

Editor's Foreword

Bennett Maxwell Banks wrote all that follows between December 1937 and 1952, but it was not until the end of that time that he gave it a name. At the bottom of the inside cover of the Minute Book in which he wrote it all, and in his rather shaky post stroke ball-point writing he wrote "My autobiography by B.M.Banks" which I take as his title.

When he started his autobiography he wrote only on the right hand page of the foolscap notebook, but as the work went on, and particularly in later years, he added to his original thoughts by text and notes on the left hand page. Sometimes these were amplifications of points in the main text, and where I believe this to be the case I have added them in to the flow of the writing. Other notes clearly were intended to stand alone, such as the details of his parents' families, and here I have tidied them up and kept them separate.

These left hand page notes include several direct quotations from different books, many of them lengthy. I do not believe they were intended to add to the description of the Reverend Banks' life but were included to give sentiments that he agreed with, for example about youth or old age. Whilst I could be accused of leaving out portions that the author intended to be read I do not believe that they add to the readers enjoyment of and interest in the author's own life which is, after all, what the book is about. Here I have been guided by the very first lines in the book which read: "Written at Barnham Broom Rectory on Winter evenings for my own amusement and for (I hope) the interest of my children."

Further down the page he also wrote (several years later): "Pauline (Xmas 1952) at Grimsby asked that I would leave this for her - I should want her to have it - She says she is writing her auto. B.M.B."

Pauline Copeland has the original book and it has been only with her help that I have been able to transcribe all of the author's sometimes difficult handwriting.

Jonathan C Copeland
December 1986

Thirty years have passed since I transcribed this document and wrote the above. It was originally transcribed using a Commodore 64 computer and whilst I still have it I have no way of moving the data to a more modern environment. I have therefore scanned the original and re-digitised the text using an OCR program, then revisited the text, correcting the odd mistake or omission that had crept in, or where I now know it was mistranscribed in the first place. I have also taken the opportunity to add in a couple of notes that, I hope, explain what my Grandfather was writing about.

JCC
December 2017

Started December 1937

Period 1 1882 to 1898

I Bennett Maxwell Banks was born (so I have been told) on February 10th 1882. My parents (so it is asserted) were David & Ellen Banks of Queen Annes Battery. It is true that I have a Certificate of registration but how can I prove and be sure that this was not forged or that David & Ellen did not agree to assent that I was theirs. Well I am prepared to believe that I am the legitimate son of David & Ellen Banks though I cannot prove it, just as I am prepared to believe in one only true God, though here again I can produce no absolute proof. When men & women say they will not believe without proof let them try to prove that they are the children of their parents. If they cannot do this (how can they?) then why boggle at a belief in God?

Well I am, as it is asserted & as I believe, the son of David & Ellen Banks. I was born (so I was told & again I believe it) at Queen Annes Battery, Coxside, Plymouth.

The house in which I was born was an unusual one. It was originally, so I understand, a store for curing & storing fish & when I knew it it had been enlarged by the addition of two or three extra rooms. It certainly was of an unusual shape. To begin with the house was only one room deep & the kitchen & the dining room were connected by a glassed in passage extending the whole width of the front of the house between these rooms thus making only an indirect access of light and air to where were Nursery & Drawing rooms. There were only four bedrooms, two on each landing. The house was destroyed some 30 odd years ago so as to quarry the limestone upon which the house stood. The following drawing may make matters clearer, so far as the ground floor is concerned.

My paternal Grandfather was Joseph Banks (from Kent) & my paternal Grandmother was Jane Tonkin Banks, who had this name before and after her marriage, although there was no blood relationship, so it is asserted. My Grannie came from Cornwall. How my Grandfather came to the West I do not know. Nor did I ever see him as he died (in my fathers arms when holding him in his bed) from dropsy when quite a yeung man and before I was born. At the time of his fathers death my father was 21 & upon him fell the responsibility of providing for his mother and sisters (Bessie - Annie & Nellie). My Grandfather was a builder of wooden ships and had a yard at Cremyll on the Mt. Edgecombe estate. But when my father was 4 years old my Grandfather moved by barge from Cremyll to Queen Annes Battery - where he had built a dry dock - the first to be constructed in Plymouth. But this dry dock, a tidal one, became a "White Elephant", first because there was a permanent spring of water in the dock which necessitated constant pumping (which made an added coal and labour expense) & secondly because shortly after my Grandfathers venture the G.W.Railway built a larger dry dock & built it in a better position with a deeper & constant draught of water. As a result my Grandfather died with a heavy mortgage on his yard; a mortgage which my father was never able to pay off until he sold up and practiced as a consultant. This meant that my father was always a poor man and therefore could not expect to marry and maintain a family in luxury. However my Father did marry and kept his wife and four children in necessary comfort. How it was done I do not pretend to understand, for although at one time we had two maids (at £12 a year) and a Governess, yet the total income was never more than £300, (including £70 per annum of my mother's).

Like Ruskin I can say of my Father he was “an entirely honest merchant”. In fact someone once said to me “your Father is too honest to be a successful business-man”. To which I can say truly Laus Deo. My mother was the 13th child of one Samuel Parkhouse & Hannah Heathman his wife. Samuel was in his way and for his time a prosperous man. He was much respected and earned his living as a seller of modern household furniture. His premises were known as The Mart and were in Bedford Street, Plymouth. Of his 13 children I only knew 9 - Samuel, Clara, John, William, Alfred, Jane, Edward, Mary and my mother. All these lived to be over 63 and some I believe to be over 70. Samuel became a draper, (first at Beccles and then in Holloway, London). John & Alfred & Edward followed their father, William took Holy Orders, Ellen married my Father, while Clara, Jane & Mary remained single & lived upon an income provided by their Father. As a youth I used to twit my Aunts as being strap hangers, but I have lived to see that there is room for such independent ladies at times of sickness and so on, when they can come to the rescue of sisters and brothers, nephews and neices. Today I describe such people as “spare parts” and regard them as having a very useful place under the sun.

As an illustration - when my Aunt (Annie) the wife of John Parkhouse died in early life, John's sister Clara took charge of the home for him and acted as Housekeeper and Mother to the family, Bentley - Beatrice - Mabel - Dorothy - Lillian & Jack - (All alive in Nov 1938, excepting Bentley who died almosts suddenly after receiving a knock in a Hockey Match.)

It might be supposed that a son who had grown up before the death of his parents ought to be able to give an accurate account of his family, but I must confess that I am not very certain of some of the details I propose to give. In due course after their marriage in Christ Church Plymouth,* my parents had a daughter who breathed and then “gave up the ghost”. For eleven years after this my parents were childless and began to fear that they would remain so. But, for the consolation of others in like circumstances I would add, their fears as is so often the case in life, were not realized for they were blessed or cursed (as you will) with 5 sons and 1 daughter. The daughter I cannot remember, for though she was born after me she died in infancy (Mabel I think she was christened) and when I was only, say, 4 years old. The youngest child of all was Gordon Baker. I do remember being taken to see him when he was young in his cot and when baptized. His baptism and his death (at which I behaved rather badly) were at Charles, Plymouth. I regarded it as rather a joke when he died. One or two facts about the birth and death of this child stand out prominently in my mind, when things of far greater world importance have been forgotten. Unfortunately this is characteristic of my memory. It can retain with ease things of no moral, spiritual or primaeval historical value & lets slip things that really would be profitable to remember.

*[Ellen Parkhouse and David Banks married on 5th April 1876 in St Andrews Plymouth, not Christ Church. There is no record in the General Register Office of a child born to Ellen Banks in Plymouth before Leslie Cawse Banks in 1880. Ethel (not Mabel) Banks was born on 19th August 1884

GRO Reference: 1884 S Quarter in PLYMOUTH Volume 05B Page 256 Ed.]

Of my parents four surviving sons I was the second and so however much I may think so I cannot truthfully say of myself “Nullus” Secundus”.

