

Farmer

to come and see him and it was rumoured

that he had been in years past an unsuccessful

suitor for her. She did not come and the old

man died. Then it was discovered that there

was money and goods all over the place.

In addition to the money in the little old

cottage it was found that the whole group

<sup>of cottages</sup>  
belonged to him while there was a valuable

place on the other side of the High Street for

which he also owned. He left no will & the

Crown inherited an estate of about £2000

then value. What it would be now it is

hard to say. The last remnant of his old  
Cottages was demolished less than a year  
ago and the village's first and only  
Cinema now stands upon what was  
part of the old man's estate. Folk said  
at the time of his death that he was a  
miser but I think of his rhubarb  
and his gooseberries and his love of  
fun and feel there must have been more  
to his life than just that.

While dealing with our early days in  
Essex it may be worth recording that one

morning in the May or June following  
our arrival I was driving down the lane  
towards Downham Church with the son of  
a young farmer when I heard a bird  
singing an exquisite song such as I had  
never heard until I came into Essex.

"Do you know what that bird is singing?"

I asked my companion "Why" said he "That's

the nightingale." "Nightingale?" I said "In

the daytime." "Why" certainly said Jack "he sings

as much by day as he does by night."

And long observation (not so easy here now

as it was then) has convinced me that he spoke the truth. When in full song I know of few birds who sing so interestingly and none more delightfully and arrestingly. When folks try to debunk the nightingale and his song I begin to wonder if they have even a nodding acquaintance with either.

Our second son arrived in the September of our first year in Wickford and is still the only son living. It may be guessed that his birth was hailed with

great joy and he was quickly introduced to the joys of country life for September being fine and warm his little old nurse required no urging to get him into the open air and would wheel him in his pram a walk of two miles each way (and anyone knowing Downham Hill to beyond the Church knows it is something to negotiate) where she found amazing quantities of blackberries of a size and quality we and she had not known and would come back with as many as

she could manage to pick and carry in  
the time at our disposal. Ever after,  
we knew her for quite a few years, her  
name was Aunt Blackberry. She was a  
dear little soul and the name suggested  
a sweetness that her disposition justified.

Talking of blackberries reminds me that  
a local postman the same year asked Ma  
Power if she would like <sup>him</sup> to pick her a few  
blackberries. She agreed and he brought  
to her doorway a large clothes' basket full  
seven shillings worth & she felt bound to keep

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In Fleet Street the business grew but the  
Clarion lease expired I think and the premises  
were marked for clearance and re-building  
and much as some regretted giving up  
a front window position for the many  
processions, including George 5<sup>th</sup>  
coronation visit to the City and of course  
the annual Lord Mayor's it was necessary  
to find new premises. With the guidance  
of Gilbert Godley - he was ever available  
for advice and wise counsel - I looked  
a suite of 5 offices - two sub-let for a time.

C.W. Daniel - at Graham House Tudor Street

This was in 1912 and the lease was for

21 years. It was renewed at the end of

that time for another 21 years but by

<sup>1937</sup> ~~then~~ the business as I have said increased

by accretion and a move had to be made

to larger premises capable of housing

the new limited company.

I will pass over rapidly a further

change at Wickford where to secure

an extra bedroom we found it advisable

to throw the so-called drawing & dining-



rooms

"into one and taking in the 6ft wide passage way with staircase. The plan began I think in the mind of my wife but was largely worked out by our beloved daughter Margaret to whom we feel the big room as well call it is a memorial. It has seen many delightful gatherings and we never lose the sense of her association with all that takes place in it.

In 1913 when the room had been completed and the garden was beginning to yield fruit in plenty we heard one day the sound

of an aeroplane. I was gathering fruit at the time & looking from my ladder saw that the plane intended landing in the 44 acre field facing us. I ran to see it and was by its side while it was still taxi-ing to the top of the field. The pilot asked me where he was as he had torn his map and was needing petrol and some overhauling of his engine. In a little while the population for miles around was streaming to the unusual scene by car and on foot but the pilot accepted my offer to take a cup of coffee with

us. He was a naval officer but attached to the army manoeuvres which had been taking place in Derby. He was one of the finest looking-men I remember to have seen and my daughters who are some judges remember him to this day and agree with my verdict. As to Mrs Goring she came down our new and charming stair-case to meet him and when he asked to be excused from taking her proffered hand because it was black from the engine she said "Oh but I must shake hands."

