

*Records Of
The "Mans" Of Kent
Dedicated To
The MAN Family
And To Every Family Man
Who
Loves His Home*

Insert Photo of Morrice Lionel Man

By M L Man

Verrall Cottage

High Halden

Kent

Transcribed by Steve Man July 2000 - May 2001

Feb 1st 1944

A cold continuous rain today – a spare hour or two – no further possible excuse for putting off this task to which my children urge me. For their sakes then I take up my pen and start off. They want from me a record of family doings in general & my own life in particular. I think they should have it. There is a great gap between the lives we led in the last century v quarter of this v life as it will be for them. They want to know the family traditions so that they may understand us of the past and carry on what is worth preserving of those traditions in the future.

Where then to begin? “Hans Man” of Rochester 1080 AD? “William Christopher Man” of Cant. 1680 AD Best to begin with one’s own life story and let the rest come in as one writes.

My earliest recollection is the horrid taste of the top of a brass bedstead, which I was tempted by its glitter. I was apparently sucking! I was very sick. My next was being stripped by my mother who was putting stuff on my “spots”. I was standing naked on her bed & two elder sisters were in their beds watching & I resented their presence. The same feeling of shame (false modesty according to the brains trust) arose in me a few years later when I was expected to bathe naked from a machine at Herne Bay whilst others had dresses and drawers on. I was considered so small that it did not matter – perhaps not to my elders but it certainly mattered to me! Then I recollect going with my two brothers dressed in white sailor’s suits as a HMS Capt. to the baptism of a sister at Croydon church. There were tarred railings round the church & the hot sun had melted the tar in places into tempting soft black globules. We happily picked these off with our fingers and when called by nurse Julia (she was red headed, quick tempered, a trifle odious when she brushed our hair & she loved a policeman and sang about him to us) to assist at the ceremony we wiped our fingers on our white jumpers and knickers. When I entered the church for months after I had a guilty feeling when on Sundays we put on those same sailor clothes & noted the marks where the stains had not quite been eradicated. By the way at this ceremony Father called his girl child “HE” on every possible occasion.

In my early days we lived in Royal Crescent, London, where our father had taken a house during one of the intervals of his furloughs from Burma, where most of us (nine in all) were born. He was a Barrister, had rooms in Temple Court but most of his time was spent at the Bar in Rangoon, Burma where he became Judge Advocate General and had a large practice. He was sent on a Govt. mission to Mandalay to induce King Theebaw to treat his subjects better and to release the Missionary Judson. The mission failed but father enjoyed the experience and returned with two large (Burmese) gold cups given to him by the King (Theebaw) – unfortunately my eldest brother sold them many years later (I can see them as I write). An unpleasant occurred in Mandalay, my father took my mother with him and their first child. A Burmese Royal Guard tries to kiss the Ayah and my father happened to see and knocked the man down! This became an “Incident” since to strike a blow in the Royal Precincts was a penalty punishable by death! But King

Theebaw, cruel villain though he was apparently saw the humour in the affair and passed it over and as the gold cups showed, bore no malice. I know now how father must have enjoyed the whole thing - he was a very humorous and courageous man, if impetuous and hot tempered.

To return to Royal Crescent and my early childhood, looking back I realise what a wonderful woman Mother was, journeying round the cape backwards and forwards to Rangoon with us children – an ever increasing number – setting up house here and now there. At Royal Crescent she had brought home with her our Klitmutgar or native Butler – he was sometime with us and I well remember his white turban and dress. When any of us children was specially naughty he was sent for and would carry us down to the basement in his arms and soon soothe us. It was no punishment, as we all liked him. When at last he got homesick and was sent back to Burma he took with him some snow in a bottle to show his wife! He must have been very sad when he arrived at Liverpool to join the ship and looked at the bottle!

Then we moved to Croydon. How those Croydon days are impressed on my memory! Long tiring walks on pavements myself trotting by the pram pushed at great pace by Julia who hoped to meet her policeman, my two brothers (I was the youngest boy) running on ahead. On one occasion one of the boys gave Julia a push and they all fell on the top of me – the pram remained standing. Then when my two elder sisters were at the High School (where also was Lilian Braithwait) my two brothers attended a kindergarten and I used to meet them with a hop and a skip. On one occasion a dog appeared and chased a small girl towards me, screaming with fear - I too was terrified, but seizing the skid in my right hand – praying to my God I threw it at the dog and hit him square on the nose! He retired honking. A boy then came up and seizing my cap off my head threw it over the fence of a garden, whereupon the little girl opened the gate and retrieved it for me and I made a long nose at the boy. The great incident of our Croydon life was the Election when W.W. Grantham opposed in the Conservative interest Jabez Balfour (of Liberator fame). The constituency was a Liberal seat and the election hotly contested. My father who called himself a Tory Democrat threw himself into the fray on Grantham's side. My father was an eloquent and popular speaker and entirely fearless. In those days Jabez Balfour was at the height of his popularity – people used to visit his house and admire even the chair he sat on. My father had grave, well-founded suspicions about him, and spoke his mind on the matter in his speeches, but being a lawyer he just evaded the law of libel. I recollect some remark he made about the “Two Theories on Calvary with an obvious application. The excitement was terrific and the night when the result was declared (a victory for Grantham) we children were, as a treat, allowed to be present at the Town Hall to hear the poll declared. I shall never forget the scene that night – the raging crowds. Our house was put under police protection as some of the Liberal mob considered my father mainly responsible for their defeat. We boys knew this and went to bed armed to the teeth (we slept three in a room) with sticks and toy pistols. The only incident that occurred that night was the temporary arrest of a great friend of fathers who came to congratulate him in a state of some inebriation. There was a kind of justice in J.B's defeat because many years later my wife told me that her father, who was a staunch Liberal and a Quaker, was one of the victims of the Liberator frauds and lost a lot of money by them. We were always great churchgoers – mother had a great admiration for John Keble and his portrait hung over the bed, father was one of the old type of Calvinist Churchmen and a keen Protestant – we had a lot of fun round the family table about his views on the Pope. We were allowed to speak our minds and father always enjoyed a joke.

Once he was in bed with a chill and my brother Harry, the family wag, organised a popish procession to his room and around it. We children put on nightgowns and carried pokers and I am ashamed to say a hastily made up cross (we meant no harm) and waved imaginary Censers. The joke was thoroughly enjoyed by him and helped his recovery. But his religion was sincere – always with a touch of humour – when he grew old when one passed their bedroom door (often open) we could often see him in his red dressing gown and nightcap on his head kneeling on a stool saying his prayers. Harry asked him “Why the stool”? He replied, “To keep my legs out of the draught you fool! Family prayers were always held after breakfast with all the children and the servants. And we always went to church – I personally was not very comfortable on Sundays because being the youngest I inherited (when wearing their suits) the collars, which were too small for my brothers as they grew and the ends were frayed and cut my neck. A truly Victorian family? Yes indeed but not such as is described by an eminent Dean as his. We were a travelled Victorian family and our minds widened by contact and knowledge with the Empire (for some time when we all had grown up – I was the only one of the nine in England – the others were in Canada, Spain, Burma and Africa. Mother wrote weekly to each one. The said Dean is family and many others like his belonged to the stay at home English. “What do they know of England who only England know”. The knowledge of what the British Ensign meant all our lives saved us from narrow ideas and ideals.

I well remember an old Aunt of mine married to one of my Fathers much travelled brothers being attacked as follows by a friend. “Travellers Tales, my dear, travellers tales she replied with heightened colour and flashing eye “There is such a thing Mrs Brown, as untravelled ignorance”

A knowledge of the Empire Text for which it states is a cure for Scarlet or Russian fever – good as a mild attack may be for the untravelled who can get their experience in no other way.

The Mans were certainly a much-travelled family, Kentish to the core, they mostly returned to Kent – and I hope my Sons and Nephews when they return from the wars will do the same. At the moment I can count eight Mans who are serving the King by sea and land.

My grandfather, Harry Stoe Man, when he left the navy retired to Halstead Hall, Knockholt near Sevenoaks and had a large family. He married Caroline Fowle, of Cobtree Manor, Maidstone (her tomb is in Boxley Churchyard.) and the grandfather clock I now have dating from 1740 stood in her father’s house for many a year. There is a tradition that her father, who was a wealthy and sporting yeoman of Kent was said to be the original Mr Wardle of Dickens’s “Pickwick Papers” in Cobtree Hall the original Dingley Dell. If so the clock immortalised as follows: -

INSERT PHOTO OF ANDREW’S CLOCK

They must have been an interesting family at Halstead Hall nr Sevenoaks where my grandfather Harry Stoe Man lived when he retired from the Navy. His father was the Henry Man (1747 – 1799) mentioned by Charles Lamb in his book “Essays of Elia” “Can I forget thee Henry Man, the wit the polished man of letters, the author of the Southsea House? Who hear enterest thy office in a morning or quittest it in Midday (what did’st thou in of an office) without some quirks that left a sting. Thy jibes and thy jokes are now extinct or survive in but two forgotten volumes who I had the good fortune to

rescue from a still in the Barbican not three days ago” found thee terse, frise, epiframatic as alive (Essay South Sea House)

Henry Man was an Essayist, humorist of some note in his circle. He married Eleanor Thompson in 1776 who was a lady of some social ambitions. We have a sampler worked by her in 1756, which is worth quoting: “O ‘tis a lovely thing for youth to walk between in Wisdom’s way, to fear a lye, to speak the truth that we may trust to all they say. But Lyars we can never trust though they should speak the thing that is true, and he that does one fault at first and Lyes to hide it makes two. Have we not known nor heard nor read how god abhors deceit and wrong. How Ananias was struck dead caught with a Lye upon his tongue. So did his wife Sapphira die when she came in and grew so bold as to confirm that wicked Lye that just before her husband told. The Lord delights in them that speak the words of truth but every Lyer must have his partner in the Lake that burns with Brimstone or with Fire. Then let me always watch my lips lest I be struck to death and hell since God a Bark of reckoning keeps for every Lye that children tell. 123.456.789.10 11 12 13.

April 13th Eleanor Thompson 1756.

INSERT PHOTO – IMAGE OF HENRY MAN

Henry Man 1747 – 1799

Their son Harry Stoe Man, my grandfather mentioned above, is thus commemorated on the family tablet in Halstead church: -

INSERT PHOTO OF MEMORIAL TABLET AT HALSTED CHURCH

MAN family memorial tablet situated alongside the Altar in Halstead Church, Kent

His tomb lies near the site of the old Halstead church, which was barbarously pulled down when a new rich man said it interfered with the view from his house windows! By the Act of Parliament enabling him to pull the church down and build a new one in another site he was to move the graves and gravestones too, but the Man family and one or two other stalwarts refused to allow their tombs to be moved. And the said “new rich” man grew Rhododendrons & c. round them to hide them. With my sons (Andrew, Peter & Christopher) I visited the old church site. We tidied up the tombstone and were glad to note that the Kent Archaeological Society was trying out at the site of the old church (1929) to preserve.

INSERT PHOTO OF SKETCH OF THE OLD HALSTED CHURCH

Sketch of the old church, Halstead 1838

Harry Stoe and Mary Fowle settled at Halstead Hall, Knockholt with their cousin Col Garnet Man (52nd regiment served in Madras, professor of fortifications Hampshire regiment) at Sandhurst his wife and also Anne Man. She, Aunt Anne was very plain (she had a goitre) but was very witty and helped to keep the varied household together. She always said that her epitaph should be “Here lies Anne Man who lived an old maid and

died an old Man.” With them also lived Catherine Man, called Aunt Peter, wife of Harry Stoe Man’s elder brother. She was a widow with one son. Hers had been an interesting life. The daughter of Capt. Walch of the 80th regiment she married in 1808 in India t. Bruels Man of the 54th regiment and had two children. She made many voyages between England and India and was, on one occasion shipwrecked. Her letters describing this experience are extensive. She joined the household at Halstead in 1853 and died in 1873 aged 82. She was a clever woman of marked personality. With those elders about then the children of Harry Stoe Man grew up – Eleanor, Emma William Lionel (Uncle Bill) Harry, Morrice, Septimus and George Octavious – a large community in the Hall at the little village of Halstead. There is no doubt they were a quick-witted rigorous lot of children and a “handful” to manage. Their father was a strict disciplinarian of somewhat hasty temperament, their mother placid and sedate. Though they lived in a small village, the children must have been from childhood, accustomed to hearing their elders tell tales of the big world – of the sea (their father & Aunt Peter) of India and the Cape and Soldier experiences of Uncle Col. Garnet Man. Only their mother and Aunt Anne had not travelled but the latter was an exceptionally clever woman and both were Kentish to the core. The mother was accustomed to the sporting life of the Fowle family at Cobtree where her father kept a pack of beagles – bred at such a rate that he kept his children very badly off. Thus, unlike other Victorian families of the day (e.g. Dean Hewlett Johnson’s experiences) they had all the Victorian religious background (with little or no sex instruction) tempered by the knowledge of the great world and the status of the Englishman therein and the prestige of the far-flung British Empire. They were brought up in the strict old-fashioned Calvinistic Churchmanship of the day but the boys were high spirited and full of adventure. Many are the tales my father and Uncle Bill used to tell of their pranks in the village and often the “Old Man” had to Discipline them. One evening they crept through the village tying up the “Bobbins” of the cottage doors and then ran down the street calling “Fire” watching with mischievous delight the frantic efforts of the villagers trying to open their doors. With other boys, they frequented an old quarry, which they made their headquarters, and on one occasion one of their comrades got so deep into the quarry that they get him out and he was left there all night. They (and their elders) were superstitious – it was believed that ghost haunted the house. In fear and trembling, they used to run about the churchyard and once they dared one another to run around it after dark. One of the younger boys accepted the challenge and started off. In the gloom, the others awaited his return, presently the air rang with his terrified shouts and close together the in fear the others went to his assistance. He was discovered at the bottom of a newly dug grave into which he had fallen. The ringleader in all these pranks was Uncle Bill, the eldest, abetted by Edward Garnet, my father. To church they were all marched on Sundays and listened to the old dreary Victorian services Morning Prayer, Litany, Ante-Communion in long Calvinistic Services. They all (except Uncle Bill) grew up at heart deeply religious, though certainly not outwardly so – with a little firm belief in the existence and malignant power of the Devil. In fact a good deal of their religion might be described as Devil dodging - though token fears were always expressed in a humorous fashion and never interfered with their “Joie de Vivre”. There was also a mysterious girl called Sophie in the village whose “goings on” were met with stern disapproval by the Aunts. When William was about 16 or so and started work in London he administered a shock to the whole family by running away and going on the stage. This was a terrible thing to do in those days and though he acted with Edmund, his adoption of that profession was viewed with horror which turned much later to absolute dismay when he married an actress, Rosa Cooper, a woman of much talent and good character. But she was a Roman Catholic! I could fill many pages with accounts of our Uncle Bill, for he became a great influence on our lives years later on when he returned from touring Australia and India where with Rosa he ran a company of play actors in

Shakespeare, Sheridan etc. His wife and two children died tragically – Aunt Rosa from Cholera suddenly in India, the boy Horace from a blow of a cricket ball at school at home. He married, when he returned a second time – a Mary Starnes, a Kentish woman and settled in Maidstone and later in Hythe. In both places he left a name for eccentricity. He had a long black beard and dark piercing eyes and clad in Velveten coat, Glengarry Cap, white waistcoat and check trousers he used to drive his Australian mare Kitty full gallop down Maidstone High Street down the steep hill and over the Medway Bridge in his Phaeton often with one us, his nephews clinging on behind in the seat back to back with him! It was great fun! Then, I could not have been much more than five or six and often with or without one of my older brothers used to stay with him. He lived at the old house, now pulled down, the post office is now built on the site with stables in a large garden with concrete roller skating rink. We used to sit on the back wall and watch the troops from the garrison march to Holy Trinity Church which was just opposite and sometimes go ourselves and listen to the vicar, Mr Moore, preach. We were friends with the Moore family and they used to come to tea. Uncle Bill had a skull with a jaw with a spring to it. This skull he used when acting Hamlet - it was a thing of joy and terror to us. By inserting the little finger in the spring he could make the five teeth of the skull (a Negro's) snap. I remember once when the Moore's came to tea we beguiled them down a long dark passage - one of my brothers leapt out on them snapping the skull and screams of terror (for which we suffered afterwards). Years, years later I met one of the Moore's, Beatrice Ella de Jersey (I recollect her name) and reminded her of the shameful incident. She did not remember it!

Uncle Bill had Dr Sarkey's carriage, a smart Brougham in his stable. One day the painters had been painting the stable and left a pot of red paint. Being Sunday we boys were at a loose end and my two elders, Harry and Hubert had the brilliant idea of painting the carriage, which they proceeded to do. Fortunately when they went in to tea, some of the stains of paint on their clothes gave them away before much damage was done. Uncle Bill sent for them in his study in a fury but the boys defence got the better of his wrath when they naively, "But Uncle Bill we thought it was your carriage and we were helping you"! He was never angry with us for long and was a very indulgent Uncle. We formed an audience whilst he recited long passages of Shakespeare to us. He liked me, being the youngest and spoiled me a bit. He taught me the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and often he would take me, when he lived at Hythe to "The White Hart" and stand me on the bar (by permission – with the encouragement of Miss Cobay, who was her fathers Barmaid, the Cobay's owned the White Hart for years) and make me recite to the assembled company. He taught me to use my voice in public but I did not like it. He was too frequently at the Inns. Years later when vicar of St Peter's Maidstone I called at the White Hart and reminded the Cobay's of my early efforts in their bar. Endless are the tales I could tell of Uncle Bill – one must suffice – a curious coincidence. In his early days he took his company through Australia and New Zealand acting Shakespeare, by rail but mostly by old-fashioned coach from town to town acting for a week or a fortnight in each place, sometimes in theatres, sometimes in Town Halls, sometimes in bars. These were rough times in Australia – there were bushrangers who held up the coaches - the Kelly gang and a highwayman called Silvar. These men had accomplices everywhere. Once travelling a long way, a stern looking stranger got on the coach where Uncle Bill, Rosa and the company were travelling. At the stopping places Uncle Bill, always ready for a drink and a chat, got quite friendly with the stranger. At one Inn the man told him that he was Silvar and had arranged to hold up the coach, at the same time, opening his coat and displaying a long sinister "gun". Uncle Bill was alarmed but Silvar said, "I know you will not give me away – I will see you safely through to ----- and there you will have a bumper show. Sure enough when the show opened at ----- they played to full

enthusiastic houses and Silvar was a prominent figure in the stalls! Now for the coincidence mentioned above. From Australia they went to New Zealand and played Hamlet (Uncle Bill) with Aunt Rosa as “Ophelia” at Hokitika a growing town in the South Island, a flourishing community with Mayor & Corporation. The weeks spent there were a great success and they played to full houses. When the time came to move, the inhabitants arranged a gathering at the Town Hall to which the whole company were invited, complimentary speeches were made and finally the Mayor presented Uncle Bill with a gold watch duly inscribed within as a gift from the people of Hokitika. That watch Uncle Bill always wore. Years later when he had retired to a house he and his wife purchased on the front at Hythe (Beaconsfield Terrace), a house in the same terrace became vacant and was taken by some newcomers. It was Uncle Bill’s custom to pace up and down the sea front opposite his house contemplating the sea and reciting Shakespeare to himself, clad in his velveteen coat, bell bottomed trousers and Glengarry cap with his black beard (now dyed) flowing in the breeze. His new neighbour came out to take the air and they soon began to chat. The neighbour said he came from New Zealand and from a town called Hokitika. Uncle Bill said he had been there told the tale and drew out his beloved Gold watch. The neighbour turned out to be the very Mayor of Hokitika who had presented it to him and whose name was in the watch! Incredible as this may seem it is the fact. His was a queer menage – we boys, Harry, Hubert and I often visited there- as we grew up we used to bicycle or walk through Kent from our house at Walton on Thames – staying at Sevenoaks, Maidstone & Ashford for the nights on the way.

He and his wife were always glad to see us. It was a jolly if bizarre experience to stay with him. Food was abundant - pasties cooked by Mary and Elder wine brewed by her (we used to collect Sloes on the marsh for her Sloe Gin) but the hours of meals were very erratic - breakfast sometimes as late as 11am and we used to get pasties etc from the maids to satisfy our hunger ‘till breakfast was ready. Bedtime was very late and the evening and nights were spent listening to many tales of adventure. The days were blissful bathing, walking etc. Aunt Mary was very deaf and proud of being the wife of an actor but she thought she too could recite. It was a terrible (if humorous) experience to hear her recite “The Curfew shall not ring tonight” Uncle Bill bore it with great good humour and used to look slyly at us as she ranted on. Once I am ashamed to say he whispered to us “Hark at my old War-horse” – as I have said she was very deaf - a dear kind old lady to whom we owed very much and who, “was very good to us” – but she was no actress.

At the top of the house was a room – fascinating to us boys as it contained a veritable armoury of weapons – the guns all loaded! Amongst them a case of ancient duelling pistols. One day Hubert, who was then at Rugby and working in the Army Class for Sandhurst, asked permission to fire these pistols from the beach out to sea. After some demur permission was given so Hubert and I adjourned to the beach with a long ancient duelling pistol each. We had some discussion, not being sure of our weapons, which should fire first – he said I should being the youngest. I pointed out that as a military man he should do so. So he dug himself in to the beach stones, knelt down and pulled the trigger – there was a loud explosion, the pistol kicked up and tore Hubert’s forefinger making it bleed. I began with assured nonchalance to walk homeward. Hubert would have none of that so I too knelt down shut my eyes, pulled the trigger, the hammer snapped down without any result – to my great relief. I refused to try again so we returned to Uncle Bill. He looked down the long muzzle of the pistol and found it had been loaded over and over again and with a narrow file extracted much powder and shot. Had that Hammer gone right when I pulled the trigger I should not be here (at any rate) not all of me today.

As I have said Aunt Mary was very deaf. Once Hubert was carrying one of the rifles under his arm upstairs when by mistake he pulled the trigger – there was a loud report and the bullet bedded in the stairs. Harry and I were with Aunt Mary in another room with the door closed – she looked up and said, “What was that”? Harry with great presence of mind recovering from the shock said something about a door slamming! And she seemed quite satisfied, later he explained the smell of sulphur by delicately hinting that the cat was responsible! We hated that cat, it was consumptive and spoiled and every time I sit to my dining table (inherited from them) I can see today the marks of its claws where it used to scratch at meals to call attention to itself.

Looking back I can see what a queer life it was and how anxious mother must have been at our visiting there but in the early days she and father were often in Burma and when he retired he would not interfere with visits we so much enjoyed. But dear Uncle Bill was not a good example for one like myself who later was “Called” to take Holy Orders. From what I have written it will be obvious that he was by no means a social success either at Maidstone or Hythe - being too fond of the company at the Inns and quite intolerant of the parochial attitude and respectability of the average stay at home Englishman (whom he despised). Yet let me put on record here that there were some clergymen who were welcome at his eccentric house and as I have found throughout my life the clergy are far beyond the laity in breadth of outlook and understanding of such folk as Uncle Bill. There is after all a good deal to be said for his point of view. I remember how the conduct of the service in church, on the rare occasions he attended, grated on him. He would afterwards imitate to us the giving out of the Hymns thus: HYMN (stentorian voice) 22 (a voice so small to be inaudible) : also the elocution in the pulpit and finally (here again he would send us in to fits of laughter by his imitation) the way the clergy walked in procession. Naturally to an old actor, the voice, the walk were what he noticed. But many were the scraps he had with me about the Creeds, which he wilfully misquoted. He had all the ignorant arrogance on things religious which characterised so many Victorian men of his day. But one always knew he did not mean half he said and there was only one Uncle Bill.

This may be the right place to write of the other Uncles two of them Harry and Morrice that we boys never saw. They also had interesting travelled lives. Harry was born at Halstead in 1822. He became a Major in the Turkish Contingent and fought for the Turks (at Plevna?) during the Crimean War - I still have a thin Silver Russian Cross picked up on the field of battle from some dead soldier - and later joined the Persian Telegraphs. I have in my possession a copy of an interesting letter written to his brother Morrice (they were much attached to each other) from Teheran. It is dated October 14th 1863 describing his journey from London to Teheran via Calais, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Konigsberg, St Petersburg, The Volga, Astrakan, The Caspian, Enzelli and Rescht to Teheran. They travelled (three of them) with a Persian servant (who deserted at Cologne to rejoin his former master Capt. Champain) by rail to Berlin where they had to stop a week owing to the Polish rebellion. Before entering Russia. Ten days were spent at Petrograd thence by Volga steamer to Peva Bazaar, thence post chaise and later on horseback to Rescht, then 200 miles on horseback to Teheran in under four days, changing the horses every 25 miles. Lots of tigers pheasants, partridges - two days over an immense chain of mountains, their vallies (sic), crossing rivers, getting wet all over – scenes very grand: At last - 53 days journey from London we sight the chief town of Persia, Teheran – not half a bad place? Both Harry and Morrice, judging from photographs were very handsome men (as indeed were William and Garnet). Harry married Harriet Fowle and when he

died in 1864 and his wife died also. The two children, Harriet and Ella were taken by his eldest sister Eleanor, Mrs Morgan Thomas, until they both married.

Morrice King Man – by the way I gather that the name Morrice was adopted in the family from a Mr Morrice (surname) a solicitor of East Malling, Kent, or a Naval Office friend of the family who became his Godfather. Uncle Morrice then was born at Halstead in 1823 (my Grandmother had eleven children). He too served with his brother Harry in the Turkish contingent as a Captain and later took up a post in the Indian telegraphs. In 1861 he married Jane Walch, daughter of J.W.H. Walch elder brother of “Aunt Peter” mentioned above, a Tasmanian family and had two daughters who married and have descendants living in England. He died in 1865.

Septimus Man, “Uncle Sep” was the “cleverest” of the family with alas! too sensitive a brain. He joined the Indian Civil Service and sunstroke and an unhappy love affair finally unsettled his mind. His brother, my father Edward Garnet Man being in India at the time, took what charge of him he could, and got him to England. Unfortunately Uncle Sep was not bad enough to be certified and he wandered about, occasionally visiting his relatives. When he first returned, Halstead Hall was temporarily vacant – all the old folk had passed away – and he with his turbaned Indian servant took up his eccentric life there for a while. The village folk, who believed in the “Ghost” at the Hall were at first terrified when at night they saw the gaunt figure of Uncle Sep pass the blindless windows with his brown servant carrying candles to his bedroom. He certainly was a trial to my father who used to try and induce him to lead a normal life. To us children on his periodic casual visits to our home (then at Walton on Thames) he was interesting, as he was fond of us. He liked us to visit him in the basement where he insisted on living, and listen to his queer talk and his still more queer attempts to play “Juanita” over and over again on his guitar. There must have been some attractive if tragic memories for him in that endless re-iteration of that tune. Looking back I realise how good father, still more mother, was to be so patient with him, for father, unlike uncle Bill, had a strong social instinct and gift. Uncle Sep was not exactly a social success in a house where five daughters and four sons gathered their friends around them. Fortunately Sep was very shy and did not appear when strangers (to him) were about. Lastly there was George Octavious, “Uncle George” – the smallest – most conventional of the brothers – very religious, usually dressed in black (he liked black gloves) shocked by Edward (Ned) and still more by William (Bill). He too went to India and was a lawyer there and returned home with wife and family. I am afraid we used to laugh at him rather – his contacts with father were often so amusing e.g. Sunday afternoons at home. Uncle George, “Ned, I had an accident this morning.” Father, “Well what was it?” George lugubriously, “I fell down the steps outside after church this morning.” Father, “Drunk dear boy?” Uncle George, “but me Holy Living – Holy Dying” he revelled in contemplating death. He was very superstitious. When U. Bill died he was cremated (I took the service, being a young curate then) the ashes were entrusted to U.G. and me to take to Halstead and deposit in the family vault. This meant our staying a night in lodgings in Halstead. After depositing the Ashes, we returned to our lodgings and being a quiet summer evening I suggested a walk. So we proceeded down the valley wearing our top hats and frock coats. It was getting dark as we returned and suddenly U.G. began to trot homewards and I asked why the hurry? He seized my arm and pointed to a copse of trees on the hillside above us and said, “A woman was murdered there when I was a boy” and insisted on trotting ‘til we were well past the spot.

INSERT PHOTO OF SKETCH OF TOMBSTONES IN GRAVEYARD BY EGM

Sketch by E. Garnet Man & his sister Eleanor (A. Nelly) c.1850? Note Tombstone to Wm. Man (his brother) grim humour!

Father's outlook on life was always a trial to the melancholy George. And indeed he had reason to be surprised at "Ned" for my father had led a very adventurous life, full of incident and excitement. We never tired of his tales but always we suspected they were well "embroidered" and the whole family used to roar with laughter when, after some very tall tale he would appeal, with a literally naughty twinkle in his eye, to mother for confirmation. We would wait breathlessly and mother to who "Yea was Yea and Nay was Nay" would pause, and very often reply, "That may have been before we were married, Edward." That was her invariable formula by which she combined loyalty to him with the truth. We used to enjoy his expostulations. They were a remarkable couple – totally opposites in everything and quite devoted. She was the youngest daughter of James Matthews 1839 – 1897 senior partner of Grindley & Co the bankers in Parliament Street. They were a typical well to do Victorian family. His house, 21 Manchester Square just opposite Lord Hertford's, now the Wallace Collection was a social centre of some interest and mark. He was immensely hospitable and liked good music, the theatre and clever people. Around him he gathered interesting people – Shirley Brooks (Editor of Punch) was a regular visitor and often wrote verses for the great Christmas dinner gatherings. Marie Tempest, C. Hoey and Ellen Terry being very young all acted in private theatres there. Mark Lemon, Sir Augustus Harris and many others belonged to a circle of people who gathered around my grandfather at Manchester Square. To us children it was a name to conjure with. He loved children and every Xmas filled his house with nephews and nieces and grandchildren. How my dear Aunt Torie (Victoria) who was his housekeeper when Grandma Matthews died ever got us all in and our elders I cannot understand. It was a big corner house (and is) and every nook and cranny was filled with relatives and children. We always had a children's play each year, for which we were coached long before (I remember Beauty & The Beast especially). And there was a visit to the Drury Lane Pantomime. My grandfather had worked his way up from junior clerk to Senior Partner in Grindley's and after his marriage lived in Wimpole Street. He brought up his family there until he went to No 21. My father began life as a Clerk in Grindley's (I cannot imagine him a Clerk and Charles Lamb's words to his Grandfather apply tenfold to him, "What didst thou in an office – thy gibes thy jokes..."). He soon fell in love with the Partners' youngest daughter, Catherine Jane. Visits were exchanged between the ladies of Halstead and Wimpole Street. My father was sent in to India where he joined the *Uncoremartex* Service and then (eventually) the Bar. It was shortly after the mutiny and he had the task of riding about tracking down mutineer Sepoys accompanied by a company of Sikh Police. A grim experience because they had warrants to hang convicted culprits and he had a tale of a curious groove in his soap one morning and found that it had been used to grease the rope when it had got damp when last used on the gallows.

He carried to his death an injury to the back of his hand caused by the blow of a "lathi" the tale was that when searching one village for mutineers he got ahead of his police and was attacked by the villagers by their "lathies". He always said his life was saved because so many hit at him at the same time that their staves crossed. His Sikh police arrive just in time. It must have been a brave thing for quiet devout Catherine Jane Matthews to go out as she did to Calcutta to marry Edward Garnet Man in Calcutta Cathedral on arrival. He was a kind, impetuous, fiery adventurous man brought up in a boisterous family of brothers and sisters. She was placid, truly religious (in a healthy way) brought up in settled and cultured Victorian fashion. Let me say it at once and leave it – mother was a "saint" of the really religious type – not only her children and sons and daughters in law say it, but it was the general assent of all who knew her.

After her death in Sandgate, the place where they then lived, and where she was well known, they drew down blinds – houses and shops to show respect for her. They had nine children and she had us all in her heart and in her silent way she bound us all to her and her god. She must have had some trying moments! There was the occasion when in Burma he (EGM) was to fight a duel and in his superstitious way the night before he opened his bible at random and put his finger at random on a text. To his horror he found it was “the days of man are but as grass for he flourisheth as a flower of the field and the place thereof shall know it no more” (Psalm 103. V 15.) He always said he made up his mind to stand sideways to his opponent – as was remarkably thin he hoped to escape his shot. Mercifully the duel did not come off and the police got on the spot before the principals who were warned in time. Those were wild days in Burma and men behaved in a wild way, but they did believe in their mission as Englishmen to “rule” for the good of the native and consequently were respected and obeyed.

Father had a large practice at the Rangoon Bar and many varied experiences. There was the wife of an Englishman accused of murdering her husband, father was retained for the defence and as the case proceeded he began to have doubts of her innocence. He still did his duty and fought the case through, the jury brought in a verdict of “not guilty” and the woman turned to him after and “winked”! He always said at that moment he could have bitten his tongue out. There were Dacoits amiable patriots of King Neebears disbanded army, who raided villages and poured kerosene oil on the inhabitants and cleared off with the loot and applied to father to defend them. He said he would do his best and after studying the case foretold to them what their fate would be “You will be hanged and you will get ten years – you five – and you will be let off.” He said he was right in almost every case.

Then there was the Chinese secret society who retained him to defend one of their members. He did not want to undertake the case as it meant a journey to Singapore for him so he asked a very large fee which was promptly paid – also a junk provided who took him to Singapore and there he was taken to furnished house. He noticed that some of the bedroom furniture was in the drawing room and vice versa. All was done silently by Chinamen and at the end of the case (the man was acquitted) father was equally mysteriously and silently returned home to Rangoon. He was certainly popular with the Burmese and the Chinese possibly because; secretly convinced of the Englishman’s prerogative to “rule” he nonetheless had none of the Englishman’s fear of contact with the “native”. He had many friends among the educated Chinese and the Burmese Princesses (King Theebaw’s daughters) who used to visit mother at our house. This was possibly the reason why, when years later my eldest brother took up Rice Broking in Rangoon; the Chinese merchants gave him a lot of their trade.

Father never cared at all about “silly” conventions though in other respects he had a very “worldly” side to his character and he always “lived as a lord”. Another adventure of his when he used to take occurs to my mind, which he used to tell with gusto. It was as follows: There was a great stir in the family of a neighbour because a valuable jewel was missing, when their enquiries failed they asked EGM as an experienced lawyer to cross examine the servants and try to find out who had taken it. He undertook to do so on condition that the whole affair was left to him to decide if the culprit was found and the jewel returned. He hoped to keep the police out of it. After interviewing each of the natives, servants, and the household, his suspicions fell upon the young English governess. Further interviews with her led to the discovery that she had taken it because she was desperately in need of money to get away and conceal the results of an intrigue she had been led into by a member of the family. Father hearing the whole tale decided

she had been wronged and determined to get her away. He therefore got the jewel back into his possession and arranged her passage to Calcutta with a friend of his (the Captain of a Steamer leaving a few days later). He then told the girl to pack a hand case and to meet him very early on the morning, before the boat started, at the end of the compound (garden). In a light pony trap he came to the rendezvous, picked her up, and delivered her on to the steamer at dawn. It was necessary to act with this secrecy and speed because he had heard that his neighbours, without letting him know, had informed the police of his suspicions of the governess. As EGM was driving back, just when the steamer had started, he saw a police trap driving rapidly towards the quay, the occupants gesticulating to the steamer. Without a moment's hesitation EGM managed to collide with the police trap, locking its wheel with his, then jumping out he started a heated controversy on "careless driving". The Steamer who's Captain turned a blind eye to the police signals started off and the girl got away. EGM proceeded to his neighbours' house and handed over the jewel with some forcible remarks about his behaviour and hints of the scandal, which might have resulted. The result was that all proceedings were quashed and the girl, thanks to some friends of EGM got a situation in a shop in Calcutta and it is to be hoped "lived virtuously" ever after.

Such proceedings as I have narrated above will shock the stay at home Englishman – they only show the sort of things that took place in those early days in Burma and the type of pioneer men who built up the Empire to earn the respect of nations.

To my mother, bred up in secure Victorian surroundings and conventions of Wimpole Street and Manchester Square life with her impetuous and erratic husband must have been disturbing. But she never flinched, either in her loyalty to him or her devotion to her children. She was always quietly and serenely at his side, whilst watching over us. Sustained by her deep religious instincts and the love she inspired, devoted to her handsome and dashing young husband – very young herself- used to sit in the veranda in the end nearest to England. The point about her, which almost exasperated us, was that she never lectured or punished us when we deserved it. She was by nature "silent" but she had a way of looking at one, which was more than punishment – a look of disappointment entirely untinged with anger, which led me to deepest repentance. She had a finger in the heart and life of every one of her nine children all her life, and that touch she never lost.

EGM it must be confessed in early days was somewhat jealous of his sons, always excepting Harry, and he could be very vociferous when we annoyed him unduly. Only once did he beat us, Hubert and I were the culprits. It was at Croydon and mother happened to be away. I had in the nursery just received my very first letter from her by the morning post, as I was reading it Hubert jokingly plucked it out of my hand and I just went for him tooth and nail. The consequent scrap was accompanied with howls and yells of wrath, which Harry (who never lost his temper all his life) could not stop. The bell rang and EGM sent for our nurse Julia (who was quite unable to cope with us). We were then escorted to his bedroom where he was in bed. He sent Harry for his riding switch and gave Hubert three strokes on the hand and me two. I was pleased that Hubert got one more than I, but we both, most unreasonably, were seriously annoyed with Harry, and got together under the nursery table and decided to run away to Shirley woods and become highwaymen! Apart from this incident I never remember EGM punishing us and we three boys were very good friends, though Hubert called by the family "Bully" because when annoyed as a youngster, he would roar like a bull (people passing used to stop outside the house when he started roaring!). Hubert would sometimes scrap with the quiet Harry, who was a notorious family "tease". I recollect once seeing Hubert running after Harry

with a huge in his hand. But our scraps never lasted long and we were very good friends. Garnet, the eldest was the best elder brother any family ever had. He got in to trouble once though by firing an airgun he had at a target at the end of the garden, he missed the target and the bullet went through a window opposite and through the newspaper, which an elderly gentleman was reading! There was trouble about that! Burt EGM liked his sons to be a bit daring. Once Garnet found that he could climb through an attic window at the top of our (tall) house on to the top of a covered cistern there. There was no protection at all and the sheer drop in to the street below. We boys used to play about on this cistern and once a breakfast EGM read aloud a letter he had received from a neighbour saying he had seen in the moonlight three figures in white night gowns dancing about on top of the cistern! (I do not think I was in this – too small but I knew all about it) EGM read the note aloud, looked severely at the culprits seated round the breakfast table and mother looked “pained” but to our huge relief suddenly his face broke into a smile and we got off with a warning. Garnet got whacked a good deal at school – Whitgift, Westminster. Usually he concealed the fact from EGM but once his father took him on a boat on the Thames and suggested a bathe in a backwater (they were alone) Garnet when stripped revealed certain marks of stripes upon his nether side. On being questioned it turned out he had been beaten for climbing up on a tomb in Westminster Cloisters and carving his name thereon. EGM smiled and said “foolish boy, fancy writing your own name and not a faked one”. That phrase “foolish child” was a favourite one with him.