My eldest brother was and is Leslie Cawse. Horace Kennet followed me in less than a year and the youngest is Reginald Charles. It is a fact of continuous interest to me that although we were much of an age, lived together until the eldest was about 20, went to the same school and had the same upbringing, yet we are so very unlike in most ways. When people talk about all people being equal I think of my own family and of other families like my own. I am convinced that since God has made us so different - different in ability, different in temperament, different in taste - He never meant all men to be equal. Equal in value to Him, yes, but in no other way. We were all born originals, why should we want to die as copies or patterns?

I have already said that my father was a poor man (a relative term but then are not all things relative? And are not all poor or say they are?) and this affected our education. Our 1st experiences of schooling were under governesses of whom I can recall two, neither of whom seemed to have taught us very much. At the age of 9 I was sent to join my eldest brother at a Day School (Alton School, North Hill, Plymouth next to St. Matthews Church) for the sons of gentlemen, which was conducted by a Miss Mary Tubbs. I believe that many distinguished men began their education at this school but I never have heard that a Banks was among them. Yet I am sure the fault was not all on the side of the teachers and I had, and still have, great admiration for and happy recollections of Miss Tubbs and her staff. She was a fine character; Humerous, Godfearing, sensible and sincere and one who was "cut out" to handle boys.

At about the age of 12 or 13 I was transferred to Chevely Hall School, Mannamead and I often think my father made a mistake in sending the three eldest boys to this school, though the character of the Head (Daniel Slater) commonly known as "Dan" may have made up for certain deficiencies in the school. To begin with the school was a private school and the Head Master an old man. In fact it was to him that my own father went when a boy. It was a small school and clearly cash was at a discount as there were only two masters, the Head and Another, and the Another did not last long nor count for very much. It is to this mistake, I like to believe, that I owe the amazing and stupid gaps in my education. Most of what I seem to know I think I have learned since I left school, but about this I won't be dogmatic. perhaps I owe more to my schools than I think I do. Anyhow I am sure that my father thought he was doing the right thing and I know that I have a very soft place in my heart for Danie1 Slater, M. A. Cantab. Daniel had a very irritating habit of getting out of a difficulty by blaming the pupils who dared to ask a question which he (Daniel) could not answer. It was his custom to give what he called a bad mark to troublesome students, and if one dared to ask a question which Daniel could not answer he used to say "who knows that so-&-so is not talking? - take a bad mark." As I had always been of an enquiring nature and given to asking questions "Who knows that Banks is not talking?" has a familiar ring in my ears even to this day. In confirmation of my unwillingness to accept everything without question I state the fact that when at St. Johns Hall (now College) Durham a friend of mine nicknamed me Thomas, by which he meant the doubter. A doubter I have been and a doubter I am but is it not true that "There is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds"?

My brother Leslie's schooling like mine was confined to Governess, Alton School and Chevely Hall. After he left school he got a post in what was then the Cornish Bank in George Street Plymouth (manager Mr. George Hawkins, known to my father). Later my brother went banking in South Africa and then farming in Canada. There he married Constance Taylor. In Canada after a

period at Wycliffe College Toronto (principal O'Meurn?) he was ordained and worked for several years in Canada among Red Indians. Later he returned to England and became assistant at St Simons Plymouth, and later vicar of Lower Brixham, and later again Vicar of East Downe, North Devon, and now (Dec.'37) lives in retirement at Torquay. (Later took a chaplaincy to a sisterhood at Richmond London (1951))

On returning from South Africa he was shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall but all were saved (S.S.Suivic).* On the same day there was a wreck on the Devon coast through fog.

*[] S.S. Suivic was a White Star Line ship that, through navigational error, ran aground on the rocks of Maenheere Reef, a quarter of a mile off The Lizard, Cornwall, on 2nd February 1907, returning from Melbourne via Capetown. Ed.]

My brother Horace was as a lad of a very religious nature. I can recall how, when he was quite young (say 8 or 9) and my father was just leaving to give evidence in a shipping case, my brother Horace came rushing out into the garden in his night-shirt to try and stop my father from going, because my brother felt at that moment that if he (Horace) were not saved he would go to Hell. As a result my father missed his train and told us, more than once, that he saw in the incident God's guidance, for next day he had a message (wire) to say that the case had been settled out of court.

My brother Horace went to three schools - Alton, Chevely Hall and the Plymouth College (Head Master "Freddie" Coulson). After leaving school Horace went as an assistant master first to a school in Launceston Cornwall, Drumhead College, then to another school in Plympton Devon, a former house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Then he went to the C.M.S. preparatory College at Blackheath (now closed Dec. '37) and from there to the C.M.S. College at Islington (principal Lightfoot) (now closed Dec. '37). I was able to visit him as I was then living in London.

Horace was ordained in St. Pauls Cathedral by Bishop Winnington Ingram in 1908 and my mother came from Plymouth and I from Manchester to be present at his ordination. After his ordination Horace went to an assistant curacy at St.Lukes Bedminster Bristol (Vicar Rev Trevor Fielder M.A.) where again I was able to visit him. Later I was to be vicar of the neighbouring parish of St.Silas and was to spend the night before I left Bristol for Norfolk in St.Luke's vicarage, with the Rev Colin Walker the then vicar. At the time of my brother's ordination I don't think that I had the foggiest idea of being, or desire to be, ordained myself.

At the end of a short period at St. Lukes my brother sailed for Uganda. Here he worked off and on for 15 years, here he was married to Agnes Morris (C.M.S. missionary for 19 years) and while doing their last journey back to Uganda their first and only child, Gwendoline, was born at Capetown.

It was because the Doctor said that he (Horace) could not return to Africa because he had an aggravated heart that he ceased to be a Missionary in fact, though not in spirit. He took an assistant curacy at Watford parish Church (vicar C.F.Ayersh) and when Mr Ayersh went to Holy Trinity Hull he soon afterwards appointed Horace to St.Lukes Hull. Here again I visited him and preached twice on the same day at the Harvest Thanksgiving services (25/9/1927).

I have omitted to mention that after being at Plympton Horace went as a stipendiary lay-reader to Rodeham Cheney (vicar Knap) outside Swindon and that since being at Havering he has been offered the incumbency of that parish which he did not accept. Again I was able to visit my brother and it was here that I had a deep spiritual experience, the kind of experience which is difficult to describe, but nonetheless very real, which no doubt was shaping me for my later career.

After several years at Hull Horace was offered, and accepted, the incumbency of Havering-atte-Bower near Romford and at the time of writing (Dec.'37) he is there still. Again I have had the chance of preaching for him and on more than one occasion.

Havering has some connection with Plymouth in which my brother was born. The Rev. Caley of St. Matthias Plymouth exchanged with the Rev. Barrington Woodman of Havering and later, as I have just stated, my brother was to become Vicar at Havering.

Reginald my youngest brother was born on March 1st 1886. I will not say that he is not of a religious disposition because I think at heart he is. But life has not been too kind to him and it seems rather to have thrown him in upon himself. He was a dear charming boy and he and I were very good pals. His schooling was all at Alton School and Plymouth College and then he went to work with my father and later took charge of a ship-yard, opposite our old home, at Mount Batten. Here he was struck down with a very serious illness (tuberculosis? - though if so he was cured) and for some years was an invalid. I remember visiting him when he was on a farm near Yelverton, South Devon where he had had a serious haemorrhage. The last time I visited him there I did not again expect to see him alive, but *Laus Deo*, after a stay at Yelverton Sanatorium he made a wonderful recovery. From Yelverton he went to the Wilsden Canvas Works (proprietor Gower) who had an interest in the Batten yard. Here the fumes from the ammonia seem to have worked wonders. My brother told me of a carter for that firm who had to give up his work because of tuberculosis and was allowed to potter in the works at light jobs. The fumes cured him and he was able to go back to his old job I understand.