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You are our first visitor from the skies.

The pilot's name was Lt. Mearns. The next we heard of him was when in the following

year he was bombing German hangars at

Düsseldorf and the last we heard of him

was from a fellow officer who saw all that

was left of him after a fearful crash being

pushed about in a bath chair at one

of our seaside resorts. He had been left

we heard by those who might have stood

by him in his need. Such are the

rigours of the game.

them.

Ma Power I fancy sometimes suffered for her kindness to her kin and others.

She used to tell with great gusto the story of an old carpenter she called in to do a little odd job in the house. He was about 80 years old with a shrunk shank's out gave 'Ma' pain to see him sitting at work upon a hard saw bench. So she said kindly, "Wouldn't you be more comfortable with a cushion to sit on." Saiting the action to the word, "Why didn't you say so before" said the Courtess

old man, and then as he hoisted himself gently up "Ere, shove it under."

In the spring of 1900 when Leonard was about six months old we moved ~~into~~ into the home that still shelters us although it has been altered and expanded as the family grew up to be all but unrecognisable now. It was then a house set back some twenty feet or so from the hedge with a frontage of 75 ft and a depth of 450 ft and the same measurements stand but what was then part of what had been a field of lucerne the

year before is now an attractive garden  
growing a multitude of spring and  
other flowers, with <sup>some 60</sup> fruit trees at the end  
and dotted about the lawn made by our  
own gallant postman-gardener (what  
would Wickford have done or would do  
without its postman?) <sup>The house</sup> it has a room  
in the front that has accommodated with-  
out strain an audience of over 60 gathered  
to hear Martin Shaw talk about his own  
songs which were illustrated by the  
singing of George Parker and our daughter

Elsa who sang in all 29 of his songs.

But I am going too fast. That event was  
then some 19 years in the future. The  
garden had to be planned, & made most  
of it being double-dug by a young girl  
(comparatively speaking) who is now 76,  
and although country life was proving  
more and more attractive and healthy to  
him London was still calling him at least five  
days in every week and his increased  
vigour and skill in amateur gardening  
did not help much in extracting the



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the end of the first year of the new century

1901 the crisis came when it was proposed

to reduce my remuneration below what

seemed to me to be living-level. I objected

and put forward two plans for meeting

the situation, both of which were rejected &

I was told I must carry on as I had been.

This I said was impossible. Then I was

asked what I proposed to do. I said the

only alternative left me was to see

what I could do upon my own. I was

asked when that should take effect & said

'at once' if it were agreeable & so after  
 12 years of strain that still haunts my  
 dreams - I - well as I think of it  
 I understudied the futilities and "went  
 to sea in a sieve."

It was no easy matter to reach a decision  
 and act upon it. I had a wife & four  
 young children with a fifth not far  
 off, I had a house and garden, with  
 a small debt <sup>upon them</sup> in addition to a  
 mortgage & I owned three acres of  
 land I could not cultivate or let.

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All the same the next morning I started  
on my own without capital, borrowed  
or otherwise, with about a month's  
supply of cash in my pocket or rather  
at the bank and <sup>yet</sup> succeeded in founding  
a business that has been in credit  
ever since (ask the bank if you doubt)  
and enlarged itself by accretion into  
a limited company only in the last  
quarter of last year 1937.

Don't think for a moment that I am foolish  
enough to believe that in the language of the

Cockney classic "Alone I done it." The more I think the more I am convinced of the wisdom and truth of the saying "Not unto us, O Lord."

I merely state the simple facts and leave any who may feel inclined to draw their own conclusions. Anyway I gladly acknowledge the valuable help given me in establishing my credit and among these I would name my dear old friend Jack Boyle (Youth's Institute again - will there ever be an end to its influence) who could give me introductions practically anywhere in

"Fleet Street," my excellent neighbour and friend W.T. Wilkinson who as I was trying to obtain Clarion Advt's. gave me house room at 72 Fleet Street; Joseph Fels (of Fels-Naptha fame) to whom Wilkinson had introduced me about a year previously and Mr. Alfred Ridout then and now the real head of J. Grossmith & Son Ltd. the performers.