We had family prayers after breakfast each morning always taken by mother. To this day I can hear her voice praying “for the absent members of this family” (a prayer we still use). I also remember the break in her voice the morning after Garnet (aged 18) had started for Canada to learn farming in Alberta, the first of the nine to leave home. The time came when eight were abroad and still the prayer went on and I am sure it kept us straight. EGM always said grace before meals himself, an old fashioned grace often (he varied it), he used to start in a stentorian voice “FOR” (what we are about to receive) or “FOR” (these and all thy other mercies). This cry of “FOR” was a sign for the noisy crowd of children to keep silences.

As it often occurred rather unexpectedly at times we were not ready and conversation did not cease at once where upon he would turn on the culprit (usually one of the girls) and say “Godless Girl” with a twinkle in his eye, which we liked to see. His religion though sincere was always accompanied with humour.

He used to take us boys sometimes for walks to Carshalton to visit his eldest sister Eleanor, “Aunt Nellie” who had married one Morgan Thomas and adopted the two daughters of her brother Harvey when they were left orphans. Like all the Mans Aunt Nellie was a character a Protestant Dame of the deepest dye. She always seemed to be dressed in black though with a kind heart and grim humour. She had not the faintest knowledge of the management of children. She was the only one of the family who had not travelled and she retained the dreadful religious outlook of a little country parish of the 1850s. Occasionally we three boys stayed with her and as the bath seemed always blocked up with Geraniums, Fuschias etc. (just as the parlour was over shadowed with Aspidistras. She installed a bath in the stable filled by the gardener with cold water; wither each morning we used to go for a plunge. She had a cordial disapproval of her brother Bill, as an actor, as married to a Roman Catholic, and as a man. She feared his influence over us youngsters and returned the dislike and delighted in shocking her. She had a faithful maid / cook / friend on Martha and elderly acid protestant virgin who prided herself on keeping her kitchen spotlessly clean. On one occasion when we were staying there, uncle Bill turned up unexpectedly to visit his sister when she – Martha –

happened to be “out”. Uncle Bill at once mobilised us and (this sounds incredible but I am ashamed to say we helped to do it) we put lumps of coal on the spotless kitchen shelves and then hid, all four of us, to hear what Martha would say on her return. To our regret she was speechless with indignation.

We had some fun at Aunt Nellie’s however in her garden and the field next door she had a pensioner, a very old sailor living in a little cottage and we spent hours with him. Alas I was too young then to remember how his conversation went but I still recollect the smell of the shag he used to smoke.

Once, village boys came apple stealing and after one successful raid they tried another but we boys were on the watch and swooped upon the thieves with yells. They all fled but we cut off and caught one, we did not quite know what to do with him till Harry, I think, had a brainwave. We shut him in the empty refuse bin and held him there for a long time, taking it in turns to sit on the lid and keep him prisoner.

Later when separation came because Harry & Hubert went to school I used to stay for weeks at a time at Carshalton and “was I lonely”? And frightened too at night though I never dared to say so. In the room where I slept, sharing it with a maidservant, there was a wardrobe over the top of which protruded the hilt of Colonel Garnet Man’s sword wrapped in black mackintosh. It looked by moonlight like the head of a black man looking down on me as I shivered in bed. I dared not be this grimly watched so I used to creep down stairs and sit outside the sitting room on the stairs in my white night shirt for hours, or so it seemed to me till sleepiness compelled my return. I was never discovered and I never said anything partly because in our nursery in the old bad fashion of today been always held up as an example of courage to my elders, Harry and Hubert when they got an attack of “bogey” fears. I did not dare confess to my own terrors. I used to share a bed in those days with one of the maids, which I disliked (just as much as I expect she did). One hot summer night I must have rolled up against her, anyway I remember the disgust with which I recoiled when I realised I had rolled up against her bare flesh.

Aunt Nellie had no idea or understanding of children e.g. one night a non-conformist elder, a great adversary of the vicar’s came to supper. I was of course in bed, and later I was awakened and brought down stairs to recite in my dressing gown some poem or hymn or other for his benefit. I loathed the smug man in his black suit and ginger whiskers and later when I read Dickens “Pickwick Papers” I felt I knew all about Mr Stiggins and hailed him as an old friend, or rather enemy. My loneliness at Aunt Nellie’s led to me reading a very great deal – every book I could get hold of – for I could read when very young – I could read till my head ached – there seemed nothing else to do as I has no companions. In justice to Aunt Nellie I ought to add that I heard afterwards that in order to help the family when the old Halstead home had broken up she married, much against her inclination a kindly man of some means. I never heard Morgan Thomas speak at all & I believe when I knew him he was ailing and non- compos! The fact that I was a very lonely little boy in those days and considered studious as I was always reading (I had nothing else to do). It did not occur to Aunt Nellie that I ought to get out daily – very long walks with Martha were not stimulating! Moreover I was always constipated – Aunt Nellie used sometimes to enquire about my intimate health in a way that embarrassed an unusually shy little chap and when I confessed to the fact it usually meant to a large dose of Gregory Powder which led to much Gripping and painful results. She had a queer custom of giving me a penny each time I was “a good boy” – three pennies were put in a queer little knitted worsted purse – jug shaped with a collapsible twisted top. This purse was kept in the Parlour on the mantelpiece. I do not remember the results being given to

me – I expect they went to Protestant Mission or some other cause anyway, as I have indicated, there could never have been much in the purse!

I found my elders looked upon me as a studious “wise old” child when retailing, in front of me, my doings and sayings over tea cups and always called me the Prime Minister. Of course I acted up to this title since it seemed to please them just as I acted up to my bogus reputation for courage not having the pluck to reveal my real cowardice but I must say I was not afraid of village boys of any size. But I did fear the unseen goblins of the darkness. I was taken, not, I think by Aunt Nellie to church at Carshalton “a very high church” and curiously enough I well remember the first of an excellent extempore sermon from the vicar pointing out how wide is the embrace of the church and that there is room for many high, low, and broad within her fold. Also I remember that our pew was just in front of those occupied by those of the boys of the Sunday school and on one occasion the Benedictus was being sung and I heard some giggling from the pew behind. On turning round I saw several fingers pointing at me at the words and thou child shalt be called the prophet of the highest”. I was indignant at the time, as I have often thought since then, when I have listened to those familiar words sung in the churches in which I have served that in a very inadequate way they have been fulfilled.

I shall never forger the first fight I ever saw. I was taken a walk by the pond at Carshalton one afternoon and saw two men fighting – a big man and a small man. We were thrilled and watched it (Martha was not my companion that day). My sympathies were of course with the little man who got knocked down, but with face streaming with blood he got up and soon showed he knew how to use his fists for soon the big man was knocked down again and again till the fight got so sickening that my servant companion hurried me away. Bye the way, Uncle Bill was very fond of the ring and I heard a lot about Jim Sayers, Tom Heenan, Mendoza and others and often at Hythe he used to show mw how to tackle any rough who might come squaring up to me (none ever did thanks be...). Uncle Bill would get me to approach him fists up in a threatening manner. Just when I was close he would drop on one knee and seize my foremost ankle with one hand, chop me under the knee with the other and explain how I should then go flying over his head! It must have been a comic sight, the little boy in tight blue jersey, the elderly man on one-knee black eyes flashing and long beard flowing. Bye the way I hated that jersey and I often suffered from stiff necks and nurse maids were not always too careful when they took it off at bedtime – their theory seemed to be “one good wrench and the job is over”. They seemed always to be in a hurry about it. I had a red jersey, which was more comfortable – I expect the blue one was inherited and the red one bought to fit me only. But the nurse in our nursery did not have it all her own way – by no means – we in order I suppose to invent a “Carsus belli” we imagined that she was ill treating our baby sister. Untrue of course but we wanted a pretext. We had a regular plan of campaign for attack on her. Hubert being the biggest and bravest could make a frontal attack on her whist Harry and I leapt onto her back! On one occasion the attack was too successful for she fell prone on the floor and was reduced to tears, we were so contrite that we merged our tears with hers and thereafter peace resumed. The best part of those Croydon days for me was when mother became Dame President of the local Primrose League. That meant many messages to be delivered. She chose me as her messenger after telling me of the importance of the post. I was of course delighted and became her “Knight Errant” on the spot. There came a test almost at once – it was summertime and mother entrusted me with an “important note to deliver”. I went bounding off – a curious childish idea in my mind. It was Whitsun I suppose as she had been telling us about the Holy Spirit – the sun was shining as I started down the road and I had the conviction that I had the Holy Spirit within me – joy and peace. Off I happily ran – my way led over the railway bridge

(where we used to sit and fill note books with the names and numbers of the engines) and along a narrow path leading to the turn. As I came running along in the sunshine I saw a black figure lying right across the path at a narrow spot. I cautiously drew near and saw it was a woman lying quite still, white as a sheet and altogether hideous and terrifying. A knight-errant filled with the Holy Spirit obviously could not return, message in hand to his Mamma and to go round would be cowardly. So I went back some paces and took a running leap over the body! Having accomplished the feat I went gasping along dreading to hear the patter of the following feet of the corpse! To my relief she remained prone and I delivered my message. On my return journey I scouted up to the spot and was intensely relieved to find the “Corpse” had been removed. I had many nightmares about it afterwards.

There came a time when EGM decided to leave Croydon and we were told we were all to go with mother and Emily to France. A house had been taken in Dieppe in the Rue Claud Crullerd and we were to prepare for the journey. I have often wondered since why this move took place. I think the reasons were financial. EGM had no idea of money at all – had it not been for mother the whole family would have been “on the rocks”. He was now practising at the Bar in London, which was not so lucrative as his large practice in Burma, had been. Moreover though he had made heaps of money in Rangoon he was very fond of horses (I never heard of his betting) and he kept many and indeed once rode his own horse in the Calcutta Derby as an amateur. From a young man he had been a keen horseman – there used to be a sunken road with hedges on either side at Halstead called “Mans Leap” because he in daredevil fashion once put his horse at it and got over the road and both hedges. But these horses cost money and I fancy that was a reason why we all had to go to Dieppe on the rent, housekeeping etc. EGM never lost his love for horses. Later on he drove the Judge (W.W. Grantham I think) from London to Maidstone in a four in hand which he had hired. On London Bridge a van collided with the leaders and it was only by the skill of father in the box that the whole equipment escaped real disaster. As a consequence the Judge and friends in the coach presented a bronze coaching horse to EGM duly inscribed, which my eldest son Andrew now treasures.

In Burma my eldest brother, Garnet used to ride a lot and the two elder sisters, but I never got much chance, not till we were in Guernsey years later when I went riding with my sister May. We were racing each other on the sands, and I was leading when my horse put his forefoot into a hole – and I sailed over his head. My sister came galloping blindly up and her horse mercifully saw me just in time and leapt over me – one hoof just smacking my behind. I shall not forget the horror of the moment – those four flying hoofs over my head!

Yes EGM loved horses. At the end of his life when seventy he used to hire a horse on the Riviera at Sandgate and when it was brought up our drive he would appear, dapper, neat, handsome, white top hat white waistcoat, flower in button hole, well fitting riding breeches and polished boots. (He was always very proud of his small feet – many a time I had to kneel down and tightly lace his well-polished boots). There he would stand and shout first for “Kate” and then for any of his children who happened to be at home. Harry would leap forward and bring a chair set alongside his horse (a steady old creature) we would get EGM onto the chair and then would come the great heave when we seated him in the saddle and handsome and distinguished he looked too. Slowly he would walk his horse to the gate and trot up the road. Once when Lord Kitchener held a review of some of his army stationed at Shorncliffe Camp, EGM appeared on his horse among the crowd of spectators handsome, serene and distinguished. There were among the crowds many Belgian and French refugees. EGM on his horse found himself surrounded by these

enthusiastic patriots all cheering the troops. A respectful murmur greeted his appearance – they looked on him as a prominent member of the elite possibly a cabinet minister. Smilingly he responded to their cheers – then waving his riding whip he commanded a respectful silence. Turning in his saddle he addressed them in his quite execrable French, “Mes Amis! Dongs ung vous avez Alsace Lorraine! (My friends, within a year you will have Alsace & Lorraine” there was a moments silence and then the crowd of refugees surged around his horse shouting “Merci, Merci, Monsieur”! (Thank you oh thank you Sir) Thus EGM in one gesture won the war and presented to La Belle France her lost Provinces. The family greeted this tale when it was repeated to them with shouts of hilarity to which he listened with his smile of satisfaction.

But I must return many years’ back to resume my tale of our journey to France. How excited we all were when we all (except EGM) filled our reserved 3rd class carriage in the train from CX (London Charing Cross Station). As we sped through the Kentish landscape and the poles in the hop fields swept past the carriage windows, seeming to approach the train, bow deeply and retire to make place for others, one of my sisters Mary I expect suddenly said “A Riddle”! Why do the Hop poles Hop? We all could not guess the answer and she exclaimed joyfully “Because they have only got one leg!” Garnet, that peerless elder brother, spent some of the time teaching us smaller ones French. We learned by heart the phrase Pardon Monsieur, nous ne comprendre par ce que vous dites. (Sorry, Sir we do not understand what you are saying.) & so on. Then Dover and the sea in the summer sun and the cross channel steamer and the voyage a dream of delight, the receding cliffs of Dover, then the growing coast of France. Then the entrance to Dieppe harbour the immense Crucifix at the end of the pier – the Babel of blue-bloused French porters swarming on board - then the queer smell of the port, the narrow streets, the market and the church of San Remi. The Cathedral of Saint Jacques (which we learned to know so well) and then the wide boulevards and the seats around the avenue of trees opposite the house and its front garden and then the house itself and the verandah and the two maids Augustine (Justine) and Albertine. We soon settled down and to our delight discovered a large attic which was to be all our own. Filthy floors cobwebs galore on the open ceiling beams. But we all got to work with brooms and brushes under Garnet’s occasional supervision constituted himself mothers factotum too – and we each put up little corners for our own things. I had a little writing desk with ink! to myself. And so we settled down. Dear Dieppe! How we loved it – the sands and the bathing. Garnet in red and white striped bathing costume in a canoe hovering about us as we paddled - shrimped and splashed about. And, Oh Boy, were we shocked at the French people. I never saw so much female body since I was weaned but was too small then to experience any great thrill. What did amaze me was the fact that the French mothers let their children run around naked whilst some of the more select thought it sufficient to cover the behinds of the rather elder children with handkerchiefs knitted round the waists leaving the fronts exposed. But we did not take much notice – much too happy(I think Hubert was the most interested). Then there was the “Marchand de Guimauve” (I don’t know what the word means but he used to go round with sweets which he brought out of a round box with a silver ball which twinkled every time he took sweets out. He used to sing “Voila le Marchand de Guimauve Voila la Vanille, Voila l’ Amande (Almond) Voila de Marchand de Guimauve.” He became still more fascinating to us when we were told that the reason why he dragged his left foot was because he had been a convict in the Devil’s Isle and had always borne a chain with iron ball attached to that leg! What fun it all was! How we laughed at Emily’s attempts at French! There was the tragic time when Mary was lost for half a day, till Garnet found her wandering about crying.

Then the morning when Hubert stepped on the sharp teeth of a rake which was lying business end up in the garden when we were all tidying it up to welcome EGM on one of his occasional visits. How he leaped in the air and how he roared! And how he bled. His sandshoe was no protection. Mother used to take me with her daily to Market Place - I enjoyed the stalls. We used to buy fruit and vegetables there and Tea Buns to take on to the beach to feed the family (elevenes) after their bathe. Garnet soon taught us to swim. Then came the great event – the wreck of the steamer “Victoria” onto the point beyond the harbour. Father was at home and we went with him in a little launch (he used to report to the “Times” then, having been a regular contributor in Burma in the Sonthal War about which he wrote a booklet called Sonthalia and the Sonthals). The curious thing was that the ship was carrying Crêpe, which got loose from the hold somehow and clung round the masts. There were many drowned and the bodies were laid out as they were returned or came ashore in a room in the Hotel de Ville – of course we did not see them. But we with the local English took into our home survivors’ relatives who came to Dieppe. We had a boy who had lost his parents. We did not like him, poor child, but we were kind to him as we could be in our shy way. But we soon got over the gloom of it. Mother became poorly (I did not know that our youngest sister, Dorothy, was on her way into this world) and courageous as mother was she got an alarm one night. She woke Garnet up to say that a man was creeping up the verandah. Garnet leapt up joyfully and seized his revolver and rushed to mother’s aid. To his disappointment on reaching the verandah he found the quiet silver moon shining on it and no man there! Mother was ashamed of this and we would not have known had not Garnet summoned us boys “his Army” to aid him to face possible attack! He used to give us P.T. every morning and kept a notebook wherein was recorded the height weight and muscle development of each of us! How we used to work to get good biceps. Then we had sports with the handicap for each worked out. This was no new thing as some years before when we went to Dymchurch for the summer – a desolate spot, then only two farm-lodging houses – he arranged sports there with prizes. There we also met to Garnet’s delight A.M and P.M. Walters two Amateur Association Internationals, who with their sisters were staying in Dymchurch – nice folk and great he was to us. Garnet himself was a good Cricketer and Footballer and got his XI at Westminster for both. He also played at Croydon, Cricket for the “Condors”. We used to watch him bowl and make runs at the matches. In one of the matches, Westminster v Charterhouse he got badly stunned and it is my opinion he was permanently injured by the accident.

We soon picked up some French, which stood me in good stead when I stayed years later as a Cambridge undergraduate in a French family near Orleans and was more useful still when I became a chaplain to the Forces in France in 1916 (but more of that anon).

We used to go to the English church with mother. I cannot remember much about it except that on one occasion on a weekday Lent Service the organ blower did not turn up. Hubert was pressed in to the job. The result was awful, as he did not, naturally know how to blow properly and the result was a noise of banging and heavy breathing at the back of the organ and then sudden squeaks from the instrument as the wind gave out followed by gaps of complete silence. We were covered with confusion! Our religion was based on daily family prayers read by mother and our own private prayers directed by she and books read to us “Truth in Tale” etc.

Too soon the time came when EGM (wrongly) determined that Garnet should go out in to the big world. So at 18 he went to Canada. I remember the pride with which he showed us his equipment – a leather money belt, a sheath knife etc. He was much too young to go and of the wrong temperament at that age – too idealistic – unworldly altogether. But he

went and when next we saw him years after at 6 Montague Street on his return from Liverpool I did not recognise him. He had a bad experience and was disappointed, ill and sad and we were all shocked by his appearance. But he regained his jollity after a rest under Aunt Tory's care (EGM and mother were in Burma) and he joined them in Rangoon where he took up rice broking with some success with James Adam, married to my elder sister, as his partner. He became a business man and married dear Beatrice Crofts and until his retirement they lived in Rangoon. On his return to Kent you, my children, saw him often and will never forget him and his joyful appearances at our Xmas parties. He excelled himself among the children especially as the "naughty Schoolboy" in the little scenes we used to act where in you all appeared with him seated on a bench "in Class" with myself as the Schoolmaster. He always played the dunce and to your huge delight used to be continually sent to the bottom of the form. He had a way of wearing one of your small school caps on the side of his head, which made of him an inimitable and droll schoolboy among you.

He was always ready to help in an emergency. When I had a breakdown at St. Peters, Maidstone – he swooped down, dressed in Canadian backwoods fashion and took me with him for a months rest in Switzerland and Montreaux, paying all the expenses, returning me fit to work again. And when he died he left many friends especially among the lesser folk at Benenden. God bless you, Brother, I hope to be worthy to meet you again someday in that place where you would choose to be, next the mother you so loved and the Master you tried to follow. (St Matt XXV v 34 – 40)

An Interlude. I am writing this on a beautiful cold sun-shining morning March 15th 1944 in my study of Verrall Cottage. Last night was made hideous by the whirr of planes and the dropping of distant bombs – the roar of the London barrage. A telegram has just come from David to say his flat at Grosvenor Crescent was bombed but he is unhurt. What a life, my young people all, is yours! What a contrast to that recorded in these pages! Yet I feel encouraged to go on writing of the "old times" for I believe it will interest you to read of them when quieter days come when, I pray God, you may be spared to "look unto the rock whence ye are hewn" (Isaiah ch.1) – "Chips off the old block" you are proving yourselves to be, by sea, land and in the air. And as one of the old 'uns I salute you, and take off my hat to you and say we are proud of you. But don't forget that the secret of Life and Courage and Hope is Religion – faith in the God who inspired your forefathers to endure. Stick to the Creed and hand it on to your children – lest they lose the support and comfort and strength, which have upheld the Fathers & Mothers of our race and family. "There remaineth a reward for the people of God" "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit. 1 Corinthians 2.9.

To return to Dieppe; after Garnet's departure the next to leave the circle were Harry and Hubert. They were sent to Miss Ellaby's school, Lynchmere, Eastbourne and mother was left with the four of us youngsters, May, Katie and the baby (Dorothy). I was 8 years old and the two girls about 18 months and 3 years younger than I. That meant that I saw a great deal more of mother and well remember some walks with her. Once we were together on the Cliffs behind the old Château and we passed what I thought was a wounded nanny goat, cut by the chain attached to her collar. Mother pointed out a little living pink thing beside it – a Kid – and made some remarks, which I failed to understand as we walked off. I think that she missed here a big opportunity of explaining to me the "facts of life". Just as today in my opinion there is often far too much discussion of these facts with the resultant coarseness of outlook and, the stripping of the veil of mystery from love relationships. So in those days these mysteries were not enough revealed and

information from proper sources being withheld, it was acquired from lower points of view and sex became a sort of “Dirty Story”. I was told nothing at all and fortunately, as we were a big family excellently brought up boys and girls. We (at any rate I) did not go astray but I had a lot of unnecessary struggle with myself, which would nowadays be relieved by one small stroke of a doctor’s knife. The Calvinist teaching of that day (and today) about the body was wrong and cruel. A false view of the body as evil in itself, led good people to try to be purer than the Holy One Himself with disastrous results. The church in her real teaching has always fought this view - “God made the body and God wore it therefore in itself it cannot be impure – yet it must be kept under – the body is a good servant but a tyrannical master.

So, my children teach your children the facts e.g. mother to young son: - “My boy you know I am fond of you, that is natural because I carried you beneath my heart for 9 months. It cost me a lot of risk and pain bringing you into the world etc. etc. When the whole thing is connected naturally – simply with mother – it all falls into the right place in the child’s mind.

As I had no brothers to sit on me I began to throw my weight about. No longer called “Prime Minister” I think Cocky would have been a better nickname. Anyway mother began to notice this – especially when Justine and Albertine complained one day to her that I had fought them! I remember the whole scene. They were making a bed and I came into the room – jumped on the mattress and as they raised the sheet, one on each side, to put it on the bed, I standing by the pillow pushed it out of their hands. That, which began as a game, a rag, ended in a fight, their little Gallic tempers rose and the more French they talked the more English I became. The struggle became international neither side would give way – till the allies by sheer force overcame the young Hitler and I was yanked off the bed and complaint was made to mother. The result was that somewhat later, after a quiet talking to I went alone to the kitchen and in broken French apologised. Then I narrowly escaped the ignominy of being heartily kissed by the elderly females. Talking of Albertine and Justine reminds me of a custom of EGM’s, which highly entertained us the boys, when he was with us. There was no inside sanitation in that house (as in every French house I knew of and indeed in Germany when I was living there later). The “Cabinet” was at the bottom of the garden and kept locked. The key hung in the kitchen so after dusk a serious call of nature meant going through the kitchen, taking the key and walking down the garden path. One pitch dark still evening EGM needed the key and not being accustomed to the path, as we were, he could not find his way in the night. But he had no foolish modesty or inhibitions (far from it) so he went to the kitchen, called to Justine and Albertine to fetch a candle each and so we boys who happened to be at the window saw a solemn procession. Albertine leading with a candle, EGM brandishing a key and Justine bringing up the rear with another candle.

They returned to the kitchen till summoned by a stentorian shout, they then re-lit their candles and the same procession returned to the house. But, and this is the point, though we thought it was very amusing the two servants with the Latin understanding of the “vile body” and simplicity showed no sign at all that anything unusual had taken place. Of course EGM though outwardly solemn as a Judge enjoyed the delight of his irreverent children when they met in the parlour and reported the incident to the family.

The glimpse that Dieppe gave us of the Latin view of life was on the whole beneficial (more than can be said of our experiences when we lived at Brussels later on). We were all young together at Dieppe. My own childhood ceased there and I began to “grow up” “There is” writes Dr. Wm. MacDougall in his book “The character and conduct of life” a

persistent tradition among older people that youth is the happiest period of life. It is perhaps true that youth knows moments of more intensive rapture but such moments are rare and brief and against them must be set off a multitude of distresses to which we become increasingly immune as our years advance. Youth is uncertain – if itself unaware of the world full of doubts and anxieties about itself – liable to agonies of shame on ridiculously slight occasions – it has to struggle against temptations of a strength such as it will not know in later life. In sex, love youth is in a most difficult and pitiable condition, liable to grotesque errors, errors leading to effects, which only too often ruin the rest of life. How few men can look back to their youth and honestly assert that their sex was a source of more delight than trouble, torture or even despair!” Strong words these but he adds these encouraging and, I think, true words. “Let youth know that the lower parts of the (ascending) slope of life are the steepest, and that as they rise above them, the air becomes more stimulating, their organs better attuned to their task, and the prospect more rich and satisfying. We (elders) learn to smile at our youthful agitation’s that were so bitter – sweet and to laugh at the youthful errors that mortified us so deeply.

Well, when I left Dieppe to go to school the “steep slope” began which lasted some 20 years, and now I can look back and agree with every word of Dr MacDougall’s quoted above, especially the last few lines.

When the time came for me to join my brothers at Ellaby’s for some good reason unknown to me, I had to travel alone. I was nine years old, I was put on the steamer and a passenger was asked to take charge of me. I hated leaving home and the parting was hard. Nobody spoke to me, so far as I remember, the aforesaid passenger forgot all about me. I never saw him (or her) again. It was a rough passage; I was home sick and very seasick. On reaching Newhaven I got ashore – somehow – I had a through ticket to Lewes where I was to be met. On arrival at Lewes, still sick and very sorry, I was met by one of the mistresses a Peruvian, Miss Quintare. I had lost my luggage and had had no food and must have been a miserable little object. On arrival at Lynchmere I was handed over to Miss Ellaby who promptly put me into her own bed and nursed me back to serenity. Miss E had a doctors training, her school did well and later moved to larger quarters. In those days it had not long been started. She was a sensible woman but today her ideas and equipment would be considered out of date. The sanitary arrangements were primitive, but the chief snag was that her dread of the curse of the drink brought on the male sex led her to imagine that the way to check it early was to limit the supply of liquid, tea and water, allowed to the pupil. I have never been so thirsty in my life since. After a hot summers afternoon games we were only allowed one mug of tea each! The result was that, after tea, when we were sent one by one to wash our hands in the basement, the first comers, Elder Boys used to drink the water before washing. The next to come would often drink the soapy water used by the first. I still remember the taste of water diluted with soap. It can be gathered from this lack of moisture in the body my necessary natural function became still more difficult for me, and I suffered frequent headaches. The food was sufficient - good. I have no recollection of any religious observances at all. I presume we went to church and had prayers. There used to be a lot of fun time in the dormitories – some of it of doubtful nature. Miss E in her maiden innocence had no idea of the temptations and tricks of the growing boy. If the noise we made was such as to be likely to attract her attention in her sitting room downstairs we used to station a small boy as a sentry on the landing. We had learnt by experience that though she made no noise in her ascent up the stairs to check us, that she always had her hands on the banisters as she came up. When the scout saw the hand sliding up he would warn us and we would all be fast asleep when she appeared. The only event, which I remember in my days at

Lynchmere, was the Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1887). There were great celebrations at Eastbourne - during the day processions with bands and at twilight an attack by local boatmen, dressed up as Pirates, on the Wish Tower. At night we went two and two to see the large Torch Light Procession. It was very exciting especially so as a cart full of spare torches caught fire not far from us and we escaped the blaze – but it was near enough for it to be scorchingly hot! The other incident I remember was when one of the bigger boys – a cripple who had to wear an iron on his leg and was a boy of twisted nature on purpose jumped from the stairs onto Miss Quintare’s ankle and gloated over her distress. Nasty fellow!

One other memory of Eastbourne days; we used to go to a dancing class where we shared lessons with a school of little girls. I was the show dancer of the school and the tall and elegant dancing mistress used to take me as a partner to show the others how it was done. Then she selected the show dancer from the girl’s school and we used to dance together. It was a great thrill to me. The first time I felt the attraction of the other sex – she was a nice little girl!

The holidays were fun though especially the Christmas holidays in Manchester Square. Grandpa flanked by his daughters Aunt Tory & Victoria and her eldest sister Mrs Webber D Harris and her husband General Webber Harris retired from the Indian Army – a veteran of the siege of Delhi. Mrs Webber Desborough Harris whom we all feared and called “Auntie” was the only woman ever allowed to wear the Victoria Cross. (Which cross my eldest son Andrew arranged to be presented to the United Services Museum, Whitehall and later transferred to the Army museum, Chelsea where it can still be seen).

Leaving Lynchmere I followed my brothers to Charles Wellers’s school – a building at the very top of Maze Hill, St Leonards on Sea. From our dormitories we could look across to Beachy Head and on the other side there was a country lane down to the South Saxons Cricket Ground. C. Weller was the son of the old Capt. Weller. RN a neighbour of Aunt Nellie’s at Carshalton hence our going to his school. He was a fine handsome man, and looked his best when he marched us on Sundays to the Parish Church in Warrior Square. I enjoyed the services there – the singing was excellent and there was a Curate who sang the responses so well that even I was impressed: “Make clean our hearts within us” he would sing and the response pianissimo “And take not thy Holy Spirit from us”. One Sunday our old friend Mr Moore from Holy Trinity, Maidstone came to preach. I looked forward to his coming but alas! He had lost his powerful voice from age and the result was very trying.

C. Weller looked after us well according to the ideas of the day. He was a keen bather and diver and in the summer we all went to the “White Rock” baths. Every boy was expected to learn to swim. First he was allowed to splash about in the “shallow end” then when he could swim a few strokes he was taken to the deep end by two elder boys who swam beside him across the baths. Then later he was expected to take to the diving stage and it was a great day when one dived from the top of the diving stage. It was chilly and windy on the top of Maze Hill in winter and we often got colds. Mr Weller would then heat a big shovel red hot and pour some carbolic mixture on it and go round the big hall where we would be sitting at evening “Prep” and blow the fumes into the face of each boy! There was a difficulty however in getting enough handkerchiefs when one had a cold and I was often embarrassed by having to use mine over and over again. We had a cricket and football ground down the lane towards the South Saxon Ground and we had many good games. I got rather badly kicked in the knee one afternoon and woke up the following night in agony. My roommates woke up and sent for C. W. He arrived in

dressing gown and looked at my knee, which was one lump of swelling. Apparently he thought it was out of joint so calling two big boys he told them to hold me and by force endeavoured to straighten the joint (to re-set it?). I uttered a yell and fainted. The next day the doctor found that two ligaments were broken in the knee. I had weeks in bed before it got well. Boys used to visit me to cheer me up but the most regular visitor was a new young master who was very unhappy at the school and homesick. He used to come and pour out his troubles in my juvenile ear!

We had some fun in my dormitory. On Sunday mornings we had an hour extra in bed and we employed the time dissecting mice, which we caught in traps. We used to cure the skins by rubbing in salt and pepper which we managed to secure during meals. Also we used to buy little tins of Swiss Milk, bore two holes in the top and suck the contents in bed after lights out. I got into bad trouble the first Sunday I was there. C. W. kept fowls and as that afternoon we were watching them two Cocks began to “spar”. Quite innocently I suggested putting them together and letting them “fight it out” so as to be friends ever after. We did so and a frightening bloody contest ensued. A neighbour saw it all and informed C. W. I had left the scene and was not present when he caught the crowd of boys around the cocks. All were “kept in” and compelled to sit the afternoon through at desks except me. This made me very unpopular - I hope I told C.W I was the “fons et origo meli”. I really cannot now remember. If I did it was the bravest deed of my young life! We went to bed much too early on summers evenings and consequently were ripe for mischief. Opposite our house across the garden and over the road stood another house, like ours, standing in it’s own grounds. It was a girl’s school. Some young spark attempted signalling across to them. To our delight there was an immediate reply. This signalling became customary – one evening a red-haired and amusing lad called Knill Jones not content with waving a handkerchief seized a white counterpane and flourished it out of the window. In his excitement he let go and the counterpane floated down and settled on the green lawn just outside C.W’s study window. The blinds of the study were up and there was a circle of gaslight outside his open window. Fortunately he had not noticed the counterpane floating down. But there it lay. It must be retrieved if we were to be undiscovered so Knill Jones in his white night gown, his red hair on end, left the dormitory and started creeping downstairs. At the window we watched breathlessly. Presently round the corner of the house there came wriggling along on his stomach, Knill Jones. He at last reached the counterpane and gently drew it towards him presently with an upward grin of triumph he gathered it up and disappeared round the corner. A few moments later his red head appeared in the dormitory again and he was the hero of the evening. What added to his pride was that the girls opposite were watching and took as much interest in the proceedings as we did.

Meanwhile Mother was journeying to Burma to rejoin EGM. On the voyage she met a young clergyman and consulted with him about a Public School for us three boys. His name was Westcott and he was one of two sons of the great and good Bishop Westcott of Durham. He suggested Rugby. Thus our future was fixed. Harry & Hubert joined F. D. Morice’s House in the Fillmartin Road, Rugby and I joined them some terms later. Mother had taken a house in Belsize Square, Regents Park and there she left my second sister, Josselyn, in charge of us (May, Katie, Harry, Hubert and I) and we spent our holidays at first there “A great time was had by all. Jo (as we called her) was very steady and trustworthy but also very young. But we all pulled together well. True the servants got a bit out of hand. One day the cook dressed in tailcoat and trousers (left behind by EGM?) and putting on a top hat called at the front door and walked up the stairs! I wonder we growing boys did not get into mischief – (Harry once kissed the housemaid) – but we did not. We always felt mothers eye was upon us and we all backed up Jo. She

delighted us one day by bringing home - "What do you think? A Lobster for lunch. We were delighted but not quite so elated when she said "You see I got it cheap because it is not fresh" However we ate it - we were none the worse. One day we got tickets for the Globe Theatre to see Richard Mansfield act as Richard III. At Croydon we always went to see Sarah Thorne's pantomimes each Xmas. (Hubert fell madly in love with "Alice" in Wonderland) but this was a real play. When the evening came, off we all went to catch the old two-horse Swiss Cottage bus, which ran to Trafalgar Square. We boys ran on in front of the girls, got round a corner and bent down waiting, the girls came running up and of course fell over us as we hoped. Well, we got to the theatre very early, the first comers and advanced in the silence to our seats in the upper boxes rather over-awed. One of the girls, overcome by the solemnity of the occasion, knelt down believing she was in Church! We were all about to follow when the incongruity struck us and the Theatre echoed with our laughter. What an actor Mansfield was! I have just been reading (March 1944) C. B. Cochrane's last book on his life "Cock-a-Doodle" and I see there that he says he was with Richard Mansfield in USA and that he (R.M.) was one of the best actors ever on the stage, and gave him (C.B.C) his first acting job. Certainly he thrilled us. I can still hear in my ears his words when he is courting Queen Anne after slaying Henry VI: Queen Anne. "Villain thou knowest no law of God nor man: No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity. Gloucester (Richard III) But I know none and therefore am no beast. Queen Anne. O wonderful when devils speak the truth! Gloucester. More wonderful when angels are so angry!

Now that I am speaking of play going it may be interesting to write down notes from my diary written in 1889 to 1893 when I was 12 years old. Under the heading "Plays I have seen" occur the following entries: Richard III, As You Like It, (Mrs Lily Langtry), and Much Ado about Nothing, Henry VIII. In these I saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. I shall not forget Ellen Terry in Much Ado. Years later when vicar of Tenterden she lived as a very old lady in my parish (Small Hythe) and came to the Vicarage after one Armistice Day Service and sat on our drawing room sofa. She was much taken by the service and my address and said in her wonderful deep voice, "Vicar, you have the voice and elocution of an actor"! I replied, "Dame Ellen, I have always been your faithful and admiring knight. I shall not forget once seeing you in Much Ado about Nothing" She replied, "What passage in the play?" I said, "It was not merely what you said and how you said it but what you did!" She replied, "What did I do?" I said, "You gathered your skirts up in your hands and ran laughing across the stage." She seemed pleased.