I visited my brother Reginald at Harrow where he was living, and one incident I have never forgotten. His landlady told me that as a child she had learned French grammar by heart, but that she did not understand it - it meant nothing to her. When she was able to go to France her head knowledge became practical knowledge. It looks therefore as if repetitive work for children is not all a waste of time.

From Wilsden Reginald Charles went to Singapore with the Asiatic Petroleum Company. He travelled a great deal for the firm in the East and when on furlough he told me that he won the 1914-1918 war by keeping the supplies of petrol going. It was Bill Adams, was it not, who won the Battle of Waterloo?* After some 10 years in the East my brother was displaced by a younger man and at the early age of about 50 had to look out for something else.

*[www.youtube.com/watch?v=82CEcUCvWTw Ed.]

In the meantime he had married a Miss Beatrice Morris (*2) and there is one son, Michael (BA Cambridge, Anthropology) .

(*2 Actually Beatrice Mary Yaldwyn Ed.]

At the moment of writing (Dec 10th 1937) I do not know what exactly Reginald is doing for a living. I think he is a House Agent and is in Bristol - address Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London.

To return to myself. I was surprised to discover the other day that in 1895 I passed the College preceptors Examination (?Junior) and did not realize how clever I must have been in those days - but my joy is rather damped by the fact that I only passed 3 class - 3 division. It has been my lot in life to fail in examinations as many times as I have passed, and yet I am now holding a fairly lucrative and responsible post while men of sound scholarship are far less well rewarded. It does look as if the world had room for inferior people as well as the superior. In all humility I do feel that I am not without character and intelligence, and character and intelligence do count for something. As Miss Tubbs taught us at Alton "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, and loving kindness rather than silver and gold". I must record too for my own humiliation that in 1897 I failed in the Cambridge Locals. It was in English and English alone that I failed and I always put some (if not all) of the blame on my Head Master. My father who was a bit off a Puritan did not wish me to take Shakespeare and so I prepared Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and my dear old Head entered me for Shakespeare.

In 1897 while still at school I was confirmed. Our vicar, the Rev. Nathaniel Vicars of Charles Plymouth, prepared me, but we (my brother Horace and I) were confirmed at St. Judes, a neighbouring parish. Preb. Howard the vicar persuaded the Bishop to hold the Rite there as it was the 25th year of the consecration of St. Judes. At that time we lived next door to St. Judes - Beaumont Rd, East End church.

We were confirmed by Bishop E.H.Bickersteth (Exeter) and I still look back upon that evening as one of the great landmarks and turning points in my life. The dear old Bishop, who could not pronounce his r's, was very impressive and he did a thing which I have never known to be done elsewhere but which I should like to see repeated. Instead of sitting in a chair at the Chancel steps the Bishop stood within the Sanctuary and we, a rail-full at a time knelt at the Sanctuary steps. First they had a typed list of all the candidates and instead of asking us as a crowd "do you" we had all to stand and singly say "I do". "Bennet Maxwell do you?", "Horace Kennett do you?" and so on. Then instead of putting a hand on the head - in a manner which suggests that the Bishop is afraid of soiling his hands - Bishop Bickersteth laid both hands on each head, repeated the words slowly and pressed with some weight.

My confirmation was something to remember and something worth remembering. It was in fact an ordination to the lay priesthood. My ordinations as Deacon and Priest were not more impressive nor memorable. And is this not as it should be, for is it not a greater thing to be a Christian than to be an Ordained Messenger of the Christian Gospel? (H.B.Swete - *The ordination of the laity*)

2nd Period : Business

Well the years were passing and it was time for me, the son of a poor man, to think of earning a living. As a youngster I did not have very fixed ideas as to what I should like to do (I am not therefore surprised to find history resembling itself in a similar way in my own children) but I did express a wish to be an architect. Perhaps here again is a straw blowing towards ordination but my father said he could not afford to spend on me what he could not spend on each of us so that was the end of that.

It was on May 2nd 1898 that I “stepped out into the world” by beginning as a clerk with Messrs Brown, Wills and Nicholson - wholesale grocers and provision merchants, The Abbey stores, Plymouth. Messrs B.W.& N. had a large provincial business and employed about 100 people in all. I started at the handsome salary of £12 a year upon which I had to clothe myself while living at home. I was 16 years of age with a private education and when I compare my wage with lads of 16 today who have had even an inferior education from what I had I see how vastly life has changed for the better in one respect.

I recall too that I had to stand so much - thus when I went home in the evening the first day I was so leg weary that I lay down on a sofa, put my legs higher than my head and wept. I have always ever since had a sympathetic feeling for shop girls, nurses and others of like occupation. Since then however employers have been compelled to provide seats for shop girls. Another advance.

By patient continuence I rose from one post to another until when finally I left in 1907 I was in charge of the saleroom and did relief work among the travellers. My salary I find by looking at a record I have kept was then £90 per annum.

My stay with B.W.& N. Abbey Stores was broken by a period in London. On May 2nd 1904 I went to London and for nearly twelve months was with the Tower Tea CO.Ltd. in 14 Mincing Lane. The proprietors were two Lough Bros. and others. Thomas Lough was an M.P. for Islington when I was with them. They were a mad Irish crowd and not of the type to which I had been accustomed. Of Mr. Joseph Brown the senior partner in B.W.Ns it was said “He would not tell a lie to sell a cargo of tea”. As an illustration of the mad unrestrained ways of Wilfred Lough (a nephew of Thomas) I would cite the following. On one occasion I had to go to his office and while I stood waiting for some instruction he looked at me and said “Don’t stand there like a fool - Sit down or stand up or do something”. After I had been with the firm for about 10 months I was sent, on March 19th 1905, to the West of England with Bristol as my centre, but I was not successful (according to their standards) and as a chance came to go back to my old firm in Plymouth I snatched at it and went. I left Lough Bros. on April 20th and restarted with B.W.& N. on April 25th 1905. There I remained until November 1907 when I accepted an offer from Reckitt and Son (Hull) at a salary of £130 a year. They sent me to Liverpool for a week to be instructed by one of their senior salesmen, one Morris, and then I went on to Manchester on Friday Nov.7th 1907. Here I was a junior salesman and had a district including the city and neighbourhood. I can’t pretend that I liked my job and I was not altogether sorry when the firm sent me to Oxford on Oct. 2nd 1908. Until March 31st 1909 I remained in the neighbourhood of Oxford. I had been asked to send in my resignation which I was obliged to do. I was therefore at a loose end and

when told B. W. N. would not consider a second return to them I decided to follow a new line altogether. For some years the idea had been forming itself in my mind that God was calling me to be a parson. I struggled against the idea (which I hated) but finally decided to test my vocation for standing for Holy Orders, and so although it is true that my failure in business did lead to my ordination my conscience is clear that it was the occasion and not the direct cause of my being ordained eventually.

Period 3 - 1909 to - -

I pass now to what I may call the 3rd period in my life:

- i Childhood and schooling - 16 years
- ii Business life - May 1898 to March 1909 - 11 years
- iii Clerical * amended in 1951 to read : - 1913 to 1951 (38 years) and the following added
- iv Retirement and illness 1950 to *

As my schooling had been of a rather inferior order I was not qualified to seek ordination straight away. I had to spend some two years or so in preparation for a college training. My parents were willing that I should live at home and so I settled down to study at home on April 1st 1909. Through the kindness of the vicar of Charles Plymouth (the Rev John Percy Baker M.A.Cantab (now 1937 Archdeacon of Warrington)) I was able to have instruction from the Rev S.F.Walner (M.A.Hons. Cantab) at that time vicar of Yealmpton S.Devon and from the Rev.J.P.Hodge (M.A.Oxon, the vicar of St. Lukes Plymouth). Both were scholarly men and were a very great help to me. In October I received an offer from the Rev.J.C.Chapman, vicar of St.Andrews Oldham, to become a stipendary lay reader at a salary of £70 per year and on Sunday Nov.7th 1909 I began my work in this parish. J.Chapman was a younger brother of Thomas Alfred sometime vicar of Charles Plymouth, later vicar of Bolton and later Bishop of Colchester. It was Thomas who got me this post with his brother. Died I believe as a vicar in Spalding.