The latter had been among my earliest clients and when <sup>on</sup> the first morning of my compulsory freedom I called to make the fact known to Mr. Ridout he greeted

one with the remark "You're too late. I've already had a visit from the son of the house". "What did you say to him?" I asked.

"Say to him? Do you suppose I saw him?"

"I don't know him - I know you. What would

you like me to do." I need only say that

the business has remained with me and

mine to this day. More, we are real friends.

There were others of course but these stand out in my memory. Joseph Fels who

as I have indicated, I had met some

months before - he had only just arrived

in England & I went to help him as well as I was able with information likely to be of use to him as a prospective advertiser. At the end of our interview he seemed greatly surprised at my firm refusal to accept a cheque from him in acknowledgment of the slight service I might have been able to render him. My refusal however did not injure me for until his death I was always Brother Goring to him and I well remember a few months after I started he asked

amount necessary to be furnished by the great metropolis whose streets are paved with gold. (Does that account for the crowds that gather whenever the street-diggers put in an appearance?)

Business became to me more and more unpleasant and difficult not to say hard to find. Big clients began to drop off & I could not find and almost feared to find others to take their place. My slender income which for years rose slowly at last began to decline until it



me how I was getting on and I said "fairly well but was a little strained occasionally for cash. That I had asked a friend who had promised help upon what terms he would lend me a small sum and that the friend had responded with an offer of partnership which I didn't desire. "That's right" said he "don't take a partner. They're sometimes as hard to get rid of as a wife. If you want to borrow such an amount come to me." I thanked

cordially and told him if I ever  
did borrow it should be from him. I  
was however able to get along without

I am glad to say.

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It was a great struggle. My wife was

my first bookkeeper insisting upon

adding that to her other duties and it

is quite certain that her unselfish devotion

largely helped to make  
has ~~made~~ possible whatever it has been

given me to do. I was getting along slowly

enough perhaps when there came an

unexpected interruption. I was sitting

2857A

Before quitting the subject of my change I should like to mention a curious happening of interest to those having a leaning to things psychic.

Some time in the year 1901 Harold Stare's watch having gone wrong in some way I lent him my gold one while his was being repaired, a matter which must have been seriously delayed for it was not until about July 1902 that he handed mine back to me and asked if he had ever told me what had happened about it when he was in Derby the previous November. I had heard nothing and then

40 B  
265 B

<sup>there</sup> he told me the whole queer story. While he was  
in Derby a Psychometrist visited the town  
and two ladies living I think where Harold  
was staying asked him to lend them his watch  
for the sake of testing the psychometrist's  
powers. Eventually he lent them my watch  
& the ladies went to the meeting - one of them  
thinking the watch was his & the other knowing  
it was one he had borrowed. The psychometrist  
after handling the watch said she sensed two  
people in connection with it and began  
to describe a man who was obviously not

~~4c~~  
265C

Harold and might not have been one had not  
the lady gone on to say that the owner of the  
watch was in anxious state of mind in  
regard to a possible change in his business  
life. He doesn't know whether to make it  
or not she said but you may tell him  
from me that he will make the change  
and it will be successful. The lady  
who thought the watch was Harold's told  
the psychometrist that the description didn't  
fit the case at all but she was reminded  
that two people had been sensed in connection

~~FT~~<sup>D</sup>  
265D

with it and the psychometrist then went  
on to describe what his friends thought was  
someone like Harold indicating truly  
enough that his outstanding features were  
a love of music and the graphic arts.  
This shows a remarkable insight or more  
remarkable guessing on the part of the  
psychometrist for it was an undoubted  
fact that at the time of her statement I  
did not know whether to make the change  
or no and through Harold Hare's forgetfulness  
I did not hear anything of her message.

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~~10~~  
2057E

until I had actually made the change or

when of course it was much too early to

say whether it would succeed or no.

in the last coach & the last compartment but  
one of a train at rest in Brentwood Station  
when I felt - the most fearful blow on the  
back of the head that I ever had; was flung  
across the carriage receiving a blow on  
on my cheek  
~~some part of the head~~ as I struck the  
opposite passenger, who ever after  
attributed his broken nose to me -  
and I realized that I had been in a railway  
collision. Now I got home with Wilkins  
who was another passenger, <sup>with me,</sup> only John  
Todd afterwards City Surveyor of St. Paul's



Cathedral fame) can tell - he took us.