To continue the plays which I saw up to 1890 - there are 21 of them: I select: "Hands across the Sea" (Wm. Terniss afterwards stabbed to death by a rival actor) "The Harbour Lights" these melodrama "Claudia" (Wilson Barrett), "Brighton" (written by Sir James Barrie, I think his first play). "The Private Secretary", "The Pantomime Rehearsal", "Carmen up to Date", "In Town" both these at the Gaiety (Nellie Farrer, Edmund Payne). We used to pay 1/- each to go to the Pit, waiting in the queues and wasn't it a scrum to get in! As a family some of us were keen on acting - my sister Mary was a good actress and later at Guernsey distinguished herself in private theatricals. I could always act. At school, Weller's, he presented Racines play "Les Plaideurs" I took the prologue of about thirty lines at the rise of the curtain. The French was no difficulty to me as we were living at Dieppe. May and I used to write a little duologue at various parties and at Manchester Square at Christmas. Later at Rugby I acted "Nathaniel Winkle" when too I have presented the trial scene from Pickwick. I was delighted to get a note next day from Mr Waterfield, our house tutor and afterwards headmaster of Cheltenham, as follows: "Man, if everything else fails go on to the stage". Many years after I enjoyed the parts I was given in Lewis Parker's Dover pageant in which my wife appeared as a Court Lady

(Catherine of Aragon) and I was “Gawaine” the dying knight and had a wonderful funeral with knights in Mediaeval Armour, procession of mourning monks, tolling bell, full orchestra before two thousand spectators for a week. But best of all I enjoyed acting in the chapter house, Canterbury Cathedral in Dorothy Sayers play “Zeal of thy house”, I was the sub prior Stephen and some of you my readers, saw the play. When later it was produced by professional actors in Westminster Theatre London, I sat beside Miss Sayers and told her I thought amateurs did the “Monk Chapter Scene” better, and she agreed! One of my most valued little possessions is a copy of the play signed by her hand.

I am afraid that from now on “These Memoirs” must become egoistic in the main because as we grew older, naturally our lives divided and each of us followed his or her destiny and did not often meet. To return to my diary, I listed the names of the books I had read up to 1892 under the names of their authors and find it works out as follows; Lever (7) C.A. Henty (28) Whyte Melville (6) C. Dickens (18) Harrison Ainsworth (7) C. Reade (2) Balckmore (2) Bulwer Lytton (6) Walter Scott (17). I read two or three of Thackeray’s but did not like them then. I was a very romantic boy at a romantic age in a romantic epoch, and I suffered for it later on when I learned as a student and curate what real life is like.

Those were happy days at Belsize Square, I remember one thrill, a woman murdered her baby and wheeled in the pram through our part of London. Later when we went to Madame Tussauds, as we did once or twice, we saw the pram and a bit of toffee the child was sucking! We did not know we should see these gruesome things and were disgusted. We all, except Hubert, fell victims to the great influenza scourge. I was staying at Aunt Nellies (Carshalton) and got my first attack there and the whole household succumbed to it, Martha and the maids and all. I got it first and was the first to recover and was given the task of carrying the food trays from the kitchen to the top of the house, the maid’s room. It certainly was a struggle up all those stairs. As soon as I was fit to go out I was sent back to Belsize Square. I felt awful and I shall not forget the struggle I had to carry my bag from Swiss Cottage Station to our house, I had to rest every few minutes. As a result I had a serious relapse, which was unfortunate as all the others succumbed one by one, all except Hubert who had heard somewhere that oranges were a good preventative so he ate twenty-five (I think) in one day and waited for us all – good stout fellow! My life was, I vainly believed saved by Aunt Tory who drove over from Manchester Square, took one glance at me, wrapped me up and took me to number twenty one where I recovered and had the most unforgettable convalescence. She used to read to me and as she was very well read I learned a lot, I can remember her reading a translation of Dante. It was during our illness at Belsize Square that I got my first acquaintance of the Clergy as visitors. The Vicar, Doctor Trimlett, whose church was close, whose services and sermons we liked, came to visit us and was very helpful.

RUGBY

I have already stated how it was that dear mother entrusted her three younger sons to Arnold’s school – Rugby. As usual I arrived after Harry and Hubert and so the way was in a sense made easier for me. It was certainly in those days a hard not to say rough experience. The school, the most famous in the world after Eton, was made so by T. Hughes “Tom Brown’s Schooldays” which was universally (literally) popular, especially in the United States of America. We had a continual succession of visitors from the USA, who used to be admitted by the School Marshall one Blake, how we pulled his leg! One of his jobs was to get ready the Birch and Block when the headmaster needed it, another

to watch over our entry to chapel, to our classrooms and stand and reverently watch the Rugby boys at work and later at play. Once a stranger asked me on the steps of the school quad to show him the school, fortunately I had half an hour to spare and I did so to the best of my ability, he turned out to be an American and presented me with a brand new Gold ten shilling piece! What shall I say of Rugby – the hardest working, hardest playing school in the world? Lord Elton in his wonderful book “St George or the Dragon” says some very true things in his chapter entitled “Not Examinees but Men”. That was in a few words the Rugby idea infused into the school by Arnold. “The Public Schools” he writes had no difficulty in transferring to the new class of gentlemen (i.e. the commercial classes) the old soldiers’ ideas of courage in service, which the feudal aristocracy (i.e. Eton) had developed during the centuries in which they led their men into battle. Read that Chapter of Lord Elton’s book my boys, and read it again and again (pp 57 – 82) Rugby “Loyalty, courage endurance discipline”. The ideal was vindicated in 1914 –18 in Ypres, Jutland, Gallipoli and the World War, when a whole generation of Public School Boys gave their lives leading the men of England through “Firewater” to victory. The writers who later wrote critically of the Public Schools were nine times out of ten the boys who were failures at school and in life, men with the “Yellow Streak” who relied upon their brains to overcome the sub-conscious sense of failure in the practical days of their boyhood.

T. Arnold set himself to turn out “Christian Gentlemen”. Rugby served as the model, which others copied. It was the pre-eminently the school to which the hard headed businessmen of the Midlands sent their sons (and some Irish too) and Arnold trained and trusted his sixth form to be Rulers and Guides of the other boys in their houses. It was a great ideal – everything depended on the sixth form boys and the head boy of each house, they had a tough job as they had a tough class to deal with (from which they themselves sprung). The housemaster and tutor were comparatively powerless; the Sixth form ruled the house. The house to which we belonged had an exceptionally poor type of housemaster when I first went there, a poor old dear who was later sacked by the headmaster for a moral breakdown. Fortunately in our time there was a succession of able boys Heads of the House, otherwise the situation would have been appalling. I was fortunate for I became the first head of house to the new housemaster, W. H. Payne-Smith son of a Dean of Canterbury whose death at the age of 91 has just taken place (March 1944).

When I appeared on the scene in 1891 brother Harry was obviously unable to face the physical strain of a rough life, he suffered terribly from asthma (you could hear his breathing at the end of the passage where his study was). At last things got so bad with him that Hubert and I wrote out to Burma and told EGM that we did not expect him to live if he returned next term. So Harry left, curiously enough he had showed some promise as a runner. This fact itself is a criticism of the old system, though the school doctor was earnest and capable, the whole system of care for the health of the boys was utterly inefficient. So far as I can see there was no care at all unless a boy got so ill as to compel attention – a visit to the (very good) sanatorium. It is incredible but true that, unless my memory fails me, there was no real physical examination of new boys at all. In those days we had a system of “House Rules” – the longest, the Crick Run, was 12½ miles, but only the elect competed there. Fortunately for me when I came to hold the “House Running Bags” which meant to be the runner of the house, I got ill just before I should have competed in the Crick. There were always cabs waiting to take the boys home after that run and I have watched them “Come In” covered often with spew from sickness. We were expected to run to the last. On ordinary house runs the bigger boys were keen to get as many as possible of the boys in the house to “Come In” because “The holder of the House Bags” had to keep a record in the old books (leather bound, in Green,

the house colours) so that the old Rugbeans when they came down could compare their times with those of the past. I had the job of filling in those books and I used to coax along and tow along exhausted youngsters to get them home and so get a good record for the house books. In fact someone drew a caricature of me towing on each side two huge fat fellows up Hilmorton Road, the point of the caricature was my diminutive size and thinness and their fatness and stature. I was always on the small side in fact when in my last year I played half back for the school XV I was only 7½ stone and on one occasion was set the task by the captain of the school XV of marking and tackling C. B. Fry. As a matter of fact it did not prove so difficult as I found that CBF, being a soccer expert, would hesitate a second or two if likely to be tackled. That was one's chance if he once got off his speed was terrific. Fortunately I was fast and "Nippy" if small, and sometimes I got his angles all right. The secret of course is to "Go low" for the tackle.

To return to the house runs my criticism that in those days the whole house, old and young went together. This was far too great a strain on the youngsters to keep up with their elders in trying to tow them. The system received a shock when a boy "Coming In" was seen to run in a circle for a moment or two and then fall down. He was picked up dead. Even then some foolish old Rugbeans said we of that generation were getting soft (the same kind of foolish argument prevented our wearing scarves or overcoats in cold weather). Everybody in the house was expected to have a cold bath every the morning, I can still see in my mind's eye the look of that cold water at 6.45am on a winter's morning when discarding our night-gowns we naked boys stood on its edge and feared "to launch away". The medical side of things was very badly managed, one had to be very robust to oneself justice, for masters made no allowance for boys arriving (through the snow and after morning chapel) at all dishevelled. It was a common occurrence to see a boy faint in chapel. Still worse was it when one was a Fag, that meant sometimes that from 8am to 9.15am one had to get back from the school to the house (seven minutes walk) get breakfast, sometimes make toast for the V1th clean and sweep a study, and oil lamp (colsa oil, filthy stuff), break up coal and light a fire and get down to school with clean hands, collar and lessons ready. I managed to stick it all right and was never once in the sanatorium, though frequently in the sick room of the house (where dear old Mrs Bobbett, the matron was a friend and a mother). My worst experience was when I was stunned at a house game of football in one of the grounds away from the school. When I came round I was sent home. Being dizzy (with bells ringing in my head) I took the wrong turning and started walking towards Coventry instead of Rugby. Fortunately I happened to meet some of our youngsters on a run, they guided me home. The next thing I remember was standing in Hall surrounded by a group of laughing boys, they told me afterwards that I was very amusing. One of the V1th came in to see what the noise was about, took one look at me and sent me to the sick room, he told me later that I was "ghastly white". Mrs Bobbett put me to bed and I was so sick and vomited so continuously that the doctor was sent for and I had three days of discomfort before I returned to "work and play hard".

I was fortunate as a fag; my V1th was one Sir E. M. Crawley Boevay who was very considerate. Hubert had a brute called Hunter and received many an undeserved whacking. When he became V1th in his turn he was far too easy with his fags. This and other reasons made him very popular. He was called "Tomb" and he was liked because when there was a row about taking other peoples coal for fires in the V1th, he had a meeting about it. They decided to give one boy delinquent a V1th beating which meant two strokes from each of the house V1th. Hubert stood out against it as manifestly unfair and refused to take his part in it as a V1th. He was right because we all took all the coal we could find as fags because at all costs we had to keep our V1th fires burning in the study. A shocking system and the boy they picked on to make an example of was a Jew.

It was very brave of Hubert to stand out, the only one, against his class, but he was like that. He was usually very mild in manner but once I remember a silly Ass, notorious for his seeking for popularity and called therefore "Bum Scraper" (pardon me!) stood in the house quadrangle and called out again and again "Tooomb". Hubert was writing in the study at the time and I watched him, suddenly he got up and rushed down stairs, he chased the boy (a big one) who took refuge in the Butlers Pantry. Hubert kicked in the door and there was a scrimmage, presently the boy emerged minus coat, waistcoat, collar and braces and fled in confusion to his study.

Hubert was not then too popular as he was in the Army class and working hard for Sandhurst and wisely put his work first. On the whole I think he was the most popular boy in the house with the Fags and rank and file, especially when he developed in to a very efficient back for the house at Rugby football. Had he not got into Sandhurst I think he would have got into the XV. He was too mild with his Fags and our study was consequently scarped. When I got Fags of my own (five as head of the house) I did not err in this direction, which reminds me of the foolish matter of one of my Fags. On returning to school one term I found a small boy, fair and timid, at the station and as new boy I wanted to share the expense of a cab up from the station to the house. This new boy was wearing our house colours in his straw hat I got him to share the cab with me. He was timid and new so I made him one of my Fags, when I drew up the house list I forgot all about it. Later on in the term his mother, who happened to be a titled lady, came in to the hall with the housemaster to lunch and after grace said in a loud voice to the master, "which is Mr Man"? She was told, and turning to me in front of the whole house and the boy himself, said "I want to thank you Mr Man for what you did to help my boy Conrad. I was covered with confusion. A still more embarrassing occasion was when my second in command, a member of the VIth of course, said in complete innocence to the Housemasters Lady Housekeeper "we saw such a funny thing in the High Street this morning, "Two boys fixed together tail to tail"! Sensation! But it shows that a boy could be some years at Rugby and retain a childlike innocence.

This brings me to a question of morals at Rugby and so to the chapel and religious aspect of things. There was no teaching on sex at all except general vague warnings and occasional outbursts of ferocious energy on the part of the headmaster and the masters if any sex irregularity was discovered. Ferocious is the right word. Morals to the Victorians of those days meant solely sex morality. There was so far as I remember not one single case of theft all the time I was at school, except of coal, which I have already explained. Naturally with growing boys from varied homes, good and bad, there was curiosity, which was unsatisfied by any direct teaching. Perhaps in some houses at confrontational times there may have been some - it never came my way. Thus whenever any irregularity was suspected or discovered there was a tremendous row. The masters being men with a knowledge of the wickedness of the world read into various things that happened a significance, which certainly did not occur to many of the boys concerned. And things, which happened which, necessitated certain punishments and a grave explanatory talk with the culprits were magnified. Many careers were thus early ruined for irregularities, which, were only the natural excesses of curious and mis-instructed adolescence. Boys were beaten and sacked from the school for crimes, which today would be punished certainly but not made into crimes with life long consequences to the boys concerned.

Schools run on the ancient monastic system whereby the sexes are segregated it is inevitable that certain unhealthy friendships may, nay must, spring up between big and small boys. It was my misfortune to be head of the house and therefore technically responsible (according to the Rugby tradition) for everything that occurred in the house

when such a crisis arose. My position was made more difficult by the fact that when the term began I was the only member of the V1th to return. On the first evening after the prayers, when the housemaster had withdrawn, on me alone fell the responsibility of addressing the house (as was the custom) in my capacity as head. And also I happened to be captain of the house Rugby XV, and holder of the "Running Bags". An enormous responsibility fell on my shoulders and in addition my second in command was a youngster of no weight who had just entered the V1th. This was certainly unrealistic; he was no athlete and had no power of command. One example will suffice, one evening the housemaster invited me to dinner, and this boy, who I had purposely put in the same dormitory (seventeen boys) with myself, was left in charge till I returned to the dormitory at 10pm. Going up the stone steps to the dormitory I heard a din there and on opening the door I found the floor flowing with water from upset jugs, the boys all over the place in their night-shirts and several of them sitting on the chest of this young V1th shouting with laughter. Amid deathly silence I sent a boy for my cane and then and there whacked fourteen out of the seventeen over their thin nightshirts, and there was no further trouble.

To strengthen the V1th a stalwart boy who had just managed to get in to the upper school and was after me captain of the house XV, was given "V1th power" joined us at the V1th table. Later in the term I heard rumours that this overgrown lad was behaving foolishly and getting himself talked about for friendship with a youngster in another house. One evening I remember it well, I walked to his study and warned him about it. Near to end of the term a note was discovered by one of the masters, written by him to another youngster. I saw the note; it was couched in foolish sappy language. The master reported to the housemaster and the headmaster was informed. Result was a terrible row. The Head himself visited the house and I knew nothing about it until he interviewed me. Fortunately the boy concerned was honest enough to say I knew nothing about it and had warned him on a previous occasion. So I was honourably acquitted, but here is the point, the boy was "Birched" (an almost unheard of thing for a man with V1th power) expelled from the school and told to leave at the end of the term. The head addressed the house and told them nobody was to speak to the boy and worse still the whole school was called together in the big hall (over 500 boys) and I had the bitter humiliation of hearing the whole matter exposed to the whole school. The house of which I was head and for which I had worked all out, was held up to a public reprobation (not by name) but every boy present knew of what had occurred and to whom the head was referring. Now the housemaster was a good sensible man and took a healthy view of the whole matter and was an intense help to me in my tribulation. He knew as I did that the morals of the house were in reality in a good state. I told him and he agreed that it was cruel that the boy should be sent to Coventry for the rest of the term, and he agreed with my suggestion that I should be allowed to keep with him and go down to school with him etc. with him until he left. I called the house together and told them that orders must be obeyed and no one speak to the boy but that I would do so. It may seem incredible, but the house tutor, who nothing of the arrangement made, when I, later went down as an old Rugbean, refused to shake hands with me, considering that I had condoned immorality. Years later, when I had been in Holy Orders some time I had to go to a famous town famous for its great Public School and address a big meeting on behalf of S. P. C. K. The said house tutor was now Head of that school and I wrote to him to stay the night after the meeting. He said I could come. At dinner he said to me "Man, you led a fairly hectic life at Rugby didn't you?" this in front of his friends. I passed over the remark and later when alone with him in his study, I did what I had for years planned to do. I told him all the facts – which he was entirely wrong – that he had acted rashly in ignorance and unjustly. I poured it all out – the spleen of years. He was in evening clerical dress sitting in front of his study fire. As I went on, quite calmly, his head drooped lower and lower and he was

silent. Then he had the grace to make a full apology confessing he had been entirely mistaken. We shook hands, next morning I went blithely off leaving a friend behind. Later he rose to some position in the church.

Rugby Chapel is a hideous building by Butterfield put up at a bad period in Victorian days but large and roomy inside. Being very Protestant, the Altar was, in my time, small and undistinguished and the services dull with no concession to boyish taste (until Dr James became head in my last year). Under Dr Percival the pulpit resounded with denunciations against all kinds of sins. In public “Perks”, as we called him, was harsh and his denunciating sermons (as I remember them) were delivered in a harsh Yorkshire accent) – “redolent, my dear fellow, of the tail end of the plough” as a clever boy once said to me. At the former school of which he was head he found a veritable Augean Stable to clear up and that experience coloured his whole outlook on us boys. But in private, his was a much gentler manner.

Confirmation Classes were not impressive. We used a book in a black mottled cloth cover – very dull. We were always being exhorted “to be good” but never told how to become “good”. Every candidate had a private interview with the Head, alone, a terrifying experience. The interview tactlessly took place in my case in the schoolhouse Turret up which boys who were to be birched climbed. When my turn came, I mounted the turret and entered a room when I was motioned to a seat near a window whose light fell on his unhappy countenance. The head was in the shadow and only noticeable from his silver hair. He said, “Well, what do you feel about your confirmation?” in a strong Yorkshire accent. I blurted out that “I did not feel fit for it”. He paused and said with that curious smacking of his lips, which we knew so well, “I like your speerit (spirit). He asked if I knew anything wrong in the house to which I of course replied, “Nothing Sir” (indeed I did not know of anything very wrong). He then prayed and the interview was over. Of the actual Confirmation Service, my mind is a complete blank and I remember nothing at all. I used to go to Communion monthly – sometimes there was a preparation. But we used to have excellent services at times. We always like the visits of Canon Knox – Little. He wore a purple Cassock and after Service and supper in the houses we used to gather in the Big Hall and he would speak to us for an hour and we loved it. With Irish accent and much humour he would tell us tales, which made us, roar with laughter and then pause and amid deathly silence drive his lessons home. The effect was tremendous. I remember once on our return to the House Hall (when I was a small boy) the Head Boy of the House striding up the Hall to his place at the V1th table and throwing his hat with the red, white and blue ribbon of the school XV colours on it, onto the table exclaiming “I am going to be pious”. Great sensation – we were all “converted” by Knox Little for that night at any rate. Preachers in the Chapel were always recalling the memory of Thomas Arnold (one famous Headmaster). I remember Knox little ending a sermon by pointing from the pulpit to the floor where the slab commemorating Arnold lay saying, “Over the grave of Arnold I stand..” His text was, “Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn and the hole of the pit whence ye are digged” (Isaiah 21. 1.). We heard a lot of Arnold – too much. I could never get myself to read his “life” till many years afterwards. Often we were reminded of the example of famous old Rugbeians. It was said that one dear old boy was preaching on Moses in connection with “horses” and forgot himself so far as to say, “He too was an old Rugbeian”!

Knox Little used to borrow a watch and put it on the pulpit ledge before beginning his sermons. Once he borrowed a gold watch from one of the masters and in the course of the address, illustrating a point swept the watch crash on to the floor of the chapel. We do not

have such preachers now nor would they succeed with the modern boy, as they did with us.

I had some glorious memories at Rugby in the playing fields – who has not of his school days? The priceless moment when playing half back in the Cock House Match against the School House. The second day as the houses were so even in skill, “I sold the dummy to my opponent and got straight away down the field from our 25 to their back. I can remember running along the touchline where the rest of the school was watching amid the yells of encouragement from our fellows followed and being gradually caught up by one of their $\frac{3}{4}$, C. P. Nicholls a big fellow in the school XV. Just before I got to the back his fingers closed on my neck leaving a scar of his nails, which I wore for sometime. I went down with a crash, but as I fell I heard a shout of, “Pass” from one of our $\frac{3}{4}$, Parkin, who had backed me up some way behind. Blindly I threw the ball back towards the voice and fell, then came a shout and Parkin took the pass and got in between the posts and a yell greeted his scoring between the posts and our win. The excitement was so great that our House Tutor came onto the field and shook my hand. That night I got my first football honour, which led next season to my becoming scrum halfback in the school XV. I suppose I was the lightest halfback on record weighing well under 8 stone though being small, nippy and fast was a great asset. Yet I was too light for the heavy teams from the university colleges and I was rather badly thrown about and had a shoulder injury which led to a visit to a famous London bone setter, Dr Wharton Hood who patched me up but could not quite set me right. Once when we played Oxford University (A team) on the school close ground, I had to mark C. B. Fry. I found that being a “soccer” player originally, he would hesitate a second or two before starting off when he got the ball. If one could get to him just at that moment he was easy to tackle low, but if not he was off like lightning and nothing and nobody could stop him. Later at Cambridge I played in a serious match (Judge Luxmoore was in the same game and we compared notes about it years later at a Canterbury Cricket Week) but that was my last appearance at big football. An injury to my knee playing for the college (Emanuel) against Uppingham School stopped my football for good. One game however lingers in my memory. It was in Ireland when I was staying one Easter holiday from Rugby with my friend Tom Barbour. He got up a team to play some Belfast team. We turned up in the ground and I wore my Rugby Cap, which is a dark green and gold, and there was a murmur among the crowd. They mistook it for the Irish International Cap! My play, I fear, soon showed them their mistake! It was a fierce game played on a wet ground, which seemed to me to be a rocky field covered with six inches of mud. My knees were cut to pieces! One other memory is of Cricket. Our house XI was playing another house whose captain was the school fast bowler. He rattled most of us out and when my turn to bat came, at the end of the team I simply swiped at a lightning ball and by luck got it fair and square and lifted it out of the ground amid cheers. But I did not last long – we sustained a bad defeat. I enjoyed fielding – got my place in the House XI from work in the slips. Summer term at Rugby was delightful. Many a time as a small boy I watched our School XI play and lying on my stomach in the Close saw our then School Captain, P. F. Warner (“Plum”) play some beautiful innings. Some days with my brother Harry, whose health prevented his playing games (though curiously enough he was a good runner) I wandered with him and a camera we had over the countryside – took photographs of each other.

Rugby Close with its many Elm trees was a sight on summer afternoons. Sitting in my then classroom in the old part of the school with the windows wide open one could see the elms – listen to the birds and insects, busy in the branches. I got my first sensation of the beauty of poetry one such afternoon when we were “doing” Tennyson and the master said, “Hush boys and listen”.. After a pause as we listened to the summer sounds he

recited, "The moan of doves in immemorial elms, the murmur of innumerable bees"! That moment I shall never forget.

One other recollection; there was a parliamentary Election on. "Perks" the Headmaster was a Radical and forbade his boys to wear political colours but himself took a part in the election by supporting the Radical candidate. We did not think it fair being mostly strong Tories. When the result was declared the Conservative, one Verney I think got in and there was much rejoicing. With a pal I was walking down the High Street and round to Rugby church, which was then covered in scaffolding as the tower, was being re-conditioned. My pal and I, though it was "out of bounds" thought we would climb the scaffolding. So sporting our Conservative Colours we mounted the ladders. It happened the Conservative Election Headquarters were just opposite the church and the successful candidate was there with his excited supporters dancing his health. My pal and I had a brainwave and we entered the H.Q. and said we came as representatives of Rugby School to congratulate Mr. Verney. We were greeted uproariously and given a tumbler of Champagne apiece! We duly drank his health and tottered back to school. Fortunately the mathematical master was not one of the most efficient and he did not notice that one of the class, myself, was asleep most of the afternoon. Speaking just now of the Elm trees, the great feature of the School Close from their size and number, I well remember that fatal afternoon in March, when tree after tree fell before the tremendous gale which was blowing – it was a really tragic sight. We stood and watched and every moment we expected the scaffolding of Rugby Church tower to collapse. It was swaying ominously in the wind. But it did not fall but our trees were lost forever and the Close has never been the same since.

Vol. 1 ends
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Memoirs Volume II Page 1

Our holidays we spent in Aunt Tory's house when the parents were away, 6 Montagu Street Portman Square which she had taken after grandfathers decease and when 21 Manchester Square.

He died at Hove in rooms when Hubert, Harry & I were staying there with him and AT. For a long while he used to walk when in London from his rooms to Grindley's until he was 80. AT used to get Mrs. Man's servant to follow him surreptitiously, the old man was independent indeed and would have been furious had he known he was followed. At Hove his walks became shorter and shorter, Harry Hubert and I used to go with him onto the front one of us on each side of him. One morning I noticed his weight on my shoulder; it was the beginning of the stroke. His breathing as he lay dying was loud and we listened to it; painful to hear but I have since learned from doctors that when that happens it means that the patient is unconscious and has no pain.

6 Montagu Street was a byword in the whole family, AT made it a family centre and whenever any of us returned from abroad, Burma, Canada, Spain, China, it's doors were always open. Many a honeymoon couple spent days there many engaged couple's spooned there (ourselves, D & I included). She was a wonderful woman, much beloved by us all and a large circle of devoted friends. As I have said we boys, Harry, Hubert & I always spent our holidays at No 6 the girls (when not in Rangoon with the parents) lived at AT's eldest sister Mrs. Webber Desborough Harris and General Harris at Eaton Place.

We usually walked across the park to see them on Sundays, AT's regime was very broad minded, she trusted us. We used to go to the pits of the theatres and "scrum" in the queues to get in (a shilling entrance) thus we saw melodramas (Terries in "Harbour Lights") Shakespeare comedies etc. Every winter holidays our elder cousin Victor Matthews, who was a member of the famous "Cream Club" used to take us three in evening dress in two hansom cabs (with bells jingling) to the Gaiety Theatre where we sat in the stalls and felt we were in heaven. We used to go to the music halls (the best of them) and many a laugh we had at Marie Lloyd etc. At the London Aquarium now the Central Wesleyan Hall in Westminster we saw "Zazel" shot from a cannon into a net "Zaco" dive from the roof into a tank and other thrilling events. The Aquarium got into trouble with the "Police Desmoeurs" but we never got any harm from our visits to these and other similar places, though indeed, once when returning on foot after midnight from a theatre in The Strand and importunate damsel, attracted by our Top Hats and well to do appearance seized Hubert's arm and held on not to be shaken off until he tapped the hand with his stick, where upon she shouted for her friends who came at us but we took to our heels and soon outdistanced them.

Quite recently, I thought of the last time I visited the "aquarium" when I stood in the same spot at the (Wesleyan) Central Hall before 900 people of the Hong Kong Fellowship and took the prayers at the end of the meeting. But this time I was in better company as with us on the platform was The Duke of Devonshire (Under Secretary of the Colonies) General Garrett and other members of the committee.

One happy Easter holiday I spent from Rugby with our friend Schulfeter, Tom Barbour eldest son of senior partner of Barbour, Cooke, and Barbour Iron Foundry at their beautiful house, Ardville, Belfast. I arrived after a terrible sea voyage when the steamer ran on a sandbank for several hours in the Liverpool River. Sad and seasick I found myself in the midst of a gay Irish party at "Ardville". That night Tom put me into a room at the end of the passage and told me it was said to be haunted but of course I did not mind! In the middle of the night I was awakened by sobbing sniveling sounds in the corner of the room punctuated by fiendish subdued laughter! I thought an idiot ghost was gibbering at me from the corner! On lighting my candle I could see nothing there so advanced into the passage also vacant. On returning to bed the sound was renewed and on searching again I found I was next to the bathroom and the noises came from the pipes therein! Many practical jokes were played at the jovial and erratic house by the young people. Tom had a cousin who was a great ladies man; there were, staying in the house two pretty English girls - sisters. Tom told them that this, his said cousin, was mad so that when he came to tea the next day they were to be careful but need not fear as he was always accompanied by a keeper. The keeper was another cousin who was in the plot and coming to tea with the madman. It was most amusing to watch the result: The "ladies man" ingratiating and over polite to the pretty girls, the girls nervous and shy of him, the cousin standing behind the unconscious victims back arms akimbo and acting up to his role as keeper! Tom found out that by listening at a ventilator in the garden outside the drawing room every word spoken loudly in that room could be heard. So he & I got up a plot. We pretended I had the gift of telepathy. Tom would stand in the room and ask any of the large company to choose any object to test my powers such as taking a ring from a finger of one and placing on the finger of a lady. When the test was decided he would, "to get it clear" announce in a louder voice. Meanwhile -----
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Several holidays we spent at Guernsey, Channel Islands where for two or three father and mother lived, never shall I forget the beauty of the bays and the bathing, the amateur theatricals at which sister May distinguished herself as a cockney slave, picnics, tennis etc. We were there when the steamer Stella for Southampton was wrecked with much loss of life on the Casquet Rocks. It was Holy week and we were expecting Hubert from Sandhurst by that ship that foggy cold April morning and we waited long after the steamer was due for its arrival, some news came through and we waited for the next vessel, the boat from Weymouth, it arrived and we saw Hubert standing on the deck to our great relief. On seeing us he pointed over his shoulder and there was a group of Stella survivors still with their lifebelts on and half dazed with terror. He fortunately had missed the Southampton boat and gone on to Weymouth to come by the later one.

That Good Friday in the garrison church was a dreadful one, for the Vicar who conducted the service had lost his sister (or was it his daughter) in the Stella and was overcome by his grief before us all.

One summer for seven glorious weeks we took the vicarage at Sark and had an unforgettable time chiefly bathing and climbing over the cliffs of the island. We were nearly drowned once when by a large party we went in an open launch from St Peter Port to Herm and calm when we started a gale blew up and we only kept the water out by sitting with our backs to the sea thus warding off the waters. One summer holiday we spent at Flatford Mill on the Suffolk Stour, we took the mill rooms, which were let for lodgings and had a happy time sailing on the river. The bridges were too low to allow the boat's mast to pass under and we had to lower it before each bridge. It was great fun racing before the wind to calculate when it was time to lower the mast. By luck only we just managed to escape disaster. It was a beautiful spot made famous by the painter Constable. My sister Jo was then courted by C. L. Lewis I. C. S. and they used to ??? in the mill and we would climb the ladder to the floor above and tease them. James Adam and my eldest sister Beatrice, his wife, were with us on leave from Burma. But some of our happiest times were spent in Brussels. We had a house there off the Avenue Louise and made many friends – mostly of the female sex. A Pole Miss Wieniouska two Miss Andersons and Muriel Pope, now on the stage, whom Hubert met later in Ireland. There was a Sculptor, one Taubmann who insisted on sculpting Hubert as he said he had a good figure – leg whereat we mocked. Hubert was then at Sandhurst and I at Cambridge (or just leaving Rugby?). With Taubmann and other congenial spirits we played Tennis and visited the Wiertz Museum. Many expeditions and picnics to Waterloo. EGM in the hot summer caused a sensation by turning out in full eastern costume with enormous sun helmet and puggree etc. On one famous occasion when walking to the scene of the great battle through the Bois EGM lost his way and asked a man he met “Est il bon marche d'ici à Waterloo.” I need not tell my readers that in French Bon Marché means “Cheap”. However the man at once replied “Nong, pas Loing” and an interesting conversation ensued between the two - each believing the he had at last met a really intelligent Belgian. Soon however they were dejected to find that they both came from these islands. Each Autumn there was (and is?) a great Brussels fair with miles of booths and exciting things to see and do. One perfectly horrible booth was a medical exhibition with wax figures. Amongst the exhibits was a series of wax illustrations of the growth of the human embryo up to birth. We were so horrified that we all swore eternal celibacy! So far as I know, not one of us kept that oath – for which you, my readers, may be thankful – or not? After those years the large family began to scatter, until at one time, I alone was left in England. Garnet in Canada, then Burma, Harry in Burma, Bangkok and China, Hubert in the South African War, Beatrice in Rangoon and later Canada, Jo in Rangoon, May & Katie at first visiting in Rangoon later married into Indian Civil Service and Indian

Surrey R. E. Dorothy. So this journal must perforce become still more egoistic (or is it Egotistic, David?).

After Rugby there arose the question of my future. For a while the law seemed indicated and I went to a Barrister coach in Chancery Lane 'till it was decided I should go to Cambridge. So behold me at Emmanuel College in rooms by Parkers Piece and later in the oldest rooms in the college, those once occupied by Archbishop Sancroft (Christopher Knowstern). They were on the second floor of the staircase at the very end of the college buildings. The main room all oak panelled with a large oak beam with one big hook in the centre of the bedroom and legend had it that the rooms were haunted. In the 17th Century it was said a man hanged himself from the said hook and some dark winter evenings, when returning at midnight from some social gathering I used to imagine that a figure was swaying from it in the flickering light of the dying fire! Once I had a real shock. I had been to the theatre to see a play "Julius Caesar by Benson's Company. I did not return at once to my rooms but sat discussing the play with a friend until midnight. All was very still and dark as I climbed the lonely staircase, let myself in "sporting the oak" (shut the outer door) pushed the green baird door open and walked in to the room with the fire still flickering. To my horror and dismay I saw a figure standing under the hook under the beam and still worse it had a horribly coloured face. Now, terror and fear react very differently in different temperaments – some run away as soon as their legs will allow them, others, from sheer fear jump to the attack. I am of the latter genus. I leapt forward to smite – fortunately there was a sofa between us and a voice said, "Hello Man, don't you recognise me?" I stopped in my tracks and recognised it was an old Rugbians named Tideman who had joined Benson's company. He explained that being in a hurry to look me up before the college gates closed at 12 midnight he had come straight from the theatre with his makeup still on his face! Being one of the Roman Soldiers in the castle I had not noted his name if indeed it was there. We enjoyed the situation, once it was explained to him.

These rooms were close to the theatre and I recollect many summer nights when lying in bed I could hear the Gilbert & Sullivan choruses as they were sung from the stage. I played in the freshmen's Rugby Match and had the pleasure of seeing my name in the team posted on the varsity bills in the town in the Cambridge light blue colours, as was the custom. But as I have already written the injury to my knee, playing at Uppingham stopped all my football and all games. I then took to the river and here I had the doubtful honour of holding up the varsity boat. It was, "please sir", not my fault. Our coach, one Rennie Gaven orders to turn the boat at a part of the Cam too narrow for the purpose. I and was abused by him from the towpath and so attempted the impossible. We stuck across the river and at that moment the varsity boat appeared round the corner "rowing a course". As the approached at speed my crew wisely plunged into the river and got ashore as the light blue oars plunged into the stream and held up a few yards off. The air then went blue for miles... I spoke once at the Union, which I frequented and became a prominent member of the college Debating Society, where I am glad to recollect that I proposed "that every Englishman should know how to wield and shoot a rifle". In those days the C. U. R. Volunteers were an object of derision among the dilettantes and the opposition to my resolution was rowdy and organised. One J. R. P. Selater, sec. of the union led it – a pale faced and eloquent young Scotsman who chose to malevolent and personal in attack. When I was replying, all lights were extinguished and smoke bombs hurled in to the room. The president leaned across to me and said "Take no notice at all – go on". I did so with vigour. When order and the lights were restored the motion was carried by one vote! As a sequel – years alter when I was in France in 1917 I read in a London newspaper that a popular young preacher from a Glasgow church was visiting

the troops in France and sure enough J. R. P. Sclater sailed in among us from the safety of Scotland and urged us all to do our duty and sailed back again!! The blighter – so typical of many then and since who ??? ??? the truth whilst it is unpopular and go off with the laurels when it is in. Unfortunately I never met him afterwards. I became a member of the Mildmay Club and amongst my friends were: Walter Crighton (son of the bishop of London) Hans Vischer (& afterwards Sir H. and a distinguished authority on African education etc.) Ben Head, G. A. Thomas (I. C. S.) etc. All this while my enforce abstinence from games owing to my knee injury and the consequent disappointment re-enforced the natural introspection due to a troublesome adolescence and the importance of deciding my future career. Everything conspired to make me take like more seriously. For a while, before going to Cambridge, I studied law in Chancery Lane with a Lawyer, and joined the Inns of Court Volunteers, going to camp at Shorncliffe for an Easter and enduring ??? of his fever marching in the dust from Ashford to Shorncliffe and worse still on arrival being with my comrades served out with flea infested blankets which had been used by an Irish regiment. The scales seemed weighted in favour of the Indian civil Service and taking up French and German - this entailed a visit to Germany where I found myself at Hamelin on Wesar (home of the Rat Catcher) in the family of Frau Pastoria Aplinius, a pastor's widow. The family consisted of the Frau and two daughters – one pretty and spoilt (19?) the other a drudge and adopted. The guests were a Frenchman, young who got well off with Kathe the pretty daughter, a stolid Englishman, much in love with K and a Cambridge man and myself. The meals were immense – we were expected to eat like pigs, making appropriate “German” noises. One incident I remember, a dialogue between Frau & Katie. The Frau, “Eat my little Katie”. Katie, “No, I cannot”. Frau, “ But DO”. Katie, “No darling I cannot I have got the bellyache”. Rather like us all!

A coarse bestial race. Opposite my room was a certain young Lieutenant of a Hannoverian Infantry Battalion stationed at Hamelin. He often came late at night home drunk and twice was I knocked up by him to use his room key for him. The next morning, in full uniform, he would knock at my door, salute, bowing so low I could see his stubbly hair with a parting down to the back of his neck and apologising. One day I heard a din in his room and knocked and entered to find him kicking his Batman. I expostulated and with surprise he said the man had not blacked his boots properly. I told him in England he would have been cashiered – he replied that the man dared not report him or he would be shot. “Exactly” said I. Enough said. CAD!