The understanding was that I was to have time for study and this understanding was honoured. The experience here was new to me and very valuable and I have never regretted that I had 10 months in this capacity and among northerners. But the dual work of study and parish work was strenuous and did not allow for sufficient study and so I left Oldham on Sept.30th and returned to Plymouth. In December 1910 I went to Manchester to sit for the central examination for men who were hoping to go to Theological College, which I managed to pass. The examination was held below the tower of the cathedral. A fellow sufferer was one Reginald Bowering Parslow from Bristol whom later I was to meet again in Durham. Parslow and I took to each other then (Manchester) renewed our friendship at Durham and have been friends ever since. R.B.P. is at the time of writing (1937) vicar of Johns Ladywood Birmingham and also R.D.

On January 6th 1911 I entered St.Aidans College Birkenhead, of which the principal was the Rev. F.S.Guy Walman B.D., later Dr.Walman, later Vicar of Bradford, Bishop of Truro, Bishop of Chelmsford, and now Bishop of Manchester. And here I should like to record that I held my principal in very high honour and still do. He was in many ways a great principal and a splendid

lecturer. Even his lectures on the Articles were fascinating and I only found one of them dull and that was when (for the benefit of some) he repeated his lecture on the Holy Trinity. Other members of the staff were The Rev.W.Walters, The Rev.W.E.Beck, The Rev.M.Swift and the Rev.E.C.Derrick (a great saint and a practical one).

The two years at St. Aidans were among the happiest of many happy years and it was thrilling to learn so much about which I had longed to know. While at St. Aidans I made two lifelong friends. S.Taylor-Wood (now metro organising secretary for C.M.S.) and David Hare Chillingworth (now librarian of St.Cumie's library Kilkeny and Chaplain to the Bishop). Taylor-Wood was a married man and lived at Wallasey in Cheshire. One day he came to me and asked if he might use my room as his cloak room and study while in College. He and I therefore saw a good deal of each other and we became great friends and on many occasions I went with him to his home where I met my future (and present) wife. Sam said to me one day "Bennie old boy, I've found a nice girl for you." "Thanks" said I "but I don't know that I want one" for at that time I had vague ideas of someone else. (This has since been confessed to my wife and no ill effects). Then said Sam to me "But you wouldn't mind an introduction?" "Not at all" said I, so in due course I was introduced to Katherine Mary Dalzell Piper, commonly known as "Kitty". Kitty had been trained at Bedford Kindergarten college (1906-1910) and was, at the time of which I am writing, on the staff of the Wallasey High School of which Miss Dorah Limebeer was Head (1911).

Although not actually related to Wood, Kitty Piper had some connection for her youngest sister Jane was engaged to Sam's younger brother Arthur (the elder of the two "Brothers Wood").

On March 13 14 15 & 16 1912 I sat for the 1st L.Th. of Durham and passed. The result came through to me on Sunday March 24th. The better the day the better the news?

In Oct. 1912 I sat for the U.P.T.E. but was less successful. Those who were expected to get a 1st Class got a 2nd. Those who were expected to get a 2nd got a third and the rest of us were "also rans". My failures were in Articles and St.Luke.

On 6 7 9 & 10 Dec. 1912 I sat for the 2nd part of the L.Th. of Durham and passed with an S+ in B.C.P. and Greek Text and S in the rest of the subjects. That was a joyful day for me and I can still recall with what a thrill I wired to my parents.

People may think that it is a very easy thing to get Ordained in the C.of E.. personally I do not feel like that. Of course for one who has had every educational advantage it is much easier, but even for them there are several hurdles.

With the passing of this "exam" my studies at St.Aidans came to an end. On Dec.17th 1912 I said farewell and with S.Taylor-Wood (whose examination career was like my own) went to Durham to have the L.Th. conferred. This was my first visit to Durham and at the time was likely to be my last. But through the instrumentality of the Rev.J.P.Burke and others I was able to return on Jany.18th 1913 to read for the B.A. degree (short course system of 1 year was then in vogue). My stay at St.Johns College (then Hall) was a very happy one. Academically it was largely a failure. My foundations were not deep enough to avail myself of the studies and I came down without a

degree. But I was more fortunate in the realm of sport. I was “spotted” as a cox (although 9 stone 2) and won my “Graduate” colours in Feby.1913 and my “Senate” in the same year. I was also chosen as cox for the 3rd varsity boat and was awarded the “Baby Palat”. Had I stayed longer there was every chance, so it was hinted, that I might have won the 1/2 Palat or even the Palat.

My studies at Durham - apart from bad foundations - were handicapped in two other ways. On January 11th I proposed to Kitty Piper at the Kennington Oval tram depot, (a filthy wet night) and was (Laus Deo) accepted. This of course meant that my “affections” were divided between Plato and Piper, and the Piper appealed to me more. I spent much time (daily) on letter writing which might have been spent on Greek.

The second drawback was lack of funds. “The curse of the poor is their poverty.” I was now 31 and had been living on my parents (partly) since April 1909 (some 4 years) and it was necessary that I should be Ordained. This meant that I had to prepare for the Deacons Exam while reading for the B.A. and it meant travelling to Bristol and back to Durham a few weeks before the latter “Exam”. Fortunately the Bishop of Bristol (Bishop Forest-Browne) accepted me and after leaving Durham I went to Bristol and was made a Deacon on Sunday Dec.21st 1913 (St.Thomas day).

As the Bishop was soon resigning (in his 82nd year) the Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe persuaded him to hold the Ordination in St .Mary Redcliffe and there I was Ordained. The then Vicar was the present Provost of Newcastle the Rev.J.Bateman Champain (now Bishop of Knaresborough 1938). My Ordination Day was a great day in my life but not, I feel, more thrilling than my Confirmation Day. It was a great joy to have with me my Father and Mother and Fiancee.

On the evening of my Ordination I took part in my 1st service at Emmanuel Church Clifton. Canon George Hemming R.D. (the then Vicar) had given me a title and for two years I worked with him there. Canon Hemming was not an outstanding man, but he was a man of many parts; a hard worker, very sincere, very faithful, and by sheer character combined with ability became Vicar of this select Parish and Rural Dean of Clifton and Hon. Canon of Bristol Cathedral.

Before settling down at Clifton I was granted a short holiday, Dec.22 to Jan.10 1914, during which I preached in Charles Plymouth on “He came to Nazareth etc.” as well as assisting at the 8 and 11 celebrations - helped at St.Lukes Plymouth in the afternoon - later read a lesson at the watch night service in Emmanuel Dulwich where my friend S.Taylor-Wood was assistant curate. Thus ended a very important year in my life. January 1 to 8 went to stay with Kitty and her family at St.Saviours vicarage, Brixton. The Rev. S.R.cambie (Kit’ s step-father) was the Vicar, and on the Sunday I assisted at the 11 o’clock celebration.

On Jany. 9th I left London for Clifton and took up my address at Oakfield Road. Later I moved to Canynge Square.

As Emmanuel Clifton was a peculiar parish in many ways (no pub, no non-conformist church, no shop, very few chi Idren, Cl ifton College, the zoo and leisured people) there was not a great deal for me to do apart from services and reading for my Priests, and visiting. My vicar arranged therefore that occasionally I should help the vicar of St.Philip and St.Jacobs Bristol, the Rev.M.E.Thorold.

(My first living, St.Silas, had been cut out of this parish). I used to go to him on Wednesdays, take Baptisms and preach. In this way I came into contact with a different set of people. My stay at Emmanuel was quite a pleasant one and I discovered how kind leisured people could be towards poorer people if rightly approached. Ignorance of how the other half lives accounts for much hardship which might be mitigated by education of the facts.