The accident occurred on Nov 20 and after resting a few days I tried to carry on my little business but ~~at~~ soon had to give in, was ordered away and did not really resume <sup>work</sup> ~~business~~ till the following April. How the business survived is another minor mystery but again I had to thank my wife and also her brother C.W. Daniel who had been in the advertising world but had started as a publisher the very day I had

begun as an agent. I have sometimes wondered whether at that time he also was a 'jumble'. But if so we were not in the same sieve. My thanks to him all the same for his friendly help then and many times since. Not all brothers-in-law are such firm friends.

Life goes on in spite of accidents. Gradually I took a firmer grip of things and my little business began to grow in various directions for I took any likely and decent chance of earning that came my way. The

advertising side of the Clarion responded to my efforts and added to my income.

For more than ten years I was its tenant in Fleet Street and it must have been in

the very early days of my changed career

that Wilkinson, who was of course Secretary,

asked me if I knew anything of the two

young fellows who occupied a small office

over my head. He was a little anxious

about their rent. I told him they seemed

a nice, good-looking pair but that I

was not very hopeful of their enterprise.

one of the first if not the very first publication devoted to Advertising. Their name was Berry and if you wish to find them now you must enquire for Lord Camrose at the Daily Telegraph and for his brother, who was at that time Mr. Gomer Berry. It was only some years after their feet were firmly on the golden ladder that I realized that we had met frequently upon the Jacobean staircase we all trod at 72 Fleet Street and it was at the suggestion of George Sparkes that I went to the reception

Sir William Berry who had become president of the Aldwych Club of which I had been a member from the start owing to the good offices of my good friend Gilbert Godley and of my own little but good annual cheque. When Sir William came into the room he bowed affably to all and at last his eyes rested (as they say) on me. He looked a little puzzled but nodded and smiled. I said to him "You don't really remember me, do you?" "Yes" he said "I remember you very well but I can't for the life of me think where

I said quietly. "72 Fleet-Street." "Good God!"  
said Sir William "twenty years ago". I have  
never met personally I think either brother  
since but I remember Sir Gomer sent to  
me, among many others, I daresay, a brace  
of pheasants. I thanked him and did  
not mention that all I could do was to  
pass them on. Then only a year or two  
ago when I was soliciting votes for a young  
friend to enter the Orphanage at Watford  
I saw Lord Camrose was one of the  
patrons and wrote for his help. He gave

me sixty votes and sent a very kind letter showing that he still remembered even so slight an acquaintance. Both Brothers still bear a reputation in Fleet Street, I believe that gold does not and never can buy.

Meanwhile I had kept in touch with Joseph Fels and it was he I remember who introduced me to Keir Hardie hoping I should be able to do for the Labour Leader something of what I had been able to do for the Clarion.

I did what I could upon a commission

and came constantly into touch with the  
founder of the I.L.P. Once or twice after  
an exhausting day at the Commons he was  
in bed when I called upon him at the  
top of the house in Nevill's Court, and  
I would climb the spotless but uncarpeted  
staircase that wound up to the bedroom  
that owed its simple but good and homely  
beauty to the care of Mr & Mrs Joseph Fels.

Here I may say that for gentleness of  
manner and real old-fashioned courtesy  
Keir Hardie stands out supreme among



the few leaders of men I have chanced to know.

I think it was when he succumbed to  
appenticitis that Ramsay Macdonald

succeeded him in the Chair of the Labour

Leader and I transferred to him the

little assistance (and it was but little &

far) that I was able to give the paper.

I did not see very much of the new

editor but a visit I made one afternoon

to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields stands

out in my memory when I took tea

with him and Mrs Macdonald and their

little family of young children. This was the  
 first occasion (and only, alas,) upon which I  
 had seen <sup>had seen</sup> ~~seen~~ Mr. Macdonald since I left the Socialist  
 Club. I did not see a great deal of ~~Ramsay~~  
 husband after this and for years we  
 did not meet but at last during the  
 war Philip Emmanuel (of Odhams) suggested  
 that I might like to attend a luncheon to  
 be given to Ramsay Macdonald, Kebley and  
 and Ponsonby by the Cannibal Club (of all  
 people) to hear their defence of the policy  
 they were pursuing in war time - it was '16

I believe. To my surprise I was greeted enthusiastically as an old friend by the future premier & was introduced to his friends including one of his sons who was serving them in the Freud's Ambulance.