The German officers used to monopolise the pathways and make everyone, women included, move into the gutter even in the wettest weather. Swine! We used to see the stays of the officers hanging out of their windows to be aired. I used to go and bathe at the NCO's bating place on the river and learned a lot of the language. We English were not popular - we wore blazers, as the weather was hot and bathed a lot. There was a fine river, the Weser, but no pleasure boats on it. No exercise taken by the Bosche except eternal drill! I remember having a row with the post office man who was insolent – I called him a “Fricke Bube” – a cheeky lout – which he did not like but which met his case all right. Loking back now I can see we were arrogantly British. Sometimes the small boys used to follow us singing “Englishmen, burners up of the coppers – good for nothing Etc. But on the whole the little folk liked us – we gave them sweets. I little thought then that my experience of the German Army was to help me when later I became C. F. in the war and in charge of German Prisoners Camps. The lieutenant, Poppendick told me all those years ago that they, the Germans, were preparing for “Der Tag” the great day when they would fight and conquer England. The less said about the morals of the soldiers, the better. All the girls worshipped the officers. They had brilliant

uniforms – we used all to go to Py??? ?? ??? in the neighbourhood and listen to the military bands and watch the varied uniforms of the officers parading in front of us. I remember one fine uniform of Silver, White and Light Blue. They thought us Verrickl – “mad”. The sanitary arrangements were filthy – earth closets over pits, rarely cleared out. I used to attend the big Lutheran church – I thought then it was a dead stale religion as the years have proved. The following year in the Long Vacation I went to France to stay in the family of M. Me Pompardieu who had a flat in Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and a country house at St Ay a Yillele about 17 kilometres from Orleans, on the Loire river where I stayed 5 weeks. I enjoyed it all immensely – after Germany it was like paradise. I left England under happy auspices as I travelled from the boat on to Paris in glorious weather with a party of French midinettes who were moving from, I think, Me. Louise establishment in London to the branch in Paris. We had a happy time and my French benefited considerably. M. Pompardieu a fat French man with a top hat with a black bushy beard met me in Paris and was somewhat surprised to see me taking an affectionate farewell from my 10 French maidens. Being a French man he probably entered in to the spirit of the moment. He clasped me to his waistcoat and mingled his beard with my eyebrows. On emerging we went to the flat where I met Mrs P and their two boys aged 10 and 5 & M. Bonnet Maurey a literary gent of some standing wearing the ribbons of the Legion of Honour who became a god friend during the whole of my stay. I had the run of Paris on my own for 2 weeks as my arrival preceded the National Day July 14th, the fall of the Bastille. I saw their wonderful city at it’s gayest and was it gay in these days. On the night of 14th, all the traffic is stopped in the streets and the bands play dance music in the squares and all the world danced. I joined the happy thong and danced many a ronde with various partners. Stupidly I did not realise on the journey out that I should come in for the fete when I could have arranged to meet my midinettes again. I saw all the Historical sights including the Louvre etc. but did not go to any place of entertainment except the opera where I saw Les Huquenots and a comedy marvellously acted. I got a lot of nightmares in Paris because being a conscientious bloke I visited all the scenes and studied all the books I could get in France of the revolution. And the full horror of these events gripped my imagination. Remember I was always alone, wandering over the city except on the rare occasions when M. Bonnet Maurey accompanied me to my great advantage.

The Musée Granin interested me with it’s historical wax figures and documents and horrific wax reproductions of Charlotte Cordray & Dunton, Rolesperin, Louis XV11 (poor boy). It beats Mmme Tussauds to a cocked hat. Of course I worshipped too the ??? ???.

When we went to St Ay – a little place on the Loire – of which M. P. was mayor we were joined by two American girls (school marms) and an American Harvard man Arthur Dyrenfuther who became a friend of mine and later visited us in England, a German girl and a German professor. The chalet was on the high road in a garden about 100 yds from the swift and shallow Loire. We bathed a lot in it but the current was too swift for any boating. We all had bicycles Madame and visited the historic Chateaux along the Loire, Chenonceaux, Tones, Blois, Beaugeny, Chambord etc. all steeped in French history. A lot of Francis I in Diane de Poites. We had lessons every morning Madame and I learnt a lot. At that time the British were very unpopular in France (the Fasloden affair, Col ??? and Col Kitchener) and I found the cottage folk, of whom I saw a lot, making friends with the children, still remembered the Hulks i.e. the old ships on the Thames in which we somewhat barbarously kept the French prisoners of the Napoleonic Wars. But with the innate courtesy of the French peasant I never met anything but kindness and fondness. Two examples. Mr P as Mayor invited the Municipal Councillors to lunch, they came in

their best, all peasants and their manners were perfect. They were talking of the war in 1870 and one was relating how the uplaws shot some of the apart as well and beat the speaker with the flat of their sabres. The company got heated and gesticulated violently when the Mayor said, "Messieurs, there is a German lady present". The speaker stopped the torrents of his invective and said, "Your pardon Mademoiselle, it is possible if we had been in your country we might not have behaved too well". It was exquisite. I was riding my bicycle one day through the village, carrying a basket, when it caught between my knee and the handlebars. I went an almighty crash and awoke laying in a great double bed in the large brick floored room of a peasant's cottage. They were gathered round me bathing my head and as I came too I heard them say *Il a bonne mine pour un Anglais* (I will not translate this lest I appear innocent). I rose to the occasion and asked what they meant. The reply was that the English never smile and are so phlegmatic. "*Le phlegm Anglais*" is a cliché with them and yet they should smile because they have such good teeth. Alas they could not say that of me now. We became very popular for the following reason. Mr P as Mayor gave an entertainment for all the children of the place with all their parents. The board of the Sargeurs Pompair (the local fire brigade always run the local bands) were to attend. We organised scenes from the Fairy Tales, Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty etc. (I remember that in the latter I was the ??? and had to awake on of the American girls [sleeping Beauty] with a kiss). Incidentally I was wearing a long pair of silk stockings to represent hose of the period. In between the scenes songs were sung – a young army officer sang one or two an one was so coarse that I expostulated with him. His reply was "*Oui, c'est sale mois ce amuse les enfants*"! A very French point of view. We had erected with planks – boughs of trees a little stage outdoors – things did not go very well and Monsieur with an eye to his next election as Mayor, was rather perturbed and said we must make them laugh. So, in the spur of the moment I and ??? without any rehearsal, put on a chorus scene. We called it *Les Deux Chorus Anglais*. He dressed in his white pyjamas and whitewashed his face. I borrowed one of Monsieur's old top hats and put on my striped pyjamas (fairly brilliant stripe but not so strong as you wear nowadays) and reddened my nose. Then we went on the stage and simply "knocked about" It was rather painful! D was athletic and threw what he called Hardsprings. The result was terrific – shouts of children s laughter and screams of suspense and delight. We were ??? 'til the ??? rang and we were absolutely exhausted. The children went home happily to the strains of God Save the King and the Marseillaise. Ever after during our stay we were followed in the village by troops of admiring youngsters waiting for us to do something funny.

Monsieur was a French Protestant and we went regularly to the Temple – his church which I found very dull. The village was divided – the old R. C. priest was a nice old boy but M. P was always "short" with him D & I went occasionally to Mass. On one occasion the curate was preaching and previewed his sermon with a long prayer in which he prayed God to damn all who celebrate the rite otherwise than Holy Church decreed. I rose from my knees like a shot and folded my arms at the ??? D who knew very little French went on praying till I told him that whatever he might wish for his own eternal future I had no intention of letting him so dispense of mine. He then also sat up and surveyed the cleric with a grin. (Typical R.C. bigotry.)

There was a Marquis (Napoleon III creation) who had an estate in the neighbourhood and invited our whole party to tea and boating on his Loire tributary. I was coxing one boat and as we approached a low pitched bridge I saw we must all lower our heads so I shouted Messieurs and Madame's *il fait baiser sous le pont* - result shouts of laughter. Pourpardin was shocked and said to me *Morrice Janais, Janais de la vie dites "Baiser" ci*

n'est pas comme il fait. On enquiry I found I had said, "Ladies & Gents, you must kiss under the bridge". (Baiser means something more than that).

The French used to try and shock us – they have a great idea of English pondering and loved to shock us. One day at lunch Madame produced some little porcelain figures, one of which was a man with a pot behind him, inside him was a little contraption which when lighted with a match ejected a deposit like cigarette ash from his backside! Also I saw pipes with little clay figures of a man and a woman wrapped realistically in each other's arms. The backbone of France is the French peasant, his wife and children. Stress the wife because Madame is the source of all authority in France.

I had two contacts with the French army – I was present as a spectator of the parade – The Champs de Mars – July. It was a wonderful sight – the cavalry charged down upon the spectators and pulled up a few yards off. An incident impressed itself upon my mind – it was blazing hot and a lady in the front of the crowd put up a parasol to the huge indignation of the assembled Latin's who, true to race, shouted insults getting grosser and grosser soon to be followed by a shower of stones. A companion of the lady forced himself through the rows till he reached a ringleader. I was watching and expecting a fight from the furiously gesticulating couple when the gent took out his pocketbook and presented a **visiting card** to his antagonist – a duel! A Paris crowd or any Latin crowd is a fickle crowd – a terrible beast.

At St Ay during the big Army manoeuvres a company or two of small tired infantry put up in our yard and stables. A Captain presented himself to Madame with many bows and asked when her household wished to retire to rest. She said 11pm. The courtyard resounded that evening with laughter and songs (what delightful things they are!) At 11pm a bugle rang out and complete silence followed.

So the time came to return to Cambridge and take up life there. It was that Winter that I injured my knee playing for the college against Uppingham. It was a bad knock – they carried me to the train and I never again played Rugby and for a long time led a somewhat lonely life. For one term nearly all my friends more or less quitted me and naturally as I was going through a spiritual crisis I took it hard. It had become apparent to me from my experiences in France that if I were to keep in the straight and narrow from which up to then I had not badly strayed some definite decision must be made - up or down – fro me there was no half way. Dyrenforth and I found the somewhat hectic allure of the two US young teachers attentions trying to say the least. Fortunately we had both been brought up "Good Boys". He was a keen Episcopalian and belonged to the St Andrews brotherhood but neither of us were f??? At college I belonged to a jolly set of indifferents and one or two of my close friends chose the "Sunny Path" and discussed its delights freely. In the course of my enforced idleness a regards games the flesh became more insistent – to cut a long story short I decided to cut a lot of carelessness out – RESULT – In my rooms, to the concern of my friends certain stories were taboo and I became rather an unpleasant awkward companion and my gaiety disappeared. For a whole term I lived more or less alone - my friends, especially one of them tried to dissuade me from taking "Orders" and in their way were kind, but I was obdurate. I took to visiting a church every Sunday evening (different each evening) to get the hang of how things were managed in the church etc. etc. But I am glad to say that the next term, when I was more settled my friends returned on my lines. We started reading plays in each other's rooms – Sheridan, some Shakespeare etc. and we had the greatest fun over it and in other ways found life rather more than less pleasant than before. We did a good deal of

theatre going. I went to theological lectures in addition to my History work – I read a lot of History, all the time.

With a friend I attended a meeting of the C. U .C. U. “Kirk” the Christian Union and was so disgusted that definitely turned down extreme Protestantism (our family tradition) for good. I could not abide the “Righteous” (a troupe of smugs in our college) so did not resort to their company and I never met any “High Churchmen” or “Anglo” Cats”. I learnt a good deal indirectly from Walter Creighton, who was the Bishop of London’s son but rather a “greenery gallery” artistic young man though of fastidious ideals and morals. (Now he is a Colonel or Major in the army.) But I had to think at and build up my own theological ideas from zero by reading. I had an interview with Rev. Forbes Robinson, a youngish delicate Don, with a deep spiritual nature. When he asked me what Cleric I most admired I said, “Charles Kingsley” and noticed the atmosphere chilled a lot. I learnt afterwards that CK represented muscular Christianity and was not a favourite with men who reported (rightly) his controversy with J. H. Newman and in this particularly I now see they were right to some extent. I was then very ignorant of the whole matter and very crude but I liked his books and outlook on labour matters and he was a great Christian. Now a new obstacle arose to any peaceful solution of my problems in the person of my father. He was disappointed at my “conversion” and naturally so as he looked forward to my joining I.C.S or taking on his Barrister connection in Rangoon. Quite rightly he warned me that it meant a life of poverty. But being of an energetic and masterful nature he set to work, then unknown to me to make contacts with prominent people on my behalf (shades of Alec Kay) to my great embarrassment. Later on he got himself elected to the Winchester Diocesan Conference and on one fell occasion at Winchester spoke to the whole assembly about me - horror! It was an awful moment when a sarcastic elderly cleric informed me of what had occurred looking at me suspiciously in front of two others. But EGM was trying conscientiously to help. My vacations now were with the family at Cambridge House, Walton on Thames and the river and the tennis was a constant source of pleasure as my knee got right again. I invited three friends down and we put a four on the river for Walton on Thames amateur regatta. As one of the crew had never touched an oar before we did not win! But I won the “Coracle” race. On Sunday evening I gave my first address to the congregation in the old barn where the Regicides of C I were said to have met and which was now used as a mission hall. I remember the text today. I spent a fortnight too at the Cambridge settlement at Camberwell, Cambridge Home. It was summer time and very hot. All these years I suffered from Hay Fever and I found it most trying then. I helped in the Boys Club and the boys smelled to high heaven, but I learned a lot of my fellow men. I also helped the Rev. Basil Rust in the East End Parish where one of the worst Jack the Ripper murders had recently occurred and there was some panic among the “Ladies of Pleasure”! My knowledge of German helped, as the parish was full of Russian German Jews who spoke Yiddish. The shop signs in some streets were all in Yiddish and for 4d I occupied a place in the local theatre and watched a play entirely in that language. But they had a smattering of German and my visits were conducted in that language. I noted that the Germans nearly all powdered their huge noses long before their gentile sisters started this fashion. All these experiences were a great contrast to my normal existence and I had my first lesson in the horrors of poverty, hunger, dirt and smells! An attack of appendicitis added to the encircling gloom! Mother nursed me through it and as it was before Edward VII had it I ??? ??? losing my appendix. All this was while reading and beginning to realise the complication of theological views was horrifying to a keen man to realise the divisions among Christians. I began to read Bishop Gore’s books and addresses, of Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London and a certain promising young Vicar of Portsea, Cosmo Gordon Lang.

Meanwhile the question of theological college arose and one day a notice on the College Board said that Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester was starting a Hostel for Ordinands at Farnham rectory in Surrey. I sent up my name and after an interview was accepted.

I passed the History trips 2nd class and one day stepped out of the train at Farnham station with much trepidation to start my theological career. There were 7 of us - I look back and remember them (all university graduates) of those men 3 became clergy, one a Jesuit Priest another, the best of the lot, left the C of E for Rome, became a master of a school which included the Duke of Norfolk's relatives, returned to the C of E and became a vicar in St Albans diocese. Another died young as a Padre in Australia, and another Rural Dean of when I was vicar of Tenterden - he is now dead.

The strong influence was the Rector of Farnham in whose house we lived. He had been vicar of St George's in the East - a deep-chested, broad churchman and great individualist of no scholastic leaning or inclination - sarcastic, humorous, very sentimental - the last of a type now extinct. A good preacher of emotional type - sighs and floods of tears in the pulpit - pessimistic with no theology. When Queen Victoria died he held a memorial service and at great expense had the pillars of the church draped in mauve silk and the whole service was a tearful melancholy affair. The spiritual leader who lived with us was that afterwards most esteemed man B. K. Cunningham - he gave all the lectures and we benefited a lot from his character. His death recently as head of Westcott House Cambridge the whole C of E sustained a great loss.

The relationship between him and T. G. Gardiner was a curious one - endless chaff from TGG who always called him my "dear". BKC was very deaf but clever enough to use his hindrance to pretend not to hear if anything outrageous was said. Every Sunday evening we all went to the Castle and had the benefit of the Bishop's presence - very Scotch in his caution and sanctified common sense. I was not happy at the hostel - partly because of the food. I was always constipated - we never had any raw fruit and the vegetables were vile cooked (as was the custom in England then) also I did not understand the constant chaffing. I was too serious (or was I) and everything became an open question and the only sense of vocation kept me from giving up the whole thing. I got so far as to tell the Bishop that that I thought I would transfer to a college under Bishop Winnington Ingram of London but a wire from EGM put an end to that solution. Looking back I can see that the whole course was too short - 18 months. The hostel would have been an excellent beginning for a 5 years course of training - later I told the Bishop this and he agreed. I relapsed into myself and became a silent and unhappy. In December 1901 after three nights at the Castle the result of the exam was declared and I found I had passed out first, so when in S. Thomas day the ordination took place at Winchester Cathedral (EGM my mother and sisters were present) I had the honour of reading the Gospel from the Cathedral altar. My elocution was then good thanks to my boyish training from uncle Bill. It was a cold, foggy December morning - we all spent the night before in cubicles at the top of Farnham Castle - I shall never forget visiting with the rest at 6am and putting on for the first time full frock coated clerical costume and round collar and taking a fond farewell mentally of seminary life. R. T. Morgan and I shook hands solemnly as we downed each garment! then going to the station and train to Winchester and the solemn service in the wonderful but then icy cathedral. After coffee with Father and Mother and after taking a final farewell to my stable companions I found myself alone on my way to Hale to the room I had got as Curate of Hale. Painfully conscious of my collar and with Top Hat in the rack and in stiff black frockcoat I felt isolated from the world with years

of new life before me. I can assure my lay readers of these memoirs that unless a man comes from a clerical family, a newly ordained cleric is isolated from the world of his fellow men until he gets into work. However I believed I had, "followed the gleam" and was much consoled when a small child in the carriage separated herself from her mothers knee came across the carriage and put her hand on my knee and started a childish conversation. She evidently had a vicar who was fond of children - anyway she was a Godsend at the moment.

The Parish of Hale was composed mainly of the descendants of squatters and gypsies on the Bishops park for many years and of men employed at Aldershot in the quarries. There were some dreadful little hovels and poor type of houses and many pubs. The folk had a reputation for toughness: they were hill men living mostly above the ridge of hill above Aldershot and towards Odiham. There were on the slope of the hill, from which there was a fine view of Crooksbury to Leith Hill, some resident gentry. The mission church was at the top of the hill, the parish church right down in the valley with very few houses near it. My rooms were half way up the hill with a fine view. Apart from the fact that they were very cold and exposed and that the sheets were not always dry I was fortunate in that my landlord and wife were very nice people. There was a convalescent home at the top of the hill, which had a Chapel. It was a cold job in winter, climbing through the snow to take a weekday 7.15am service. I got on quite well with the people when they had got accustomed to me. One incident is worth recording as it gave me a reputation for courage, which was extremely undeserved. One August Bank Holiday, late in the afternoon, I was walking home from visiting the cottages when I met a man about 22, whose mother - a widow - had a hard life of it. The poor fellow had fallen from a scaffold on to his head and in consequence was weak in that quarter. Any little drink (the curse of the place) made him crazy. Well, I saw he was one over the eight and as I was walking his way I walked beside him. He said, "I am going to get a drink at the Black Horse". Tactfully I tried to guide him homeward taking his arm and chatting of this and that. He stopped and took out one of those Norwegian knives and snapped it open. I thought he was about to cut some tobacco for his pipe and nothing suspecting hung on to his arm guiding him homewards. Glaring at me he flung me off and steered his course to the pub. The next day, knowing he would be sick, I went to see him and was greeted with gruff enthusiasm by the man and with admiration by the mother. He told me I was a plucky one etc. etc. and said he intended to slip the knife into me but such was the calm courage of my intrepid head (Cinema line light) that he could not meet my steady eye and had to change his mind. The story went round the village to my gain. In those days in nearly all classes the "Curate" was supposed to be a fool and was the butt of the pubs, drawing rooms and stage. The 1914 war began the immense change, which has come about. But it was hard to become a curate in those days. I was as a deacon still asked to preach in Farnham parish church, found the Bishop there - no one told me where to sit and there was no room in the clergy or choir seats. Fortunately the Bishop saw my blushing predicament and motioned me to a seat opposite him within the altar rails. I only had to preach, on mounting the pulpit I realised that not only was the Bishop there but also with Mrs Davidson in the front pew was Mrs Montgomery wife of the then Bishop of Tasmania and mother of the now famous Field Marshall, Mrs Tait, daughter of Archbishop Tait, all folk accustomed to good preaching. But I think I was most of all afraid of the sarcastic Rector. Moreover to add to my discomfort, being short I found there was no Hassock to stand on and my vie of the congregation was much obstructed by a huge Brass sermon support which I had to push aside to get eye to eye with the folk! However thanks to Uncle Bill's training I struck a slow deep note to start and soon got going. The sermon was chiefly "Westcott and Water" - the ideas from Bishop Westcott and the water my own! A wise cleric told me it does not so much matter what you say, it

is the manner of saying it that tells. But my reputation as a prophet became embarrassing among the Hale simple folk for the following reason: Late one winters night a young woman came to my door and begged for money - she said her father had sent her to me (she had no mother). I noticed she was very great with child. I also realised that the father who was a big lout of a labourer, was the man unpopular with the village because he had turned both of his daughters out of the house in to Aldershot with this result. Such was his ignorance, villainy and contempt of religion that he actually thought the "fool of a curate" would be touched by the girl's condition and hand over some money. I told the girl I would call and sent her back home. I followed and found the man seated by the fire, all leers and expecting to get from me easy money for more drink.

I asked him what was the matter, he replied, "I want some money..." and then, "I've had no luck". I saw red and replied, "And you never will have if you do not change your ways." He got insolent and abusive and ordered me out of the house. I said, "I will go and I will not return until you send for me and I warn you as God's Minister that if anything happens to you and die you will burn in hell" and then I withdrew leaving him speechless with anger. A week later the same girl came, "Her father had sent for me". "Why"? "He had an accident on the railway and his ribs were crushed and would I please come"? Drama! Shades of Uncle Bill! What a chance! I went up in full black coat and clerical hat and knocked at the door. It opened at once. on the threshold I stood and saw the man by the fire, a blanket over his bandaged hairy torso. "Do you ask me to come in"? "Yes Sir" humbly - he was twisting with pain but I did not let him off. "Why my man, what did I tell you? You have had the narrowest escape from the fires of hell..." And much more about the treatment of his daughters. The sequel was good for his soul.

Another incident I recall. The Boer War was on, or just over? A man and his wife turned up in a cottage in the village - she was the widow of a soldier killed in the War and had married again. Her husband was older than she and a rough sort. The rumour was that he treated her badly. A baby was born and died and the young woman was dangerously ill. The mid-wife, something of a Mother Gamp, told me that the man had given her Pork to eat when the doctor forbade anything but milk food. She got worse and I was called to the bedside; the man was sitting in the corner of the room and the mid-wife was at the other side of the bed to me. soon we saw that the end was approaching and the man seemed to cower in the corner, frightened. I was reading, saying the parting prayers and words of comfort but the young woman was apparently unconscious. Suddenly she rose in the bed with eyes wide open and called "Tom - Oh, Tom" Looking in to space the foolish old mid-wife said, "No dearie - there's nobody there". She replied "Yes, yes Tom is there and he is in ????" and she stretched out her arms and fell back dead with a smile on her face. Soon afterwards I looked towards the man and saw him cowering in the corner. Later that evening I called again and found him with a bottle of Whisky beside him, half empty, drunk. A few days later the vicar got a letter from the Benevolent Fund of some crack regiment asking for the address of a widow of one of their men who had been killed. As the name was that of the young woman before she married again I called at the house. I found it empty. The neighbours said the man had cleared out, lock stock and barrel. The wisest thing he could have done as the rough people of Hale had a way of showing their disapproval of anyone whose conduct they depreciated.

My stipend as curate was £120 increasing £10 when I was ordained priest - my rooms cost £3.3.0 per week so I lived on parental allowance. My rooms were exposed to the NW gales and the sitting room has a long French window, which was ineffective against them, moreover, being young, and ascetic (then) I was not careful about food and clothing (silly young ass!). So I got influenza in the winter and constant hay fever (as was

normal with me) in the summer. The latter trouble became so intense that I went to a London specialist who said I had a spur in my nose which we traced to a kick received in football: So I went to a nursing home and had my nose operated on - a nasty experience as I was alone - the family being all away. I remember though that I had an attractive Swiss nurse!

As I was ill when the time for ordination as a Priest came I could not go to Winchester. In the meantime the Bishop was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and he most kindly arranged that his farewell service in the Farnham Parish Church should be an ordination. I was the only priest; there were two deacons. A nerve-racking experience for a tired man, but very good of the Bishop to think of it. The summer saw me much better and for good reason - romance entered my life. A young, pretty and silent young woman came to stay with a cousin of mine and her daughter who were spending their summer holiday in an attractive cottage on the side of the park. I was often there in my spare time and found the said young woman intriguing and attractive with a pleasant habit of blushing a deep red and a very firm will. She had all the gifts I lacked and it became clear that together we would make a very strong alliance against the world. Bicycle rides ensued to Odiham, when a blessed black dog ran into her bicycle and necessitated first aid by the attendant Cavalier to the Tilford Valley where those curious hills the Devils Jumps - heather covered and steep gave a fine view of Hindhead. It was all very sweet but also foolish as matters financial stood, so an engagement being too likely to call down parental wrath an "understanding" ensued and we reconciled ourselves to a long period of waiting before we could get married. Now life smiled again on the Curate who used to get up very early in the spring and summer mornings and bicycle over the Hogs Back in the glorious fresh air and through Guildford towards Esher where a long way off he used to see a slight but sturdy figure approaching on a bicycle to meet him: thus afternoons were spent sometimes picnics, sometimes on the river in a skiff or punt, the next day then returning over the Hogs Back.

Finance now being very important it was necessary to look out for better pay, so an arrangement was made to share room with my Hostel friend the Welshman, R. T. Morgan and serve under the C. E. Hoyle, Vicar of Aldershot as Curate in charge of the little tin Mission Church St Augustine's in the Aldershot slum (then) called North Town at a much increased stipend. An allowance also came from that best of all Maiden Aunts - Aunt Tory of 6 Montague Street, Portman Square whither we sometimes resorted when we had a day in town. I was not sorry to leave Hale - my views of churchmanship were growing and I was not far from the "Low Church" views of my forbears the Vicar (an old Etonian) was youngish, boyish and friendly but his wife (they were childless) was a type, now very rare, of the bossy parochial busybody who ruled the roost, the Vicar and the Curate! She would dash about the parish, bonnet on the side of her head, a bunch of keys at her waist, her skirt hitched up by a hook scattering unrest in her wake.

I remember once when I was in my rooms recovering from influenza she busted into my rooms (she would try to call me Morrice but did not expect to be called Monica herself!) and so disturbed the atmosphere that I said, "Mrs H you remind me of a motor car - all noise and haste". (The motor of those early days was a by-word) and she did not like me. But I was sorry to leave the people.

Aldershot was then divided, like Gaul, into 3 parts the long neat lines of the camps holding the soldiers, the residential parts and the slums. My little tabernacle made of tin was in a slum (now the place is entirely altered and improved beyond recognition). The slums consisted of hovels and of large buildings containing families in each room - dirty

bug ridden slums. I have myself watched 4 bugs crawling down the walls as I visited. The inhabitants were wives and families of soldiers married (?) off the strength and therefore in great poverty and there were many doubtful houses of women about. Some time before I took over North Town just after Sunday service as the folk were leaving a man ran down the street followed by a few shouting "Murder" - he had stabbed a woman, the men of the congregation joined in the chase and in their Sunday clothes followed him across two canals and finally captured him and handed him to the police. It was good having my first "sole charge" - being in command. We had a staunch band of men and women backing me up and I felt I was doing a job - active service at last.

A few reminiscences

1. My brother Hubert was invalided with fever from his Regiment (2nd Hants) at Aden. I went home to see him. He looked very white and ill and said besides fever he had had a shock. He had lost his Batman (Sykes) bitten by a shark whilst bathing - as orderly officer he was called to spot from Mess - found the poor boy lying naked on the sands bleeding profusely and stood by him when he died. On returning to North Town the following day and continuing my house to house visiting I knocked on the door and was greeted by a big one armed man who said, "Just the man I want to see to help me - come in Sir." The then said he was applying for the kit and effects of his brother who had died abroad and he could get no details beyond the mere fact. He wanted my signature to his application and I asked his name. "Sykes" he said. I asked if was in 2nd Hants and he said yes. "Then I can give you acute details as my brother stood beside yours when he breathed his last breath on Aden sands." The man turned very white with amazement. As a sequel we became great friends. He was an earnest Primitive Methodist and when I arranged Sunday Evening open-air services in the streets he always turned up - stood by me singing the Hymns. it was a venture but though we got at first many jeers we got no brickbats: also sister Lilla (a professional sister member of our staff) in full robes was often with us and they respected her. I often think now of one evening when we stood under a lamp outside a Public House: we had a portable harmonium and lanterns and hymn sheets and were a motley little crowd, myself in Cassock, Sister Lilla and a few brave souls (we held the services on Sunday nights after Evensong at St Augustine's) mostly women. The crowd outside the pub were more or less friendly and when I had finished my address a man called out, "I will come to church when I come in my box" (coffin) which gave me an opportunity. "Too late my poor fellow, the gates are not yet open - but they will close... and a brief sketch contrasting the saved and the damned soul. (Hell has too long dropped out of the church missive doctrine)

2. One cold night in winter after a weekday service a man asked for me "would I come to a dying man"? "Of course". He led me to one of the big houses up flights of stairs (the smells!) and to a room. We entered. It was pitch dark, I could hear people breathing and knew there were many present; I was handed to a bedside and could just see a white sheet and a hand on it. Not a word was said by anyone. Placing my hand on the hand I said appropriate prayers and exhortation (Extempore) still no reply. When I had done all I could, I was led out down stairs again. I noted the house and next day visited it climbing the stairs, no one seemed able or willing to guide me. I found the room empty - they had all cleared out. I think a man had been killed or hurt - the soldiers had a nasty habit of fighting with their belts, using the buckle end as an offensive weapon.

I enjoyed the services at St Augustine's - we got together a good choir (unpaid) and they used to get up a terrific FUG in the little tin church usually red hot, crowded and no air.

The secret of success in a town “poor” church is **heat** - the preacher providing the spiritual ferrous.

3. One evening, in the course of visiting I was admitted to a hovel by a terrible looking woman. Someone had evidently knocked one of her eyes crooked and it was fixed, the white eyeball stared at you and just a rim of blue showed above the lower eye lid. She wiped a chair with her apron on the side of the room by the fire and seated herself near the door by the table on which was a loaf and a table knife Her fare was fiery red - I soon became aware that she was “half seas over”. I began to chat in a pleasant way when suddenly she said, “What are you looking at my eye for?” Politely I assured her I was not so engaged but she stubbornly replied, “You have no call to look at my eye!” At the same time gripping the table knife!! My spine began to tingle as I became aware that to get out I had to pass her and turn my back when I got to the door, well within her reach. Most politely I continued our one sided conversation and then pulling myself together said, “Well Mrs Hawkins (I remember her name all these years) I will call another day and we shall understand each other better” and walked to the door, turned my back and slowly got outside. I felt the reaction in my mind condemned the woman to ??? for the scare she had given me. But I was to learn a lesson I never forgot. The same week my ??? landlady, a bitter old piece, came to my study and said, “A woman to see you”. There was Mrs Hawkins, eye and all but with bonnet on and her large figure covered by a full white apron. “Would I come and see a poor woman who was ill whose child was dying?” “Of course” It was a cold night, I put on a Great Coat and she and I walked the mile from my rooms to her house - there in the wretched bed room was a young woman lying with little child - a wash hand basin but not a chair in the room and no carpet. I “did my stuff” whilst Mrs Hawkins held the child - I was tackling to the young mother (married off the strength as usual) and she said “what should I have done without Mrs Hawkins I don’t know, all last night she nursed my baby like that” and she pointed behind me - I turned round and there was Mrs Hawkins seated on the bare floor on her capricious bottom, making a cradle for the child in her lap and arms and rocking too and fro and crooning over it. I metaphorically kicked myself hard, wondering whether I should have done it all night. Later I learned from the Chief Inspector of Police, who was a pal of mine that Mrs H was a notorious Aldershot harlot whose last escapade was being found drunk and disorderly on the green.

4. One beautiful summers evening I was walking home when I saw a tall elderly man staggering along pursued by a female who was pouring out volumes of blasphemous abuse at the old man. A few caustic threats from me stopped her eloquence and she slunk off. I followed the old man - he fell just opposite a house. The door opened and three hefty lasses dashed out, picked him up and carried him in. I followed and they put him on a bed and told me he was a retired Irish Colour Sergeant, who had fallen into the hands of a family who took all his pension and badly neglected him, half starving the old man whilst they lived on his money. Meanwhile they had stripped him and were washing him with a basin and flannel. He was covered in lice. When he was comfortably in bed, I left and I used to visit him till he died. I used to have prayers at his bedside, which were devoutly followed by two or three of the blousy females. After the funeral I again spoke to the Inspector and he said it was a bad house, shortly to be closed and sure enough it was empty a short while afterwards. But never was I or my ministrations received with greater respect. Moreover they never got or expected a penny for their trouble either from him or me. (I used to get food for him).

5. I enjoyed my confirmation classes in the little tin church. Sister Lilla was always, at my request, present when I took family classes. One day I noticed that one girl about 19

or 20 had rings on outside her gloves! And used to make great play with her hands when about to cover her eyes with them in prayer. I mentioned this to Sister Lilla and that girl was not confirmed that year!

6. Sunday school took place in the tin church in the afternoon. I used to open the school and then leave the one man (hero) who took the boys - to carry on there were about 20 women teachers. One day he told me that when I left the local louts used to bombard the tin roof with stones, frightening the teachers and the children. So one Sunday, after opening the school, I slipped behind the church and waited. Soon after the louts arrival they began hurling bricks on to the roof. It was a wet autumn day and I had my Cassock on but I ran out and the louts fled. The chase was away down the muddy street and it became clear that if I was to catch the last lout I must do the old Rugby trick of falling on his heels. This in my fury, I did - the big fellow fell smack on his face, whereupon I rubbed it firmly in the mud. Terror struck he began to howl, I let him up and he fled. He was a big boy about 18. On getting up I found myself in a fair mess, my Cassock was muddy and slit across one knee and the blood was oozing down it from a nasty cut. But was I happy! I got home (this occurrence after our marriage) and a skilful wife patched both Cassock and knee. We had no more trouble with the louts.

to return to matters domestic. My friend and colleague R. T. Morgan had a very serious nervous breakdown, with Welsh enthusiasm he had overworked and overplayed. On Saturdays he used to play soccer for an Aldershot team. Also he was very unhappy for private reasons. Often I spent the half the night with him. At last he had to leave the place and go to a Hydro, then he married and later went to Australia (Bush or Brotherhood?) and there he died from galloping consumption. All this told on me and I was buoyed up by the decision that D & I would marry - take a house in Aldershot near the park. We found an attractive one which we fitted out, and we were married in Esher Parish Church where D. was christened, prepared for confirmation and married and where in due course Andrew was also christened. Ours was a Daffodil wedding, April 17th 1906 taken by B. K. Cunningham, before the assembled Man and Lucas families and we drove off in a carriage to the joyous ringing of bells and plaudits of the admiring friends of Evelyn Dora (Lucas) Man.

This is the moment to say more of our courtship. When we first got engaged I went to see E. V. Lucas, D's eldest surviving brother, at his home at Frog hole, perched high up on the hills above Westerham. I knew his literary reputation and his great liking for Charles Lamb, - his greatest work was a Biography of C. Lamb. Everything depended on this interview. Top Hatted and clerically equipped I left the train at Edenbridge on a sweltering summers afternoon and walked the three miles or so. I found EVL welcoming though quickly critical. After lunch we "had a talk" - he said, "Are you any relation to Henry Man, described by Charles Lamb in the Essays of Elia, the South Sea House"?

"Yes. his great grandson" and I quoted, "Can I forget the Harry Man ... thy gibes thy wit... what didst thou in an office?" Result consent and cooperation.

On the other side EGM was (naturally) fuming - he "had other plans" for me, masterful man that he was, I knew what he meant - the daughter of a Tory Minister whom he had already thrown in my way. I was not interested, nor was she! Fortunate for me, for many years later she turned out "not so well" To make things worse for EGM's point of view, Hubert, now returned from the South African War and soldiering at home became engaged too! He and I were under a cloud - he wrote to me from Walton, EGM's house, after things had been so bad that I kept away for some time. "I think you can come over

this week and see EGM - I have removed all the sticks from the Hall!! On the other hand the sisters and brothers gave D a good welcome. I may add here that when EGM got to know EDM (Will against Will) he became very fond of her and she ended by being his favourite daughter in law. He recognised her wonderful efficiency and athletic prowess. At first he would not allow D to come to the house, but one day at lunch he overheard my sisters discussing D saying "How wonderful it was Dora had so good a figure as she never wore any stays". A rave from EGM at the head of the table, "What's that"? Kate - ask her here at once" And we sailed into calmer seas - for a while.

To return to the wedding - we spent our honeymoon at a house lent to us at Brighthston on the Isle of Wight; D declares I forgot and only bought on ticket for the sea trip to Ryde! From there we drove down to Brighthston in a large 2-horse barouche. We had a fortnight which we spent walking. B was then a remote interesting place where Bp. Ken was one year and wrote his morning and evening hymns "Awake my Soul" and "Glory to thee my God this night". D says I spent a lot of the time reading John Inglesant whilst she mended my vests and socks, which were in a fearful condition. We returned to our little new house, which stood apart from the others on the partly made up road in a new building estate on the edge of the parkland. Being a Quaker-ess born she found it a little difficult at first to reconcile herself to the constant echoes of bugles and drums and above all to the night sounds too near our house - police occasionally rounding up scallywags etc. A new Curate colleague, Fetherstonhaugh, had taken R. T. Morgan's place and he often came up to see us. We had an uncomfortable experience with our "staff" consisting of an Irish ex Guardsman and his wife who "did forks" and his room was above us. We heard him abusing her - thumping her and soon realised they were a "queer couple". The climax came one evening when Fetherstonhaugh came to dinner. We were enjoying it when the woman knocked and said "Please Mr Man, could you come, my husband is trying to kill himself" Leaving F (who was a delicate man and looked blue with fright) to look after D, I went into the kitchen and found the man brandishing a razor at his throat whilst his wife wrung her hands in terror. Turning on my always-nasty temper I shouted a command to him to "give that razor to me and not to be a fool". To my surprise he obeyed orders I locked it into a cupboard, put the key into my pocket and marched him off to bed. We sacked them next day and just as well they burned to death in the house of their employers, which I expect they set on fire by accident.

