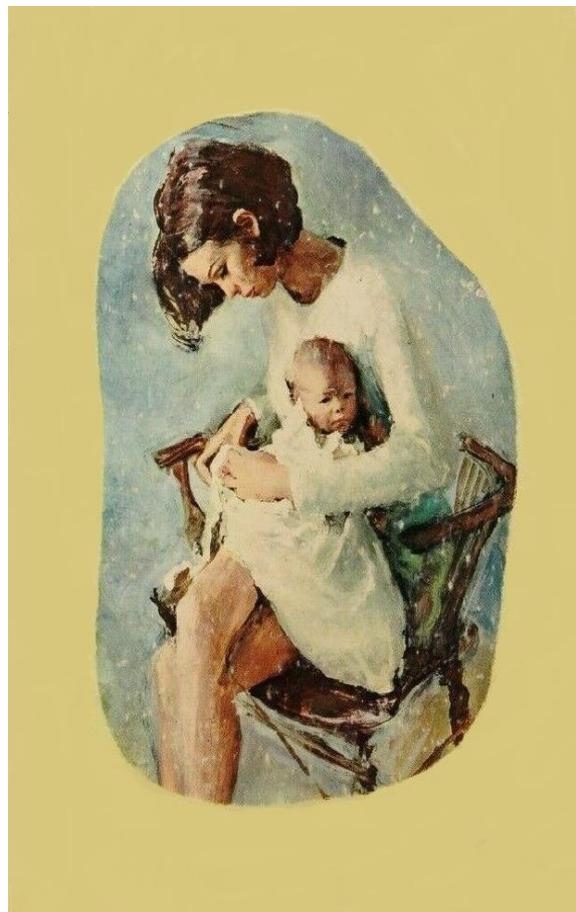
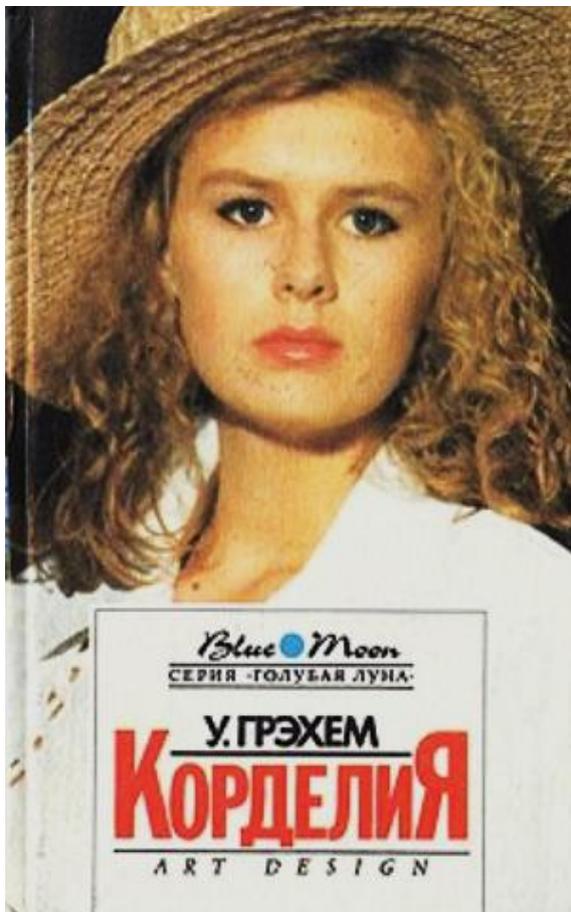