The luncheon had I fancy been given with the view of 'chewing up' the visitors but

Ramsay MacDonald found no difficulty whatever in making mince-meat of his opponents & scarcely needed the assistance of any of his distinguished friends.

He was at the time a victim to Navitis

Carrying one arm in a sling. I little realized then that he would reach the height he did. I met him <sup>later</sup> when as leader of the Opposition the Aldwych Club invited him to lunch but I never afterwards saw or heard from him. As a speaker he will always stand out in my memory among the very best I have heard.

Apart from accidents my health up to <sup>say</sup> the ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ <sup>1906</sup> of the ~~middle~~ <sup>middle</sup> of the ~~middle~~ <sup>middle</sup> remained very good although I was never regarded as very robust.

I have reason to think however that about

this time I overstrained myself, which was an easy matter in those days, for in 1907 I became unpleasantly conscious of my digestive organs being in pain daily within an hour or two after a meal. Try as I would I could not rid myself of the trouble and my friends began to notice a difference in my complexion and a leanness about my face that was not pleasant. I am not in the habit and never was of troubling the doctor at every little ache or pain so I did not seek advice. All the same I was advised, not medically,

but by one who had suffered through a near relative, to have my appendix removed.

Operations have never appealed much to me -

I am too great a physical coward for one

thing - and this added to the fact that the pain

happened to be on the opposite side to the

appendix made me shelve the suggestion.

At times however the pain became all but

intolerable and I remember one strange

happening in connection with it. I had

been at Robert Blatchford's suggestion

been getting my children's rhymes together

with a view to having a new book published  
by the Utopia Press (other wise the Clarion).  
When I submitted the M.S.G. it was found  
to be rather too little to make a volume  
so I started to write what was later to give  
the title to the book "The Ballad of  
Lake La Coe". I had written about half  
this when one evening we were all invited  
to visit Father Power's family who were  
now living in a commodious house  
built to stand an earthquake and designed  
by John Todd, previously named. As the

house was at the top of a hill near Wickford  
it seemed, to some two, like Father Power to  
call it 'The Dingle' but 'The Dimple' it is to this  
day though Father Power went years ago  
with his family to Canada & has gone out  
of the sight of all of us now for some  
years. Heaven must be a jollier place than  
it was - if he is there, and he should be.

On the particular evening I mention I  
was in too much pain to go but got the  
others to leave me behind to find <sup>what</sup> ease I might  
This I attempted by a prolonged hot bath



and to make the treatment less monotonous  
and because in spite of the pain "Lake Lalo"  
was calling upon me to add to its stanzas  
I kept pencil and paper at the side of the  
bath. Whether the hot water or the exercise  
or both eased my pain I cannot say  
but certain it is that during my immersion  
I wrote the latter half of the Bullid &  
did not find much to revise in what  
I had written in such queer circumstances.

But although momentarily relieved  
the pain did not leave me & one Saturday

I shall never forget culminated when I  
was on my ~~return~~ <sup>way home</sup> journey in the train.

How I endured the agony I don't know.

I could neither sit, stand nor lie down; I  
was bathed in perspiration and could  
not think it possible to survive till the  
end of the journey. I did manage it

however and was driven from the station  
in an open cart, the only conveyance

then available, and crawled indoors

feeling that my end must be near.