The life of a Curate and his wife 40 years ago was very different to the same couple today. For myself I had been 5 years in orders and coming from a very non-clerical family with a travelled out look I found that most of the clerics I met came from clerical families and were "tied bound in the chain" of their clerical collars - moreover the Curate was not looked on as a colleague Priest by his seniors but as a sort of paid assistant and this applied also to his wife. Let me hasten to add that my Vicar always treated us well - he had been Chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester and was a very cautious and tactful good man - too cautious. He must have found both Morgan and me a handful - we chaffed at many of the clerical restrictions and I at any rate was entirely ignorant of the background of clerical life having seen a good deal of the world in my short life. But I learned a lot at Aldershot and contrasted with Hale and it's "Low Church" atmosphere and black stoles - Northward position at the Eucharist, I found real pleasure in the better churchmanship at Aldershot, with it's better music etc. In fact I was growing up! But bothered by continual Hay Fever and Asthma and the strenuous life I was leading at St Augustine's and the tragic death of my friend R.T.M., I had a bad breakdown and the doctor ordered a complete rest for some months so we had to take our leave of Aldershot and securing rooms at Bournemouth in September. This was a great relief to both of us; D's life at Aldershot was a difficult one as the Curate's wife she was isolated from young

companionship and being very shy and young herself was not at all happy. How different are these days – fortunately for the church, for the happiness of so many. The two great wars have broken down the awful chasm that used to exist between the layman and the cleric, who is now recognised as a fellow man.

The climate of Bournemouth in the latter visit suited us both, and when I was able to walk we used to go to the Winter Garden and listen to Dan Godfrey's Band and other entertainments. D was not too well and we both enjoyed being out of the public eye, unknown and unwatched. After some weeks I was recovering and the question of the next step became pressing. I heard that (Canon) W. G. Compton, headmaster of Dover College wanted a school chaplain and master. The Archbishop of Canterbury, my former Bishop of Winchester, knew Compton, and when I applied for the post, after an interview, I got it in January 1907. I went into lodgings there; house hunting, whilst D went home to Claygate. So began my life as chaplain and schoolmaster – an entirely new life and a happy one.

I liked most of the masters, T. T. Carlyon an old stager, C. L. Evans, who was schoolhouse tutor and others. Services in the chapel were stimulating and the life, wider vigorous and cheerful. Also I enjoyed being a member of the Dover club and the companionship of the old Colonels and Sea Captains. It was good to be in Kent again, and my folk had now established themselves at a roomy house with a private bit of beach on the seaside at the "Riviera" Sandgate. Just below the Folkestone Leas moreover the holidays were a welcome and needed rest, as one was all out during the term. On February 22nd 1907 the great event occurred when Andrew, our first-born appeared into this world. I need not dwell on the ecstatic state of his mother & father. I procured a house on the terraces above the town of Dover and we set up home again there when D was able so to do. Dover is a very interesting place – I enjoyed strolling when I had a spare moment down Stargate Street and watching the shipping. In one of the by streets I came across a little inn called "The Cause is Altered" this sign puzzled me for some time till some time later I saw not very far away a stone let into the wall of a street saying here stood the cow gate demolished by Alderman Pappay (?) 1860(?). obviously the original name of the Inn was "The Cows and Halter" I have never been able to corroborate this.

The outstanding event during our years at Dover was the feat of Monsieur Bleriot in crossing the channel by aeroplane. There had been much talk amongst experts before the event as to whether it was feasible and the college boys we especially delighted when it was done because a mathematical master had proved to them that term on the blackboard that nothing heavier than air can fly far. Bleriot arrived on a Sunday morning and we all hastened after Service to see the machine. It looked like a wooden packing case hurriedly put together and tied up with wire and string. Another great event was the pageant, one of the first pageants, which took place in so many historic towns throughout the country. Sir Gilbert Parker arranged it in the college grounds – it was an immense affair, many episodes, large grandstand, massed music and choir, many performers. It was a great success (not financially) and was very well done. Many Americans came – spectators from all over the land, including some leading actors and actresses. The college took part in the first episode King Arthur and his Knights after the battle of Barham Down. Canon Barham, vicar of Dover, a fine figure of a man was King Arthur clad in real coat of mail with helmet surmounted by a Red Dragon he stood seven feet from top to toe with the masters and big boys of the college as his Knights. I was the dying Knight, Gawaye, and was carried across the field by the knights- had a dying dialogue with the King then I expired, "I see – I see – the Holy Grail"! Then sumplates funeral procession, choir singing "Dies Irae", Bell tolling, Knights, Monks / Nuns following. I was carried, covered

by a magnificent silk pall (afterwards brought by an American) to my burial. It certainly was a moving experience. (Shades of Uncle Bill) Dora was in another episode as one of the two ladies in waiting to Queen Catherine of Aragon (Henry VIII episode) looking charming in a costume. One episode was run by the Earl of Guildford and Lady Guildford (who looked very queenly on her horse), and mounted Lords and Ladies representing King Edward I and his Queen Eleanor of Castile. It was certainly a marvellous pageant worthy of the historical town of Dover.

I forgot to mention in connection with Bleriot's flight that D & I and the baby spent a whole morning and afternoon on the Shakespeare Cliff awaiting Latham an Englishman who was attempting the cross channel flight. But he never came. Incidentally we found I had "cut" an afternoons school. We thought it was holiday but it was not!

Soon it became apparent that another child (Peter) was to make an appearance. I draw a veil over the anxious time of his birth. Suffice to say that owing to the doctor's neglect D nearly lost her life – it was a terrible time we shall both owe a lasting debt of gratitude Miss Bonford who came to her assistance. Things were complicated by an incident, which occurred some little time before his arrival. Our little maid upset a Primus stove and set her hair, clothes and face on fire. She came rushing into the drawing room – fortunately I was there and remembered the fact that recumbent position causes the flames to rise up into the air and not into the face. So I promptly collared her low and she screamed also thinking I was angry with her, but I got the flames out and slapped over her face and neck. The doctor told not to let D visit her as her face looked pretty awful but in time she got a new skin and was none the worse. The arrival of Peter – prospect of an increasing family raised the financial question again and I began to look for a more lucrative job. This led to an application for the post of organising secretary to the society for the promoting of Christian knowledge in the West of England. My application was successful and I found myself in charge of 13 diocese (including Wales) from Chester to Land's End in Cornwall.

It was clear that Salisbury was the most convenient spot. So 1910 found us installed in rooms in Salisbury Cathedral Close with the two children and Miss Inman as our lady help. It was a peaceful spot, close to the beautiful Cathedral and it's spire. The only snag in one way was the Dean who objected to the pram and children in the close but otherwise he was affable and asked us to supper. I got appointed unpaid extra Curate to Cannon Sanctuary of St Thomas Salisbury.

My work meant long absences – sometimes a week at a time preaching, lecturing, visiting Bishops all over the West of England and Wales. I visited the Scilly Isles, Brecon, Penzance, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff with a Lantern and slides being put up in the towns and the remote villages. A most interesting if tiring life. Salisbury proved a good railway centre and I returned home I suppose for three days out of ten. My pay was £300 p.a. with expenses paid. Mt experiences of new people, new places during these years were intensely interesting and varied and I can only put down here a few memories.

It was my first acquaintance with Wales and it's people. I found that I was a Saxon in their eyes, a "Stranger" among a closely national minded people. Living as I did in town and country vicarages, sharing their life I got some insight into their life. They as a people have never forgotten injuries inflicted on them in the past and their pride in their then national hero Lloyd – George was marked and they looked on him with glee as one who was a thorn in the flesh of the Saxons. To be in a house with a family speaking Welsh (and not at all improbably making comments on me) then to go to church the

service in Welsh was a queer experience. One thing one could always be sure that the bed was dry & clean. (At Peterborough I had to spend a weekend in a room with green moss on the ceiling and the bed so damp I dared not sleep in it) To illustrate the mentality of the Welsh peasant one weekend I spent with a Welsh Vicar in the depth Wales. He met me with his little pony trap to drive me some miles from the station to his parish. On the way he pointed with his whip to a mountain and said, "That is called Constantine's Peak" – do you know who he was? (Expecting me to say Greek Emperor) I replied the King who helped the Cymru in the battle of Deorham in 613. This inspired some confidence in me and we became quite friendly. On the Sunday night he told me that about nine months previously he had taken on an extra hand (he was a Squarson – Squire / Parson to work on his estate a man named Jones XXX(!!!) after a month the man gave notice and the bailiff reported the fact to the vicar saying he was a good worker. The Squarson sent for the man and asked the reason for his notice – the man said (of course, in Welsh) "I won't be called traitor" on further it appeared that his fellow labourers called him traitor, because in 1276 a man called Jones, a blacksmith from the village had betrayed Prince Llewellyn to King Edward the 1's pursuing soldiers! The unfortunate Jones stuck to his determinations and left. There is something eerie about the Celts. Often I preached in churches where only the sermon was in English – the service being in Welsh. The singing was always good and the atmosphere often tense and emotional. On one occasion who had put me besides him in the priests pew whilst he took the service had told me beforehand that he would get the Huel going in the congregation (the H is a sort of religious hysteria). When my time came I preached in an emotional atmosphere induced chiefly by Hymn Abide With Me... to Welsh tune. I remember my line of thought was how little sins led to big ones, therefore check the first little temptation and there will be no need to worry about the big one. I was preaching extempore and searching my mind for an illustration. I took a (to me) imaginary case of a railway clerk who when giving change would put his finger in a 6d and see whether the ticket buyer would notice it or not. Being successful in a few instances he gradually increased money made this way. Next he took to taking larger sums etc. till one day "Knock at the Cottage Door" - Mother opens! - Police – Goal – DISGRACE!

All this seemed very simple, natural to me as I preached but I noticed that the congregation were quite breathless with attention, harping on my words! So I let myself go and elaborated my theme, even mentioning the sentence etc. Then I closed appropriately and during the ensuing Hymn the Huel came on hot and strong – people swaying, eyes wet with tears, hairpins dropping, hair falling. Then we processed back to the Vestry. The Vicar turned to me, when the Choir were gone, and said, "Who told you?" I said, "Told me what?" He Said, "In the pulpit you sketched exactly what has occurred in the parish to one of our young men! I said I had no idea of it and hoped I had hurt nobody. He replied that he was very glad that I had done it, as he could not have done it himself. He added, "I believe you are Welsh" (was that a compliment?) It was a wonderful sight to watch a Welsh congregation after evensong returning home in groups to their mountain farms and homesteads with lanterns swinging, singing Hymns as they went, the voices and lanterns gradually melting in to the darkness. I used to take my church army lantern, which I still possess and give lectures in Town Hall (often the Mayor in the chair – always the Vicar present) and also I went to lunch with the Bishop – speech to conferences for one fortnight. I had a colleague, a very tall Maori priest (Mutt & Jeff!) and we had some good meetings. Often I had disappointments, some of which however turned out well. The very last morning I preached to a sparse congregation and saw I had not, judging from the collection even covered my railway expenses, but later I learned that a lady present had sent a cheque for £5 to the society!

On another occasion at a parish near Bristol I had again drawn a wet Sunday and a blank. On returning to Temple Meads Station, Bristol a man in a top hat got out of the train, hailed me and said, "Were you preaching for S.P.C.K. at X yesterday?" I said, "Yes". He said, "very poor offering I fear?" "Yes" He then gave me a cheque for £20! He was a Wills – always generous (and good tobacco).

All those days I was a victim to Hay Fever and Asthma, possibly my Herring Guttled (EGM) appearance added to the offertories. Looking back after all these years I can see that my life difficulty has been a sense acquire from earliest days of isolation in my life's work. I could never feel that any of my bosses from Archbishop Davidson downwards understood and so I had no contact with them or with any of my several supervisors in my clerical life. It was only long after that I learned that Davidson had his eye on me all this time, and a sympathetic eye too, but he was awfully Scotch & Canny. But a great hearted man and I was very tactless and avoided contact with my CO's a stupid mistake but excusable because EGM in mistaken paternal zeal kept (as I was alas! Aware) in constant contact with them and as he was always very Protestant his presentation of my Churchmanship was mixed up with his views of Jesuits. On one terrible occasion he came down to Farnham and read a paper (at the Rector's suggestion) to my assembled colleagues there on Rome and the Jesuits. I was covered with confusion and for the last two terms there maintained silence, which caused our dear B. K. Cunningham to say to me when I left "Man, I do not know you" But let me record here that I was a difficult person and terminally constipated in body and mind in those early years and it was a good deal my own fault. (Psalm 69.5)

To continue: My work called me to Cheltenham where I stayed with the headmaster of Cheltenham, one of my old Rugby House Tutors then a first rate prig (now a distinguished Archdeacon) for my straight talk with him. Meanwhile life at our lodgings in Salisbury Close went on - Dora, Andrew, Peter and Miss Inman. We had terrible thunderstorms there. We used to think that the magnificent Cathedral Spire attracted the lightening. One very noisy thunderous night Dora and I went in our room with the baby Peter in his cot beside us listening to the thunder (D in a frenzy) when the door burst open and Miss I appeared in her nightdress and gown and flung herself into the cot besides the babe where she remained all night, how she got in to the cot has always been a wonder to us! (NB EDM's account of the above incident and others in these in these memoirs is much less picturesque but possibly more accurate). Oh that Cathedral Close at Salisbury – the beauty and peace if it under the shadow of that perfect building and spire but Oh the incredible mental attitude of it's inhabitants. "They kept themselves close" indeed SELECT. I was asked by a Canon to draw up a list of people to be invited to a garden gathering to be held in support of S.P.C.K. When he went through the list with me he was amazed because I had actually included some "Trades-people and Shopkeepers"! On hearing by chance that EDM was sister to EVL a Canon's daughter said, "Why did you not tell us, many more people would have called on you". When we found a little villa house down by the railway that suited us and our limited means and told our friends where we were going, (it was at a tea party in the close) a lady said, "If you go there no-one will come to see you, such a little house". I am afraid my reply was, "If people anyone comes to call on our house and not on us, let them stay away". Not very brilliant replies but it was effective. The great exception to all this was the Bishop to good learned Bishop Wordsworth. I remember his standing in his hall after our first call on him at the Palace saying, "Man, consider this house your second home". Many are the anecdotes about him – here is a well-known one. He was very dainty about his private bathroom. One day, while he was away his wife saw obvious signs that someone had been using his bath (long hairs in the sponge) enquiries followed and a maid was found to be the culprit.

She had used the bath in the absence of the Bishop and his wife. The Bishop sent for the girl and solemnly rebuked her for using his bath saying, "You should never do behind my back that which you would not do before my face". He was one of the best types of old fashioned Bishops – very learned, very good and absent minded – much respected not only in these Islands but also abroad for his learning. Clerics ???? ???? ???? Mundi. We left the close once the Dean met Miss Inman and the two children, one in the pram, walking on the path and expressed his displeasure that they were there. No room for children in the sacred Precincts and moved into our little house on the river with small back garden running down to it, with our neighbours, a young fishmonger and his wife (nice people) and a railwayman on the other side. It was small, compact and near the country. I fitted a small curved board behind my bicycle handlebars on the crossbar, and used to take little Andrew on it astride with hand on the handlebars to "Old Sarum" where we used to climb the old grass covered ramparts and collect bits of old pottery, Roman, Medieval. One could get a boat and row it up to our garden gate and take the family on the river – the drawback to the little place was that beyond the river was the big railway station and the noise of shunting on Saturday and Sunday nights was at first disturbing, but we got used to it. There early one Sunday morning, August 27th 1911 Janet was born.

An Incident worth recording: Whilst we were at Salisbury I was Hon. Curate at St. Thomas's church and met the clergy at the usual R. D. conferences. Among them the chaplain of the great mental hospital like most MH chaplains he was eccentric and I noticed that he was getting more and more over strained So, during my holiday, I arranged to take his place for a week whilst he took a holiday. After a day there the Superintendent Medical officer said a patient had asked to see me that he was a Cavalry Officer, ex governor of a West African colony and owing to drink he was now dangerously mental. Would I see him? So I was led by an attendant to a closed door at the end of a passage. The door was unlocked and closed behind me and I found myself in a long low room with a pallet bed under a barred window at the end. On the pallet was a bald grey man with piercing eyes and I noticed that his bald head was scarred criss-cross scratches. I walked up to him and sat at the foot of the bed. He then broke out into a long blasphemous tirade. I waited for a pause in this volley of abuse and none came. So, looking at my wristwatch I said, "Between gentlemen this is queer behaviour you have talked for on and a half minutes and I have had no chance to introduce myself and I understand you asked to see me". He paused - something relaxed in his brain and then he said with a sane look in his eyes, "I apologise Padre you see I have been 11 years behind these bars and have forgotten my manners. Then began a more or less sensible conversation. I felt that had but 10% of the Apostolic Power I could have Exorcised the evil spirits for it was clear that the blasphemy came not from the man, but from an unclean evil spirit possessing him. When I was taking my leave, he said, relapsing into delusions, "Will you do something for me?" I said, "Yes." "Ask" he said, "The doctor to let me have some rock salt. If I could rub that into my scalp it would heal my brain." When I told the MO of this he Said, "Yes, he has that delusion – you noticed the scratches on his head I suppose, well those are the marks of his nails as he tries to work imaginary rock salt into his brain.

The day before, a beautiful peaceful sunny afternoon I got a boat and rowed Dora, her nurse and the children up the river and back. We now had three children, obviously a growing family and I began to look for a more settled home – the billet I held was too vagrant and recognised as a temporary one. So the Archbishop of Canterbury, our old friend Dr Davidson, offered me the parish of Lydden in his Diocese. It is five miles from Dover, a little Norman church, and vicarage nestling in the trees above on the side of the

downs looking across the valley towards Temple Ewell, a rural community stretching across the downs and valley from Coldred on the Hill above and to Swanton over the high road, Dover to Canterbury. No gentry, one Inn, five farmers and a population of 210 all farm workers who led isolated lives (no bus, no railway in to Dover in those days) and were of mixed gipsy descent with a reputation for poaching. The village straggled along the main road. The Archbishop told me in an interview that he was sending me there because he wished a young vicar to take charge of the new colliery which Dorman Pearson Lang were erecting in the Lydden valley and he expected that the population of the parish would soon grow to some thousands of people. Already a stack was erected in the valley by the village some thirty-five little red brick houses containing some eighty people mostly Northerners, Midlanders and Welsh. The colliery was called Stonehall. Some of the miners worked at the already existing Tilmanstone and Snowdon collieries. Thus on the one side of the church I had Agricultural Kentish parishioners with old fashioned ideas (bobbing and touching caps to the Vicar) on the other an independent set of folk who would at first hardly acknowledge a salute. So we settled in to our new quiet life, and a great relief it was to me after the everlasting train journeys with the strain of constantly meeting new people, sleeping in strange beds, dragging about with me a lantern, sheet and carbide apparatus addressing many various audiences and congregations.

Years before one of my first books given to me was one entitled *The Silver Keys*, as I write I can see it's blue cover with Silver embossed title on it. It was a pious little tale but one text had always stuck in my mind and been a life long promise ("I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight, cut in sunder the bars of iron break in pieces the gates of brass") fulfilled again. Again I forgot to record our journey from Sandgate to our first vicarage at Lydden.

We hired a Horse and Yare and put our luggage and household goods and the small children in it and rode bicycle – walked beside it – up the Folkestone hill through the beautiful Alkham valley. I felt like Jacob!

The fine bracing air set us all up in health and by this time Andrew was getting a sturdy little companion and I remember taking him a long walk over Ewell Minnis and carrying him on my back to the vicarage when he was tired. Canon Compton, headmaster of Dover College, inducted me in the dear little Norman Church and forgot to bring with him the official document of induction, which had to be read out! However he recited some rigmarole of his own composition at the right moment and no one was any the wiser!

Dover was our market town (no shops in Lydden) and it was five miles off – no bus and no train then. We used to push the pram Ewell, two miles, leave the pram there at a shop and then take the train into Dover. By bicycle it was easy though the hill back was trying. I often used to go to Dover club of which I was a member. When we took the children to our church at Lydden we lost Peter and found him sitting in the pulpit murmuring "nice little hais, nice little hais (house).

My predecessor had been vicar of Lydden for many years and had died of senile decay (he was a bachelor) almost alone in the Vicarage, long past his work. He had been a handsome young cleric and had made the vicarage a social centre for the gentry of Dover neighbourhood, being famous for his garden, his strawberries! Being neglected for so many years the parish needed pulling together. We had a good churchwarden Farmer Woodland and I made the one-legged railway man who was in charge of the signal box

my other warden and both were staunch supporters. Augusta Knight, daughter of the signalman aged 17 was our organist and there was a little church school, which I used to teach in with a good schoolmistress, Miss Aitken. She had found the big boys somewhat difficult and was glad of my disciplinary help. The mining section of my parishioners had no idea of country life and were a nuisance to the farmers. On one occasion I was teaching the Catechism in the school and asking the children in turn to say the answers. The turn came to a boy who was told by me to repeat that part of the Catechism – to keep my hand from picking and stealing ... He was a Welsh miners son. That afternoon, his mother red haired and in a great rage, called on me at the Vicarage and said that I had called her son a thief! Adding, “All because he picked Farmer Woodland’s Walnuts from his tree”. I said, I knew nothing of that, but nothing would allay her wrath. “The Walnuts were public property etc. etc.” A year later the same woman came to ask me to rebuke the boys of the village who had the audacity to pick her lilac, which hung over the road! The father became a great supporter of mine and a regular church attendant. He was a “Deputy” in the Snowdon mine and one Sunday evening he asked me if I would go down the mine. I said, “Yes”. He told me to put on my oldest cap and clothes and come to the mine on a certain day. I did so. He met me at the top and we shot down the mine in the cage together. Then began a long and somewhat terrifying journey underground. I was given a lamp and a stick and we groped our way from a broad electric lighted tunnel into the darkness just illuminated by our lamps to the coalface. I noticed with (needless) alarm that as we crawled further in the pitch pine pit props were, some of them, bent by the weight of the stones until one could see the white wood at the bend. Up and down we climbed over rough stones, clay and mud till my lantern went out, the sweat was dripping down my face and I was stumbling and crawling blindly along after him. Presently we came to the seam face, where only by lying on their backs the men could get at the coal. We two were alone. My man said, “Wait here a moment Vicar until I return” then with his pick made a hole into an adjacent tunnel and I heard his footsteps dying away in the distance. There I was, without light in pitch darkness bent double, half-stifled, listening to the wind, pumped into the mine, roaring in the distance. I waited, and waited, and waited with a horrible growing sense of claustrophobia – being buried alive. It then occurred to me that my Welsh friend was trying it on to test me and as my visit had caused some sensation the result of the test could be all over the mine and discussed by the miners. I determined to stick it out, which I did, though I confess after what seemed a long time I bit into my cap to stop a shout or two.

After what seemed hours I heard the sound of his returning footsteps and he rejoined me and we reached at last the shaft and shot up to the surface. Ever since then I have been sympathetic with the miners and nowadays, specially the Bevan Boy. Those miners were an extravagant lot; they fed their whippets on steaks and chips and cleaned the inside rooms with slabs of white bread and their rubbish tins, as I noticed when visiting, were full of bread and scraps of good food. But they were very generous with their money and if Churchgoers (and also if not) used to support my work well. They affected to despise the country folk.

Once more I came in to contact with the German spy organisation. I say once more because when at St Augustine’s Aldershot I reported a man to the Intelligence Service of the Army as follows. One day visiting in North Town I was admitted into a mean little house and shown into a room whilst the woman went into the kitchen to see for a moment to her cooking. Looking round I soon noticed I was in a cultured home – there were good books on the shelves and some of them in German. The husband appeared, “Mr Mason” and from the way he spoke reminded me of Herr Lieutenant Poppendick – my friend (?) of those far off Hamelin days in Germany. I carefully kept to generalities he told me he

was a Hairdresser in Aldershot Camp. It happened that our neighbour was a Captain in the Intelligence Branch, so when I got home I called on him and after a chat told him my suspicions of Mr Mason. He replied that they had a suspect on their books – a hairdresser who used to question NCO's when cutting their hair. He asked me to go to the shop and get my haircut and see if "he" was my man. Later I went and sure enough Mr Mason (his real name was clearly Meisscher) was there. I told the captain and he asked me to carry on enquiries - my position was somewhat awkward for after all I got a welcome to the spy's house because he was my parishioner and he welcomed my religious visits. I did not feel I could use my position as a Priest to get evidence against him. So I told the Captain I would call again and give Mr M something of a hint that I thought him German. I did so and said to my man, "You read a lot of good books" Is your name Meisscher?" He laughed and turned to another topic. When I went again later he and his wife were gone and Captain X told me he had left Aldershot. Our counter to espionage in those days was too futile. Capt. X told me all they could do in the simple spy cases was to remove the man so many miles away and of course, they returned. This was in 1905.

To return to Lydden. In the course of my visiting at Stonehill I noticed that there were an appreciable number of Germans working in the mines. One landlady told me her lodger was always studying maps. When War broke out in 1914 our Government introduced Registration Cards and a number of folk came to me at the Vicarage to fill in these cards. I was able to give the authorities a lot of information – the Germans at Stonehill were interned - one man on being taken pointed his stick like a rifle at his landlady and said, "When the German army is in Dover, I shoot you." Again I repeat it was awkward for me as they were unaware it was I who had reported them. One or two had English wives. Two men came for help, who said they were Belgians and could only speak French. I helped them with their papers and made a note of their appearance. Later I read in the local Folkestone paper that my father, who was chairman of the Elham bench of Magistrates, had two suspected Belgians before him who were really Germans. The descriptions tallied with my notes, which I sent to the police and the two men were captured. The tunnel of the railway between Dover and Canterbury was just above us and the children and their nurse saw on one occasion when out for a walk, a man peering into the tunnel. He asked them in broken English several questions, and Andrew, who was then 7 very excited reported they had seen a spy. I got onto the telephone to the Police who arrived immediately and the man was arrested and imprisoned. The spying was open and insolent in those days.

And so in these pages of recollection I approach the outbreak of what we called "The Great War 1914 – 1918" The following is an extract from the diary I began to keep (but did not carry on for long after I joined as C. F. and separation began.

The Diary of the Rev. M. L. Man
Vicar of Lydden during the
Anglo German war 1914 –1918

Monday August 3rd 1914

It seems to me that I ought to keep a diary of these exciting times for the benefit of future incumbents of Lydden, to be kept in the parish safe. How I should like to read an account of the Waterloo campaign just a hundred years ago as noted by Mr Thomas Dunne, Vicar of Lydden in 1814!

Today we learn that England and Germany are at War: that we have withdrawn our ambassador from Berlin and joined with France, Russia, Serbia & Belgium against the Germans and the Austrians.

I propose to jot down anything that occurs day by day as I expect to see some interesting and possibly tragic sights.

Our party at the Vicarage consists of myself and wife and four children seven years to three months, and Miss Graham the daughter of the late Colonel Graham our lady governess. The village is a tiny one of some 35 houses and we have no gentry, but on our borders just about ½ a mile off is the surface work of a big mine said to be owned by French people, worked by English and Belgian (who are boring) and there are two Germans in it. They are now sinking the pits and I can hear the noise of the great pump as I write.

News comes of the general mobilisation of the Army and the Navy; fortunately the latter is practically ready owing to manoeuvres. There is great excitement but people are calm: it is Canterbury Cricket Week and I am asked to go in my neighbour's, the Vicar of Shepherdswell, motor tomorrow to Canterbury. We hesitate but decide that people should be encouraged to go on as usual in moderation to prevent panic.

Tuesday 4th

The Vicar of Shepherdswell, C. P. Dale curate of Dover and I went to see the Cricket: a poor attendance everyone reading papers in the intervals and during the game. Returned early: to find the mine has been closed, at any rate we shall be spared the noise of the pumps. On my return from Canterbury I was stopped by Mr Tavener one of our three farmers, who asked me into his parlour. There I found a man who had come with government authority to recruit men to dig trenches at 8d & 10d per hour. The colliery being closed all the colliers were available, I told him that to take the farm labourers would be a mistake and gave him a list of men in the village to call on. The farmers are anxious.

Wednesday

There are 800 men called Civil Service at work digging trenches above Whitfield Hill: the strictest secrecy is observed: Territorials and Police sentinels: it is said they are going to cutrench also above Stonefield Hill and take down Shepherdswell Mill. There is a panic in the village over food and the mothers who have soldiers & sailors fear for their sons and husbands.

The following have gone out from here: -

John Edward Friend: George Edwin Keeler : Walter George Lelliott : Frederick Arthur Lelliott : Abel Monk : George Spain : Tom Spain : Harry Bingham : Arthur Eastwood : Herbert Howard Gorringe : Edward Burr. I have visited all the families and commended these men and boys to God – sad sights. One woman expecting her first baby hourly – one man leaves 7 children behind. May God preserve them!

Thursday

They have taken Taverners two horses and wagon : the streets of Dover are full of troops : as I went down towards Dover with Taverners Waggoner and horses I met a crowd of people walking inland from Deal : ordinary middle class folk, white haired men and

young men, ladies & gentlemen all walking to Canterbury to get back to London. I visited Dover club and saw many new faces Territorial Officers and regulars admitted to membership: a wonderful sight to see the Harbour on War footing this peaceful night: the great Boom lying across the mouth: the Destroyers: the captured German Oil-ship: the searchlight: the moon rising above the clouds.

Friday

Spies are being arrested in Dover and all kinds of rumours are about. It is said a regular Arsenal has been discovered in a private house in Kearsney: occupied by a German, his wife and child: Miss Graham knows the man who lives next to her friend the Forragers and says she thinks he is innocent. Old Mr Prebble, my oldest Parishioner, tells me he remembers the Crimean time when a German Regiment was sent over to protect Dover! They were encamped on Ewell Minnis and one of them murdered two English girls and was hanged.

The Boy Scouts are being very useful in Kent. I went to the Club and saw three young R.A.M.C. officers come in just come from St. Thomas's Hospital London. Their leader a young fellow of good appearance told me he was a medical student and a doctor by nature and disliked war immensely but he felt we must go through with it. The Headmaster of Dover College told me there are three kinds of Germans – The Russian Officer, the Socialist and the servant of European reputation and usefulness. We are fighting the first of these. In the Streets of Dover the young Territorials are drawn up and are having their bayonets etc. given out to them from the Labour Exchanges. Two large Cruisers have just passed Dover steaming towards the Bay of Biscay. It is interesting to watch the civilians in Dover. They come in hundreds down to the sea front and stand silently staring out to sea for hours at a time under their dripping umbrellas if it is wet.

Saturday

The college boys are acting as messengers for the various officers: the college is given up for a hospital later on and at present the Army & Naval Officers wives are lodged there praying just a little.

Sunday 9th August 1914

Intercession Services: few in church all watching soldiers march past in the High Road to Dover and Canterbury: better service in Ewell as regards numbers. We ended with god Save the King and "O God our help..." They tell me I preached a good sermon "o Lord thou hast been our refuge etc." Troops marching by all day. Arthur Eastwood among them (one of our chairmen)

Monday

11.15 Intercession Holy Communion 30 present very good: O Lord teach us how to pray at night. The air is full of aeroplanes circling Dover: also an airship.

Tuesday

News of Belgian success in skirmishes - Liege still holds out; The Club empty; Where are our regulars?

Wednesday

Tennis here: Mevear fresh from Sandhurst awaiting his Commission. This boy Mevear was killed a few weeks after reaching France. His father Col. Mevear is in charge of the National Reserve, and we walked out and saw two of them watching the Shepherdswell Tunnels at night. They have a fire there. Visited Mrs Pike etc.

Thursday

Went to Canterbury. The whole place is full of troops – more noticeable than Dover: the big house turned into various Headquarters, Red Cross etc. saw Territorials marching through: artillery etc; young men with elderly officers. Went to Bishopslurma – my brother in law I.C.S. ordered back to India. Visited Ms. Pike.

Friday

No news from N. Sea. A German submarine sunk by HMS Birmingham: More aeroplanes and an airship: EDM's Birthday party in our garden.

Saturday

Poorly with Asthma: Ms Pike to go to the infirmary: People here quieted down: They say that the Germans in Belgium are surprised that the Belgians speak such good English! Are our troops there? Rumour that the Warwick's have been cut up.

Sunday 16th August 1914

Another bad night for Asthma: Had to call together Ambulance Brigade and go with stretcher and splints to Ms Pike's and tie up the old lady on stretchers and put her through the window on to the cart with straw sent to take her to Infirmary. Great shame they have no ambulance.

Monday

A terrible night gasping for breath for four hours and no sleep to speak of - Doctor sent for early. He says I must stay abed. No war news: only preliminary skirmishes in Germany Belgium and France.

Tuesday

A better night: Early this morning I heard a whirring noise and hastened to a window and saw a great military airship just outside slowly going towards Dover. Papers report the arrival of the British Expeditionary Force at Boulogne. My oldest brother has gone with the national reserve and is quartered at Maidstone with the old Sergeants and one other gentleman at a home in Maidstone. He is very happy.

Wednesday

Still kept in bed and not allowed to take sermons. Papers report that our troops are in France having been sent over from Bristol, Southampton and Dover. No news.

Thursday

Again no news: Our Expeditionary Force apparently in Belgium by this time. Doctor says two nights ago Dover ready for sudden attack: guns loaded with live cartridges etc. We are to expect at any moment a craft of Germans from the other side of the North Sea. In the meantime we are all waiting and the suspense is not easy to bear: the longer the delay the better for us and the worse for the Kaiser whose name is an abomination now to half the civilised world. My mother, Aunt and Sister drove over from Bishopsmoore. Good news from my Brother Garnet who is at Canterbury now with the National Reserve.

Friday

Day of National Intercession. Being still confined to bed the service will be taken here at 7.30pm by my friend C. P. Dale of St Mary's Dover. The papers say the Germans are in Brussels – there is no doubt we are in for a bad time. As I write my wife calls to me from the garden “Are those guns”? And I have to tell her “Yes”. There is a heavy Cannonading borne by the wind from the direction of Margate. I wonder what it means – a raid on London I expect. The reports of German brutality in Belgium and France are frequent.

Saturday

Papers announce German triumphant march through Brussels: Belgian officers manacled bear dressed as a Belgian General. They are at Ostend (only 61miles from here). Dr Long brings recruiting bills for Kitchener's army. People are not realising their danger. I will try and make this Parish realise it. We want a few German aeroplanes to awaken people with bombs but without loss of life. My garden boy Walter reports that his uncle who is deaf did not answer sentry so was shot in the tip of his ear. 5,000 sailors, seasoned men have come from Portsmouth to Walmer and are encamped there. My Sexton A Gore came up to enquire about me tonight with some flowers: says that they have had a number of people at a meeting in the Town Hall to get young men here to enlist: also that special constables are enrolled in great numbers, “Toffs with motor bikes among them”. 27 people came to the Intercession Service last night, which was taken by Mr. Luckington, Head of Dover College. It is said they are giving token bodies of men in touch with one another from Grimsby to Dover hence these sailors at Walmer. As I write at 8.30 p.m. I can hear strong male voices singing the Marseillaise as they march down the main Dover road. Last night at 2am I heard innumerable horses going past this house to Dover. The last boat with refugees from Ostend came over today.

Sunday 23rd August 1914

I got up to take morning service but felt very bad, fortunately Mr. Luckington most kindly came and took late services for me. A cloudless day blue distances, hard to believe that only 56 miles off there is grim War. News of an Austrian Battleship sunk and two British merchantmen. Mr. Luckington's sermon was men to join the army. His text tonight “he saved others - himself he cannot save” a grand thing to die for others. As I write at 9.20pm I can hear distant guns or thunder?

Monday

News that the Germans have turned South after leaving Brussels and making Antwerp and are in full Charleroi to turn flank of allies. Our troops should now be in action people in England are talking and “philanthropising” but not enough are joining Kitchener's

Army. Plenty to do Red Cross work but precious few to fight. Russia has won a big victory in E. Prussia. The Austrian "Battleship" sunk turns out to be a light cruiser! There are too many slackers about, Dr Lang motored to London and says street corners crowded with idle able-bodied young men. It is quiet in Dover and the Germans have not touched Ostend. Japan has declared war and is invading Kiao Chao in revenge for 1895. Visit from Captain Standing to arrange recruiting meeting in the parish.

Tuesday

Beautiful Day lay on the hilltop and looked down the valley to Dover and see aeroplane, peaceful. Boys helped to make haystack and drove off in cart thoroughly happy. Talked to me of war very bad news from the front Namor fallen defeat along the line.

Wednesday

Kitchener speaks in Lords: our casualties 2,000 may have to take stronger measures. Miss Burford says signal of hostile airships approaching is two rockets. They fired last week in Dover all lights out in forts etc. Will they come? Probably. Germans have over run N. of France as far as Calais. Very close now. Very wet day.

Thursday

Aeroplane passed making straight for French coast. Beautiful day. Sat on top of hill and looked down valley. Enclosed from "The Times" today - Kitcheners speech - many people disappointed that there has not been a national levy: so am I. Germans seem to be turning now - left as I anticipated and making for Paris via Amiens. Baby Janet's birthday party here two little cousins came.

