to come and see him and it was rumoured
that he had been in years past an unsavoury
suitor for her. She did not come out the old
man died. Then it was discovered that he'd
spent money and goods all over the place.

In addition to the money in the little old
cottage, it was found that the whole group
of cottages 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, so the
Crown inherited an estate of about £2000

Then, value. What it would be now, if 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 Elm bark,
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 planter when I heard a bird singing an exquisite song such as I had never heard until I came into Deer.

"Do you know what that bird is singing?"

I asked my companion, "Why," said he, "that's the nightingale."

"Nightingale?" "I said.

"Yes, in the daytime," "Why, certainly," said Jack, "he sings as much by day as he does by night."

And long observation proved to me here.
as it was then) has convinced me that he spoke the truth. When in full song I knew of few birds who sing so sweetly and none more delightfully and arresting.
When folks try to denounce the nightingale and his song I begin to wonder if they have even a nodding acquaintance with

Our second son arrived in the September
spent 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 horse
required no urging to get him into the
open air and would wheel him in his
from 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 me if she would like to pick her a few blackberries. She agreed and he brought to her doorstep a large clothes basket full seven shillings worth. She felt bound to keep
In Fleet Street the business grew but the
Union 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 5th's
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 booked
a suite of 5 offices - two sub-let for some
C.F. Daniel, at Graham House, Inner 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 1937 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 room...
rooms

with 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 (leaving from my ladder saw that
the plane intended landing in the 44 acre field
facing me. I ran to see it and was too late.
Side while it was still taxieing to the top of
the field. The pilot asked me where he was
as he had torn his map and was reading
petrol and some overheating 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 wi-
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 judge remember him to this day and agree with my verdict. As to Mrs. Jones 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 hand."
"You are our first visitors from the skies."

The pilot's name was Lt. Marlins. The last 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 flung about in a bath chair at one of our seaside resorts. He had been left by those who might have stopped by him in his need. Such are the rewards of the game.
Mr 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 sixty years old with a shrunken shawl or

gave her pain to see him sitting at work

upon a hard saw bench. So she said kindly

"Would you be more comfortable with a cushion to sit on." Siting the action to the word.

"Why didn't you say so before," said the carpenter.
old man, and then as he associated himself
gently up "He, shove it under."

In the spring of 1900 when Leonard was about
six months old we moved into the house

that still shelters us although it has been
altered and expanded as the family grew up
to be all but unrecognizable 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

just a field of lucerne the
year before is now an attractive garden
growing a multitude of spring and
other flowers, with fruit trees at the end
and dotted about the lawn made by our
own gallant postman-gardener (what
would Wodehouse have done or would do
without its postman?) it has a room
in the front that has accommodated sitting
strains an audience of over 60 gathered
to hear Martin Shaw talk about his own
songs which were illustrated by the
signing of George Parker and our launch
Elna who sang in all 29 of his songs.

But I am going too fast; that winter was

his some 19 years in the future. The
garden had to be planned to make most

of it being double-dug by a young(70)
(consparatively speaking) who is now 78,

and although country life was proving

more and more attractive and healthy, a

him London was still calling him at least two
days in every week and his increased

vigour and skill in amateur gardening

did not help much in attracting the
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 the 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 and
at once, if it were agreeable too after

12 years of toil that still haunt my

dreams - I well as I think of it.

I understudied the jumbloc and went

't seek in a sieve.'

It was no easy matter to reach a decision

and act upon it. I had a wife of four

young children, with a fifth not far

off. I had a house and garden, with

a small debt, in addition to a

mortgage. I owned three acres of

land I could not cultivate or let.
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 succeeded in forming 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 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.
"Fleet Street," my excellent neighbour and friend W.T. Wilkinson, who as does try to obtain Clarion Adits, 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 his Alfred Ridout then and now the real head of F. Grosvenor & Son Ltd, the Performers.
The latter had been among my earliest clients and when 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?" 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?" Indeed only say that the business has remained with me and given to this day. More, we are real friends. Here 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 ought have been able to render him. My refusal however did not impair 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 gathered 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 was 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 ever did borrow it should be from him. I was however able to get along without. I am glad to say.

It was a great struggle. My first was my first bookkeeper insisting upon adding that to her other duties and it is quite certain that her unselfish duty, largely help to make was 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
Before quitting the subject upon which I have been led to comment on and which is of such interest to those having a leaning to things past, I think I should like to mention a curious happening which is of interest to those having a leaning to things past.