I was soon put to bed by my beloved

who realized that the duodenal ulcer from which I had evidently been suffering had broken. To save words, she set herself to cure me by natural treatment and although except for a few days I managed to continue my business she succeeded by the steady application of her remedies in restoring me to something more than my former health. It took months to ~~do~~<sup>do</sup> for a long time I found it impossible to put on a fraction of the weight I had lost. I always think

of this time when told that I cannot know  
what pain is - as I am told occasionally

Meanwhile in 1906 our youngest  
daughter Barbara had been born and  
although at birth the doctor said to me

"She's a bonny girl - I believe I should have

known her as one of the family anywhere,

she met with an accident at the age of

five months from which she has never

recovered. Her pram ran down a

slope and overturned; she continued

asleep & so we believed uninjured

but they ~~stay~~ the atlas and the axis have been separated and the injury has proved irreparable. But though she suffers from arrested development there are wonderful compensations even in her condition for her disposition is one of the sweetest in the world; she has something like a genius for music - Martin Shaw who saw her in 1919 said he had never met anyone so open to the impression of music - and her sense of order is almost-miraculous. Everyone loves

and endeavours to serve her and in  
many respects most of us would do well  
to under study her. ~~in many respects~~

I append here some lines written when  
she was thirteen, but still as true, that  
were published by request in Public  
Opinion.

Life sometimes appears to me like an escalator but in the form of a switchback it has its ups and downs, its smooth stretches but all the time it carries us along. Changes came in Fleet Street and at home. In Wickford the family twice necessitated a considerable alteration in the house. First an addition built on to the back gave us more bed room accommodation and a bath room, while a well I had dug and bricked but which was domed, as he said to

save my life, by the most helpful John Todd aforesaid enabled us even in the absence of a water-supply to instal a hot-water systems. My neighbour Wilkinson had I think already done the same. Things are changed since then but I can still remember the joy with which I used to listen to the water running into our coupled rain-wells and singing on its way "No water rate! No water rate!" (There is a joy in pioneering if you look and listen for it.)



On July 20<sup>th</sup> 1914 we celebrated our silver wedding and I still seem to see our good neighbours and friends Mr & Mrs Fischer coming in at our gate with a quite-unexpected gift of an electro-plated *epenne* thronged with Dorothy Perkin roses of their own growing. He was a fine tall man 6ft 2 1/2 in and she was as lovely a woman as one could meet. He was an official of high standing in the London Branch of the Deutsche Bank. She was the daughter of a Swiss father &

a German mother - a beautiful old lady. They had no children, kept no servants but with wonderful care and energy made their new garden bloom with every variety of flowers you could wish to see. They were at work together mostly from 5 o'clock in the morning & were admired and loved by all who knew them. And neither of them at that moment had the faintest idea of what was coming to us all.

When at last rumours began to spread & the situation began to appear critical &

travelled down from London with Mr. Fischer  
and his distress was very real. ~~Some~~  
~~he knew~~ He was when at home a Lieutenant  
in the Kaiser's body-guard & the last words  
he said to me before leaving on Aug 3<sup>rd</sup>  
were "I shall never fight the English. I shall  
not be allowed to fight at all I expect but  
if you hear that I am at the front you  
may know Germany is in a bad way."  
He went. Before September 1914 was out  
he fell, a Colonel, and none of his  
relatives,  
including his wife, ever saw him again.

She was, of course, an alien & went over to  
his people in Germany but the position  
was intolerable. Here she was treated  
as a German; there with suspicion  
as an Englishwoman. She came back  
again but eventually found an  
asylum of some sort in America.

That was how the war came upon us.

A bolt from the blue seems an inadequate  
expression. Our <sup>two elder</sup> daughters were at  
Aberdeen on holiday with their cousins  
when war broke out and it may

be remembered that Aberdeen was one of the earliest towns to feel the alarm of it. We were thankful to get them back.

The effect-upon my business was immediate and disastrous. About 75% of it vanished and how to carry on became a serious question. Leonard, who was at a business College, decided to leave at once & join me. In 3 months my book-keeper left at a day's notice and shortly after the one capable assistant I had - he had been with me ten years -

left as he then thought to better himself.

I fear he has only regretted it once - that  
is ever since.

Expenses were reduced at home to the  
last possible fraction and my wife  
became school-mistress again in her  
own home to many who found her  
work astonishingly successful especially  
with so-called backward pupils. But  
economise as we might it became more  
and more of a problem to hold on to  
when my principal client G<sup>o</sup> Son sent

for me + had: A.R. told me that they had decided to stop everything in the way of advertising as they didn't think it consistent with the seriousness of the national situation I felt that the bottom was dropping out of things. Asked how the decision might affect me I said frankly that I felt it would put my head under water. Then came the astonishing question: "Suppose we had continued this year as you expected would you mind saying how much of your income it would represent?"