Friday

Belgian wounded arrive at Folkestone. Ostend occupied by our Marines; big battle going on; Russians advancing on East Prussia. Germans in Noribazar. Our wounded return and say our troops are outnumbered, but they are keen to fight. One thousand volunteers from Cumberland & Kent behind hand 20 go Shepherdswell. "Times" says we may get airships here soon, and aeroplanes and they may mount big guns to cover the straits of Calais if they get in or Dunkirk. Two aeroplanes passed straight over the channel today, beautiful day sunny and cool, white fleecy clouds. All kind of German atrocities, in the village, all likely to help recruiting. Shall we get any volunteers from here?

Saturday

Apparently our troops in North France are in danger of being surrounded and are fighting a retiring battle. The Germans have utterly destroyed Lenvain, the Oxford of Belgium. Our Navy has destroyed three cruisers and some destroyers by a smart piece of work in the North Sea.

Sunday August 30th 1914

Preached on the duty of supporting the country. A. Gore and E. Banks are likely to enlist; Tom Dawkins has enlisted in the RFA. Have written to him. Visited the two public

houses after church to get the men to attend the meeting on Saturday. Got a good reception at the "Hope"

Monday

Good news. Our little army had done magnificently in a retreating engagement; Austrians advancing in Russia. Mrs. Lelliott came to service at 10am and said she had heard from her son George who was with the destroyers in the North Sea. Took round the magazines, old Mr. Dawkins tells me that we are employing the "Red" Indians against the Germans! I explained that it was Indians who were going. The Supt. lectured to 15 women today. Mr. Mynott the chief blacksmith at Stonehall tells me that train after train of Russians has been passing through England each day lately; the men have come from archangel to Scottish ports and are now in Bolougne, Dunkirk, and Ostend to cut the line of communications of the Germans. Is it possible? They say that train after train passed through here on Saturday night with blinds drawn but some say that bearded soldiers were inside. Our marines? Also it is rumoured that 30,000 Indians have landed in Marseilles.

Tuesday

No news of Russian rumour. The Germans continue their relentless advance. Poorly again.

Wednesday

Received a visit from Colonel McGuinness in uniform, Humble, Nugent and Mr. Joyce who came to arrange a meeting. I told him we had already got one on hand. They knew father and "through old sportsmen". Germans nearly at Paris - Russians have got a check. A Gore is thinking of joining RAMC

Thursday

Went in to Dover. Very interesting to Territorial Boys. Notice to how to treat a message dropped from aeroplane. Also calling up National Reserve to garrison forts. Dr Howden says that 100,000 Russians have passed through our ports to North France to cut the lines of communication. May god grant it! The French government have withdrawn to Bordeaux. The Count who lived at Waters End in this Parish has been captured by the Germans. Very disappointed at our meeting last night, could only get six to volunteer as Special Constables I offered to go in myself and so did Mr. Wardle [aged 65] and Mr. Davies [65] but they all wanted to be paid! Oh for that German aeroplane. Mr. Hart, the postman has sent his wife and children away and is in a terror! I met Wetherall, Chaplain to forces in Dover and he says a Petty Officer came to see him after service on Sunday and said he had just seen the wounded from the North Sea. They say that the Germans were very game, the Marines fought to the end. A German Officer was hauled out of the water onto the decks of a destroyer and spat in the face of the English Officer, a sailor standing by knocked the German back into the sea saying "Go and swim back to the Fatherland". Said goodbye and Godspeed to the young master of Dover College just off to join the flying school.

Friday

No incident. The Germans have reached Paris.

Saturday

Took round announcement of our recruiting meeting. Visited Mrs. Spain and heard that her husband had left Ostend and is back at Portsmouth. At 7pm Captain Hendry in uniform (Territorial) Captain Dallas (Iniskellens), my father, E. Garnet Man, and Mr. Joyce came to dine, after dinner we went up to the hall to find 15 men there. The room I had draped with flags. Very good speeches by Sir E. Montague - Bradley, and my father. The former declaring the justice of the war, the latter describing what he saw of war in France 1870. I spoke briefly for the chair. Captain Hendry very poor all in praise of a loud vicar who has deserted his parish to follow the band. Captain Dallas was very good, he said he was the son and grandson of men killed in action and his son was on board the torpedo boat, which fired the first shot in the North Sea the other day. Result and old soldier, a cavalryman rejoined, and Arthur Gore, my Sexton aged 30, god bless him, the best man in Lydden. He said to me what shall I do Sir? I said you know what I should do in your place? So he enlisted in the Buffs. Was examined by Dr Lang and passed.

Sunday September 6th 1914

I was glad to see Arthur pulling the bell in the vestry; I shall not see him at it again for some time he goes up on Thursday. Brought him to the Vicarage after service and my wife photographed him. I told him if he should want anything he has only to write here. He said he feared he would be too late to get a War Medal! I do not think he has much to fear. I only hope it will be over soon.

Monday

Still the retreat continues. The Germans seem to be carrying all before them, and the French plans are all upset by the enemy's rapidity of movement. Our casualties already 15,000.

Tuesday

There are 12,000 troops in Dover. In the club last night, the Lydden men's club, a Sergeant Camin of the Royal West Sussex, Territorial, he and five men are guarding the bridge here. He said Haldene will have to reckon with after the War for a pro German. I went to Folkestone and found the train full of Belgian and French refugees, all classes, from the elegant Parisian with black cloak and patent leather shoes to the poor Walloon labourer. The refugee committee has taken the "School of Art" and has got beds there etc. all this is private effort. Rumour that 250,000 Russians have landed in France.

A pathetic extract from the "Franco Belge de Folkestone" a new paper started by the refugees

The vicar of Ewell, his daughter and friend came to tea, we climbed the cliff and saw the coast of France very clearly. Mr. Fisher, late Officer commanding Dover College OTC came to tell us that the "pathfinder" was sunk by a Submarine. Poor Horace Henry Philpot went down in it, I called there and found the people very quiet and strong in their grief.

Thursday

Went to Canterbury with my wife, to see the town, our Sexton, A Gore travelled with us to join his regiment, he having in the V. Buffs at our parish meeting last Saturday. He was quit and naturally a bit subdued having said goodbye to his friends and his cows. But I am sure he will be glad when he gets in to it. We left him at the station and in Canterbury High Street saw a squad of recruits march down the road. The first two lines, gentry in their shirtsleeves, and equipment over their ordinary gear, so all the rest and some in straw hats a very interesting sight. Then on our return we saw about 800 men all in their usual dress line up at Canterbury East station to go to Purfleet. Some looked very white and anxious and sleepless and my wife was very sorry for them, there were men of every class. I spoke to them from the carriage window and they cheered a lot they kept calling out the catchword "are we downhearted" and then "No". I wished them good luck to which they replied with cheers. I returned to Dover club and had some talks Colonels Adam, Elton, and Smyth, and Dr Hinde and watched a Naval Officer in uniform playing Billiards with a Military Officer. The place was full of Officers, Tony Clark of Dover College was there, an Officer now of the RA.

Friday

Went to Folkestone in pouring rain to see the Ostend boat in, nothing to see. Went to the headquarters of the refugee committee and saw their excellent arrangements at the school of art which is turned into their headquarters. I also spoke to three Belgian soldiers who were very happy; one said he was returning to Paris to rejoin the French Army. Returned by train with some of the Dover Calais boatmen, they say there is no doubt that there are Russians in France, also that cannonading was heard 30 miles from Dover yesterday and it is said a German Battleship was sighted. All the destroyers left Dover Harbour and steamed towards the gunfiring. We shall see what truth then is in this tomorrow.

Sunday September 13th 1914

Good news, Germans in the retreat our prayers are being answered, but it will be a long time yet. Text "Let God arise" Psalms LXV111. They say the Russians are helping the Belgians.

Monday

Still better news, the retreat is turning in to a rout. A Zeppelin airship is said to have been seen last week. Our working party is going strong and so is the ambulance section. The superintendent says the course will take 10 lessons. Card over page received from Tom Dawkins.

Terrible tales of German barbarities rapes etc.

Tuesday

Went into Dover and watched the men March by nothing much to see. Telegram that Von Klacks army is captured. Went to the club here at Lydden.

Wednesday

Last nights wire all wrong. Went with Andrew and Peter in to Folkestone, the city all gay with flags, plenty of fashionable Belgians and French. Saw my sister Jo. My sister Dorothy came to stay here. Mysterious visitor at the vicarage, wanted to sell books, said he was blind.

Thursday

Very wet. My cousin in Isle of Wight says a Zeppelin was seen there last week, the authorities very put out about it. London light to be kept low. Letter from Arthur Gore from Shoreham in Sussex, enjoys it now. My wife takes two children to her mothers at Horsham she will see the concentration camp of German prisoners.

Friday

Went into Folkestone to see my wife and two young children off for a change to Horsham. Lunched with my father visited a French gentleman and his wife and daughter; gentry from Lille who wanted to "lower the maison". My father rode up to his home in Shornecliff in his white hat and his inimitable way and saw the Kitchener boys drill. French people standing by said he "Dongs ung ang vous anvez Alsace Lorraine. They exclaimed Thank you Thank you! And they all wept. The French people were from Lille. Went to cinema and saw Germans in concentration camp behind wires, they all turned their backs when they saw they were being cinemised.

Saturday

Went to the military funeral of Captain Bartram, son of Commander Bartram in St Mary's church Dover, most impressive, hymn "Light above celestial Sun" and "Alleluia the strife is o'er". The church looked magnificent. Saw about 5,000 marines march past Dover club off to the front, two great troopships came in marines fireman, wives walking beside them. My sister Dorothy staying here returns this evening and tells me my brother Garnet is at home for two days now a lance corporal! And enjoying it sleeping in hop sacks.

Sunday 20th September 1914

No news. Battle still rages at the Aisne.

Monday

Very busy all day, working party, ambulance class, inspector Lewis spoke to the Band of Hope.

Tuesday

Three aeroplanes passed over today. The battle of the Aisne still goes on. Three Cruisers torpedoed.

Wednesday

A. Gore writes that he left with V111 Buffs to Shoreham from Canterbury took 6 hours to get there, on arrival no food till next morning and 21 in a tent.

Thursday

A rumour that Prince Louis of Battenburg has been arrested as a spy! The spy mania is fast growing. No news.

Friday

50 motor vans marked WD went through Lydden empty going to Dunkirk. I find they are for Red Cross purposes.

Saturday

Am alone here now - no news of any kind.

Sunday September 27th 1914

Three aeroplanes pass. Later I find that they are rumoured to after a German Tank. A successful harvest festival. I preach at the Rev. Curtis's service "God Save the King" kneeling then hymn and intercession. They will be tired of that long before the war is at an end.

Monday

Our men's club in full swing. The sergeant drops in to see me and Tom Dawkins come to see me and attends the Band of Hope. He says they are purposely making the men rough it. His delight in his battery is remarkable. Is very much improved the boys were very glad to see him and hear him talk. Took him to the club also read A Gore's letter to the Band of hope.

Tuesday

Caught the 10 o'clock to Folkestone lovely weather superb sea. All well at Halstead awaiting the result of the battle if the Aisne - great suspense.

Wednesday

No news of war, still holding on at Aisne, Emden Cruiser still at large having done damage to the tune of a million pounds. Walked round Folkestone, saw the Belgian and French down with mother and father to Shorncliffe and saw Kitcheners Army a wonderful sight in their improvised tents etc.

Wednesday

Folkestone full of French and Belgians, they say 25,000. M. Motte to tea.

Thursday

The camp again a fine sight.

Friday

Still the Aisne battle goes on.

Saturday

Back to Lydden.

Sunday October 4th 1914

As I was giving out the notices in church, a military band was heard on the high road. I learned after that 7,000 sailor reservists marched through to Dover with Lord Northbourne at their head, one man had a German sausage hanging from his gun. Girls gave their brooches to them.

Monday

Last Friday night the sentinel on the top of the hill was guarding the tunnel vent just above us - he noticed a man suspiciously loitering, the sentry called a young man who was passing and together they approached. The other man drew a revolver and fired the shot grazing the young man, the sentry fired and wounded the man in the leg and took him prisoner off to Dover Castle. Is this home!

Tuesday

Off to London saw the coliseum and Russian dancers and patriotic songs etc. London is a changed city. Searchlights and all other lights lowered.

Wednesday

Returned home. Saw 8 transports leave Dover full of soldiers.

Thursday / Friday / Saturday

The news grows worse and worse. Dover is advertising for men to work the searchlights for aircraft.

Sunday October 11th 1914

Antwerp's fall is alarming and stimulates recruiting.

Monday

Our ambulance class well attended

Tuesday

Went to Canterbury to interview the Archbishop, the palace full of officers. An London. Grave news.

Wednesday

Went to Dover preached to Kings Messenger at St. Bartholomew. The vicar was in Rheims this summer - said the church is so poor that they cannot keep up the services.

Thursday

Went of Folkestone. Dover Town station is church: ambulance trains: a large PO just come in with wounded. Folkestone full of refugees: some Belgian Officers and crowds round the Town Hall waiting to register. 2,000 Belgian wounded in the Hotel Metropole: I spoke to two: they say Germans cannot shoot: they are wounded with shrapnel.

Friday

Fierce fighting near Ostend: Searchlight brigade formed in Dover of civilians. Dr. Howden in it.

Saturday

No news.

Sunday October 18th 1914

No news.

Monday

Fierce fighting on the Aisne and in N.W. France. Our governess Miss Graham has a brother on the "Undaunted" which vessel with five destroyers has sunk four German destroyers.

Tuesday

A rumour that Ostend has been recaptured.

Wednesday

Joseph Iva of Coldred has offered a furnished cottage in this parish for Belgian refugees and we are all going to assist raising money for their upkeep. Mr. & Mrs. Evans came here today and say that many Dover people are in a panic waiting with things packed to go.

Thursday

A great battle is going on the Yser; the British monitors are bombarding Ostend.

Friday

No news.

Saturday

Many rumours

Sunday October 25th 1914

No definite news of war

Monday

Sergeant Williams's policeman came to report that Brockleman and Cuppens at Stonehall have been ordered to Aldershot concentration camp. I spoke to C. this afternoon.

Tuesday

Great distress of Mrs. Brockleman she is a French woman and can speak very little English. He writes to her that M. le Cure will "look after her affairs". We are taking in 3 Belgian refugees in this village - Mr. Iva provides the home.

Wednesday

Went to Dover to a service: watched the searchlights: Dr Howden in charge. I told him that he would get a better knowledge of the Heaven from outside than he was likely to get from within.

Thursday

The terrible battles still go on very heavy in Flanders. The Diocesan inspector came to lunch. He was in Switzerland when war was declared and saw the French troops massing. The Swiss suspected the French of designs on their frontier. Mr. Brocklehurst with wife & son passed through Paris and had a long and tedious time in trains. He saw the first batch of wounded come in and said Paris was furious, and the time of suspense whether England would help or not was terrible. He saw German shops plundered and a German torn to pieces - literally.

Friday

Nothing of importance - went to Sandgate.

Saturday

No news

Sunday

No news

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday 8th December 1914, Monday

No news – deadlock in the Aisne and in Flanders.

Tuesday

Sentry at Dover fired at the waterworks man – said to be tampering with the water. The Mayor suggests all water to be boiled.

Wednesday

Search lights over Dover at night – look very war like!

Thursday

The awful battle in Flanders still in progress.

Friday and Saturday

No news

May 11th 1917

More than 19 months since I wrote up this diary. I wish I had kept it up. Many things have happened. A. Gore is a prisoner of war. The enemy holds Belgium, Russian Poland and part of Russia, Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro. All England under 42 is serving with the colours. The submarines are causing scarcity in the Islands. Ireland had rebelled and been subdued but the Nationalist Party has much to fear from the Sinn Fein or Republican Party, which has won two by-elections. Russia has a revolution and turned out the Czar and the Romanoff's, anything may happen there. On the other hand the USA has joined the Allies and our troops and the French are slowly driving back the Germans towards Lille, Lens and the Champagne country. Fearful battles amid enormous shellfire, machine guns and poison gas; we dominate in Artillery and have captured huge numbers of German guns. We have captured Baghdad and are advancing near Gaza in Palestine.

I left Lydden in August last to become an Army Chaplain leaving the Rector of Barfrestone as Locum Tenas, as he will never do any real work for his country. I was in Camp with the 15th Suffolks at Chohole Gate Richmond Park and with the Household Battalion to the end of November. A new and interesting and trying experience; saw 2 Zeppelin raids and a Zep brought down.

Now since January I have been at the Great Central hotel where the Government took on and called the Prince of Wales Hospital for Convalescent Officers. We have 700 there. I have fitted up a room in my Chapel and have communicants at Easter.

A most interesting experience! The experiences of many young officers told to me.

I go home once a fortnight. The wife and children at Lydden still, after spending two months at Thames Ditton. The wife sometimes alarmed at the raids of German Destroyers near Dover, Ramsgate etc. We have mounted big guns along that coast. The children thank god, all well. John Friend and George Richards of the parish drowned in sea battle and Minesweeper. My brother Hubert is now in France a DSO and Lieutenant Colonel, and my brother Garnet a Lieutenant Instructor on the Lewis Gun. My brother Harry returned home from China with wife and children, now sent back to China leaving wife and children with his own people at Halstead, Sandgate. My wife's brother, P. D. Lucas Lieutenant in Border Regiment killed last year. My two brothers in law – wife's side – one keeping farm for mother in law, the other still "waiting" for something to do for his

country! My Nephews Sisters son Graham Adam is over in France with the Canadians wounded by a shell and in hospital.

Fearful losses to our young officers and most families are in mourning. We hope great things from USA in money help, in fighting submarines and manpower. All the country made voluntary rations, bread is scarce and food very dear.

The women of the country are doing splendidly in munitions, factories, as Bus Conductors, Railway Inspectors, on Tubes, on land and everywhere looking charming and business like even in hospital.

Sunday May 13th 1917

A Peerless day. From the 5th floor of our hospital (Great Central Hotel) I saw and showed to the sister the Crystal Palace and could read the time from Big Ben with a pair of opera glasses.

The papers say we raided Zebrugge on Saturday morning: on that the bombardment made the houses in Ewell shake: my poor wife must have heard it I fear. I shall hear tomorrow.

700 men in hospital and only 3 at Holy Communion, 10 at Matins and 5 at Evensong! May God turn their hearts to him?

INSERT PHOTO OF STAFF AT PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITAL

Group of staff of "Prince of Wales Hospital", Great Central Hotel at which I acted as Chaplain 1917

Monday May 14th

A dear boiling hot day but a breeze. I called at Lambeth Palace, not at home. Then had tea with the Rector of Lambeth Canon T. G. Gardiner now appointed Canon of Canterbury and going to take up his residence there next month. A long good chat. He looks well since his marriage. Read, in the evening, to my Aunt, Miss Matthews at 6 Mt. St. No letter there two days from my wife. I am reading the "Jesus of History" in "The Spectator! 1710.

Tuesday May 15th

The Duke of Connaught inspected the hospital today accompanied by the G. O. C. Sir F. Lloyd. He came up to me as I happened to be standing alone and shook hands, it was quite an experience. He seemed pleased with the place and saw it all and the Chapel. I took A. T. to Hyde Park – we sat on seats and saw the people and heard the band. My brother Col. H. W. Man DSO is mentioned a second time in dispatches.

Wednesday May 16th

At the hospital I found a letter from Mrs. Davidson the Archbishop's wife, asking us to dine them tonight. So after going down as arranged to Farncombe, seeing my sister and her children and speaking to the mothers union there, 12 women, about soldiers and the war, I went to Lambeth. I found there the Bishop of Dover, the Dean of Windsor, Mrs. Benson wife of the Archbishop Benson *Walters*. I talked with Mrs. Davidson about my parish and told her about our people there. I attended Chapel and got home at 11.30pm after a pleasant evening.

Thursday May 17th

Spent all the morning at the hospital (Ascension Day) and the afternoon at a great Red Cross and St John Ambulance Service at Westminster Abbey. The Queen Mother Alexandra was there, Lloyd George and others. A wonderful anthem accompanied by trumpets and drums. Abbey peaceful.

I came across this in a book of stories by Erikmann Chaman “Those who have never had to listen to that kind of chant (the demand for money) can form no idea of its effect on one’s spirits: love of art, imagination, enthusiasm wither away at the breadth of such a man

One becomes awkward and timid, one’s energies flag and lastly one loses one’s self respect. I have never had the experience from the money point of view: but I know too well what it is to be haunted by the knowledge that someone is always demanding something of one. I have felt this from a youth from one who thought he was doing me good and by his very efforts affectionately made for my welfare (& still continued) made me awkward, timid and almost destroyed my self respect till marriage saved me. Lord! How the well meant but clumsy efforts of one’s relatives can spoil life for a man. I have heard myself talked about before strangers, on the platform of a Church Congress, in railway carriages, at school, at college persecuted by the clumsy efforts of a fond, but selfish parent!

But long be thanked who has guided me throughout and put in to my arms the sanest, strongest, sweetest, healthiest woman for wife.

Friday May 18th

An officer took me to Edwards, Bookseller in Marylebone where I spent 2 delightful hours. A wonderland of beautiful books, new and second, they have just bought Bradley’s collection, containing many old French Revolution Prints: he has 3 volumes full of contemporary broadsheets etc. only £103! And worth it. My companion told me awful things of the way the French treated the body of the Princess de Lamballe.

In the afternoon I went to the House of Commons and saw Mr. MacLean preside over the recruiting troubles.

Saturday May 19th

I went to a meeting this afternoon of the “Strength of Britain” Prohibition cause at the Albert Hall (the vast place – the largest in the world I believe) packed to the roof. Very good speakers, the C.E.T.S ladies choir 350 girls and about 50 men. The Bishop of London spoke and Harry Lauder (just off the stage) and others; splendid speeches, a wonderful meeting. I hope we can now defy the Brewers but they are very, very powerful. I saw Bishop Ryle of Westminster there.

Had a jolly dinner at the hospital with RAMC officers – all good fellows.

Sunday May 20th

Poor congregations at the hospital. We are sending off to hospital 130 men on Monday and there is a rumour that we are to become an ordinary hospital for acute cases. I went to

Portman Chapel to hear the Rev. J. Stuart Holden. His name is blazoned in large letters outside the Chapel, which is an ugly square building, carefully facing West, a huge pulpit draped with the Union Jack, no cross anywhere. A peal of tubular bells – when the bells stopped 20 girls came out two by two in dark purple cassocks and mortar boards with tassels: all demure enough. The sermon was good on Pessimism. “We have wrought no deliverance in Israel”. I went again with my Aunt Torie in the evening: an overdue effort to convert. Big congregations: there is a tendency apparently among Evangelicals to become self-conscious in their reading, mealy mouthed and a little “smarmy”.

Monday May 21st

Big Thunderstorm last night: poor Dora at Lydden. An interesting young Airman from Australia in the hospital: knows no one in England save one family: is engaged to one of them: not allowed to correspond for one year: sends her flowers every week from a florist: she is 19: I hope all will go well. Took A.T. into the park and watched the people and so forgot my service a 6.30! Wrote a love letter to one I love.

Tuesday May 22nd

All morning at the Hospital. Walked across the park to a private hospital at Cadogan Square and saw Charrington a C. F. cousin of the Biggs. He was lying out on a verandah after an operation and seemed fit enough. Back to evensong: saw Charlie Chaplin in the “Pink” not much fun then dined – “patience” with Aunt T. Bath in the evening.

Wednesday May 23rd

A beautiful day: the country looking lovely as I trained down to Lydden: found wife and children all come to meet me. Wife tired and alarmed by fear of air raids: horse beautifully cleaned up: garden wall mended by Philpott, and garden put in order by friend. Did the Ashes – cut down the wood and arranged it all: Children very bonny.

Thursday May 24th

Rather tired both of us: Peter cold and in bed but not much and the servant problem is great. Cousin Noel Keith killed.

Friday May 25th

Returned to Rooms: D & Janet & Christopher walked with me to top of the hill: & Christopher cried as I went.

Saturday May 26th

At the hospital: Bad news from Dover and Folkestone – it appears that at 6.30pm (I was there at 6pm) 16 German planes bombarded Dover and killed 14: a lot more killed at Folkestone: total 76 killed 174 wounded.

Poor Dora: I must get room for her here. I read that ???? ????? in the revolution days styled himself “The Personal Enemy of Jesus Christ”

Sunday May 27th

Went to Barnes and tea with Capt. & Mrs. Fear – all very fit: Slept at the hospital: More news of the awful raid on Dover and Folkestone. Have taken a flat in Upper George St to put up wife and children.

Monday May 28th

Wired to wife to come up Wednesday.

Tuesday May 29th

Going tomorrow to fetch wife and children. Good comic, Rev Dr Collerson an Irish priest at concert at Hospital tonight.

Wednesday May 30th

I started with A.T. and Cecil Lewis from 6 Mt. St. at 8.30 no train to be got: went by motorbus: man refused to take A.T.'s box so Cecil gallantly carried it to CX (Charing Cross railway station). A.T. and I travelled to Sandling Just where A.T. was met by Beryl Man my sister in law. I went on to Shorncliffe; in our carriage was the sister of the Sexton of Hythe, she was going to the funeral of her brother who was killed by bomb from an aeroplane on Friday's raid. The bomb fell upon him as he was talking to the Vicar and Mrs. Dale outside the church. Mrs. Dale was scratched.

I walked from Folkestone to Sandgate and found father and mother well but they say the raid was terrible, the panic etc. Norah, my brother Harry's wife was afraid for her baby: being ½ German and bred in Hamburg her position is difficult. I had talk with mother and then by public motor to Dover and caught train to Lydden.

Found my wife resting in her room and very dubious about my taking the room in Town. Did a great deal of work arranging for our departure tomorrow. Friend will look after the garden; Philpott is doing up the roof and Mrs. Friend will see to home. I hope we may let it.

Thursday 31st May

All arrived safely in this little flat where I am writing a last journey. Christopher was charming all the way: Janet slept in my arms. Wife delighted with flat: all very tired-children all over tired.

Friday 1st June

We all slept badly, carts, motors, catfights etc. all night. We shall soon get accustomed to it. Walked across the Park and took tea with Auntie (Mrs. W. Harris) the old lady's mind is beginning to fail her but she gets sweeter tempered daily. Laurie came and talked about cousin Jessie's illness. He can never keep off the theology and is a soul in chaos: he bought up Celsus old charge against The Trinity about "turning the other cheek". A sad man in a beastly employ (Stock Exchange)

Saturday 2nd June

Met A. T. at CX; took Peter to see the King – Royal family drive to Knightsbridge and invest Warriors with decorations. A fine day and tremendous crowds: Peter delighted and

saw very well: took him to the band after. Then to tea at A. T's and D brought the children in after tea. Christopher a success: Concert at the hospital: raffled for Miss Somebody's Cat to aid her Tea Room – a family idea. Miss S. P. evidently self consciously confident and glorious (?) bronze and gold and much bare arm and neck.

Sunday 3rd June

Poor attendance at chapel – went to church at St. Mary's Bryanston Square and heard J. Percival preach. Reading R. L. Stevenson's letters: I wish I could write but I have neither the patience, nor the time, nor the talent, but I have so much of interest. My life is too hard a strain on the nerves – perhaps in another existence..

Better attendance at Chapel in the evening preached in EC. iii. The role of God in nature.

Monday 4th June

After morning at the hospital and letters, took D. to Selfridges and then to Marshall and Snellgrove and tried on and bought a pretty pink evening frock with mes. Dined at the hospital then read to D. "The Scenes of History".

Tuesday 5th June

Hospital all the morning – Mina, D's sister arrived and went shopping with D. In the afternoon we all went into the Park and heard the band, very interesting. Auntie arrived in carriage and I took wife and children to see her and then cousin Jessie, and Winnie Keith arrived and we talked with them. At 7pm D and I went to St Paul's to a Mothers Union Festival at St Paul's, the place crowded and a nice service and address by the Bishop of Lewes.

Capt. Pinchard told me of their two Chaplains. The one a Methodist who was very popular with the men and in a sermon told them "told them to keep their heads below the parapet when in the trenches" – he was killed by a shell. His successor a C of E man did not get on at all at first. The Colonel a hard swearing, hard drinking man disliked him. He was in him church etc. Only the quartermaster helped him and he said one day "For Gods sake do something and don't hang about – go and buy some rabbits for the men". So when the Battalion was ordered to the front trenches, the colonel said at Mass, " I suppose you will want to come too" The Padre said, "Yes I have asked you here to do so". He went and was always with the men and when 6 were buried by a shell he went out to dig them out in No Mans Land and consequently the men loved him and in 9 months he had half the Battalion confirmed.

Wednesday 6th June

Took my wife to the royal Academy – poor stuff.

Thursday 7th June

Took my wife to see "Intolerance" a great Cinema film from America. Three stories woven together: American city life. Massacre of Saint Bartholomew and Cynes of Persia occasionally Jerusalem in the time of our Lord. The film of the last dreadfully inadequate,. No end of fighting blood murder and sensation on the whole a good effect though thoroughly bad for the nerves.

Friday 8th June

Saturday 9th June

Went out into the Park with the children and saw Auntie driving: she took us, D., Janet and Christopher up and drove round the Park and listened to the Band: jolly for the children, then home.

Sunday 10th June

A big gathering in the evening: The Baptist Padre at Evensong and the Scottish Minister who is an officer in the Highlanders too. Three sisters: Quite a big gathering: the Matron being away all went well: the sisters came.

Monday 11th June

Dentist. My mother in law Mrs. Lucas came to see the children. Auntie took Bicknell an Airman who is in hospital and me out for a drive.

Tuesday 12th June

Quiet Day

Wednesday 13th June

Air raid on East London: I learnt it by a man rushing into the hospital and saying, "Airmen forward, please! in fun. Two planes were seen, 15 came over and dropped bombs near the Bank, 100 killed and 39 injured and many children. A sad life. All mine safe – wife agitated but calm later.

Thursday 14th June

A perfect day in the country at the home of Christobel Mathews, my cousin Trevor's wife: perfectly charming all the children together in a perfect home in the old style. Beams and white work etc. beautifully furnished. Visited the church – a fine place – Viscount Falkland: The Vicarage and spent time in their garden paved etc. a lovely place. Children enjoyed it.

Friday 15th June

Queenie & cousin Flo came to tea.

Saturday 16th June

Went to see Mrs. P. Lucas with D. and Peter and Janet – a furious thunderstorm broke out and we were kept there till 7.30pm. The roads were torn up by the pressure of the water below.

Sunday 17th June

A good set of services: very hot day indeed. Lunched with A. T. and Cecil and Mr. Stogdown of Harrow a very interesting man with a love of animals. He told a good dog story.

Monday 18th June

Hospital all day: Thunderstorms: Called in at 6 Mt. St. in the evening.

Tuesday 19th June

Went to tea at Three Arts Club. Saw the Pavilion, Marble Arch the best Cinema Show I have ever seen. Charlie Chaplin in Easy Street (C. as a policeman) and “Under Two Flags”, also topical events: King Constantine of Greece.

Wednesday 20th June

Alexandra Day. We drove in to the Park with Bicknell to hear the Band: My Brother Garnet came up from his Battalion at Lowestoft with his wife – took him to the Hippodrome, a very good show.

Thursday 21st June

Got a Cold: Hospital: Took Janet to the Hospital – the little girl enjoyed it. Tea with Shakleford; dined with A. T.

Friday 22nd June

Took the two children to Hampstead Heath for their health and enjoyed a splendid afternoon: What a fine place it is: Children delighted: Went by bus returned by tube. Dora went to Lydden to stay a night with Admiral and Lady Rice.

Saturday 23rd June

Took the children to Trafalgar Square showed them Nelson, Buckingham Palace, Wellington – home by bus. D. returned after a happy time at 8.45pm.

Sunday 24th June

D. and I took the children to S. Mary’s the vicar took children’s service very well: Shall always go there. Auntie (Mrs. Webber Harris) is in bed very poorly we walked over there and gave her some flowers from the Vicarage garden. Found Uncle Jim there just returned from a great Freemasons service in the Albert Hall – 8,000 there: He showed us his Regalia.

Erasmus

“Let us have done with the theological refinements. There is an excuse for the Father, because the heretics forced them to define particular traits: But every definition is a misfortune and for us to persevere in the same way is sheer folly. Is no man to be admitted to grace who does not know how the Father differs from the Son and both from The Spirit? Unless I forgive my brother his sins against me, God will not forgive me my sins. Unless I have a pure heart – unless I put away every hate pride *avaritia* but I shall not

see God. But a man is not damned because he cannot tell whether the spirit has one principle or two. Has he the frailty of the Spirit. That is the question. Is he patient, kind, good, gentle, modest, temperate and chaste? Enquire if you will but do not define.

Monday 25th June

Took D. to a concert at P. W. H. Very poor stuff indeed: left early.

Tuesday 26th June

My wife's sister and friend came to lunch. We all went to the Zoo and enjoyed the day. We went in the evening to see a little play written by my niece E. V. Lucas' daughter for the "croix rouge" and other items: Music etc: saw E. V. L. – enjoyed it.

Wednesday 27th June

Mother and Father arrive at Hans Court. I went with Father to hear lecture of Kent Archeological, Chairman Lord Northbourne, on rural churches.

Thursday 28th June

All day at hospital: visited Hans Ct.

Friday 29th June

E. V. Lucas sent my wife a Box for the Lyric to see a play written by him for Ellen Terry – very pretty. Good show. Hubert arrived from France and came to tea. Rather down about the War: Sick of it: says the fighting is awful and getting more brutal daily.

Saturday 30th June

Lunched with EGM; HWM; CJM; AT; Beryl and D. at Hubert's hotel.

Sunday 1st July

After service heard service at St. Mary's: D. took the children in the afternoon. Saw Auntie and met Sir E. Hamilton there – a nice man.

Monday 2nd July

Went to arrange for Peters schooling, then in the evening at 7pm to meeting of "Prayers" about War at Queens Hall. Archbishop of Canterbury spoke Sir A Boscowen and others.

Tuesday 3rd July

Peter went to school – enjoyed it very much.

Wednesday 4th July

D. went with mother to the Big Exhibition.

Thursday 5th July

Went to Golders Green – beautiful ride.

Friday 6th July

Saturday 7th July

A big Air raid: All the people in the hospital gathered to 1st and 2nd floors: an interesting sight: all the Masseurs in white sitting on the floors: the Sisters in red capes and the officers. Saw a fleet of 16 German aeroplanes approach the hospital and saw them wonderfully turned aside by our planes. Much damage done in the City. D. and the children in the lower rooms of flat.

Sunday 8th July

Big congregation after the raid – how funny people are in their religion. Not much doing at all this week: shrieks from the papers about the raid and about the Mesopotamian massacre. Austin Chamberlain resigns.

Monday 9th July

Went to a play called “Romance” – much overrated – we were given a box.

Tuesday 10th July

Janet goes to Horsham with her Aunt Mabel to stay

Wednesday 11th July

Thursday 12th July

Dined at A. T. with my brother’s wife Norah.

Friday 13th July

Took services at St Mary’s morning and evening; Auntie very ill.

Saturday 14th July

Marjorie Bigg came and stayed with us.

Monday 16th July

Visited Auntie and prayed with her. Went to help a Liberty meeting.

Tuesday 17th July

Auntie passed away. Prayed by the bedside with A. T. Edie and Dolly.

Friday 20th July

Cremation service at Golders Green; I took it – 3 Generals there two Captains and many relatives. The whole ceremony saved by a big 6ft. cross which dominated the otherwise pagan building: also the door open shining cloister and flowers – lawn beyond. Mother and Father there.

I find this diary becomes a mere record of family events – I shall keep it as big events happen.

Thursday 26th July

Go down to Lydden with wife to attend to business there – bring Andrew back from school.

Friday 27th July

Andrews first day: Wife has bad cold. Very bad news from Russia – all goes wrong with the War. How long O' Lord

Sunday 29th July

Heard Gillie preach the Presbyterians

Saturday 11th August

I am now senior chaplain to the Forces, it is exactly a year yesterday since I joined. The LORD has led me through many ways. I have made many mistakes, but I am feeling my feet. My new Asst. C. F. arrives on Monday: he is vicar of Holy Trinity Southampton The hospital is now filling with cases from the fronts and it is getting more interesting. Seven bedridden communicants tomorrow.

Friday 16th August

Took Andrew, Peter and Janet to see the American troops march through London! Historic occasion! Crowds. Went to Buckingham Palace in a Taxi: held up Andrew who saw King George and Queen Mary salute the Americans: a lanky lot of fellows all looking hard-bitten and young. Bands, crowds flags etc. Veterans of American Civil War stood with banner near us and cheered their men. Peter and Janet got into the front now with a party of children and mums.

Sunday 18th August

My new C. F. Rush has arrived and will I think do. Feel I can sing “nunc dimittis” and enjoy my fortnight's holiday on Monday. We all go back to Lydden.

Monday 19th August

Preached in Hospital Chapel “Blessed is that overcometh”.

Tuesday 20th August

Started for Lydden with wife, Lady Hill and the children – great rush getting off – lovely day.

Wednesday 21st August

Quiet day in garden – children delightful everything looking splendid. Slept in hammock in garden.

Thursday 22nd August

Big Air raid in Dover: saw it all: airplanes fighting in fleecy clouds: shells bursting: bombs falling over Dover. Great storm of thunder in distance and continuous lightening: Andrew slept with me in the garden. Had to come in because of the rain: wonderful light effects: sat in the garden with greatcoat and watched the lightening and our searchlight: I never saw anything like it.

Tuesday 4th September

Germans take Riga. Russia is fast breaking up.

Wednesday 5th September

GREAT NIGHT RAID. We returned to London to our flat on Monday. On Tuesday night at 12 midnight 3 explosions near awoke me: then whistles were blown by the Specials: a man rushed down the yard at the back of us calling to his wife to open the door and let him in. I rushed Peter downstairs and my wife took Christopher and Janet down and Miss Maryann came in too (Andrew was at his Aunts two streets off and slept through it all): there was a loud noise of aero-engines and motors were rushing by taking up position (ambulances etc.). Soon the noise of bombs grew nearer and presently there was a tremendous crash (two streets off we afterwards learned). I got the old lady and the two maids from the top flat in with us and made some tea. Then I went into the yard and talked with some men and women there. Eventually the noises died down and I went at 2am (after seeing the household to bed) and walked to my cousins flat – she is very ill and lives with her daughter and maid. I found the younger lady very glad to see me. The older one had fortunately had an injection just before so was semi-conscious. Returned to flat – slept as best we could. Got up at 6.45am to go to early Communion at the hospital.