Some time in the year 1901, Harold Stare's water clock which had gone wrong in some way, which I had in my office, was repaired by a master who must have been seriously delayed, for it was not until about July 1902 that he handed mine back to me and asked if I had ever told him what had happened about it when he was in Derby the previous November. I had heard nothing and then...
He told me the whole gory story. While he was in Derby a psychometrist visited the town and two ladies living there, where I stayed, was staying. Asked him to read them his watch for the sake of testing the psychometrist's powers. Eventually he lent them my watch.

The ladies went to the meeting—of their thinking the watch was his—the other knew it was one he had borrowed. The psychometrist, after handing the watch said he sensed two people in connection with it, and began to describe a man who was obviously not
Herald and might not have been me. She 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 Herald's tried
the psychometrist that the description did
fit the case at all but she was reminded
that the people had been served in New York.
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 his statement I did not know whether to make the change or no and through Harold Harold's forgetting I did not hear anything of her message.
until I had actually made the change.

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 at 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
my cheek, some part of the head as I struck the
opposite passenger, who, even after
attributed his broken nose to me—
and I realized that I had been in a railway
collision. Now I got home, with witnesses
with me, who was another passenger, only John
Told afterwards Aby 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 once had to give
up, was ordered away and did not
really resume 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
began 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. James 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 Jerry 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
Williams came into the room he bowed
affably to all and at last his eyes rested
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 quickly: "72 Fleet Street." "Good God!"

said Sir William "twenty years ago" I have

never met personally I think, either brother

either but I remember Sir Gonsen sent to

me, among many other, Daresay, a grace

of the Princess. 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
the 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 his
founder the D.L.P. Once or twice after
an exhausting day at the Commons he was
seen, when I called upon him at the
top of the house in Devon's Court, and

I would climb the flightless but unpainted
staircase that wound up to the bedroom
that stood in simple but good and home-

beauty to the care of Mrs. Mrs. Joseph Fels.

Here I may say that for gentleness of
manners and real old-fashioned courtesy

Her. Hardie stands out supreme among
the first leader of men I have chanced to know.

I think it was when he succumbed to

apprentices that Ramsey MacDonald

succeeded him in the chair of the Labour

leader and I transferred to him the

little assistance (and it was but little)

year) that I was able to give the paper.

I did not see very much of this new

editor but a visit I made one afternoon

this chambers in Lincoln’s Inn Field 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 Mrs. Macdonald since I left the Socialist Club. I did not see a great deal of her husband after this and for years we did not meet but at last during the war Philip Emmanuel (of Oklahoma) suggested that I might like to attend a luncheon to be given to Ramsey Macdonald, Trenchy and Lonzonby by the Cannibal Club (of all people) to hear their defence of the policy they were pursuing in war time — it was 1916.
I believe. To my surprise, I was greeted enthusiastically as an old friend by the future premier. I was introduced to his friends, including one of his sons, who was serving them and the Premier's Ambulance.

The luncheon hadn't actually been given with the view of 'showing up' the visitors, but Ramsey MacDonald found no difficulty whatever in making mincemeat of his opponents. scarcely needed the assistance of any of his distinguished friends. He was at the time, a victim to Mauritius
Carrying one arm in a sling, I little realized then that he would reach the height he did. I met him when as Leader of the Opposition the Aldermaston 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 the middle of the twenties 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 as 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 too 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 Hesperia Press (otherwise the Clarion).

When I submitted the MS, 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 Lasos." I had written about half this when one evening we were all invited to visit Father Power; this family who were now living in a commodious house built to stand an earthquake and designed by John Todd, previously named as the
The house was at the top of a hill near Wickford. It seemed to some, like Father Power's cave. He called it 'The Dingle,' but the people called it 'The blush.' It is to this day, though Father Power went years ago with his family to Canada, they have gone out of the sight of all of us now for some years. Heaven must be a fuller 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 get but got the others to leave me behind to find ease later. This interrupted by a prolonged hot bath.
and to make the treatment less monotonous
and because in spite of the pain 'lake rats'
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 Ballad

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 once Saturday
I shall never forget culminated, when I was on my return journey in the train.

How I endured the agony, I don't know.