I named the ~~smallest~~ amount & was more  
staggered still when I heard. "I am going to  
write you a cheque for that amount not  
to add to your embarrassment but to  
help you. If you are ever able to repay  
it do so - if not don't worry about it."

That was a greater surprise than  
the jeweller's gold watch and it proved  
a present help in time of trouble &  
tided us over till events took a more  
favourable turn for the business.

The turn came at long last and the



debt has been <sup>thus</sup> for many years thankfully repaid but nothing can erase the memory of the kindly and timely loan and the tender and thoughtful way in which it was advanced.

As to the war itself we saw more than enough of it both at home and in London.

In London my staff was in the main part of my family. I remember particularly one

Saturday morning when the German Aeroplanes

came and we all trooped down from the

fifth floor to the second listening to the boom

exploding horribly near while our beloved  
Margaret cool and calm did her best to soothe  
the hysterical girls gathered around her.

When the ~~troops~~<sup>raid</sup> was past we emerged and  
saw fires burning here and there but were  
surprised not to see the place in ruins.

Clearing up and hurrying home 30 miles  
away we found that those who stayed  
behind had marked the flight of the  
planes to London & had anxiously waited  
to hear of our safety.

Life never seemed too certain at Wickford

The first line of defence was a trench dug by territorials at the end of our garden. We saw from our front windows nearly overhead the Zepp in the centre of our searchlights being attacked by anti-aircraft guns and planes; saw the red spot appear in its side and the dreadful thing split and crash in flames well within sight of our windows. Raids seemed of almost nightly occurrence the fighting over our heads an ever renewed nightmare, and at last with a terrific roar like an express train a Gotha flew in flames

and buried itself and three Germans in the adjoining field where it lay spitting machine gun ammunition for some hours.

During the war ceilings fell in our house upon fourteen occasions and when it was all over we found that the roof had been pierced here and there with shrapnel.

Yet somehow we managed to live & life was anything but dull. I remember in the middle of one raid the elderly 'isuntie' I have mentioned stammered out to me "But we have a sloping roof, jack, haven't we."

and I think she found comfort in the fact that we had. On another occasion when I referred to the dreaded coming of the moon the same dear old lady said 'Never mind, perhaps it won't come up to-night.'

We made numerous acquaintances & not a few friends among the officers and men who were quartered on or about us and we still count some of them and their connections among ~~us~~ those we are always delighted to meet - it would be invidious to name them, maybe.

In 1917 my son left me to join up and after a brief stay at Gidea Park was sent to join a Cavalry regiment at Ketheravon. He wrote from there that if after the war the worst came to the worst he thought he might do something in the circus line as he had learned about 149 different ways of falling from a horse. I was immensely glad though that his training outlasted the war by a few days & that his commission never has & I fervently hope never will be exercised.

But in spite of the natural elation  
at the war coming to an end a shadow  
had for some months been falling upon  
us which alas, could have but one ending.  
Our beloved Margaret the idol of the  
whole family had an attack of pneumonia  
in March culminating in an illness  
against which we fought a hopelessly  
losing battle which ended in her  
fading out four days after the  
armistice had been so riotously  
celebrated all over the country!

Margaret had been admittedly a glorious girl, with a voice reaching three octaves, and the ability to sing even at the early age of sixteen with such dramatic intensity that we were seriously rebuked for not devoting her to the operatic stage. She lives in the memory of the whole family to-day as its brightest particular star. Some reader outside the circle may know what that must mean. She had I know a critical ability that is rare in the most adult mind,



a personality that won her way quietly wherever she went. She seemed and was a counsellor of ripe wisdom to all of us and withal was of a bright and playful disposition that ~~showed~~ <sup>proved</sup> her <sup>to be</sup> of the eternal child spirit, and until she began to fade she could romp and dance with children or adults in a way of which the recollection still amazes us.

Only those who did not know Margaret will think that it is the fond father, blind and slightly patronous that writes so

about a daughter of 27 who passed out nearly twenty years ago; but as some slight outside corroboration of what I have written let me put in a quotation from a booklet "The world of the fourth dimension" by an Officer of the Grand Fleet.