The state of affairs is very ominous. Ireland is at present quiet but in the hands of the Sinn Fein whilst the convention sits. Canada is in the throes of a rare conflict – the French Canadians v the English Canadians. India is threatened with disturbance. Russia is behaving shamefully. Italy, France and England are holding on well especially Italy. I am however confident that God will yet bless our armies and those of the allies. When we have all learned the Terror of the Lord and turned more definitely to him.

Wednesday 12th September

A few Air Raid warnings but nothing of it. Three American Army Medics joined our mess tonight and I had a long talk with them – three of MO's at Mess then we all sat in the front row of the concert after. General Korniloff the Cossack has declared against

Kerensky and the Talkers Committee and has advanced on Petrograd. He is within 16 miles of the capital. What will happen?

Saturday 22nd September

Poorly: Fortunately Rush can take all work except 10am. Korniloff has failed easily chaos in Russia: Kerensky nominal leader sacrifice every officer and general to ??????? democracy

Seneca: Would you know what it is that philosophy promises I would answer Practical Advice Christianity is good news not merely good advice. An excellent book for everyone to read: must get a permanent copy "Zella sees herself" by E Dalefield Heinemann. We are all in it – Auntie, A. T. C.T. is, especially Dorothy, myself and Father - not Mother or E.D.M.

Monday 24th September

Saw Col. Harrison about my health: physio has done no good.

Air Raid: we got all the children down: much noise: bombs, whistling of Ariel torpedoes etc. – about 75 killed & wounded not very far from us: an anxious time. All the children and wife & governess Miss Dersley go to Tillington tomorrow.

November 11th 1917

Now that the children are away I am able to live in peace and not fear the raids, which have occurred again and again. We sit up in the hospital sometimes to 3.30am and it humourous and enjoyable up to midnight but seems less so after that time. The Curate of St Mary's, Shackleford & wife & sister in law come in and spend the evenings when raids are on. The Colonel entertained us one day.

March 27th 1918

Long since I wrote and things are going badly. The Germans have made "peace" of victory with Russia and Rumania splitting the latter up. They have with all their furies advanced up the British line, forced it back and are bombarding Paris with guns that fire 73 miles. But the great struggle is still on in this Holy Week. I applied for the front last February and leave this hospital without regret on Tuesday next for 14 days leave and then on April 16th go to France.

Lines to a skeleton: (found at the pot of a skull in the late war)

Behold this ruin, 'twas a skull
Once of the evil spirits full
This narrow cell was life's retreat
This pace was thoughts mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot?
What dreams of pleasure long forgot
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear
Have left one trace of fear here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye
But stare not at the dismal void
If social love that eye employed
If with no lawless fire it gleamed
But through the dews of kindness beamed
That eye shall shine for ere bright
When Suns and Stars are sunk at night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready swift and tuneful tongue
If falsehood's honey it disdained
And when it could not praise was chained
If bold in virtues cause it spoke
Yet gentle concord never broke
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say did these fingers delve the mine
Or with its curied rubies shine
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them?
But if the page of truth they sought
And comfort to the manner brought
These hands & *vicker meed* shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame

Avails whether brave or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod
If from the bowels of ease they fled
To seek afflictions lonely shed
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtues lot returned
These feet with angels' ways shall vie
And tread the palace of the skies.

Recited to me by Charles P. Scute – Canadian American Captain

April 2nd 1918

After an Easter Sunday with 46 Cts I left the hospital for good today for two weeks at Worthing.

April 9th 1918

Met Andrew at Brighton – have had a perfect week with wife and children. Received this telegram this evening and go to France on Friday 12th. My wife & I went down to Lydden and took farewell of the Parish. A good congregation came to the service and to Holy Communion and later they sent a wristwatch and list of subscribers to be Vicar of Lydden on April 2nd 1918

April 17th 1918

Reached France on April 13th via Boulogne Went to St Omer then to Serquena 26 hours by train: slept the night on the floor at St Omer with 2 blankets: A mail Dieppe and then to my present place where I shall be a little while.
Ronxmesnil; Postal Address Near Dieppe.

END OF DIARY

“SOMEWHERE A WOMAN”

Somewhere a woman thrusting fear away
Faces the future bravely for your sakes
Toils on from Dawn till Dark from day to day
Fights back her tears nor heeds the bitter ache
She loves you, trusts you breathes in prayer your name
Soil not her faith in you by sin or shame

Somewhere a woman - mother, sweetheart, wife
Waits between hopes and fears for your return
Her kiss her words will cheer you in the strife
When death itself confronts you grim and stern
But let her image all your reverence claim
When base temptations tempt you with their flame

Somewhere a woman watches thrilled with pride
Shrined in her heart you share a place with none
She toils, she waits, she prays till side by side
You stand together when the fight is done
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name
Bring back to her a manhood free from stain

Christian Commemoration

Extract from a letter from an Army Ordnance man to his people. He is vexed because they do not understand what his work is: -

“I belong to the ORDNANCE. I have nothing to do with the clergy – it is the Bishops who ordain the curates not us.” Literally true told by Capt. Coldbeck who has just seen the letter. May 20th 1918

Tired soldier to me, “I go out of camp on Sunday afternoon to get away from it all – it saves the MONOGAMY”

Little girls essay on men

“Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear. They don’t go to church like women do. Both men and women spray from mishaps but women spray farther”

Illiterate extemporary prayer

O Thou, All sufficient, self sufficient, insufficient, JOHEVAH!

The Cure's Progress

M. le Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face
With his coat worn bare and his straggling hair
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little Grande Place
And the tiny Hotel de Ville
He smiles, as he goes, to the fleuriste rose
And the Pompier Theophile

He walks as a rule, down to marché cool
When the noisy fishwives call
And his compliments pay to the Belle Therèse
As she sits neath her dusty stall

He's a grander way for the sins-prefet
And a bow for Ma'mselle Anna
And a mock off-hat to the notary's cat
And a bow to the Sacriston

There's a little dispute, with a vendor of fruit
There's a chat for a spar with a strange young man
Who is said to be *hoterrdra*
That will ended be with a Ma fri, oui
And a pinch from the Cure's bra

And there's a word that home heard
To the furrier's daughter Lon
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red
And adieu ma garde M'sieur!!

For ever through life the cure' goes
With a smile in his kind old face
With his coat worn bare and his straggling hair and his green umbrella case.

Austin Dobson

The Little Road

I will not take the great road that goes so proud and high
Like the march of Roman legions that made it long ago
But I will another way, a little road I know

There no poor tramp goes limping nor rich poor man drive by
Nor ever smiling cattle or sheep in dusty throng
Before their beating drums drift cruelly along
But only the birds and free things and ever in my ear
Sound of the ???? and little tongues of water talking *clear*

The great roads march on boldly with scarce a curve or bend
From some huge smoky nothing to nothing at the end
They march like Caesar's legions and none may these withstand
But whence or whether going they do not understand
But oh the little twisty road
The sweet and lovers' kisty road
The secret winding misty road
That leads to Fairyland.

F. W. Harvey

Little Abel goes to Church

And this is what he heard
And saw at church:
Oh, a great yellow bird
Upon a perch
Quite still upon a perch

And then a man in white
Got up and walked to it
And talked to it
For a long while (he said)
But the yellow bird
(Although it must have heard)
Never turned its head
Or did anything at all
But look straight at the wall

F. W. Harvey

Loneliness

Oh where's the use to write?
What can I tell you dear?
Just that I want you so
Who are not near?
Just that I miss the lamp whose blessed light
Was God's own moon to shine upon my night?
And newly mourn each new days lost delight
Just – oh it will not ease my pain
That I am lonely
Until I see you once again
You, you only

F. W. Harvey

O MIGHTY CHRIST, men fear thee, they would tie Thee down by the bark then inspiredst, they would confine thee by laws and rules and regulations, they try to explain, to spiritualize thee and thy commands away. They refuse to accept thy works instituting thy Holy mysteries men are too clever to accept thee, too dull to see thee, too fearful to let thee reign fully: religious men create theories about thee, they try to subordinate thee to their own ideas of thee. O break the shackles they would impose on thee: show thyself supreme, O Mighty One, over all theologies, thoughts, theories – man made, which limit thee, and enable thy slaves, holy and humble men of HEART to please thy power for the healing of the world. Then who least rejoicest with the Father and the Holy Spirit ONE God for ever.

After a discussion on the inspiration of Holy Scripture “Only to our Lord Jesus Christ was given the Holy Spirit “without measure”. The inspiration of all other teachers was intermittent

ST HILARY, DE TRINITATE: we are forced through the fault of heretics and blasphemers to do that which is unlawful, to climb inaccessible heights, to speak that which cannot be uttered and embark upon what is forbidden. And whereas we should be content to find out by simple faith what we have to do namely to adore the Father – venerate with him the son to abound with H. Ghost – we are compelled to stretch the littleness of our discourse in the compass of matters unspeakable, and are driven to wrong doing through the wrong doing of others. So that what should be treasured in the deepest sense is now committed to all the dangers of human language.

AFTER A TALK with Muslim on the Ap. Creed.

M. “Justified by faith in Christ” is all the faith I need.

Self. But faith – Xt means to do what Christ commands (????) and believe what Xt believed. Certainly basis for creed can be found in all CHRIST’S words. (The fact is it is the New Oxford Movement to deprecate Christ’s position by philosophy intellectualism – note that the leaders are all Oxford men. Sanday, Headlawn, Temple, Shefford).

O LORD GOD save us from over salacity, over cleverness “doubts impossible to be shared”. We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness and the iniquity of our fathers: for we have sinned against thee. Do not abhor us for thy names sake, do not disgrace the throne of thy glory: remember break not thy covenant with us.

(Jer. XIV. 20.)

There was a young man who said, “Damn”
It annoys me to think that I am
A creature that moves
In particular grooves –
In fact not a Bus but a Tram.

Rudd Knox

The Church of England suffers from ????????

Rudd Knox

Better not to go too deep into religion or ask questions that cannot be answered.

A soldier asks to be allowed to present flowers for the Altar and gives me the following copies of verses by a relation of his. July 10th 1918.

A Prayer

O thou whose beauty fills the earth
Accept the gifts we bring
Foe all their beauty all their worth
From thy perfection spring

These flowers that occur here blow
Each in its time and place
Shine out like smiles that come and go
Oh soon beloved face

They make us happy for they tell
Of love unseen but sure
Let others then be glad as well
The suffering and the poor

To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers
To whisper with their perfect breath
Their father's love and hours.

Take, Lord, our gifts, but take us too
Thy human flowers to prove
By lines unselfish, kind and true
That thou our God art love

J. Ellerton

The Poppy

“Summer set life on earth's bosom bare
And left the flushed print of a poppy there
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came
And the fanning wind puffed it to flopping flame.

F. Thompson

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with a moan
For we are born in others pain
And perish in our own

F. Thompson

Diary continued

July 10th 1918

I am still in *Renernesnil* writing in my hut. Some alarms but nothing happened. Stormy and rainy tonight – I heard today I may be sent to the new Division here at Martin *Eghaise* as C. F. and then go to the front. Nearer and nearer to the Whirlpool: God??? it does not suck me down.

After a talk with M. How dangerous a state of mind it is to get in to when a man judges nations and peoples with sweeping condemnation. Ld. Milner, Russia, France etc. all judged and despised of by one man “in universal depreciation of them”. Better to learn politics if it leads to such harsh judgements.

July 13th 1918

The M. O. says I am bronchial and not fit to go “up the line” but I must go. Plenty of unfit do. Bronchial Asthma has been troubling me greatly lately – please God it may go away and leave me strong again. I walked through the fir wood on the top of the hill to the little Chapel. “Out of the Kingdom o nature – in to the Kingdom of Grace” and get comfort in the **Presence**. If only one could carry that comfort into the world. The new big camps nearby are filling up – what has the future in store for us all?

The Congregationalist idea of a church is in literary society with every trip an “open question” and to be discussed by “brainy” people.

“O God grant to me an indomitable soul”. Amen.

July 31st 1918

Have been sent to Dieppe by S. C. F. and am now in Pension, charming people, 4 French girls and others. Am much better and sleep well. Am now in charge of hospital – Camp. (Details) Nice folk at Hospital 25 Rue de la Marmain. Lady Rosalind Northcote is here too: avoid hand of Y. M. C. A. Took 3 men to concert yesterday.

??? III. 5. Trust in the Lord with all thy heart and learn not to ??? our understanding.

Digest of excellent Sermons lent me by Miss Potts.
Rev. L. B. Sladen on “The Ascension”

Truths that rest upon the Ascension.

A. The Reward of our Blessed Lord’s work on Earth. “I come forth from the father and am come in to the world, again I learn the world and go unto the Father”: so he speaks of his work on Earth. His whole life really human, a struggle: the champion of God alone and single-handed. His life and duti tentative things: no ??? that he should triumph: no make believe battle: no sham fight. A real conflict a real victory: a real reward viz. The glorification of his human nature. So St Paul speaks of the exaltation of Christ’s human body and soul to the height of Gods hand as the reward of his obedience. It was his human nature that obeyed and it was his human nature that was rewarded. Being found in fashion as a man.....he became obedient.....whereupon..... Asc. Day is the Festival of the Coronation of Jesus.

B. Asc. Day as ?? bears upon the relation of the human and devine. It is The Feast of the Assumption of Humanity. His soul and body were the product of the Earth: Earth their notice place and sphere of activity – limit of their energy. Obeyed all of the laws transcended none of the laws. Now some higher laws begin to act upon his human body and soul. Now they seem to feel the attraction of some higher centre. They rise from Earth and pass beyond its boundaries to higher sphere, they

MY MEMOIRS OF THE MAN FAMILY VOLUME II

Men Of Ken and Kentish Men

The point so often mooted
Men of Kent or Kentish men
Should you chance to hear disputed
As no doubt you will again

Thus the Medway's stream divided
And by it's northern shore
Where Kentish men abideth
William unopposed o'er (William The Conqueror 1066)

But the lands South East the river
Knew not what submission meant
May "Invicta" stand forever
Word and boast of Men of Kent

Benjamin Franklin to his son c.1780

I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, I sit down to write them for you. I shall include the inclination so natural to old men to be talking of themselves and their past actions, I shall indulge it without being tiresome to others, since this may be read or not, as anyone pleases.

Before leaving Lydden to join the 13th Suffolk's at Chohole Camp, Richmond Park, London, Dora and I saw our first Zeppelin. One night at the vicarage I heard gunfire - going to the bedroom window (which overlooked the bedroom window to Dover Castle in the distance) I saw an Airship shining silver in the searchlights from Dover like a silver cigar with shells bursting around it. Presently it was hit aft and at once tilted and began to struggle away with nose turned upward. We learned afterwards that it was brought down over the Channel by a destroyer's guns. Later one of our farmers was ploughing by night aided by motor headlights when a Zeppelin appeared and dropped a bomb in the field. When the time came for me to leave Lydden – wearing my uniform as C. F. for the first time I prepared to go. Peter thrilled with excitement marched round the garden singing loudly "Daddy's in Khaki – he'll soon be dead"!! As I went to the little station, Lydden Halt, I heard our big English Sheep Dog, of which we were very fond, howling. It was a mournful departure, somewhat helped by the fact that the folk gave me a good send off the day before and the School children, through their ministries, Miss Aitken gave me a touching little leather souvenir case with names written in it.

2. Chohole Camp Richmond Park with the Suffolk Regiment 13th Battalion under Col Stanley, Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk County. My first week was a trial: Especially the first Sunday. Their last Padre was a selfish man; much disliked who refused to share his tent with anyone when accommodation was limited. So at first I was “put through it” by the young officers (the colonel and Major Weston, a good Churchman and brother to the Bishop of Zanzibar). I got a touch of camp fever and was given a dose, which I think was “doctored” – for when with 2 officers for my first Saturday, I nearly fainted in the street and was taken to a civilian hospital in a taxi. I aroused myself to find I was due for an operation (appendicitis) about 7 Saturday night, I insisted in being sent back in the Taxi to camp as I was due to take my first Parade service next day (Sunday) at 11am. On getting to my tent I told my Batman to “Standby” and had an awful night and arrived on Parade looking ghastly and half-dead. My first appearance! However I took the Parade without collapse and was able soon to establish myself in the Mess and soon had a happy, friendly time. I was often asked by Company Commanders to go on exercises with their Company’s - route marching etc. On one expedition when the young recruits were being taught to throw Mills Bombs from the trenches, we had a narrow escape as a nervous recruit drew his pin wrong and the bomb whizzed back over our heads! I managed to throw my own bombs successfully over the parapet.

We held some fine services in Roehampton Parish Church and I used to have the Suffolk’s first and the Household Battalion (Guards) after – 1100 men each service. The Col. of the H Batt. was a rude swine and I had trouble with him in the orderly room. He disliked the clergy but his Adjutant Major Lord Kilmorey was a staunch supporter. We had to Parade before the King in Hyde Park, all the Household Battalion, Doctors, Cooks, and Padre and I enjoyed the march through London. (When the Battalion went to France it was cut to pieces in its first engagement). Drafts from the Suffolk’s used to go off to the front – Suffolk yokels. I remember one gig at 2am and the Colonel’s wife being there to see them off. My Batman was excellent and always turned up at all hours with a cup of tea for me.

The Colonel had a fund from which he provided visits for the recruits to various London sights, The House of Commons etc. He wanted volunteer officers to take them - as the young officers did not take to the job, I offered and thanks to my experience as Sergeant of the Rugby O. T. C. I won much credit by falling in some 40 youngsters and marching them to the Tube and then to the Zoo. (I had an excellent Sergeant) and spending the afternoon there and marching them back in good order and smartly to camp. The C. O. and others watched one return, which we did in good style. Later many East Enders of London were sent to us – many Jew: it was my custom to speak on their arrival (with the cordial cooperation and approval of Col. Stanley). The line I took was that though necessarily carrying the rank of Captain I was not an Executive Officer but a Padre and as such anyone could speak to me without first applying to an NCO adding that I was glad to be of help to anyone and was always to be found in my tent at certain hours. A man later came to me to ask if I could lend him a Hebrew dictionary! Three Jews came to see me and said a fellow Jew was so strict in his religion that he was practically starving “spread his ???? at every morning at dawn refusing to eat unblest food etc. also as Jews they could not do work on the Sabbath (Saturdays) – would I tell the Colonel? These matters were easily arranged, the local Rabbi was “contacted” – awful phrase – and all was well. There was much amusement in the mess when the Rabbi came to thank me and I introduced him to the C. O. – his manners were very Eastern and terribly conciliatory. The younger Officers were not from the top drawer as may be gathered from what I have written above and showed it by failing to look after their men – to the C. O’s

expressed indignation. We were kept in the mud and rain of Chohole till late November – forgotten, I believe by the War Office.

One night there was a terrific storm of wind and rain and tents were blown down, some tent poles snapping. I got up and went to help and to get as many men as possible under cover. The Colonel who suffered from lumbago was also “out” and not a single other Officer (I think the Major was on leave). At Mess the next day the C. O. gave them all hell – they deserved it. Fortunately they bore me no grudge, though he tactlessly held me up as an example – all they said was “After all it was your job Padre to look after the men”. A long haired, pale faced, aesthetic young recruit appeared who said he was a conscientious objector and refused to put on a uniform. The C. O. put him in the guard tent and was undecided what to do – he sent for me to see the man “Your job religion” so I did in a sympathetic spirit. I found he was a spoiled intellectual “half educated” in and copying Varsity manners. With the utmost patience I listened to him till he said as I lie awake at night I am compelled to listen to the coarse language of the brutalised soldiers in neighbouring tents. My reply was, “You refuse to protect your women from the Bosche and in my opinion you are not fit to black the boots of the coarsest man in the Battalion.

He reminded me of Tennyson “A Character”

1. With a half glance upon the sky
At night he said The Wanderings
Of this most intricate universe
Teach me the nothingness of things
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.
2. He spake of Beauty : that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air,
Then looking as ‘tweve in a glass
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair,
And said the Easter was beautiful
3. He spake of virtue: not the God’s
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas – Juno sitting by:
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack lustre dead blue eye
Devolved his rounded periods.
4. Most delicately hour by hour
He canvassed human mysteries
And trod in silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power
5. With lip depressed, as he grows meek
Himself unto himself he sold
Upon himself, himself did feed

Quiet, dispassionate and cold
And other than his form of Creed
With chiselled features clear and sleek.

I reported my impressions to the C. O. He said if the man is so religious, he can attend the daily Mattins and evensong which you hold in your little Chapel Tent Padre. So I used, always, till the man's Court Martial have a congregation with the prisoner and 2 guards as congregation! I used to wonder what he thought and mostly what the two Suffolk recruits, his guard, made of it. Talking of the tent, one day a Sergeant came and said to me "I want the service Sir. Will you take it for me?" I said, "What Service?" After some enquiring I found his wife had just had a baby and he wanted a service of thanksgiving after childbirth (Churching of Women) in the Prayer Book as he could not be with her when she went to church so in the little chapel tent I took the service, adapting it as I went along to the husband as well as wife. This was one of the most touching experiences I ever had in my life.

To return to the Conchy at the Court Martial time several ladies turned up to support the man, one a titled lady – I provided tea for them and was surprised by the way they practically "held his hand". He got three months in 2nd Division to the delight of the Battalion.

Incidentally the Society of Friend issued a manifesto casting doubt on the genuineness of the religion of the rest of us. I copy of my letter is reproduced below which I sent to them when I was Senior C. F. to the Prince of Wales hospital.

The Assistant Chaplain General, Churchward, at the end of the year appointed me Senior Chaplain to the new Officers Hospital then being started at the requisitioned Great Central Hotel, Marylebone. I found the Colonel was an old R. A. M. C. soldier, Col C. E. Harrison, CMG. He and I and the Matron had to superintend the job of turning the Hotel into a Hospital to hold 740 Officers. Probably the largest Officers Hospital in the world. The C. o. was a devout soldier of the old type – was "in" with Royalty – a humble minded efficient man and good. He became a personal friend and he corresponded for many years after the war until his death. He put aside a room for the chapel helped to furnish it securing a cross for the altar out of a Spanish Monastery – a beautiful bit of work.

The Matron was too young for the job – a Scotch Presbyterian who did not help my work. I had to report her to the Colonel as she tried to stop my having private conversations at Officers bedsides. The C. O. summoned her to meet me before him and when he had the facts gently put her in her place. All very awkward but I won my point.

Further recollections of my experiences at the Hospital

1. I used to meet the stretcher-borne patients as they arrived at the hospital by trains, straight from the front getting names and addressed for wires to their relatives. An old Rugbean Cozens Hardy son of the C. H. who was head of the House XV when I first went to Rugby, came with amputated leg – an excellent fellow, with him a gallant Padre, legless, I took Communion to them in their ward. Many of them were suffering from "Gas" and blind. Three such came in on stretchers, all blind – temporarily – (one Captain lying on his stretcher had both arms around a pair of good riding boots. I knelt beside him and spoke to him, he was violent and said "You shall not take them." I explained I was

the Padre – he told me they had all been robbed of everything by the RAMC even their wristwatches and he had only managed to keep his boots by holding on to them.

2. After the big air raid on London I went to the ward full of shell shocked officers and to my surprise found them with their heads under the pillows whilst one fellow in pyjamas and mad staring eyes was dancing about the ward holding a large shell in his hands – he had a forefinger in the pin ring and was saying “I’ve only got to pull this out and drop it and we all go to Kingdom Come!!” (How he got the thing, I do not know to this day) I went up to him and said, “Let me look at it” – the men in the beds said, “For God’s sake Padre look out – it’s unexploded – he’s mad” I said coaxingly, “Do let me look at it”. He said, “Promise you will give it back”. “Of course”, said I. He handed it to me and I ran out of the door at full speed downstairs. A justifiable lie if ever there was one and I do not regret it. We kept the shell after I had it defused, in our wardrobe in our room to Dora’s dismay.

3. A officer of the Enniskillen’s, an Irish Regiment came to me and said an R. C. Padre patient had come to him and rebuked him for wearing the Crown on his uniform being an Irishman, he said this man was going through the Hospital taking sedatives to the patients. I met this R. C. Padre under unpleasant circumstances. He asked for the use of our Chapel wherein to say Mass for his Co Religionists. I said, “On two conditions”. First that he got his service over in good time for me to take the Communion service at 8am and Second that he did not move the cross or any of the altar fittings. He agreed to both without hesitation. When I arrived to prepare for my service at 7.45 am he kept me and my Communicants waiting till 8.15am and when he was away I found our cross, candlesticks etc. etc. piled up in a corner of the chapel and the altar bare. I interviewed him later and his excuse was, “We R. C’s do not recognise your sect”, or words to that effect. I reported him to Col. Harrison together with details of his Sinn Fein propaganda in the Hospital. The stage was set for a first class row, with the R. C. Bishop backing up the traitor and making up a song about persecution. The C. O. deliberated and then he said, “The man seems fit enough?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Then I will order him back to the front line.” Which he did. This is just typical of the R. C. mentality – a ghastly thing. I am glad to say I saw the man and told him what a liar he was.

4. Another R. C. Padre – an elderly very smooth man was a Jesuit priest, who had been an Anglican clergyman and had perverted to Rome – spent years as a Missionary in China. I quite liked the old boy and had many chats with him. When there was a lot in the paper about the appointment of Hersley Henson to Durham Bishopric – the ECU accusing Hersley of heresy. He jocularly said to me one morning, “Well, what so you think about this heretic Bishop in your church?” I replied, “If he is such, he will not be the first – what about the leading Heretics in the R. C. Church who have been Bishop – Arius etc. etc.” When he was recovered, leaving the hospital he came to me and said, “Look here Man, if ever you want to join us just let me know – even on your death bed I will see you through!” Decent of the old boy! (He gave me his address, which I have lost). April 2nd 1918 was my last day at the Prince of Wales Hospital.

Note on the visit of Inspection of Edward Prince of Wales, to the hospital - We of the staff were all drawn up in the Great Hall. The P. O. W. arrived with an equerry – very blond – complexion like a very fair girl – blushes easily, fingering tie all the time, evidently on the edge of a nervous breakdown. The C. O. left me alone with him in the Chapel – he made two very apt remarks, “Padre, I like this Chapel, it is not tawdry” and “A nice quiet spot for invalid Officers to sit” On leaving he wrote his name in the visitors

book and put the wrong date. When his equerry pointed it out to him he blushed painfully all over his face and neck. Poor young man!

Extra Notes on my departure for France

Worthing: A lovely few days with the family. When I got into the train to go to Folkestone en route for Dieppe, Andrew, of his own initiative bought me chocolates and cigarettes; Peter sought for something and with 1d bought me an orange. So, Goodbye – I never felt so wretched in my life. At Folkestone along with many troops I marched do0wn the “Way of Remembrance” to the harbour – EGM and Dorothy saw me off. A fine passage, overhead Airplanes – Destroyers all round. Cheered up on reaching Dieppe 4 other Padre’s were with me. As I could speak French, I was in command. Slept in a room with the others. Air Raid – I got up and spent a Happy Hour or two talking to the Fire Brigade stationed in the streets and I enjoyed it. Next day in the train to St Omer arrived to find the train empty – almost blasted – sae B. K. Cunningham and John Macmillan. That night could find no food, streets empty, houses barricaded – followed by my flock of Padre’s I tapped at any door when we could see lights – at last admitted - we had a feast of poached eggs and coffee for which we paid well. As usual the French charming – that night we all slept on the floor of an empty house – heads on haversacks and spare boots very uncomfortable. Next day we separated I in a refugee train for Sergreaux & Ronxmesuil. Train without windows and often doors to carriages big luggage vans full of women and children. Two cold days and nights creeping through France – at stations, refugees swarmed onto the train, one Nun with her eye out (on her cheek), one old man brought to the train in straw in a wheelbarrow. I had a store of chocolate – took charge of the train, walking when we stopped (frequently) down the length of the train to chat with troops and refugees. One van full of Frenchmen, they greeted me “Baby born here last night – all well” – the chocolate and my French made my visits popular. The courage of the French women is amazing aided by a white faced livid HATE of the “Sales Bosches”. They had lost everything but one woman had her crippled husband with her - she told me of their losses – then said brightly speaking of their burnt farm, “Mais Monsieur, ou peut vebatir une maison mais on le peut pas vebatir un homme! Et moi j’ai mon homme!” it was alarming to see old veteran labourers throwing up hasty fortifications and digging trenches far inland to be a last stand apt. the Boche. We arrived at Amiens in leisurely fashion – the whole place had been bombed, was half deserted, long swathes of ruins as if a gigantic scythe had cut them down. The Cathedral, roofless, and pigeons flying in and out, the main altar a ruin and another erected at the West End. I got some coffee and schnapps in a Railwaymen’s hut just outside the station and we resumed our leisurely and uncomfortable journey to Sergreaux an important little railway junction. The only other Englishman at S when the train arrive was an R. T. O. He told me to change train for my destination and wait there. My train was to go on the next day. I got a room in the little railway hotel and being the only Englishman in the place I attracted too much attention. I enjoyed chatting with the locals and specially when a long train drew in covered with Italian Palms and greenery containing a Regiment of Chasseurs Alpin who were on their way from Italy to aid in the defence of Amiens. They detrained at the sound of their bugles and began boiling soup on the platform. Very rasly as I afterwards realised, I mixed with them and they were fine swarthy broad shouldered men with wicked looking long needle like bayonets. Again, rashly, I asked a Sergeant what Regiment they were? He replied, thumping his chest, “Nous sommes les Diables Bleus” – and these Gasçons certainly looked it! I noticed a certain coldness in my reception that evening in the hotel and suddenly felt acutely that I was in an awkward position. There had been and were plenty of German spies about in British uniform. I did not like it at all so I unlocked my valise to enable any searchers to

have a good look in my kit and retired later to bed - I awoke in the night hearing a sound of scraping as of a ladder on the sill of my window on the first floor. Then I noticed a white spotlight running like a "Will o' the wisp" over the ceiling and walls and approaching the bed! I had the sense to close my eyes when the light fell on me, appearing to be asleep. Evidently satisfied that I was there safe till morning, I was not disturbed again. But I did not sleep much and I got off the next day and in due course arrived tired, travel starved and hungry at my destination Ronxmesuil. I soon realised the truth of A. C. G's remark to me when interviewing me at St Omer. He had told me it was a difficult station for the Padre - the officers were mostly shell shocked men from the front - the CO was very unsympathetic and the last Padre had complained much and was unpopular. Well, on arrival I reported and was directed to the Mess Hut where I found about 200 officers lunching. On entering no one got up to greet me - painfully aware that I was looking like "nothing on earth" from fatigue, I walked a few paces among the tables. A few of the officers ceased chatting and eating and looked at me and then made some obviously unflattering remarks to their neighbours and went on eating. At length I saw a vacant chair next to a Major. I stood by it enquiringly when the Major looked up and said, "We don't want the Parson here". So I moved on - at the extreme end of the room was an especially noisy group of youngsters who stopped their noise and watched my misery. Presently one of them said a word to the others who nodded and then beckoned to me. I went the length of the hut to him and he said, "We are not much in your line, Padre but you can sit here if you like till you get a better spot." Gratefully I sat down and found myself among very genial - later as they proved very congenial men who I was to grow to like immensely to count as my friends. But first I had to be tested which they did that night in the following way. After putting up a notice of Services next day (it was Saturday) I went to my Hut and got my Batman (who later proved to be an excellent man) to put out my things, and I polished my H. Communion set and put it out on the table by the window and in due course I turned in. About midnight I was awakened by sounds of revelry and a mob approaching my hut, kicking along as they went, an empty bucket as a football. When they got near there was an ominous silence - then amid giggles - laughter a shower of lumps of dry turf and stones thundered on the roof of my hut and what was worse, dust was thrown through the open window over the Communion set (they of course did not know it was there). I was tired, nervy and angry and debated what I should do. I took up the bucket of water (which each hut had provided for ablutions) intending to throw first the water then the bucket and then myself bald headed on the attackers - but very fortunately training and recollection "Vir Semper" came to my aid and removing the Communion vessels under the table I crept in to bed and covered my head with the blanket to keep off the clods and clouds of dust. After a while (but not before I literally feared the roof would give way under the heavy stones now being hurled on it) the revellers withdrew and all was still. At the Service at 8am next morning three men were present and one Officer. He Capt. Caldbeck, who afterwards proved himself my right hand man and stay, came to my hut and introduced himself and apologised for the behaviour of the night before and my reception at the camp. He explained that which I knew before, that it was a difficult camp and many of the officers were shell shocked wrecks. He added, "You will not report it to the Colonel, I hope, he will not help you." "Of course not" I said. I then walked to the Mess Hut, there was a comparative hush as I walked up to my table and took my seat. Then a young Captain looked up and glancing round the table to his pals said, "How did you sleep last night Padre?" I said, "Fine thanks, but what about you my lad? You look very white about the gills - what were you up to?" His neighbours turned to him and said "Look out John, you're in for it etc. From that day till I left for the Hospital months afterwards I never had the slightest trouble - enjoyed myself immensely. Some of the tales the youngsters told were lurid and I kept up my end at first by always appearing to miss the

point and asking the narrator naively “What exactly is so & so? They took this remark as an excellent joke - used to back me up – later we had an organised “band” which consisted in beating the table with the end of knives and forks to hide the point of any tale which seemed too near the knuckle. It was amusing to hear the narrator appealing for silence and protesting that the tale was “Quite proper Padre.” We had a lot of fun and our table was the happiest of the lot. Inside our camp and protected by a corrugated iron palisade with sentry at the door was a WAAC camp where the WAAC’s (ATS) lived – cooks – clerks etc. under a young Commandant, a pretty girl and an aristocrat. No officer was supposed to go out with a WAAC – only the Padre and the Doctor were allowed to enter their camp. The Commandant was a new arrival and when first I called on her I found her settling in and helped arrange her “Things” for her. She was invited to dinner at the Mess and begged me to be there and back her up as she had been told how wild the officers were and how futile the Colonel (a war Colonel and an ex Brewer). Later this girl, much too young for her job, became infatuated with an officer, a half Dago, a married man who made a dead set at her. There was much indignation among the other officers. At Mess one day my table-mates asked me if I would mind leaving my hut for one night and sharing a hut with one of them, some way off. In reply to my question, “Why” they pledged me to secrecy and said they had secretly arranged a peel of bells over the unpopular man’s hut and were taking it in turns to pull a string all through the night and keep the Dago awake. This scheme was carried out. Soon the WAAC Commandant was removed and sent for reasons of “Health” to the South of France. Years later I met her at a Tea Party at Maidstone – she did not recognise me so I failed to know her. Did she recollect that awkward interview I had with her, when, before the incident mentioned above I warned her in her own quarters of the scandal that was about and she stamped her foot at me and said, “She was quite capable of managing her own affairs.” I had to interfere in other cases when men, though married, were compromising other WAAC’s. Usually I got the said men transferred to other units. The morals of my rowdy young officers were excellent as far as the WAAC’s were concerned. One day I was walking from the neighbouring town some 3 miles off, when I met one of our Sergeants going into the town. I asked him where he was going and he replied that he was going into... “You see Sir, it breaks the MONOGOMY (monotony). This is true though you know the joke is an old one. The man said it in all innocence!

I had a Chinese Labour Corps in our camp. They were big yellow grinning men and under Officers, British, some of whom had been Missionaries. I often looked in on them in their Recreation Hut and visited them when they were unloading shells etc. Their CO asked me to give them an address one Sunday afternoon – he acted as interpreter. The Service was in Chinese and the Hymns sung by those who were Christians as choir – the place was packed and the windows blocked by yellow faces staring in. They all joined in the singing - those who had no means of seeing the words of the hymns just lifted their voices and howled out what they thought was the tune. It was terrific! I spoke on the Devil, as that seemed to me the only link we had in com0n. The interpreter said it went down alright. They all knew about Devils. They had no tin hats and looked on the “HAT” as a charm apt. “Devils from the sky” (planes). When we had air raids the gates to their compound were opened – they were allowed to take refuge in the neighbouring forest. On one occasion when “roll call” was taken, two were found to be missing. They were discovered paralysed with fear sitting on a branch of a tree with china saucers balanced on their heads – to keep the devils off!

They knew all about the awful effect of air raids as the next big dump camp 10 miles off was blasted with bombs. For days after shaking Chinese came wandering in to our camp from the forest where they had taken refuge. They were a queer lot – it was reported that

after months in our camp, it was discovered by sheer fluke, that two of them were women! Air Raids were a nuisance because the camp was next door to miles of shells, which were daily loaded on to trains and sent to the front. I was lucky as my hut was nearest our big dug out and I was able to get cover whenever the “strombs” brayed a warning. We got some fun watching our friends come running down the dark descent in all stages of disarray when the warning came. On one occasion one of our officers, a blue eyed Devonshire lad, who had lost one eye came rushing down in Pyjamas and tin hat and I noticed that he had stuck his glass eye in so that it was looking upwards – the effect was very comic and kept us all happy till the raid was over. We had no casualties. The doctor and I always went to the Dug Out which was sacred to the WACC’s – it was a pretty sight to see the men with tin hats balanced on heads of every tint of hair. I never saw any one of them show any fear. I also was clerical O. C. the military cemetery – it was a ticklish job as there were buried there, not only Christians, but Chinese, Buddhists etc. and black troops (Hanses) from Africa and each religion had to have its own service and wooden grave headstones. Under me was a Sergeant of an Irish Regiment – a humorous fellow. One day I had taken a funeral and was standing by watching a Chinese burial.