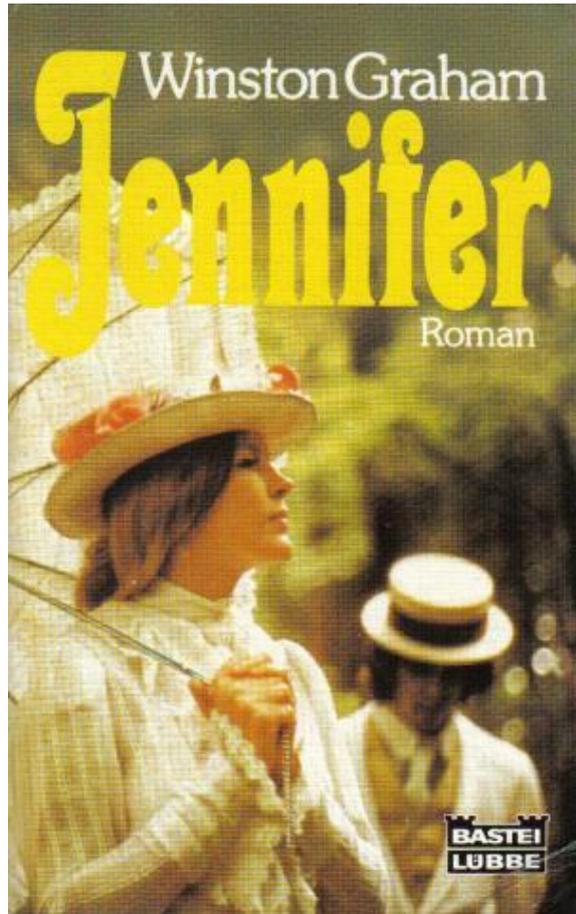
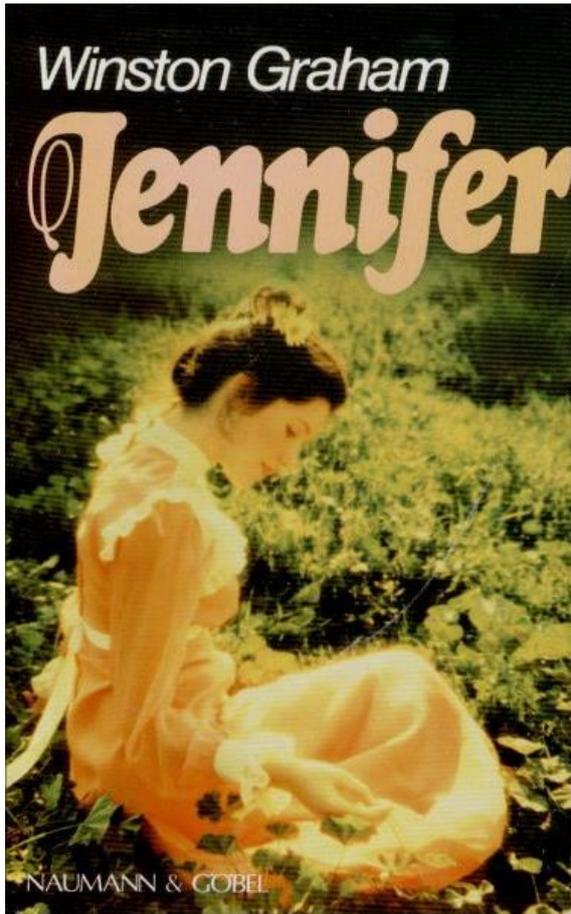