Referring to a photograph of Margaret given him by her uncle C.W. Daniel

he writes on page 22

"On the wall of my cabin hangs a picture of a girl. It hangs there not because of love or friendship for the girl, for I never knew her, and she is now dead; but because the face to me typifies

Something, and because the girl's relative to whom I expressed this something gracefully presented it to me. It is a beautiful face, and it is fixed, without much interest, as if sure of its beauty, on the camera, for it was being photographed. But in the face or in the depths of those slightly upturned eyes there is an expression of longing and desire. ~~It is not a desire~~ It is not a desire to love someone, to be loved, to have children to love to live the life of this world in the best way it can be lived. No. It is something beyond all that. --- It sees <sup>visions of</sup> the life of love and Truth and Beauty, and longs passionately for it.

The photograph was one of several taken at the instance of Orslow White.

The sculptor who was engaged upon a sculpture bust of her which was to go

to the Academy. Margaret at the time was a student at the L.C.C. school of Arts in Southampton Row which so far as I know still has some specimens of her beautiful lettering. Somehow or other the bust was never finished - what baffled the sculptor I don't know.

Margaret's motto was a single word: NOW, and curiously enough the author quoted above makes great play with the same word in his chapter on "Faith or Fatalism".

And here I think these rambling notes may well pause for since 1931 I have taken life more easily in some ways than had been my habit, owing in the first place to a severe attack of blood pressure for which it was said the strenuous life I had lived sufficiently accounted

I have published nothing since my three little books for children already mentioned but my beloved wife suggests that I might round off these jottings with a quotation from the

lines written to celebrate the twenty  
first birthday of Margaret's beloved  
brother.

## Courage.

Courage, you say, is the one thing you lack.  
To face up to life, looking hard and so black.  
Maybe you're right, but unless you are blind  
Courage is surely a thing you can find.

If it's only the pluck of the parasite  
That merely knows how to cling closely and bite;  
Bite with its infinitesimal jaw  
Moved by the self-same inscrutable law  
That holds and revolves every star in the blue,  
And yet tends the still lesser fleas that bite you  
For however invisibly small you may be  
You're needed, I guess, to complete Unity.

## Prologue

Rip and Flip began it - they did before - if they hadn't been the - well let us say the couple - they obviously were - and are - I doubt if 'Crumbs of Verse' 'Lake Lotos' and their own little books of adventures would ever have seen the light.

Now after - well, count it up for yourselves - they are at it again for it is certainly the fact that I began the notes that follow upon their

suggestion made to me in a recent visit to see them in Sussex. Whether they conspired or not I cannot say but they were both concerned in it although Flip - bless her - being <sup>our</sup> ~~my~~ dear.



hostess made the more definite contribution.

Did she know I wonder what she was doing?

Once started on the backward path it seems

so difficult to stop as if I had accidentally

<sup>put in motion</sup>  
~~started~~ and got in the path of an avalanche. so

I wrote recently to flip these notes - and something

has yanked me off them for this little aside -

promise to be as long as the worm whose

other end was in Australia or New Zealand.

and whether I shall get to the end of them or

the work ~~break~~ Himmel - I should say heaven

knows - or does not.

What I had in mind when I began was I  
think to sketch in a kind of background to set  
off clearly and naturally my movement from  
orthodoxy to the heretical but far more satisfactory  
faith to which I have come in a journey of  
75 years. But <sup>as</sup> the notes themselves have come  
so spontaneously to my pen ~~that~~ two things  
more have been made clear. First the satisfaction  
that must almost unconsciously have been  
mine in accumulating them during my  
varied but far from unusual pilgrimage  
and, second, how every little thing has been

connected with every other little things and that  
life is even more obviously one than perhaps  
even I had realized. And as will be seen, if  
anyone should ever be sufficiently interested to  
get to the end, that has been the vision that  
has led me, and the Lord be praised still  
'leads me on'.

I have frequently said that if I were a  
praying man my <sup>one</sup> prayer would be "Lord  
that our eyes may be opened" for the more  
I consider things even in these threatening times  
the more I am convinced that when our

eyes are really open we shall

"Sing with the birds;

be at ease with the flowers;

rejoice in the sun and the clouds,

and the peace of the stars"