On Dec.20th 1914 I was invested priest in Bristol Cathedral by the Right Rev. George Nixon the new Bishop - formerly Suffragan of Jarrow (in my time at Durham). Bishop Nixon had neither the presence or charm of Bishop Browne. The latter though brusque had a heart of gold.

My parents were not present at this ordination but Kitty was. At my ordination as Deacon Kitty stayed at St. Pauls vicarage Bedminster with Canon and Mrs.Griffiths (my brother Horace had known him and one of his curates) and for my Priests with Mrs.Collisson, widow of a former Minor Canon of the Cathedral and vicar of Bradford on Avon. Mrs.Collisson attended Emmanuel Clifton and became a great friend to us both until her death during the war years.

By 1915 S.R.Cambie had moved from Brixton to Ropley in Hampshire. At Epiphany time I visited Kit there and celebrated and preached in the church, and on Jany.11th 1915 Kit and I visited Sam and Eva Taylor-Wood in London. On March 10th 1915 I went into a nursing home in Brunswick Square Bristol for a small operation on my nose. Dr.C.Osman-Bodman operated.

Marriage

On June 1st I left Clifton for Ropley and on June 2nd Kit and I were married. The church was full and the ringers made "a merry noise". David Chillingworth was my best man and S.Taylor-Wood "tied the knot", while S.R.Cambie gave a very beautiful address, a copy of which I still possess. As it would have been very difficult (for the family and friends, many of whom came from a distance) to hold a Nuptial Celebration as part of the wedding service we decided to have a celebration at 8.30 a.m. .. My father and mother were present at the celebration and wedding, but mother was ill and on Dec.21st 1915 she passed on into the larger life.(?66 years). St.Thomas' day is therefore not only the day of my ordination as Deacon but also the date of my mother's death. In order that I might be back at Clifton for Christmas Day the funeral was on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day I celebrated at 7 a.m. at Emmanuel Clifton and when I came to the words "for those departed this life" I nearly broke down. Although my mother never really understood me she was a good soul and I was very fond of her. She went without many things to give us (4 boys) better chances and I (personally) realized this so far as one person may realize the sacrifices made by another.

But I have digressed. June 2nd was a very lovely day and everything went very happily. The weather was beautiful and the reception was held, chiefly, in the garden which was looking at its best. About 3 p.m. we left Ropley for Alton in a car where we took train for Exeter. We spent the first night at the Rougemont, Exeter, and so I spent the first night of my married life in my beloved Devon. On June 3rd we left for Tintagel where we spent a fortnight in glorious weather. We spent most of the time out of doors and walked miles going as far as Padstow where we spent

a night. The north coast of Cornwall is very beautiful but we missed trees and were not sorry to leave for further inland. On the way back we spent a night or two with my father at Plymouth, then while I returned to our rooms at Clifton Kit went to Ropley to attend the marriage of her sister Hannah to Captain Campbell Lindsay-Smith (Gordon Highlanders) who by profession was an artist (painter) (C.L.S. was killed shortly afterwards in France).

My vicar and some of the parishioners were a little shocked, I think, that I had returned without my bride. But war alters the usual course of things in more ways than one.

Our first home after marriage consisted of three rooms in Canynge Square, my former digs. Here we stayed till Jany.1st 1916 when we moved to Downend, about 6 miles from Bristol and within the city boundary. Here we were able to rent a dear little house called Cliff-Wood, close to the church and nearly opposite the vicarage. In this house Barbara and Margaret were born, Barbara on April 9th 1916 and Margaret (Peggy) on Nov.10th 1917. The vicar of Downend was the Rev. David Marens-Brown who for many years had been a missionary in India. It is often said that returned missionaries are unsuitable for English parishes but although this is not always true it certainly was in this case. Marens was a very nice man but an awful scatter brain, and seemed to have no understanding of the English mind. He was a great talker and would discuss what he would do at such length that in the end (so I believe) he quite imagined that he had done that thing. It was so painful to work with him that when a chance came of slipping away I took it. My salary at Clifton had been £150 and £160. At Downend I got £190 and the rent for our house was £21 plus rates (we had to take care of the inside). While we were at Downend some charming people from Frenchay were very kind to us. They were Mr.& Mrs.C.H.B.Elliott of Cliff Court Frenchay, an H.M.Inspector of schools, but at this time in retirement.

At the time of writing both are active, Mr.Elliott being over 80. As we were without a maid in Dec.1916 Mrs.Elliott invited us to spend some time with them from Dec.18th to Jan.1st. Kit, Barbara and I were at Cliff Court. It was a cold time but we had a warm welcome and a warm home.

Workhouse Chaplain

In 1917 I was appointed full time Chaplain to Eastville Institution under the Bristol Board of Guardians at a salary of £200 plus a few funeral fees. Here I stayed till my removal to Knowle (1922). Although I no longer worked at Downend we still lived there until Feb.16th 1922.

As my duties at Eastville left me free to take other duties I assisted the Rev.E.A.Phillpotts at Stapleton till his resignation in Sept.1920, and from May 1st to Dec.22nd 1921 I assisted the Rev.J.E.Slater at St.Thomas' Eastville.(Now (1938) at Stapleton Rectory).

I was also able from time to time to assist other Incumbents including Rev.C.R.Cattell of St.Gabriel, Rev.A.E.Thompson of Christ Church Clifton, and the Rev.W.S.Brownless of All Saints, Fishponds. It meant a good deal of cycling and rushing about, but when my name was put before the Trustees of St.Silas, Bristol by one of these 3 latter incumbents, the other two supported my nomination. The chairman of the Trustees was my old vicar Canon Hemming and another member of the

Committee was the Dean (The Very Rev.H.L.V.C.de Caudale who was a friend to me). I was selected unanimously, so Canon Hemming told me in a letter in which he offered me the living.

But before going on to write of St. Silas days I must finish with Downend. I have already mentioned the birthdays of two daughters, Barbara Mary Dalzell and Margaret (Peggy) Rachell Dalzell. On Thursday/ Friday (Good Friday) 1919 Kit had a miscarriage between 12.30 p.m. and 2.30 a.m .. Drs.Crossman and Burke and Nurses Hampshire and Williams attended. A very bad time but - Laus Deo - my Kit was spared. Another daughter was given to us while we were at Downend. On July 3rd 1921 Josephine Elisabeth Dalzell joined the family. Owing to the fact that she arrived three weeks later than expected, Nurse Owen (who had been with my wife when B. and M. were born) had to leave to go to another confinement and we could not find another nurse in time. Dr.Crossman of Winterbourne Down arranged for my wife to go to Hill Crest Nursing Home at winterbourne Down - Nurse Tanner. It was here that Josephine was born and not at Cliff Wood, though this was her first home, to which she came when a fortnight old. It was v.v. hot weather when Josephine was born - I cycled to see my wife at about 7.00 a.m. then to Stapleton for an 8.00 celebration.

During my War Service, to which I now turn, and during my absence in France, my wife carried on very bravely and under great difficulty and whilst not of course in danger of guns etc.,(as she would have been in 1939(added later)) did her "bit" as much as those who were overseas or wore uniforms at home. She most nobly kept the home fires burning and wrote to me almost daily and had very little help.

When the war broke out I was at Clifton and my Vicar was on holiday. It therefore fell to my lot to preach, and I took as my text "Blessed are the Peacemakers". Some kindly comments were made about it, and when it was returned by the Bishop's Chaplain to whom I had sent it as one of two sermons to be submitted before being Priested it was returned marked "useful". At that time I was much perturbed as to my duty about War Service. But as a "Man Under Authority" I was kept at home till 1918. As there was a V.A.D. Hospital run by Mrs.Cave (later Lady Cave) at Cleve Hill, Downend I was able to act as an Hon. Chaplain. In addition I was able to do a little gardening for the wives of those left at home as well as to take part in Hospital Concerts. But neither of these seemed adequate War Service. In 1918 it was made possible for me to offer for Army Service. After a visit to Chelsea Barracks I was passed as A.I. and on May 1st 1918 I reported for duty at Winchester to the Rev.R.E.Vernon-Hanan who later became the first C.G. of the Royal Air Force. For 7 weeks I lodged with a Miss M.Hudson at 79 west End Terrace Winchester. After this I was sent to the 4th Reserve Battery R.G.A. Hazely Down. But on July 3rd I had to report at Brookward (Stoney Castle) and was sent to London with the Rev.S.H.Wall of All Hallows, Bristol and the Rev. Bayley M. C.. We stayed for the night at Dean's Hotel Oxford Street and on July 4th reported at the War Office and were given Leave till July 8th. I returned that night to Downend to say farewell (it may be for years, it may be for ever) to Kit and the 2 Kittens.