Let me describe it: The body was put into the grave “hunched up” and a priest (a Taoist) seated himself on his haunches and conducted a conversation with the deceased – using a high falsetto for the dead man’s reply! It was very comic to watch but the Chinese were deadly serious. Just then in another part of the cemetery a Christian African funeral had just finished and the black men approached and watched the Chinese ceremony. The sight was too much for the gravity of the Africans - they began to laugh. The Chinese rose in their wrath and soon I found myself, backed by the Irish Sergeant, between the two rows of yellow and black men: shouting commands whilst the Sergeant added Irish oaths to the babble. Fortunately the habit of obedience to the Khaki uniform prevailed and we got the Africans into order and marched off. It was a near approach to an ugly row. The Sergeant told me the Chinese had buried that day with their corpse some excellent cakes, a huge ancient silver coin “larger than a crown”. He was aching to exhume the “Corp” and the money. One day in the YMCA hut I heard a man talking “for show” some French, I answered him – he then spoke Italian, I replied with some lines from the only Italian I knew. He turned out to be a Sergeant degraded for insubordination, to private. (It was a hut devoted to a disciplinary Battalion – all the men were undesirables of some kind). I got to know him, but could not keep him out of trouble. One day he was Court Martialled and when I chanced to visit the local Chateau – an old mediaeval castle then used as a prison – I saw him doing field punishment No 1 i.e. spread-eagled to a gun carriage with his arms and legs tied. Later I came across him again when I was Senior Chaplain at the neighbouring hospital - he was transferred there from prison with Trench Feet brought on by the cold in the cells. He was a hard case but he turned out very well in hospital. The sisters were hard worked as the Black Flu was ravaging the troops. The man was an excellent cook and I got him to help and so efficient was he, he would do anything for the ward Sister, that they with the doctors wangled it so that his convalescence was prolonged and I think his wildness tamed. Any way he was a great help to me in my work just as he was to the Sisters.

To return to the camp – the Black Flu was beginning to take its grim toll. One of the young Officers at my table got it but after a while was convalescent. I went to see him and found his hut was covered with naked damsels cut out of the “Vic Parisienne” – I congratulated him on the purity of his mind “To be pure all things are pure” said I. “Personally I should find it difficult to sleep at nights, surrounded by such a galaxy of beauty without some stirring of the passions,” but for you of course ... He took it very well and said, “I tell you what, I’ll give you all these in exchange for the coloured print

you have in your hut.” This was a picture of a Pergola with red rambler roses etc. We craved them for colour and such prints were hard to get. I said, “Done” and that night I sent my Batman to take his pictures down and put mine up in their place. That night my Batman was cleaning up in my hut and seemed uneasy so I asked him what was the matter? He said, “I have put up those pictures of Capt. so & so in your valise. Supposing there is an Air Raid tonight and you are killed I shall have to send them with your effects to Mrs Man. I had forgotten all about them, so we promptly burned them! Imagine what the “Missus” would have thought if she had tearfully opened my valise and found it full of unclashed ladies of the “Vic Parisienne”.

Our Colonel was an ex Brewer and though brave, a coarse barrel of a man who disliked me. One night there was more than the usual din and on my way to breakfast at the Mess next morning I noticed that some decorative woodwork wherewith the men had taken great pains to adorn the mess had burnt to cinders. As I entered the Mess Hut there was silence and one of the young officers called out to me, “What do you think of last nights rag Padre?” I replied, “The man who did that is a D – D fool (thinking it was another escapade of the youngsters). There was a dead silence and the youngster smiling joyfully pointed to the Colonel who was eating his breakfast alone at his table with his back to him. On reaching my table amid the buzz of conversation I was told the Colonel had got drunk and done it himself! He liked me no better afterwards! One of our Officers was Gentleman in waiting to Prince Christian and he introduced me to the Marquis and Marquise de Ste Marie d’ Agneaux who inhabited a Chateau in a neighbouring village. I became a frequent visitor there and found them interesting people, very Royalist and Roman Catholic. One of the daughters became engaged to a well-born British Officer who was a churchman. Both young people were eager to get married but as he was a strong churchman he did not see his way to signing the papers demanded by the Priests. The matter was taken to Cardinal Dubois of Rowen but nothing could be done and the couple were separated. The Marquise was very indignant saying that if his daughter had wished to marry an immoral French Officer they could have had High Mass etc. but because it was a straight British Officer the marriage was not permitted. They had a very poor idea of the Republican French Officers and would not have ant to their Chateau with out introduction.

Our Colonel, mentioned above, was an elderly Territorial – an ex Brewer, of no account who disliked me, but when the camp was air raided he showed considerable courage. Life at the camp was now quite pleasant, but the neighbourhood of the river caused dampness and I began to get very asthmatic. The M. O. reported this to the Senior Chaplain to No5 Stations Hospital at Dieppe on the cliffs above the town. Here the RAMC Mess was in a house and armed I slept in a Conservatory adjacent. I did not much like the change to hospital life again, but I soon got into it. The CO was a big shy man, excitable at night owing to his indulgence, when work was over, in the joys of Scotch whisky, otherwise a silent man. There were two Welsh Doctors, 2 Englishmen, 1 Canadian and the Matron and Nurses, Australian. There was a very varied type of patients in the Hospital – besides British, Australian, Hausas, Africans and Chinese. One day a very curious little fellow, more like an ape than a man, was brought from a ship in the harbour to the hospital – no records with him, only a pitiful savings certificate of the smallest value – no one could speak his language and all we could understand was the worst Mamma which he was always repeating. We brought to his bedside Chinamen and Hausas to see if he could understand them – all failed. He got on best with a sympathetic English Tommy who tried to cheer him in characteristic Anglo – French repartee for which the BT is world famous (and usually understood). There was something in the pathos of him, which appealed to the nurses, and they fought hard for his life. But one morning early, as my

custom was, (I always went through the hospital after midnight and again early after breakfast) I asked his nurse how he was and to my surprise she burst into tears and said he was dead. The only time, save one, that I have seen an Army Nurse so moved. The other occasion I will relate later. Soon after this event, the terrible Black Flu swooped upon the troops and we were soon all working hard in crowded wards – frequent deaths – once I buried 9 at a time - all wrapped in blankets as there was not wood enough for coffins. My little Mortuary Hut was stacked full of corpses lying in their blankets one on top of another. We, of the staff, were isolated and not allowed in to the town and in the wards all the Nurses wore pads over their mouths. I did not do so as my job was most often to take down letters and messages for dying men to their relatives, but one had to try and avoid the sputum from their constant coughing. Fortunately for me, living as I had done for some weeks in the MO Mess my constitution was well known to the Messmates – they used to say jocularly, “You are the right type to survive, it is the big strong fat men who die.” They used to put a syringe into the lung cavity of the patient and draw out black poisonous liquid. One night I went to bed feeling awful after a delirious night, when the Batman came in he sent for the CO and Major MO. I can remember them standing, one on each side of my bed, anyway gave me the right physic and in three days I was at work again. And just as well as five Padres who came in with it into the Hospital, one died and all the others were knocked out by it and sent home. The one who died was an excellent fellow, a great friend of mine and my successor at Rouxmesnil. He got ill there and I was allowed to visit him - I found him shivering and shaking, “like jugs of cold water poured down my spine” – I got him to the hospital and we fought hard for his life. It was a valuable one - he was of big physique, a skilled pianist and able man (a Lancastrian and very popular). As we were so hard pressed I took my turn at night duty with the orderlies who were all too few. I spent one night beside the Padre in the officer’s ward – he was raving with delirium and preached a really good sermon on “Marriage”. He was a big man and it was difficult to keep him in bed especially when he thought he had to go to the pulpit – I thought of a ruse and as he just knew me I used to say “I am taking this sermon for you – keep quiet.” “Oh thank you Man” then I would walk to the other side of the bed and sit down again to watch. This occurred again and again through that awful night. As he sank into a coma he thought I was his wife and I held his hand and heard his last words (he thought he was speaking to her). His death caused a sensation in the camp, he was much beloved and respected by the officers there – I believe there is a memorial put up by them (it is in the Anglican church in Dieppe). Incidentally I may add that he left two little boys - I and others (including my brother Hubert) interested ourselves in them (his widow was left badly off) and they were educated more or less free with the aid of grants etc. and later the elder became a doctor. The younger used to visit us at St Edmonds school, Canterbury and when we were at Chartham Rectory we had the mother down to see us. This boy is now a Curate in Manchester and I used to hear from him. Being cut off from Dieppe was a trial as I had friends there, French and English. At a Pension where I stayed between leaving Rouxmesnil and going to No 5 St. Hospital were many English Officers, a Padre and French men. Amongst these people was a Spanish lady Mrs Zigliara whose husband was a Major in the French Artillery. When he came there on leave I was introduced to him and he, Madame and I went to the R. C. Church together on Sunday. He was a fine figure of a man with black side-whiskers and flashing eyes. When his leave was over he returned to the front line. One day, when at the hospital and before the isolation, I got a message from Monsieur Gridard, the Pension proprietor, “Would I come at once as Madame Zigliara had heard that her husband was killed and she was frantic with grief and asked to see me.” I went – Monsieur G took me Mde. Z’s bedroom – there she was, pale or mad with grief and fury. The pillows were hurled all over the room, which was in a litter. I managed in my broken French (she could not speak English) to and, I suppose

by keeping cool, pacify her. I shall not easily forget the scene. A week later with Padre Fyfle a friend of mine, I saw her off by the Paris train. We had bought a bouquet of flowers, which I gave her just before the train started, she, to my dismay flung her arms around my neck and gave me a hearty salute, much to the joy of my Scotch Padre friend, and so Mde. Z passed out of my life! To return to the hospital, it was a bad time and the nerves were on edge in the Mess. Dinner in the evening when the M. O's relaxed was in my opinion, hectic. The C. O. used to get violent when excited and though he and I were good friends, he resented restraint. When in this mood the M. O's were afraid of him. On one occasion he rushed at me (in raging Mood) and I just escaped his reach, but such was the force of his onslaught that I fell against a chair, which smashed against the wall, in splinters. Fortunately the Mess opened on to the cliff and I dodged again and slipped through it, whereupon he attacked another messmate. On my return I found it still hectic, our Dentist M. O. appeared with a rifle and fixed bayonet wherewith he proceeded to lunge at the fire. The other M. O's were very nervous. I had a brainwave and taking an M. O. hat I pretended to drill him. He responded to the humour of the situation: I shouted, "Shun! Port Arms, Shoulder Arms, by the right Quick March" and led him out of the door which I promptly locked! Let no one who reads this imagine that the C. O. & M>O's were slack at their work, on the contrary, they were efficient and good at their job – day and night and we all understood each other and were excellent friends. But nerves were strained and there was indeed "A War On" apart from a foul deadly disease.

Services were well attended and there were many Communicants – officers, men, black, brown, yellow and nurses. As I looked at the kneeling rows I thought here is an excellent example in miniature of the church "Catholic" – all races.

When the epidemic began to die down and we were freed from isolation the order came round from HQ that every step should be taken to "Cheer up The Troops". Rules about Sisters dancing were relaxed, C. O's were told to arrange Concerts, Dances etc. Of course our Mess turned to the Padre (as they did in the matter of the pigs, see later) – always the Padre for any extra job!

Dance/ Concert Given in No 5 Stationary Hospital

The C. O. a typical very shy Englishman with long drooping moustaches as usual turned to me to arrange a Dance Show at No 5. He loathed social affairs, fortunately the Matron and Sisters were Australian and great friends of mine. We got together and arranged a Fancy Dress Show and Dance. Backed up by two Welsh M. O's on the staff who were very musical we went into details. The Base Commandant, leading Brass Hats, Head of the WACCS etc from the neighbourhood were all invited and the thing became a big affair. The matter of Fancy Dress frightened the C. O. – at last I got him to go as a "Pierrot" which he consented to do if I did the same. The evening came and th C. O. by several pegs and sternly ordering me to "Stand by him" took up his post as host to receive the guests. Both of us dressed as Pierrots – the C. O. looking sublime with his long drooping moustache and his conical hat, white trousers and coat with large black rosettes dotted about him – I was in similar costume. The guests came in, in troops, all in fancy dress except for the General. I recollect that the Commandant of the WACC's a large strapping young woman looked very handsome in the costume of a Cert lady with tall conical hat with veil from the top of her hat to her heels. The Matron appeared as Mother Hubbard and all the sisters as characters from nursery rhymes etc. Little Red Riding Hood, Fatima, Sister Anna, Miss Moffat. The M. O's and others as Monks, clowns etc.

The concert, attended by the patients consisted of local talent organised by the Welsh M. O's. The Centre Piece was a turn, which was a bright idea of mine – a Sham Prize Fight danced to music. I got the Sergeant Major who was a tall burly man to act as the “Brummangem Bruiser”, I myself being his opponent, “The Putney Bantam”. We rehearsed it before, an accurate ring, the Welsh M. O's with false noses as “Seconds”, towels, sponges, timekeeper and Referee – all in order. The troops were delighted when the Sergeant Major was introduced in the ring – immense, burly, fierce, but the cheers were deafening when I was introduced. I had whitened my face and wore a black jersey, tight fitting with black sleeves (which by the way once belonged to Uncle Bill) – I looked a pitiable object by comparison. Then the gong sounded and we began – dancing around each other to music – we played the fool for several rounds, I got knocked down and then he and between the rounds we were “sponged” and exhorted, each sitting on the knees of our seconds. I had arranged with the S.M. that in the 7th round I was to get both my hands round his neck whilst he turned round and round whirling me around in the air. Finally we both pretended to be exhausted (à la Nerro-Knox) and the fight ended with an upper cut from me, which sent my huge adversary to the ground where he lay to be counted out. It was a success and no small part of the fun was the antics of the two Welsh M. O's.

WELL! You say, so that is what the Padre did in the Great War. Hoe infra dig etc. etc. The proof of the pudding is in the eating! It was near Christmas and when the great Testoril came, only the Doctors on duty were absent from Holy Communion with Hymns and the great hall was crowded and it was a devout congregation which had listened to my address and a very large number Communicated. By the way – many races were represented, African Christians, Chinese Christians as well as our own. Uncle Bill's training of me as a small boy was vindicated!

The whole show and dance was a huge success.

At this time I renewed my acquaintance with the Dublin Fusiliers. This regiment came from the near East and were camped near Rouxmesuil when I was there. They were vet wild – ses starved and Irish and we anticipated trouble with them so extra guards were set about aour camp especially the WACC camp within our lines. Sure enough there was a fracas during the night and one DF was very intoxicated and gallant managed to get over the tall corrugated iron palisading surrounding the said WACC camp. He was ejected without much trouble. It was summer then and the DF's were drawn up for medical inspection in our camp. The M. O's kept them waiting for hours in the sun and the men who were riddled with malaria kept falling down in their tracks. I was helping with the stretchers and one man was so bad he he has to have a strychnine injection. He was taken to YMCA hut and I was kneeling by him helping when I heard a group of officers approaching – looking up saw my brother Hubert in all his glory with “Brass Hat” coming up! He was on leave from the front where he had been with the Australian Division. That evening we celebrated aided by two of the nursing sisters. I got up a concert and learned that an officer of the DF's was a hypnotist. I interviewed him – he said he had given it up, but would appear once more. The night came and it was a remarkable show he put up. He hypnotised a group of me chosen from the audience. He put them to sleep and I was asked on the platform to try and awaken them (not one of our officers would assist as they feared he would hypnotise them!). I tried everything to awaken the men and failed - even the application of a lighted cigarette end. He awakened them by a pass of his hand. Then he put them under again and put a forage cap in their midst and said it was a snake. They all began stamping on it! Then he said it was a baby and it was pitiful to see them pick it up and nurse it! I arranged with him before hand that he was not to mesmerise an officer or a WAAC. To my dismay when he turned to the

audience and made passes – called men up, some came dizzily and a WAAC amongst them! He allowed her to sit on a bench on the platform and then awakened her leaving the others set. Her surprise, when she found where she was, was ludicrous.

As winter set in the DF's were forgotten and had no European vests etc. but were left shivering in tents in eastern kit. The hospital had of course a series of them as patients – they had told me their officers were very good and shared with the men, boots, and clothes. The men believed that as they were mostly long serving men due for their pensions the Govt. was not interested in keeping them alive! I only mention this to show the desperate state they were in. The matter was taken up with the Base Commandant later and something was done. A Sergeant and three men of the DF's were cured in the hospital and about to return to their camp when I met them. The Sergeant said, "I have been twice in here and if I get a third attack I shall die – we have no warm clothing." I told them to wait and went to see the Matron. She agreed that the situation was appalling – she rigged them up with cotton wool pneumonia jackets and they went back to camp. She then told me that if only she had enough Brandy she could save many lives and burst into tears. I said, "Let's get some" so she ordered an ambulance and she and I got in and drove to Dieppe to the wealthy quarter. I got out and knocked at successive doors with notes in my hand to pay for the Brandy and we returned to the hospital with many bottles. The Base Commandant was a good fellow, an Irishman but such was the division of responsibility - the fear of every C. O. for taking any responsibility - that things had got into this bad state. On one occasion I was ordered to his office. He said, that he had been present when, the previous Sunday I had taken the Service in the local Anglican Church. He said, "I had prayed for the DEAD!!" I pointed out that my words were, "Let us remember before Almighty God those, our comrades, who have laid down their lives for King and Country." He said it was all the same and that he as an Irish churchman objected to Romanism. I said if he felt I had done wrong I should be reported to the Chaplain General to whom in such matters, alone I was responsible and not to anyone else. Also that I belonged to the Church of England. He saw he was in the wrong and we parted good friends, he walked into Dieppe with me arm in arm. Before the Great Epidemic broke out we of the RAMC Mess had great fun from the Colonel's horse. This animal needed exercise and the M. O's and I agreed to take him out in turn. He was a restive beast and our M. O's were novices. It used to be our habit to await the return of the M. O. who was riding him each afternoon. One day a little Welsh M. O. after needing a lot of help in mounting the animal set off on his back joggling like a sack of potatoes. We all gathered to see him return he did so with an enormous bruise on his forehead. When my turn came, I got on all right remembering my gallops with sister May years before in Guernsey. I set out through the town to visit my friends the Marquis and Marquise at Tibevant. All went well until I was crossing one of the iron bridges over the docks. The noise of his hooves drumming on the Iron Bridge frightened the animal and he bolted and we went flying at a rapid gallop through the town! Fortunately Tibevant is situated at the top of a very steep hill. I managed to keep his head straight and avoid the traffic we met – people and vehicles scattering before us. It was a very hot summer's day and when I arrived at the Chateau was greeted by the two Mademoiselles who happened to be in the garden. I was just pouring with sweat and just not in the condition to make an impression.

Prisoner of War Camps

I have forgotten to put on record one of the most interesting of all my Army Chaplain's experiences. Whilst at Rouxmesuil Camp we CF's from the whole district had to attend a weekly conference presided over by the Senior Chaplain. One day he read out an order,

that after long application from them the German POW's were to have services arranged for them on Sunday's by our CF's. The SCF asked if any of us could speak German? I saw my chance and said I could after a fashion. I was chosen for the job and was given a car and driver, pamphlets in German – hymns and prayers. Fortunately I had a retired Pastor friend who was a German / French / Swiss. I got him to polish up my German pronunciation and one beautiful summer Sunday afternoon set off for my first Prison Camp in the forest. I reported to the C. O. who was not enthusiastic – he said for 18 months the POW's had asked for a service and an Army Chaplain. They were told that no German AC was ever near enough to the front line to be captured and that they should make do with their own Lutheran elders. They still asked for an Army Chaplain apparently not caring to what Army he belonged! So the Govt. had at last decided to send a CF. The C. O. said it was very awkward, there was much indiscipline in the camp and two or three escapes. He did not quite know what the POW's were up to. They were 800 men of the Prussian Guards and several Poles. Did I want an officer to come with me? "Certainly not – I only want to see Feld Webel (Sergeant Major) beforehand." He appeared a tall fair likeable and who spoke English far better than I spoke German. I told him to get a small wooden table and be ready to distribute the pamphlets. The C. O. had arranged that the service should take place at the remote end of the camp near the barbed wire. Behind us was rising ground covered with trees. At zero hour I proceeded to my place behind the table and presently, "tramp, tramp" 800 Prussians came solemnly marching towards me. I told the Feld Webel to arrange them 3 sides of square facing me. He did so. When they were drawn up I shouted to him to "call them to attention" and he did so. I waited a couple of seconds and shouted "Noch Einmal" (once more) he did so - quivering with assured fury I shouted again "Noch Einmal" – it is not good enough. Now I noticed the men looking at me – every one of them 6'2" with (I thought) growing respect! I then said raucously in German, "You will sing hymn so & so number in the pamphlets; I will count to three and you will begin". Counting slowly "Eine, Zwei, Drei" I smote the wood table with my cane and the report rang out like a pistol shot among the echoing trees and then... a volume of glorious voices sang the German version of O God our help in ages past... It was wonderful – the voices, the sunshine, the echoing trees... And so we proceeded. Hymn finished I shouted let us pray - in 3 motions as one man they removed their caps, each took a step to the left with one leg and bowed their heads in tense silence. The prayers included one for Die Unserige Daheim "our folk at home" said that they, many of them, were at church that Sunday thinking and praying for their men folk. I glanced up and saw big tears rolling down the huge face of the bull-necked Bosche nearest me. The same man of the brutal Prussian type looked capable of any crime – they are a sentimental race. When the service was over and the men dismissed, I strolled around and one or two came up to me with military salute and clicked heels and exchanged a few words. The Feld Webel came and said, you understand the men Sir – they enjoyed the service – when do you come again?" Yes, they did enjoy it - they got their Army Chaplain, an officer who put discipline first. For some Sundays I used to take such services and in this camp it got better and better. Next time they had wangled a piano and got Poles with them some of who sang Falsetto. The Feld Webel later asked me to give an address, "The men had asked first" I then made a psychological mistake – said that as life was dull they probably wanted to enjoy my accent! He looked horrified and I realised that Prussians have no sense of humour. So I said I would come early next Sunday and go over my notes with him before the service. That week I learned again by heart the short poem "Peace" Schillers Gedichte so that when I got tangled up I could fall back on to conclude. This I did, it was a blazing hot afternoon sweated with heavy hay fever and asthma hindered my elocution! The Feld Webel afterwards said the men were very sympathetic, as the rumour had got around that I had been gassed by them with the Canadians at Ypres. I did not contradict that rumour, but my Asthma got so bad that I had

to return to hospital one Sunday afternoon being patched up temporarily in one of our camps by the local M. O. and sent straight off.

The conditions in some of these German prisoner of War camps were bad we Chaplains reported this to the Base Commandant and I hope with some result. The attitude of our men to "Gerry" was now embittered owing to the reports of German savagery. I saw no cruelty but one occasion at No 5 Stationary Hospital I found two Germans laying in the snow fainted and I had to, for the first and only time in my career as CF to order our men to get stretchers and pick them up. I noticed too POW's going round the pig tubs and digging in them up to their elbows and eating scraps. When the armistice came our Mess went mad – I did not. I felt we had not finished the job off and sat playing patience whilst others danced about and "ragged". The CO ceased a book and threw it at me and hit the glass beside me smashing against the wall. I returned the missile and soon a glorious mock battle ensued, two sides formed and a book bombardment took place. I had brainwave and getting another – a Canadian – beside me I turned a big armchair upside down and tank like we advanced against the others under cover and after a tussle captured their position! There was general rejoicing in the town that night and I went down and joined the cheering shouting crowds and I met a lot of British marching six a breast down the Grande Rue arm in arm. I was in the front rank and suddenly appeared a similar ragtime army of French and Belgians marching towards us. Guessing what was likely to happen I slipped back into the rear and when the two forces met the Latin's flung their arms round the necks of the British and I had the joy of seeing our Sergeant Major and others being heartily kissed by bearded Belgians and excited Frenchmen!

Reaction soon came and the British Troops were gloomy and silent and we CF's were told to do all we could to cheer up the troops. My job was to visit the Docks and mingle with the troops from the front as they embarked on the ships taking them home. It was a ghastly experience – the men were completely fed up "Bolshy" as it came to be called later. There was no singing, no laughing from the crowded ships – only rows and rows of grim faces and almost silent men. This was the homecoming of the Englishmen who had gone so gallantly and noisily to fight in 1914 / 15 / 16 they felt that after all their suffering they were "called off" just when they were on the point of getting their own back. History has proved them right – they were prevented from giving Germany the knockout blow and convincing the Germans of their defeat and so enabled the Germans to create the legend of the "unbeaten German Army" which led to Hitlerism. Once more the politicians betrayed the fighting men.

At last I got my orders for demobilisation and one very stormy day I sailed across the channel to Folkestone. It was a Hurricane, the ship half under water and everyone sick except myself. One lady in uniform was sitting on a seat half dead with sickness and misery at considerable risk of being washed overboard, a sailor with a rope got to her (followed by me) and we arrived off Folkestone the sailor, myself and the lady lashed to a seat as we could not get her back across the slippery heaving decks. She revived before the ship entered Folkestone (we had to wait outside for about an hour and a half because it was too rough to enter) and she recovered enough to tell me she was the daughter of the Chief Chaplain USA Army. On the jetty I saw my dear wife and children waiting and so I came home after an exhausting and interesting time D. G. Outside the barrier I was met by my wife with Andrew, Peter, Janet and Christopher who did not know I was coming "a surprise" and together we joyfully adjourned to lodgings in Sandgate near my parents house "Halstead, Sandgate" where EGM had been for many years. EGM was a well known character in Folkestone and the county – in earlier he used to hire a four in hand and drive a coach full of his friends about the countryside – a popular local figure,

chairman of the bench of Magistrates and prominent at diocesan meetings and in the sphere of politics. As a lay reader he used to help local clergy in their services. We his children were always welcome and often stayed at "Halstead". In the summer it was ideal for bathing it had its own private bit of esplanade and beach and a boat to which to swim and from which to dive.

He had many interesting friends Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Lady Henry Irving and others and our old Aunt May used to drive over from Hythe in carriage with coachman Salter and two old horses. There was a lot of fun and chaff wherever EGM was and all together "Halstead" was a wonderful home for us all, but when I returned from France there was a gap in the old circle. My dear mother had died whilst I was in France, I got compassionate leave and I arrived just in time by her bedside. She was just conscious and I said "Mother this is Morrice" she opened her eyes, smiled and said, "Say you verses dear boy" and I said the verses which she had taught all of us children to say when she tucked us up in bed for the night (God will take care of me all through the night Jesus the shepherd his little one keeps, darkness to him is the same as the light, he never slumbers, he never sleeps) she smiled and said "God Bless You and Goodnight" fell into unconsciousness from which she did not awake in this world. She was a wonderful mother to us all keeping closest touch with her nine children scattered as they were throughout the world. At one time I was the only one at home the others being in Manilla, Canada, Africa and Burma. She never rebuked us but kept us all in hand by her quietness and loving influence and constant letters when we were away from home. Her calm quiet and selfless influence both in home and every place wherein she lived without any sort of exaggeration by E. B. Browning in the well-known words,

"She never found fault with you, never implied

Your wrong by her right and yet men at her side

Grew nobler girls purer

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall

They knelt more to God than they used – that was all!

Our old gardener, Prior, a devoted admirer of mother said to me after her death "I knew the missus was not long for this world as far back as Christmas, she was with the children as they danced round the Christmas Tree hand in hand and I looked in through the window and suddenly she was lifted up as I watched, from the ground and I knew she was being raised to heaven soon." When the day of the funeral came and the cortege wound from the church to Saltwood where she was buried in the churchyard the shops were closed blinds down and folks stood, hats off, silently as the coffin passed by.

Lydden Again

When my leave was over we stacked our goods and chattels into a large van drawn by a horse, put the children inside and I cycled along side through the Alkham valley and river to Lydden vicarage once more. Some weeks later a letter came from Archbishop Davidson saying he could offer me livings in the Diocese to choose from but unfortunately the ones which had most stipend had least work and vice versa. I wrote back to say that I would rather have the work whilst I was youngish so he then offered me St Peter's Maidstone which I accepted and thither we went in due course. Thus once more I found myself in Maidstone where as a child I had so often stayed with Hubert and Harry at uncle Bill's house in Holy Trinity parish now pulled down to make way for the new Post Office. Uncle Bill's old coachman Stapley was still alive and I visited him in his almshouse (he was stone deaf) also his daughter Amy with who we used to play as boys at Hythe in the old days was now a dressmaker in the town. Stapley was thrilled to that I was a vicar in Maidstone and when, one lent I gave an address in Holt Trinity

Church he came and sat in the front pew hand cupped to his ear, but Alas though I stood almost over him and gave my address as loudly as I decently could he could not hear one word! Still I know he enjoyed his thoughts.

It was wonderful to be in Maidstone again with so many childhood memories sitting back to back with uncle Bill in his trap with seat high up whilst he drove his Australian mare Kitty down the steep High Street and across the then dangerously narrow bridge over the Medway up the Tonbridge Road, memories of Doctor Sankey whose carriage was kept in Uncle Bill's coach house and how one wet afternoon we three boys found a tin of red paint and painted the shining Brougham bright red!

Fortunately we were discovered before much damage was done and summoned to Uncle Bill's study where he sat in Velvetine coat and Bell Bottomed striped trousers, white waistcoat with his black beard and Glengarry cap. When asked why we did it we said we did not know the carriage was Dr Sankey's (which was true) but thought it was uncle Bill's and that we were doing him a good turn by painting it. That amused him and we got off with a scolding. Then came the never to forgotten tea party we gave to the children of the vicar Dr Moore all about our own age and how we frightened Beatrice Etta de Jersey Moore by jumping out of a dark passage with uncle Bill's skull which he used in his "Alas poor Yorick" speech when acting in Hamlet. The skull had fine teeth and the jaws were fixed up with springs and you could make it gnash its teeth by inserting the little finger in the jaws at the back. Years after when vicar of Tenterden, when the Kent Archaeological Society of which I am a life member came to Tenterden I gave an address on the church to them and afterwards a lady came to me and said, "You do not of course remember me Vicar, I was a Miss Moore" and I instantly replied, "Of course you are Beatrice Etta de Jersey Moore". Her name had stuck in my memory. Her father was a great preacher in those days and Holy Trinity was the other side of the road at the top of uncle Bill's garden and often we used to sit on the wall and watch the soldiers from the Barracks march to church parade on Sunday morning. I little thought in those days that some day I would often preach in that church.

We often went in the trap with uncle Bill to Yalding where Mrs Cutbush had a farm. Old Stapley was her coachman before she died and Uncle Bill took him on. He told me with pride, how one bumper year he drove Mrs Cutbush in the trap beside the corn and turning the horses head he drove straight through the corn to show her there was so much of it they need not fear to drive through it. St Peters is the oldest church in Maidstone, built by Archbishop Boniface, the Savoyard who came in the train of Eleanor of Portugal and was promoted by the weak Henry III the only good deed this Boniface ever did was to found St Peters. The parish was residential and ran up the hill from the Medway. We found Maidstone people very friendly indeed and there was a strong parochial spirit but the War had not taught the worthy citizens much their patriotism was of the 5% War Bond type.

On demobilisation I had joined the Demob soldiers and sailors association, soon after Earl Haig took this Association and two others and formed the British Legion, which I joined. I found the Maidstone branch in queer hands and of bad repute; they met in a Public House, which was out of bounds to the troops. When I first attended I was greeted with obvious dismay by the local officials, it was no fun having to go through the pub bar to the tearoom above where the committee met. I proposed that we should meet elsewhere and I was criticised for squeamishness by a local official. I remember he said, "This is not a Sunday school organisation". Fortunately the same man had come to the vicarage soon after my arrival to try to borrow money from me of which fact I reminded him to his confusion. To cut a long story short a young accountant, Gordon Larkin

offered his office for our meetings and joined us and soon I got others interested and arranged a Legion church – All Saints and with new officials the Legion began to go ahead. I had some unpleasant experiences at first all the same, the worthy citizens feared the returned soldiers and not unnaturally as many were “wild men” fed up with the fact that whilst they had gone to the front and borne the brunt the citizens had shown their patriotism by investing in 5% War Bonds. The Legion was at first ignored and looked upon as disreputable and it needed some courage on my part to risk my reputation as Vicar of St Peters by joining it. The whole thing came to a head when the Mayor and corporation invited the French Mayor of a devastated town Maidstone has adopted to attend a ceremony at the War Memorial, which was in my parish. At first the legion was not invited, I was as Vicar of the Parish, and when the Legion did get an invitation I decided to march with them as Chaplain. On the day the Legion was placed behind the Memorial the platform on which were the Mayor and the speakers so all we saw of them was their backsides. It was too bad – the men who did the fighting were in the background. I was glad I had refused a place on the platform and stood with my comrades of the Legion, but it was not a popular move on my part in the eyes Bourgeois or Clergy. and I was often snubbed afterwards but time put it right – I think. Anyway I did not care we got the then Chaplain General down to open a War Memorial in St Peters. He was a funny old Protestant boy but friendly (Taylor – Smith) not popular with CF’s.

Dec 6th 1947

I interrupt this journal to describe my 70th birthday, which took place yesterday. “Three Score Years and Ten” says the psalmist. For me it was a wonderful day I heard on the telephone good wishes from all our five children Andrew from Paderborn, Germany where his is OC of the BAOR school of administration training centre, his voice as clear as if he were in this study of mine. Peter from Benenden, Janet from Watermillock, Cumberland, where she lives with her husband John Barclay who is HMI of schools for Cumberland and Westmoreland. Christopher from Camberley where he has just passed into the Staff College and is appointed to the War Office and David from his flat in south Croydon whence he goes daily to the Colonial Office. I received wires from brother Hubert in Bermuda and Janet and our friend Felicity (Williams) Crawford. But the crowning mercy was a perfect Echo wireless set subscribed for by all the children and their wives and Ursula, Betty, Topsy, Lorna and Janet’s husband John and our six grandchildren Catherine who sent a touching letter with riddles to be solved and a card painted by herself and messages from Nicholas, Joanna and William, baby Pauline Mary and Janet and Lorna. The wireless was accompanied by a touching letter written by David in their names and also including Margy (White) and her husband Geoffrey Crowmarch. Our factotum and old friend and cook Mrs Marverys gave me a packet of cigarettes and nephew Lionel and Audrey sent a flowering Cyclamen Plant and Dora’s sister Mina and my dear Dora gave me a “Sawbo” cushion which is a great comfort to my sometimes sore behind as I sit in bed and gave me a bunch of Chrysanthemums. It was a great day. “Thus shall a man be blessed who feareth the Lord” and in my case as I tell them, their gratitude is due to their mother I was by God’s mercy led to give them, bless her.

After the above sentimentality (am I getting senile) I return to St Peters Maidstone whilst most of the parish was residential there was a wild interesting part at the top of a hill called Slingswood Cottages scattered about a resting place of some gipsy caravans. I found them friendly polite and very interesting and my knowledge learnt from uncle Bill enabled me to talk with them about famous gipsy and Jew boxers and there were some baptisms and ornate funerals in St Peters. They thought a lot of Baptisms and Funerals

and liked to be visited in their joys and troubles and to be treated dramatically. I shall not easily forget a visit I paid on the death of twin babies, the mother was acting her part well hair down and dishevelled wailing and surrounded by a group of sympathising relatives. The young father was laying prone head on ground and face covered. A grand opportunity for impromptu prayers and talk. I was wearing my cassock and acted the part expected not very successfully I believe. They were real gipsy's not hedge Michaels and wily and one had at first to stand up to them for example on my first visit their leader Cokins asked me had I spare pair pf trousers to give him – I said curious you should beg of me I was inclined to borrow five shillings off you because I know how well you have done with the sale of these wild ponies. He looked at me winked and said, "You are one of us!" I aid, "Not exactly, but I was not born yesterday." They had a curious way of calling me "My honour" not your honour. Al the time I was in contact with them I was treated with the greatest courtesy in those days, Joe Beckett (a gipsy) was a great boxer and fighting with the Frenchman Carpentier got beaten. When they found I knew a lot about it they told me tales of Beckett and how his mother used to fight with her fists and how Joe Beckett won his first contest as a lad walking all the way to Brighton sleeping on the beach and winning his fight the next day.

We liked other parishioners Maidstone people are civilised and friendly and I did a lot of visiting. Two outstanding miracles occurred (pace Dr Barnes) on each occasion it was a dying baby in one week two young fathers (educated men) unknown to each other came in cars on separate days to come at once to baptise their respective baby's, the doctors had sent them because the baby's were dying. I told them to go back to their wives and nurses to pray for their survival and expect that the grace of the sacrament would give them life. This is what happened in each case both children survived because of the faith of the parents (as in the gospels). By contrast the twin gipsy baby's mentioned above died because, as I was painfully aware at the time, the parents and relatives expected them to do so (such folk love the excitement of funerals and called me in as a last and fitting ending to their lives). I cannot any Christian Priest denying the power of God to bring about miracles but then the life record of Bishop Barnes shows he has never been a parish priest only a professor of "pure mathematics. Poor lost soul – the pity of it is that the work of the ordinary parish priest is carried on daily and anonymously and unless he is in the "Eye of the Bishop" he gets no recognition and should not expect it scorning to blot it with a name.

I go plugging on with these memoirs – will anyone ever read them? I really hope so. In a sense they are my "apologia pro vita mea" because outwardly I am such a failure but not all together so as I look back. A change came over my life's interests when Archbishop Davidson died and Cosmo Gordon Lang succeeded with a new policy and a celibate's outlook. For some reason he obviously dislike me and my married life for that thin-lipped elephant eyed (sorry!) prelate but a very good and great man in his aristocratic way whose shoe laces etc... But let me give one example of his treatment of me – scene my study before a confirmation service. Archbishop Lang helped by his Chaplain (Sargent) to robe glances at my Photo of King Charles I over my mantelpiece "So you admire C I – a bad King" I wanted to reply "You Scotsmen evidently had no opinion of your King as you sold him to the rebel Cromwell for £400,000) but what I did say was "It is a pity that there were and are not more husbands and fathers as good as he was your grace." Sargent behind Cosmo's back danced for joy, his grace was silent and looked down his long nose. Once more I blotted my copy book as later I did when the red Dean of Canterbury asked me in 1931 what I thought of the Russians (we were alone) I replied, "Bloodstained Beasts" Thus my tongue has spoiled my prospects. Be warned my Sons! That Lang was a great and good man is shown in his handling of Dick Sheppard, he Lang is the hero of the

life of Dick Sheppard (an awful book) the fact is that owing to over sensitiveness I never kept touch with Bishops (excluding Randall and Davidson) and people in authority as I should have done and steadfastly ploughed my lonely furrow. But I always got on with my Comfreres the lesser clergy. So often people mistake shyness for side.

SM 11.05.2001