I could neither sit, stand nor lie down; I was batted 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 me, 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, 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 1901 our youngest daughter Barbara had been born, and although at birth the doctor said to me,

"She's a bony 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, as we believed, uninjured.
but they stay the alleged 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 else 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 long
and endeavors to serve her and in many respects most of us would do well to understand her in every respect.

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 Reet Street and at home. In Wickford the farm was twice renovated and a considerable alteration in the house. First an addition built on to the back gave us more bedroom accommodation and a bath room, while a well I had dug was tricked out 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 install
a hot-water system. 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 20th 1914 we celebrated our silver wedding and I still seem to see our good neighbours and friends Mrs. Mrs. Fischer coming in at our gate with a quite unexpected gift of an electro-plated epergne thronged with Dorothy Pembury roses of their own growing. He was a fine tall man 6 ft 2 inches 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 pastor.
a German mother—a beautiful old lady. They had no children, kept no servants but
with wonderful care and energy made their
low 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 his Fischer
and his distress was very real. Schneider
then he was when at home, a Lieutenant
in the Kaiser's body-guard. The last word
he said to me before leaving on Aug 30th
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 over
he fell, a Colonel, and none of his
relatives, including his wife, ever saw him again.
She was, of course, an alien to 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 two eldest daughters were at Aberdeen on holiday with their cousins when were 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 to join me. In 3 months my bookkeeper left at a day's notice and shortly after the one capable assistant I had - he had been with me two years -
left as he then thought to better himself.

Year he has only regretted it once - what 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 when my principal clients got too sent
for me \( \text{Dr. AR} \) 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?"
Dreaded the smallest amount, I 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, 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 party
of my family. I remember particularly one
Saturday morning when the German Aeroplane
came and we all trooped down from the
tenth floor to the second listening to the boom
exploding terribly near while our beloved
Margaret cool and calm did her best to soothe
the hysterical girls gathered around her.

I said, 'When the threat was past we emerged and
saw fires burning here and there but were
surprised not to see the place in ruins.

Cleaning 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 Windfort
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 planes 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 gather flew in flames.
and buried itself and three Germans in the
adjoining field where it lay splitting machine
gun ammunition for some hours.

During the war ceiling 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 'innite'
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 dreadful coming of the moon, the same dear old lady said, 'Never mind, perhaps it won't come up tonight.'

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 those we are delighted to meet—It would be ridiculous 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 Hetticusworth. 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 unfortunately glad though that his training outlasted the war by a few days, but 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 hopeless
losing battle which ended in her
Taking out four days after the
armistice had been so joyously
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 serious
rebuffed for not devoting her to the
operatic stage. She lives in the memory
of the whole family to-day as its bright
particular star. Some reader outside the circle may know what that meant.
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 wise wisdom to all of us

and without was of a bright and playful

disposition that showed her 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 farrier,

blind and slightly feinting 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 32:

"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 fresh, without much interest, as if one of its beauty, on the camera, for it was being photographed. But in the face, in the depth of those slightly upturned eyes there is an expression of longing and desire. But can't understand it. 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 moments of the life and love and truth and beauty and longs passionately for it.

The photograph was one of several taken at the instance of Onslow-Wilson.

The Sculptor who was engaged upon a Sculpture bust of her which was to go
The Academy at the time was a student at the L.C.C. School of Arts in Southwark. Row, which as far as I know still has some specimen 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 1831 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 feelings 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 sky,
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

Ripe and ripe began it—They did before. If
they hadn't been the—well let us say the couple
they obviously were—and are—shout it
'Gnome of Verse,' 'Lake Salter,' and their own little book
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 this
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 concurred
in it, although they bless her—being my dea.
Hostesse made the more definite contribution.

Did she know I wonder what she was doing?

Once started on this backward path, it seems so difficult to stop as if I had accidentally got in motion and got in the path of an avalanche. To write recently to help these notes - and something has yanked me off them for this little aside - promises 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 world break thither, I should say heaven knows - or does not.
What I had in mind when I began was to

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 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 thing and that life is even more obviously one than perhaps I had realized. And as will be seen if anyone should ever be sufficiently interested to get to the end, unity has been the vision that has led me, and to Lord be praised still ‘leads me on.’

I have frequently said that if I were a praying man my 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; repose in the sun and the clouds, and the peace of the stars."