On July 8th 1918 Kit saw me off from Stapleton Road Station for France and I crossed to Boulogne via Folkestone.

In France and Belgium

This was my 1st journey ever out of England and except for a second crossing after leave it has been my last. Although my brothers have all travelled much I have never gone far. I have travelled over much of England and a small part of Scotland and Wales, but not abroad. When (if ever) I am left a fortune I hope to rectify this by sundry journeys to various places (Palestine, Norway and America would be my choice I think). Switzerland does not appeal strongly to me but I should try to see Germany and France and Belgium.

In France I was fortunate to be attached for the whole time to the same Battalion, the 33 London Regiment Rifle Brigade 41st Brigade, 14th Division, 2nd Army (General Plummer). My Colonel was Major W.S.Boscawen D.S.O.,M.C. of the Rifle Brigade, hence the odd name of my Regiment. We were a London Battalion but the major was a Rifleman and so he persuaded someone to allow us to have our curious little R.B. badge.

On April 11th 1919 I returned to England and on April 22nd was sent to the Plymouth area for duty. My chief was the Rev.W.H.L.Miller S.C.F.,D.S.O. (now a rector in Norfolk). I was demobilized at ??Fovent?? on 19/ 10/ 19 and restarted at Eastville on Nov.17th 1919.

In Sept. 1920 the Bristol Guardians opened their Hospital at Southmead Bristol, and I was appointed Chaplain of this institution in addition to Eastville. As it was difficult to work the two satisfactorily I was released from Southmead on December 31st 1920. On Dec. 3rd 1921 I was offered by the Bristol Trustees, and accepted, the living of St.Silas Bristol.

Vicar of St.Silas 1922-1930

My Institution and Induction took place in a crowded church by Bishop Nixon and Archdeacon C.H.Dickinson on the evening of January 21st 1922. As however the vicarage was not ready for habitation we did not go into residence until Feb 16th 1922.

St.Silas was a heavy job and during my reign the Church was lit by electricity and cleaned and decorated, the day schools were brought up to date the Mission Church and Grafton Street Hall cleaned (and the latter relighted), as was also the vicarage.

On Nov.15th 1925 our fourth daughter was born and was christened in St. Silas Church by the Rev.W.S.Brownless, Vicar of St.Pauls Bedminster. We chose as her name Pauline Sylvia Dalzell: Dalzell a family name on her mother's side, Pauline as her Godmother was the wife of the Vicar of St.Pauls, and Sylvia (feminine of Silas) as Pauline was born in St.Silas vicarage. My wife and I fondly imagined that the people of St.Silas would be pleased that we should wish to associate our family in this way with the Parish but they were not in the least interested.

Rector of Barnham Broom 1930 to

After 8 strenuous years the opportunity came of moving to Norfolk and we moved to Barnham Broom Rectory on March 18th 1930.

My induction took place in the palace crypt on March 14th by Bishop Bertram Pollock (Bishop of Norwich) and I was inducted by Archdeacon Buckland in the church on March 20th at 7.30 p.m .. The church was full and there were several of the neighbouring clergy present.

Parochial life is much the same in every parish yet no two parishes are quite alike, as I have found in my three parishes here (Barnham Broom, Kimberley and Carlton Forehoe) but human nature is much the same everywhere and so there is little to record of permanent interest.

I am writing this on the last evening of 1937 and as this has been for us an Annus Mirabilis I will record the fact here with a note of praise to the King of Kings.

1937 Annus Mirabilis

In June my wife and I took a fortnights holiday, the first of its kind since coming to Barnham Broom. We first went by car to Birmingham to visit our daughter Margaret who had just sat for the Birmingham 1st M.B .. We were there when the news came that she was through. We were not entirely unprepared for this because when looking over the Varsity buildings one of the lecturers (with a wink) told us that the first year medicals were an exceptionally good lot.

From Birmingham we went to Bristol to visit our two daughters, Josephine and Pauline, who were at St.Brandons (C.D.S.) School. We stayed at Bitton Vicarage with the Rev.F.H.W.Taylor and while there had a 'phone message from Barbara to say that she had been successful in getting her 2nd year B.A.(pass Arts) at Durham. (In June 1938 we went to Durham to see the degree of B.A. conferred on Barbara, which helped to make 1938 another memorable year).

In July we had the news that Josephine had passed the Oxford School Leaving and could proceed to the Bristol or Northern Universities Matriculation if she so desired.

This it will be conceded is not a bad record for a family of ordinary mental powers.

(In July 1939 Josephine gained Oxford Higher. After leaving school Jo. spent 4 years in A.T.S. rising to full Lieut .. After demob she went to Kings London. During her time at Varsity she lived at 27 Morpeth Mansions S.W.1, the building (so I am told) in which "Winston" lived during part of the war years.

On August 2nd 1949 at 2.30 p.m. received a wire from Douglas Copeland to say Jo. had got her B.A. London (General-Section 3). On May 11th 1950 Kit and I went from Barnham Broom to London to the Albert Hall to see Joe granted her degree by the Duke of Athlone.)

Varia

i On August 30th 1900 in Plymouth, my home town, I joined Prince of Wales Volunteer Battalion, the Devon Regiment, posted to the Cycle Company. On Dec. 18th I was passed out with others of my squad by Adjutant Hall Parlby.

On June 10th 1901 we paraded at H.Q. and marched to Millbay (North Road) Station to welcome home that part of our Battalion which had taken part in the South African War. In Aug. of that year (1901) I went to camp at Aldershot with the Battalion and saw General Buller 2 or 3 times.

In April 1904 I was gazetted as a Corporal and though I passed the examination for Sergeant I never held that rank as I had to resign owing to my being away from home so much.

ii In September 1903 I became a lieutenant in the Boys Brigade and was attached to the 6th Plymouth coy. - connected with Charles Church. Arthur Lewis was the captain and the Rev. Dr.Phil.Andrews (now Secretary of the fellowship of the Mapleleaf) was then a sergeant. We regarded him as a nice lad but never dreamed of his potentialities While in London I was attached to the coy. connected with St.Michaels Stockwell under Captain Theo. Saffery..

[Editor's note: "The Fellowship of the Mapleleaf (FML) was a small society formed in 1917 dedicated exclusively to keeping Canada British and Christian by supplying Anglican teachers and, later, church workers. Philip Andrews sustained the Fellowship until the 1960s." From *Emigrant Homecomings: The Return Movements of Emigrants 1600 - 2000*. Ed Marjory Harper. Google Books]

I should like to say here how much I owe to the Boys Brigade. It brought me into touch with some splendid men and some interesting boys, gave me some scope for my energies, kept me out of mischief and helped me to develop my character for good I hope. The Boys Brigade is a magnificent organization and I hope it will continue to flourish. On one occasion I visited Edinburgh to attend the annual gathering of Officers and I had a very very jolly time. Goodness does not necessarily mean dullness as anyone could have seen had he been present with us. During my visit I was introduced to Sir Wm.Smith, the founder of the Boys Brigade, and we went as a party to Loch Lomond and Abbotsford. Afterwards I went on my own to Glasgow and travelled by night back to Plymouth.

iii Although as a young man I had no wish whatever to be ordained I yet was glad to do some work for Christ and His Church, and when about 14 I became a Sunday School Teacher under my father at Moon Street Plymouth, along with my brother Horace.

