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**STATEMENT OF WITNESS**

(C.J. Act, 1967, ss. 2, 9; M.C. Rules, 1968, r. 58) Countess of Lucan

Statement of..... Veronica Mary BINGHAM nee DUNCAN.....

Age of Witness (if over 21 enter "over 21")..... 3.5.1937. Uckfield, Sussex......

Occupation of Witness.....

Address and Telephone Number..... 46 Lower Belgrave Street,

SW1

730 0534

This statement,\* consisting of 12 pages each signed by me, is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and I make it knowing that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be liable to prosecution if I have wilfully stated in it anything which I know to be false or do not believe to be true.

Dated the ..... day of ....., 19 .....

Signed Veronica Lucan.....

Signature witnessed by.....

On November 28th 1963, I married Lord BINGHAM, his full name was Richard John BINGHAM. He was heir to the 6th Earl of Lucan. We were married at the Holy Trinity Church in Brompton Road. Our first marital home was at his bachelor flat at 22 Park Crescent, W1, but in July 1964 we bought the lease of 46 Lower Belgrave Street and moved in to this house. We bought it with money put into a marriage settlement for us by John's father. Our marriage was very happy at first and on October 24th 1964, my daughter Frances BINGHAM was born. I should say that 6 weeks after we had married my father-in-law died and my husband succeeded to the Earldom and in consequence I became a Countess, and my daughter on birth assumed the courtesy title of Lady Franc BINGHAM. On September 21 1967 my son George Charles, Lord BINGHAM was born and automatically became my husband's son and heir.

Veronica Lucan

G Forsyth

Signed..... Signature witnessed by.....

\*Delete as applicable.

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(C.J. Act, 1967, ss. 2, 9; M.C. Rules, 1968, r. 58)

Veronica, Countess of Lucan

Continuation of statement of.....

I should say that I married John BINGHAM and after he had succeeded to his title imperceptively at first, he began to assume the facade of a lorded Earl, together with his own ideas of what an Earl should be, which did not coincide in my opinion with that of a 20th Century peer in his circumstances. He was when I married him and to the best of my knowledge is still, a professional gambler existing mainly by playing backgammon with a little poker and some black jack. His attitude and treatment towards me began to deteriorate, he began to ignore me, in fact, treat me as if I didn't exist. He humiliated me in front of other people, and never stood up for me or gave me support, I felt a man should give a wife. He used to tell me that I was not well, I took him to mean that I was mentally sick as there was nothing physically wrong with me. I believe I may have suffered from post natal depression following the birth of George but this was not serious. I found that he discussed my so called condition with doctors and other medical people behind my back and without my permission. On one occasion in this period he told me he was going to take me for a drive and in fact drove me to the Priory Nursing Home, Roehampton, where I had to see a physchiatrist, who wanted me to stay at the Priory but I refused and was given treatment at home by the local G.P. a Doctor St. Geo WILSON and his partner whose name I've forgotton. The treatment was by injection of a drug called MODITEN. The drug was so strong that it was necessary to take pills to combat the side effects of the injection, I can't remember the name of the pills no

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I later changed my doctor to a Doctor HAY and during this period I became pregnant. It was a difficult pregnancy and a hard labour but on June 30th 1970, my youngest daughter Lady Camilla BINGHAM was born. My husband was not pleased at first but he came round in the end. Our life together was not becoming any happier. It was getting worse, he was constantly placing me in humiliating situations. He told the local vicar to keep his eye on me. Later he instructed the schools my children attended to watch for any change in the behaviour of my children. By now my doctor had passed me on to Dr HARDY his junior partner and I then moved on myself to a new doctor called Dr Powell BRETT. Most of these incidents are related in affidavits produced at the wardship proceedings for my children. In particular there was a letter written to Dr Powell BRETT by my husband suggesting that he keep some disease going in order that he might drop round the house without alerting me. Around this period he started to beat me. This started when one night he was in bed and I opened the cupboard in the bedroom and saw that there was a cane in there. The end had been cut off and wrapped in plaster. My husband was grinning as he lay in bed watching me. He told me to take my clothes off and lean over a chair so that my hands were on the seat and my buttocks were in an exposed position, and he then beat me. This was done in a methodical way. Although this was painful it was not unendurable. I did not like this practice or act. Frankly I was very frightened and considered that it would be less harm to agree than to resist him. On another