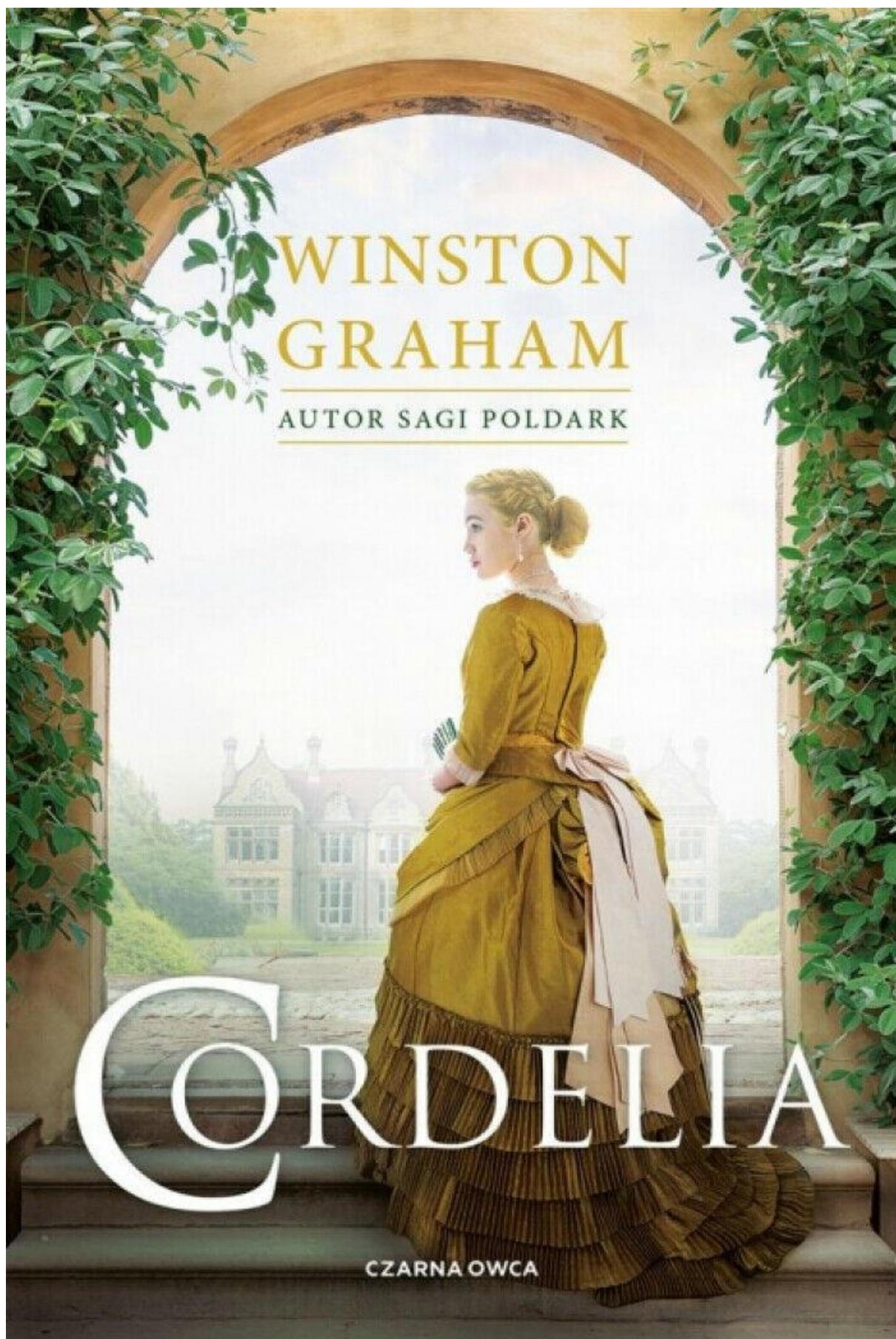


Winston Graham

# CORDELIA







Polish, Czarna Owca, 2020

*Cordelia* flies under the radar. The four books before it and the four which followed were all filmed for cinema or television – but *Cordelia* was never filmed, never serialised, never adapted and never republished in the USA. All the same, thanks to the author's mother Annie – who died after the book was finished, but before it was published – Tom Attlee, Audrey Heath, Ken McCormick and WG himself, it was, more than anything else he ever wrote, the book that opened doors, set him on his way, changed his fortune, *made* him. Unsung and unpretentious, unlikely as it may seem, *Cordelia* was his breakthrough novel.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES AND SOURCES

<sup>1</sup> *Desert Island Discs*, BBC Radio 4, 26 November 1977

<sup>2, 3</sup> Book One, Chapter Five of WG's *Memoirs of a Private Man*, Macmillan, 2003

<sup>4</sup> Wordpress.com: *100 Halls Around Manchester, part 66: Cringle Hall, Burnage* by Allan Russell, 2020

<sup>5</sup> Nine of Attlee's letters, including these two concerning *Cordelia*, are preserved in the Graham archive of the Royal Cornwall Museum, River Street, Truro

<sup>6</sup> Letter held by the Attlee family

<sup>7</sup> Heath biographical data from the *Times*, 3 January 1958, *An Illustrated Who's Who of Professional and Business Men and Women*, Whitehall Publishing, 1927, myheritage.com and amheath.com. For a more detailed account of the A. M. Heath & Co story, open the HISTORY tab on their web page. A. M. Heath still manages WG's literary estate, currently on behalf of his son Andrew.

<sup>8</sup> *Memoirs*, 1.8

<sup>9</sup> Though the selling of WG abroad in book, newspaper and magazine didn't begin with Heath, it certainly took off exponentially under her stewardship, with Jano's *Cordelia* (page 20) an early example of her success.

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