The children of Moon Street were a wild crowd and when my father could not be present my brother and I had a difficult time. On one occasion we gave a Xmas tree and a sort of a kind of a concert at which I sang "Soldiers of the Queen". I see from a diary I have kept that at the age of 19 I gave my first address to the children there, taking as my subject "Esther's Pleading". I remember too that when I gave my first address to the Boys Brigade I was so nervous that I

forgot to give out my text. Today that would not be regarded as a fault by many as it is supposed to be more suitable not to have a text. I have never really got over that initial nervousness although I have been in Holy Orders for 24 years, but I do feel that my experiences of having to give commands as a corporal in the Volunteers and as an Officer in the Boys Brigade have helped me to “stand up, speak up and shut up”. It helped me also to be a better disciplinarian as a Sunday School Teacher and later as a Country Rector in the Day School.

There is another experience which I am sure has helped me as a speaker to be clear. On May 15th 1902 I began to have singing lessons with Mr. Walter P. Weekes of Plymouth, son of Dr. Weekes. As I had not a big range and had little musical ability or training I never developed into a singer, but the training in breathing and voice production has helped me enormously and I can speak for several hours in a day without being anything more than tired. It is no strain to take 5 or 6 services in a day provided that I have some rest between them. At Christmas and Easter I have to take four Celebrations almost on top of one another and can do it without anything like strain. It would be a good thing in my opinion if every budding Parson were to have lessons in singing. And that leads me on to observe that there are in fact very few accomplishments that are not of value to a Parson. I often regret that I cannot do more than strum a few hymns on a piano (even though that much is very useful). I long to be able to read and sing at sight and be capable of training a choir.

On one occasion I ventured to send to the C.E.N. a duologue on The parson's Job and the Editor saw fit to publish it. I pointed out then that if a Man be a Scholar, Financier, Musician, Teacher, Athlete and What Not the Church could make use of him. Is there in fact any other profession where one man can use in his profession so many accomplishments?

The C.E.N. also published a sermon of mine “Why be Good”. It brought two interesting letters from old friends but otherwise, so far as I know, was a damp squib.

In September 1938 the S.P.C.K. published a little book of prayer by me “Alone with God” (2 / -). I prepared this for my own use and thought it might help others who, like me, find prayer difficult. (prepared it before breakfast, as soon as I got down in the mornings (added 1950?)).

Sport and Recreation

propinquity is responsible for a great deal and it has its effect on ones forms of recreation. born as i was by the sea and having the chance of constant boating , my brothers and I naturally spent much of our holiday time on the sea. Sailing and bathing and rowing are fascinating forms of amusement but they have certain drawbacks. i) the lad who spends his youth by and on the sea has no time for cricket and so is never likely to be any good at that game. personally it is one of the few games that i do not like (in fact i am terrified of a cricket ball). ii) if ever one moves from a sea-side place inland there is no, or little, chance of indulging ones taste for rowing and sailing. of course if one lives by a river rowing and sailing of a kind are possible but they lack the thrill of sea sailing and rowing.

iii) A third disadvantage (and for a Parson a rather big one) is that the lad who has spent his youth by the sea and has failed to learn cricket is not as able to enter into the recreation of his inland friends as he could have done had he in his youth become a cricketer. There is time in the winter at the sea-side for football but football is a young mans game and by the time one has charge of a Parish one is (usually) no longer of football age.

But with all its disadvantages sailing is a grand hobby. There are few things more thrilling than to scud along with a good breeze and to take a long reach in the teeth of a stiff wind. I have already quoted the old proverb “The curse of the poor is their poverty” and I have discovered how true it is in a dozen different ways. The poor man cannot afford to visit a dentist and suffers not only passing pain but permanent disability as a consequence. Further he has to live in a cheap and often insanitary house in a dismal part of the city. He has to give his children an inferior education. He cannot take them on trips of exploration to widen their vision and broaden their outlook and so on and poverty cramps his own chances of recreation, as it has in my own case. If I had been in a position to do so I should have enjoyed riding (horse), golf, shooting and travel. Motoring I have been able to enjoy as I am forced to keep a car of sorts to get about my three Parishes and neighbourhood. In fact my car (the Greenhouse as one of my family has named it - Austin 12*4 1928?) is a Parish bus. By means of this old car we have been able to visit the greater part of Norfolk, go to Bristol via Birmingham (once) and via Bradford (once), London (twice), Windermere (once), Durham (once) and Cambridge (several times) up to November 1938 at which time I am writing the last part of this section.

Cricket: “I cannot away with”. [Isaiah 1:13 King James Version Ed]

Tennis: I used to enjoy but as I took to it fairly late and could not practice much I have never been able to play really well.

Cycling: was a former hobby of mine and I have cycled off and on for 40 years. I still use my cycle (1938) but owing to a physical weakness (rupture) I do not find it as enjoyable as once I did. I have done a little horse riding (as my cousin Herbert used to lend me a cob). I have even gone so far as to follow hounds once and a sorry (sore) tail I had at the end of the day, and for a few days after.

Shooting: for financial reasons has been denied to me. I did learn to shoot with an army rifle, and at 600 yards I was not a bad shot, but closer ranges I was not as good. (Faulty sight I think.)

Fishing: As a lad I had chances of sea fishing, hook and line, on a small scale. This I found very enjoyable so long as the sea was not too rough. Though I love the sea the sea does not love me. This of course helps to lessen my grief at living at some distance from the sea.

Walking: This is the poor mans recreation and the rich mans too. It is delightful to get away from the dust and noise of the city and from “the madding crowd” and to walk as I have often done from one point on Dartmoor to another and to return by train, thoroughly tired in body but refreshed in mind and spirit and soul. “A washed mind” describes best the result of a day or half day walking in beautiful surroundings. Beauty can feed though it will not by itself satisfy nor sustain.

Running: As a schoolboy, and even later, I was very fond of running. I used often to run with a hoop to and from school - some 3 miles each way. At our school sports (Chevely Hall) I once won (I think it was) 1st place in 100 yards and 2nd in egg and spoon race (not a test for? [illegible Ed.]) and at Alton school sports I won the Old Boys race on one occasion. (1909) (A pocket fruit knife)

1942

A second Annus Mirabilis see 1937 (Laus Deo)

July 1942 Peggy took her degrees M.B.,Ch.B. at Birmingham. Kit and I present.

July 1942 Pauline passed "Higher";

History I D/P)

11 D/G) Pass

I I I G)

English I P)

11 D/P) Pass

III G)

Scripture 11 (Subsid) G

French (Sub.) Pass

October 1942 Josephine got Commission in A.T.S. (2nd Lieutenant)

Barbara got Commission in W.R.N.S. (Cairo)

November 16th 1942 Barbara joined W.R.N.S at Alexandria

1943

Barbara 3/0 W.R.N.S. Alexandria

peggy Lieut. R.A.M.C. India

Josephine sub. A.T.S. England

Pauline W.R.N.S. England

A Golden Memory

When Josephine first went to boarding school (age about 9) and Pauline (age less than 6) gave her at her own expense (which she bought unknown to us) a lovely Teddy Bear. It cost Pauline practically all her savings and she bought it on her own. The Bear was a great joy to Jo - she took it to bed with her every night until she joined the A.T.S. at 19. "Pretty Rill!"

Still possessed in 1946. And August 3rd 1949.

1945

i. Return of Barbara from East.

ii. Return of Peggy from India.

iii. 3 weeks sickness (July).

iv. Return of John from India.

v. Marriage of Barbara and Gervase.

vi. Visit of 1st Grandchild (Paul).

1946

- i. Family reunion January 1st. All four girls, Paul and 2 sons-in-law.
 - ii. Pauline Demobbed.
 - iii. Jo Demobbed (February).
 - iv. Induction of Gervase to St. Stephens Burnley.
- Jo at Kings College London
Pauline at college near Golders Green (Domestic).