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occasion he sent off for a rubber slimming exercise garment which was designed to make fat women lose weight by sweating with the exercise into the rubber. He made me do these exercises which I found extremely distressing, apart from the fact that I was not overweight, it was a horrible exercise and undignified. Finally I threw the rubber garments away, and he was annoyed by this. The beatings were not regular I should say, in fact I think it was only about four times in all. In 1971 I was receiving psychiatric treatment from a Doctor MORGAN-WITTERIDGE who suggested to my husband that I be admitted to Greenways Nursing Home. I went there but it was so horrible that I ran away. It was in Primrose Hill and I had to walk all the way back to Lower Belgrave Street. I had been given large doses of Tuinol by my husband in order that I should go to sleep quickly to enable him to go out gambling and this had a very extreme adverse effect on me. I had spent Christmas 1971 with the GIBBS family, and upon my return to London my husband arranged for a doctor HENDERSON and a social worker to come to the house with the purpose of having me committed for 48 hours. My behaviour was such that they were unable to make the order. On January 7th 1973 my husband called in Dr Powell BRETT and asked him if I were fit to look after the children on being told that I was he became so annoyed that he rushed out of the house, and this was the end of our marriage, although he would come to see the children or on other matters, he never slept there again. He moved at first into 5 Eaton Row and later moved to 72A Elizabeth Street, SW1,

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and I were sitting in my bedroom watching the television, we were sitting on the bed. Sandra having put the youngest two upstairs to bed popped her head round the bedroom door and said "Would you like a cup of tea?" I said "Yes I'd love one" and she went downstairs to make it. I was watching the news but by a quarter past nine I was beginning to wonder what had happened to Sandra with my tea. So I went downstairs to the top of the basement stairs, I noticed that there were no lights on in the kitchen as I would have expected. I called down the basement stairs, "Sandra, Sandra" and at that moment I heard a noise coming from the direction of the downstairs cloakroom. Which was on the same level as I was standing. I couldn't identify the person in the dark. I was hit on the head with something heavy, there was more than one blow. I started to scream and then my husband said "Shut up" and shoved his fingers down my throat. When he spoke I realised it was him. It felt like he put at least three fingers down my throat. I bit him as hard as I could and then I think he turned me round as I was face down on the carpet. I felt that I was going to die. He had his hands around my throat, I remember struggling with him, and I tried to get him off me by grasping on his genitalia. He seemed short of breath and I next remember sitting up some how between his legs. His back was pointing to the front door of the house. I remember he said something like "there's no room for two of us." I said "Where's Sandra?" and at first he said "She's gone out," I persisted in asking him this question and

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Continuation of statement of Veronica, Countess of Lucan

suddenly he said "I've killed her, she came down first, if it had been you, you would have got it." I was petrified. I tried to talk to him, I thought if I can convince him we were allies he wouldn't kill me. I suggested that we went upstairs and that he would look after me for a few days so that the bruising would have gone down and no one would be any the wiser. He asked me if I had any Tuinal or Barbiturates. I said "Yes" and we went upstairs. We got to the bedroom door and Frances was sitting upon the bed watching television. She saw my face and I ran to the bathroom and he told her to go upstairs. He switched the television off. I said "I feel very ill" and wanted to lie down on the bed. He said I must have a towel so as not to get the pillow bloody. He got a towel and I lay on it. He then said he must wash my face and went in to the bathroom to get a face cloth and I took that opportunity to fly down the stairs open the front door and get to the Plumbers Arms. I heard him calling "Veronica, Veronica". I ran into the pub and told them words to the effect that I had been badly hurt, someone in the pub called an ambulance and I was taken to hospital. I have been asked by Detective Sergeant FORSYTH if I can remember what my husband was wearing. I can remember that he had on a sweater. I think it was fawn coloured as I remember seeing a large bloodstain on it. I suppose that this was where my head rested against it when I sat between his legs. I can't remember exactly the colour of his trousers but think they were darkish in colour. I remember he was wearing a pair of gloves, they were rather tight in fact I thought they may

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