1947

January Spent 5 days with Jo at 27 Morpeth Terrace, S.W.1.
Pauline married to Douglas Calvert Copeland.

1949

On Nov.3rd broke down. Heart trouble. In bed for about 3 months. Duty done by R.C.Boorman (R.D.), V.C.Sharpe of Honingham at Barnham Broom, and Edgar Smithies of Wicklewood at Carleton Forehoe and Kimberley up to end of April 1950.
Jo passed her finals at London in June.

1950

Degree Day for Jo. Albert Hall. May 10th. Kit and I went up for this and on to Dorking to see Peggy and co.

Retirement

During the night of August 23rd 1950 I had a stroke and when I awoke I could not speak, nor walk nor use my left arm nor hand.

As I could see no chance of changing for a long time I wrote to my Rural Dean asking him to tell the Bishop (Percy Herbert) I would like to retire if I could get a small pension and a suitable dwelling.

The Bishop kindly got me a pension and Jo (our 3rd daughter) saw the cottage for sale (Crownthorpe Cottage). She bought it on rent and purchase terms from Forhoe R.D.C. (for 50 years). Kit sold some of her investments and paid the deposit - cost £3,000.

There is an orchard, 2 fields and some garden (5 acres in all), small after our late vicarage's 13 rooms (instead of 6) and 40 acres in place of 5. But we love it here and it is an ideal place to retire and gradually to get better.

At the time of writing (5th May 1951) I can speak a little, walk with a stick (or arm of another) but my left arm and hand are still useless (might be worse)

So too March 1951

So too in June 1952. Doctor gave little hope of getting better.

Jan 14 Wife died * After funeral Barbara took me with them to Grimsby and as happy here as can be expected without my Kit.

*[In fact she died on the 10th January 1952 and was buried on 14th January. Ed.]

My grandchildren are:

Paul Hart Baptised by me at Barnham Broom

Susan Hart “ ”

Nichola Hart” ”

Frederick Markham

Jonathan Copeland) Baptised together by Rev. Edwards of Highgate

Peter Hart) at West Humble

Kit saw all these and loved them.

The Parkhouse family

[Written in 1938 as notes opposite the main text. Ed.]

William Heathman Parkhouse - took a degree at Oxford, was ordained and held incumbencies at Perranporth and Exeter City. Later he was Chaplain of the Devon and Exeter Hospital. His two sons Charles (Birmingham) and William (Exeter) are solicitors. Of his two daughters Evelyn died ?1937 (as Mrs Frank Crampton) and Mary lives with Charles (Birmingham).

Samuel Parkhouse had issue:

Samuel (1938 at Potter Heigham in Norfolk)

Guy (1938 Vicar of Much Wenlock)

Frank (deceased)

John Parkhouse had issue:

Beatrice (1938 in Birmingham)

Mabel (1938 St.Catherines School East Grinstead)

Dorothy

Lillian (Trainee Nurse)

John (1938 Bank Manager in Barnstaple)

Bentley (Eldest who died some 25 years ago)

Alfred Parkhouse - married my Father's sister Annie who died Aug. 1938 and had issue:

Clare

Muriel

Hilda (Mrs.Tom Hellswell of Stockport)

All alive 1938

Clifford (who died of tuberculosis some 30 years ago)

Edward Parkhouse had issue:

Claude, Oscar, Elsie, Bertrarn, Derry, Basil and another daughter, and perhaps another son. Most

of the family went to Canada about 30 years ago and I have lost touch and almost memory. I know that Uncle and Aunt died in Canada and I believe Oscar died of war wounds (1914-18). Elsie lives in Exmouth. (1951 - since died)

Clara, Jane and Mary Parkhouse lived together and died in that order. Mary was born on the same date as my Mother, 12 months earlier. "The Banks Boys" were her special care and love and she was, I think, our favourite Aunt. She certainly was most good to us and a real sport and took us to many outings.

Ellen (my Mother) was the youngest of 13 and died on St. Thomas' day 1915.

My Father's sisters

[Written in 1938 as notes opposite the main text. Ed.]

i Bessie married John Westcott, a merchant (coal, salt, shipping etc.) and lived at Teats Hill House, Coxside, Plymouth, about 300 yards from our house. Consequently we saw much of the family. Issue: Eldest boy Albert died young and I never saw him.

Blanche trained as a Norland nurse - married Arthur Shakerly a Cornishman and a chemist in London. Issue: one son, a Doctor of Medicine. Blanche became President of the Inner Wheel (Female Rotary) and as such went to America (in 1936) on the Queen Mary and met President Roosevelt and his wife. (Died 1948)

Edith - trained as a Norland nurse. A dear unselfish soul who died at about 42 of tuberculosis.

Nellie married William Townsend now (1938) Gas Manager in Colchester. Issue: Charles (B.A.) Engineer, Betty (B.A. Mathematics) now Mrs. Dawson

Albert - died 1936 or 1937. A ship owner etc. Married Maud, sister to Wm. Townsend above. Two sons.

Herbert - a great friend of mine. Married with issue 2 boys and a girl. He died about 25 years ago of an accident. A great horseman.

Mary - still single in 1938. A very good business woman. She took great care of her mother till she (her mother) died, aged about 89, of old age.

John - Eastern Telegraph company. Married, 2 children.

ii Annie married my mother's brother Alfred with issue:

Clara, Hilda, Muriel and Clifford. These were my cousins on both sides and as we lived in the same town as children we saw much of one another.

iii Nellie married Fred Bramwell, miller etc. of Penzance. Issue: Hugh (musical and an organist in Penzance) and Frances, still (1938) single. Fred Bramwell was a fairly wealthy man. He was a distant relative of Charlotte Bronte, and Hugh and Frances attended centenary celebrations as related.

I have been told that there is some distant relationship between my family on the Banks side and the Temples, Archbishop of Canterbury and the present Archbishop of York. How far this may

be true I am not prepared to say. Anyhow the Temples have no dealings with the Bankses (1938). I do possess a very kindly letter which the present Archbishop sent to me in answer to a question when he was a Canon of Westminster.

My brothers' families

[Written in various pieces after the main text as additional notes.

Ed.]

Leslie and Constance had two sons, David Kynvin and John.

David was born in about 1915 and married Merrie Eadie in 1944. Issue:

Anne and John

David became something fairly high in the R.A.F. and was awarded the D.F.C. for some good work in saving several others from drowning. After the war he went to Cambridge, took his degree and now (1953) is something in valuation.

John also was in the R.A.F. but was killed instantly in an air crash over Iceland. He was a very good looking lad and his death was a terrible blow to his father.

Horace Kennett born Jan.8th 1883. Ordained 1908. Died Jan.27th 1945.

He developed angina (?false) on the way out to Uganda and had to spend many months in south Africa. I too developed angina, but not false, about 1945. I think my Ma had it too.

Horace died suddenly of heart failure while Vicar of Havering Atte Bower, cranking his caravan for a friend. He died as he had lived, serving. Buried at Havering Atte Bower - a very full church, much respected and loved by clergy and deanery and the people of the parish. I did not go to his funeral i) not being very well and ii) Sunday next day and had to be back for services and difficult if not impossible without hiring a car or driving a long way, and not equal to that.

Mrs. S.R.Cambie

Kit's mother Mrs Cambie - a very able and good looking woman - was smartly dressed and did her part well. She too was a "character" and a great soul and lived to 89

[Actually 83. Died on Victory Day 1945 per P.S.D.C. and was born 29th Dec 1861. Ed.]

She became to me a sort of mother and it was arranged by us that I should call her "Mother 11" but I don't think she ever really understood me and there was an element of strain between us.

For a long time after S.R.Cambie retired from Saxlingham Norfolk he and she lived with us at the Rectory, but our way of life was not theirs. They were not too happy and eventually took a house at Ludham where S.R.C. died - buried in Ludham churchyard.